

# Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**  
Manufactured by the  
**CALIFORNIA**  
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS  
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

## JUST WANTED TO KNOW

The number of unnecessary interrogation-points which are inflicted on the world is appalling. The small boy is not the only one who keeps his cartridge-box full of such ammunition, ready to fire upon the unwary. Jim, the boatman who figures in Mr. Emerson's book, "On English Lagoons," bears testimony to the annoyance of silly questionings. The author was taking a cruise in a wherry, remodeled for habitation, and had laid up for the day by the river-bank near a town. Jim was sitting in the stern of the craft, eating his lunch, when he received the broadside recorded below.

First a tramp appeared.  
"Are you feeding?" he asked.  
"Yes," answered Jim.  
"A boy came along.  
"I suppose she is on the mud now?" he inquired, eyeing the wherry.  
"Yes," said Jim.  
Two girls walked up.  
"Why don't you go for a sail?" asked one.  
"No wind."  
"Do you have to have wind to sail your little boat?"

"Yes."  
A fat man and his wife drew up.  
"Well, ain't that the smallest wherry I ever see?" wheezed the wife.  
A youth stopped on the bank.  
"You're painted all white, ain't you?"  
"Yes," responded Jim.  
An old man was the next visitor. Pointing to the smoke from the funnel, he asked:  
"You're blowing off steam?"  
"Yes."  
"You've got a nice little ship?"  
"Yes."  
"She ain't a big 'un, is she?"  
"No."  
Another tramp halted near by.  
"So you're looking about the country?"  
"Yes," said Jim.  
"It looks very nice the day?"  
"Yes."

Next came a portly old man.  
"Don't she carry nothin'?"  
"No."  
"I suppose you lay her up in winter?"  
"Sometimes."  
A staid-looking woman approached.  
"Will you take me to Newcastle when you go?"  
"I'm not going to Newcastle."  
"Oh!"  
"Well," exclaimed the disgruntled Jim to his master, "talk of country bumpkins! I never saw such a lot of greenies in my life! The questions they ask are enough to craze a donkey!"

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The speaker, a banana planter from Jamaica, paused and smiled.  
"You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "Yet truly the banana tree is a wonderful thing. Every part of it serves some good use. Thus the long leaves make a fine excelsior. The juice, being rich in tannin, furnishes a good indelible ink, and a good shoe polish. The stems yield a fine quality of hemp, and from this hemp there are made lace handkerchiefs, cords and ropes of all kinds, mats and brushes. The oil is used in gilding. Of banana flour, the flour ground from the dried fruit, there is no use speaking—you are too familiar with it."—Los Angeles Times.

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# STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)  
At five o'clock on the afternoon of the day after Mr. Conrad's death, Mr. Drummond entered the house, which was on the opposite side of the street from the store. This was the supper hour, and supper was ready upon the table.

A single glance was sufficient to show that Mr. Drummond was not a man to indulge in luxurious living. There was a plate of white bread, cut in thin slices, a small plate of butter, half a pie, and a plate of cake. A small pitcher of milk, a bowl of coarse brown sugar, and a pot of the cheapest kind of tea completed the preparations for the evening meal. Certainly there was nothing extravagant about these preparations; but Mr. Drummond thought otherwise. His attention was at once drawn to the cake, and instantly a frown gathered upon his face.

"Are you going to have company to-night, Mrs. Drummond?" he asked.  
"Not that I know of," answered his wife, in some surprise.

"Then why is it that you have put both plates on the table?"  
"The cake is a cheap kind."  
"No cake is cheap, Mrs. Drummond. I take it you used eggs, butter and sugar in making it. You are probably not aware that all these articles are very dear at present. Until they get lower we need not have cake, except when company is present. Take away the cake, if you please. You can save it for Sunday evening."

"I am afraid it will be dried up by that time."  
"If it is dry, you can steam it. I have continually to check you in your extravagant tastes. Cake and pie, indeed! If you had your wits, you would double my household expenses."  
Mrs. Drummond rose from the table, and meekly removed the offending cake. Just then the third and only other member of the family entered.

This was Joshua Drummond, the only son, now eighteen years of age, though he looked scarcely more than sixteen. He inherited his father's meanness, but not his frugality. He was more self-indulgent, and, though he grudged spending money for others, was perfectly ready to spend as much as he could get hold of for himself.

CHAPTER III.  
Over Joshua, Mr. Drummond had less control than over his wife. The latter gave way meekly to his unreasonable requisitions; but Joshua did not hesitate to make opposition, being as selfish and self-willed as his father, for whom he entertained neither respect nor affection.

In silence he helped himself to bread and butter, and in due time accepted a piece of pie, which Mrs. Drummond made larger at the expense of her own share. Finally Mr. Drummond remarked:  
"I've had a telegram to-day from Wallowhughy."  
"From Wallowhughy?" repeated his wife.  
"Isn't that where your cousin, William Conrad, lives?"

"He doesn't live there any longer. He's dead. The funeral is to be day after to-morrow."  
"Shall you go?"  
"Yes. It will cost me considerable; as much as five dollars or more; but he was my cousin, and it is my duty to go," said Mr. Drummond, with the air of a man who was making a great sacrifice.

"He was rich, wasn't he?" asked Joshua, becoming interested.  
"Probably worth a hundred thousand dollars," said his father, complacently.  
"I should think he might have left me something," said Joshua.

"He never saw you, Joshua," said his father.  
"Joshua stands a better chance of getting a legacy from one who doesn't know him than from one who does," said Mr. Drummond, with grim pleasantry.  
"He leaves children, doesn't he?"  
"One child—a boy. Let me see, he must be fifteen by this time. It's likely I will be appointed his guardian. I'm the nearest relative."

"Will he come here, then?" asked Joshua.  
"Very probably."  
"Then I hope you'll live better, or he won't stand it."  
"When I require any advice from you, Joshua, I will apply for it," said his father.

Joshua inwardly hoped that his father would be appointed guardian, for he hoped that in this event it would make a difference in the family living; and, besides, if his cousin were rich, he meant to wheedle himself into his confidence, in the hope of future advantage.

Jacob put off going to Wallowhughy till the morning train on the day of the funeral. The next day, therefore, he started, taking with him in his valise a bunch of bread and meat tied up in a piece of brown paper. Shortly after his arrival, he called at the house of mourning.

"I am Jacob Drummond of Stapleton, the cousin of the deceased," he explained to Nancy, who opened the door to admit him. "I am my young relative, Mr. Conrad's son, at home?"  
"Yes, sir," said Nancy, taking an inventory of his features, and deciding that he was a very disagreeable looking man.

Mr. Drummond was ushered into the parlor, where he had a little chance to look around him before Walter appeared. Mr. Drummond rose at his entrance, and said:  
"I suppose you don't know me," he said; "but I was your father's nearest living relation."  
"Mr. Drummond, I believe."  
"Yes, Jacob Drummond of Stapleton. You have probably heard your father speak of me?"  
"Yes, sir," said Walter.

"I came as soon as I could after getting the telegram. I left my business to take care of itself. I wanted to offer you my sympathy on your sad loss."  
Mr. Drummond's words were kind, though his reference to his sacrifice in leaving his business might have been as well left out. Still Walter could not feel as grateful as he wanted to do. Somehow he didn't fancy Mr. Drummond.

"You are very kind," he said.  
"I mean to be. You know I'm your nearest relation now. I truly feel for you in your desolate condition, and though it may not be the right time to say it, I must tell you I hope, when the funeral is over, you will accompany me home and share our humble hospitality. Mrs. Drummond joins me in the invitation."  
"I have not had time to think of future arrangements," said Walter; "but I thank you for your invitation."  
"My son Joshua, too," said Mr. Drummond. "Is longing to make your acquaintance. He is older than you, but not much larger. Joshua is eighteen, but he will make a very pleasant companion for you. Let me hope that you will accept my invitation."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond; I will consult my friends about it."  
"I wonder how much I could venture to ask for board," thought Mr. Drummond. "If I am his guardian I can fix that to suit myself. A hundred thousand dollars would make me a rich man. That is, I could make money from it without injuring the boy."  
Mr. Drummond asked a few more questions about Mr. Conrad's sickness and death. Walter answered them, but did not think it necessary to speak of his losses by the mining company. Mr. Drummond was a stranger, and not a man to inspire confidence. So Walter told as little as he could. At length the visitor, having exhausted inquiries, rose.

"I shall be here to-morrow," he said. "I shall return to Stapleton after the ceremony. I hope you will make up your mind to go back with me."  
"I could not be ready so soon," answered Walter, doubtfully.  
"I can wait till next day."  
"That will not be necessary, Mr. Drummond. I shall have no difficulty in making the journey, if I conclude to accept your kind invitation."  
Mr. Drummond shook his head sympathetically, and at length withdrew. As he went down the avenue, he took a backward glance at the handsome mansion in which his cousin had lived.

"That boy owns all that property," he said, half enviously, "and never worked a day for it. I've had to work for my money. But it was foolish to spend so much money on a house. A third the sum would have built a comfortable house, and the rest might have been put at interest. If it turns out that I am the boy's guardian, I think I shall sell it. That'll be the best course."

CHAPTER IV.  
The funeral was over. Mr. Drummond, as indeed his relationship permitted, was one of the principal mourners. Considering that he had not seen Mr. Conrad for five years preceding his death, nor during that time communicated with him in any way, he appeared to be very much overcome by grief. He kept his eyes covered with a large white handkerchief, and his movements indicated suppressed agitation. He felt that this was a tribute due to a cousin who had left over one hundred thousand dollars. When they had returned from the grave he managed to have a word with Walter.

"I have you decided to accept my offer, and make your home beneath my humble roof?" he asked.  
"There has been no time to consult with my friends here, Mr. Drummond. I will let you know next week. I thank you at any rate for your kindness."  
"Do come, Walter," said his cousin, twisting his mean features into an affectionate smile. "With you beneath my humble roof, I shall want nothing to complete my happiness."  
Jacob Drummond went back to Stapleton ignorant of the state of Mr. Conrad's affairs and regarding Walter as a boy of great wealth.

When the will was opened it was found to bear date two years back, before Mr. Conrad had plunged into the speculation which had proved so disastrous to him. He bequeathed all the property which he did possess to Walter, with the exception of five hundred dollars, which were left as a legacy to his faithful housekeeper, Nancy Forbes. At the time the will was made, its provisions made Walter heir to a large fortune. Now it was quite uncertain how things would turn out. Clement Shaw, the attorney before whom the will was made, was made executor, being an old and tried friend of the deceased.

With his Walter had a long and confidential conversation, imparting to him what he knew of his father's mining speculation and its disastrous result, with its probable effect in accelerating his death. "I know something of this before, Walter," said Mr. Shaw. "Your father spoke to me of being largely interested in the Great Metropolitan Mining Company; but of the company itself and the extent to which he was involved I knew nothing."

"I think my father must have been very seriously involved," said Walter. "It may, perhaps, swallow up the whole property."  
"Let us hope not. Indeed, I can hardly believe that your father would have ventured so deep as that."  
"He had every confidence in the company; he thought he was going to double his money. If only a part of his property was threatened, I don't think it would have had such an effect upon him."  
"I will thoroughly examine into the affair," said Mr. Shaw. "Meanwhile, Walter, hope for the best! It can hardly be that the whole property is lost. Do not be too anxious."  
"Do not fear for me on that account," said Walter. "I always looked forward to being rich, it is true, but for all that I can bear poverty, the worst comes, and I am penniless, I am strong, and can work. I can get along as well as thousands of other boys, who have to support themselves."

Walter did not speak boastfully by any means, but in a calm, confident way, that argued a consciousness of power.  
"Yes," said the lawyer, regarding him attentively. "I think you are right there. You are just the boy who can make his own way; but I hope you will not be obliged to do so."  
"I am young and strong. Nancy has spent her best years in my father's service, and she is no longer young. It is right that she should have some provision. Besides, my father meant her to have it, and I want to carry out his wishes."  
"This is all very generous, Walter; but I am afraid it is inconsiderate. It would not be your father's wish to provide even for Nancy, however faithful she may have been, at the expense of his son."  
"It is right," said Walter. "Besides, Mr. Shaw, I find that Nancy had laid up six hundred dollars, which she had deposited in my father's hands. That also must be paid, if there is enough to pay it; if not, I will take it upon myself to pay whatever I am able."

"You're an excellent boy, Walter," said Mr. Shaw. "I always had a good opinion of you, and I find it is more than deserved. I honor you for the resolution you have expressed, though I cannot quite agree with you about the five hundred dollars. As to the debt, that must be paid, if there is money enough to pay it. But you can leave the further discussion of this question for the present. Now let us consider what is to become of you in the meantime. You were at the Essex Classical Institute, I believe?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You would like to go back again, I suppose."  
"No, Mr. Shaw. It is an expensive

# Old Favorites

Advice of Politicians.  
Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
These friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not stall thy palm with entertainment;  
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.  
Beware.  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel proclaims the man;  
And they of France, of the best rank and station,  
Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all—thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee  
—William Shakespeare.

Treasures.  
Let me count my treasures,  
All my soul holds dear,  
Given me by dark spirits  
Whom I used to fear.  
Through long days of anguish,  
And sad nights of pain,  
I have sought, Endurance,  
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,  
Mid dark horrors sought,  
Till my peerless love,  
Faith, to me she brought.  
Sorrow, that I wearied,  
Should remain so long,  
Wreathed my stars in glory,  
The bright Crown of Song.  
Strife, that racked my spirit,  
Without hope of rest,  
Left the blooming flower,  
Patience, on my breast,  
Suffering, that I dreaded,  
Ignorant of her charms,  
Laid the fair child, Pity,  
Smiling in my arms.

So I count my treasures,  
Stored in days long past—  
And I thank the givers,  
Whom I knew at last.  
—Adeleide Anne Procter.

SEAL TAKES FISH OUT OF HAND.  
Old Ben, Pet at Avalon Harbor, as Wise as a Trained Seal.  
Old Ben, the famous old seal of Avalon, is still in his old haunts among the rowboats and launches that dot the little harbor, says the Los Angeles Times. He has been there for thirty-five years and in that time became as tame as the seals which are confined in parks and aquariums. He is as wise as the trained seals of Ringling's circus, and were he to be captured and put with them he would cost his keepers a tidy fortune, for he has the biggest appetite of any of his kind ever known.

Old Ben feasts on the big fish brought in by the hundreds of anglers that visit Catalina each summer. At each meal he will consume a half-dozen big albacore or skipjacks, aggregating 125 pounds in weight. When he is hungry he swims up near the boat landing, where his favorite befriender, Charles Tompkins, has his boat stand. After a glance at the fish rack he sets to barking and diving until he has attracted the attention of those on the pier. He will crawl clear up on the float after food, but even when extremely hungry he cannot be induced to remain there. As soon as he has seized his fish, he dives back into the bay, rising to the surface now and then to give his food a vicious toss as he tears out mouthfuls of flesh. At these times he is often followed by other smaller seals which are too timid to approach the landing. Gulls also pursue the old sea lion and seize the morsels which are torn loose from the fish as it is being consumed.

This old pet of the bay has attained a great weight from the constant easy supply of food within his reach. He has never been on a scale, but estimates of his weight, made by causing him to cross planks up to a size that he would no longer break, give it close to 1,400 pounds. His sleek, gray-brown back is often seen dashing between the bathers, who scatter in wild commotion whenever he appears. He has an utter disregard for people and things and rams about the bay in whatever place suits his fancy.

Before Catalina was made a resort Old Ben is supposed to have been the chief of the colony on Seal rocks. Presumably he was vanquished by a younger rival, and now leads the life of an outcast. He seems to find this entirely agreeable, however, and has succeeded in coaxing several others of the colony into the bay with him. His face is scarred with the marks of many battles, and he has lost the sight of his right eye, but he rules his little band in the bay as supremely as his successor on the rocks governs the colony.

A Doubtful Assertion.  
Browne—They say that drowning men catch at straws.  
Towne—Yes, but I doubt it. I've seen a number of men drown, and those of them who had any preference at all seemed in favor of a plank. In fact, I do not now recall ever having been asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning.—New York Journal.

Cruel.  
Gunner—So the celebrated poet married Mrs. Penner, the short-story writer?  
Guyer—Yes, and some of their wedding presents were cruel insinuations.  
Gunner—What did they receive?  
Guyer—Sixteen waste baskets embellished with ribbons.

Mani Be Foreign.  
Proud Paragat—You know my son studied art in Paris.  
Visitor—For the color of the trees in Paris?  
P. P.—For what?  
Visitor—For the color of the trees in that picture. I know I've never seen anything like 'em in this country.—Cleveland Leader.

Protecting an Enemy.  
A foreign agitator, widely known as a "Jew-baiter," or one who went about stirring up hatred and strife against the Jewish race, came to New York at the time when Theodore Roosevelt was president of the New York police board. The agitator's first speech in this country, writes James Morgan in "Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man," was to be delivered in New York, and his friends came to Mr. Roosevelt with an appeal for police protection. "He shall have all the police protection he wants," the commissioner assured the delegation.

Then he sent for a police inspector, and said: "Select thirty good, trusty, intelligent Jewish members of the force, men whose faces most clearly show their race, and order them to report to me in a body." When the thirty chosen representatives of the Chosen People stood before him, a broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face, for he had never seen a more Hebraic assemblage in his life.

"Now," he said to these policemen, "I am going to assign to you men the most honorable service you have ever done, the protection of an enemy, and the defense of religious liberty and free speech in the chief city of the United States."

"You all know who and what Dr. Ahlwardt is. I am going to put you in charge of the hall where he lectures, and hold you responsible for perfect order throughout the evening. I have no more sympathy with Jew-baiting than you have. But this is a country where your people are free to think and speak as they choose in religious matters, as long as they do not interfere with the peace and comfort of their neighbors, and Dr. Ahlwardt is entitled to the same privilege. It should be your pride to see that he is protected in it. That will be the finest way of showing your appreciation of the liberty you yourselves enjoy under the American flag."

The thirty saluted and marched silently off to their novel duty.  
When the Jew-baiters came to the hall, looking for a mob of Jews, they could hardly believe their eyes, for they saw the place guarded at every approach and the interior lined by those uniformed Jewish protectors. The Jews, moreover, who came bent on disturbing the meeting were restrained by the mere presence of their brethren, who stood before them charged with the duty of keeping the peace. When one did let his angry passions rise above control, a Jewish policeman quietly reached for him and firmly led him out of the hall.

The meeting failed completely from lack of opposition, and the "great national movement" against the Jews was ruled at the outset by Mr. Roosevelt's illustration of the virtues of Jewish citizenship.

PROVING IT.  
Novel Solution May Be Applied to Any Annoying Affair.  
Genevieve was on her knees before the fireplace, poking furiously at a smoldering log, when the door opened behind her. Without turning her head, she sputtered:  
"The more I think of it, the madder Ethel seems. Wait till it's her turn to entertain the club next month. I'll invite all the nicest girls to the matinee, and how'll she like that?" With a final angry thrust at the log, she stood up, and found herself facing her mother's guest, Miss Moore.  
"O, Miss Moore!" she exclaimed, in embarrassment. "I never dreamed that was you."  
"Then I'm not to answer the question?" Miss Moore asked, with a twinkle.  
Genevieve hesitated. She was not ashamed of her temper, but she was ashamed of having shown it before Miss Moore.  
"I'm going to tell you the whole thing," she said, impulsively. "You know our club meets once a month, and we girls take turns entertaining. Next week is my turn, and here Ethel tells me she can't come because she has invited company for that day. And her company is made up of the nicest girls in our club. There will be just a few stupid ones to come here. Now do you blame me for wanting to pay her back?"  
"I'm not sure. We should have to prove it," Miss Moore said, thoughtfully.  
"Prove it?"  
"Yes; like arithmetic—to see whether the answer is right. You know, to prove an example in subtraction you add, after subtracting, and in division you multiply, after dividing. Proving is turning your work round and doing it the opposite way. I never felt quite safe about my conduct until I've proved it."  
"But how can you prove this?"  
"Easily. Here's your example: Ethel invites the nicest members of your club to her house on the day when you should meet with your club. The answer you get is that you will invite the nicest girls away from her when it's her turn to have the club. Now to prove it you must turn the whole thing round. You mustn't cheat or leave out any figures. You must be Ethel, and honestly look at it from her side. Ethel, why did you choose that particular afternoon for your company?"  
"Oh! W-well," Genevieve admitted, after an instant's blank pause, "it will be my brother's birthday."  
"It will? How many brothers have you?"  
"Only one."  
"I see. But why did you have to ask the club girls, and spoil Genevieve's afternoon?"  
"This was hard for Genevieve—but she was honest. 'They're favorites of his,' she said, very slowly. 'They can sing and play. He—he's a cripple, and can't go out.'  
"Oh!" said Miss Moore. "I wonder why you didn't invite Genevieve?"