

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

His Regular Cue. Many a man who permits himself to be led forth to musical entertainments does not care for will appreciate the following:

"What made you start clapping your hands when that woman stepped on your foot in the tramcar?"

"I was dozing," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I thought mother and the girls were having a musicale at home and one of them was signaling that it was time to applaud."

The Size. Mother asked Davie one morning to fetch a small cabbage from the grocer. "What would you call a small cabbage?" Davie asked. "Oh, about the size of Jackie's head," answered the mother, referring to the younger brother. A few seconds later a voice came from the doorway: "Mamma, I'm taking Jackie with me to measure by."

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

All There Was for Him. A poor shoemaker's apprentice was sent to his master's home with some work. It was early in December, and when the lad arrived at the house he found the good wife engaged baking the spiced bread ready for Christmas.

The smell was delicious, and, sniffing strongly, the apprentice exclaimed heartily: "Eh, missus, but your spice loaf smells grand."

"Ah, well, lad, there mun tak' some good smells, for it will be all thou will get."—London Tit-Bits.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Soap. Trial Free.

Frecede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet. Simple each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

That Would Be Plenty.

"Well, my good woman," said the summer, "I must be going. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Only that," responded the submerged one wearily.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Use Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids; No Smarting or Stinging. Write for Book of the Eye Remedy Free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

It's Nature.

"I've got work with a circus, lending to the animals."

"What a dezzly job!"

BELGIUM MAY HAVE KING NAMED 'OTTO'

Candidate For Throne of Conquered Nation Figured In Tragedy That Made Princess a Murderess.

Paris, Special: The Germans are doing their utmost to force upon the Belgians the conviction their country is definitely conquered and will become a German state after the fashion of Bavaria and Saxony. They even hint that the future Belgian ruler will be Prince Otto of Windischgraetz, who married Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Archduke Rudolph and his widow, Stephanie, now Countess



PRINCE OTTO OF WINDISCHGRAETZ.

Lonyay, daughter of the late King Leopold. Prince Otto and his wife have three sons, the crown prince was found dead in his hunting lodge beside the body of a beautiful young noblewoman with whom he was infatuated. He had married a daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, but never loved her. One daughter was born to them and she is the wife of Prince Otto.

Princess Elizabeth Marie, wife of Prince Otto of Windischgraetz, is the daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, whose death was one of the most shocking of the many royal tragedies that have marked the reign of Francis Joseph. The crown prince was found dead in his hunting lodge beside the body of a beautiful young noblewoman with whom he was infatuated. He had married a daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, but never loved her. One daughter was born to them and she is the wife of Prince Otto.

GIRL BRIDE WAS TRUE TO BANDIT HUSBAND

Cracksmen's Death Reveals Romance of Ohio Parson's Daughter.

Frank Hohl, who was killed after robbing two banks in Cincinnati last week, probably lived as dare-devil and fearless a life as any bank robber who ever plugged up the nitroglycerin with soap and turned on the electric current. Looting banks and breaking jail composed the routine of his daily life. But in his life of lawlessness there was a romance—a romance which led to the daughter of a Methodist minister, becoming his wife.

The romance was not revealed until yesterday, when Hohl was killed in Cincinnati, having been killed last week when an automobile in which he was rushing away from the scene of his last robbery turned turtle. A subsequent revolver duel with the police resulted in Hohl's death.

The story was revealed last night by Detectives Edward Goggin and Dominick Geigan, of the detective bureau, who have been searching for Hohl ever since Joseph Kaufmann, of 2629 Orchard street, confessed that he aided Hohl rob banks in Homestead and Altoona, Pa., that was four months ago.

Three years ago Hohl stopped blowing the steel doors of bank vaults long enough to court Miss Iva Ormsby, daughter of a Methodist minister in Salem, Ohio. Miss Ormsby was only 17 years old when she met Hohl in a Missouri town where he was stopping and looking over the ground, supposedly preliminary to robbing a bank.

They were married. Soon she learned his occupation. But her love for her bank-robbing husband is said to have been so great that she remained true to him. It was a far cry from the daughter of a minister to the wife of a bank robber, but she kept her secret. Twice during the last few months detectives nearly caught the couple in Chicago. For a time they lived at 4231 Wentworth avenue and later under the name of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson at 2626 North Clark street. While there Hohl was working in a nearby garage, constructing an automobile. They left both places just a few days before the police arrived.

"The Salutation of the Dawn." (Text from the "Sanskrit.") Look to this Day—For it is Life, the very Life of Life. In its brief course lie all the Realities of your Existence; The Bliss of Growth; The Glory of Action;

The Splendor of Vision. For Yesterday is only a Dream; And Tomorrow is only a Vision; But Today, well lived, makes Every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this Day.

FOOLISHNESS.

C. F. Morris. Few carving knives are sharp enough for a fellow that has not the skill.

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

Then he signed to the two men to take up the cabinet, and himself laid a protecting hand upon it as it was carried through the door and down the steps to the van which was backed up to the curb. It was lifted carefully inside, the driver spoke to the horses, and the van rolled slowly away up the avenue.

M. Armand watched it for a moment, then mounted into the cab which was waiting, waved a last farewell to me, and followed after the van. We watched it until it turned westward at the first cross street.

"Mr. Godfrey's occupation will be gone," said Parks, with a little laugh. "He has fairly lived with that cabinet for the past three or four days. He was here last night for quite a while."

"Last night?" I echoed, surprised. "I was sure he would be here today. I added reflecting that Godfrey might have decided to have a final look at the cabinet. He half promised to be here, but I suppose something more important detained him."

The next instant I was jumping down the steps two at a time, for a cab in which two men were sitting came down the avenue, and rolled slowly up to the corner in the direction taken by the van.

And just as it disappeared one of its occupants turned toward me and waved his hand—and I recognized Jim Godfrey.

CHAPTER XIX.

"LA MORT!"

That my legs, without conscious effort of my own, should carry me up the avenue and around the corner after the cab in which I had seen Godfrey was a foregone conclusion, and yet it was with a certain vexation of spirit that I found myself racing along, for I realized that Godfrey had not been enquiring about the cabinet, but that he had dropped no hint of his intention to hold low Armand; but, I told myself, that might very well have been because he deemed such a hint unnecessary. I might have guessed, in spite of his seeming unconcern, the he would not wait for me to pass from his sight; if he had been willing for me to turn it over to Armand, it was only because he expected developments of some sort to follow that transfer.

And it suddenly dawned upon me that even I did not know the cabinet's whereabouts. It had not occurred to me to enquire where Mr. Armand proposed to take it, and he had volunteered no information.

So, after a moment, I took up the chase more contentedly, telling myself that Godfrey would not have waved to me if he had not wanted me along, and I reached the corner in time to see the van turn northward into Sixth avenue. As soon as it and the cabs which followed it were out of sight, I sprinted along the sidewalk at top speed, and, on arriving at the corner, had the satisfaction of seeing them only a little way ahead. Here the congestion of traffic was such that the van could proceed but slowly, and I had no difficulty in keeping pace with it, without the necessity of making myself conspicuous by running. Indeed, I rather hung back, burying myself in the crowds on the sidewalk, for fear that Armand might chance to glance around and see me in pursuit.

I saw that Godfrey and Simmonds had the same fear, for the cab in which they were drew up at the curb and waited there until the van had got a certain distance ahead. At sixteenth street it turned westward again, and then northward into Seventh avenue. What could Armand be doing in this part of town, I asked myself? Did he propose to leave that priceless cabinet in this dingy quarter? And then I paused abruptly and slipped into an alleyway that I turned to the right and stopped some distance ahead and was backing up to the curb.

Looking out discreetly, I saw the cab containing Armand stop also, and that gentleman alighted and paid the driver. The other cab rattled on at a good pace and disappeared up the avenue. Then the two porters lifted out the cabinet, and, with Armand showing them the way, carried it into the building before which the van had stopped.

They were gone perhaps five minutes, from which I argued that they were carrying it upstairs; then they reappeared, with Armand, and went off. He tipped them and went out, also to tip the driver of the van. Then the porters climbed aboard and it rattled away out of sight. Armand stood for a moment on the step, looking up and down the avenue, then disappeared indoors.

An instant later, I saw Godfrey and another man whom I recognized as Simmonds, come out of a shop across the street and dash over to the house into which the cabinet had been taken. They were standing on the door-step when I joined them.

It was a dingy building, entirely typical of the dingy neighborhood. The ground floor was occupied by a laundry which the sign on the front window declared to be French; and the room which the window lighted extended the whole width of the building except for a door which opened presumably on the stairway leading to the upper stories.

Godfrey's face was flaming with excitement as he turned the knob of this door and slipped inside. I followed, and Simmonds came after me like a shadow, closing the door carefully behind him.

Then we all stopped, and my heart, at least, was in my mouth, for, from somewhere overhead, came the sound of a man's voice talking excitedly.

Even in the semi-darkness I could see the look of astonishment and alarm on Godfrey's face, as he stood for a moment motionless, listening to that voice. I also stood with ears a-strain, but I could make nothing of what it was saying; then suddenly I realized that it was speaking in French. And yet it was not Armand's voice—that I was certain.

Fronting us was a narrow stair mounting steeply to the story overhead, and after that moment's amazed hesita-

tion, Godfrey sat down on the bottom step and removed his shoes, motioning me to do the same. Simmonds obeyed phlegmatically, but my hands were trembling so with excitement that I was in mortal terror lest I drop one of my shoes; but I managed to get them both off without mishap, and to set them softly on the floor at the stair foot.

When at last I looked up with a sigh of relief, Godfrey and Simmonds were stealing slowly up the stair, revolver in hand. I followed them, but I confess my knees were knocking together, for there was something weird and chilling in that voice going on and on. It sounded like the voice of a madman; there was something about it at once ferocious and triumphant.

Godfrey paused an instant at the stairhead, listening intently; then he moved cautiously forward toward an open door from which the voice seemed to come, muttering as he went the same time to stay where we were. And as I knelt, bathed in perspiration, I caught one word, repeated over and over:

"Revanche! Revanche! Revanche!" Then the voice fell to a sort of low growling, and a dog barked wildly at its prey, and I caught a sound as of ripping cloth.

Godfrey, on hands and knees, was peering into the room. Then he drew back and motioned us forward.

I shall never forget the sight which met my eyes as I peeped cautiously around the corner of the door.

The room into which I was looking was lighted only by the rays which filtered between the slats of a closed shutter. In the middle of the floor stood the Boule cabinet, and before it, with his back to the door, stood a man ruffling savagely away the strips of burlap in which it had been wrapped, talking to himself the while in a sort of savage sing song, and pausing from moment to moment to glance at a huddled bundle lying on the floor against the opposite wall. For a time, I remained motionless, my face and hands were then, straining my eyes, I saw that it was the body of a man, wrapped round and round in some web-like fabric.

And as I stared at him, I caught the glimmer of his eyes as he watched the glint of his knife as it glided over the ruffling. I could not be mistaken—the same glimmer which had so frightened me once before.

Godfrey drew me back with a firm hand and took my place. As for me, I retreated to the stair and sat there, feverishly rubbing my face and trying to understand. Who was this man? What was he doing there against the wall? What was the meaning of this ferocious scene?

Then my heart leaped into my throat, for Godfrey, with a sharp cry of warning, sprang to his feet and dashed into the room, Simmonds at his heels.

I suppose two seconds elapsed before I reached the threshold, and I stopped there, staring, clutching at the wall to steady myself.

It was so photographed upon my brain that I have only to close my eyes to see it again in every detail. There was the cabinet with its wrappings torn away; but the figure on the floor had disappeared, and before an open doorway into another room stood a man, a man, a man, his hands above his head, his face working with fear and rage, while Godfrey, his lips curling into a mocking smile, pressed a pistol against his breast.

Then, as I stood there staring, it seemed to me that there was a sort of flicker above the man's head and he screamed shrilly.

"La mort!" he shrieked. "La mort!" For one dreadful instant longer he stood there motionless, his hands still held aloft, his eyes staring horribly; then, with a strangle cry, he pitched forward heavily at Godfrey's feet.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ESCAPE.

I have a confused remembrance of Godfrey stooping for an instant above the body, staring at it, and then, with a sharp cry, hurling himself through the open doorway. A door slammed somewhere, there was a sound of running feet, and before either Simmonds or myself understood what was happening, Godfrey was back in the room, crossed it at a bound, and dashed to the door opening into the hall, just as it was slammed in his face.

I saw him tear desperately at the knob, then retreat two steps and hurl himself against it. But it held firm and from the hall outside came a burst of mocking laughter that fairly froze my blood.

"Come here, you fools," cried Godfrey between clenched teeth. "Don't you see he's getting away!"

Simmonds was quicker than I and together they threw themselves at the door. It cracked ominously, but still held; again they tried and this time it split from the bottom. Godfrey kicked the pieces to either side and slipped between them, Simmonds after him.

Then, in a sort of trance, I staggered to it, and after a moment's aimless fumbling was out in the hall again, I reached the stairhead in time to see Godfrey try the front door and then turn along the lower hall leading to the back of the house. An instant later a chorus of frenzied women's shrieks made my hair stand on end.

How I got down the stair I do not know, but too turned back on the lower hall, expecting any instant to come upon I knew not what horror. I reached an open door, passed through it and found myself in the laundry, in the midst of a group of excited and shouting women, who greeted my appearance with a fresh series of screams.

Unable to go farther, I sat limply down upon a box and looked at them. I dare say the figure I made was ridiculous enough, for the screams gave place to subdued giggles, but I was far from thinking of my appearance, or of caring what impression I produced. And I was still sitting there when Godfrey came back, breathing heavily, chagrined and angry in his eyes.

The employees of the laundry, conscious that something extraordinary was occurring, crowded about him, but he elbowed his way through them to the desk where the manager sat. "A crime has been committed upstairs," he said. "This gentleman with me is Mr. Simmonds, of the detective bureau," and at the words Simmonds showed his shield. "We shall have to notify headquarters," Godfrey went on, "and I would advise that you keep your girls at their work. I don't suppose you want to be mixed up in it." "Sure not," agreed the manager

promptly, and while Simmonds went to the phone and called up police headquarters, the manager dismounted from his throne, went down among the girls, and had them back at their work in short order.

Godfrey came over to me and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Why, Lester," he said, "you look as though you were at your last gasp."

"I am," I said. "I'm going to have nervous prostration if this thing keeps up. You'd better not looking particularly happy yourself."

"I am not happy. I've let that fellow kill a man right under my nose—literally, under my nose!—and then get away!"

"Kill a man?" I repeated. "Do you mean—"

"Go upstairs and look at the right hand of the man lying there," said Godfrey, curtly, "and you'll see what I mean!"

I sat staring at him, unable to believe that I had heard aright; unable to believe that Godfrey had really uttered those words. The right hand of the man lying there—that could mean only one thing.

Simmonds joined us with a twisted smile on his lips, and I saw that even he was considerably shaken.

"I got Grady," he said, "and told him what had happened. He says he's too busy to come up, and that I'm to take charge of this case."

Godfrey laughed a little mocking laugh.

"Grady foresees his Waterloo!" he said. "Well, it's not far distant. But I'm glad for your sake, Simmonds—you're going to get some glory out of this thing, yet!"

"I hope so," and Simmonds' eyes gleamed an instant. "The ambulance will be around at once," he added. "We'd better get our shoes on, and go back upstairs, and see if anything can be done for that fellow."

"There can't anything be done for him," said Godfrey wearily; "but it'd better have a look at him, I guess, and he led the way out into the hall."

Not until Simmonds spoke did I remember that I was shoeless. Now I sat down beside Godfrey, got fumblingly into my shoes again, and then followed him and Simmonds slowly up the stair.

I thought I knew what was passing in Godfrey's mind; he was blaming himself for this latest tragedy; he was telling himself that he should have foreseen and prevented it; he always blamed himself in that way when things went wrong—and then, to have the murderer slip through his very fingers! I could not guess what a mighty shock that had been to his self-confidence!

The latest victim was lying where he had fallen, just inside the doorway leading into the inner room. Simmonds stepped to the window, threw open the shutters, and let a flood of afternoon sunshine into the room. Then he knelt beside the body, and held up the limp right hand for us to see.

Just above the knuckles were two tiny incisions, with a drop or two of blood oozing away from them, and the flesh about them swollen and discolored.

"I knew what it was the instant he yelled 'La mort!'" said Godfrey quietly. "And he knew what it was the instant he felt the stroke. It is evident enough that he had seen it used before, or heard of it, and knew that it meant instant death."

I sat down, staring at the dead man, and tried to collect my senses. So this fiendish criminal, who slew with no remorse, had been lurking in Vantine's house, and had struck down first Drouet and then the master of the house himself! But why—why! It was incredible, astounding, my brain reeled at the thought. And yet it must be true.

I looked again at the third victim, and saw a man roughly dressed, with bushy black hair and tangled beard; a very giant of a man, whose physical strength must have been enormous—and yet it had availed him nothing against that tiny pin-prick on the hand!

And then a sudden thought brought me bolt upright. "But Armand!" I cried. "Where is Armand?"

Godfrey looked at me with a half-pitying smile. "What, Lester?" he said, "don't you understand, even yet? It was your conceit, Mr. Armand who did that," and he pointed to the dead man.

I felt as though I had been struck a heavy blow upon the head; black circles whirled before my eyes.

"Go over to the window," said Godfrey, peremptorily, "and get some fresh air."

Mechanically I obeyed, and stood clinging to the window sill, gazing down at the busy street, where the tide of humanity was flowing up and down, all unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted so close at hand. And, in the calmness of those few moments, the sight of the world going quietly along as usual, restored me a portion of my self control. But even yet I did not understand.

"Was it Armand," I asked, turning back into the room, "who lay there in the corner?"

"Certainly it was," Godfrey answered. "Who else could it be?"

(Continued next week.)

The Year's End.

From the Saturday Evening Post. We come to the end of the year with cost of living decidedly below the mid-August peak, money easier, business better. On the material side we have fairly digested the war shock and adjusted ourselves to the big change it caused in trade currents. From being a thing of incalculable potentialities it has become a factor the effect of which, for the time being, we can count on with considerable assurance. We again have that tolerably stable outlook which is essential to business progress. There is a better feeling and we are on better terms with ourselves. Probably there will be no more experimental legislation for an indefinite period. The November elections, by reestablishing a fairly even balance between the two big parties, tend to put politics on its best behavior.

On the largest view, confidence has been deeply wounded because civilized mankind has fallen under a staggering indictment, the validity of which no one can question. It is as though, amid a wretched discussion of trade and politics, several of the participants suddenly rose and blew out their brains. The survivors have the old problems of trade and politics to deal with, in much the same way, but they can not help being deeply disconcerted.

As a reaction from that, every citizen of the United States may feel more vitally than ever before how fortunate among nations this nation is. His citizenship is an asset that is now tangibly worth life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to him. No merely theoretical or debatable advantages now mark the difference between citizenship in America and in Europe. The difference is measurable in concrete terms of life, limb, freedom and further his real interests, and security in his possessions.

Pondering that in humble gratitude, Americans may well go into the new year with high courage.

The Wise Office Boy.

From the Indianapolis News. Mr. Lynch called again this morning, said the new office boy as Mr. Wilson entered the office. "What do you call you tell him I had gone to California as I told you, Frank?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He asked when you would be back and I said, 'After lunch.'"

I Took Cold It Settled In My Kidneys.

I Used Peruna. Am all Right Now. I owe my Health to Peruna.



Mrs. Anna Linder, R. F. D. 5, Dassel, Meeker Co., Minn., writes: "For two years I suffered with that terrible disease, chronic catarrh. Fortunately, I saw your advertisement in my paper. I got your advice, and I took Peruna. Now I am well and the mother of two children. I owe it all to Peruna. I would not be without that great tonic for twice its cost, for I am well and strong now. I cannot speak in too high terms of its value as a medicine."

The Censor.

The Washington Star relates that Mayor Baker of Cleveland, in defense of a political movement that had been attacked, said the other day:

"It's an honest movement and a straightforward movement, and they who attack it are as censorious as the Seabright old maid."

"A Seabright old maid was talking to a sunburned college boy on the beach. A pretty girl passed and the old maid said:

"There goes Minnie Summers. You took her to the hop last evening, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the college boy, and he added politely: "As I was taking leave of Miss Summers after the hop it dawned upon me—"

"It dawned!" said the old maid. "You kept her out till dawn! That's what these new dances lead up to!"

OVERWORK AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning in the stem of the Bladder, which was sore and had a constant hurting all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffing and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and



J. McDaniel. Rheumatic pains. I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

No Room for a Third.

Ex-President Taft was on one occasion in consultation with Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania. Now, as everybody knows, Mr. Taft is gigantic and the senator is taller and weighs more than any other member of the senate.

While the two were in earnest conversation an aggressive politician endeavored to enter the room, but an alert secretary politely interfered.

"What are they doing in there?" asked the politician, inquisitively.

This pertinent question nettled the secretary and he answered tersely:

"Holding a mass meeting, I presume."

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Hadn't Noticed It.

Tomdix—Your wife is certainly out spoken, isn't she?

Hojax—Not that I know of. I never met any one who could outspoke her.

Life is made up of surprises. Have you ever noticed that the things that don't seem possible happen so often?