

The Panmaha. The latest novelty in fans has the outer sticks gradually and definitely widening and elaborately carved. In the cheaper priced fans of ostrich feathers the lack of length and abundance of the filaments are counteracted by marked crispness at the edges. Fans from the two great centers of France and Austria thus early in the season disclose smaller proportions. The fans of last season ran from 12 to 17 inches.

It is because persons who once try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, always buy it again, that its sales have become so enormous. The success of this great remedy in curing cold, cough, croup and sore throat is simply marvelous.



ASSIST NATURE
A little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure is the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help lasts.

The Peppermint Cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belching, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill" to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from over-eating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer because of paying him a better profit, but it is not the one who needs help.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and leads to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectively cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island B. R. IS THE SHORTEST and QUICKEST LINE TO ALL PORTS NORTH WEST AND EAST SOUTH

And in connection with the Union Pacific System IS THE FAVORITE ROUTE TO California, Oregon and all Western Ports. For information regarding rates, etc., call on or address any agent of the B. & O. R. R. M. F. ROBINSON, JR., Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen'l. Manager, St. Joseph, Mo.

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FLORIDA MONTHLY illustrated Tampa, Full set for sale. Also Florida Pictures, etc. One year and 12 Florida Pictures, 25c.

Consumptive and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Ely's Cream Balm. It has no harmful ingredients and does not irritate the most sensitive parts.

KORONG.

A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

By slow degrees the evening wore on, and night approached the last night that remained to them. Felix had decided to make his attempt about one in the morning. The moon was nearly full now, and there would be plenty of light, supposing he succeeded. If they gained nothing else, they would gain at least a day or two's respite.

As dusk set in, and they sat by the door of the hut, they were all surprised to see Lia approach the precinct stealthily through the jungle, accompanied by two of Tu-Kila-Kila's Eyes, yet apparently on some strange and friendly message. She beckoned imperiously with one finger to Toko to cross the line. The shadow rose, and without one word of explanation went out to speak to her. The woman gave her message in short, sharp sentences. "We have found out all," she said, breathing hard. "Fire and Water have learned it. But Tu-Kila-Kila himself knows nothing. We have found out that the King of the Rain has discovered the secret of the Great Taboo. He heard it from the Soul of all dead parrots. Tu-Kila-Kila's Eyes saw and learned and understood. But they said nothing to Tu-Kila-Kila. For my course was wise: I planned that they should not, with Fire and Water, Fire and Water and all the people of Boupari think, with me, the time has come that there should arise among us a new Tu-Kila-Kila. This new one let his blood all out upon the dust of the ground. His luck has gone we have need of another."

"Then for what have you come?" Toko asked, all awestruck. It was terrible to him for a woman to meddle in such high matters.

"I have come," Lia answered, laying her hand on his arm, and holding her face close to his with profound solemnity. "I have come to say to the King of the Rain, 'Whatever you do, that do quickly.' To-night I will engage to kiss Tu-Kila-Kila in his temple. He shall see nothing. He shall know nothing. I know not the Great Taboo; but I know from him this much—that if by wile or guile I keep him one in his temple to-night the King of the Rain may fight with him in single combat; and if the King of the Rain conquers in the battle, he becomes himself the home of the great deity."

She nodded thrice, with her hands on her forehead, and withdrew so stealthily as she had come through the jungle. The Eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila falling into line, remained behind, and kept watch upon the hut with the closest apparent scrutiny.

More than ever they were hemmed in by mystery on mystery.

The shadow went back and reported to Felix. Felix, turning it over in his own mind, wondered and debated. Was this true, or a trap to lure him to destruction?

As the night wore on, and the hour drew nigh, Muriel sat beside her friend and lover, in blank despair and agony. How could she ever allow him to leave her now? How could she venture to remain alone with Mall in her hut in this last extremity? It was awful to be so glib with mysterious omens. "I must go with you, Felix. I must go too," she cried over and over again. "I don't remain behind with all these awful men. And then, if he kills either of us, he will kill us at least both together."

But Felix knew he might do nothing of the sort. A more terrible chance was still in reserve. He might spare Muriel. And against this awful possibility he felt it his duty now to guard at all hazards.

"No, Muriel," he said, kissing her pale hand. "I must go alone. You can't go with me. If I return, we will have gained at least a respite, till the Australasian may turn up. If I don't, you will at any rate have strength of mind left to swallow the poison, before Tu-Kila-Kila comes to claim you."

Hour after hour passed by slowly, and Felix and the shadow watched the stars at the door, to know when the hour for the attempt had arrived. The eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila, peering in from just beyond the line, saw them watching all the time, but gave no sign or token of disapproval. With heads bent low, and tangled hair about their faces, they stood like statues, watching, watching, silently. Were they only waiting till he moved, Felix wondered; and would they then hasten off by short routes through the jungle to warn their master of the impending conflict?

At last the hour came when Felix felt sure there was the greatest chance of Tu-Kila-Kila sleeping soundly in his hut, and forgetting the defense of the sacred banyan tree. He rose from his feet with a gesture of silence, and moved forward to Muriel. The poor girl hung herself, all tears into his arms. "Oh, Felix, Felix," she cried, "redeem your promise now. Kill us both here together, and then, at least, I shall never be separated from you! It wouldn't be wrong, it can't be wrong! We would surely be forgiven if we did it only to escape falling into the hands of these terrible savages!"

Felix clasped her to his bosom with a faltering heart. "No, Muriel," he said, slowly. "Not yet. Not yet. I must leave no opening on earth, nor beyond which I can possibly, or conceivably be taken from me to leave you here. It is as hard for me to leave you, as it is for you to be left out or your own dear sake, I must steel myself. I must do it."

He kissed her many times over. He wiped away her tears. Then, with a gentle movement, he untwined her clasping arms. "You must let me go, my own darling," he said. "You must let me go, without crossing the border. If you pass beyond the taboo-line to-night, Heaven only knows what, perhaps, may happen to you. We must give these people no handle of offense. Good night, Muriel, my own heart's wife; and if I never come back, then good-bye forever."

She clung to his arm still. He disentangled himself, gently. The shadow rose at the same moment, and followed in silence to the open door. Muriel rushed after them, wildly. "Oh, Felix, Felix, come back!" she cried, bursting tears. "Come back and let me die with you! Let me die! Let me die with you!"

Felix crossed the white line without one word of reply, and went forth into the night, half unmanned by this effort. Muriel sank, where she stood, into Mall's arms. The girl caught her and supported her. But before she had faintly quite away, Muriel had time vaguely to see and note one significant fact. The Eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila, who stood watching the huts with lynx-like care, nodded twice to Toko, the Shadow, as he passed between them; then they stealthily turned and dogged the two men's footsteps as if in the jungle.

Muriel was left by herself in the hut, face to face with Mall. "Let us pray, Mall," she cried, seizing her shadow's hand. "Let us pray to our God, that he will help us!"

Mall moved suddenly by some half-illuminated impulse, exclaimed in concert, in a terrified voice, "Let us pray to Methodist God in Heaven!"

For her life, too, hung on the issue of that rash endeavor.

CHAPTER XXVII.
A STRANGE ALLEY.

In Tu-Kila-Kila's temple-hut, meanwhile, the jealous, revengeful god, enshrined among his skeletons, was having in his turn an anxious and doubtful time of it. Ever since his sacred blood had stained the dust of earth by the Frenchman's cottage and in his own temple, Tu-Kila-Kila, for all his bluster, had been deeply stirred and terrified in his inmost soul by that unlucky portent. A savage even if he be a god, is always superstitious. Could it be that his own time was, indeed, drawing nigh? That he who had remorselessly killed and eaten so many hundreds of human victims, was himself so far fallen prey to some more successful competitor? Had the white-faced stranger, the King of the Rain, really learned the secret of the Great Taboo from the Soul of all dead parrots? Did that mysterious bird speak the tongue of these new fire-bearing Korongs, whose doom was fixed by the approaching soul of Tu-Kila-Kila? He wondered and doubted. His suspicions were keen and deep, and so late that a giggle still lurked by these credulous banyan-tree, and when at last he retired to his own inner temple, white with the grinning skulls of the victims he had devoured, it was with strict injunctions to Fire and Water, and to his Eyes that watch there, to bring word at once of any projected aggression on the part of the stranger.

Within the temple-hut, however, Lia awaited the word for a while. The beautiful, supple, satin-skinned Polynesian, looked more beautiful and more treacherous than ever that fateful evening. Her great brown limbs, smooth and glossy as pearls, were set off by a narrow girdle or waist-band of green and scarlet leaves, twined so artfully around her. Armlets of nautilus shell threw up the salubrious gleam of her soles, and a gold chain, singly and shrouded, her bosom was bare or but half-hidden by the crimson hibiscus that nestled voluptuously upon it.

As Tu-Kila-Kila entered, she lifted her large eyes, and, smiling, showed two even rows of pearly white teeth. "My master has come," she cried, holding up both his arms with a gesture to welcome him. "The great god has taken his care of the world for a while. All goes well. He leaves his sun to shine, and his stars to shine, and he returns to rest on the unworthy bosom of his mate, his meat, that is honored to love him."

Tu-Kila-Kila was scarcely just then in a mood for banter. "The Queen of the Clouds come hither to-morrow," he answered, casting a somewhat contemptuous glance at Lia's more dusky and solid charms. "I go to seek her with the wedding gifts early in the morning. Even when she shall be here, and after that," he lifted his tomahawk and brought it down on a huge block of wood significantly.

Ula smiled once more, that deep, treacherous smile of hers, and showed her white teeth even deeper than ever. "If my lord, the great god, rises so early to-morrow," she said, sidling up toward him volitionally, "to seek one more bride for his sacred temple, all the more reason he should take his rest and sleep soundly to-night. Is he not a god? Are not his limbs tired? Does he not need divine silence and slumber?"

Tu-Kila-Kila pouted. "I could sleep more soundly," he said with a snort. "If I knew what my enemy, the Korong, is doing. I have set my eyes to watch him, yet I do not feel secure. They are not to be trusted. I shall be happier far when I have killed and eaten him!" Even when he spoke he shall be a great sense of security toward your enemy, no doubt, when you know that he slumbers, well digested, within you.

Ula raised herself on her elbow, and gazed snake-like into his face. "My lord's eyes are everywhere," she said, reverently, with every mark of respect. "He sees and knows all things. Who can hide anything on earth from him? Even when he is asleep, his eyes watch us for him. Then why should the great god, the Messenger of Heaven and Earth, the King of Men, fear a white-faced stranger? To-morrow the Queen of the Clouds will be yours, and the stranger will be abased; ha, ha, he will grieve at it! To-night, Fire and Water keep guard and watch over you. Whoever would hurt you, must pass through Fire and Water before he can reach your door. Fire would burn. Water would drown. This is a Great Taboo. No stranger dare face it!"

Tu-Kila-Kila lifted himself up in his throned mood. "If he did," he cried, swelling himself, "I would smite him to ashes with one flash of my eyes. I would scorch him to a cinder with one stroke of my lightning!"

Ula smiled again, a well-satisfied smile. She was working her man up. "Tu-Kila-Kila is great," she repeated slowly. "All earth obeys him. All heaven fears him."

The savage took her hand with a doubtful air. "And yet," he said, toying with it, half irresolute, when I went to the white-faced stranger's hut this morning, he did not speak fairly. He answered me insolently. His words were bold. He talked to me as one talks to a man, not to a great god. Ula, I wonder if he knows my secret?"

Ula started back in well affected horror. "A white-faced stranger from the sun know your secret. O great king!" she cried, hiding her face in a square of cloth. "See me beat my breast! Impossible! Impossible! No one of your subjects would dare to rank himself so great a taboo. It would be tantamount to blaspheming. If they did, your anger would utterly consume them."

"That is true," Tu-Kila-Kila said, practically. "But I might not discover it. I am a very great god. My eyes are everywhere. No corner of the world is hid from my gaze. All the concerns of heaven and earth are my care. And therefore, sometimes, I overlook some detail."

"No man alive would dare to tell the Great Taboo," Lia repeated confidently. "Why, even I myself, who am the most favored of your wives, and who am permitted to bask in the light of your presence, even I, Ula—I do not know it. How much less, then, the spirit from the sun, the sailing god, the white-faced stranger?"

Tu-Kila-Kila pursed up his brow and looked preternaturally wise, as the savage loves to do. "But the parrot," he cried. "The soul of all dead parrots! He knew the secret. They say I smite him myself in an ancient day, many, many years ago when no man now living was born, save only I in another incarnation—and he may have told it. For the strangers, they say, speak the language of birds; and in the language of birds I tell the Great Taboo to him."

Ula pook-pooked the mighty man-god's fears. "No, no," she cried with confidence. "He can never have told them. If he had, would not your eyes that watch ever for all that happens on heaven or earth, have straightway reported it to you? The parrot died without yielding up the tale. Were it otherwise, Toko, who loves and worships you, would surely have told me."

The man-god poked his brows slightly, as if he liked not the security. "Well, somehow," Lia said, feeling her soft brown arms with his divine hand, slowly, "I have always had my doubts since that day the Soul of all dead parrots bit me. A vicious bird. What did he mean by his bite?" He lowered his voice and looked at her fixedly. "Did not his spilling my blood portend," he asked, with a shudder of fear, "that through that ill-omened bird I, who was once Lavita, should cease to be Tu-Kila-Kila?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Note of Kindness.

An English woman living in the town of Bergen in Norway during many years, was in the habit of preparing every Christmas an English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, to which she invited all of the English sailors who happened to be in the port at that time.

The sailors ate, drank, and were merry, and we hope went on their way better men, as everybody should be better for the touch of kindness given to cheer the hours of life.

But that was not the only result of her gentle deed.

An American woman happened to be in Bergen on Christmas, heard of this dinner, and coming home to America gave an account of it to some of her friends.

They all listened with pleasure; but one said, "why cannot we do likewise?"

They were all ready to follow. They all lived in a large seaport town. When the next winter came they formed themselves into a Scandinavian dinner club, and gave much time to the concoction of hitherto unknown dishes.

They sought out all the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish sailors in port, and invited them to a home dinner on Christmas day. The room was gaily decorated with evergreen and their national flags; the band played their own music and on the table were their own home dishes, chief among which were Risengrodt (rice porridge), and Leit fisk (cod fish).

It was not costly hospitality, but it was given and received with hearty good will. The men who probably would have spent the day drinking in taverns were reminded of their homes, their wives, and children, and of the holy purpose of the day.

It is not the song of one bird that cheers the summer morning, but it is the song caught up and echoed from every field and forest, until the air is turned into music.

This little note of kindness has been echoed once. Can it go farther?—
—Youth's Companion.

The Girl of To-day.

Every few days some apology for manhood with more brass than brains jumps up with an essay on girls. This abominable class of literature always begins with a sneer and ends with a kick. A distinct (a or of) sound permeates it. The genuine girl is absolutely unassailable. Nobody understands her; she doesn't understand herself. She is a delightful bundle of contradictions. As wise as a serpent, she is as innocent as any sucking dove. She is modest as a violet and sweet as a barrel of molasses. She is as rosy as an Indian summer partridge. She knows something about the piano and lots about making biscuit. She is tender with her sweetheart and sets the door on the other fellow. She is an armful of delights, and blessed is the youth she takes into partnership in wearing out the sofa. She is a daisy and a dumpling, and in all of God's created creation there is nothing worthy to be named in the same breath with her. Them's our sentiments, and the man who differs with us has treason in his soul and bile on his liver.—
Glasgow Times.

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The Little Helpers.
The Little Helpers is the title of a clut of young women in Dunkirk whose members were for the poor. The name is scarcely appropriate now, but it was entirely fitting when the club was formed. Years ago, when the present members were little girls, they formed a sewing class. Later they made articles for poor people, and they have kept on until now they are all young women, but their townfolk still know them as the Little Helpers.

Announcing Baby's Birth.
To announce the birth of a baby the visiting card of the mother should be sent to relatives and friends, with the tiny card of the infant attached by narrow white ribbon to the upper left-hand corner. In the past the name of the child was engraved upon the card, but later form dictates simply: "A Little Son" or "Daughter," with the date of birth added. This leaves the name with opportunity of change until christening.

A Pretty English Fashion.
One of the prettiest of English fashions is that of painting the name and the favorite flower of the owner on his pet chair. A chair seen recently in a charming home was beautifully individualized by this treatment. It was a low seat sewing chair that had belonged to the grandmother of its present owner, and it is as strong today as it was 70 years ago. This clever girl gave it three coats of white enamel paint, then gilded the two balls terminating the two side posts. On the top seat across the back she painted La France roses, her favorites. On the middle seat she inscribed her name, "Mary," in up and down English writing, and on the bottom seat were old fashioned pinks, her grandmother's posies. The cushion of the seat was pink india silk, with a pattern of delicate green leaves, tied on with ribbons of two colors. The photograph and the blossoms stamped the chair with an unique individuality, and it was altogether quite as "fretting" as those seen across the water.—
New York News.

Hints about Pickling.
Pickles should be kept well covered with vinegar, and not be used for a month after making. They are better still when a year old.

Dip the jelly bag in boiling water and wring it out as dry as possible before use; this saves loss of fruit juice from soaking into the cloth.

In all pickling and preserving, use only granite ware or porcelain-lined kettles. All metals are liable to be dangerously attacked by the acids.

Household Hints.
Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

A very fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink.

Sweet oil will renew patent leather tips. Rub over surface with bit of cotton batting dipped in the oil.

Corks may be made air and water-tight by keeping them for five minutes entirely immersed in melted paraffine.

Some cooks add to the water in which rice is to be boiled the juice of a lemon. It is said to whiten, lighten and separate the grains.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"My little boy, fourteen years old had a terrible scrofula humor on his neck. A friend I have said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine and the result has been that the humor has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief. Mrs. I. H. HOOD, 123 Throldike St., Lowell, Mass.

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