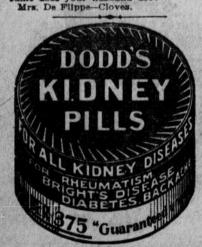


NECESSARY. Mrs. Brown-Jones—What kind of per-tume does your husband use? Mrs. De Flippe—Cloves.



Big Texas Melon. From the Galveston News.

Robert Longbotham, a farmer near
Shafter lake, raised an 80-pound meion.
It is of the Georgia sweet variety from

Texas grown seed.

The seed was planted July 2, the vine blossomed August 7 and the melon matured September 18, making an average growth of two pounds a day from the time the blossom dropped off the vine until the melon ripened, and during its growth the melon registered a maximum gain of six pounds during a single 24 hours.

H. H. Baldrige is an attorney who has handled a number of estates and has heard many widows tell what "lovely" husbands they had. In many cases he knew the dead husband was not accorded the best treatment by his

"The widow of a much abused husband wondered if he was happy in the other world. She consulted a medium, who called up his spirit, and the widow asked if he was happy." Yes, Mary, I'm very happy, replied John's spirit.

"Oh, John, dear are you very happy?" further asked the widow.

"Yes Mary, More than when I was on certh."

"'Why, John, if you are happier than when you were by my side, please tell me where you are," anxiously asked the widow.
"'Yes, Mary. I'm in the infernal regions, good naturedly replied the spirit."

NEW LIFE

Found in Change to Right Food. After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food, it is something to speak

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately.

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts, I was able to do my house work. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh.

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-

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

The Crime of the Boulevard

Bernardet, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the eyes, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernardet, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found himself directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernardet; in fact their elbows touched. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed: "Ah!" she was very much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said: "I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernardet divined rather than heard

"I am afraid."
She spoke in such a low tone that Bernardet divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone, "he, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

open safe."

Bernardet gave the man one sweeping glance of the eye. He fairly pierced him through with his sharp look. The unknown, half bent over the table whereon lay the papers, showed a wide forehead, slightly bald, and a pointed beard, a little gray, which almost touched the white paper as he wrote his pame.

Suddenly the police officer experienced a strange sensation. It seemed to him that his face, the shape of the head, the pointed beard, he had recently seen somewhere, and that this human silsomewhere, and that this human sli-houette recalled to him an image which he had recently studied. The percep-tion of a possibility of a proof gave him a shock. This man who was there made him think suddenly of that phan-tom discernible in the photographs taken of the retina of the murdered man's eve.

only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Look werd over to Cure a Cold in One Day, 256World ov

CHAPTER IX.

Jacques Dantin, moreover, was not difficult to find in the crowd. He stood near the funeral car. His air was very sad. Bernardet had a fine opportunity to examine him at his ease. He was an elegant looking man, slender, with a resolute air and frowning eyebrows, which gave his face a very energetic look. His head bared to the cold wind, he stood like a statue while the bearers placed the casket in the funeral car, and Bernardet noticed the shaking of the head—a distressed shaking. The longer the police officer looked at him, studied him, the stronger grew the resemblance to the image in the photograph. Bernardet would soon know who this Jacques Dantin was, and even who this Jacques Dantin was, and even at this moment he asked a question or two of some of his assistants. "Do you know who that gentleman is standing near the hearse?"

"Do you know what Jacques Dantin does? Was he one of M. Rovere's inti-mate friends?"

"Jacques Dantin?"
"Yes, See, there, with the pointed beard."

The car advanced slowly, turned the corner of the boulevard and passed into the narrow avenue which led to God's Acre. The arch of the Iron bridge led to the Campo Santo, like a viaduct of living beings over to the land of sleep, for it was packed with a curious crowd. It was a scene for a melodrama, the cortege and the funeral car covered with wreaths. Bernardet, still walking by Dantin's side, continued to question him. The agent noticed that these questions seemed to embarras M. Rovere's pretended friend.

"Is it a long time since M. Rovere

"Is it a long time since M. Rovere and Jacques Dantin have known each other?"

"We have been friends since child-hood."

hood."

"And did you see him often?"

"No. Life had separated us."

"Had you seen him recently? Mme.
Moniche said that you had."

"Who is Mme. Moniche?"

"The conclerge of the house and a sort of housekeeper for M. Rovere,"

"Ah! Yes!" said Jacques Dantin, as if he had just remembered some for-

"Ah! Yes!" said Jacques Dantin, as if he had just remembered some forgotten sight. Bernardet, by instinct, read this man's thoughts, saw again with him also the tragic scene when the portress, suddenly entering M. Rovere's apartments, had seen him standing face to face with Dantin in front of the open safe, with a great quantity of papers spread out.

"Do you believe that he had many enemies?" asked the police agent, with deliberate calculation.

"No," Dantin sharply replied without hestation. Bernardet waited a moment. Then in a firm voice he said, "M. Ginory will no doubt count a good deal on you in order to bring about the arrest of the assassin."

"M. Ginory?"

"The examining magistrate."

carried himself at the tomb. A pressure of the crowd separated them for a moment, but the officer was perfectly satisfied. Standing on the other side of the grave, face to face with him, was Dantin. A row of the most curious had pushed in ahead of Bernardet, but in this way he could better see Dantin's face and not miss the quiver of a muscle. He stood on tiptoe and peered this way and that between the heads and could thus scrutinize and analyze without being perceived himself. out being perceived himself.

out being perceived himself.

Dantin was standing on the very edge of the grave. He held himself very upright, in a tense, almost aggressive way and looked from time to time into the grave with an expression of anger and almost defiance. Of what was he thinking? In that attitude, which seemed to be a revolt against the destiny which had come to his friend, Bernardet read a kind of hardening of the will against an emotion which might become excessive and telltale. He was not as yet persuaded to the guiltiness of this man, but he did not find in that expression of defiance the tenderness which ought to be shown for a friend—a lifelong friend, as Dantin had said that Rovere was—and, then, the more he examined him—there, for example, seeinr his dark silhouette clearly defined in front of the dense white of a neighboring column—the

"Yes. See, there, with the pointed beard."

"I do not know him."

Bernardet thought that if he addressed the question to M. Dantin himself he might learn all he wished to know at once, and he approached him at the moment the procession started and walked along with him almost to the cemetery, striving to enter into conversation with him. He spoke of the dead man, sadly lamenting M. Rovere's sad fate, but he found his neighbor very silent. Upon the sidewalk of the boulevard the dense crowd stood in respectful silence and uncevered as the cortege passed, and the officer noticed that some loose petals from the flowers drooped upon the roadway.

"There are a great many flowers," he remarked to his neighbor. "It is rather surprising, as M. Rovere seemed to have so few friends."

"He has had many," the man brusquely remarked. His voice was hoarse and quivered with emotion. Bernardet saw that he was strongly moved.

Was it sorrow? Was it hitters and his conviction from the dense crow for his instinct, gradually increased and became, little by little, in vincible, irresistible. He repeated the address which this man had given him. "Jacques Dantin, Rue de Richelieu, 114." He would make haste to give that name to M. Ginory and have a citation served upon him. Why should this Dantin leave Paris? What were the passions, the vices of the man standing there with the austere mien of a Huguenot in front of the open with the same profile of a respect of this man corresponded with that of the vision transfered in the dead man's eye.

Yes, it was the same profile of a trooper, his hand upon his hip, as if resting upon a rapier. Bernardet blinked his eyes in order to better see that man. He perceived a man who strongly recalled the vague form found in that retina, and his conviction came to the aid of his instinct, gradually increased and became, little by little, in vincible, irresistible. He repeated the address which this man had given him."

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surprising, as M. Rovere seemed to have so few friends."

"He has had many," the man brusquely remarked. His voice was hoarse and quivered with emotion. Bernardet saw that he was strongly moved. Was it sorrow? Was it bitterness of spirit? Remorse "erhaps. The man did not seem, moreover, in a very softened mood. He walked along with his eyes upon the funeral car, his head uncovered in spite of the cold, and seemed to be in deep thought. The police officer studied him from a corner of his eye. His wrinkled face was intelligent and bore an expression of weariness, but there was something hard about the set of the mouth and insolent in the turned up end of the mustache.

As they approached the cemetery at As they approached the cemetery at Montmarre—the journey was not a long one in which to make conversation.—Bernardet ventured a decisive question. "Did you know M. Rovere very well?"

The other replied," "very well."

"And whom do you think could have had any interest in this matter?" The question was brusque and cut like a knife. Jacques Dantin hesitated in his reply, looking keenly at they walked

dead the last tears. Ah, but he was pale, almost livid, and how he trembled—this man with a stern face! Bernardet noticed the slightest trace of emotion. He approached in his turn and took the holy water sprinkler. Then as he turned away, desirous of catching up with M. Dantin, he heard his name called, and turning saw Paul Rodier, whose face was all smiles.
"Well, M. Bernardet, what news?"

he asked. The tall young man had a charming air. "Nothing new," said the agent, "You know that this murder has aroused a great deal of interest?"

"I do not doubt it." "Leon Luzarche is enchanted. Yes, Luzarche, the novelist. He had begun a novel, of which the first installment was published in the same paper which was published in the same paper which brought out the first news of the crime of the Boulevard de Clichy, and as the paper has sold, sold, sold he thinks that it is his story which has caused the immense and increased sales. No one is reading 'L'Ange-Gnome,' but the murder. All novelists ought to try to have a fine assassination published at the same time as their serials, so as the same time as their serials, so as to increase the sales of the paper. What a fine collaboration, monsieur! Pleas-antry, monsieur! Have you any un-published facts?" 'No."

"No."
"Not one? Not a trace?"
"Nothing," Bernardet replied,
"Oh, well! I—I have some, monsieur
—but it will surprise you. Read mypaper. Make the papers sell."
"But"—began the officer.
"See here! Professional secret! Only

have you thought of the woman in black who came occassionally to see the ex-consul?"

"Well, she must be made to come back—that woman in black. It is not an easy thing to do, but I believe that I have ferreted her out. Yes, in one of the provinces.'

"Where?"
"Professional secret," repeated the reporter, laughing.
"And if M. Ginory asks for your profesional secret?"
"I will answer him as I answer you. Read my paper. Read Lutece."
"But the judge—to him—"
"Professional secret," said Paul Rodier for the third time. "But what a romance it would make! The woman in black!"

romance it would make! The woman in black!"

While listening Bernardet had not lost sight of M. Dantin, who, in the center of one of the avenues, stood looking at the slowly moving crowd of curiosity seekers. He seemed to be vainly searching for a familiar face. He looked haggard. Whether it was grief or remorse, he certainly showed violent emotion. The police officer divined that a sharp struggle was taking place within that man's heart, and the sadness was great with which he watched that crowd in order to discover some familiar face, but he beheld only those of the curious. What Bernardet considered of the greatest importance was not to lose sight of this person of whose existence he was ignorant an hour before, and who, to him, was the perpetrator of the deed or an accomplice. He followed Dantin at a distance, who from the cemetery at Montmarte went on foot directly to the Pre-

perpetrator of the deed or an accomplice. He followed Dantin at a distance, who from the cemetery at Montmarte went on foot directly to the Rue de Richelieu and stopped at the number he had given, 114.

Bernardet allowed some minutes to pass after the man on whose track he was had entered. Then he asked the concierge if M. Jacques Dantin was at home. He questioned him closely and became convinced that M. Rovere's friend had really lived there two years and had no profession.

"Then," said the police agent, "it is not this Dantin for whom I am looking. He is a banker." He excused himself, went out, halled a flacre and gave the order, "To the prefecture."

His report to the chief, M. Morel, was soon made. He listened to him with attention, for he had absolute confidence in the police officer. "Never any gaff with Bernardet," M. Morel was wont to say. He, like Bernardet, soon felt convinced that this man was probably the murderer of the ex-consul.

"As to the motive which led to the

felt convinced that this man was probably the murderer of the ex-consul.

"As to the motive which led to the crime, we shall know it later."

He wished, above everything else, to have strict inquiries made into Dantin's past life and in regard to his present existence, and the inquiries would be compared with his answers to the questions which M, Ginory would ask him when he had been cited as a witness.

"Go at once to M. Ginory's room, Bernadet," said the chief. "During this time I would learn a little about what kind of a man this is."

(Continued Next Week.)

POLICE METHODS IN WARSAW. Arrested All the Men of a Certain Name and Imprisoned Them.
Warsaw Correspondence Pail Mall Ga-

Sherlock Holmes would not find much to praise in the methods employed by the Warsaw police when trying to trace criminals. An instance of their brilliance is now making all those not immediately concerned therein laugh. cerned therein laugh. Some time ago Mr. Hautke, a manufacturer, was shot while leaving his works, and the murderers could not be found.

The other day rumors ran through the town that one of the criminals was named Malicki. The police heard this rumor, obtained the addresses of all males in Warpal address bureau, and arrested them without delay.

Then they sent for the murdered man's

relatives, confronted them with some hun-dred Malickis in turn, and asked, "is this the man who murdered Mr. Hautke?" As none of Mr. Hautke's relatives was with him at the time of the murder, their answers were, without exception, "I cannot swers were, without exception, "I cannot say," and they were finally dismissed.

But the Malickis were not so fortunate, and are still under arrest pending further

and are still under arrest pending further inquiries. Some of them begged the relatives to say they were implicated in the murder, so that they could at least be let out on ball. As it is, though they declare they know nothing of the crime, they are packed in cells like herrings in a barrel, and are likely to remain there till the real culprir a sprear.

culprits appear.

The incident sounds more like one of Gogol's satires on Russian bureaucration methods than of plain fact. All the Malickis vow they will employ their first hours of liberty in tracing and lynching those who floated the story of their im-plication in the murder.

To Temper the Wind. A mot of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the fa-mous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.
On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked around City Hall square with

a young editor. As the two me the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you? Providence then might be induced to temper the wind."

Speculated. "Why do you assert that the stock was

"Gad, don't I know. I got my feet wet." "The trouble with most men-women, says an exchange. It will read as well and be as true if reversed to read—"The trouble with most women—men."

CRACK SHOT KILLS FLY 20 YARDS AWAY

Some Clever Feats With Revolvers-One Played Piano Selection With Bullets.

Mr. Walter Winans, the well known millionaire sportsman, who is making arrangements for the deadlest shots in the world to exhibit their skill in London, is himself perhaps the most phenomenal marksman living today. Indeed, his feats with revolver and rifle are so amazing that they border on

the miraculous.

Some years ago at a fete at Bagshot he gave some very astonishing exhibi-tions of his marksmanship for the en-tertainment of the visitors. Among he gave tertainment of the visitors. Among other equally wonderful feats were the following: He sent bullet after bullet clean through the center of the ace of hearts held at a distance of a dozen yards, never once missing his tiny bull's eye during the whole afternoon. He repeatedly shattered a glass ball placed on the glass of his watch as it lay face upward on a table; and out of six visiting cards placed edgewise before him he cut five in halves with six consecutive shots.

But perhaps his most remarkable performance was that at the Brighton rifing gallery a few years ago, when, firing 33 consecutive shots with a revolver at a target 16 yards distant, he placed a bullet on a bull's eye only three inches in diameter, scarcely as large as the palm of a man's hand!

Killed 103 Stags.

Killed 103 Stags. Mr. Walter Winans' rifle shooting, by the way, is quite as amazing as his markmanship with the revolver, and the stag which can escape, at any possible range, from his death dealing bullet is exceedingly lucky. He has killed as many as 103 stags in a single season, including the record of 12 in one stalk, while some years ago he had accounted for 1,000 stags. The record feat of killing a dozen stags in a single stalk was performed by crawling up to a herd of 15, and killing 12 before they could escape out of range! On one occasion, too, Mr. Louis Winans, who is little less clever than his famous brother, laid 20 stags low with as many consecutive bullets. Mr. Walter Winans' rifle shooting, by

mous brother, laid 20 stags low with as many consecutive bullets.

Mr. Walter Winans, who is as modest as he is clever, always tells that the late Chevaller Ira Paine was a much deadlier shot than himself, and he tells how, on one occasion, the chevalier killed a bluebottle fly which had settled on the white part of a target 20 yards away. This performance ranks as quite the most wonderful in the annals of shooting—and no wonder.

But there have been many famous shots before Paine and Winans handled a revolver, and one of the greatest of

a revolver, and one of the greatest of them all was Captain Horatio Ross, who was in his prime about 80 years ago, and of whom some remarkable stories are told.

Played the Piano.

On one occasion the captain wagered \$100 with Mr. George Foljambe that with a pistol firing a single ball, he would kill 10 brace of swallows on the wing in one day. The feat seemed humanly impossible, but Captain Ross actually polished off his 20 swallows before an early breakfast.

Almost equally remarkable was a contest between Captain Ross and a famous Spanish marksman for \$50 a side. The match was held at the fa-

contest between Captain Ross and a famous Spanish marksman for \$50 a side. The match was held at the famous Red House inclosure, the distance was 12 yards, the number of shots 50, and the target an ordinarw playing card with a bull's eye, the exact size of a sixpence, marked on its back. The captain, who proved an easy winner, actually hit the diminutive bull's eye 23 times out of the last 25 shots.

Mr. John Tharp, of Newmarket, was another adept of these long-gone days. One of his favorite feats was to shoot at coins flung high in the air; and on one occasion, for a wager of £100, he actually struck 97 pennies out of 100.

A few years ago a Frenchman, M. Gaston Bordeverry, gave an extraordinary demonstration of shooting skill in Paris. A piece of sugar was placed at his essistant's head at a distance of

dinary demonstration of shooting skill in Paris. A piece of sugar was placed on his assistant's head at a distance of a dozen yards, and M. Bordeverry shot it off with a revolver bullet without touching a hair of the man's head when a 50-centime piece (about the size of a sixpence) was submitted for the lump of sugar it was removed just as cleverly, and at a greater distance a visiting card was cut cleanly in two.

risiting card was cut cleanly in two.

These feats are wonderful enough, but nothing compared with what followed. Standing 10 yards from a plano monsier played with his rain of bullets. in brilliant style, a difficult selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the accompanying words being sung by a quartet of vocalists. During the entire piece not a single bullet missed its proper note on the plano.

How Germany Builds a Navy.
From Leslie's Weekly.
While appropriations for the United States navy have been more or less buffeted about in committee and on the floors, of the Senate and House of Representatives, we have had in recent years a very conspicuous example of the beneficial results accruing from a years a very conspicuous example of the beneficial results accruing from a continueus and regular naval ship building policy, such as that at present under way in the German empire. Beginning with 1898 the Germans have been acting on a definite program worked out for several years in advance. It has been known far ahead of the time of beginning construction just how many vessels of the various classes were to be laid down each year, although later acts have much increased the numbers and sizes. The act of 1898 contemplated the acquisition of a navy including 20 battleships, eight coast defenders, 12 large and 29 small cruisers, besides six destroyers, to be laid down annually. This total included a number of ships already in existence, and work was prosecuted on the others at the rate of two or three large ships each year. In 1900 a supplementary act increased the battleships to 38, the large criusers to 14 and the small cruisers to 38. In 1906 the large cruisers were increased to 20, and the destroyers to be laid down each year were raised from six to 12. In 1907 the active life of all vessels was declared decreased to 20 years, after which new construction would fill the place of decreased to 20 years, after which new construction would fill the place of each vessel so retired, without such construction being included in the reg-ular list for additions to the navy.

> Follow Orders. From the Circle

General Frederick D. Grant said to his servant one morning: "James, I have left my mess boots out. I want

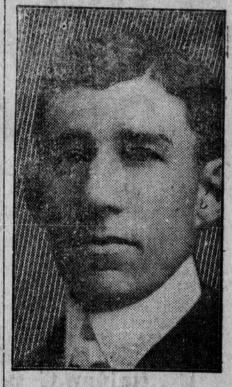
them soled."
"Yes, sir," the servant answered

"Yes, sir," the servant answered. The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again:
"I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?"

James laid 35 cents on the bureau.
"Yes, sir," said he, "and this is all I could get for them, though the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off."

Coal has been found in nearly every island of the Philippine archipelago, but only 4,545 tons were produced last year. In many places it is associated with petroleum.

PE-RU-NA AS A LAST



MR. WM. F. VAHLBERG.

Mr. William F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes:

"One bottle of Peruna which I have taken did more toward relieving me of

an aggravated case of catarth of the stomach, than years of treatment with the best physicians.

"I had given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruna as a last resort.

"I shall continue using it, as I feel satisfied it will effect an entire and permanent cure.

manent cure.
"I most cheerfully recommend Peruna to all who may read this." Perusa is usually taken as a last resort.
Doctors have been tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been re-

sorted to.

At last Peruna is tried. Relief is found. This history is repeated over and over again, every day in the year. It is such results as this that gives Peruna its unassailable hold upon the people. We could say nothing that would add force to such testimonials as the above. That people who have had catarrh and have tried every other remedy available, find relief in Peruna, constitutes the best argument that could be made. sorted to.

He Would "Kape a Gettin'."

Mike Kavanagh lives in Sleepy Eye, up in Minnesota, where he carries on a little truck garden and contributes largely to the good stories of the town. Mike is living with wife No. 4. Anne was taken seriously sick. A neighbor, meeting Mike, offered him condolence on the possible lors of No. 4. "Ah, well," said Mike, "as long as the Lord kapes a takin' I'll kape a gettin'."

Courage in the Witness Box.
From the London Daily Mirror.
Man is apt to suffer in the witness, box from a kind of mental paralysis. For the true woman even the most celebrated of his majesty's counsel has no terrors. In the old days there were such things as professional witnesses. If the trade were not extinct, and woman cared to stoop so low, she would assuredly conquer at it.

Glasses and Glasses. From the Catholic Standard Times,
"I'm troubled a great deal with
headaches in the morning," said
Luschman. "Perhaps it's my eyes; do
you think I need stronger glasses?"
"No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly,
"what you need is not stronger glasses,
but fewer."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced if a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohlo, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it falls to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Take Hall's Family "Wis for constipation.

SHORT BONES IN CORSETS.

It is interesting to know that while corsets are longer, the bones in them are shorter. They go over a part of the hip, but do not run down to the end of the corset. These long bones were found disastrous, as they were constantly breaking or bending and pushing the corset into a curve below

waist.

Now the bones stop short enough o prevent breakage, and the coutille a strapped and stitched and fitted to be four for the rest of the length is strapped and stitched and nited the figure for the rest of the length. Affinities. From the London Opinion.
First Bridesmaid—They are well
matched, don't you think?
Second Bridesmaid—Rather; she's a

grass widow and he's a vegetarian. Many a girl who looks like a peach in really a lemon in disguise.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accoringly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and El xir 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 genuinemanufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading drug-