

# Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.  
**SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS,** one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

**No Smoker.**  
The bishop of London, at a dinner in Washington, told a story, as the cigars came on, about one of his predecessors. "When Dr. Creighton was bishop of London," he said, "he rode on a train one day with a small, meek curate. "Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case, and, with a smile, he said: "You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?" "The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly: "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick."

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

From Yonkers Statesman.  
Patience—Brazil will soon be able to raise all the rice needed for home consumption.  
Patrice—What's the matter? Marriages falling off over there?  
**SIoux CITY PT'G CO., 1,223-1, 1908**

**For Spavin Curb or Splint Sloan's Liniment is unsurpassed**  
It penetrates and relieves pain very quickly—needs very little rubbing—and does not leave a scar or blemish.  
An antiseptic remedy for thrush, fistula and any abscess.  
**PRICE 25¢, 50¢ & \$1.00**  
Sloan's Treatise on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry Sent Free  
Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

## TEN MILLION BOXES A YEAR

The most wonderful record in all history—merit made it. The great sums of money spent in advertising have only served to make CASCARETS known, but the greatest advertisement ever printed could do no more than induce a person to try CASCARETS once—a free sample, or at most, a 10 cent box. Then comes the test, and if CASCARETS had not proved their merit beyond the highest expectations there would not today, after five years on the market, be a sale of nearly a million boxes a month. This great success has been made by the kind words of our friends. No one who has ever tried CASCARETS fails to be pleased and talk nicely about them. CASCARETS are not only easiest to buy, to carry, to take, to give, but are also the best medicine for the bowels ever discovered. Files full of voluntary testimonials

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP**

prove that Cascarets are a perfect cure for Constipation, Appendicitis, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Insomnia, Palpitation of the Heart, Bad Breath, Bad Blood, Pimples, Piles, Worms and all bowel diseases of childhood and old age. They make mother's milk mildly purgative. Mama takes a CASCARET, baby gets the benefit. Children like to take them. They are the one perfect, unequalled family remedy. Nothing more can be said. Everybody should carry a box in the pocket and have another in the house. Don't forget "they work while you sleep," and "a CASCARET at night makes you feel all right—in the morning." The genuine tablet octagonal, stamped CCC, put up in light blue enameled metal boxes, and never sold in bulk. Sold by all druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

### GREATEST SALE IN THE WORLD

**Ready Answers.**  
There were two Irishmen who recently came over to seek employment in America. Pat secured a position here, but because of some misunderstanding between his employer and himself he was to be discharged on the following Monday if he could not answer three questions.  
Pat came home with a heavy heart that night, and told his twin brother, Mike, the questions, which were: "How much does the moon weigh?" "How many stars are there?" "What am I thinking about?" As the brothers looked very much alike, Mike said that he would go in Pat's place and answer the three questions, for he considered himself brighter than Pat.  
As soon as Mike entered the office Monday morning his brother's employer said: "Pat are you ready for the questions?"  
"Yes, sir," said Mike.  
"Very well, how much does the moon weigh?" "Hundred pounds."  
"How d'ye know?" "There's four quarters."  
"How many stars are there?" "A million."  
"How d'ye know?" "Go count 'em."  
"What am I thinking about?" "You're thinkin' that I'm Pat, but I'm not. I'm Mike."

**Cheering Her Up.**  
A young lady living in Atlanta visited the home of her fiance in New Orleans. On her return home an old negro "mammy," long in the service of the family and consequently privileged to put the question, asked:  
"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"  
The engagement not having been announced, the Atlanta girl smilingly replied:  
"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."  
A man who is able to keep his face closed saves a lot of time.  
Learning to be content with what we have read is what joits most of us.  
Inability to obtain a seat at the political pie counter begets reform.  
How anxious people are to help you when you are in a position to help yourself!

**Pointed Paragraphs.**  
From the Chicago News.  
Among the fatal diseases is old age. Women are as changeable as men are monotonous.  
It takes a dry goods box philosopher to make a set speech.  
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**Red Riding Hood to Date.**  
From the Minneapolis Journal.  
With Jeff Davis in the role of the wolf and the trust confidently enacting Little Red Riding Hood, the dialog of the story becomes perfectly perspicuous:  
"Oh, grandma, how big your eyes are!"  
"The better to see you, my dear."  
"Oh, grandma, how long your ears are!"  
"The better to hear you, my dear."  
"Oh, grandma, how sharp your teeth are!"  
"The better to eat you up, my dear."  
"Gobble, gobble, and a crunching of bones."  
The trusts are annihilated.

**FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.**  
Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.  
Levi P. Brockway, S. Second avenue, Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital, I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."  
Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Atchison Globe Sights.**  
When a man has an opinion or a theory that happens to turn out right, how he loves to hear about it!  
When a man boasts that his life is an open book, he had better scratch wood. Some one might look into it.  
Men are possessed of two great fears; that they will become old, and that they will never live to be old.  
If we were sure we could get an original love letter in reply, we believe that, as old as we are, we would write one.  
The man who uses a falsehood for policy is like the woman who powders, soon gets into the habit of putting on too much.  
When a man is always in a hurry, it is an evidence that he lacks the capacity to dispose of his business in the ordinary way.  
The louder a child bawls the less it is hurt. Same way with grown people: The more fuss they make the less they have to fuss over.  
A girl's idea of the most dreadful impoliteness is to allow her girl company to carry a dress suit case through the depot waiting room.  
Hides, Pelts and Wool.  
To get full value, ship to the old reliable N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Quaker Reflections.**  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
Beauty isn't even skin deep. Lots of it rubs off.  
Some people would even like to borrow experience.  
The pugilist can't complain that a left handed punch isn't right.  
Women's troubles can't always be measured by their sighs.  
The money stringency doesn't interfere with the wages of sin.  
If you want to know how to manage a wife ask a man who never had one.  
The man who tries to collect his outstanding bills duns in order not to be done.  
The man who is under a cloud takes little consolation from the silver lining theory.  
No, Maude, dear, the man with a heavy beard doesn't always have a strong face.

**Tom Ochiltree's Moon.**  
After Tom Ochiltree, that able congress raconteur and laugh generator for the afflicted rich, settled in New York as the amuser of the John W. Mackay family, he effervesced in a thousand different directions, and was as good in some ways as Sam Ward. One night he escorted John Mackay's friend, the Count de Biscount, down to the Battery to show the sights of New York. The moon was grand, and the count went into raptures as "her maiden reflection rippled over the pearly waters."  
He cried: "Eet iss grand! Eet iss grand! Dair iss no such moon in all ity!"  
"Count," said Ochiltree, solemnly as befitting the occasion, "you just ought to see the moon in Texas."

When a girl is proud of a photograph of her it's a sign it doesn't look like her.

# THE MARATHON MYSTERY

## A STORY OF MANHATTAN.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON  
Author of "The HOLLADAY CASE," "Cadets of Gascony," Etc.

"We don't need it!" declared Godfrey coolly, as he arose to go.  
"We've got a chain about Tremaine. Lester, that he can't break—and we'll compel Miss Croynod to forge the last rivet."  
"But in my dreams that night I saw him breaking the chain, tramping up on them, hurling them from him. I tried to hold them fast with all my puny strength, for I fancied that, once free, he would sweep over the earth like a pestilence. Then, suddenly, it was not Tremaine but Cecily I was holding; she turned to look at me with a countenance so terrible that it pained me; her eyes scorched me with a white heat, burnt me through and through. Then she raised her hand and struck me a heavy blow upon the head—again and again—till, blindly, in agony, I loosed my hold of her and fell."  
CHAPTER IV.  
CECILY SAYS GOODBYE.  
The cold light of the morning brought with it a profound skepticism. Godfrey's theory no longer seemed so convincing; in fact, it did not seem convincing at all. Many objections occurred to me; I saw that the whole elaborate structure was built upon quicksand—there was no proof that any of the clippings referred to Tremaine or Thompson; there was no truth that Thompson had gathered them with elaborate care and of set purpose, there was no room.  
Yes—there was one point susceptible of proof; by it the whole structure would stand or fall.  
"Mr. Royce," I said to our junior in the course of the morning, "I wonder if I could be spared this afternoon. I've some business of my own which I'd like very much to attend to."  
"Why, certainly," he answered instantly; so when I left the office at noon, I took the elevator to the Grand Central station and bought a ticket to Ossining. Once there, I went to the grey old prison and stated my errand to Mr. Jones, the sub-warden, whom I found in charge.  
"I've come up from New York," I began, after giving him my card, "to see if you can identify the man and I handed him the photograph of Thompson.  
He looked at it long and searchingly, seemingly for a time in doubt, but at last he shook his head.  
"No, I don't believe I can," he said. "There's something familiar about the face, but I can't place it."  
"How long have you been connected with the prison, Mr. Jones?" I asked.  
"I began thirty years ago as guard. But what made you think I could identify this fellow?"  
"We're rather imagined," I answered, "that his real name was Johnson and that he served a term here for robbery, beginning in 1838."  
He looked at the photograph again, with a sudden flush of excitement in his face.  
"I believe you're right," he said. "Let's look at Johnson's photo."  
He consulted the index, then turned to one of the wall cases.  
"Here he is," he said, opening a compartment and pointing to a photograph. "It's the same man, sure, only changed a lot. I would be easy to prove. I suppose they took his Bertillon measurements at the morgue, and we've only to compare them with ours. They'd be the same, no matter how much he'd changed."  
And he had changed, indeed! The Johnson of the prison photograph was, of course, smooth shaven; his face was alert, intelligent; there was no scar upon the temple, nor did the features show the subtle blighting of long continued dissipation. But it was the same, undoubtedly it was the same. There was no need to apply any finer tests.  
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