

TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

PE-RU-NA
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

JEW SCORED ON ARISTOCRAT

Ill-Bred Remark Brought Discomfiture on Duke of Westminster and His Companion.

A friend of mine who is in Cairo just now told me a good story in a recent letter of an old Jew of that city who scored off the young duke of Westminster and his inseparable companion, Lord Ricksavage, when they were there a few weeks ago. They were buying some jewelry in the bazaar there, and the duke remarked audibly to his friend:

"The fool doesn't speak English of course." But the fool understood well enough.

"Do you spik Italian?" he asked them, to which they replied in the negative.

"Do you spik Grik?"

"No."

"Do you spik Turk?"

"No."

"Do you spik Russian?"

"No."

"Me one time fool," said the old man after a short but eloquent pause; "you five times fool!" And the duke and his friend retired discomfited.—Exchange.

Astonished Husband.

De Wolfe Hopper tells a good story about the domestic unhappiness of another actor. The hero of the joke was a man who had married because the woman had much money, although no beauty. Naturally, after the wedding ceremony and the acquisition of the bride's financial resources, the husband was never very attentive to her.

Another member of the company in which the couple were appearing was, however, far more appreciative of the lady's charms, and proceeded to make love to her in an ardent but stealthy manner. The grand finale came one evening when the actor discovered the other man kissing his wife. The fond lover stood petrified with fear, and expected to be shot down the next moment.

No such thing happened. The outraged husband only lifted his hands toward the ceiling with a gesture of intense surprise, and exclaimed: "Merciful heavens! And he didn't even have to!"

Clever Youth.

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?"

"Why?" she gasped.

"Because," he answered, "revenge is sweet."

Then she told him she thought tomorrow would be a good time to see papa.

In every action, reflect upon the end, and in your undertaking it consider why you do it.—Jeremy Taylor.

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ills.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so we returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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.

AT ODDS WITH THE REGENT

Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Company

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Trust me for that," answered Cartouche, quietly. "I can muster 100 such if necessary. But why is M. de Richelieu imprisoned, monsieur?"

"Simply because the regent wishes it," I said. "Richelieu has done nothing."

"Ah!" and Cartouche remained for a moment thoughtful. "Well, monsieur," he said, at last, in a tone full of significance, "I do not believe we shall need to have recourse to a rescue of that character. The matter will soon adjust itself."

"Adjust itself? But how?" I questioned, in amazement.

"No matter," and Cartouche laughed, a short dry laugh. "Only, monsieur, should a rescue become necessary, you may count upon me."

"Very well," I said. "I shall see you again, then, if there is need," and I turned my horse back in the direction from which I had come.

"Wait a moment, monsieur," he called, with a good humored chuckle, coming out of the house and putting up his pistol. "You are already on the road to Versailles. It is one of the principles of our business never to tell the truth if it can be avoided. Continue straight ahead and you will reach St. Cloud. Ten leagues farther is Versailles."

"Does the road run through a wood near here?" I asked, as I took a new hold on the bridle.

"Not half a league farther on, monsieur," he answered, in a surprised voice, and I was off before he could say more. I glanced back over my shoulder, I saw him standing there still staring after me, and then, as though struck by a sudden idea, turn and vanish within the cabin. I had need of haste, for 11 o'clock could not be far distant. But the horse Madame du Maine had provided was a good one, and I laughed as I pictured to myself how she must be tearing her hair at the thought that it was she who had given me the means of saving the regent. The moon had risen clear over the trees while I was parleying with Cartouche and flooded the country with noontide brightness. Fearing no pitfalls in this wide and level road, I spurred onward, peering ahead for the wood of which Cartouche had spoken, but which could see no sign. Once I thought I heard the beat of horses' hoofs behind me, but when I turned in my saddle I saw no one, and concluded that they were merely the echo of my own. The minutes passed, and finally, to my great relief, away before me I saw that the white road seemed to disappear in the darkness, as though cut off at the entrance to a tunnel. This, then, was the wood, and with new ardor, for I had begun to fear that Cartouche had misled me, I galloped toward it. The road flew past, and my horse like some gigantic ribbon, and in a moment I was in the shadow of the trees.

Here I paused. I did not know how far the wood extended, nor did I know at what point the ambush had been prepared. The only thing to be done, evidently, was to ride to the other side and stop the regent and his party before they entered it. I proceeded cautiously, the dust deadening the hoofs of my horse, for I did not know at what moment I might be greeted by a volley from the roadside. At last, far down the avenue ahead, I saw the road opening out into the plain, and at the same moment I again heard the sound of swiftly galloping horses in my rear. This time there was no mistaking the sound, and as I turned, I saw a troop of three or four men just entering the wood. As I looked at them the mysterious words of Cartouche flashed into my head. Could it be that it was to him the duchess had confided the task of assassinating the regent, and that he had not suspected my purpose until too late to stop me? The thought made me drive the spurs once more into the flanks of my horse, and as I did so, I heard again that clear, sharp whistle which Cartouche had used once before to summon his men to attack me. Almost before the sound had died away under the trees there came a flash of fire from the roadside, a ringing report, and my horse stumbled and nearly fell, then continued slowly onward, limping badly. I heard the horses of my pursuers rapidly drawing nearer, and even at that moment I saw ahead of me down the road another little troop approaching from the direction of Versailles, and knew it was the regent and three of his companions. Would I be on time? Would my horse carry me out of the forest? The troop behind me was dangerously close.

"Stop, monsieur," cried a voice which I knew to be that of Cartouche. "Stop or we fire!"

Without answering, I threw myself forward upon my horse's neck and again drove in the spurs. I could hear the poor brute's breath coming in gasps, and from the trembling of his body I knew he was almost done. But it was no time to spare him, and the white road gleaming in the moonlight just ahead was so near—so near.

Again Cartouche cried out for me to halt, and again I did not answer. I glanced ahead and saw that the regent's party had apparently heard the tramp of our horses, for they had stopped to listen. In an instant I had seized a pistol from the holster and fired it in the air. They would hear the report and at least be prepared to face the danger which threatened them. As my shot rang out through the still night air I heard a savage oath behind me. There came a crash of pistols and a great blow seemed to strike me in the head. I reeled in the saddle, caught myself as I was falling, and held on. The earth seemed whirling under me, strange lights danced before my eyes. I shook them from me with clenched teeth; I was out in the moonlight; my horse still staggered on. And then, as in a dream, I saw the regent, sitting on his horse calmly in the middle of the road.

"Save yourself, monsieur!" I cried. "Save yourself! They would kill you!" I felt the horse slipping from under me, the sky grew black, something in my head seemed to burst, and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XIX.

DANCENIS TELLS THE STORY.

I lay for some time without stirring, looking fixedly at the window in front of me and wondering in a vague way what had happened. I could see the sun shining brightly on some shrubbery outside the window. The view was stopped by a wall, and a dull and monotonous roar, which I recognized as belonging to the city, was in my ears. I perceived I was in bed. A white, narrow bed. I turned my head slowly and gazed about the room. It was small and plainly furnished, but seemed clean and comfortable. The thought forced its way into my mind that I had never

before been in this room. How, then, did I get there?

I closed my eyes again, and for a long time my brain refused to grapple with the problem. It seemed as though coming back from a country full of mist, and clouds of the mist still clung to it. Finally, with supreme effort of will, I opened my eyes again and again looked through the window and about the room. This time I could think more clearly. No, I had never been here before, and the question repeated itself. How, then, did I get here?

And still I could get no farther than the question. I heard a door open, and some one tiptoed to the bedside. I found myself looking up into a sweet, colorless face. It was surrounded by a black wimple, and I remembered dimly that I had seen him wearing such. The eyes looked down for a moment into mine and were then withdrawn. As I still lay staring at the ceiling, another face appeared before me. It was the face of a man whom I did not know. Or, wait a moment, I had seen it before somewhere, but my headiness seemed to recede at the effort at recollection.

"He is doing nicely," I heard a voice say. "He will soon be quite well. The danger was that he would never regain consciousness."

Again the face was withdrawn, and I felt an arm under my head lifting me up. A cup was pressed to my lips.

"Drink," said a voice, the man's voice, "it will do you good."

I drank obediently, almost mechanically. Then I was lowered again, and a small table, and a stove in one corner the only furniture. There were a number of bottles and glasses on the table. I raised my hand to my head, surprised at the effort it cost me, and was astonished to find a bandage about my forehead. What had happened? Had I been injured?

And in a flash it all came back to me—the arrest, the ride through the night, the encounter with Cartouche, the flash of pistols and then darkness. I must have been wounded in the head. But the regent—was he safe? Richelieu's room had been quite clear and I could think without weariness. What was this room in which I found myself? I looked around and examined it attentively. A small room, 12 feet square, perhaps, the bed, two chairs, a small table, and a stove in one corner the only furniture. There were a number of bottles and glasses on the table. I raised my hand to my head, surprised at the effort it cost me, and was astonished to find a bandage about my forehead. What had happened? Had I been injured?

"Monsieur is awake, then," she said, smiling at me kindly, but forcing me gently back upon my pillow. "Monsieur is better."

"Yes, yes, I am better," I answered. "But what has happened? Where am I? The regent, Richelieu, Madame du Maine?"

She laid her hand upon my lips. "Have patience," she said. "I will call the doctor."

She left the room while I still lay overwhelmed by my thoughts. She was soon back, and with her the man who had accompanied her before, and this time I recognized him as Leveau, the surgeon who had bound up my shoulder at the Cafe Procope.

"Very well, then," said d'Anceus, drawing a chair to the bedside and again taking my hand. "Proceed with your questions, de Brancas."

"First," I said, after a moment's pause to enable me to marshal my thoughts in some kind of order, "is the regent safe?"

"Quite safe," and d'Anceus smiled more than ever. "That night ride of yours, my friend, did not deserve to be otherwise than successful. I have heard that you are usual with her, and times. He and his party heard first the rapid beat of horses' hoofs. They paused to listen, when from the wood in front of them came a rider, clinging to his horse's neck and fired a pistol into the air. There was a volley of shots behind him and he was seen to reel and almost fall. He caught himself by a supreme effort, clung to the saddle until 10 paces from the regent, cried to him to save himself, and dropped senseless from his horse and rolled to the side of the road. It was over in a moment, the scoundrels who had shot him remaining concealed in the shelter of the trees. The regent, suspecting some treachery, immediately drew his pistols, as did the gentlemen with him, and retreated until some distance from the wood, so that surprise was impossible. Then a courier from Paris, who had reached him a few moments before, was sent back half a league to St. Cloud for reinforcements. As soon as these arrived the wood was entered, but no one was found. The regent examined the body by the road, and at once recognized you, my friend. He knew not what to make of it, but ordered you picked up and brought back to Paris. There he heard from the commandant of the Versailles gate how you had got through. A little later, he learned from me how you had escaped from the hall and of the efforts made by Madame du Maine to stop you, for she was not so circumspect in this affair as usual with her, and betrayed herself completely. The regent can put two and two together as well as any man, and he was not long in arriving at a conclusion. This conclusion became a certainty when a confession was secured from one of Cartouche's rogues who attempted to re-enter Paris the next morning and was captured. He told all of the details of the ambush, and how Cartouche himself, with his companions, was to have attacked the regent as he rode past the wood alive. Cartouche has left Paris and is beyond the frontier by this time. Really, de Brancas," and d'Anceus paused a moment to look at me, "you are a devil of a fellow. This was quite in line with your escape from the Bastille."

"And Richelieu?" I asked.

"Is still in prison, and likely to remain there for some time to come, to say no worse. His offense is nothing less than treason, monsieur, and the regent has sworn to have his head."

"It is what I feared," I said. "I must get up, and I raised myself on one elbow."

"Gently, gently, de Brancas," and across the frontier by this time. Real d'Anceus pushed me back again, nor did I resist him greatly, feeling myself weaker than I had thought.

"Do you think one man, already half dead, would be able to liberate Richelieu? You propose to take the Bastille by storm, I suppose, single-handed and alone. I should not be surprised to see you undertake such an exploit."

I remained for a moment silent.

"Tell me the rest," I said, finally. "Madame du Maine, Cellamara, Mlle. de Launay,—what has happened to them?"

"Cellamara was conducted out of Paris and started for Spain under a strong escort the morning after his arrest," answered d'Anceus. "He protested, of course, but it was of no use. The papers which were found in his possession exposed all the details of the plot, which was marvellously well arranged, and which almost makes one admire the duchess. Madame du Maine submitted very quietly until she found she was to be taken to the citadel of Dijon, when she fought like a tigress, but it was to no avail, and she was safely lodged in the dungeon, vowing a hundred kinds of vengeance against her jailers. Mlle. du Launay wished to accompany her mistress, but the regent was afraid to allow those two women to remain together, so mademoiselle was given a cell in the Bastille, as were all the other prisoners arrested at the Tuilleries. We found Polignac lying senseless on the floor, and he was quite hysterical for a time, protesting his innocence. De Mesmes did the same, but both were silenced when they were confronted by their own statements of their share in the conspiracy. The Duc du Maine was also arrested."

"The Duc du Maine?" I cried; "but he knew nothing about it. I have never even seen him."

(Continued Next Week.)

REFUSING A CROWN.

Manager—Say, I want a super to take the part of a king. You'll get 50 cents a performance.

Applicant—Sorry, boss, but I can't assume the affairs of a state for anything like that amount.

The Man and the Place.

Andrew Carnegie was giving advice on a recent Sunday to one of the younger members of the Rockefeller bible class.

"I am an advocate of early marriages," he said. "The right man, in the right place, at the right time, is a very good saying, and, to my mind, the right man in the right place at the right time is unquestionably a husband reading to his wife on a winter's night beside the radiator."

King George used automobiles in his tiger hunt. He was wonder he bagged 30.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Colonel Harvey has just written a book on "The Psychology of Why." It is on Woodrow Wilson's New York Evening World.

A New York manager announces a coming Bernhard season in Vandeville. It appears that the divine Sarah's dramatic fireworks to America have constituted a such a much adieu about nothing.—New York World.

His Only Complaint.

Senator Beveridge, at a luncheon in New York, was talking about the child labor problem.

"Children are so plucky and so cheerful," he said, "we don't realize how horribly overworked they are till it's too late—till their bodies and minds are stunted irremediably."

"I was once talking to a tiny errand boy at the height of the Christmas shopping season. He was working, I knew, 17 hours a day. As he walked sturdily along with a mountain of parcels piled on his thin, narrow shoulders, I said to him:

"Do you like your job?"

"Yes, sir," he said; "I like it fine. Only—"

"Here he grinned up at me gayly from beneath his load.

"Only I'm afraid I'm doing an automobile truck out of a job."

Not That Kind.

"It would save a lot of trouble," said a newspaper man the other day to Representative Slayden of Texas, after the Democratic caucus on the Henry resolution to investigate the "money trust," "if you would allow us to attend the caucus."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Slayden, with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought it would make a lot of trouble."

"Well, can't you give me an interview on it, now that the fight is over?"

"No," answered Mr. Slayden, "it would be against my principles. I never kiss and tell!"

What Is in a Name?

A Chicago man who hardly knew one tune from another made the mistake of taking a knowing woman to a concert at Orchestra hall. The selections were apparently familiar to him, but when the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was being played he began to evince some interest.

"That sounds familiar," he said. "I am not strong on these classical things, but that's a good one. What is it?"

"That," gravely replied the woman, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

Naturally.

Robert, at the age of twelve, was much puzzled over one question in his examination paper on civics. It ran, "If the president, vice-president, and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" Racking his brain in vain to remember the order of succession, a happy thought came to him, and he wrote:

"The undertaker."—Woman's Home Companion.

Summing It Up.

"Was the charity ball a success?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They say the gowns must have cost a half million at least."

"And how much was raised for charity?"

"Why, nearly \$700. Wasn't that fine?"

A Quarter Century.

Before the public. Over Five Million Free Samples given away each year. The constant and increasing sales from samples proves the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for Tired, Aching, Swollen Tender feet. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Poor Henry.

"Peck claims that when he married he was misled."

"Yes, and now he is Mrs.-led."

The young man who marries an heiress may not have to wait 50 years in order to celebrate his golden wedding.

Every one is liable to a bilious attack. Be forewarned with a package of Garfield Tea.

Usually a man is a poor judge of his own importance.

SUBTLE HUMOR.



Cholly—What's the time, old chap? I've an invitation to dinner at seven, and my watch isn't going.

Gussie—Why, wasn't your watch invited, too, dear boy?

PHYSICIAN SAID ECZEMA CAME FROM TEETHING

"When my little girl was about eight months old, she was taken with a very irritating breaking out, which came on her face, neck and back. When she first came down with it, it came in little watery-like festers under her eyes, and on her chin, then after a few days it would dry down in scaly, white scabs. In the daytime she was quite wrysome and would dig and scratch her face nearly all the time.

"I consulted our physician and found she was suffering from eczema, which he said came from her teething. I used the ointment he gave me and without any relief at all. Then I wrote for a book on Cuticura Soap and purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment at the drug store. I did as I found directions in the Cuticura Booklet, and when she was one year old, she was entirely cured. Now she is three years and four months, and she has never been troubled with eczema since she was cured by the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment." (Signed Mrs. Freeman Craver, 311 Lewis St., Syracuse, N. Y., May 6, 1911.)

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Curative Agent.

"Do you think an ice cold plunge is good for people?"

"Well," replied the indolent person, "I fell in while skating and I must admit that the frigid cured me of hicoughs."

FREE

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

Sow Salzer's, La Crosse, Wis. Seeds

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
in the Circle,
on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER INFERIOR PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS, THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING, Note the Full Name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE MOST PLEASANT, WHOLESOME AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES, HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS DUE TO CONSTIPATION, AND TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS IT IS NECESSARY TO BUY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WHICH IS MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.