

A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desiccated of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

THE WEAK POINT.



Scallion—Don't know how to court the girl? Well, my boy, you just tell her that you know she despises "jolly" and is the one woman in the world who can't be flattered.

Spalligan—Well?

"That sort of guff will flatter her!"

The Backerologist.

A Richmond dandy chanced to meet on the street a friend who complained of much "misery." Indeed, the afflicted one was in despair, so "tucker-out" was he.

"What is your father?" asked the latter.

"E's me father."

"Yes, but what is he?"

"Oh! E's me stepfather."

"Yes, yes, but what does he do?"

"O-o-w!" exclaims the small applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im"—London Answers.

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl from him, thus the police discover that Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer, and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and her. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

His voice must have carried to the animal; he heard a whine, the quick padding of paws, and a huge Scotch collie bounded clumsily out of the mist, passed him within an arm's length, sniffed and returned, whining and circling nose to ground, as if confused and unable to locate him. He watched the animal, half-stupefied with wonder at its erratic actions; then unconsciously moved slightly. A pebble grated beneath his foot. The dog wheeled toward him instantly and sniffed at attention, a forepaw lifted, ears pricked forward, delicate nostrils expanding and contracting as he sniffed for the scent of man.

"Here, boy, here!" Coast called softly; and the next moment had the animal fawning upon him, alternately cringing at his feet and jumping up to muzzle his legs and hands, as if they were his own master's.

"Good boy! Steady now! So-so!" Puzzled by this demonstrative reception, Coast bent over the animal, trying to soothe it with voice and hand. It was plainly in a state of high excitement and evidently deeply grateful for his sympathetic toleration. He caught the finely modulated head between his palms, lifting up the muzzle. "Come, now," he said in a soothing tone, "let's have a look at you, old fellow. Good old boy—it's all right now—steady. Why, the poor brute's blind!"

For as his eyes rolled up he saw that they were blank and lightless, the irides masked with a film of white.

"Cataract," he said, releasing the dog. "That's why he couldn't see me." I wondered. Hello, what now?

Comforted and reassured, the dog had drawn away and resumed its mysterious circling, nosing the earth with anxious whinnings. Abruptly it paused, tense, like a frame quivering, then made off at a rapid trot in the direction whence it had appeared. A moment later the heartrending howl wailed out again.

Almost unwillingly Coast followed, serving himself against the discovery he feared to make.

Half a dozen steps, and he almost fell over the dog. He recoiled with a cry of horrified consternation.

their lives. Seeing before him the one being in the world dear to him beyond expression, the one being irrevocably lost to him, he divined anew with bitter clarity the bridgeless gulf that yawned between them.

It was inevitable that the woman should in time become sensitive to his proximity. Though wholly unaware of his approach, though thoroughly assured that she was alone, a feeling of uneasiness affected her. She resisted it subconsciously and strove to continue the line of thought which had engaged her; but without effect. Then she turned her head, and threw a flickering glance toward the house; the shadow of his figure lay upon the boundary of her vision. She swung quickly to face him, suppressing a cry. Their eyes focussed to one another, his burning, her successively a-swim with astonishment, incredulity and consternation. For a long moment, during which neither moved or spoke, while she grew pale and yet more pale and he flushed darkly, their questioning glances crossed and re-crossed like swords at play.

From Katherine's eyes a woman's soul gazed forth, experienced, mature, inured to sadness, gently brave; where had been the eager, questioning, apprehensive, daring spirit of a girl. He who had suffered and lived could see that she in no less degree had lived and suffered since that evening when last he had seen her beneath the street lights, bending forward from the seat of her town-car to bid him farewell. Life is not kind; Life had not been kind to her. If he had endured, she likewise had endured, in another way, perhaps, but in no less measure. She, too, had seen the splendid tapestry of her illusions rent to tatters by Life's implacable hand.

For this one man alone was answerable—Blackstock.

Of a sudden, on the echo of that name in his brain, Coast's hatred of the man, the animosity that had hard-

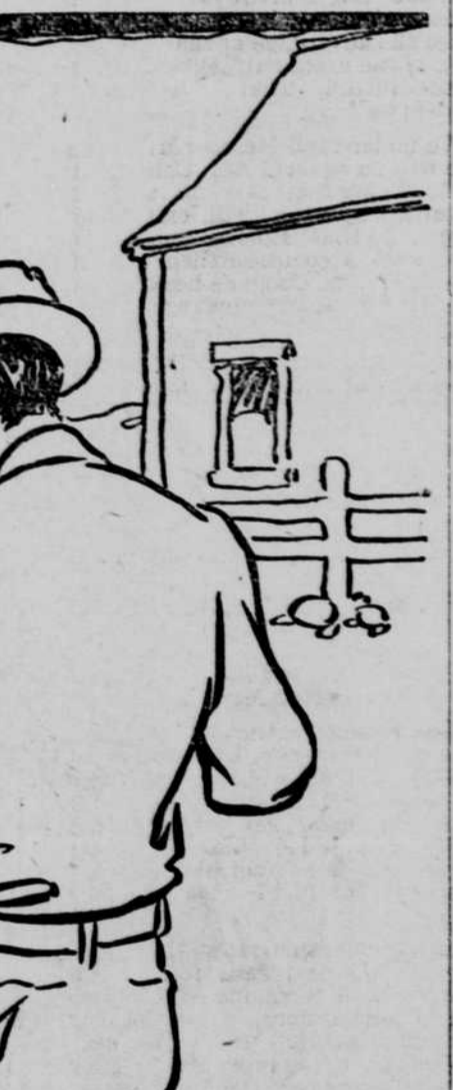
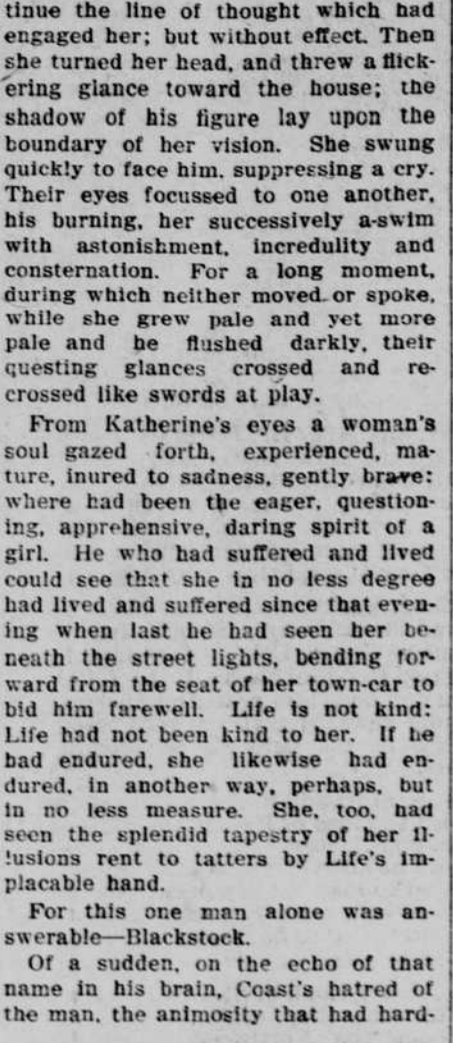
ened to inexorable enmity in the crucible of his passion, recurved with tenfold strength and nearly overmastered him. It is only the ruin their own deeds have wrought that men can view complacently.

He stepped forward a single pace, with an unconscious gesture as one who tears from his throat that which hinders free respiration. "Where," he demanded without preface or apology, in a voice so thick and hoarse he hardly knew it for his own—"Where is he?"

He saw her recoil from his advance, but whether from fear or repugnance he could not guess. When she replied it was with evident difficulty.

"He?"

Impatient, he waved aside what seemed a palpable quibble; she must know very well what he meant. "What are you doing here, in this place, alone? Why did he leave you here?" He moved nearer, his voice rising to vehemence. "Why are you here, Katherine?"



The Man Had Been Murdered.

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

How Grant Made First Speech

Persuaded by Rawlins, He Addressed a Meeting Near Galena to Recruit Company After the Attack on Sumter.

When General Grant became president on March 4, 1869, he made John A. Rawlins secretary of war. Shortly after he had become a major of a volunteer Illinois regiment in the first year of the civil war, Rawlins resigned that post in order to assume the duties of assistant adjutant general on General Grant's staff. From then on until the close of the war, Rawlins served on Grant's staff. He was the youngest of all the men who served with the great commander, but, nevertheless, he was one of Grant's closest advisers in military matters. He also was his chief's intimate friend; and it was most natural for Grant, when he knew for a certainty that he would be called upon to make up a cabinet, to turn to General Rawlins as the one man to fill the office of secretary of war. But that post General Rawlins occupied for a few months only. He had contracted consumption as the result of exposure during the war, and in September, 1869, he died.

One afternoon in 1901 I met the late General A. C. Chetlain, then of Chicago, who, as a resident of Galena, Ill., in 1861, had enlisted in the first company of volunteers that left Grant's home town in defense of the Union. I asked General Chetlain if he had known well General Rawlins, who was a resident of Galena at the time of the war.

"Indeed I did," was the reply, "and I remember well the intimacy that existed between him and Grant prior to the outbreak of the war. I have only to shut my eyes now and see them in memory as they sit together in Grant's father's leather store earnestly discussing political questions, and, most earnestly of all, the one great question of the day—would there be war between north and south?"

"But though they often differed on other questions, on the question of the possibility of war they were fully agreed; and of all the men who gathered in the leather store from time to time to talk the matter over they were the only two who felt that war was surely coming and that it would be a prolonged struggle. Rawlins thought that it would take as much as five years to overcome the south, while Grant would declare that no one could tell how long it would take to do that. And then they would have a time of it trying to convince their fellow citizens that they were wrong in the belief that, if war did come, the north

Poet Who Peddled a Classic

William Cullen Bryant Had a Hard Time Finding a Publisher for Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

One of the great sea classics of English literature is Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s "Two Years Before the Mast." As is well known, the book was the outcome of a voyage that its author made as a common sailor around the Horn and up the Pacific coast in the fifties of the last century. He left college to make the trip in the hope that the hardy life on the deep would cure his weakened eyesight, caused by an attack of measles. His father, Richard Henry Dana, the poet, was fully able to send his son on a health seeking sea voyage as a passenger, even on one extending around the world. But young Dana, as a lad, had conceived a great fascination for the sea, and it was his own idea that he sail before the mast. At that time he was still in his teens.

Young Dana wrote the story of his experience as a sailor partly on shipboard and partly after he returned to his home. The story finished, he showed the manuscript to his father.

"The old gentleman was delighted with it," said the late Col. George Bliss, for many years a prominent politician of New York state, and an intimate friend of the Dana family. "He was so delighted with it that about the first thing he did after reading it was to hunt up his warm friend, William Cullen Bryant, and give him the manuscript to read. Bryant grew almost as enthusiastic over the story as the boy's father had done, and when Dana, Sr., asked Bryant if he could find a publisher for the story, Bryant gladly replied that he would make every effort to do so, since he

considered the book a second 'Robinson Crusoe,' and was equally sure that it would net its writer and its publisher each a fine profit.

"Bryant entered upon his love's errand with great enthusiasm. But publisher after publisher refused to be tempted by the poet's enthusiastic praise of the story. They could see nothing in the book, they said, that would attract the public to it.

"At last Bryant carried the manuscript to Fletcher Harper. He told Harper what he had told other publishers about the book; among other things saying that though it was the work of a mere boy, it was, nevertheless, in his opinion, a second 'Robinson Crusoe.' Harper was decidedly reluctant at first to give the book any serious consideration, but at last he told Mr. Bryant that he would buy the manuscript outright, including the copyright, provided he did not have to pay over three hundred dollars for it.

"Bryant, remembering what he had been through, thought that was a pretty fair bargain and he let Fletcher Harper have the manuscript for two hundred and fifty dollars, I believe, and twenty-five copies of the book. You know the hit that the book made in this country as soon as it was published. And it was the first American work to be widely translated. If Harper had accepted it on a royalty basis that would have meant a small fortune for young Dana. But Dana never regretted that he did not reap a fortune out of the book. He was satisfied with the fame that the story brought him—much more satisfied than he would have been with any pecuniary success."

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"Well, at the appointed time Rawlins and Captain Grant drove out to the suburb, and Rawlins told me afterwards that he made a brief speech and then introduced Captain Grant, saying that the captain had already served in the United States army in Mexico and was therefore more competent than any civilian to address a meeting called to secure recruits. You know how backward the captain is except before his friends," said Rawlins. "Well, without the slightest hesitation he stood upon the rostrum and made a very plain and simple but earnest speech, about 15 minutes in length. After he had finished four or five of the farmer boys came forward and said that they would, on the following day, come to our recruiting office in Galena and enlist."

"So it was John Rawlins who induced Grant to make his first speech; and it was Grant's success as a speaker in that little village which led to our making him chairman of the great mass meeting which a day or two later was held in our Galena public hall." (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Arthur Wanted Western Man

Story of a Chat With Him Just Before the Convention at Which He Was Nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

One day in the first week of June, 1881, I was compelled to wait at the railway station at Albany, N. Y., for a train from the west that was reported two hours late. The day was warm, and the station platform was almost deserted except by employes.

At last I heard a step approaching and, looking up, saw Gen. Chester A. Arthur. He carried a gripsack, which he set down in order to remove his hat and wipe from his forehead the profuse perspiration which the heat of the day had brought out.

General Arthur seldom failed to recognize any one with whom he had acquaintance, even the slightest, and his greeting of me, therefore, was most cordial.

"I suppose you are on your way to Chicago, general?" I asked, having in mind the fact that the Republican national convention was about to convene in that city.

"Yes," he replied. "I am to take here the special train that is running from New York city. I came up to Albany yesterday to attend to some personal business and to visit my sister, Mrs. McElroy, whom I have not seen for some time." She was the sister, who, a little over a year later, was to

become mistress of the White House. As we paced up and down the platform, General Arthur, whose train also was late, spoke with great frankness of the probable result of the balloting for the presidential candidate.

"I doubt," said he—and he was one of Roscoe Conkling's staunch supporters in the Grant third term movement—"I doubt whether we shall be able to secure the nomination of General Grant. Judge William C. Robertson of this state seems to have his bolting delegates well in hand, and I am convinced that the delegates from Pennsylvania who have stated that they will not support Grant's nomination will stick to that determination. All this looks to me as if Grant cannot be nominated."

"In case you do not nominate General Grant," I asked, "who, then, is likely to be the choice of the convention?"

"No, not Blaine. But for him Grant would be nominated. If Grant can't be nominated, Blaine can't be."

"Does that mean a dark horse?" I asked. "Or John Sherman?" Sherman was an avowed candidate.

General Arthur looked at me queerly for a moment before replying.

"Do you really think that the New York delegation would support the nomination of Sherman in view of what has happened?" he asked. He referred to the fact that it was John Sherman, who, as secretary of the treasury under Hayes, had caused Arthur's removal from the office of collector of the port of New York—an act that greatly angered the New York organization.

"For myself I should like to see some one nominated from one of the states west of the Mississippi river if we can not nominate General Grant," Arthur continued.

"The temptation will be great, General Arthur," I said. "To publish the fact that you, and presumably your friends, have some Republican who lives west of the Mississippi in mind as second choice in case you cannot nominate General Grant."

"It wouldn't do at all," he replied, hastily; "it would mix everything all up."

"Well," I said, "in case you nominate a far western man for president, the convention will probably come east for its candidate for vice-president."

General Arthur smiled. "The vice-presidency is so remote a contingency until the candidate for president is nominated that we haven't given it a moment's thought," he said. "Almost any good Republican who lives in the east would make a good candidate for vice-president. Personally, I should be inclined to name some one from Pennsylvania or New England, but the matter at this time is not worth a moment's consideration."

That was the attitude of the man who a few days later was himself to be nominated for vice-president and who, as we paced the platform together, tacitly admitted to me that he was contemplating his election on the following winter as United States senator from New York to succeed Francis Kernan.

Who General Arthur's far western choice for the presidential nomination was I never learned.

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Women can't think, but they sugar the brains of every man who can.

Her Frugal Mind.

A man whose illness threatened to develop into typhoid was taken to the hospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the fourth day, when his wife visited him, he asked to be taken home. "But you have paid for a week," replied his thrifty spouse. "They won't refund the money. You had better stay your week out."

Where Women Keep Hidden

Practically Non-Existent, According to the Custom of the Country.

Should the women of Persia ever get a vote, they would doubtless see to it that the lot of their sex is considerably improved, for at the present time they are regarded as nonentities. A husband in Persia never speaks of his wife to his acquaintances, and, if obliged to mention her, it is by some other term than wife, as "mother of my son," or "my house." She must not exist for anyone but her husband, and from all others she must be hidden—non-existing. For this reason, when the harems of governors or very high personages pass through the streets of Persia, the men whom they meet either turn their backs or slip down a by-street or into some convenient doorway.

On passing a European, if sure that none of her co-religionists see her, a woman, particularly if she be young

Something New in Eggs

Penguin Fruit May Soon Figure on American Hotel and Restaurant Menus.

Penguin eggs from South Africa may soon figure on American hotel and restaurant menus. Immense numbers of them are being gathered on several of the islands of the southern extremity of Africa, and one dealer down there has offered to introduce them to the United States if some one will pay for the transportation of a sample case. The eggs easily could stand the journey, as the fast steamers make the run from Cape Town to Southampton in 19 days, thus bringing the penguin nest and the American epicure within a little more than three weeks of each other.

Ostrich eggs also are being used as food in South Africa, though natur-

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are gross, true, and full of human interest.