

To Get
Its Beneficial Effects,
Always Buy the Genuine
SYRUP OF FIGS
and
ELIXIR OF SENNA
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
Sold by all leading
Druggists
One Size Only, 50¢ a Bottle

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

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of
CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for
infants and children, and see that it
Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Little*
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
begin?"
"Perhaps," replied the calm and col-
lected person, "they are waiting for
more tips from our military experts
on how to proceed."

Somewhat Satirical.
A whist enthusiast wrote and pub-
lished a book on the game and sent
a copy to a famous player for his
opinion of it. In about a week the
book was returned to him, with the
following letter:
"My Dear Sir.—Your favor of the
10th instant, accompanied by your
book, was duly received. I have read
it very carefully. It seems to be a
very good game, but I don't think it
is as good a game as whist!"

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT.



BAKER
Briggs—I understand that Mr. Biggs,
your wife's late husband, made every-
thing over to her?
denpecklet—Yes, and now she's
making everything over for me.

COFFEE HEART
Very Plain in Some People.

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
ago that I owed the palpitation of the
heart, from which I suffered almost
daily, to the use of coffee, (I had been
a coffee drinker for 30 years) but I
found it very hard to give up the be-
verage.

"One day I ran across a very sen-
sible and straightforward presenta-
tion of the claims of Postum, and
was so impressed thereby that I con-
cluded to give it a trial.
"My experience with it was unsat-
isfactory 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
no trouble.
"Postum proved to be a most palat-
able and satisfactory hot beverage,
and I have used it ever since.
"The effect on my health has been
most salutary. The heart palpitation
from which I used to suffer so much,
particularly after breakfast, has dis-
appeared and I never have a return of
it except when I dine or lanch away
from home and drink the old kind of
coffee because Postum is not served.
I find that Postum cheers and invig-
orates while it produces no harmful
stimulation." Name given by Postum
Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial proves an eye opener
to many.
Read the little book, "The Road to
Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new
one appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.

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.

CHAPTER I.
"Sir, will you aid a lady in dis-
tress?" The voice was tremulous, but
as rich in tone as the diapason of an
organ.
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 frequen-
tly 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 impass-
sive countenance, who was adding up
the figures on a check, his movement
full of suggestion.
Warrington understood the situa-
tion at once. The young lady had
ordered dinner, and, having eaten it,
found that she could not pay for it.
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 fell down the blooming cheek.
Warrington surrendered.
The girl fumbled in her handbag and
produced a card, which she gave to
Warrington—"Katherine Challoner."
"Walter, let me see the check," he
said. It amounted to \$2.15. 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.
"Sir, if you are a gentleman—"
Warrington interrupted her by giv-
ing her his card, which was addressed,
She glanced at it through a blur of
tears, then sat down.
"It was in order that you might
wait in comfort while I dis-
patched 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 the prospect.
"What the deuce could be the matter
now? he wondered, as he witnessed
this inexplicable change.
"No, no! You must not send a mes-
senger," she protested.
"But—"
"No, no!" tears welling into her
beautiful eyes again. They were beau-
tiful, he was forced to admit.
"But," he persisted, "you wished the
water to do as 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 sum-
moned 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 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 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 hired me
here by a trick? That you have played
upon my sympathies to gratify—"
"Wait a moment," she interrupted
proudly, her dark cheeks darkening
richly. "A trick, it is true; but there
are extenuating circumstances. What I
did had to happen, only it was not
today nor yesterday. Please re-
main seated till I have done. I am
poor; I was educated in the cities I
have named; I have to earn my liv-
ing."
She rose and came over to his chair.
She gave him a letter.
"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 inclina-
tion to bother with amateur actresses.
"It was scarcely polite, was it?" she
asked, with a tinge of irony. "It was
scarcely diplomatic, either, you will ad-
mit. I simply asked you for work.
Surely, an honest effort to obtain em-
ployment ought not to be met with in-
sult."
He stared dumbly at the evidence in
his hand. He recalled distinctly the
rage that was in his heart when he
perused 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 con-
fess that at the time I was terribly
ignorant, 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
woman is handsome and talented, is
not a very pleasant experience.
"I know that you are a busy man,
that you are besieged with applications.
You ought, at least, to have formal
visitors here. I have had confidence
in my ability to act, the
confidence which talent gives to all per-
sons. 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 Warring-
ton's comment. He was not angry now
at all. In fact, the girl interested him
tremendously. He was rather curious to
learn how she went about it.
"You are not angry?"

never did. She never touched my heart,
only my eyes are attracted. I may be ca-
pable of loving any one; perhaps that's
it. But what can have possessed her
to leave the theater this time of
night?"
A splash of petticoats, a rush of cool
air with which mingled an indefinable
perfume, and, like a bird taking mo-
mentary rest in the passage, she stood
poised on the threshold. A beautiful
woman in a tangible enchantment; and
good fortune had made Katherine
Challoner beautiful, roughly, dars-
ingly, puzzlingly beautiful. Her eyes
sparkled like stars on ruffled waters,
the flame of health and life burned in
her cheeks, and the moist red mobile
lips 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."
"Beatty striketh the sage dumb," he
laughed. "What good fortune brings
you here tonight?"
"I am not acting tonight. Nor shall
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!"
"Well, I am tired, Dick; I am tired." She
sat down and her gaze roved about
the familiar room with a veiled affec-
tion 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 the-
ater. 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 woman is never
obliged to be definite."
"No; I never could understand you,
even when you took the trouble to ex-
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
watching you when the whole world is
watching you?"
She did not answer him, but con-
tinued to rub her fingers. She wore
several rings, among which was a bril-
liant of unusual luster. Warrington,
however, hid his eyes for nothing but her
face. For the past six months he had
noted the subtle change in her ap-
pearance, a thoughtfulness that was
slowly veiling or subduing her natural
gaiety.
"Isn't this determination rather sud-
den?" 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 manu-
script.
"How is it going to end?" she asked.
"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
flaw of her old-time mischief.
"Will you have a cigarette?" lighting
one and offering her the box, he said.
"No; I have a horror of cigarettes since
that last play. To smoke in public
every night, perforce, took away the
charm. I hated that part. An adventur-
er, it was altogether too close to
the quick for me. I envy a man who
less than an adventuresome man has
successful. Why, the very method I
used to make your acquaintance—years
and years ago, wasn't it?—proved the
spirit."
She crossed over to the window to
cool her hot face. She heard the voices
of the night; not as the poet hears
them, but as one in pain. "He never
loved me!" she murmured, so softly
that even the sparrows in the vine
heard her. And bitter indeed was
the pain. As things are written, so
must they be read. She readily held
him guiltless; what she regretted most
deeply was the lack of power to have
him and to hold him. Long before, she
had realized the hopelessness of it all.
Knowing that he drank from the cup of
dissipation, she had even sought to hold
him in contempt; but to her he had
never ceased to be a gentleman, tender,
manly and kind. It is contempt that
casts the first spade in the grave of
love.
He drew her to the lamp and studied
a new ring he noticed on her finger.
The ruddy lights darted as he slowly
turned the jewel around.
"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."
"Do you love him?"
"I respect him; he is noble and good
and kind."
"I have always wanted a home. The
stage never really fascinated me; it
was bread and butter."
"To stick on Gogery is necessary in order
to have a home?" he asked quietly, let-
ting the hand gently slide from his. "You
are wealthy, after a fashion; could you
not build a home of your own?"
(Continued Next Week.)

**CHANGE
IN WOMAN'S
LIFE**

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.
Grantville, Vt.—"I was passing
through the Change of Life and suffered
from nervousness
and other annoying
symptoms, and I
can truly say that
Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
has proved worth
mountains of
gold to me, as it
restored my health
and strength. I
never forget to tell
my friends what
Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
has done for me
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., Grantville, 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 inflamma-
tion, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregu-
larities, 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
her for advice. Her advice is free,
and always helpful.

AID TO MARRIED HAPPINESS
Southerner Evolves the Panama Cock-
tail Which Makes Man Thought-
ful of Wife.
Russell Hopkins, a southerner, who
lives in the St. Regis, is responsible
for the Panama cocktail. He and
Charles Luther Burnham were talk-
ing 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 pass-
ably warm day, thought his wife
ought to have new furs, and, with
that idea, he went to 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. Water-
man Institute is achieving wonderful
results. Old and stubborn cases have
been greatly benefited and many pa-
tients 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 Canden lawyer walked into a res-
taurant 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, cheer-
fully; "how's yourself?"

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

Constipation causes and seriously aggra-
vates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured
by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated
granules.
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
move the bowels—tone up the
liver—without these bad feelings.
Try them.
CASCARETS are a box for a week's
treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller
in the world. Million boxes a month.
BIG PROFITS Capital, \$500,000. Lots advanced,
paying stock. Assets \$200,000. 1000 acres oil lands.
Your \$50 may make you \$500. Values increasing.
Oil and town booming. Write Mountain Realty
Corporation, 267 Railway, Denver, Colo.
Pettit's Eye Salve 100 YEARS OLD
QUICK RELIEF
EYE TROUBLES



These Football games.
First Football Player—Pity about
Kicker getting killed in that football
game.
Second Football Player—Yes, and it
was against a scrub eleven, too.



Then He Borrowed a Hundred.
Mrs. Payne—I wonder if the angels
ever 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
procession.
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 of
fertility thrown in to keep things
healthy.

Nice Little Town's Big Name.
From the New York World.
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrnd
obllwllandsilllogogoch is a charming
little village in Anglesey, Wales, and a
favorite visiting place for the tourists.
There are many other charming little
villages in Wales, all over the world,
in fact, but none with a name like that.
Llanfairpwll, etc., means the church of
St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel
near the rapid whirlpool and to the
church of St. Tysilio 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 roof of your mouth
and get ready to say something that
ends half way between "clan" and
"uhlan." 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 Pwllgwyngyll,
But was horrible very
To stick on Gogery,
And simple ignoble
To run to Chwyrndrobbell,
Till it almost will kill you
To say Llwndysilio,
With a terrible shock
At the end Gogerych.
The inhabitants of the village and
post office authorities have shortened
the name to Llanfair, P. G., while the
railroad limits it to Llanfair.

Reverse Action.
From the Boston Transcript.
"I was fool enough to tell the doc-
tor of yours that you sent me."
"What difference did that make?"
"He demanded his fee in advance."