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the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always by the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

MUSIC SOOTHES THE SICK.

Hospital Patients Greatly Benefited by a Kind-Hearted Player.

The gifts that some of us possess for doing good to others was strikingly shown a few days ago in an uptown hospital. A student who was an expert mandolin player had called on a friend who was a patient in the institution, and at the sick man's request he had brought his instrument. The patient's room was one of many that opened off a reception room. Among the patients on the same floor was a sufferer from the morphia habit, who at frequent intervals had to be given a potion to quiet his nerves. As the time approached for him to receive this he would become so nervous that he would almost rave. Not far away was a young woman suffering from a nervous breakdown. She was rarely at rest.

Suddenly the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" broke the quiet of the hospital. Melodious by distance, the music of the mandolin, played by a master hand, sounded like that of a violin. The effect on the patients was noticeable at once. The morphia user, who had been begging for his potion, paused to listen and forgot the craving for the drug. It was the same with the young woman. Instead of picking at the counterpane she lay perfectly still, fearful of missing a note from the sweet melody that floated in through her open door.

Then came "Home, Sweet Home," and as some of the patients lay with closed eyes from under many a lid there stole a tear as the sufferers thought of the homes to which some of them might never return. Again and again did the musician favor his eager audience with selections, classical or popular. Even the nurses and physicians felt soothed and benefited as the result of the efforts of the obliging student. The thanks of his score of hearers shone from their eyes as the young man left the room of his friend and took the elevator for the first floor.

"That did our patients more good than lots of the medicine they take," remarked one of the physicians. "It is a pity that some rich man does not provide enough money so that the sick and injured in our hospitals could be soothed at frequent intervals by such good music as that which we have just heard."—Philadelphia Press.

Entirely Trustworthy.

"Maria, I'm going to have Dr. Squilips treat me for my heart trouble."
"What do you know about Dr. Squilips, John?"
"All I know about him is that Mr. Gotsam recommends him to me."
"Who is Mr. Gotsam?"
"Mr. Gotsam is one of the stockholders of the life insurance company that is carrying a \$20,000 risk on my life."—Chicago Tribune.

Standing Up for Him.

"Miriam, isn't that young Ferguson coming to our house pretty often now?"
"I suppose he is, mamma."
"Do you know anything about him? What is he worth for instance?"
"Well, he's worth any dozen of the ordinary young men of my acquaintance."
"Yes, but—"
"And he's worth \$100 a week to the firm he works for—even if he does get only \$25 now."—Chicago Tribune.

MAKING SUNSHINE.

It is often found in Pure Food. The improper selection of food drives many a healthy person into the depths of despairing illness. Indeed, most sickness comes from wrong food and just so surely as that is the case right food will make the sun shine once more.

An old veteran of Newburyport, Mass., says: "In October, I was taken sick and went to bed, losing 47 pounds in about 60 days. I had doctor after doctor, food hurt me and I had to live almost entirely on magnesia and soda. All this food distressed me so that water would run out of my mouth in little streams."

"I had terrible night sweats and my doctor finally said I had consumption and must die. My good wife gave up all hope. We were at Old Orchard, Me., at that time and my wife saw Grape-Nuts in a grocery there. She bought some and persuaded me to try it."

"I had no faith in it but took it to please her. To my surprise it did not distress me as all other food had done and before I had taken the fifth package I was well on the mend. The pains left my head, my mind became clearer and I gained weight rapidly."

"I went back to my work again and now after six weeks' use of the food I am better and stronger than ever before in my life. Grape-Nuts surely saved my life and made me a strong hearty man, 15 pounds heavier than before I was taken sick."

"Both my good wife and I are willing to make affidavit to the truth of this."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Motionless, he listened, and caught the regular breathing of a sleeping man, then distinguished that of another, and finally heard some one turn and grunt. In some inexplicable way, these men had happened to camp just above the spot chosen by Duponceau to hide his chest. He crept away from fear of waking the sleepers, and so lay still, wondering if by any chance they could have already found the treasure, or if there might yet be an opportunity for us to remove it. Suddenly I felt Rodney grip my arm. "Listen," he breathed. "Off in the distance, clear and long, rose the opepy call. Duponceau was in some danger."

We wriggled away from the hemlock, crawled back through the woods, and stood erect only when we reached the edge. There we swept the beach and the beach—four men, silhouetted black against the white sand, and not one of them as tall as Duponceau.

"They haven't got him," I whispered: "at least, he is not with them."
"That's queer," said Rodney. "I haven't heard a shot fired. They must have boarded the ship."

We crossed the causeway, running lightly, and climbed on board. The deck was as empty as the beach had been when we first crossed it. I rushed below and poked in all the bunks, but not a trace of Duponceau was to be found. Rodney and I stood in the bow and peered across the woods and the sky.

"Well," said Islip at last, "that takes the cake. He's vanished, vanished, cleared out, and I dare say we'll never see him or his hair of him again. This thing's getting positively spooky. Selden, are you sure that the man was flesh and blood?"
"I'm certainly sure," I answered.

"But he came in the middle of the night, and he's gone at the same time. Strange! Where on earth could he go?"
"Search me," said Rodney. "I thought the adventure was almost too real to be true. Such things don't happen, you know—that is, not consecutively—within a day's ride of New York." He considered the matter gravely. "But what will Barbara say if she finds we haven't kept by him?"

"I was thinking of that myself," I answered, looking blankly at the water. Islip broke into a laugh—such an infectious laugh that I couldn't help joining him. "I dare say we're different in most ways, Selden," he said, "but we're alike in one. Well, here's how!" and he held out his hand to me.

We shook hands, half seriously, half in jest, and I took back all the unkind things I had ever thought about him. Day after day I turned and went down the deck on the other side of the mast. I heard Rodney exclaim and saw him stop and look at the rail where his hand rested. A small gold chain was fastened to the edge. He peered over the side, and then, to my utter amazement, began to throw off his clothes.

"What on earth—" I began, but Rodney only chuckled, and finished undressing. Then from somewhere out in the sea came the opepy cry, clear, quavering to a minor cadence. Islip slipped over the side, crossed the rocks, and dived into the waves.

I pulled on the chain and up came a bundle of clothes wrapped in Duponceau's cloak. Then I understood, and followed Rodney's example.

We swam in a great circle, and at last Duponceau led us back to the ship. Day after day he had been far out, beyond the Shifting Shoal. "I saw them coming," he said, "and so I hung my clothes from the side and took to the waves. They found nothing; perchance now they think me a ghost."

"You told him our experience in searching for the chest, and he showed a great deal of perturbation, but finally came to the wise conclusion that we could do nothing in regard to it then."

It was my turn below, and I fell asleep, in a glorious glow from the swim, just as the sky was shading pink.

CHAPTER XIII.
When I awoke I found Rodney seated on the cabin table.
"Morning, Selden," he exclaimed. "By the way, who is Monsieur Duponceau?"
I shook my head. "I gave that question some time ago. How about breakfast?"

"I was thinking of that myself," said Rodney. "I don't mind being a hero, but I prefer to play the part of a full stomach."

"I'll signal Charles." I went up on deck, and found that the sun was high up, and shining on a glorious summer world. I fastened a napkin to the broken strand of the mast.

up of the scraps of the provisions Barbara had brought us. I told Charles that I preferred to have him stay with us, as there was no telling when we should need every able-bodied man we could find, and so he brought the canoe on board, moving her on the afterdeck, and devoted himself to the small duties on his new housekeeping.

Duponceau and Islip had slept little the night before, and shortly after lunch they took up their bunks to nap. I was on guard on the forward deck when I heard a voice call, "Ship ahoy!" and looked up to see Barbara on the cliff.

I called to Charles to take my place for a few moments and sallied forth to shore. Barbara joined me at the foot of the headland.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.
I told her the adventures of the previous night, and when I came to the early morning swim her eyes danced as she clapped her hands with delight. "Oh, I wish I had been out there with you!" she cried. "I've always wanted to try a swim in the sea."

"It's just as well you weren't," I answered sagely.
She looked somewhat longingly out to sea. "What a beautiful afternoon! And are the rest of the crew working?"

"The rest of the crew are sleeping. They had too much coffee for dinner last night, and it kept them awake."
"And what is Charles doing?"
I pointed to the deck. "He's on guard. That's the reason I'm here."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I thought you came to see me."
"And so I did. Suppose we sit here at the foot of the cliff, where we can look out to sea and can't be seen. There's a little nook I know of."

I found the place that I sought—a secret crevice in the rocks—and there we sat and watched the tide do its best to reach us as it bounded landward. The afternoon drifted past, and we, borne on its tranquillity, were now talkative, now silent. Barbara rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and played with the water in a little pool beside our ledge of rocks. Her dreaming eyes brooded over the ocean. I watched her, tried to turn my eyes away, but the irresistible call, and came back to watching her. The time had come when I could think only of the one thought.

The sun was low, Barbara was humming a little French song. The whole world was adorable.
"Barbara, I love you!"

The words were out, spoken without volition, all of themselves.
She looked up; her singing stopped, and the deep blush rose into her face, while her eyes shrank.

"Barbara, I love you. I have loved you since I first found you on the ship, and I shall go on loving you until I die. I can't help it; it's not only conscious, it's partly unconscious. It's just you calling to me. Barbara, dear, you are all my hope in the world. You are the world. Will you marry me?"

I was leaning forward, thinking only of that sweet, that infinitely sweet face opposite.

She smiled, her eyes turning to watch the waves, and I waited spellbound for her answer.

"I haven't known you very long," she added, her voice low; "and what do you know of me?"
"Everything. All I could ever know—that you are the one woman in the world."

"For it's summer, and it's easy to say such things in summer. It's all part of the setting. I told you once you were a dreamer. Dreamers are apt to romance, and that is probably why you are now in love with the waves and the sunshine and—with me." The last words were just a whisper. She raised her eyes to mine for a fleeting second, then dropped her lashes.

"Believe me, Barbara, it's not that; it's the truth—the truest thing in the world."
She played with the water in the pool at her side.

"I like you—but, then, I like many. There's Rodney I like also. Perhaps I like you better because I have never seen you in town, nor anywhere but in your chosen country. But I can't forget that there are other treasures in the sea—how can you be sure you won't come up on another and a finer? Then, too, I like you who do things, men who fight and win out—and so you see, she is in love with a slight smile. "It's not that I like any one in particular, but the infinite possibilities more."

"Then," I said stabsorily, "I will wait, and prove my meaning to you."
She raised her eyes frankly to mine. "I like that," she said.

After a time we walked back to her cabin and said good-by. The beach was empty. Islip was sitting on the ship's deck, and Barbara waved to him and waved back. I felt sorry for him, somehow, for now I knew what he must feel. No wonder he couldn't go back to his beloved Wall Street.

"Good-by," she said, and then, that the parting might not be too abrupt, she added, "I think I am growing almost as fond as you of your little kingdom. Rule it well."

"I shall. I have a great deal to prove now."

She smiled. "Felix of Alastair," then she turned to the ship's night duty and resolved; I thrust for treat deeds o do. When I came on board I found plans for such deeds brewing."

CHAPTER XIV.
Duponceau had been brooding all day over the possibility of losing the contents of his precious chest, and so, after some argument, Rodney and he had decided to make the effort to move it to the ship that night. I pointed out the fact that in all probability the enemy knew nothing whatever of the chest's position, and had simply happened to camp in the neighborhood of that particular hemlock; but Duponceau's fears were aroused, and it was evident that he would be satisfied with nothing short of having the strong-box under his eyes.

"What the deuce do you suppose those papers are, that he should be so fearful about them?" I asked Rodney when we were alone.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven knows! The man isn't crazy, for I've been studying him closely all day, and some experience with Wall Street has put me wise on cranks. No, there's a real,

Here mystery somewhere, and our friend Duponceau is a snooder, though whether the Wandering Jew or the lost Napoleon I can't say. Suffice it, he's got a treasure chest, and it's up to us to sit on it so tight that none of its pieces-of-eight can filter through."

Fortunately the night was cloudy, and about eleven we were ready to start. I had never felt so completely the desperado before. We were all three armed with revolvers, I carried a coil of rope wound about my waist, and Rodney a dark lantern which Charles had found in the cottage. Duponceau was the least excited. He took command of our expedition with the assurance of a born leader, and, in fact, it was only his overweening confidence that gave the scheme the least prospect of success.

Just before we left the ship Charles joined us with two spades, and so, a party of four, we stole over the beach and into the dunes. Duponceau led us to the pines, thence we crawled inward, lying silent after each crawling twig, training our eyes and ears for noises. When we came to the hemlock we lay four abreast and so peered over at the tent that loomed vaguely white ahead. The only sound was a loud and resonant snore.

Duponceau crawled forward on one side of the tent, and then beckoned to me to do the same on the opposite side. When I had wriggled forward some ten feet I could look in at the tent, the sides of which were open to the summer breeze. One man lay within, sleeping. It was clear that the enemy had not expected us.

Duponceau stole to his feet, I did likewise. He entered the tent from one side, and I from the other. With a swift movement he was over the sleeping man, and had planned him to the bed, while he thrust a handkerchief into his mouth. The sleeper started, struggled, moaned, and lay still; I had held my revolver in his face. In a twinkling we had him bound and gagged, rolled from his bed of boughs, and laid at a little distance.

While we did this Islip and Charles cut the side ropes, and the house of our enemies fell, collapsing like a great white balloon when the gas escapes. We cleared it away, and the place where the chest was hidden lay before us.

Then followed a strange scene for those unhistoric pines of Alastair. With care keen for the slightest alarm, Duponceau and I dug Rodney holding his black lantern so as to aid us. Charles, keeping watch. A foot down and my spade struck wood. In five minutes the chest was uncovered. Carefully we raised it and placed it on the ground. As his hand touched the unbroken lock I thought that Duponceau gave a little sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

THE ESCAPE.

Sister's Disparaging Comment Was Sidelined Just in Time.

Little Mrs. Walter Burnett, coming down stairs in her new winter suit, glanced with shy delight from her husband to her sister-in-law. The Burnett was young, and would have been poor had they not been so rich in other things than money. Mrs. Walter had not had a winter suit since her marriage two years before, and the sensation of feeling herself again in the style made her pretty face under the brown hat as vivid as a rose. Her husband looked at her adoringly, and remarked that she was "a stunner."

Her sister-in-law's approval was more classically expressed, but no less warm. "Even your sister Sue can't find any fault with that," she said.

A bit of that brightness faded from Mrs. Burnett's face.

"Oh, Sue!" she said, with a laugh that she tried to make light. "It would be too much to expect Sue to like it. She always thinks the other thing would have been better."

The sister-in-law eyed her shrinking young relative sternly.

"Now, Elsie," she said with decision, "it is time to stop this."
"Stop what?" Elsie parried, feebly.

"This allowing Sue to spoil everything for you. Sue is a fine woman. I appreciate her thoroughly, but she has fallen into the habit of skimming the cream of everybody's pleasure by belated advice. Your only chance of comfort in that suit is to stop her before she says anything. Here she is, by the way, coming up the path this minute. Now remember—this is your chance to strike for freedom."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Burnett faltered, as a clear voice sounded in the hall.

"Strike for your altars and your fires," her sister-in-law whispered, and then some one else was in the room.

"How do you do, everybody?" Sue called, cheerfully. "I'm this glorious young woman. Well, Elsie, so your suit has some home to it?" She eyed the new suit considerably, a frown creeping between her brows.

Elsie caught her breath, and glanced desperately at the two allies.

"Sue, please don't!" she faltered.

"Don't what?" Sue asked, in surprise.

"Don't say it—what you always do. You know—about thinking the green would have been better, after all. You see—and there was a quiver in her voice, "it seems so nice to have a whole new suit, and I just love it, and I want to think I look nice in it, and—"

Her sister looked at her sharply. For a moment there was silence—then she laughed.

"What nonsense, child! I was just going to say that brown was your color," she declared.—Youth's Companion.

Sounded Romantic.

"There was one time in my life," said the fussy old bachelor, "when I really wanted a better half."

"Tell me about it," cooed the sentimental widow.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," answered the f. o. b. "Some chap stuck me with a bad 50-cent piece."

Saving the Pieces.

"Every little fragment of time should be saved," said the home-grown philosopher.

"Sure it should," rejoined the cynical partner. "The moment the day breaks it's up to us to begin saving the pieces."

A Hot One.

Clara (after she has refused him)—I never gave you any encouragement.

Charles—Yes, you did. You intimated that your father had money.

His Choice of Evils.

Shall I forever from her part.

Or wed her, or better or worse?

The former's sure to break her heart—The latter to break her purse.

CONQUERING TYPHOID BY VACCINATION



ROF this time on it is merely a question whether one wishes to be proof against attack by typhoid fever or not. Certainly there can be no reason for contracting the malady unless one chooses. People nowadays do not "catch" smallpox if they have been properly vaccinated. In case they neglect that customary precaution, it is considered that they have deliberately exposed themselves to the risk of contagion. The same proposition will in future apply to typhoid, inasmuch as means have been found whereby, through inoculation with a suitable "vaccine," anybody may be rendered permanently immune—that is to say, incapable of acquiring the disease.

Typhoid in old time was known as "putrid fever." It was one of the most deadly of human maladies, largely because the proper methods to adopt in dealing with it were not yet known. But even to-day, when it kills less than 10 per cent of the victims it assails, it is exceedingly destructive. It caused 50 per cent of the total deaths on the American side during the war with Spain—the disease, which raged in the military camps, being distributed chiefly by flies. And it was recently estimated by Dr. George M. Kober of Washington, D. C.—a recognized authority on the subject—that, reckoning loss of wage-earning capacity, expense for medical attendance, etc., typhoid fever in the United States costs annually not less than \$350,000,000. Accepting these figures, it appears that the disease costs the people of the United States more than a billion dollars every three years, writes Rene Bach in Technical World Magazine.

THE IMMUNIZING VACCINE.

There is just one advantage in having typhoid. An attack of it renders one immune to the complaint thereafter—at all events practically so, inasmuch as a recurrence of the malady in a person who has once recovered from it is uncommon. But it would surely be very advantageous if such immunity could be attained without going through the sickness and suffering with incidental risk of dying.

Fortunately, this very thing has at last been accomplished. That is to say, a means has been discovered whereby anybody may be rendered immune to typhoid—the result being obtained by a simple process of vaccination. The principle of vaccination for smallpox is that of utilizing the germ of a nearly milder disease of the cow, much milder in character, to produce immunity against the more serious malady. This idea nowadays is beginning to be applied, with much success, to other maladies, notably rabies—by Pasteur's discovery—and cholera and subacute plague, the two latter at the instance of Haffkine, an Englishman. Vaccination for typhoid—first worked out by Sir A. E. Wright of London—has based upon the same theory.

For some time past the United States War Department has been busily engaged with the problem of typhoid vaccination, and at the Army Medical Museum in Washington large quantities of the immunizing fluid have been manufactured and put up in sealed glass tubes, ready for use—each tube containing the few drops requisite for a dose. For military purposes it is of utmost importance to find a means whereby the "putrid fever," which has always been the most deadly enemy of troops—commonly killing more men than were slain by the enemy—shall be robbed of its power to destroy.

How the Vaccine is Prepared.

There is no reason, indeed, why soldiers in the field in future wars should suffer any loss whatever by typhoid. It will doubtless be required of every recruit, as a matter of course, that before being finally accepted he shall be immunized against the malady. As for the regular army, several hundred men, volunteering for the purpose, have already been inoculated; and the investigation having now passed beyond the experimental stage, every officer and enlisted man will be subjected to the treatment.

The "vaccine" for typhoid is prepared by an extremely simple process. A quantity of beef broth is made, and when it has had time to cool, a few typhoid bacilli are put into it. Finding it an acceptable food, they multiply with great rapidity, until, after a few hours, the vessel of soup contains countless billions of them. They are then killed by putting the broth into a sort of oven and heating it to a point in the neighborhood of boiling.

This is the "vaccine"—a soup containing the dead bodies of billions of typhoid bacilli. It is now ready for use. But first, to make perfectly sure that all the bacilli are dead, a small quantity of the soup is put into a fresh batch of broth, previously sterilized by heat. If, on microscopic examination, some hours later, no living bacilli are found in the new broth, it is taken for granted that the stuff is all right, and the soup holding the defunct germs is put up in little glass tubes. Each tube, after being sterilized, receives a certain number of drops of the immunizing fluid from a machine made for the purpose, and is then hermetically sealed with a glass-blower's blowpipe. It thus becomes a nothing more than an elongated bulb of glass, with no opening through which any microbes can gain admittance. When a dose is to be administered, the physician simply breaks off one end of the tube, draws its contents into his hypodermic syringe—previously sterilized—and thrusts the point of the instrument beneath the skin of the person to be inoculated. A brief squirt, and it is all over. But to make assur-

ance doubly sure—to make certain, that is to say, of "taking"—a second dose is usually administered. The first one is of eight drops, representing about 500,000,000 bacilli; the second is fifteen drops, containing 1,000,000,000 bacilli, or thereabouts.

How Typhoid Bacilli Operate. But, as already explained, the bacilli are all dead. Why, then, should they possess any usefulness? The answer is that, though defunct, they still contain the peculiar and characteristic poison belonging to this species of microbes. They are powerless to engender typhoid fever in the human body, but the poison in question has the effect of inducing the cells of the body to manufacture a particular antidote—the antitoxin to typhoid.

When a person is attacked by typhoid fever, the germs, feeding on the tissues, incidentally set free a considerable quantity of their specific poison, which is injurious to the body cells, which absorb more or less of it. But the cells, to protect themselves against the enemy, proceed to manufacture on their own account an anti-poison—that is to say, a substance which in nine cases out of ten—if the patient be properly cared for—kills off the hostile microbes, and eventually drives them out of the system. This is what happens every time when a sufferer from typhoid recovers.

WHEN LUCK FAILS.

Unhoused and often unsheltered, wild animals suffer more than is generally understood. No one can estimate the deaths of a year from severe cold, heavy storms, high winds and tides. In "The Lay of the Land" Dallas Lore Sharp tells of whole colonies of gulls and terns swept away by a great storm, and describes some of the fatalities of the little people of the world.

We have all held our breath at the hazardous traveling of the squirrels in the treetops. What other animals take such risks, leaping at dizzy heights from bending limbs to catch the tips of limbs still smaller, saving themselves again and again by the merest chance?

But luck sometimes fails. My brother, a careful watcher in the woods, was hunting on one occasion, when he saw a gray squirrel miss its footing in a tree, fall, and break its neck upon a log beneath.

I have frequently known them to fall short distances, and once I saw a red squirrel come to grief like the gray squirrel mentioned above. He was scurrying through the tops of some lofty pitch pines, a little hurried and flustered at sight of me, and nearing the end of a high branch was in the act of springing, when the dead tip cracked under him and he came tumbling headlong.

The height must have been forty feet, so that before he reached the ground he had righted himself, his tail out and legs spread; but the fall was too great. He hit the earth heavily, and before I could reach him lay dead upon the pine needles.

Hasty, careless, miscalculated movements are not as frequent among the careful wild folk as among human beings, perhaps; but there is abundant evidence of their occasional occurrence and of their sometimes fatal results.

THE GIRAFFE.

Africa's Second Story Worker with the Long Diner's Neck.

The giraffe is the second story worker of the animal kingdom. It is a merger of the zebra and the camel and is also a distant relative of the palm tree. The giraffe consists of eight feet of neck equipped with a body at one end and a head at the other. In the matter of neck it has all the rest of the animal kingdom beaten by a length. The giraffe's mouth is located so far from its stomach that it has to eat to-day to appease to-morrow's appetite. Many a giraffe has starved to death while the first meal it had eaten for two weeks was slowly traveling its transcontinental esophagus.

The giraffe looks as if it had started out to be a zebra, but having reached the shoulders, had kept on going. It is very dark in color, marked by yellowish brown stripes in a handsome lineoleum pattern. It lives on tree tops, eagles' nests and rainbows. During the Boer war the British army had some difficulty with giraffes, which formed a great liking for war balloons and frequently nibbled them during their flight in order to inhale the gas.

Why does the giraffe have a long distance neck? Persons given to the use of common sense will realize that Africa is rich in insect life as well as animal life and that all African animals carry innumerable parasites on their hides. The giraffe's head is so far from his body that a long neck is absolutely necessary in order that he may reach down and grab off a tick from his fetlock when necessary. Even a child could see this.—Collier's Week-

Had Them Tested.

The loss and recovery of a \$5,000 pearl necklace recall the story of a similar experience which a New York woman had after the last Old Guard ball. She also missed her necklace when she arrived at her home, and the next day it was brought to her by a woman who had shared her carriage on her way home. Handing the necklace to her friend, the finder said: "So glad I found it. We always thought they were real."—New York Tribune.

"She," the Young Things are always saying of some Older Thing, "has the money to buy good clothes and doesn't look good in them."

The women always say their husbands coax them to go away for the summer, but no one believes it.

The Embarrassing Truth. The vindication of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is a great triumph," said a Washington diplomat. "For pure food. Dr. Wiley tells the truth, and the truth is painful to certain types of food producers."

The diplomat laughed. "Dr. Wiley was talking the other day about the painfulness of the truth," he resumed. "He said it reminded him of a morning call that he once made on a young lady in his youth. In answer to his ring a tiny tot of a girl opened the door, and Dr. Wiley said to her, as he walked into the hall: 'Where is your auntie, Mabel?'"

BURDEN LIFTED FROM BENT BACKS.

A bad back is a heavy handicap to those of us who work every day. Nine times out of ten, it is due to sick kidneys. The only way to find relief is to cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have given sound, strong backs thousands of men and women.

Mrs. L. Spicer, 204 S. Seventh St., De Kalb, Ill., says: "There was a severe dull pain