To Get Its Beneficial Effects, Always Buy the Genuine ELIXIR OF SENNA manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP (O.

Sold by all leading Druggists One Size Only, 50t a Bottle

He (after silence)-I'll soon have to go away on a trip to bore wells. She (tartly)-Well, I'm sure that is big improvement over boring peo-

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for

infants and children, and see that it Bears the Garst Pletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Generous Advice. "If the Japanese want to fight us," said the nervous man, "why don't they

"Perhaps," replied the calm and collected person, "they are waiting for more tips from our military experts on how to proceed."

Somewhat Satirical. A whist enthusiast wrote and pubfished a book on the game and sent a copy to a famous player for his opinion of it. In about a week the ook was returned to him, with the tolowing letter:

"My Dear Sir .- Your favor of the 10th instant, accompanied by your ook, was duly received. I have read 1t very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it ts as good a game as whist!"

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT.



BARER Briggs-I understand that Mr. Bigge your wile's late husband, made everything over to her? denpecklett-Yes, and now she's

> COFFEE HEART Very Plain in Some People.

aking everything over for me.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own consent to give up the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience, as follows:

"I became satisfied some months are that I owed the palpitation of the hear, from which I suffered almost daily, to the use of coffee, (I had been a coffee drinker for 30 years) but I and it very hard to give up the bev-

"One day I ran across a very sensible and straightforward presentation of the claims of Postum, and was so impressed thereby that I concluded to give it a trial.

"My experience with it was unsatisfactory till I learned how it ought to be prepared-by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was

"Posture proved to be a most palatable and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since.

"The effect on my health has been ost salutary. The heart palpitation om which I used to suffer so much. particularly after breakfast, has dispreared and I never have a return of it except when I dine or hanch away from home and drink the old kind of e because Postum is not served. I find that Postum cheers and invigcrates while it produces no harmful ulation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial proves an eye opener

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-

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

HALF A ROGUE

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of the Man on the Box, The Puppet Crown, Hearts and Masks, Etc. Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

This seemed to satisfy her.

'A week."

"Have you had any experience?

Many months passed after the

episode previously related. Warring-

ton sat in his apartment. He laid down

his pen, brushed his smarting eyes

lighted his pipe, and tilted back his

chair. The scenario was done; the vil-

lain had lighted his last cigaret, the

hero put his arms protectingly around

the heroine, and the irascible rich un-

Warrington was 35 now. The grey

hair at the temples and the freshness

of his complexion gave him a singu-

larly youthful appearance. His mouth

was even-lipped and rather pleasure-

loving, which, without the balance of

a strong pose, would have appealed to

ery, and discouragement.

Presently he leaned toward the desk and picked up a letter. He read it thoughtfully, and his brows drew together.

gether:
"Richard Warrington—You will smile

fected. There was an innocent barb in this girlish admiration, and it pierced the quick of all that was good in him. "Good and kind and wise," he mused. "If only the child knew! Heigh-ho! I am kind, sometimes I've been good, and often wise. Well, I can't disillusion the

child, happily; she has given me no ad-

He rose, wheeled his chair to a window facing the street, and opened it. The cool, fresh April air rushed in clearing the room of its opalescent clouds, cleansing his brain of the fever that beset it. He leaned with his elbow on the sill and breathed noisily, gratefully.

CHAPTER II.

A sudden desire setzed Warrington

"Sir, a lady wishes to see you."
His valet stood in the doorway.
"The name?" Warrington rose impa-

cle had been brought to terms.

CHAPTER I.

"Sir, will you aid a lady in distress?" The voice was tremulous, but as rich in tone as the diapason of an

Warrington looked up from his eigar warrington looked up from his cigar to behold a handsome young woman standing at the side of his table in the French restaurant where he fre-quently dined. Her round smooth the French restaurant where he frequently dined. Her round, smooth cheeks were flushed, and on the lower lids of her splendid dark eyes tears of shame trembled and threatened to fall. Behind her stood a waiter, of impassive countenance, who was adding up the figures on a check, his movement full of suggestion.

The playwright understood the situation at once. The young lady had ordered dinner, and, having eaten it, found that she could not pay for it. Warrington rose.

Warrington rose.

"What may the trouble be?" he asked coldly.
"I—I have lost my purse, and I have no money to pay the waiter." She made this confession bravely and

frankly. One of the trembling tears escaped and rolled down the blooming cheek.

Warrington surrendered.

The girl fumbled in her handbag and produced a card, which she gave to Warrington—"Katherine Challoner."

"Waiter, let me see the check," he said. It amounted to \$2.10. Warrington smiled "Segreety large enough said. It amounted to \$2.10. Warrington smiled. "Scarcely large enough to cause all this trouble," he added reassuringly. "I will attend to it."

"Oh, it is so horribly embarrassing! What must you think of me?" She twisted her gloves with a nervous strength which threatened to rend them.

"Be seated," he said, drawing out the opposite chair.

A wave of alarm spread over her face.

She clasped her hands.

A wave of alarm spread over her face. She clasped her hands.

"Sir, if you are a gentleman—"

Warrington interrupted her by giving her his card, which was addressed. She glanced at it through a blur of tears, then sat down.

"In asking you to be seated," he explained, "it was in order that you might wait in comfort while I dispatched a messenger to your home. Doubtless you have a brother, a father, or some male relative, who will come at once to your assistance." Which proved that Warrington was prudent. But instead of brightening as he expected she would, she straightened in her chair, while her eyes widened with horror, as if she saw something frightful in prospective.

What the deuce could be the matter now? he wondered, as he witnessed this inexplicable change.

No no! You must not send a mes-

no! You must not send a mes-

senger!" she protested.

"But—"

"No, no!" tears welling into her beautiful eyes again. They were beautiful, he was forced to admit.

"But," he persisted, "you wished the waiter to do so. I do not understand." His tone became formal again.

"I have reasons. Oh, heavens! I am the most miserable woman in all the world!" She suddenly bowed her head upon her hands and her shoulders rose and fell with silent sobs.

Warrington finally concluded that it was his duty to escort the young lady safely to her home. A cab was summoned and they drove to a fashionable residence on Central Park, West. Step by step the girl confided to Warrington that her mother was dead, and that the night before her father, who was a defaulter—a thief—had fled to South America. She was alone in the world.

He seated himself for a few mothe world!" She suddenly bowed her head upon her hands and her shoulders rose and fell with silent sobs.

Warrington finally concluded that it was his duty to escort the young lady safely to her home. A cab was summoned and they drove to a fashionable residence on Central Park, West. Step by step the girl confided to Warrington that her mother was dead and that the night before her father, who was a defaulter—a thief—had fied to South America. She was alone in the world.

He seated himself for a few moments in the reception room of the luxurious dwelling to which she had taken him.

The girl sat down before a small writing table. She reached among some papers and finally found what she sought.

"Mr. Warrington, all this has been in the world!"

America She suddenly bowed her head to to warrington—You will smile, I know, when you read this letter, doubtless so many like it are mailed to you day by day. You will toss it into the waste basket, too, as it deserves to be. But it had to be written. However, I feel that I am not writing to a mere stranger, but to a friend whom I know well. Three times you have entered into my life, and on each occasion you have come by a different avenue. I was ill at school when you first ampeared to me. It was a poem in a magazine. It was so full of kindness, so rich in faith and hope, that I cried over it, cut it out and treasured it, and remained to you day by day. You will toss it into the waste basket, too, as it deserves to be. But it had to be written. However, I feel that I am not writing to a mere stranger, but to a friend whom I know well. Three times you have entered into my site of pour day by day. You will toss it into the waste basket, too, as it deserves to be. But it had to be written. However, I feel that I am not writing to a mere stranger, but to a friend whom I know well. Three times you have entered into my life, and on each occasion you have come by a different avenue. I was a poem in a magazine. It was a poem in a magazine. It was so full of kindness, so rich i

withing table. Sine reached among some papers and finally found what she sought.

"Mr. Warrington, all this has been in very bad taste; I frankly confess it. There are two things you may do: leave the house in anger, or remain to forgive me this imposition."

"I fall to understand." He was not only angered, but bewildered.

"I have deceived you."

"You mean that you have lured me here by a trick? That you have played upon my sympathies to graitfy. ."

"Wait a moment," she interrupted proudly, her dark cheeks darkening richly. "A trick, it is true; but there are extenuating circumstances. What I have told you has happened, only it was not today nor yesterday. Please remain seated till I have done. I am poor; I was educated in the cities I have named; I have to earn my living."

She rose and came over to his chair.

ing."
She rose and came over to his chair.

"Read this; you will fully under stand." Warrington experienced a mild chill as he saw a letter addressed to him, and his rude scribble at the bottom

of it.

Miss Challoner—I beg to state that I have neither the time nor the inclination to bother with amateur actresses.

Richard Warringeton.

"It was scarcely polite, was it?" she asked, with a tinge of irony. "It was scarcely diplomatic, either, you will admit. I simply asked you for work. Surely, an honest effort to obtain employnent ought not to be met with inploynent ought not to be met with in-

He stared dumbly at the evidence in

He stared dumbly at the evidence in his hand. He recalled distinctly the rage that was in his heart when he penned this note. The stage manager had lost some valuable manuscript that had to be rewritten from memory, the notes having been destroyed.

"For weeks," said the girl, "I have tried to get a hearing. Manager after manager I sought; all refused to see me. I have suffered a hundred affronts, all in silence. Your manager I saw, but he referred me to you, knowing that probably I should never find you. But I was determined. So I wrote; that was your answer. I confess that at the time I was terribly angry, for courtesy is a simple thing and within reach of every one."

To receive a lesson in manners from a young woman, when that young

A sudden desire seized Warrington tonight to return to his home town, miles away, to become a citizen in fact and deed. It was now the time of year when the spring torrents flood the low-lands, when the melting snows trickle down the bleak hillsides, when the dead hand of winter lies upon the bosom of awakening spring, and the seed is in travail. Heigh-ho! the world went very well in the springs of old; care was in bondage, and all the many gateways to the heart were bastioned and sentineled. within reach of every one."

To receive a lesson in manners from a young woman, when that young woman is handsome and talented, is not a very pleasant exeperience.

"I know that you are a busy man, that you are besieged with applications. You ought, at least, to have formal slips, such as editors have. I have confidence in my ability to act, the confidence which talent gives to all persons. After receiving your letter I was more than ever determined to see you. So I resorted to this subterfuge. It was all very distasteful to me; but I possess a vein of willfulness. This is not my home. It is the home of a friend who was kind enough to turn it over to me this night, relying upon my wit to bring about this meeting."

"It was neatly done," was Warrington's comment. He was not angry now at all. In fact, the girl interested him tremendously. "I am rather curious to learn how you went about it."

"You are not angry?"

only my eye and mind. I may be capable of loving any one; perhaps that's it. But what can have possessed her to leave the theater this time of A swish of petticoats, a rush of cool air with which mingled an indefinable

perfume, and, like a bird taking momentary rest in the passage, she stood poised on the threshold. A beautiful woman is a tangible enchantment; and fame and fortune had made Katherine Challoner beautiful, roughly, daring-ly, puzzlingly beautiful. Her eyes sparkled like stars on ruffled waters, the flame of health and life burned in the flame of health and life burned in her cheeks, and the moist red mobile mouth expressed emotions so rapidly and irregularly as to bewilder the man who attempted to follow them. Ah, but she could act; comedy or tragedy, it mattered not; she was always superb. "Dick, you do not say you are glad to see me."

"Beauty striketh the sage dumb," he laughed. "What good fortune brings you here tonight?"

"I am not acting tonight. Nor shall "Well, first I learned where you were in the habit of dining. All day long a messenger has beer following you. A telephone brought me to the restaurant. The rest you know. It was simple.

never did. She never touched my heart,

"Very simple," laconically.
"You listened and believed. I have you here tonight?"
"I am not acting tonight. Nor shall

"You listened and believed. I have been watching you. You believed everything I have told you. You have even been calculating how this scene might go in a play. Have I convinced you that I have the ability to act?"

"You have fooled me completely; that ought to be sufficient recommendation. Miss Challoner, I apologize for this letter. I do more than that. I promise not to leave this house till you agree to call at the theater at 10 tomorrow morning." He was smiling, and Warrington had a pleasant smile. He had an idea besides. "Good fortune put it into my head to follow you here. I see it all now, quite plainly. I am in a peculiar difficulty, and I honestly believe that you can help me out of it. How long would it take you to learn a leading part?"

"A week." I be tomorrow night, nor the thousand nights that shall follow."
"Why, girl!" he cried, pushing out a chair. He had not seen her for two weeks. He had known nothing of her movements, save that her splendid tal-ents had saved a play from utter ruin. Her declaration was like a thunder-bolt. "Explain!"

boit. "Explain!"

"Well, I am tired, Dick; I am tired."

She sat down and her gaze roved about the familiar room with a veiled affection for everything she saw. "The world is empty. I have begun to hate the fools who applaud me. I hate the evil smells which hang about the theater. I hate the overture and the man with the drums," whimsically.

"What's he done to you?"

"Nothing, only he makes more noise than the others. I'm tired. It is not a definite reason; but a woman is never obliged to be definite."

"No; I never could understand you,

"A short season out west in a stock

"Goon!"
"And I love work."
"Do not build any great hopes," he warned, "for your chance depends upon the whim of another woman. But you have my word and my good offices that something shall be put in your way." "No; I never could understand you, even when you took the trouble to ex-plain things."

plain things."

"Yes, I know." She drew off her gloves and rubbed her fingers, which were damp and cold.

"But surely, this is only a whim. You can't seriously mean to give up the stage when the whole world is watching you!"

stage when the whole world is watching you!"

She did not answer him, but continued to rub her fingers. She wore several rings, among which was a brilliant of unusual luster. Warrington, however, had eyes for nothing but her face. For the next eig months he had face. For the past six months he had noted the subtle change in her, a grow-ing reserve, a thoughtfulness that was slowly veiling or subduing her natural galety.

"Isn't this determination rather sudden?" he asked.

"I have been thinking of it for some time," she replied, smiling. A woman always finds herself at ease during such crises. "Only, I hadn't exactly made up my mind. You were at work?" glancing at the desk.

"Yes, but I'm through for the night. It's only a scenario, and I am not en-tirely satisfied with it."

She walked over to the desk and picked up a sheet at random. She was a privileged person in these rooms. Warrington never had any nervous dread when she touched his manuscript. "How is it going to end?" she asked

a strong pose, would have appealed to you as effeminate. Warrington's was what the wise phrenologists call the fighting nose; not pugnacious, but the nose of a man who will fight for what he believes to be right, fight biterly and fearlessly. Today he was famous, a leading American dramatist, but only yesterday he had been fighting, retreating, throwing up this redoubt, digging this trench; fighting, fighting. Poverty, ignorance and contempt he fought; fought dishonesty, and vice, and treachery, and discouragement. "Oh, they are going to marry and be happy ever after," he answered, smiling "Ah; then they are never going to have any children?" she said, with a flash of her old-time mischief.

"Will you have a cigaret?" lighting one and offering her the box. one and offering her the box.

"No; I have a horror of cigarets since that last play. To smoke in public every night, perforce, took away the charm. I hated that part. An adventuress! It was altogether too close to the quick; for I am nothing more or less than an adventuress who has been successful. Why, the very method I used to make your acquaintance—years and years ago, wasn't it?—proved the

and years ago, wasn't it?—proved the spirit.

She crossed over to the window to cool her hot face. She heard the voices manner born really is and really ought of the night; not as the poet hears to be. read it often in the lonely hours when things discouraged me—things which mean so little to women but so much to girls. Two years went by, and then came that brave book! It was like coming across a half-forgotten friend. It actually ran home with it, and sat up all night to complete it. It was splendid. It was the poem matured, broadened, rounded. And finally your first play! How I listened to every word, watched every move! I wrote you a letter that night, but tore it up, not having the courage to send it to you. How versatile you must be; a poem, a book, a play! I have seen all your plays these five years, plays merry and gay, sad and grave. How many times you have mysteriously told me to be brave! I envy and admire you. What an exquisite thing it must be to hear one's thoughts spoken across the footlights! Please do not laugh. It would hurt me to know that you could laugh at my honest admiration.

"It is a beauty. No one but a rich man could have given a ring like that. And on your finger it means but one thing."

"I am to be married in June."

would hurt me to know that you could laugh at my honest admiration. You won't laugh, will you? I am sure you will value this letter for its honesty rather than for its literary quality. I "Do you love him?"
"I respect him; he is noble and good hid kind." rather than for its literary quality. I have often wondered what you were like. But after all, that can not matter, since you are good and kind and wise; for you can not be else, and write the lofty things you do."

Warrington put the letter away, placed it carefully among the few things he held of value. It would not be true to say that it left him unaffected. There was an innocent barb in this girlish admiration, and it pierced.

and kind."

"I have always wanted a home. The stage never really fascinated me; it was bread and butter."

"Is it necessary to marry in order to have a home?" he asked quietly, letting the hand gently slide from his. "You are wealthy, after a fashion; could you not build a home of your own?"

(Continued Next Week.)

Nice Little Town's Big Name. From the New York World.

Nice Little Town's Big Name.
From the New York World.

Lanfairpwilgwyngyligogerychwyrndr obwilliandysillogogogoch is a charming little village in Anglesey, Wales, and a favorite visiting place for tourists. There are many other charming little villages in Wales, all over the world, in fact, but none with a name like that Llanfairpw, etc., means "the church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near the rapid whirlpool and to the church of St. Tysillo by the red cave."

It is declared that only a Welshman can pronounce the name of the village, but there is no harm in trying if you wish. The first syllable "Llan" is very simple. You must double back your tongue along the root of your mouth and get ready to say something that sounds half way between "clan" and "thlan," and there you've got it. The second syllable "fair" is encouragingly simple. And if you want to go on and learn the whole name of the village the following rhyme may be of assistance:

At first it began fair,
Commencing with Llanfair,
Then started a jingle,
By adding Pwilgwyngyll,
But was horrible very
To stick on Gogery,
And simple ignoble
To run to Chwyrndrobwll,
Till it almost will kill you
To say Llandysillo,
With a terrible shock

To say Llandysilio,
With a terrible shock
At the end Geogogoch.
The inhabitants of the village and

post office authorities have shortened the name to Llanfair, P. G., while the railroad limits it to Llanfair.

"The name?" Warrington rose impatiently.

"Miss Challoner, sir."

"Challoner!" in surprise, "and this time of night? He stroked his chin. A moment passed. Not that he hesitated to admit her; rather he wished to make a final analysis of his heart before his eyes fell down to worship her beauty. "Admit her at once," He brushed the ashes from his jacket and smoothed his hair. The valet disappeared. "If I only loved the woman, loved her honestly, boldly, fearlessly, what a difference it would make! I don't love her, and I realize that I From the Boston Transcript. "I was fool enough to tell the doctor of yours that you sent me."
"What difference did that make?"
"He demanded his fee in advance." TOBASCO.

Where It Was First Made in Louisiana.

New Orleans States: Captain John A. McIlhenny is in the city this week from Avery island, looking very much as if he had been on a long military campaign, judging from his rugged, sunburned appearance. He is now paying very close attention to the tobasco sauce manufacturing business, and at the present time a large new factory is going up.

"We are more than pleased with the "We are more than pleased with the growth that this business has undergone in the past few years," said the captain at the St. Charles hotel. "The expansion of tobasco manufacturing has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. All of the manufacturing is done on Avery island, and all of the peppers used are grown on the island. We raise them on our own plantation under our own supervision.

We raise them on our own plantation under our own supervision.

"Tobasco sauce was first made on the island in 1868 by my father, who thought he could make a sauce from the peppers which grew there equal to Maunsel White. At that time there was no postoffice at Avery island, and the label was made with New Iberia on it, which has been allowed to remain it, which has been allowed to remain

ever since.
"There has been a great deal written about tobasco sauce ever since I can remember. In fact, I think the subject is one that has rather been overdone from the newspaper stand-point, and the only new thing there is about tobasco is the factory. Of course, this was made necessary by the great increase in the business, and

the great increase in the business, and it will not be possible for us to make enough to suply the demand."

Avery island is perhaps the most delightful spot in the state, high, dry and healthful during all seasons of the year. As Captain McIlhenny states, tobasco has been regarded and written about as one of the distinct products of Louisians for more than ball. ten about as one of the distinct prod-ucts of Louisiana for more than half a gentury. It is almost impossible to get into any first-class hotel or res-taurant anywhere in the United States without finding among the condiments tabasco sauce. It is not, however, a sauce that can be used in large quan-tities. It is put up in very small bot-tles and a single drop on an oyster is all that one can relish. Many funny stories are told of people who enter the New Orleans restaurants and try to-New Orleans restaurants and try to-basco on raw oysters for the first time. They will insist on putting about a teaspoonful on an oyster and gulping it down, and then the fireworks begin. Such a dose causes the eater to see all

Such a dose causes the eater to see all the stars in the firmament. A teaspoonful of tobasco would be enough for a dozen of the largest oysters that ever came out of Bayou creek.

Much to the surprise of those who have so long been familiar with tobasco sauce, all of the supply of the world's market is raised on about 100 acres of land. But the manufactured produce of this one 100 acres is perhaps the most valuable of any of a like area of land in the United States if not in the world. It has been said by those who ought to know that the annual net revenues from tobasco manufacturing were no less than \$150,-000.

During the past few years there have been all sorts of imitations of tobasco put on the market, but regardless of that fact, those who really know the merits of tobasco try always to get the genuine McIlhenny brand. Such a reputation has this sauce that it is now sent into competition with Maunsel White all over England and Euro-

pean countries.

Therefore, despite all of the essays ever written on tobasco sauce and on Avery island and on the McIlhennys, it will always remain a fact that the manufacture of tobasco will be of interest because of the uniqueness of the industry because of the romantic and historical interest attaching to Avery island, and because every Louisianian points with pride to Centain John



These Football Carnes. First Football Player-Pity Kickem getting killed in that football Second Football Player-Yes, and it



Then He Borrowed a Hundred. Mrs. Payne-I wonder if the angels ver get sleepy. Mr. Payne—You never did when I was wooing you.

Stand by your breed—defend them in a friendly spirit. Keep an eye open al-ways for improvements in your line. Be at the head—not at the tail of the

The motto of the corn-belt farmer should be, "more and better hogs and better corn." The two go hand in hand when judiciously guided. Study corn culture and hog growing with a bit er forages thrown in to keep things

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered



during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and un-qualified endorsement. No other med-icine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irreg-ularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write herforadvice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

AID TO MARRIED HAPPINESS

Southerner Evolves the Panama Cocktail Which Makes Man Thoughtful of Wife.

Russell Hopkins, a southerner, who lives in the St. Regis, is responsible for the Panama cocktail. He and Charles Luther Burnham were talking over Hopkins' latest concoction, which had been placed in the little book kept by the bartender.

"You take half a pony of brandy, half a pony of curacao, a third of dry gin and French or Italian vermouth, and there you are—there's your drink before dinner," said Hopkins.

"Yes," interposed Burnham, "it's a cocktail, all right. One of your friends came in here the other day with more than \$300 in his wallet. He was initiated into the mysteries of the Panama cocktail. He seemed all right when he left, but he was found the following day in a ferry-house hugging a set of furs he had bought for his wife. From what could be gleaned from him he had, on a passably warm day, thought his wife ought to have new furs, and, with that idea, he went to a store and spent all the cash in his pocketbook for a set.-New York Press.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED? New York Physicians Have Many Cures to Their Credit.

New York, April 4.-Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physicians of the Dr. Waterman Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. Waterman Institute, 122 East 25th st., Branch 63, New York, for a supply of the remedy. which is being distributed gratuitously.

Chicken, All Right. A Camden lawyer walked into a resaurant the other day, prepared to order himself a chicken dinner. The waitress approached him. He

looked at her and said: "How's chicken?" "I'm all right," she answered, cheerily; "how's yourself?"

"The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters; it is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the world is not sufficient for it.-Hugo.

Constipation causer and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated

Go to sleep without supper, but rise without debt.-Talmud.

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure-Ugh-it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS

liver- without these bad feelings. Try them. CASCARETS for a box for a week's t catmaint, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

move the bowels-tone up the

BIG PROFITS Casper, Wyo., lots advanced, paying stock. Assets & 200 lots, Low neres oil laude, Your \$5.00 may make you \$500. Values increasing, Oil and town booming, Write Mountain Resity Corporation, 267 Railway, Denver, Colo.

Pettits Eve Salve QUICK RELIEF EVE TROUBLES