of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine-manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

TOO MUCH FOR YANKEE.

English Munchausen Had Shade the Better of Fellow Romancer.

The Cape Cod man and the Londoner were traveling on the same train together from Liverpool to the capital.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we do have consid'rable fog out our way. I've seen it so thick that the landladies of our summer boardin' houses could ladle it out and use it instead o' whipped egg for the heavy part of the floatin' island."

'We 'ave 'em, too, in London," said his traveling companion, "but our climate is too dirty to permit of our eatin' it. We burn so much soft coal, you see, the fog gets packed full of soot. The only thing we really can do with it is to cut it up into blocks and use it instead of peat when we want a quick fire."

And the Yankee took out the little American flag he wore in his buttonhole and put it away in his wallet .--

FOR THE LADY OR THE AUTO.



Expressman-I don't know whether this comes here. The address is in-

Housemaid-I guess it's all right. it's either a new tire for the auto, or a new hat for the missus!

Uncle Zeb's Preference. Uncle Zebulon was on a visit to his nephew in the big city and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner. They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled when the younger man, who had been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said:

"By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?"

"No," replied Uncle Zebulon, after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd ruther have fried liver and bacon any day."

Poor Old Bird.

Pop (looking up from the paper)-I see there's a new baby hippopotamus at the zoo. What are you laughing at. Johnnie?

Johnnie (who is almost as bright as he looks)-I was jus' laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hipperpot amus!-Exchange.

EAGER TO WORK Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.

"At times my appetite was voraclous, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me, and I grew weaker than

"I lost interest in everything, and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.

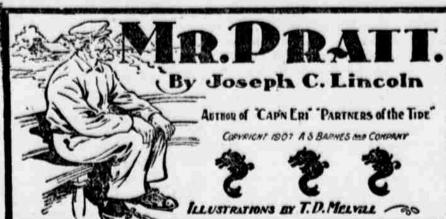
"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised. but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have came back with the return to health."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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



by. Just consider yourself engaged

They walked off and left me think

ing. Thinks I: "It's a fair bet that

that keeper don't let you two go boat-

So the next day about half-past nine,

lines and here was a feller coming

He was a kind of an exhibit for

Wellmouth, as you might say. Least-

ways he was bran-new for me. Six

foot two over all, I should judge, and

about two foot in the beam. Cast a

shadow like a rake handle. Dressed

up and precise, and prim as a Sunday

school superintendent. He looked sort

of gospelly, too, with his smooth upper

lip and turned-down mouth, and little-

two-for-a-cent side whiskers at half

mast on his cheeks. But his eyes was

fishy. Thinks I: "No sir-ee! I don't

want to subscribe to no Temperance

Advocate, nor buy 'The Life of Moses

and the Ten Commandments,' nor I

don't want to have my tintype took

He stook still by the stringpiece of

the wharf and looked me over, kind

of grand but well-meaning, same as

the prince of Wales might look at a

"Hello, yourself," says I, keeping on

"Mr. Edward 'as ordered the boat

"I want to know," says I. "How'll

"You're welcome," says I. I can

stand being patronized, sometimes, if

till you hear from us.'

ing by yourselves again."

down the wharf.

neither."

hoptoad.

"Ello," says he.

he have it-fried?"

for 'alf past '11," he says.

"Beg pardon?" says be.

with my work.

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunaites.

CHAPTER I .- Continued.

We cut across Sears' meadow, and the frogs was beginning to squeal and the crickets to chirp. To me them early summer noises are as cheerful and restful as a teakettle singing or a cat purring. But, all at once, Hartley, the sick one, stopped and held up his hand.

"Heavens, Van!" he says. "It sounds like the ticker," and he said it so prayerful and sad.

Van Brunt shook his head, "Don't it?" says he. "I can see the tape running off that tree. 'Green Apples Preferred, 106 bid and 8 asked.' Is there no escape?" he says.

I left 'em on the hill by the Baptist burying ground. I watched 'em walking down the road, big and straight and handsome, and I pitied 'em from the bottom of my heart.

"Sol Pratt," says I to myself, "here's a lesson for you. You're old and homely and your bank account is nothing, minus a good deal, divided by naught: but don't you never complain again. S'pose you was good-looking and rich, but out of your head, like them two poor young chaps. Dear! dear!"

And I thought about 'em and pitied 'em all that evening, while I was frying my herrings for supper. I hope I'll get credit somewheres for all that

CHAPTER II. The Man.

I see 'em pretty often during the next week. They used to loaf down to the landing of a morning, smoking cigars, and with their hands in their pockets. Crazy or not, there was a something about 'em that kind of got me: I own up I begun to like 'em, in spite of their tophamper being out of gear. As a general run I don't hanker for the average city boarder. He runs too much to yachting clothes and patronizing. Neither the clothes nor the airs set well; kind of look like they was second-hand and made over for him by the folks at home. When one of that kind is out sailing with me and begins to lord it and show off afore the girls the Dora Bassett is pretty apt to ship some spray over the bow. A couple of gallons of salt water sliced off a wave top and poured down the neck of one of them fellers is the best reducer I know of; shrinks his importance like 'twas a fiannel ahirt.

But Nate Scudder's private patients wa'n't that kind. Not that they wa'n't dressed. Land sakes! I don't s'pose they wore the same vests two days running. But they looked like they was used to their clothes, not as if they'd just been introduced and didn't feel to home in 'em. And they didn't patronize none to speak of; called me "Skipper" and "Sol" just as sociable as could be. And as for the girls, they never looked twice at any of the hotel ones. Them two skittish females that I took over to Trumet used to get in their way and beg pardon and giggle, hoisting flirtation signals, so to speak, but Van Brunt and Hartley wouldn't even come up into the wind; just kept on their course like they was carrying the mail. 'Twas these two females that first named 'em "The Heavenly Twins:" 'twas shortened later to "The Heavenlies."

Every time I took the Heavenlies on a cruise the more certain I was that they were loons-harmless and good- past 11." natured, of course, but loons just the same. Most generally they carried a book along with 'em and read it out loud to each other. They'd read a spell and then stop and break out got more muddled. I'd concluded by next door to Paradise and the United with: "By Jove! that's so. He's right, isn't he?" You'd think that book was a human almost, the way they went on out nor I didn't much care. He riled about it. I've heard a minister do the same way over the Scriptures; but this wa'n't the Bible; the name of it was "The Natural Life." I borrowed i once to look at, but 'twas all foolishness to me; telling about money being a cuss, and such rot. I've been cussed considerable sence I first went to sea,

but not by money-no, sir! But Van Brunt would read three or four fathom of rubbish out of "The Natural," and then heave to and say:

"Odd we didn't think of that afore, Martin. It doesn't count for much, does it? Well, we're through with it now, thank God! Look at that sun-

set. Have a smoke, skipper?" And then he'd pass over a cigar that had cost as much as ten cusses a box, if I'm any judge of tobacco.

One night, just as we were coming into port, Van says to me: "Sol," he says. "We may want you

and the boat to-morrow. My man'll let you know in the morning. Meanwhile just dodge the nautical bunch at the hotel, will you?"

I was a good deal shook up. I'd almost forgot that keeper. "Man?" says I. "Oh, yes, yes! I see.

Is be here now?" "No; coming to-night, I believe. By-

"Oh, Hopper!" I says. "Of course, 'Opper," he says.

"Haitch--o-p-p-e-r."

I felt as if I'd been sailing a race and had made a lap and got back to the starting buoy.

"All right," says I. "What's an I or two between friends? How's your patients, Mr. Opper Hopper?"

"Look 'ere, my fine feller," he says 'You're too fresh. For a 'a-penny I'd come down and put a 'ead on you."

And right then I give up the idea that he was a retired parson. Parsons don't talk like that.

"You would?" says I. "Well, you go on putting "eads' on the poor lunatic: you have to take care of and don' try any of your asylum games with me. 'Twould be safer for you and wouldn't interfere with my work What do you want?"

"I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's vally when I'd just about decided to let -" he says-"is man-servant; and 'e some of the boarders have the Dora 'as ordered you to-" Bassett, I looked up from my fish

"His man-servant!" I sung out, set ting up straight. "Of course, Didn't I says so? His

vally; an-" Well. I'd made a mistake, judged. If he was a servant he couldn't be the keeper. I ca'lated 'twas best to be a little more sociable. Besides, l

was curlous "Humph!" says I. "I guess I'd ought to beg your pardon, Mr. Opper-

"Opper!" he fairly hollered it. "All right. Never mind. Come or aboard and let's talk it over."

So aboard he come, making a land lubber's job of it, and come to anchor on the bench in the cockpit, setting up as stiff and straight as if he'd swal lowed a marlin-spike. Then we commenced to talk, me dropping a ques tion every once in awhile, and him dropping h's like he was feeding 'em to the hens.

"What kind of a servant did you say you was?" says I, breaking the ice. "A vally, Mr. Edward's vally."

"Vally, hey?" says L "Vally! Hum! I want to know!"

I guess he see I was out of soundings, so he condescends to do some spelling for me.

"V-a-l-e-t," says he. "Vally." "Oh!" says I. "A vallet. Yes, yes;

I knew what a vallet was-I'd read

I'm paid for it, but I didn't see this about 'em in the papers-but this fel

"Sure! Opper's what I said," says 1. 'em come down here to live," says He got red in the face. "Opper," he "at Nata Scudder's?"

Well, that was a kind of poser, even for Mr. James Opper Hopper Know-it-All. He commenced to tell about soclety and pink teas-I guess 'twas pink; might have been sky-blue though-and races and opera parties and stocks, and "strengous life" and the land knows what. It seemed to simmer down finally to that book "The Natural Life," Seems there was a kind or craze around New York and the cities, stirred up by that book, to get clear of luxury and comfort and good times and so on, and get to iving like poor folks. Living the 'Natural Life," the valet called it.

"So?" says I, thinking of how I had to scratch to keep body and soul together. "I've been right in style all my days and didn't know it. Hum! going cranberrying and fishing and clamming and taking gangs of summer folks out on seasick parties is the proper thing, hey? And your boss and his chum want to live simple?"

Yes, he said they wanted to live real simple.

"Well," says I, "if Huldy Ann Scudder cooks for 'em that's the way

they'll live." He went on with another rigmarole about how the Heavenlies had lived in New York. Cutting out everything about himself and that British lordwhich was two-thirds of the yarnthere was some stuff about a girl named Page that interested me. Seems she was the real thing in society, too. Had money and good looks and fine clothes-all the strenuous nuisances. And she was engaged to Hartley once, but they had a row or something and

gaged to Van Brunt. "But, see here," I says, puzzled. "If she's engaged to Van why ain't be to home courting her instead of dissipating on baked beans and thin feather beds over to Scudder's? Why ain't he Agreed With Me. ing on baked beans and thin feather to home in New York getting ready to be married?"

broke it off. And now she was en-

Well, the marriage, so James said, was to be arranged later. Near as I could find out Van and this Agnes Page had mighty little to do with the marrying. "Twas their folks that was fixing that up. Agnes herself had gone to Europe with her ma. When she was to home she was great on charity. She done settlement work, whatever that is, and her one idea in life was to feed ice cream to children that hankered for fishballs and brown bread. This wa'n't exactly the way Lord James give it out, but 'twas about the sense of it.

"Yes, yes," says I. "But how does Hartley like chumming around with the feller that's going to marry his old girl?"

It appeared that that was all right. Hartley and Van was chums; loved each other like brothers-or better. Little thing like a girl or two didn't count. Hartley was kind of used up and blue and down on his luck and suffering from the Natural Life disease: he wanted to cut for simplicity and Nature. So Van, havin' a touch of the Natural himself, come along to keep him company.

"But this Page girl?" says I. "Hov does she feel on the Natural Life question?"

"Oh, she believes in it too," says his lordship. "Only she's more interested in 'er charity and 'elping the poor and heducating 'em," says he.

I fetched a long breath. "Well, Mr. Opper-Hopper, I mean-" I says. "you can say what you want to, but I'll still hang on to my first notion. I think the whole crew is stark, raving crazy."

I'd noticed that he hadn't been pulling at my cigar much-a good fivecent Bluebell cigar 'twas, too. Now he put it down, kind of like 'twas loaded.

"My good feller," he says. "Would you mind if I tried one of me own weeds? 'Ave one yourself," says he. I took the cigar he handed me. It was one of Van Brunt's particular brand.

"Humph!" thinks I, "your bosses may be simpletons for the love of it, Brother James, but not you. No, sir-ee! You're in it for the value of the manfest."

In another half hour or so the Heavenly Twins showed up alongside. And then 'twould have done you good to see that valet's back get limber. He bowed and scraped and "Strred" till you couldn't rest. They spoke to him like he was a dog and he skipped around with his tail between his legs like he was one-a yellow one, at

When we'd passed the point out comes that everlasting book and the Twins got at it.

"Van," says Martin Hartley, setting up and taking notice; "the Natural Life for mine. I envy the lucky devils who've had it all their lives."

"Twa'n't none of my affairs, but I shoved my oar in here-couldn't help it.

"You fellers ain't getting the real article-not yet," says L. "There's a hotel over back of the village where the boarders get the ginuine simple life-no frills included," I says. They was interested right off.

"Where's that, skipper?" says Van Brunt. "What's its name?" "Well," says I, "folks round here call

it the poorhouse." Then they both laughed. Good nice fellers, as I said afore, even if they was crazy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wise Answer.

Little Maurice had smashed

plate. "You naughty little boy," scolded his mother, "when will you learn to

ter dish and to-day a plate. What will you break to-morrow?" "I don't know yet, mother," said the

desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greator strength than other makes. His Opinion. "De race has got ter rise an' shine

Laundry work at some would be

much more satisfactory if the right

Starch were used. In order to get the

ef ever it hopes ter git dar," said Brother Williams. "Too many of us thinks dat all we got ter do is ter go ter sleep in de hot sun an' rise up an' eat watermillions in de shade! Dey ain't no room in dis worl' fer de lazy man. He's always de one what gits run over, an' den lays dar an' howls bekaze he's hurt!"-Atlanta Constitu-

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Carl Flitcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the

The fellow who lands the first blow generally wins, but if we all waited for the other fellow to begin, there wouldn't be any fight.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, III.

The actions of a dumb man speak louder than his words.

Nothing I Ate



MRS.LENORA BODENHAMER.

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes: "I suffered with stomach trouble and n for that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me uo good.
"I found in one of your Peruna books

a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had entarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did.
"I hope that all who are afflicted with

the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me.

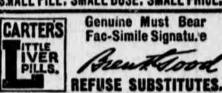
The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one per-son what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

Positively cured by



these Little Pills. They also relieve Disress from Dyspepsia, In-ligestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem-edy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



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Beware of the Cough that hangs on persistently breaking your night's rest and

"If They Ain't Crazy, What Made 'Em Come to Live at Nate Scudder's?"

critter developing no cash symptoms. | ler's calling it a "vally" put me off the

"I know you did. And I asked if he'd have it fried." He seemed to be turning this over

this time that he wa'n't a book agent. me, this feller did.

"Look 'ere," says he, after a minute. "Is your name Pratt?" "Yup," I says. "On Thursdays it is." "Thursdays?" says he. "Thursdays? What-what is it on Fridays?"

"Mister Pratt," says I, pretty average brisk. He seemed to be more muddled than ever. He looked back towards the straight. Ain't Van Brunt and Hartley hotel and then at me again. I had a out of their heads?"

notion he was going to sing out for help.

"Humph!" I interrupted. "Well, if 'm your man whose man are you?" And, by time! he seemed to understand that! "I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's man," says he, "and Mr. Edward 'as ordered the boat for 'alf-"

And then I begun to understand-or thought I did. 'Twas the keeper. Well, in some ways he looked his job. "O-oh!" says I. "All right. Yes,

Mr .-- ' "'Opper," says he; "James 'Opper." "Proud to know you, Mr. Opper," says I, which was a lie, I'm afraid.

"Not Hopper," he says. "Opper,"

yes. I heard you was coming, Mr.-

"My good man," he says; "you don't course. He was nothing but a forunderstand me. I said that Mr. Ed- eigner, though, so I made allowances. ward 'ad ordered the boat for 'alf I give him a cigar that I bought at the grocery store on the way down. and we lit up. Then he commenced to tell about himself and how he used to work for a lord once over in England. in his mind. And with every turn he According to his tell England was States a little worse than the other What he was though I couldn't make place. "Gawd forsaken" was the best word he had for Yankeeland.

"I suppose you'll quit when the keeper comes," says I. "Keeper?" says he. "W'at keeper?"

"Why, the feller from the asylum.

How long has your boss and his messmate been crazy?" I asks. "Crazy?" he says. "Crazy? W'at do you mean?"

"Look here," says I. "You tell me

"Out of their 'eads? 'Eavens, no!" He was so upset that he couldn't hard-"My man," he says, again. "My ly speak for a minute. Then he commenced to tell about the Heavenlies, and 'twa'n't long afore I begun to see that 'twas Nate Scudder and me that needed a keeper; we was the biggest

> loons in the crowd. Seems that the Twins was rich New Yorkers-the richest and hightonedest kind. Both of 'em had money by the bucket and more being left to 'em while you wait. They lived on some avenue with a number to it, and they done business in the "Street," meaning that they dickered in bonds be more careful. Yesterday the butand such things, I gathered. Also I gathered they didn't have to work

overtime. "But, if they ain't crazy what made