

SYRUP OF FIGS ELIXIR OF SENNA

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM
EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS
COLDS, AND HEADACHES
DUE TO CONSTIPATION.
BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN
AND CHILDREN—YOUNG
AND OLD.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL
EFFECTS—ALWAYS BUY
THE GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
**CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO.**

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY, REGULAR PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE

Red Squirrels and Brownells.
If the red squirrel is inclined to destroy moth nests he can perhaps be made a powerful ally in the work. The Record this week secured what seems to be confirmation of this discovery by a case on High street where two red squirrels have their home. Last year only seven nests were found on the trees in the vicinity of the home of these squirrels, and this year when the nests are twenty times as thick in other places, only four are found in the same trees. It would be desirable for all who have opportunity to observe the habits of red squirrels to note what they have done in other places in clearing trees of brownell nests.—Brunswick Record.

CURED OF DROPSY.

Another Victory for Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. M. Houston, 417 So. Fifth St., Houston, Ill., says: "I had been in a critical condition for two years. My back was so sore and painful I could not turn in bed. I had chills and hot flashes. My kidneys were in very bad shape, and I had great trouble with the secretions. I thought my time had come. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, cured me and the cure has been permanent."

Remember the name—Doan's.

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

"If he's not drowned or kidnaped or devoured by animals, the shock will kill him—separated from us all! My Joey, my—" and then Mrs. Benson became incoherent.

Indeed, the thought of the agony the four-year-old child must be enduring was harrowing. Of course, everybody not actually in hysterics expected the child would be found; but even Uncle Ned was disturbed at the picture of that tender little fellow, alone in all these acres of park, lost from all his relatives.

Finally, on the strength of a rumor that a "lost kid" had been carried to the station house in the park, Uncle Ned hurried there. He found little Joey—in the most pathetic of all roles, that of the Lost Child.

"Where have you been all the time?" asked Joey, when finally he recognized the existence of his uncle. Seated comfortably on the knee of a big policeman, Joey was busy with a plump banana. Two more big, blue-coated men, just recovering from raptures of laughter at some remark of the Lost Child, stood ready with more bananas and candy.

"What did you get losted for, mamma 'n' everybody?" demanded Joey, reaching for candy and kindly sparing time for one mildly rebuking glance at his relative. "If you hadn't got losted 'way 'om me, I'd a brought you here wiv me, where all the p'licemans live."

Trials of a Lecturer.

A well known Englishwoman lecturer tells some stories at her own expense. "I was," she says, "on a tour through the provinces, and one night as I appeared on the platform in a small town the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman.' This was intended as a sincere compliment.

"On another occasion a bluff old farmer who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question announced me as follows: 'This lady's come here to talk about her rights. She's hired the hall herself, and so she's got a rig,' to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle of it."

A Happy Day

Follows a breakfast that is pleasing and healthful.

Post Toasties

is pleasing and healthful, bringing smiles of satisfaction to the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular Pkg. 10c
Family size, 15c.

See-Ann Cereal Co., Ltd.
Ralph Creek, Mich.

THE QUICKENING

BY
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
The limestone pile was the same, and the creek was still rushing noisily over the stones in its bed, as Tom remarked, gratefully. But the heaviest of the buffets came when the barrier hills were passed and the surly horses made no motion to turn in at the gate of the old oak-shingled house beyond the iron-work.

"Hold on!" said Tom. "Doesn't the driver know where we live?"
"That's the superintendent's office and factory now, son. It was office and factory formerly, but now here for your mammy, so nigh to the plant, and we allowed to 'sprise you. We've been buildin' us a new house up on the knoll just this side of Major Dabney's."

It was the most commanding of the hills hardest to bear, and it drove the boy back into the dumb reticence which was a part of his birthright. He left him nothing by which to remember the old days—days which were already beginning to take on the glamour of unutterable happiness past? Tom saw well-kept lawns, park-like groves and pretentious country villas where he had once trailed Nance Jane through the "dark woods," and his father told him the names and circumstances of the owners as they drove up the pike. There was Rockwood, the summer home of the Stanleys, and The Dell, owned, and inhabited at intervals, by Mr. Young-Dickson, of the South Broadway pottery. Farther along there was Fairmount, whose owner was a wealthy cotton-seed buyer; Rock Hill, which Tom remembered as the ancient roosting ground of the migratory winter crow; and Barnsworth Park, ruralizing the name of its builder. On the most commanding of the hillside was a pile of rough-cut Tennessee marble with turrets and many gables, rejoicing in the classic name of Warwick Lodge. This, Tom was told, was the country home of Mr. Farley himself, and the house alone had cost a fortune.

At the turn in the pike where you lost sight finally of the iron-work, there was a new church, a minister in a native stone of good old Stephen Hawker's church of Morwenston. Tom gasped at the sight of it, and scowled when he saw the gilded cross on the tower.

"Catholic!" he said. "And right here in your way?"
"No," said the father; "it's 'Piscopalian. Colonel Farley is one of the vestries, or whatever you call 'em, of St. Michael's yonder in town. I reckon he wanted to get his own kind of people round him on here, so he built this church, and they run it as a sort of a side-show to the big church. Your mammy always looks the other way when we come by."

Tom looked the other way, too, watching anxiously for the first sight of the new home. They reached it in good time, by a graveled driveway leading up from the white pike between rows of forest trees; and there was a second negro waiting to take the team, when they alighted at the veranda steps.

The new house was a two-story brick, ornate and palpably assertive, with no suggestion of the homely comfort of the old. Yet, when his mother had swept over him in the wide hall, and there was time to go about, talked it all in like a cat exploring a strange parcel, it was not so bad.

But there were compensations, and Tom discovered one of them on the first Wednesday evening after his arrival. The new home was within easy walking distance of Little Zoar, and he went with his mother to the prayer-meeting.

The upper end of the pike was unchanged, and the little, weather-beaten church stood in its grove of pines, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Better still, the congregation, the small Wednesday-night gathering at the country school, the minister was a young missionary, zealously earnest, and lacking as yet the quality of hardness and doctrinal precision which had been the boy's daily bread and meat at the sectarian school. What wonder, then, that when the call for testimony was made, the old pounding and heart-hammering set in, and duty, duty, wrote itself in flaming letters on the "angel's walls?"

Tom set his teeth and swallowed hard, and let a dozen of the others rise and speak and sit again. He could feel the beating of his mother's heart, and he knew she was praying silently for him, praying that he would not deny his Master. For her sake, then, he rose; but not yet; there was still time enough—after the next hymn—after the next testimony—when the minister should give another invitation. He was chained to the bench and could not rise; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and his lips were like dry leaves. The silences grew longer; all, or nearly all, had spoken. He was stifling.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, I will confess him before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father which is in heaven." It was the solemn voice of the young minister, and Tom staggered to his feet with the lamps whirling in giddy circles.

"I feel to say that the Lord is precious to my soul to-night. Pray for me, that I may ever be found faithful."

He struggled through the words of the familiar form gaspingly and sat down. A burst of triumphant song arose:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

and the ecstatic aftermath came. Truly, it was better to be a doorkeeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. What bliss was there to be compared with this heart-melting, soul-lifting blessing for duty done?

It went with him a good part of the way home, and Martha Gordon respected his silence, knowing well what heights and depths were engulfing the young spirit.

But afterward—alas and alack; that there should always be an "afterward!" When Tom had kissed his mother good-night and was alone in his upper room, the reaction set in. What had he done? Were the words the outpouring of a full heart? Did they really mean anything to him, or to those who heard them? He grasped despairingly at the fast-fading glories

QUEER STORIES

Neptune takes more than 160 years to make the complete revolution round the sun.

More than 400,000 persons emigrated from this country during the year 1907. This is a much smaller number than shown by the previous year.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company is conducting extensive experiments with the hope of making wireless telegraph available for the operation of trains.

From estimates and actual figures it is computed that in the history of this country the total number of foreigners arriving on our shores amounts to 27,111,850.

Wine production in Chile is increasing. The acreage in vineyards is 145,594, of which 47,103 acres are irrigated. There is great demand for American oak staves.

The Siamese language is a great mixture of nearly all the dialects and languages of the far east, namely, Chinese, Malay, Mon, Cambodian, Sanskrit, Pali, and others.

It is announced in the French press that the historic house occupied by Napoleon on the Isle of Elba, known as the Villa San Martino a Porto Ferrajo, is to be sold at auction. With the house are to go the furniture and other souvenirs of the Emperor.

The newspapers urge that the friends and admirers of Napoleon take steps to prevent the dispersal of the historic objects.

A subway amusement pier, consisting of an under-water chamber, with collapsible entrance and exit tubes, is proposed for one of the Atlantic coast resorts. The amusement seekers will enter the chamber through the tube leading from the shore, and leave it through the tube rising to the pier above the chamber. Perforations around the sides of the chamber will give a view of the bottom of the sea.

Mrs. Margaret Stimson has just completed her forty-fifth year of service at the Institute of Technology, Boston. She was appointed in 1865 by President Rogers to take charge of the chemical apparatus used by students, and is still in active service and is said to remember the names and personality of more men who have attended classes in the Institute of Technology than any other person connected with the institution.

In 1903 India rubber sold for 88 cents a pound. Recent special cable dispatches told how London is going mad in gambling in stocks of rubber companies, the stuff itself having risen in price to \$3.08 a pound. This increase gives additional interest to the processes of regeneration of waste rubber and of the manufacture of substitutes. The regeneration of vulcanized India rubber consists in removing the sulphur, which was added in the process of vulcanization.

CLOTHES OF ODD MATERIALS.
Fiber of Filamentous Stone, Iron Cloth and Limestone Wool.

The Russians manufacture a fabric from the fiber of a filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which is said to be of so durable a nature that it is practically indestructible. Harpers Weekly says. The material is soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, and when soiled has only to be placed in a fire to be made absolutely clean.

Iron cloth is largely used today by sailors everywhere for the purpose of making the collars of coats set properly. This cloth is manufactured from steel wool and has the appearance of having been woven from horsehair.

Wool not the product of sheep is being utilized abroad for the making of men's clothing. This is known as "limestone wool" and is made in an electric furnace. Powdered limestone, mixed with certain chemicals, is thrown into the furnace and after passing through a furnace air blast it is tossed out as fluffy white wool. When it comes from the furnace the wool is dyed and made into lengths like cloth.

A pair of trousers or a coat made of this material cannot, it is claimed, be burned or damaged by grease, and is as flexible as cloth made of sheep's wool.

An English manufacturer has succeeded in making a fabric from old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old rope and cordage, unraveled it and wove it by a secret process into a kind of rough cloth. The resultant material he dyed a dark brown. A suit of clothes made from this queer stuff was worn by the manufacturer himself, and it is said that he has a large trade in this line in the British colonies.

A novelty in dress material for women is spun-glass cloth, which, it is said, can be had in white, green, lilac, pink and yellow shades. The inventor of this fabric was an Australian, and his invention is said to have resulted in the production of a material as bright and flexible as silk. The first lady to wear a gown of this material was of royal rank. It was of a very delicate shade of pale lavender shot with pink, and its peculiar sheen delighted her admirers of the sparkle of diamond dust.

Paper clothes were worn by the Japanese troops, who found them very serviceable and much warmer than those of cloth. Paper dressing gowns, bathrobes and similar articles of attire are now being turned out by the carload in England, France, Germany and other European countries.

The paper whereof they are made is of the "blotting" variety, and after being treated by a new process is dyed in various colors or printed with a pretty floral design.

Even gloves are made of paper these days, the principal claim of advantage being that they are susceptible of being cleaned many times.

THE COMETS.
Gossip About These Eccentric Wanderers in Space.

Halley's comet is only one of many. So far astronomers have located 200 of these in our solar system and they come and go at irregular intervals.

As early as Caesar's death, 44 B. C., a comet was seen that came nearer the sun than any other save one and which was the most brilliant of any ever discovered. It reappeared in the reign of Justinian, 563 A. D., and again in 1105. It was again located by Newton in 1680. The comet of 1843 was the only one which got closer to the sun than the one Newton tracked.

Comets differ from planets in traveling through space. The planets revolve in a zone of no great breadth on either side of the ecliptic; but the paths of the comets cut the ecliptic in every direction. The orbits of the former are nearly circular; those of the comets are of varying degrees of eccentricity.

Halley's, in 1682, affirmed that the striking comet which appeared that year was identical with those which had been seen in 1607, 1531 and 1456, and that it traveled around the sun in a period occupying some 76 years. Biela's comet, discovered in 1826, revolved around the sun in six years and three-quarters. It returned promptly in 1832, 1839, 1845 and 1852, since when it has not been seen. Lexell's comet in 1770 was traveling in an elliptical orbit round the sun, taking about five and a half years for the encircling. Again in 1876 it circled the sun and then went out into space and disappeared. This is known as the lost comet, though several have disappeared since scientific observations have been in vogue.

Donati's comet, visible in 1858, was noted for its brilliancy, its distance from the sun being 15 billion miles. The comet is something of a traveler. This one which is due this month has been rushing through space at 500 miles a minute and by May 18 will be going at 2,000 miles a minute. June 3 it will be nearest the earth. Some astronomers believe it will touch the ground.

The tail of the comet is worth considering. It is of vast size, more than the mind can comprehend. Some of them are 400,000,000 miles long and are composed of gaseous matter. Comets are supposed to consist of vaporized carbon or hydro-carbon gases.

Professional Pride.

In a Christmas fairy play in Paris a set of dominoes was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. One day, a writer in La Figaro states, a "super" gave in his resignation, and told the manager he must find a substitute.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the manager. "Don't you get fifteen sous a night, like the others?"

"It isn't the sous at all," said the "super," haughtily. "I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theater, and I think you ought to have made me double six; instead I am the lowest number—double eight."

Probably Safe from Them.
Ejornstjerne Bjornson had just been christened.

"We're a little curious to know," said his parents, "what the spelling reformers will do when they tackle that name."

Thus far, however, his distinguished name has escaped mutilation.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.
Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

FASHION HINTS

LEGAL INFORMATION

While a manufacturer was rescutting blocks pursuant to a contract, an inspector was appointed by the purchaser, whose duty was to examine and inspect the process. The inspector and the engineer in charge were frequently involved in broils bordering on blows. Hearing of this, the manager forbade the bellicose persons to enter the vat rooms unless accompanied by a third party. Eventually an encounter transpired in which guns figured freely. The inspector was struck with a pistol on the head and his upraised arms, his assailant assuming that his conduct was due to his anxiety to get even on old scores more than anything else, and that it was an exclusively personal transaction. In Cressy vs. Rep. Cr. Co., 122 Northwest-erner Reporter, 484, the Minnesota Supreme Court allowed a recovery from the manufacturer for damages arising from the chastisement, remarking that when the master, as in this case, has notice of the proclivity of the servant to do harm, he is responsible.

The Alabama Constitution provides that when a prisoner is taken from jail and killed, owing to the neglect of the sheriff, the officer may be impeached. A negro confined in a jail for murder was quietly taken out and killed by a few masked men, who overcame the deputies on guard. For 20 years the sheriff had been an officer of unusual bravery and devotion to duty. The excitement which usually precedes a lynching was absent. In State vs. Cazalas, 59 Southern Reporter, 36, the Alabama Supreme Court held that the sheriff's conduct merited his removal from office. He could not presume that those who desire to invade the premises will inform him of the fact, or make such a demonstration on the streets as to advertise their intentions. When a crime of peculiar enormity has been committed, exciting public indignation, and suggestions are made that the prisoner be lynched, it is a sheriff's duty to take precautions that will effectually thwart an unauthorized entry of the jail.

A Singular Marriage Custom.
The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

Not a Modern Custom.
In a certain church in Philadelphia the custom has prevailed of presenting to each scholar of the Sunday school an egg during the exercises at the celebration of Easter. On an occasion of the kind the assistant clergyman arose and made this announcement: "Hymn 419, 'Begin, My Soul, the Exalted Year,' after which the eggs will be distributed."—Lippincott's.

Polite.
Mrs. Nocsah—Mercy! You let your girl off every afternoon!

Neighbor—Yes, indeed, it is such a saving. The more she is away the fewer dishes she breaks.—Illustrated Bits.

Saved His Life.
"Don't chide me for carrying a revolver. This little gun saved my life once."

"How exciting! Tell me about it."

"I was starving, and I pawned it."—Cleveland Leader.

Talk with any little man long enough, and he will remind you that Napoleon was of small stature.

There's Lots of Character to This Suit of Plain and Striped Pongee.
The stripes is sort of an old blue, the same as the deep cuffs, and it tones so well with the natural color pongee. The knife pleated collar of net is a new feature.

The Pianoforte.
Little Elsie, whose mother was visiting her neighbor, was doing the five-finger exercises.

"Thump! Rattle! Bang, bang! Rattle! Thump!"

"Great Heavens!" cried the neighbor, starting up. "What on earth is your daughter trying to play now?"

"It's an exercise," said little Elsie's mother, beaming with maternal pride, from "First Steps in Music."

"First Steps in Music?" repeated the harassed neighbor. "Well, dear, is there nothing she can play with her hands?"—Answers.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.
Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee."

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be."

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age."

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drunk any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found 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!