

# MUNYON'S Eminent Doctors at Your Service Free

Not a Penny to Pay for the Fulllest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit.

Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

**She Meant Professionally.**  
From Success Magazine.

As the young man caressed the cheek of his lady love, she drew away hastily.

"I think," she said indignantly, "you had better see father first."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the perplexed lover.

"Father," she replied, "as she nursed her cheek, 'is a barber.'"

## FASHION HINTS



Cashmere in old rose is used for this wrapper. An ecrû insertion borders the Dutch neck and comfortable little sleeves. A medallion of the same lace meets the black silk crush girde at the waist line. The girde has long sash ends, finished with fluffy silk tassels.

**ARE YOU LOSING FLESH**  
through a racking cough that you cannot seem to check? A bottle of Allen's Lung Balm will cure the trouble and help you back to health.



**PLAIN ENGLISH.**  
Cholly—You say your sister isn't in?  
Are those her exact words?  
Johnny—No; ter be exact, she said "Tell der lobster I ain't in."

Sometimes the pedigree of the bulldog is the only evidence of good breeding to be found about the home.

The dress which fits like a glove sometimes reminds one of a boxing glove.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

It is just like some people to clamor for the "moss covered bucket" after the well has been outfit with sterilized drinking cups.

## All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

# THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman.)  
CHAPTER X—Continued.

Colonel John recognized the weakness at his position. Before him the young man were five to one, with old Sir Donny and Timothy Burke in the rear. On his flank the help which Ullick might give was discounted by the move Cammock had made. He saw that he could do no more at present. Suddenly the storm had blown up, he knew that he was dealing with desperate men, who from this day onward would act with their necks in a noose, and whom his word might send to the scaffold. They had but to denounce him to the rabble who waited outside, and besides the bishop, one only there, as he believed, would have influence to save him.

Colonel John had confronted danger many times; to confront it had been his trade. And it was with coolness and a clear perception of the position that he turned to Flavia. "I will give up my sword," he said, "but to my cousin only. This is her house, and I yield myself"—with a smile and a bow—"her prisoner."

Before they knew what he would do he had stepped forward and tendered his bill to the girl, who took it with flaccid fingers. "I am in your hands now," he said, fixing his eyes on hers and endeavoring to convey his meaning to her. For surely, with such a face, she must have, with all her recklessness, some womanliness, some tenderness of feeling in her.

"Hang your impudence!" The McMurrrough cried.

"A truce, a truce," the bishop interposed. "We are all agreed that Colonel Sullivan knows too much to go free. He must be secured," he continued smoothly, "for his own sake. Will two of these gentlemen see him to his room, and see also that his servant is placed under guard in another room?"

"That," the colonel objected, looking at Flavia, "my cousin will surely allow me to give."

"She will be guided by us in this," the bishop rejoined with asperity. "Let what I have said be done."

Flavia, very pale, holding the colonel's sword as if it might sting her, did not speak. Colonel Sullivan, after a moment's hesitation, followed one of the O'Belnes from the room, the other bringing up the rear.

When the door had closed upon them, Flavia's was not the only pale face the room. The scene had brought home to more than one the fact that here was an end of peace and a beginning of violence and rebellion. The majority, secretly uneasy, put on a reckless air to cover their apprehensions. The bishop and Cammock, though they saw themselves in a fair way to do what they had come to do, looked thoughtful. Only Flavia, shaking off the remembrance of Colonel John's face and Colonel John's existence, closed her grip upon his sword, and in the ardor of her patriotism saw with her mind's eye, not victory nor

acclaiming thousands, but the scaffold, and a death for her country. Sweet it seemed to her to die for the cause, for the faith, to die for Ireland.

True, her country, her Ireland, was but this little corner of Kerry beaten by the Atlantic storms and sad with the wailing cries of seagulls. But if she knew no more of Ireland than this, she had read her story; and naught is more true than that the land the most down-trodden is also the best loved. Wrongs beget a passion of affection, and from oppression springs sacrifice. This daughter of the wide-sweeping shore, of the misty hills and fairy glens, whose life from infancy had been bare and rugged as that of a dreamer and a worshipper of the ideal Ireland, her country, her faith, the salt breeze that lashed her cheeks and tore at her hair, the peat creek and the soft shadows of the bogland—these, and many an hour of lonely communing—had filled her breast with such care as impels rather to suffering and to sacrifice than to enjoyment.

For one moment she had recoiled before the shock of impending violence. But that had passed; now her one thought, as she stood with dilated eyes, unconsciously clutching the colonel's sword, was that the time was come, the thing was begun—henceforth she belonged not to herself, but to Ireland and to God.

Deep in such thoughts the girl was not aware that the others had got together and were discussing the colonel's fate until mention was made of the French sloop and of Captain Augustin. "Faith, and let him go in that!" she heard Uncle Ullick urging. "D'ye hear me, your reverence? 'Twill be a week before they land him, and the fire we'll be lighting will be no secret at all to us."

"May be, Mr. Sullivan," the Bishop replied—"may be. But we cannot spare the sloop."

"No, we'll not spare her!" The McMurrrough chimed in. "She's heels to her, and it's a goddess she'll be to us if things go ill."

"An addition to our feet, anyway," Cammock said. "We'd be mad to let her go—just to make a man safe; we can make safe a deal cheaper!"

Flavia propped the sword carefully in an angle of the hearth, and moved forward. "But I do not understand," she said timidly, "we have agreed that the sloop and the cargo were to go free if Colonel Sullivan—but you know!" she added, breaking off and addressing her brother.

"It is dreaming you are!" he retorted contemptuously. "It is he's taking note of that now?"

"It was a debt of honor," she said,

"The girl's right," Uncle Ullick said, "and we'll be rid of him."

"We'll be rid of him without that," The McMurrrough muttered.

"I am fearing, Mr. Sullivan," the bishop said, "that it is not quite understood by all that we are embarked upon a matter of life and death. We cannot let bagatelles stand in the way. The sloop and her cargo can be made good to her owners at another time. For your relative and his servant."

"The shortest way with them!" some one cried. "That's the best and surest!"

"Them," the bishop continued, silencing the interruption by a look. "We must not forget that some days must pass before we can hope to get our people together. During the interval we lie at the mercy of an informer. Your own people you know, but the same cannot be said of this gentleman—who has very fixed ideas—and his servant. Our lives and the lives of others are in their hands, and it is of the last importance that they be kept secure and silent."

"Ay, silent's the word," Cammock growled.

"There could be no better place than one of the towers," The McMurrrough suggested, "for keeping them safe, be that!"

"And why'll they be safer there than in the house?" Uncle Ullick asked suspiciously. He looked from one speaker to another with a baffled face, trying to read their minds. He was sure that they meant more than they said.

"Oh, for the good reason!" the young man returned contemptuously. "Isn't all the world passing the door upstairs? And what more easy than to open it?" Cammock's eyes met the bishop's.

"The tower'll be best," he said. "Draw off the people, and let them be taken there and a guard set. We've matters of more importance to discuss now. This gathering tomorrow, to raise the country—what's the time fixed for it?"

But Flavia, who had listened with a face of perplexity, interposed. "Still, he is my prisoner, is he not?" she said wistfully. "And if I answer for him?"

"By your leave, ma'am," Cammock replied, with decision, "one word. Women to women's work! I'll let no woman weave a halter for me!"

The room echoed low applause. And Flavia was silent.

## CHAPTER XI

### A MESSAGE FOR THE YOUNG MASTER.

James McMurrrough cared little for his country and nothing for his faith. He cared only for himself, and but for the resentment which the provisions of his grandfather's will had bred in him, he would have seen the Irish race in purgatory, and the Roman faith in a worse place, before he would have risked a finger to right the one or restore the other.



It Was a Heavy Tramping on the Stairs that Awakened Them.

Once embarked, however, on the enterprise, vanity swept him onward. The night which followed Colonel Sullivan's arrest was a night long remembered at Morrinstown—a night to uplift the sanguine and to kindle the short sighted, nor was it a wonder that the young chief—as he strode among his admiring tenants in the presence of his Irish acclamations and his skirts kissed by devoted kernes—sniffed the pleasing incense and trod the ground to the measure of imagined music. The triumph that was never to be intoxicated him.

His people had kindled a huge bonfire in the middle of the forecourt, and beside this he extended a gracious welcome to a crowd of strong tenants. A second fire, for the comfort of the baser sort, had been kindled outside the gates, and was the center of meretricious less restrained, while a third, which served as a beacon to the valley and a proclamation of what was being done, glowed on the platform before the ruined tower at the head of the lake. From this last the red flames streamed far across the water, and now revealed a belated boat shooting from the shadow, now a troop of countrymen, who, led by their priest, came limping along the lakeside, ostensibly to join in the services of the morrow, but in reality to hear something and to do something toward freeing old Ireland and shaking off the grip of the cursed Saxon.

In the more settled parts of the land such a summons had brought them from their rude shielings among the hills would have passed for a dark jest. But in this remote spot the notion of overthrowing the hated power by means of a few score pikes did not seem preposterous to these poor men or to their betters. Cammock, of course, knew the truth, and the bishop.

But the native gentry saw nothing hopeless in the plan. The plan was first to fall upon Tralee in combination with a couple of sloops said to be lying in Galway bay, and afterward to surprise Kenmare. Masters of these places, they proposed to raise the old standard, to call Connaught to their aid, to cry a crusade. And faith, as Sir Donny said, before the castle tyrants could open their eyes or raise their heads from the pillow they'd be sealing themselves driven into the sea or ocean!

So, while the house walls gave back the ruddy glare of the tapers and the barefooted, bareheaded, laughing colts belted the thatch, and men confessed in one corner and kissed their girls in another, and the smiths in a third wrought hard at the pike heads—so the struggle depicted itself to more than one.

And all the time Cammock and the Bishop walked in the dark in the

garden, a little apart from the turmoil, and wrapped in their cloaks, talked in low voices, debating much of Sicily and Naples and the Cardinal and the Mediterranean fleet, and at times laughing at some court story. But they said, strange to tell, no word of Tralee or of Kenmare, or of Dublin Castle, or even of Connaught. They were no visionaries. They had to do with greater things than these, and in doing them knew that they must spend to gain. The lives of a few score peasants, the ruin of half a dozen hamlets, what were these beside the diversion of a single squadron from the great pitched fight, already foreseen, where the excess of one battleship might win an empire and its absence might ruin nations?

And one other man, and one only, because this he had been passed on their wider plans, and he could judge of the relative value of Connaught and Kent, divined the trend of their thoughts and understood the deliberation with which they prepared to sacrifice their pawns.

Colonel John sat in the upper room of one of the two towers that flanked the entrance to the forecourt. Bale was with him, and the two, with the door doubly locked upon them and guarded by a sentry whose crooning they could hear, shared such comfort as the cold water and a gloomy prospect of the relative value of Connaught and Kent, divined the trend of their thoughts and understood the deliberation with which they prepared to sacrifice their pawns.

It was concerned for himself and his companion. But he was more gravely concerned for those whose advocate he had made himself—for the ignorant coters in their lowly hovels, the women, the children, upon whom the inevitable punishment would fall. He doubted, now that it was too late, the wisdom of the course he had taken, and, blaming himself for precipitation, he fancied that if he had acted with a little more guile, a little less haste, his remonstrance might have had greater weight.

William Bale, as was natural, thought now that it was too late, the wisdom of the course he had taken, and, blaming himself for precipitation, he fancied that if he had acted with a little more guile, a little less haste, his remonstrance might have had greater weight.

"You'd have said the other thing at Benagh," the Colonel answered, turning his head.

"Ay, your honor," Bale returned; "a man never knows when he is well off."

His master laughed. "I'd have you apply that now," he said.

"So I would if it weren't that I've a kind of a scunner at those black bog holes," Bale said. "To be planted head first's no proper end of a man, to my thinking, and if there's not something of the kind in these ragamuffins' minds I'm precious mistaken."

"Pooh, man, you're frightening yourself," the Colonel answered. "But the room was dark and chill, the lake without lay lonely, and picture where Bale's words called up was not pleasant to the bravest. 'It's a civilized land, and they'd not think of it!'"

"There's one, and that's the young lady," Bale answered darkly. "I would not pull us out by the hair, I'll swear to that. Your honor's too much in his way, if what they say in the house is true."

"Pooh!" the Colonel answered again. "I've one of one blood."

"Cain and Abel," Bale said. "There's example for it," and he chuckled.

The Colonel scolded him anew. But having done so he could not shake off the impression which the man's words had made on him. While he lived he was a constant and an irritating check upon James McMurrrough. If the young man saw a chance of getting rid of that check, was he one to put it from him? Colonel John's face grew long as he pondered the question; he had seen enough of James to feel considerable doubt about the answer. The fire on the height above the lake had died down, the one on the strand was a bed of red ashes. The lake lay buried in darkness, from which at intervals the cry of an owl as it moused along the shore rose mournfully.

But Colonel John was not one to give way to fears that might be baseless. "Let us sleep," he said, shrugging his shoulders. He lay down where he was, pillowing his head on a fishing net. Bale said nothing, but examined the door before he stretched himself across the threshold.

Half an hour after dawn they were roused. It was a heavy tramping on the stairs that awakened them. The door was quickly unlocked, it was thrown open, and the hairy face of O'Sullivan, who held it wide, looked in. Behind him were two of the boys with pikes—frowny, savage, repellent figures, with drugged coats tied by the sleeves about their necks.

"You'll be coming with us, Colonel," O'Sullivan said.

Colonel John looked at him. "Whither, my man?" he asked coolly. He and Bale had got to their feet at the first alarm.

(Continued Next Week)



**VAIN LONGINGS.**  
First Actor—Yes, Friend De Ham!  
Second Actor—Yes, Friend De Shy?  
First Actor—Wouldn't it be great if we could only eat all the roasts we get!

**A Song of Life.**  
Praised be the lips of the morn  
For their musical message of light,  
For their bird-chanted burden of song.  
Praised be the young earth reborn  
For its freshness and glory and might  
And the thoughts of high, solemn delight  
That a flash of its purity through.

Praised be the lips of the day,  
For their clarion call to the field  
Where the battle of life must be fought,  
Praised be the soul's refined and annealed,  
And the spirit heroic revealed,  
And pure gold from the base substance wrought.

Praised be the lips of the night  
For their murmurous message of rest,  
For their lullaby, mootherly sweet,  
Praised be the dreams of delight,  
While tired life is asleep in love's nest,  
And in eternity and bliss  
Heaven's calm and earth's loveliest meet  
—Israel Zaugg-will.

# SUFFRAGET BURNS POLLING OFFICERS WITH DEADLY ACID

Leader of Movement Says  
Government's Policy Drives  
Women to Crimes.

London, Oct. 30.—Mrs. Chapin, a suffraget, furnished an early morning thrill at the Bermondsey bi-election today when she smashed a bottle containing corrosive acid on a ballot box. Her intention, evidently, was to destroy the ballots in the box as a protest against the exclusion of women from the right of franchise. What she accomplished was the painful burning of some of the election officials and the assurance of her own arrest.

Slipping into one of the booths, where perhaps a thousand ballots had been deposited, Mrs. Chapin drew from under her cloak a bottle in which ink had been mixed with corrosive acid, and before she could be stopped, hurled the bottle upon the box.

It broke into many pieces and the acid splashed upon the election officers. A number of these were so severely injured as to require medical attention.

**Similar Outrage Attempted.**  
About the same time a similar outrage was attempted at another booth by a girl, who wore the suffraget colors. In the latter instance little damage was done beyond the burning of the finger tips of the election officers, who removed the bits of broken glass. So far as could be ascertained none of the acid had reached the ballots.

Later, in an interview, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, while deploring the wantoning of the officials, asserted with much emphasis:

"It is the government that is responsible. It is the government that drives women to these acts."

**Violence Prearranged.**  
It appears that today a violence was planned by the Women's Freedom league, the members of which glory in what was done. Members of this same league picketed the house of commons for 15 weeks. The league's secretary is Mrs. Edith Martyn. In an interview following the attack on the ballot boxes, Mrs. Martyn said:

"We thought that as Premier Asquith had not shown himself amenable to our requests, the time had come to take more active measures. Our plans were thought out most carefully and we found delight in the opportunity to carry them out on the anniversary of the 'Grille protest' in the house of commons, which was perpetrated by the Women's Freedom league."

"Our object this morning was to invalidate the election. We had various plans and the others would have been tried during the day had this one failed."

On October 28, 1908, a suffraget demonstration was made in the ladies' galleries during a sitting of the house of commons.

When attendants sought to employ the galleries they found that two suffragets had firmly chained themselves to the grille or lattice from behind which feminine eyes must view the proceedings of the house.

For a time the two volunteer prisoners resisted the efforts to remove them. Today's bi-election in the Bermondsey division of Southwark (one of the parliamentary boroughs of London), is of unusual interest and it is expected to afford a good test of the feeling in London and the country generally on the impending struggle in parliament.

A strong fight on the budget against the reform has been waged in this constituency. The candidates are: Liberal, S. L. Hughes; unionist, John Dumphreys; labor, Dr. A. Salter.

At the last general election the liberals had a majority of 1,769.

## JULIA CLARK HALLAM LEADS MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 30.—There will be two factions in the state organization of the equal suffragists from this time on, and Mrs. Julia Clark Hallam, of Sioux City, is ready to lead the militant branch corresponding to the suffragets of Great Britain, according to an announcement made in the meeting of the equal suffrage association yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Hallam will discuss the militant side of the question at a meeting Friday afternoon. The plan is to bring out of the note of warfare sounded at yesterday's meeting.

Although Mrs. Hallam would not state the position she is to take before the association, it is well known that she will make one of the greatest fights ever made before a state convention for more progressive and militant tactics.

## STEAMER WITH SOLONS ABOARD BREAKS DOWN

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 30.—A special to the Gazette from Helena, Ark., says: Because of a breakdown in the engine room of the steamer Gray Eagle, one of the fleet of boats accompanying President Taft to New Orleans, and carrying the flag of the greatest fighting force, the boat was run aground 10 miles north of Helena last night to disembark its distinguished passengers in safety. The breakdown followed the dropping of the grates in the fire-room. The passengers including the governor of several states and other prominent men, boarded other boats of the fleet and the voyage continued, reaching Helena as the president's steamer, the Oleander, was departing. Among those on board the Gray Eagle were Governor Donaghney, of Arkansas; Governor Shallenberger, of Nebraska; Governor Prouty, of Vermont; and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma.

## SLAYER OF ITO IS A KOREAN EDITOR

Harbin, Manchuria, Oct. 30.—The assassin of Prince Ito was identified today as Inehan Angan, a former editor of a newspaper at Seoul.

He declared that he was one of an organization of 20 Koreans who had taken an oath that they would kill the Japanese statesman.

The assassin used dum-dum bullets, which had been poisoned with cyanide.

## "PROFESSOR" HILL HELD FOR MURDER

Fail River, Mass., Oct. 30.—"Professor" Frank Hill, the herb doctor of this city, was held without bail for the grand jury today for the murder of Miss Amelia St. Jean, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, whose dismembered body was found along the Bulgarmarsh road in the adjoining town of Tiverton, R. I., two weeks ago.



**WARNED.**  
Cholly—You say she threw you over without any warning?  
Willy—No; she warned me if I ever came around again, she'd set the dog on me.



## The Antiquity of Dice.

From Harper's Weekly.  
Scholars have delved in vain for the origin of dice, which, in various shapes, have been used in forms of worship and religious ceremonies since the dawn of history. Their earlier use was for the forecasting of events and obtaining of divine guidance; their adaptation to a game of chance was, comparatively, quite recent.

There is a surprising number of varieties of dice, but they may be divided into two general classes. The most familiar form is the cube. With two exceptions—the Korean and Etruscan—cubic dice have the spots so arranged that the six and one, five and two, and three and four are opposite, making the sum of the opposite sides invariably seven. In all ages the number seven has been regarded with particular awe and as having much mystic import.

The dice just described are not only proper to modern Europe and America, but to classical Greece and Rome, ancient Syria, Persia, India, China, Japan, Siam. The other form is the long square prism, sometimes found amid prehistoric ruins in Europe and existing today in India.

A most interesting form is the top or spinning die with four or six sides, which was twirled with the thumb and second finger, of which a specimen was discovered in the remains of Naucratis, a Greek colony of 690 B. C. Two specimens of dice have been discovered at Babylon.



**A PESSIMIST.**  
She—Our new minister is always preaching about "Hell."  
He—Must be he's married.

Six bottles of Danish brandy were discovered in the huge accoutrements of a wandering minstrel who had regularly traveled between Denmark and Sweden during the Swedish strike, when the sale of alcohol was prohibited.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

**Coffee Usually Means Sickness, but Postum Always Means Health.**

Those who have never tried the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the trial.

One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely, but found it hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum."

"It was good and the effect was so pleasant that I soon learned to love it and have used it for several years. I improved immediately after I left off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigestion and other troubles all of which were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I changed from coffee to Postum."

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee, for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum and are always well."

"There's a reason" and it is proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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