Mabitual

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy. Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend uttimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. Toget its beneficial effects always buy the denuine,

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
IZEONLY-REGULAR PRICE 50° PER BOTTLE

FASHION HINTS



Something that's just housey, and yet not belonging to the wrapper family, is a little hard to find. The house gown shown here is a pretty solution of the problem. Inexpensively developed in silk muslin, it is charming. If a warmer gown is desired, it would be very pretty in one of the fancy

EASTMAN'S EFFECTS SOLD.

Property of Mrs. Woodill's Slayer

Purchased as Relies. All of the personal effects of the late "Lame Bob" Eastman, the murderer of Mrs. Edith May Woodill, and himself a suicide, were sold at auction the other day in Easton, Md. They were auctioned off by an attorney for Mrs. Lavinia Eastman, the administratrix. There was a large attendance and the bidding was brisk many of the articles bringing several times their real value, many persons wanting them for keepsakes. Eastman's motor boat, in which Mrs. Woodill took her fatal ride to his bungalow, brought \$285, and went to George B. Taylor. The oars belonging to his boat were bought by Neil Shanahan at three times their value. Other articles sold were the revolver with which Eastman killed himself, a barrel of alcohol, and his dishes and furniture, all of which brought good prices as relics of the double tragedy. The crowd came in autos, carriages and launches.

At a Philadelphia factory a leather belt has been turned out which is 150 feet long by five feet wide. It required 300 hides in its manufacture.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT.

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the

Morning. "A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind at him, and then gazed at each other. of coffee, but she said Postum was the Now one set below the horizon like a most healthful drink in the world for wan, white moon, and the other rose children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely looks with which Pepeeta had received won by its rich, delicious flavor. In a his promise to be her companion still short time I noticed a decided provement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would from hope and excitement began to not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

Read the famous little "Health Classic." "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. he pressed on, ashame! to acknowl-They are genuine, true, and full of edge his inability to execute his purhuman interest.

Constipation The Redemption where permanently overcome of Pavid Corson money normal efforts with the as-

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Copyright, 1900, by The Bowen-Merrill Company.

All Rights Reserved

Early the next morning the two adenturers took their departure. The ovial quack lavished his good-byes upon the landlord and the "riff-raif" who gathered to welcome the coming or speed the parting guest at the door of the country tavern. He drove a pair of beautiful, spirited horses, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he excited the envy of every beholder, as he took the ribbons in his hand, swung out his long whip and started. If her husband's heart was swelling with pride, Pepeeta's was bursting with anxiety. An instinct which she did not understand had prevented her from telling the doctor of her interview with the Quaker. Long before the farmhouse came in sight she began to scan the landscape for the fig-

pressed upon her mind. The swift horses, well fed and well groomed, whirled the light wagon at the bridge, beheld her disappointalong the road at a rapid pace and as they passed the humble home of the Quaker, Pepeeta saw a little child driving the cows down the long lane, and a woman moving quietly among the flowers in the garden; but David himself was not to be seen.

ure which had been so vividly im-

A tear fell from her eye, and her chin quivered. With the utmost effort of her will she could not repress these evidences of her disappointment, and with a spasmodic motion she clutched the arm of the driver as if it were that of Destiny and she could hold it back. So sudden and so powerful was the grasp of her young hand, that it experienced the bitterness of carrying turned the horses out of the road and a guilty secret in his bosom. How he all but upset the carriage. With a worried through the morning meal and violent jerk of the reins, the astonished driver pulled them back, and evclaimed with an oath:

"You little wild cat, if you ever d-ddo that again, I will throw you into the d-d-ditch! "Excuse me!" she answered humbly,

cowering under his angry glances. "What is the matter?" he asked,

more kindly, seeing the tears in her "I do not know. I am nervous, I

guess," she answered, sadly. "Nervous? P-p-peeta Aesculapius nervous? I thought her nerves were made of steel? What is the m-m-matter?" he asked, looking at her anx-

lously. answered: "I am sorry to leave a place where I have been so happy! Oh! why cannot we settle down somewhere and stay? I get so tired of being always on the wing. Even the birds have nests to rest in for a little while.

Are we never going to have a home? "Nonsense, child! What do we want with a h-h-home? It is better to be always on the go. I want my liberty. It suits me best to fly through the heavens like a hawk or swim the deep sea like a shark. A home would be a p-p-prison. I should tramp back and forth in it like a polar bear in a c-ccage. B-b-be gay! Be happy! How can you be sad on a morning like this? Look at the play of the muscles under the smooth skins of the horses? Remember the b-b-bright shining dollars that we coaxed out of the tightly b-bbuttoned breeches pockets of the graybacked Q-Q-Quakers. What more do you ask of life? What else can it g-g-

kive?" "It does not make me happy! I shall never be happy until I have a home," she said, still sobbing, and trying to conceal the cause of her grief from herself as well as from her husband. She had divined the cause of her disappointment with an unerring instinct. It was exactly as she thought.

At the last instant, David's heart had

failed him.

On the preceding evening, he had hurried through his "chores," excused himself from giving an account of the adventures of the day on the ground of fatigue, and retired to his room to cherish in his heart the memories of that beautiful face and the prospects of the future. He could not sleep. For hours he tossed on his bed or sat in the window looking out into the night, and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber his dreams were haunted by two faces which struggled ceaselessly to crowd each other from his mind. One was the young and passionate countenance of the gypsy, and the other was that of his beautiful mother with her pale, carven features, her snow-white hair, her pensive and unearthly expression. They both looked Now the moon passed over the glowing star in a long eclipse and then disappearing behind a cloud left the bril-

liant star to shine alone. When he awoke the gray dawn revealed in vague outline the realities of the world, and warned him that he had but a few moments to execute his pians. He sprang from his couch strong in his purpose to depart, for the fever of adventure was still burning in his veins, and the rapturous made his pulses bound. He hurriedly put a few things into a bundle and

stole out of the house. As he moved quietly but swiftly away from the familiar scenes, his heart which had been beating so high sink in his bosom. He had never dreamed of the force of his attachment to this dear place, and he turned his face toward the old gray house again and again. Every step away from it seemed more difficult than the last, and his feet became heavy as lead. But pose. He came to the last fence which | thee fear it, shun it, hate it!"

he had agreed to await the adventur-

to reflect. Had the carriage arrived at that moment he would have gone; but it tarried, and the tide of love and regret bore back to the old familiar life, "I cannot go. I cannot give it up," he murmured to himself.

Torn by conflicting emotions, inclining to first one course and then another, he finally turned his face away from the bridge and fled, impelled by weakness rather than desire. He did not once look back, but ran at the top of his speed straight to the old barn and hid himself rom sight. There, breathless and miserable, he watched. He had not long to wait. The dazzling "turn-out" dashed into view. On the high seat he beheld Pepeeta, saw the eager glance she cast at the farm house, followed her until they arrived ment, raved at his own weakness, rushed to the door, halted, returned, rushed back again, returned, threw himself upon the sweet smelling hay, cursed his weakness and indecision and finally surrendered himself to misery.

From the utter wretchedness of that bitter hour, he was roused by the ringing of the breakfast bell. Springing to his feet, he hastened to the spring, bathed has face, assumed a cheerful look and entered the house.

For the first time in his life he attempted the practice of deception, and the prayer at the family altar, he never knew, and he escaped with inexpressible relief to the stable and the field to take up the duties of his daily life. He found it plodding work, for the old inspirations to endeavor had utterly vanished. He who had hitherto found toil a beatitude now moved behind the plow like a common drudge.

Tired of the pain which he endured, he tried again and again to forget the whole experience and to persuade himself that he was glad the adventure had ended; but he knew in his heart of hearts that he had failed to follow the gypsy, not because he did not really wish to, but because he did not wholly dare. The consciousness that His gentleness calmed her, and she he was not only a bad man but a coward, added a new element to the bit-

terness of the cup he was drinking. Each succeeding day was a repetition of the first, and became a painrful unrest. The very world in which he lived seemed to have undergone a transformation. The sunlight had lost its glory, the flowers had become pale and odorless, the songs of the birds dull and dispiriting.

Some men pass their lives in the midst of environments where insincerity would not have been so painful; but in a home and a community where sham and hypocrisy were almost unknown these perpetual deceptions became more and more intolerable with every passing hour. Nothing could be more certain than that in a short time, like some foreign substance in a healthy body, his nature would force him out of this uncongenial environment. With some natures the experience would have been a slow and protracted one, but with him the termination could not be long delayed.

It came in a tragedy at the close of the next Sabbath. The day had been dreary, painful and exasperating beyond all endurance, and he felt that he could never stand the strain of another. And so, having detained his mother in the sitting room after the rest of the family had retired, he paced the floor for a few moments, and after several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the subject gently, said bluntly: "Mother, I am chafing myself to death against the limitations of this narrow life."

"My son," she said, calmly, "this has not come to me as a surprise." He moved uneasily and looked as if

he would ask her "Why?" "Because," she said, as if he had really spoken, "a mother possesses the power of divination, and can discern the sorrows of her children, by a suffering in her own bosom."

The consciousness that he had caused her pain rendered him incapable of speech, and for a moment they sat in silence.

"What is thy wish and purpose, my son?" she asked at last, with an effort which seemed to exhaust her strength. "I wish to see the world," he an-

swered, his eye kindling as he spoke. "I have seen it in my dreams. I have heard its distant voices calling to me. My spirit chafes to answer their summons. I strain at my anchor like a great ship caught by the tide."

"Shall I tell thee what this world of which thee has dreamed such dreams is really like, my son? I will," she said, regarding him with a look which seemed to devour him with yearning love. "This world whose voices thee hears calling is a fiction of thine own brain. That which thee thinks thee beholds of glory and beauty thee hast conjured up from the depths of a youthful and disordered fancy, and projected into an unreal realm. That world which thee has thus beheld in thy dreams will burst like a pin-pricked bubble when thee tries to enter it. It is not the real world, my son. How shall I tell thee what that real world is? It is a snare, a pit-fall. It is a flame into which young moths are ever plunging. It promises, only to deceive; it beckons, only to betray; its smiles are ambushes; it is sunlight on the surface, but ice at the heart; it offers life, but it confers death. I bid

"Mother," he exclaimed, "what does thee know of this world, thee who has passed thy life in lonely places and

amongst a quiet people?" She rose and paced the floor as if to permit some of her excitement to escape in physical activity, and pausing before him, said: "My only and wellbeloved son, thee does not know thy mother. A veil has been drawn over that portion of her life which preceded thy birth, and its secrets are hidden in her own heart. She has prayed God that she might never have to bring them into the light; but he has imposed upon her the necessity of opening the grave in which they are buried, in order that, seeing them, thee may abandon thy desires to taste those pleasures which once lured thy mother along the flower-strewn pathway to

her sin and sorrow." Her solemnity and her suffering produced in the bosom of her son a nameless fear. He could not speak. He could only look and listen.

"Thee sees before thee," she continued, "the faded form and features of a woman once young and beautiful. Can thee believe it?"

He did not answer, for she had seemed to him as mothers always do three weeks. Another ration is made and cropping system. to children, to have been always what he had found her upon awakening to consciousness. He could not remember when her hair was not gray. Something in her manner revealed to the startled soul of the young Quaker that he was about to come upon a discovery that would shake the very foundation of his life; for a moment he

could not speak. "David," she said, in a voice that sounded like an echo of a long-dead past, "the fear that the sins of thy parents should be visited upon thee I have watched thee and prayed for thee as no one but a mother who has drunk the bitter cup to its dregs could ever do. I have trembled at every childish sin. In every little fault 1 have beheld a miniature of the vices of thy mother and thy father-thy father! Oh! David, my son-my son!" The white lips parted, but no sound issued from them. She raised her

gasped, reeled, and fell forward into cret of her life was hidden in its mysterious silence. The sudden, inexplicable and calamitous nature of this event came near unsettling the mental balance of the sensitive and highly organized youth. Coming as it did upon the very heels of the experiences which had so thoroughly shaken his faith in the old life, he felt himself to be the

as if choking. Then she trembled,

of misfortune. (To be continued.) Not to Be Trapped.

target for every arrow in the quiver

"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the Chicago Tribune tells. On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating

the landscape. "How many people are hurt?" asked

the reporter, hurrying up to him. "I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?" "I haven't heard of any wreck." "You haven't? Who are you, any

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of

the road." A Man of His Word. Tom-Lend me \$10. I'll pay you

next week. Dick-That's what you said last

Tom-Well, you don't want me going around and telling you one thing

do you? A Talking Machine.

one week and another thing the next,

Brother-How did you like my friend, Mr. Smith. Sister-Why, he yawned three times

while I was talking to him. Brother-Perhaps he wasn't yawnsomething.

Up to Him, Stern Parent-So you would be willing to die for my daughter, would you? Ardent Suitor-I would, indeed!

Stern Parent-All right, then. Get your life insured for \$20,000 and make A Parting Shot.

Doctor-Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient-Very well, doctor; have as

many accomplices as you like.

In Fashion. Crawford-So your wife doesn't make mince pies any more? Crabshaw-No. She uses all the

trimmings for her hat .- Puck. Generous Johnny. Minister-Johnny, do you know where little boys go that go fishing on

odds and ends around the house as

Sunday? Johnny-Sure. Follow me an' I'll show you.

A Foregone Conclusion. "Everybody thinks that Amelia is such a sweet girl, and I can't see it." "You can't? Why, man, her father made a big fortune in the sugar busi-

Ready for Trial. "The charge is desertion. What'll be your defense?" "Temporary insanity, or I never

would have married her."

ness."



prevent water from soaking down.

To Fatten Chicks. An excellent mixture for fattening broilers is made as follows: One hundred pounds of finely ground barley, 100 pounds of finely ground corn, 100 pounds of finely ground oats, with scraps. Buttermilk or skim milk is three times a day at intervals of four hours, and are kept on this diet for just as the farmer plans his rotation of 100 pounds of ground oats, 100 pounds of ground corn, 50 pounds of be mixed with milk.

Best Wheat for Bread.

flour from the hard spring wheats of satisfactory means of adding available the Northwestern districts will pro- nitrogen to the soil, but there are milduce a large, well-piled loaf of bread lions of root bacteria awaiting to feed of excellent quality, and because it ab- upon root, stem or organic matter sorbs a lot of water it also gives a that may be turned under and make good yield of bread. These are desira- available nitrogen for another plant .has tormented every hour of my life. ble qualities and naturally explain Agricultural Epitomist. why this class of flour is so popular for bread making, says the Bakers'

The softer winter wheats do not contain so much gluten and do not cream alone, as figured out by a dairymake so large or to many people so man from his own actual experience desirable a loaf as the spring wheat with both methods. Cost of hauling flours. Yet a good, palatable loaf of whole milk: Twenty weeks, five delivbread can be made, and is being made eries a week, five hours a day, with white hand and clutched at her throat every day, from this class of flour.

Breeders' Prospects Are Bright. It has been years since the prospect heart had ceased to beat, and the se- all kinds were as bright as now. There have been times in the past when cattle sales were good and hogs were slow, or vice versa, but this fall both are wanted by prosperous farmers who have the money to pay for what they buy. Pure-bred horses, especially mares, are also in great demand, at good prices. If there ever was a time when it will pay to let the public know what you have to sell, that time will certainly be this fall. The average Southwestern farmer now fully understands the value of pedigree, followed up with individual merit, and he pay good prices to get a start in good stock .- Mail and Breeze.

Pneumatic Milk Can,

hermetically sealed and kept in this Farm. condition until the contents of the can are removed at the place of sale. This result is effected by the use of compressed air in the can, which forces out the contents as needed. The compressed air is sterilized, and everything about the milk is kept perfectly

There is no danger from contami nation by exposure to dust and dirt, or flies or other insects. It is impossible to change or adulterate the contents of the can in any way from the time it leaves the dairy until the contents have been placed in the consumers'

This can is locked, and no liquid can be pumped into it without breaking the lock and removing cover .-Scientific American.

Saving Seed.

Look after the saving of seed from the best specimens of tomatoes, cucumbers, squash and other vegetables, and when they are perfectly dry place the depredations of mice. Label the fars with the name of the variety and the year grown, and if there is any item you wish to remember connected with a certain kind or variety make fectively shuts off trade in cattle from a note of it and place with the seeds while the fact is fresh in your mind.

Seed should also be saved of peas, beans and sweet corn, as these are ing. He may have been trying to say so bulky and cost so much to buy. Where there is danger of weevil, it would be well to place a little bi sulphide of carbon in the vessel containing the peas and beans, cover tightly and leave a few hours before removing the seeds to the receptacle they are to be kept in over winter. This will destroy the weevil, but will not hurt the germinating qualities of the peas.-Agricultural Epitomist.

Chemical Action of Humus.

By the action of humus, minerals in the soil are changed to plant food. Perhaps the cheapest corn husking is Likewise it retains nitrogen in the done with a little old husking peg. soil-the most valuable ingredient and But it is almost impossible to feed long the most costly fertilizer to buy. Hu- stover without considerable waste, and mus is the home of beneficial bacteria, the refuse stalks are a nuisance when and it retains moisture.

richer than that of the East.

a point of economy, as the deeper cultural Epitomist. the root of the tree, the less fertilizer will be required upon the surface, and the more food will be brought up from the depths. Another good reason for any shell or hard pan that very often | 000,000 long tons.

face, and which has a tendency to

Value of Tillage.

The limit of production of an acre of land is measured as much by the capacity of the man who tills it as by the capacity of the soil itself to produce a large crop. There are few farmers who till one-half acre of soil in a manner that will produce the best and most profitable returns. As hulls sifted out, and 30 pounds of beef a rule the average farmer has a vague idea of the value of tillage and proper used for mixing. The birds are fed fertilization. Through the feeding of the plants a soil may be rich or poor,

Many farmers have been handicapped because they have been taught wheat flour and 4 pounds of tallow, to that clover and other members of the legume family were the only means of increasing the nitrogen content of their soils. Of course they are the It is a well recognized fact that the best, and in many instances the most

Whole Milk and Cream.

Here is the comparative cost of hauling whole milk, as against conveying heavy wagons, time of man and team valued at 20 cents an hour, \$100; thirty-two weeks, three deliveries a week, five hours a day, with heavy wagon, In a moment more, the agitated for brisk sales of pure-bred stock of time of man and team valued at 20 cents an hour, \$96, making the total cost of delivering whole milk \$196 for the year. Cost of hauling cream only: Twenty weeks, three deliveries a week, two and one-half hours a day, with light wagon, time of man and team valued at 20 cents an hour, \$30; thirty-two weeks, two deliveries a week, two and one-half hours a day, with light wagon, time of man and team valued at 20 cents an hour, \$32, making the total cost of delivering cream only \$62. This means a yearly saving through hauling cream only of \$134. This difference is great enough to pay for a separator and have, in addition, \$44 clear gain the first year. It is high time to think of these things in A recent invention is a dairy milk these days of costly labor and incan which may be filled at the dairy, creased expenses .- Denver Field and

> A New Sheep Disease. The officials of the Bureau of Animal Industry have a new field of activity through the announcement of a new disease discovered among the sheep of Wyoming known as the lin and leg disease. The complaint is known among scientists as necroba losis, but with the advent of the dilment in Wyoming it was nicknamed lip and leg disease, because of the parts of the animal affected. It has no relation with the hoof and mouth disease which raged in a number of the Eastern States during the past year. Officials of the Department of Agriculture say they are at a loss to know how the disease became so widespread in Wyoming, as so far as known it was not brought here from any other country. It is probable, they explain, that a single animal came into contact with other cattle in transportation, and that the others became infected in the cars where slight in glass jars so they will be free from scratches of the skin are almost unavoidable.

> > By Secretary Wilson's orders eight counties of Wyoming have been placed under stringent quarantine, which efthe infected counties. The counties under the ban lie in the section where most of the Wyoming sheep are raised.

Shredded Stover. For winter feeding of stock animals

this makes one of the finest feeds on the farm. The modern husking and shredding machinery does excellent work, and its man-eating proclivities have been largely eliminated. An ordinary threshing machine can be made to do good shredding, but the grain is not left in the best condition. The greatest drawback in the use of both husker and thresher is that they require a large force of men and teams, hence the work is quite expensive. it comes to handling the manure. The land should be deeply plowed, These difficulties may be overcome by so as to allow the humus to get deeply running the hand-husked stover into the soil, for it is then that it through a common cutter and shredgives the greatest benefit to the long der. This work can usually be done roots. In soils here in the East it is without employing much, if any, outseldom that humus is found more than side help. In case everything is hired, eight inches below the surface, while the cost of the work, added to that in California it is quite frequently of, hand-husking and putting of the discovered eight feet below the sur- corn and stover in crib and mow or face, making the latter soil vastly stack, may equal or even exceed the expense of machine husking and wired-Deep plowing will encourage tree ding. This is a point for each to deroots to grow more deeply, which is cide from his own standpoint .- Ag

Over one million exiles have been

transported to Siberia since 1840. The available iron supply of the plowing an orchard deeply is to break United States is estimated at 4,785,