

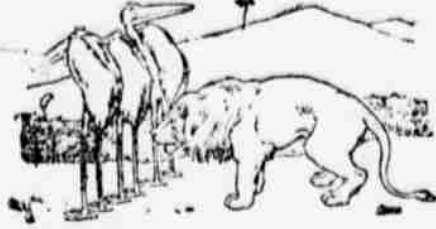
To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

UNKIND FAKE.



The Shortsighted Lion—Well, I never dreamed I should finish my days behind the bars of a cage.

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker.

Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the shoe powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 200,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package today of any Druggist and be ready to forget your ills.

Is Tired of Praying.

A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma, and papa and make me a good girl, and so on, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said, very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are older than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

Home-Made Names.

"That little girl," remarked the druggist to the doctor, "was just in for ten cents worth of tincture of benzine. But I've had it before and gave her benzoin."

"That was easy," answered the doctor. "This morning on a diphtheria case the woman wanted to know if I administered antitoxin with an epidemic syringe."

The Young Dream.

The light was soft in the conservatory. "But," said the young girl, nervously plucking to pieces a mauve orchid, "but there are microbes in kisses."

The plashing of the fountain mingled with the low, deep voice of the youth. "My microbes," he murmured, passionately, "are so lonely!"

OVER THE FENCE

Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer. An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way.

He says: "Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk.

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum.

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in Piggs.

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

The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEILL

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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 died with Bannerman his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving the bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised her in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Did he catch a gleam of admiration in the eyes behind the goggles?

"Now, if ever they get hold of my portrait and print. . . Well!" sibilized the girl wickedly, lifting slim, bare fingers in affected concern to the mass of ruddy hair. "In that event I suppose I shall have to become a natural blonde!"

Her humor, her splendid fearlessness, the lightness of her tone, combined with the half-laughing, half-serious look that she swept up at him, to ease the tension of his emotions. For the first time since entering the room, she smiled; then in silence for a time regarded her steadfastly, thinking.

So he resembled this burglar, Anisty, strongly enough to be mistaken for him—oh? Plainly enough the girl believed him to be Anisty. . . Well, and why not? Why shouldn't he be Anisty for the time being, if it suited his purpose so to masquerade?

It might possibly suit his purpose. He thought his position one uncommonly difficult. As Maitland, he had on his hands a female thief, a hardened character, a common malefactor (strange that he got so little relish of the terms!), caught red-handed; as Maitland, his duty was to hand her over to the law, to be dealt with as what she was. Yet, even while these considerations were urging themselves upon him, he knew his eyes appraised her with open admiration and interest. She stood before him, slight, delicate, pretty, appealing in her ingenuous candor; and at his mercy. How could he bring himself to deal with her as he might with—well, Anisty himself? She was a woman, he a gentleman.

As Anisty, however—if he chose to assume that expert's identity for the nonce—he would be placed at once on a plane of equality with the girl; from a fellow of her craft she could hardly refuse attentions. As Anisty, he would put himself in a position to earn her friendship, to gain—perhaps—her confidence, to learn something of her necessities, to aid and protect her from the consequences of her misdeeds; possibly—to sum up—to divert her footsteps to the paths of a calling less hazardous and more honorable.

Worthy ambition—to reform a burglar! Maitland regained something of his lost self-esteem, applauding himself for entertaining a motive so laudable. And he chose his course, for better or worse, in these few seconds. Thereby proving his incontestable title to the name and repute of Mad Maitland.

His face lightened; his manner changed; he assumed with avidity the role for which she had cast him and which he stood so ready to accept and act.

"Well and good," he conceded with an air. "I suppose I may as well own up—"

"Oh, I know you," she assured him, with a little, confident shake of her head. "There's no deceiving me. But," and her smile became rueful, "if only you'd waited ten minutes more! Of course I recognized you from the first—down there by the river; and knew very well what was your—lay; you gave yourself away completely by mentioning the distance from the river to the Manor. And I did so want to get ahead of you on this job! What a feather in one's cap, to have forestalled Dan Anisty! . . . But hadn't you better be a little careful with those lights? You seem to forget that there are servants in the house. Really, you know, I find you most romantically audacious, Mr. Anisty—quite in keeping with your reputation."

"You overwhelm me," he murmured. "Believe me, I have little conceit in my fame, such as it is." And, crossing to the windows, he loosed the heavy velvet hangings and let them fall together, drawing their edges close so that no ray of light might escape.

"She watched him with interest. "You seem well acquainted here."

"Of course. Any man of imagination is at pains to study every house he enters. I have a map of the premises—house and grounds—here." He indicated his forehead with a long forefinger.

"Quite right, too—and worth one's while. If rumor is to be believed, you have ordinarily more than your labor for your pains. You have taught me something already. . . Ah, well!" she sighed, "I suppose I may as well acknowledge my inferiority—as neophyte to hierophant. Master!" She courted him. "I beg you proceed and let thy cheeks profit through observation!" And a small white hand gestured significantly toward the collection of burglar's tools—drills and

chisels, skeleton keys, putty, and all—neatly displayed upon the rug before the massive safe.

"You mean that you wish me to crack this safe for you?" he inquired, with inward consternation. "Not for me. Disappointment I admit is mine; but not for the loss I sustain. In the presence of the master I am content to stand humbly to one side, as befits one of my lowly state—in the ranks of our profession. I resign, I abdicate in your favor; claiming nothing by right of priority."

"You are too generous," he murmured, confused by her thinly veiled ridicule.

"Not at all," she replied briskly. "I am entirely serious. My loss of today will prove my gain to-morrow. I look for incalculable benefit through study of your methods. My own, I confess, with a contemptuous toss of her head toward the burglar's kit, "are clumsy, antiquated, out of date."

"But then, I'm only an amateur."



And a Small White Hand Gestured Significantly Toward the Collection of Burglar's Tools.

"Self-preservation," he corrected, with magnificent gravity.

She hesitated but a moment longer, then with a quick gesture removed her mask. Maitland's breath came fast as he bent forward, peering into her face; though he schooled his own features to an expression of intent and inoffensive studiousness, he feared the loud thumping of his heart would betray him. As he looked it became evident that the witchery of moonlight had not served to exaggerate the sensitive, the almost miniature, beauty of her. If anything, its charm was greater there in the full glare of the electric chandelier, as she faced him, giving him glance for glance, quite undimmed by the intenceness of his scrutiny.

In the clear light her eyes shone lustrous, pools of tawny flame; her hair showed itself of a rich and luminous coppery hue, spun to immeasurable fineness; a faint color burned in her cheeks, but in contrast her forehead was as snow—the pure, white, close-grained skin that is the heritage of red-headed women the world over, and their chiefest charm as well; while her lips—

As for her lips, the most coherent statement to be extracted from Mr. Maitland is to the effect that they were altogether desirable, from the very first.

The hauteur of her pose, the sympathy and laughter that lurked in her mouth, the manifest breeding in the delicate modeling of her nostrils, and the firm, straight arch of her nose, the astonishing allurements of her eyes, combined with their spirited womanliness—these, while they completed the conquest of the young man, dazzled him. He found himself of a sudden endowed with a painful appreciation of his own imperfections, the littleness of his ego, the inherent coarseness of his masculine fiber, the poor futility of his ways, contrasted with her perfections. He felt as if rebuked for some unwarrantable presumption. . . . For he had looked into eyes that were windows of a soul; and the soul was that of a child, un sullied and immaculate.

You may smile; but as for Maitland, he deemed it no laughing matter. From that moment his perception was clear that, whatever she might claim to be, however damning the circumstances in which she appeared to him, there was no evil in her.

But what he did not know, and did not even guess, was that, from the same instant, his being was in bondage to her will. So Love comes, strangely masked.

CHAPTER IV.

Midsummer Night's Madness.

At length, awed and not a little shamefaced, "I beg your pardon," he stammered, wretchedly.

"For what?" she demanded, quickly, head up and eyes aflight.

"For insisting. It wasn't—ah—courtous, I'm sorry."

It was her turn now to wonder; delicacy of perception such as this was not ordinarily looked for in the person of a burglar. With a laugh and

"I will," he said, dropping on his knees by the safe. "In my lady's service!"

"Not at all," she interposed. "I insist. The job is now yours; yours must be the profits."

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," he stated in accents of finality. "I refuse. I shall go, and you can do as you will—blunder on," scornfully, "with your nitroglycerin, your rags, and drills and—and rouse the entire countryside, if you will."

"Ah, but—" "Will you accept my aid?" "On cond. as, only," she stipulated. "Halvers?"

He shook his head. "Half shares, or not at all!" She was firm.

"A partnership?" "This educed a mone of doubt, with: "I'm not worthy the honor."

"But," he promised rashly, "I can save you—oh, heaps of trouble in other—ah—lays."

She shrugged helplessly. "If I must—then I do accept. We are partners, Dan Anisty and I!"

He nodded mute satisfaction, brushed the tools out of his way, and bent an attentive ear to the combination.

The girl swept across the room, and there followed a click simultaneous with the total extinction of light.

Startled, "Why?" he demanded. "The risk," she replied. "We have been frightfully careless and thoughtless."

Helplessly Maitland twirled the combination dial; without the light he was wholly at a loss. But a breath later skirts rustled near him; the slide of the bullseye was jerked back, and a circle of illumination thrown upon the lock. He bent his head again, pretending to listen to the fall of the tumbler as the dial was turned, but in point of fact covertly watching the letters and figures upon it.

The room grew very silent, save for the faintly regular respiration of the girl who bent near his shoulder. Her breath was fragrant upon his cheek. The consciousness of her propinquity almost stifled him. . . . One fears that Maitland prolonged the counterfeited study of the combination unnecessarily.

Notwithstanding this, she seemed amazed by the ease with which he solved it. "Wonderful!" she applauded, whispering, as the heavy door swung outward without a jar.

"Fush!" he cautioned her. In his veins that night madness was running riot, swaying him at its will. With never a doubt, never a thought of hesitancy, he forged ahead, willfully blind to consequences. On the face of it he was playing a fool's part; he knew it; the truth is simply that he could not have done other than as he did. Consciously he believed himself to be merely testing the girl; subconsciously he was plastic in the grip of an emotion stronger than he—most clay upon the potter's whirling wheel

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 3, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

HOW CARELESS!



He—There was nearly a bad fire at the theater. She—How was that? He—The villain lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the snow!

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Whole Nation is Aroused.

According to the fifth annual report of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, at its convention held in Washington, May 13-15, there were in the United States on May 1 over 230 associations whose special objects are the prevention and relief of tuberculosis. Three hundred sanatoria and hospitals are devoted to the treatment of tuberculosis. Besides these, there are 225 special tuberculosis clinics and dispensaries, where tuberculosis patients may receive medical advice and home treatment.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutzko, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Pottier Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Men Can Care for Themselves. A coal company in the Hocking valley, O., employs both men and mules. One mule costs \$200, and in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books, "When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."—Vancouver Mining Exchange.