

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 stomach 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.

REALLY NO ANSWER POSSIBLE

Carter's Explanation Sufficient, Though It May Not Have Satisfied Annoyed Tourist.

Arran is still the haunt of the walking tourist, says the Glasgow News, but summer days are sometimes almost too warm to be comfortable for the pedestrian, as two middle-aged sightseers recently discovered.

On the outskirts of Whiting bay they rested by the wayside; then, divesting themselves of jackets and waistcoats, they crawled up the steep incline to Dippin, and then on to Killdonan. When they came to put on their waistcoats and jackets, one of the men discovered that his waistcoat had been left behind at the place where they had rested. He reluctantly turned his steps toward Whiting bay. On the way he met a carter, who asked:

"Are you looking for a waistcoat, sir?"

"Yes, my man," replied the pedestrian, hopefully, "have you got it?"

"No, but I saw it on the grass at the black rocks."

"Why didn't you bring it with you?" thundered the other.

"Well, ye see, sir, I didna just ken which way ye had gone."

The Arran natives are adept in the simple retort. The rest was silence.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says every-body uses Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Cause of the Chill.

"But Captain Hawley," said the handsome Miss Plute coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

"My dear Miss Plute," answered the captain gallantly, "you may grow older, but you will never grow uglier."

"And he wondered why their friendship ceased so suddenly."

A WARNING TO MANY

Some Interesting Facts About Kidney Troubles.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in 1913 in the state of New York alone. Therefore, it behooves us to pay more attention to the health of these most important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy. The mild and healing influence of this preparation in most cases is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

If you feel that your kidneys require attention, and wish a sample bottle, write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Elmhurst, N. Y. Mention this paper, enclose ten cents and they will gladly forward it to you by Parcel Post.

Swamp-Root is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00. Adv.

The beauty about a snowstorm is that it is white. It would be awful if it were blue, or brown, or black.

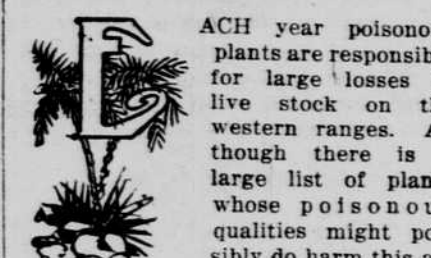
Even the thirsty chap tries to dodge the bar of justice.

POISONOUS PLANTS OF THE WESTERN RANGES

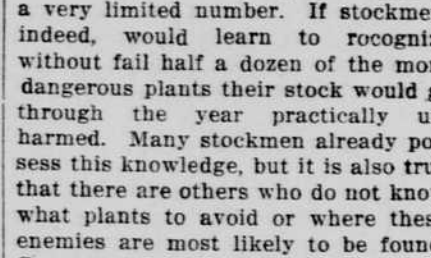
PREPARED BY THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE



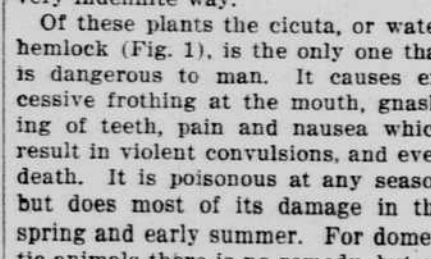
LOCOWEED, OR RAFTLAWWEED



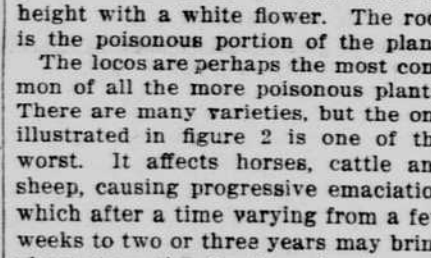
TALL LARKSPUR



ZYGAENUS, OR DEATH CAMAS



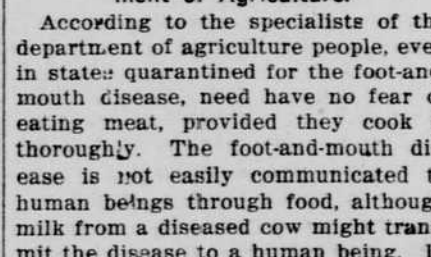
WATER HEMLOCK



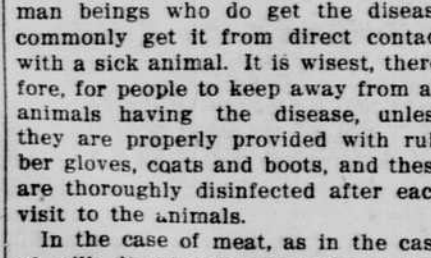
LUPINE



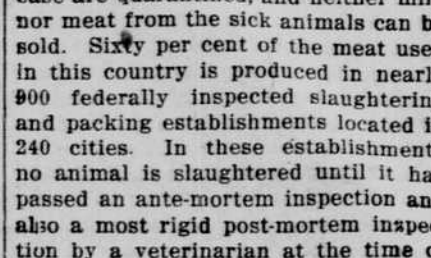
SAGE



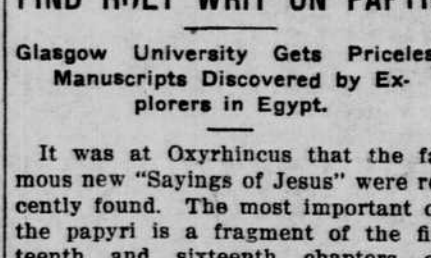
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ACH year poisonous plants are responsible for large losses of live stock on the western ranges. Although there is a large list of plants whose poisonous qualities might possibly do harm this annual loss is almost entirely the work of a very limited number. If stockmen, indeed, would learn to recognize without fail half a dozen of the more dangerous plants their stock would go through the year practically unharmed. Many stockmen already possess this knowledge, but it is also true that there are others who do not know what plants to avoid or where these enemies are most likely to be found. Common names, such as "loco," "poison weed" and "parsnip" are used in a very indefinite way.



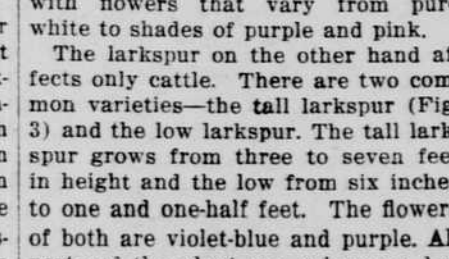
LOCOWEED, OR RAFTLAWWEED



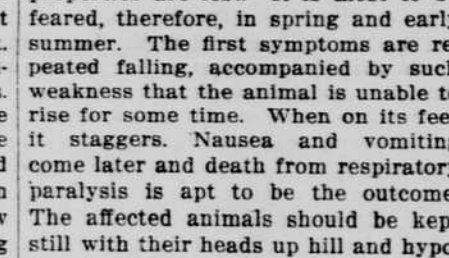
TALL LARKSPUR



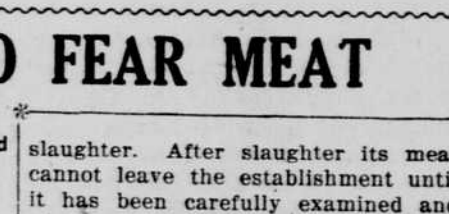
ZYGAENUS, OR DEATH CAMAS



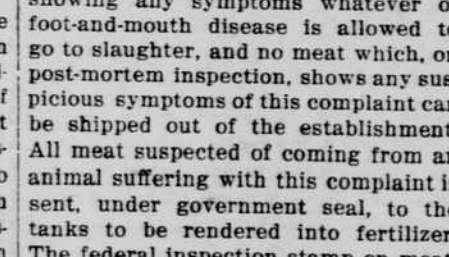
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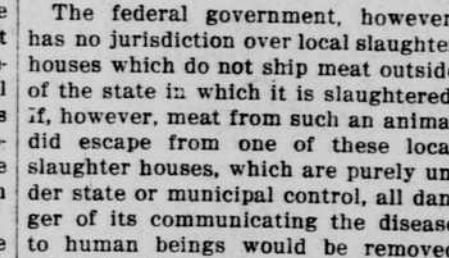
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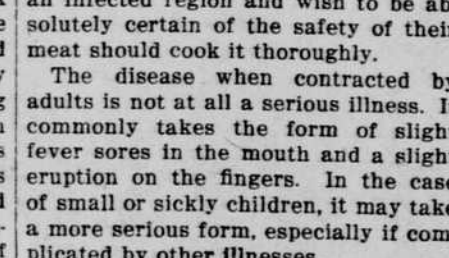
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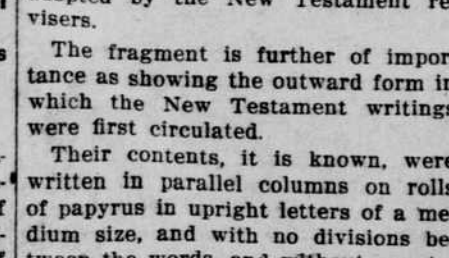
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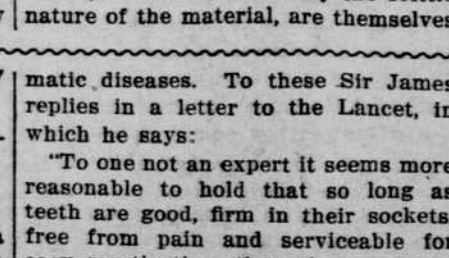
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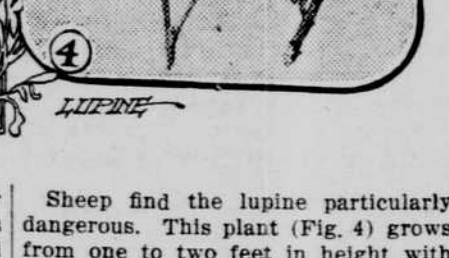
Good food, laxatives, strychnine for cattle and Fowler's solution for horses are recommended as remedies. All parts of the plant are poisonous. It is from six inches to a foot in height with flowers that vary from pure white to shades of purple and pink. The larkspur on the other hand affects only cattle. There are two common varieties—the tall larkspur (Fig. 3) and the low larkspur. The tall larkspur grows from three to seven feet in height and the low from six inches to one and one-half feet. The flowers of both are violet-blue and purple. All parts of the plant are poisonous, but after it has blossomed the poisonous properties are lost. It is most to be feared, therefore, in spring and early summer. The first symptoms are repeated falling, accompanied by such weakness that the animal is unable to rise for some time. When on its feet it staggers. Nausea and vomiting come later and death from respiratory paralysis is apt to be the outcome. The affected animals should be kept still with their heads up and hypodermic injections of eserine and whisky administered.



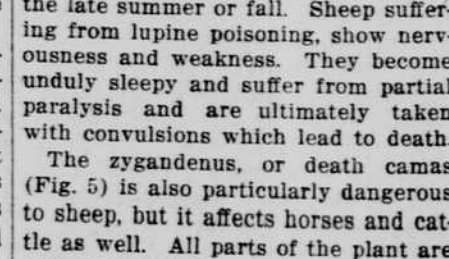
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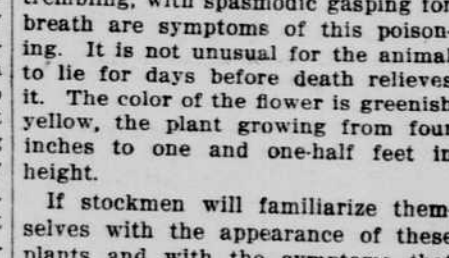
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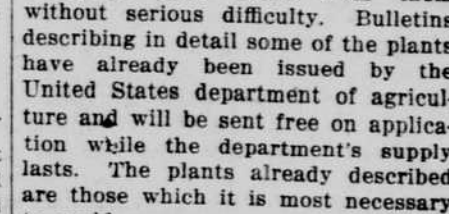
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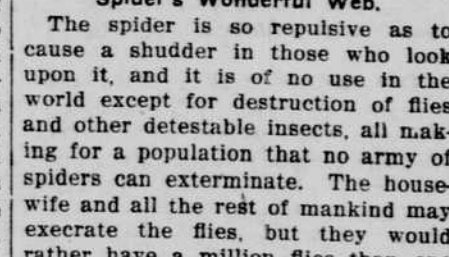
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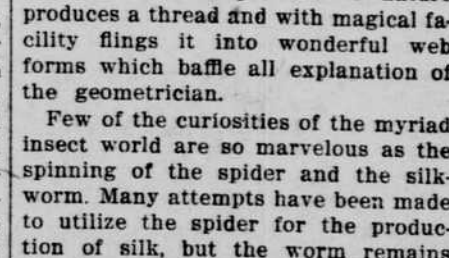
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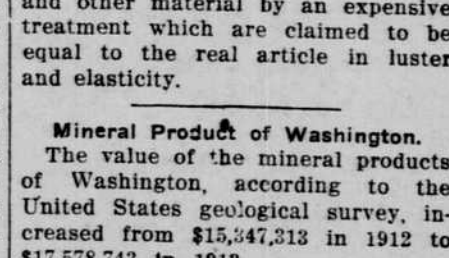
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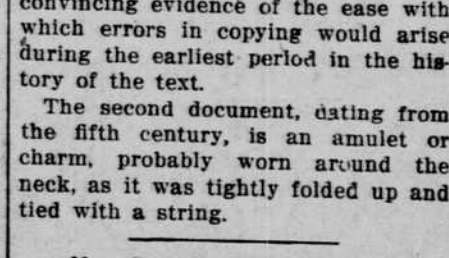
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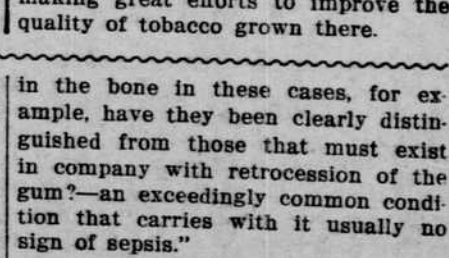
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Sheep find the lupine particularly dangerous. This plant (Fig. 4) grows from one to two feet in height with flowers of a light blue or blue-violet. All pods and seeds are poisonous in the late summer or fall. Sheep suffering from lupine poisoning, show nervousness and weakness. They become unduly sleepy and suffer from partial paralysis and are ultimately taken with convulsions which lead to death. The zygaenus, or death camas (Fig. 5) is also particularly dangerous to sheep, but it affects horses and cattle as well. All parts of the plant are poisonous but the seed especially so. Frothing at the mouth, vomiting, trembling, with spasmodic gasping for breath are symptoms of this poisoning. It is not unusual for the animal to lie for days before death relieves it. The color of the flower is greenish yellow, the plant growing from four inches to one and one-half feet in height.

AN OFFICIAL ERROR

By H. M. EGBERT.

"We are all agreed upon our verdict, gentlemen," inquired the presiding officer of the court-martial.

"Yes, sir," answered Major Lafleche. "Yes, sir," repeated the other members, down to the junior one, Lieutenant Leblanc, who repeated the words in a dry voice and licked his lips nervously.

"It is the only verdict possible under the laws of war," said Colonel Boileau. "Let the prisoner be brought in."

Two noncommissioned officers led the young fellow into the tent. He was a fair-haired boy, not more than two or three and twenty. He faced the court impassively, but the fear of death was evident in his ashen face and twining fingers.

"Jean Marchand," said the colonel, "you have been found guilty of the crime of sleeping on sentry duty. There is only one punishment for that. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

"Not much, sir," answered the boy. "I had not slept for three nights, owing to the forced marches. And the sergeant put me on duty two nights in succession, by error."

"Let Sergeant Laverne be recalled," commanded the colonel, and presently the sergeant appeared within the tent.

"Was the prisoner placed on sentry duty on two successive nights?" asked Colonel Boileau.

"No, sir," replied the sergeant quietly.

He was not sure, now that they questioned him, but having given his evidence, he did not want to get into trouble. Besides, he hated the young American who had returned at the outbreak of war to fight for his father's country.

Marchand, with his American ideas, had been what is called a "lawyer." He had made trouble with the commissariat, with the little thieving corporal who sold the hay; altogether he was what the sergeant regarded as a bad influence in the force—that is to say, a man, not a machine.

War had been declared four days before, and the company was moving by forced marches toward the frontier.



A Little Old Lady Came In.

In war time sleeping on sentry duty has, justly enough, only one penalty—death. Marchand could hope for no mercy, for his negligence might have cost hundreds of lives.

He had been brought to America in childhood, and had grown up an American in every sense of the word. His father, a silk importer, had prospered in the land of his adoption, and two months before, while on a business trip to his native land, had died suddenly. The boy and his mother had hurried to France to adjust his affairs. Then Mrs. Marchand had remembered some old friends in Nancy, and had gone there for a brief visit, while the son settled the Paris business tangle.

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, war blazed out. Mrs. Marchand, shut up in Nancy, could get no news of her son. And Jean, ablaze with new love for the land of his birth, had enlisted as a private soldier.

The tragedy of the affair was that Nancy was not six miles distant, and the mother, waiting there, did not know but that Jean was in Paris.

Colonel Boileau faced the prisoner. "The sentence of this court is that you be shot at dawn," he said.

The noncommissioned officers took the young man to the guard tent. The court-martial dispersed. It was evening, and the company had been ordered to advance no further till it received orders.

The firing squad which had been told off to perform the execution at dawn whispered together. It was a melancholy duty, yet a necessity, if discipline was to be maintained, for upon the vigilance of her soldiers the safety of the motherland depended. In his tent Colonel Boileau scanned his war map, together with his aide, Jaquevel, the captain who had endeavored most strongly of all the court to find extenuating circumstances.

"When the business of the night was done Boileau turned to Jaquevel.

"It's a sad business," he said. "But it's a necessity. And, to be frank, Jaquevel, I suspected that young man of more than the crime of which he was accused. If it were only that I should telegraph Joffre, asking for a commutation of sentence."

"Of what do you suspect him, sir?" inquired Captain Jaquevel.

"Espionage," answered the colonel briefly. "He is not a Frenchman. Did you not detect his accent?"

"Alsatian," suggested Captain Jaquevel.

"Never," replied Boileau. "I spent three months in Alsace. They have the heavy Teutonic guttural in their

throats, not that North German burr of Marchand's. I think—"

But what he thought was never said, for at that moment an orderly raised the flap of the tent.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said. "A Mme. Marchand of Nancy." Colonel Boileau looked triumphantly at Jaquevel. "You see," he said, "A prearranged thing. No doubt another spy, passing as a relative. Well, show her in, Louis. And we'll keep her when she comes in," he added to Jaquevel, "unless she can tell a plain story."

The tent flap was raised again and a little old lady came in. Despite his angry suspicions Colonel Boileau rose and offered her a camp stool. For the little old lady was so typically French.

"Well, madam?" he asked.

"My son has enlisted in your company, colonel," said the little old lady triumphantly.

Yes, there was triumph in her voice and all through the story she told him. For Mme. Marchand had in secret wished that her son might not forfeit his birthright, and learning at Nancy, by a friend who managed to reach her, that Jean had enlisted, nothing would satisfy her but that she must go to the place where he was and see him in the uniform which his father had worn.

"And, thank heaven, he is here," she continued. "I walked from Nancy, starting at noon."

"You walked from Nancy, madam?" inquired the colonel incredulously.

"Six miles? Pooh! That is nothing. During the war of 1870, when my Philippe was serving on the frontier, I walked from Nancy to Paris. And now I have come to see my Jean in the midst of his comrades. To think that, with all his American citizenship he preserved his French heart—"

"Did you say he was an American, madam?" demanded Colonel Boileau gruffly.

"Assuredly. His father and I went to America when he was a baby, and he obtained citizenship at twenty-one. But a Frenchman never forgets France. Now take me to him, colonel!"

Colonel Boileau sat staring into the little old lady's face. She was typically French, so smartly attired, despite her widow's weeds. Captain Jaquevel coughed in a melancholy manner and looked down at the ground.

"My son is only a private now," continued Mme. Marchand. "But soon you will see him a corporal, and then a sergeant. He will be promoted for gallantry upon the field and made lieutenant, then captain, major—who knows but that the end of the war may see him a colonel?"

Colonel Boileau could find nothing to say. For a long while he sat staring at the little old lady. At last he arose.

"Captain Jaquevel, you will offer our hospitality to Mme. Marchand until I return," he said, and, leaving the tent, went to the guard tent.

Inside, between two corporals, sat Jean Marchand. He was seated bolt upright, staring out into the darkness. The terror had not yet come upon him, for it all seemed like a disordered dream—all the incidents since his enlistment.

Colonel Boileau led the prisoner outside the tent. The corporals, springing to their feet, saluted their officer. It did not seem strange to them that he should have come for Marchand—nothing seemed strange in times like these.

When they had gone a little way Colonel Boileau shouted, "Halt!"

The prisoner faced him expectantly. He did not know that the hour of execution had not been advanced.

"Marchand," said the colonel, "your mother is here."

Jean Marchand's hand went up to his hat brim mechanically, in the manner he had learned.

"Marchand, you will die at sunrise," said Colonel Boileau. "But you will appear before your mother and tell her that you are a free man. She will think that you have been killed in action. Do you understand?"

The young man nodded, and Colonel Boileau brought him to the tent door and conducted his mother out to him.

Half an hour later a wagon, drawn by four horses and escorted by a file of soldiers, conveyed Mme. Marchand back to Nancy. Her eyes were brimming with tears of happiness at the thought of her son's future.

Jean Marchand stood at the colonel's door. He was awaiting the soldiers who were to conduct him back to the guard tent.

Colonel Boileau took him by the shoulders and pointed southward.

"Yonder lies Tourville," he said. "The Army of the East is recruiting there. Your future lies there. Officially, you die at dawn. But Jean Marchand is not a unique name, and it is possible that another Jean Marchand may win honors in war and serve the army of his motherland."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

A Real Foe To Health is a Weak Stomach

From this source arises such ills as Poor Appetite, Nausea, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilioussness and Constipation. You can conquer and fortify the system against such foes by the timely use of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters
Be Sure you get the Genuine.

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By Cutler's Blacking Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 15-dose glass Blacking Pills \$1.00. 50-dose glass Blacking Pills 4.00. Use any inhibitor, but Cutler's best. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in medicine and surgery only. Insist on Cutler's. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

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Gives Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial Package by Mail 10c.
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The Finishing Touch.
The young man hesitated to believe the statement of her little brother that the young lady was not at home. He repeated the question, at the same time displaying a quarter. The boy eyed it longingly and again replied in the negative.

"But didn't she leave a message for me?" asked the disappointed swain.

"Yes," said the lad—and nothing more.

As one who sees a great light, the young man tossed him the coin. "Now," he said, "out with the message."

"She said she's not gonna see you any more and you're not to give me any money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that's just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Suspected.
York County Farmer (bursting into the village inn)—What d'ye think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man have been found on Jim White's farm!

Inkeeper—Great gosh! I hope poor Jim'll be able to clear himself at the coroner's inquest.—Penn State Froth.

The Modern Trend.
Young Lady (in book store)—I want something popular.
Clerk—Wicked or vapid?

It takes a lot of cheek to kiss some girls, but most of them are willing to supply the cheek.

For the kiddies
—a needed hot drink that is wholesome and not harmful—
Van Houten's Rona Cocoa. Red can, half-pound—
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