

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Why They Are Called "Suckers."
Colonel Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, in a speech to the old settlers of Knox county at Knoxville, said: "I have been asked to tell why Illinois people are called 'Suckers.' In the early settlement of Illinois there were no people living north of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad. But the lead mines had been discovered up at Galena. The people in the south part of the state worked their farms in the summer and went up the river to the lead mines in the winter. They went up about the time the sucker fish went up, and they used to say: 'The suckers are coming,' and that is how we got our name."

How to Make Your Milk Cows More Profitable.
Write Pacific Coast Borax Co., Chicago, Ill., for "Successful Dairying," being valuable information on the most profitable selection of cows, their feeding and care; the handling of milk to yield the highest price product, and the protection and preservation of these products from deterioration; with article on disease of cows and recipes for their cure. The book is free. A post card request only is necessary.

He Laughed.
From Everybody's Magazine.
"Boohoo! Boohoo!" wailed little Johnny.
"Who's what's the matter, dear?" his mother asked comfortingly.
"Boohoo—er—p—picture fell on papa's toes."
"Well, dear, that's too bad, but you mustn't cry about it, you know."
"I d-d-ldn't. I l-laughed. Boohoo! Boohoo!"

Complete religious liberty is now allowed in Bolivia, and the London council of the Bolivian Indian mission is therefore preparing a special invasion into that country, where Mr. and Mrs. George Allen have been working four years in a very modest way. Meeting in Berlin declared emphatically:

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

Glad It Was His Wedding.
From the New York World.
Guests assembled for the marriage of Lieutenant Logan Tucker, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Mary E. Broome, waited fully 25 minutes past the scheduled hour before the two principals in the service appeared. From time to time during this interval the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. John A. Logan, turned expectantly to the door, hoping to see her grandson appear. Finally the little gathering of friends, pretty highly keyed up, were getting a bit on their nerves, when Mrs. Logan restored the balance by calling across the aisle to a guest:

"Well, I'm glad Logan Tucker is going to a wedding instead of a fight. If he is as late getting into battle as he is in getting to this altar, he'd stand little chance of winning, that's all I've got to say."

The very wisest advice: Take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is indicated! Pleasant to the taste, simple, pure, mild, potent and health-giving. Made of Herbs—Not Drugs.

Helping Him Out.
"I—er—want to get a suitable present for a—a young lady," said the inexperienced youth, as he approached the floorwalker in a big department store, "but I—er—hardly know what to select."
"I see," said the floorwalker. "Is she very young?"
"Oh—er—about 18—still at boarding school, you know," answered the youth.
"Oh, all right," said the floor pedestrian. "Take the elevator to the steenth floor, please. You'll find the pickle counter in the first aisle to your left."

"Poor John."
From Everybody's Magazine.
As an illustration of woman's wit Mr. Depew, who is still senator from New York, cites the following:
A man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. So one day he hid in the hall outside of her room, and, just as the lady was adjusting the false puffs, he darted in upon her.
"Mary," he said reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman upon your head?"
"John," retorted Mary, with a glance at her husband's shoes, "why do you put the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Quaker Reflections.
From the Philadelphia Record.
Any fellow who gets up in the morning with a dark brown feeling dresses in bad taste.
"White is the prevailing shade," says a fashion item. Even white lies are popular.
No one pays any attention to the blind man's threat to whip another fellow on sight.
For every man who is willing to believe the truth there are a dozen eager to believe a lie.
No, Maude, dear; to read a woman like a book it is not absolutely necessary that she should be of the bold-faced type.

Mrs. Winslow's POLKING SYRUP for Children soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, softens the stools, and cures a colic in 10 minutes.

Losing Time.
The Blond—I wonder if I shall ever live to be 100?
The Brunette—Not if you remain 22 much longer.

We Sell Guns and Traps Cheap.
Buy Furs & Hides, or tan them for robes & rugs. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis

Her Initiative.
"Tom Jones proposed to me once."
"Yes? His friend Jack Brown was talking to me yesterday about you, and he—"
"Yes, he proposed too. Did he tell you?"
"No; he said he was proposed to too."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Unionism's Spread.
John Mitchell, the miners' leader, was talking to a Pittsburgh reporter about the spread of unionism.
"Why," said Mr. Mitchell, smiling, "I hear that in a Pittsburgh school the other day, when the teacher told a little boy that he must stay in after school and rewrite a composition the youngster flared up and answered stoutly:
"What, and get put out of the scholars' union for workin' overtime? Nit!"

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.
Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflammation—Cured by Cuticura.
"Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up. I decided to give Cuticura a trial. When I had used the first box of Cuticura Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Remedies my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

That's All.
Edward Payson Weston, the veteran walker, talked regretfully in Chicago about his "limb's decay."
"Pedestrianism," he said, "has died out shockingly. A little boy said to me the other day:
"What is a pedestrian?"
"I answered truly enough:
"Oh, he's just one of those fellows who kick up a row when an automobile runs them down!"

For 12c
and this notice the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in order to gain 250,000 new customers during 1908, will mail you free their great plant and seed catalog, together with
1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot.....\$.10
1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage..... .10
1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber..... .15
1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce..... .15
1 pkg. Early Diving Onion..... .10
1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon..... .15
1 pkg. Thirteen Day Radish..... .10
1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seed..... .15
Total.....\$1.00
Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 bu. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers, and all is mailed to you postpaid for 12c,
or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower, John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. C. N. U.

Mr. De Koven's Critique.
A story about Reginald De Koven was told the other night at a musical dinner in New York.
"An ardent young admirer of De Koven's," said the narrator, "is spending the winter with a rich aunt in Milwaukee. During his visit he has not thus far, been idle. Last week he finished a symphony, which he sent to the maestro, along with a case of Milwaukee beer.
"De Koven wrote back laconically:
"Oh, dear! Many thanks for your symphony and beer, the latter excellent."

It afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water
corn Eyes, etc.

THE MARATHON MYSTERY

A STORY OF MANHATTAN.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of "The Holladay Case," "Cadets of Gascony," Etc.

"Chloroform!" I said.
"Precisely," and he corked it carefully and returned it to his pocket.
"The boy's story helped me to arrive at it. He had been awakened by that violent thunder clap, but for the first moment he had found himself unable to move—dizzy, as he explained it."
"But how did you know where to look for it?" I asked.
"Well, I knew that no experienced criminal would keep about him any such important evidence as a bottle that had contained chloroform. The odor clings to it for a long time. I committed the mistake, at first, of supposing that he had hidden it in the boathouse. I should have known better. Naturally he would throw it into the bay. There was a single chance against me. If he had thrown it in uncorked, it would probably have sunk. That was a point he didn't think of, and by just that much he fell below perfection. I think he probably administered the chloroform by pouring it upon one corner of the sheet and throwing it over young Graham's face. No doubt the odor would have been perceived by some morning had anyone thought to look for it. There was only one point in the whole case," he added thoughtfully, "that was utterly at variance with my theory—and it worried me badly for a time."

"What was that?" I asked.
"That was the story the jailer told us—that Miss Crocydon believed Drysdale guilty. But you have seen how naturally that was explained. I knew then that the instant that I was on the right track—that nothing could defeat me. But let us go back to the beginning—and I'd like you to point out any flaws you see in the story."
"Very well," I said, and settled back in the seat.
"Tremaine had two very powerful motives for the commission of this crime," began Godfrey; "he needed money and could take no more from Miss Crocydon, since he was trying serious for her affection; he was determined to get Drysdale out of the way under circumstances as discreditable as possible, confident that, in that case, he would himself win Miss Crocydon. Which," he added, in a thoughtful mood, "is what you've told me of him. I don't think at all impossible."
"Not in the least," I agreed. "I believe Tremaine could win any woman he really set his heart on."

"At any rate, he learns of Drysdale's jealousy and of Miss Crocydon's promise to explain things. He sees that a hazard he must prevent that explanation. Monday morning he comes to town with Delroy, and the latter tells him that he intends giving the necklace the salt-water treatment. You'll remember it was Tremaine who originally proposed this, though he could scarcely at that time have foreseen what would come of it."
"Here changes," I nodded.
"Well, Tremaine takes the early train back to Edgemoor, and lays his plans. He writes the note."
"But you really haven't any evidence that he did," I objected.

For answer Godfrey took from his pocket the blotter he had found in Tremaine's room.
"I told you that these letters aren't in Tremaine's hand," he said; "but if you'll compare them with the note, you'll see how nearly they resemble Miss Crocydon's. Again, they are only capital B's, G's, and P's, which are the only capitals used in the note. That's pretty good circumstantial evidence. Tremaine, of course, burnt the piece of paper he practiced on; but he didn't burn this blotter. It was only the freshest line of the original of the paper that left these marks."
"But did Tremaine have a sample of Miss Crocydon's writing?"
"There's no reason to think he didn't have; but if he didn't, he could no doubt have found plenty of samples among Drysdale's things. He's probably an adept at forgery as well as at most other branches of crime."

"All right; go ahead," I said.
"Tremaine writes the note and leaves it in Drysdale's room," continued Godfrey. "Then he opens the trunk and secures the revolver. Perhaps he knew the revolver was there and perhaps he didn't. If he hadn't found it, he'd probably have taken something else belonging to Drysdale for a weapon."
"Having secured the revolver, he returns to his room by way of the balcony. What passed in the early part of the evening you already know. Drysdale goes to keep the rendezvous at the pier, starting early, because the house with Tremaine in it, has become unbearable to him. He stops for a chat with Graham, which the latter's son overhears, and then goes on to the pier, which is quite at the other end of the grounds from the boathouse."
"Meanwhile, Tremaine was spending the early part of the evening talking with Delroy and Miss Crocydon. At last he goes to his room on the pretense of writing letters, gets the revolver, sets himself down by the wine, and starts for the pier. He enters the boathouse softly, feels his way to the cot, whose position he has already seen, and carefully administers the chloroform. The dose was no doubt nicely calculated and the boy would probably have awakened naturally in a few hours."

"That done, Tremaine walks boldly out upon the pier. Old Graham sees him; perhaps challenges him; but of course allows him to approach as soon as he recognizes him. They talk together for a moment; then Tremaine, swift as lightning, knocks the other down. Graham probably fell without crying out. I fancy I can see Tremaine dead before he goes on to the end of the pier to get the necklace."
"I shivered; I could see him, too, bending over in the darkness, with a horrible calmness.
"That answering of the pistol into the boat," continued Godfrey, "was one of those flashes of inspiration which come to a man sometimes. It was superb! It proves that our friend is really an artist. Not one man in a thousand would have thought of it. He must have laughed with sheer satisfaction when he heard it clatter safely into the boat."
"He paused for a moment to think of it, to turn it over, to taste it.
"Well," he continued, at last, "he secures the necklace, throws away the bottle, and probably goes down to the water's edge to wash his hands."
"Did he take the necklace with him to the house?" I asked.

"No," said Godfrey decidedly. "There was no reason for him to run that risk. He had doubtless picked out a safe hiding place for it in the afternoon. The necklace once deposited there, he hurries back to the house, climbs up to the balcony, and re-enters his room. He assures himself that there are no blood-stains on him anywhere, then he moves his table near the window

and sits down to wait for Drysdale's return.
"As soon as he hears him enter his room, he gathers up the letters which he had, of course, written during the afternoon, and goes downstairs. And it is here that he makes his most serious mistake. He fancies, perhaps, that he is to have only the country police to deal with—only your Hefelbovers—that he must, clutch the nail, that he cannot make the evidence against his victim too strong. So when he places his letters in the bag on the hall-rack, he also tears off the top button of Drysdale's rain-coat.
"He returns to the hall, talks with Delroy, and then comes up and young Graham rushes in. They run down to the pier, kneel beside the body, try to discover signs of life—and Tremaine adroitly shuts the button within the dead man's hand. That, my dear Lester, is, I fancy, the whole story."
"I smoked for a moment in silence, turning it over in my mind with a certain sense of disappointment.
"It may be true," I said. "It seems to hold together. But, after all, there isn't a bit of positive evidence in it. How are we to convince a jury that Tremaine really did all these things?"
Godfrey blew a great smoke ring out over the seat in front of us.
"I agree," he said, "that we haven't as yet any direct evidence against Tremaine; it may be that this whole structure will fall to pieces about our ears. But I don't believe it. I believe, within an hour, we'll be in possession of the one piece of positive, indisputable evidence that will outweigh all the rest."
"How is that?" I asked.
"He turned to me with that bright light in his eyes that I had seen there once or twice before.
"The necklace," he answered.

CHAPTER V.
A HORROR IN THE DARK.
The necklace, of course, the necklace! "But then," I objected at a moment, "if your theory's correct, we're going right away from the necklace. You said that Tremaine had hidden it at Edgemoor."
"Yes; but he's no such fool as to come away and leave it hidden there. He's not the man to make the mistake. Miss Crocydon did to conceal a thing in a place where he can't get it again without exciting suspicion. No, no; he took the necklace with him to New York. He must have arranged for everything had happened, and he hoped it would. There was absolutely no suspicion against him."
"He may have hidden it somewhere else in the meantime," I observed.
"Yes, he may have done that," admitted Godfrey; "and yet, why should he? He has no reason to believe that any suspicion attaches to him. He'll naturally wish to keep the pearls by him until he has a chance to sell them, one by one. He can't do that yet—well probably arrange a trip to Europe to get rid of them. If the necklace is concealed at all, it's concealed somewhere in his rooms. And if it's there, we'll find it!"
"Long Island City!" yelled the guard, slanging open the door. "Change for New York!"
"We took the Thirty-fourth street ferry, and ten minutes later were in a cab hurrying downtown.
"We'll get Simmonds first," said Godfrey. "I've a sort of reciprocity treaty with him. Besides, we've got to have an officer to make the arrest. Here we are."
He jumped out, paid the driver, and hastened up the steps. I after him. As we entered the room, I saw that a clock registered half past ten.
"Hello, Simmonds," said Godfrey to a grizzled, stockily built man, who had sprung to his feet as we entered. "All alone?"
"Yes—the other boys have turned in."
"That's good—I've got something big for you."
Simmonds face flushed with sudden emotion.
"Really?" he stammered. "Have you really?"
"The biggest catch that's been made in many a day. But remember our agreement—yours the glory, mine the scoop. Not a word of this to anybody before daybreak."
"Of course not; of course not," assented Simmonds, rubbing his hands together eagerly. "What is it?"
"You've read about that murder and robbery at the Delroy place near Babylon?"
"Yes, certainly; they've got the murderer in jail down there."
"No, they haven't," retorted Godfrey sharply. "We're going to have him in jail here inside of twenty minutes."
"Simmonds' eyes began to glisten.
"That would be a big thing," he said. "Are you sure of the man?"
"Dead sure; but see here, Simmonds, I haven't time to tell you the whole story now; only I assure you on my word, that I've evidence against the man which will convict him of one murder and perhaps of two. Is that enough?"
"Yes," said Simmonds instantly, and he opened a drawer, from which he took a pistol and a pair of handcuffs. "All right," he added, turning back to us. "That's good! Better have a lantern, too, though."
"Think so?"
"Concluded Next Week."

Poor George.
Miss Iva de Chippenham, a lecturer of New York, holds that beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces and figures, and that ugly thoughts deform, even as unwholesome work does.
"By taking thought," said Miss de Chippenham, in an interview in Chicago, "you cannot, perhaps, add a cubit to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away."
"Our thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."
"This girl sat in a dim-lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:
"How divine, my dearest Hillary!"
"But the young man frowned and started.
"Hillary?" he said. "You mean George don't you?"
"The girl flushed and bit her lip.
"Oh, dear," she said; "how silly of me; I thought this was Saturday night!"

A cork carried to a depth of 230 feet below the surface of the sea will not rise again owing to the pressure of water.

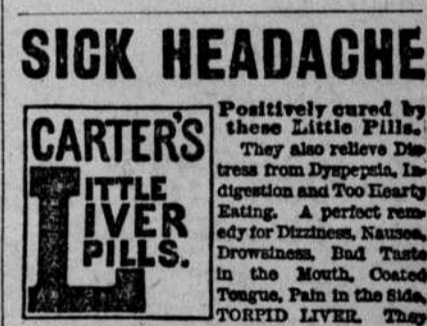


More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations.
Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:
"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."
Mrs. Alvina Spurling, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:
"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?
Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Within 20 miles of the city hall, including Greater New York and the neighboring portions of New Jersey, there is a population of 1,000,000 Jews, more than in all America beside. It is the greatest aggregation of Jews in any one spot on earth, being one-eleventh of the entire Jewish population of the globe. Here are one-fifth as many Jews as in Russia, one-half as many as in Austro-Hungary, four times as many as are in the British Isles, ten times as many as in the Holy Land, and twenty times as many as dwell in Jerusalem.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



"BUILT ON HONOR"
You must wear MAYER HONORBILT SHOES, to appreciate their superiority over other makes. They have the style and wearing qualities, and feel right from the first wear long and well, and look good to the last.



Mayer HONORBILT SHOES FOR MEN

are made with great care, of the highest grade material, by skilled workmen. They are honest through and through. You get style, quality and comfort in buying MAYER HONORBILT SHOES.
Your dealer will supply you; if not, write to us. Look for the Mayer Trade Mark on the sole.
We also make Leading Lady Shoes, Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, Special Merit School Shoes.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.