

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Suns, Stars, Comets & Co.
"Why do they so often name newspapers after the heavenly bodies?"
"That's easy—because they shed light upon the earth."

The Secret Out.
"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

Hear! Hear!
The city beautiful movement if properly pushed will help not only the individual, but the entire community, and especially the property owner and the householder. The public health is also more or less involved. Are you contributing to the movement? If not, where is your public spirit and civic pride?—Birmingham News.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
The personally-conducted tourists were viewing the ruins of the Alhambra.
"How inspiring!" rapturously exclaimed Mrs. Windfall. "Who built that castle?"
"The Moors," explained the guide.
"The Moors?" repeated the near-cultured lady, "oh, yes (turning to her husband), some of their descendants are particular friends of ours, aren't they, George?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

ONE AGREEMENT.
Mr. Henpeck—it's no use. We can't agree on a single subject.
Mrs. Henpeck—You're wrong, dear. I always agree with you on the weather.

Counsel Sought from Christian Men.
An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates college on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the large interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tenekjian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Prof. Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

LIGHT BOOZE
Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:
"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum and that shavered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Brass Bowls

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BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Her superb composure claimed his admiration. Absolutely ignorant though she had been of his proximity, the voice from out of the skies evidently alarmed her not at all. Still bending over the lifted foot, she turned her head slowly and looked up; and "Oh!" said a small voice, tinged with relief. And coolly knotting the laces again, she sat up. "I didn't hear you, you know."

"Nor I see you," Maitland supplemented, unblushingly, "until a moment ago. I—er—can I be of assistance?"
"Can't you?"
"Idiot!" said Maitland, severely, both to and of himself. Aloud: "I think I can."

"I hope so"—doubtfully. "It's very unfortunate. I . . . was running rather fast, I suppose, and didn't see the slope until too late. Now," opening her hands in a gesture ingenuously charming with its suggestion of helplessness and dependence, "I don't know what can be the matter with the machine."

"I'm coming down," announced Maitland briefly. "Wait."

"Thank you, I shall."
She laughed, and Maitland could have blushed for his inanity; happily he had action to cloak his embarrassment. In a twinkling he was at the water's edge, pausing there to listen, with admirable docility, to her plaintive objection: "But you'll get wet and—and ruin your things. I can't ask that of you."

He chuckled, by way of reply, slapping gallantly into the shallows and courageously wading out to the side of the car. Whereupon he was advised in tones of fluttered indignation:

"You simply wouldn't listen to me! And I warned you! Now you're soaking wet and will certainly catch your death of cold, and—what can I do? Truly, I am sorry."

Here the young man lost track of her remark. He was looking up into the shadow of the motor car, discovering things; for the shadow was set at naught by the moon luster that, reflected from the surface of the stream, invested with a gentle and glamorous radiance the face that bent above him. And he caught at his breath sharply, direst fears confirmed: She was pretty indeed—perilously pretty. The firm, resolute chin, the sensitive, sweet line of scarlet lips, the straight little nose, the brows delicately arched, the large, alert, tawny eyes with the dangerous sweet shadows beneath, the glint as of raw copper where her hair caught the light—Maitland appreciated them all far too well; and clutched nervously the rail of the seat, trying to steady himself, to re-collect his routed wits and consider sensibly that it all was due to the magic of the moon, belike; the witchery of this apparition that looked down into his eyes so gravely.

"Of course," he mumbled, "it's too beautiful to endure. Of course it will all fade, vanish utterly in the cold light of day."
Above him, perplexed brows gathered ominously. "I beg pardon?"
"I—er—yes," she stammered at random.
"You—er—what?"
Positively, she was laughing at him! He, Maitland the exquisite, Mad Maitland the imperturbable, was being laughed at by a mere child, a girl scarcely out of her teens. He glanced upward, caught her eye aglow with merriment, and looked away with much vain dignity.
"I was saying," he manufactured, "that I did not mind the wetting in the least. I'm happy to be of service."
"You weren't saying anything of the sort," she contradicted, calmly. "However—" She paused significantly.
Maitland experienced an instantaneous sensation as of furtive guilt, decidedly the reverse of comfortable. He shuffled uneasily. There was a brief silence, on her part expectant, on his, blank. His mental attitude remained hopeless; for some mysterious reason his nonchalance had deserted him in the hour of his supermost need; not in all his experience did he remember anything like this—as awkward.

The river rumbled indifferently about his calves; a vagrant breeze disturbed the tree tops and died of sheer lassitude; Time plodded on with measured stride. Then, abruptly, full-winged inspiration was born out of the chaos of his mind. Listening intently, he glanced with covert suspicion at the bridge; it proved untenanted, inoffensive of mien; nor arose there any sound of hoof or wheel upon the highway. Again he looked up at the girl; and found her in thoughtful mood



He began to wade cautiously shoreward.

frowning, regarding him steadily beneath level brows.

He assumed a disarming levity of demeanor, smiling winningly. "There's only one way," he suggested—not too archly—and extended his arms.

"Indeed?" She considered him with pardonable dubiety.

Instantly his purpose became adamant.

"I must carry you. It's the only way."

"Oh, indeed no! I—couldn't impose upon you. I'm—very heavy, you know—"

"Never mind," firmly insisted. "You can't stay here all night, of course."

"But are you sure?" (She was yielding!) "I don't like to—"

He shook his head, careful to restrain the twitching corners of his lips.

"It will take but a moment," he urged, gravely. "And I'll be quite careful."

"Well—" She perceived that, if not right, he was stubborn; and with a final small gesture of deprecation, weakly surrendered. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she murmured, rising and gathering skirts about her.

Maitland stoutly denied the hideous insinuation. "I am only too glad—"

She balanced herself lightly upon the step. He moved nearer and assured himself of a firm foothold on the pebbly river bed. She sank gracefully into his arms, proving a considerable burden—weightier, in fact, than he had anticipated. He was somewhat staggered; it seemed that he embraced countless yards of ruffles and things ballasted with (at a shrewd guess) lead. He swayed.

Then, recovering his equilibrium, he incautiously glanced into her eyes. And lost it again, completely.

"I was mistaken," he told himself; "daylight will but enhance—"

She held herself considerably still, perhaps wondering why he made no move. Perhaps otherwise; there is reason to believe that she may have suspected—being a woman.

At length: "Is there anything I can do," she inquired, meekly, "to make it easier for you?"

"I'm afraid," he replied, attitude apologetic, "that I must ask you to put your arm around my neck—my shoulders. It would be more natural."

"Oh."

The monosyllable was heavy with meaning—with any one of a dozen meanings, in truth. Maitland debated the most obvious. Did she conceive he had insinuated that it was his habit to ferry armfuls of attractive femininity over rocky fords by the light of a midnight moon?

No matter. While he thought it out, she was consenting. Presently a slender arm was passed round his neck. Having awaited only that, he began to wade cautiously shoreward, the distance lessened perceptibly, but he contemplated the decreasing interval without joy, for all that she was of an appreciable weight. For all burdens there are compensations.

Unconsciously, inevitably, her head sank toward his shoulder; he was aware of her breath, fragrant and warm, upon his cheek. . . . He

stopped abruptly, cold chills running up and down his back; he gritted his teeth; he shuddered perceptibly.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, deeply concerned, but at pains not to stir.

Maitland made a strange noise with his tongue behind clenched teeth.

"Urrrrgh," he said distinctly.

She lifted her head, startled; relief followed, intense and instantaneous.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, humbly, face aflame, "but you . . . tickled."

"I'm—so—sorry!" she gasped, violently agitated. And laughed a low, almost a silent, little laugh, as with deft fingers she tucked away the errant lock of hair.

"Ass!" Maitland told himself, fiercely, striding forward.

In another moment they were on dry land. The girl slipped from his arms and faced him, eyes dancing, cheeks crimson, lips a tense, quivering, scarlet line. He met this with a rueful smile.

"But—thank you—but," she gasped, explosively, "it was so funny!"

Wounded dignity melted before her laughter. For a time, there in the moonlight, under the scornful regard of the disabled motor car's twin headlights, these two rocked and shrieked, while the silent night flung back disdainful echoes of their mad laughter.

Perhaps the insane incongruity of their performance first became apparent to the girl; she, at all events, was the first to control herself. Maitland subsided, rumbling, while she dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of lace and linen.

"Forgive me," she said, faintly, at length; "I didn't mean to—"

"How could you help it? Who'd expect a hulking brute like myself to be ticklish?"

"You are awfully good," she countered more calmly.

"Don't say that. I'm a clumsy lout. But—" He held her gaze inquiringly. "But may I ask—"

"Oh, of course—certainly; I am—bound for Greenpoint-on-the-Sound—"

"Ten miles!" he interrupted.

The corners of her red lips drooped; her brows puckered with dismay. Instinctively she glanced toward the water-bound car.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "Ten miles! . . . I could never walk it, never in the world! You see, I went to town to-day to do a little shopping. As we were coming home the chauffeur was arrested for careless driving. He had bumped a delivery wagon over—it wasn't really his fault. I telephoned home for somebody to ball him out, and my father said he would come in. Then I dined, returned to the police station and waited. Nobody came. I couldn't stay there all night. I phoned to everybody I knew, until my money gave out; no one was in town. At last, in desperation, I started home alone."

Maitland nodded his comprehension. "Your father—" he hinted delicately.

"Judge Wentworth," she explained, hastily. "We've taken the Grover place at Greenpoint for the season."

"I see"—thoughtfully. And this was

the girl who he had believed had been in his rooms that evening, in his absence! Oh, clearly, that was impossible. Her tone rang with truth.

She interrupted his train of thought with a cry of despair. "What will they think?"

"I dare say," he ventured hopefully. "I could hire a team at some farm house—"

"But the delay! It's so late already!"

Undentably late; one o'clock at the earliest. A thought longer Maitland hung in lack of purpose, then without a word of explanation turned and again began to wade out.

"What do you mean to do?" she cried, surprised.

"See what's the trouble," he called back. "I know a bit about motors. Perhaps—"

"Then—but why—"

She stopped; and Maitland forbore to encourage her to round out her question. It was no difficult matter to supply the missing words. Why had he not thought of investigating the motor before insisting that he must carry her ashore?

The humiliating conviction forced itself upon him that he was not figuring to great advantage in this adventure. Distinctly a humiliating sensation to one who ordinarily was by way of having a fine conceit of himself. It requires a certain amount of egotism to enable one to play the exquisite to one's personal satisfaction; Maitland had enjoyed the possession of that certain amount; theretofore his approval of self had been passably entire. Now—he could not deny—the boor had shown up through the polish of the beau.

Intolerable—thought! "Cad!" exclaimed Maitland, bitterly. This all was due to hasty jumping at conclusions; if he had not chosen to believe a young and charming girl identical with an—adventress, this thing had not happened and he had still retained his own good will. For one little moment he despised himself heartily—one little moment of clear insight into self was his. And forthwith he began to meditate apologies, formulae phrases designed to prove adequate without sounding exaggerated and insincere.

By this time he had reached the car, and—through sheer blundering luck—at once stumbled upon the seat of trouble—a clogged valve in the carburetor. No serious matter; with the assistance of a repair kit more than commonly complete, he had the valve clear in a jiffy.

News of this triumph he shouted to the girl, receiving in reply an "Oh, thank you!" so fervently grateful that he felt more exultant than ever.

Ruminating unhappily on the end of contemplated abatement, he waded round the car, satisfying himself that there was nothing else out of gear; and apprehensively cranked up. Whereupon the motor began to hum contentedly; all was well. Flushed with this success, Maitland climbed aboard and opened the throttle a trifle. The car moved. And then, with a splash, a gurgle, and a watery whoosh! it surged forward, up, out of the river, gallantly up the slope.

At the top the amateur chauffeur shut down the throttle and jumped out, turning to face the girl. She was by the step almost before he could offer a hand to help her in, and as she paused to render him his due meed of thanks, it became evident that she harbored little if any resentment; eyes shining, face aglow with gratitude, she dropped him a droll but graceful courtesy.

"You are too good!" she declared with spirit. "How can I thank you?"

"You might," he suggested, looking down into her face from his superior height, "give me a bit of a lift—just a couple of miles up the road. Though," he supplemented eagerly, "if you'd really prefer, I should be only too happy to drive the car home for you?"

"Two miles, did you say?"

He fancied something odd in her tone; besides, the question was superfluous. His eyes informed with puzzlement, he replied: "Why, yes—that much, more or less. I live—"

"Of course," she put in quickly, "I'll give you the lift—only too glad. But as for your taking me home at this hour, I can't hear of that."

"But—"

"Besides, what would people say?" she countered, obstinately. "Oh, no," she decided; and he felt that from this decision there would be no appeal; "I couldn't think of interfering with your . . . arrangements."

Her eyes held his for a single instant, instinct with mischief, gleaming with bewildering light from out a face schooled to gravity. Maitland experienced a sensation of having grasped after and missed a subtlety of allusion; his wits, keen as they were, recoiled, baffled by her finesse. And the more he divined that she was playing with him, as an experienced swordsman might play with an impertinent novice, the denser his confusion grew.

"But I have no arrangements—" he stammered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All boys imagine they will do just as they please as soon as they are 21; but some of them get married.

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