

# The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

### She Said So, Anyway.

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morning, and greeted him with much cordiality.

### PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man. G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had done nothing and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism.



Doan's Kidney Pills. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rooster Muzzle. They were like fairy helmets—little wire helmets no bigger than a walnut. They are rooster muzzles," said the city farmer, as he led the way past the pea beds on the window sills, the potato field on the back porch, and the flourishing mushroom crop under the outhouse.

"Rooster muzzles!" "Even so. Muzzles not to prevent roosters from biting—for even the gamest fowl has never been known to snap—but to prevent them from crowing. See here."

They had reached the tiny chicken run. The city farmer caught a rooster and gently slipped a muzzle over its fierce head. "Now," said he, "it can't crow. It can't wake the neighbors with its crows at daybreak. Hence, thanks to this muzzle, it is at last possible to keep chickens in the most crowded city quarters. Harrison Weir invented the rooster muzzle. A rooster, to crow, you see, stands erect, flaps his wings, throws back his head, and opens his beak wide. If he can't open his beak no crow can come from his little red throat."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Eternal Feminine. "Clara dear," the young man began, taking her little hand in his, "at last I am in a position to tell you how fondly I—"

Instantly she jumped to her feet and clapped her hands wildly. "I got the moth that time!" she said, exultingly, as she resumed her seat. "Go ahead, George."—Chicago Tribune.

Doesn't Always Follow. Because some men get over a fence safely with a loaded gun it is not at all wise to assume that they won't examine a mule's heels to settle a bet. —Washington Post.

DIFFERENT NOW. Athlete Finds Better Training Food. It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and out the meat down to a small portion, once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food."

"I got some Grape-Nuts and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track I felt more lively and active."

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attributed my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts."

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

# STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The picnic came off on Saturday afternoon. The weather, which often throws a wet blanket upon the festivities of such occasions, was highly propitious, and several hundred persons, young and middle-aged, turned out. The place selected for the picnic was a field of several acres, bordering upon a pond. This had been fitted up by the proprietor with swings, and a roofed building, with open sides, under which were placed rough board tables for the reception of provisions. A number of oak trees with their branches furnished shelter.

Besides these arrangements for enjoyment, there were two boats confined by iron chains, which were thrown around trees near the brink of the water. After enjoying the swing for a time, there was a proposition to go out in the boats. The boats could comfortably accommodate eight persons each. This number had been obtained, when Joshua came up.

"I'm going," he said, unconcernedly. "You will have to wait till next time," said Ralph Morse. "We've got the full number."

"No, I'm going this time," said Joshua, rudely, and clambered in and took his place as steersman.

The other boat had already set off, and, as it happened, under the guidance of Walter Conrad, who had long been accustomed to managing a boat, having had one of his own at home.

"They've got a great steerer on the other boat," said Joshua, sneering. "Where are you steering, Joshua?" asked Ralph, suddenly, for the boat nearly half turned round. The fact was that Joshua himself knew very little about steering. In speaking of Walter's want of skill, he had precisely described himself.

"I understand what I'm about," answered Joshua, suddenly reversing the direction, and overdoing the matter, so as to turn the boat halfway round the other way.

"I hope you do," said Ralph, "but it doesn't look much like it." "I was looking at the other boat," Joshua condescended to explain, "and the rudder slipped."

Walter's boat kept the lead. His perfect steering made the task easier for the rowers, who got the full advantage of their efforts. Joshua, however, by his uncertain steering, hindered the progress of his boat.

"Can't we beat the other boat?" asked Joseph Wheeler, who was rowing. "I can row as well as either of those fellows."

"So can I," said Tom Barry; "let's try." The boats were about five lengths apart, the rowers in the foremost boat not having worked very hard, when Tom and Joe began to exert themselves. The intention was soon manifest, and the spirit of rivalry was excited.

"Do your best, boys!" said Walter. "They're trying to catch us. Don't let them do it." The rowers of the two boats were about evenly matched. If anything, however, Tom and Joe were superior, and other things being equal, would sooner or later have won the race. But Joshua, by his original style of steering, which became under the influence of excitement even more unreliable, caused them to lose perceptibly.

"Can't you steer straight by accident, Joshua?" asked Tom, in a tone of veiled sarcasm. "I know more about steering than you do, Tom Barry," growled Joshua, getting red in the face, for he could not help seeing that he was not appearing to advantage.

## CHAPTER IX.

One morning, a few days later, Joshua was walking moodily up the village road with his hands in his pockets. He was reflecting, in a spirit of great discontent, on the hardships of his situation.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "eighteen years old, and father treats me like a boy of ten. I'm most a man, and all he gives me for pocket money is twenty-five cents a week. There's Dick Storrs, whose father isn't a quarter as rich as mine, gets a dollar a week. He's only sixteen, too."

One important difference between himself and Dick Storrs did not occur to Joshua. Dick worked in a shoeshop, and it was out of his own wages that his father allowed him a dollar a week. Joshua earned nothing at all.

"It's mean!" reflected Joshua. "There ain't a boy of my age in Stapleton that's so meanly treated, and yet my father's the richest man in town. I wish I knew what to do to get a little money."

At this moment he saw Sam Crawford approaching him. Sam was perhaps a year younger than Joshua. He had formerly lived in the village, but was now in a situation in New York, and was only in Stapleton for a few days.

"How are you, Joshua?" said Sam. "I'm going round to the ice cream saloon. Won't you come with me?" "Yes, if you'll treat. I haven't got any money."

"You ought to have. The old man's got plenty." "That's so. But he's getting meaner every day."

"Look here!" said Sam, suddenly; "I have an idea. Did you ever buy a lottery ticket?" "No," answered Joshua.

"There's a fellow I know in New York that drew a prize of a thousand dollars, and how much do you think he paid for a ticket?" "I don't know."

"Five dollars. How's that for high?" "How long ago is that?" asked Joshua, becoming interested.

"Only two months ago." "Do you know him?" "Yes, I know him as well as I know you. He is clerk in a store just opposite ours. When he got the money he gave half a dozen of us a big dinner. We had a jolly time."

"A thousand dollars for five!" repeated Joshua. "He was awful lucky." "The fellow I was speaking of buys lottery papers regularly. I'll ask him for one, and send it to you as soon as I get back to the city."

"I wish you would," said Joshua. "Wouldn't it be something great if I could draw a prize of a thousand dollars?" "I'll bet it would. It would make you independent a day for the old man. You wouldn't care much for his twenty-five cents a week then."

"Are they all wool?" she asked, critically, examining one of them. "Yes," answered Joshua, confidently, though he had not the slightest knowledge on the subject.

"What is the price of this one?" asked the customer, indicating the one she had in her hand. "Five dollars," answered Joshua, with some hesitation. He knew nothing of the price, but guessed that this would be about right.

"And you say it is all wool?" "Certainly, ma'am." "I guess I'll take it. Will you wrap it up for me?"

This Joshua did awkwardly enough, and the customer departed, much pleased with her bargain, as she had a right to be, for the real price of the shawl was nine dollars, but, thanks to Joshua's ignorance, she had been able to save four.

Joshua looked at the five-dollar bill he had just received, and a new idea occurred to him. He replaced in the drawer the bill he had originally taken from it, and substituted that just received.

"I won't say anything about having sold a shawl," he said, "and father's never know that one has been sold. At any rate, till I get money enough to replace the bill I have taken."

Just then a little girl came in and inquired for a spool of cotton. Joshua found the spools, and let her select one. Then he hurriedly folded up the shawl and replaced it on the shelves. He had just finished the task when Walter entered.

"Are you tending store?" he said, in surprise. "Yes," said Joshua. "Nichols got tired waiting for you, so I told him I'd stay till you got back."

"I had some distance to go and that detained me. Did you have any customers?" "Yes, I just sold a spool of cotton to a little girl."

"I met her a little way up the road, holding the spool in her hand." "Well," said Joshua, "I guess I'll go now you've got back."

He went across the street to his father's house, and, going up into his room, locked the door, not wishing to be interrupted. Then, opening his desk, he took out a sheet of paper, and wrote a note to the address given in his lottery circular, requesting the parties to send him by return of mail a lottery ticket.

He added, shrewdly, as he thought, "If this ticket draws a prize, I will keep on buying; but if it don't, I shall get discouraged and stop."

"I guess that'll fetch 'em," thought Joshua. He folded up the paper, and, inclosing the bill, directed it. The next thing to do was to mail it. He decided, though unwillingly, on account of the trouble, to walk to the next postoffice, a distance of three miles, to post his letter there.

Joshua returned home, feeling tired and provoked, but congratulating himself that he had taken the first step toward the grand prize which loomed in dazzling prospect before his eyes.

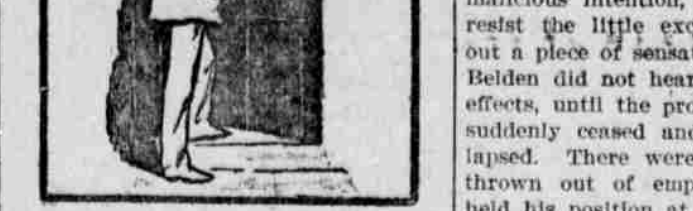
(To be continued.)

## WHEN YOU COME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

When you come to think about it—on this old terrestrial ball, rimmed with roses in the springtime, heaped with fruitage in the fall; though we all were born a-growin'—though we're axle-deep in doubt, there is really very little for the world to grow about.

When you come to think about it—did your growin' ever pay? Did it ever bend a rainbow—chase a thunder cloud away? Don't it defen all the angels when they try to sing an' shout? Don't they know that there's but little in the world to grow about?

When you come to think about it—but the best way's not to think! There's a spring there, by the wayside—stop, ye travelers, an' drink! There's a green tree in the desert, 'neath a firmament o' blue, An' a hive that's dripping honey for the finished lips of you!



He had thought that with a year's imprisonment he could pay the penalty of his wrong-doing. It was a relief to him when his trial was finished, and, with the verdict of guilty, came his sentence to a year's imprisonment.

It meant absolute release from struggle and responsibility for twelve months. He was tired of the struggle. It was only because of his wife's belief in his innocence that he had made a pretense of defense. He knew he was guilty, and he knew that others who were vitally interested, were in possession of the same knowledge, but for the sake of his wife, whose faith he would not disturb by a confession of the truth, he made the most of his slight chance to evade punishment.

His resistance against the inevitable brought nothing save a wearying delay, and an expense which his wife's relatives were obliged to meet. He had nothing. It was his need of more money than he had which made him a criminal. It had always been his weakness to want more than he had the means to pay for, and when he at last faced difficulties which he fancied were desperate, in his panic and alarm he tried to right one wrong by committing another. Not being versed in the science of criminology, he followed so crude a method of appropriating funds not his own that his detection and arrest were almost immediate.

He was glad when his trial was ended; when the painful parting from his wife was over, and he was within prison walls. He seemed to have entered oblivion, and this was what he most desired.

The true perception of his sin was only forced upon his realization when he saw it reflected in others' faces. The crime of which he had been guilty had less weight with him than his fall from grace in public opinion. It was not likely that he would have suffered much if he had not been detected, but to feel that he was an object of scorn tortured his pride, and above all else, he wanted to be hidden.

The year did not seem long in passing. He was an expert accountant and was given congenial occupation soon after he entered the prison, so the uneventful days came and went rapidly. There was no thought of revolt in his mind. He disliked the coarse food he had to eat, and the rough, uncouth garments that covered his body. He had never been rich, but he was accustomed to the smooth of life, still, the knowledge that the distasteful conditions were only temporary helped him to bear his discomfort. At the end of the year he would have paid the price of his folly. He had been given a hard lesson to learn, but he could begin again and proceed by its teachings. It was thus he consoled himself to his own satisfaction.

When he was released he went to the far West with money he received from his wife. They did not see each other before his departure. The matter of expense must be considered, and for him to go to her, or for her to come to him could not be afforded. Then, too, he did not wish her to see him while he bore the taint of the prison.

He felt lighthearted when he was on the train that carried him westward. He was leaving his disreputable past behind. He had expiated his sin within prison walls, and the future surely held a place for him where he should find new opportunities. He was going where he was not known; where there would be no one to tell his story. He would be able to send for his wife within a short time, he was certain, and he might again become a citizen in good standing.

He went to a town where "a boom was on," and, though a stranger, he soon succeeded in getting employment. There was, for the time, employment for many, and no questions were asked of men who chose to be silent regarding their history. He went his way undisturbed, for several months, becoming more strongly confirmed in the belief that his debt was settled and paid by his year of life in prison. During these months he had not seen anyone he had known in the old days; then the unexpected happened. He had become so accustomed to a feeling of safety that he forgot to be on his guard against meetings with former acquaintances, and it was a disagreeable surprise when he saw, sitting opposite him at his hotel table, a man he had known in the past.

"Hello, Belden," the man called out, in a voice of surprise. Belden nodded himself to return the greeting as though nothing had happened. He talked unconcernedly with the man through the meal, telling him

something. "I"—his voice broke and trailed away into silence. The man looked at him closely for a moment without speaking.

"What do you want to do?" he questioned. "Anything—it doesn't matter what, only so I may earn my way honestly," Belden answered.

The other, again thoughtfully silent, searched Belden's face with appraising eyes. "Well," he began slowly, "I know of a place where they would take you on my recommendation, but—"

He did not finish his sentence. Belden understood what he hesitated to say.

"I know, I know," he broke in; "you think you'd be asking them to take a risk by hiring me. I believe—I know I can be trusted. Look here," he went on, almost roughly, "I've learned to hate the thing I did worse than what came after. The punishment by law is nothing—it's man-made. It's only when you come to despise the thing you've done that you know the price to be paid. Man, man!" he cried, "before God I can be trusted. I know the price!"

He stood with bowed head, once more a prisoner before his judge, awaiting sentence.

The other arose and went to him quickly. He laid his hand on Belden's shoulder with a friendly pressure. "I'll help you, old man," he said huskily. "I'll help you."—Toledo Blade.

BEETLES FOLLOW A SHIP. Black Pest Undismayed by Changes of Temperature. The British steamer Anselma of Larlinga, which arrived yesterday, con-

signed to the sugar refineries in Long Island City, had a peculiar pest to deal with on her long journey from Probolinggo, Sourabaya, Tegal and Colombo, according to the New York Tribune. She sailed from Sourabaya on June 20, after taking on a cargo of sugar and cane. Black beetles, which abound in the East Indies, are attracted to all the ships that carry sugar cargoes, and make the lives of those on the sugar ships in port in the far East almost unbearable. But they generally disappear from the ships after they have put a few hundred miles between them and their ports of departure.

On the Anselma of Larlinga, however, the big beetles, some of them almost as large as a man's hand, continued passengers, and no amount of battle on the part of the British steamer's European crew seemed to do any good, so far as driving the insects from the ship was concerned.

Contrary to precedent, the black beetles stood the changes of climate and continued to hover about the Larlinga until she was well up the Atlantic and nearing Delaware breakwater, where the steamer was to await orders. Even then there were some survivors, and when the steamer arrived at this port yesterday the officers and crew related their experiences with the "black plague" and showed some hardy specimens of the East Indian bugs.

While the flight of the crew against the black beetles was in progress the latter part of last month and the steamer was making her way through the Red sea, the Larlinga was doubly afflicted with a visitation of the locust swarms that were reported by two far East steamers last week. The locusts and the black beetles did not seem to agree, and First Officer Deacon of the Larlinga gave a vivid description yesterday of how the two bug armies fought battles over the Larlinga's decks and finally made the human beings on the steamer their common foe. Shovels from the stoke hole were brought in requisition on the Larlinga to get the locusts and beetles over the side, and even then the insects, which had crawled into nooks and corners, remained on board to make occasional forays in the main cabin and the crew's quarters.

World Wed to Be Free. "Talk about the freedom of the bachelor," said the man who is living alone in a bachelor flat. "I am beginning to think seriously of marrying in order to regain mine, for I have reached a stage at home where I am the slave instead of the master of the place. It's all due to the stern-faced widow who looks after it for me."

"There are few tyrants as unbending as the old family servant—I have had her for more than two years and that is long enough to make her an institution—and she has come to care for the flat to the entire exclusion of the wants and needs of my humble self. The fact is, she now regards it as an organic entity which exists for the purpose of providing her with a regular weekly stipend in return for such effort as she sees fit to expend on it, while I am merely a piece of furniture, objectionable because I am an articulate and, on principle, make periodical protests against the method or lack of method of her rule."

"Get rid of her? I could not if I would and don't believe I would if I could, but if I could meet a nice girl who had been graduated from a Normal school I'd ask her to marry me just for the sake of being my own man again."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Dear Girls. "Yes," said Tess, "Mr. Goodley gave me this ring. I accepted him last night." "Did you?" replied Jess. "I'm as glad." "Are you, really? He used to call you, didn't he?" "Yes, and I was beginning to say I'd have to accept him."—Philadelphia Press.

The Usual Way. "How do you expect to spend your vacation this year?" "Judging from the number of people my wife has invited to visit us at our cottage, by sleeping on the floor as usual."—Detroit Free Press.

When you praise a woman by saying she makes her own hat, the other women who are present will say: "Yes, they look like it." A man will get up in the night and have to tumble all over the house before he can find anything. A burglar never has such trouble.