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FASHION HINTS



Long lines and extreme simplicity make this charming gown of chiffon velvet. A heavy silk mesh insertion four inches wide, is the only trimming used.

It Saves Them.
The American has the saving grace of humor. Seldom in the real pinch does it fall to come to the uppermost and he gets a good laugh out of what men born under other skies would construe as nothing else than a fight.

The "head gent" of a t. t. t. show playing at Holton recently handed out a warm one to the audience. There was so much going on in Holton that night that the theatrical business suffered, but the aforesaid "gent" seemed to think that the people did not appreciate the high-class histrionic art served up by the company. He frankly stated in a curtain speech that in his opinion the plays presented were too refined for Holton. "But," he added, "we will try to get down to your level by presenting 'The Whole Dam Family,' which does not contain a sensible line. I think this play will appeal to you."

"The audience," says Frank Jarrell, in telling the matter, "instead of getting mad and lynching the actor, saw the funny side of the case and laughed long and loud at him. He didn't say any more."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Only Course.
Lady Anne Lindsay, the author of the old poem, "Auld Robin Gray," was not only a delightful conversationalist, but she was a great story teller.

This gift made her not only a welcome guest abroad, but a valuable member of the home circle, for it is related in "A Group of Scottish Women" that at a dinner party which she was giving to some friends an old man servant caused some amusement by saying in a perfectly audible undertone:

"My lady, you must tell another story. The second course won't be ready for five minutes."

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of
"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
On the day after the Major's dinner party, Isabella was sitting in the veranda with a book open on her lap and Dido standing gravely near her. Mrs. Dallas in the cool depths of the drawing-room, was indulging in an afternoon siesta. The sunlight poured itself over the velvet lawns, drew forth the perfumes from the flower beds, and made the earth languorous with heat.

In the veranda all was cool and restful and pleasingly silent. Isabella, in her white dress, looked beautiful and pensive; while Dido, in reddish-hued robe, with a crimson kerchief twisted round her stately head, gleamed in the semi-gloom like some gorgeous tropical bird astray in our northern climes. Both mistress and maid were silent. It was Dido who spoke first. She noticed that the eyes of her mistress constantly strayed in the direction of "Ashantee," and with the jealousy begotten of deep affection, she guessed that the girl's thoughts were fixed upon Maurice. At once she spoke reproachfully, and in the grotesque negro dialect, which, however, coming from Dido's mouth, inspired no one with merriment.

"Aha, missy," said she, in deep guttural tones, "you tink ob dat yaller-hair man!"
"Maurice! Yes, I'm thinking about him; and you know why?"
Dido's fierce black eyes flashed out a gleam of rage, and she cursed Maurice audibly in some barbaric tongue which Isabella seemed to understand. At all events she interrupted the woman's speech with an imperious gesture.

"No more of that, Dido. You know that I love Maurice; I wish to marry him. Why are you so bitter against him?"

"He take you from me."

"Well, if I marry anyone the same thing will happen," responded Isabella, lightly; "and surely, Dido, you do not want me to remain a spinster all my life."
"No, missy, no! You marry, an' ole Dido am berry pleased. But dat yaller-hair man, I no like him."
"We are engaged."
"Your mudder, she say no!"
"Nonsense!" she likes Maurice herself, replied Isabella, uneasily. "Maurice wants our engagement kept quiet for the present, but when I do tell Major Jen and my mother, I am sure neither of them will object."

"H'm, we see, missy, we see," said Dido, darkly. "But why you marry dis man I no like?"
"Because I marry to please myself, not you," said Isabella, sharply. "Oh, I know your thoughts, Dido; you would like me to marry David Sarby. The idea! as if he can compare with Maurice!"

"Wrong, missy. I no wish dat man."
"Then Dr. Etwald—that horrid, gloomy creature!"
"Him great man!" said Dido, solemnly. "Him berry-berry great!"
"I don't think so," retorted Isabella, rising. "Of course, I know that he is clever, but as to being great, he isn't known beyond this place." She walked to the end of the veranda, and stood for a moment in the glare of the sunshine. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and she turned towards the negress.

"Dido, you wouldn't like to see me the wife of Dr. Etwald?"
"Yes, missy. Him berry big great man! He lub you. He told ole Dido so."

"He seems to have been very confidential," said Isabella, scornfully, "and from what I have seen, Dido, he has some influence over you."
"No," said the negress. But while her tongue uttered the denial, her eyes rolled uneasily round the lawn, as though dreading some invisible prespence. "No, missy. Dido a great one, you know. She no 'fraid ob dat doctor; but him big man, missy; you marry him!"

"I love Maurice!"
"You nebbber marry him, missy. Nebbber, nebbber! I make de spell. I know. De spell say dat doctor he marry you!"
"Well, Dido, we will see. And now—"

She never finished what she was about to say, for at that moment Dido stretched out one arm. Across the lawn there crept a wizened, grey-haired little man, with a cringing manner. He was white, but darkish in the skin, and there was something negroid about his face. This dwarfish little creature was a tramp, who had become a pensioner of Isabella's. He had attached himself to her like some faithful dog, and rarely failed to present himself at least once a day.

What his real name was nobody knew, but he said that he was called Battersa. He was cringing, dirty, and altogether an unpleasant object to look upon; but Isabella was sorry for the creature, and aided him with food and a trifle of money. It may be here mentioned that Battersa, although he knew nothing of Old, was terribly afraid of Dido. Perhaps some instinct in the negro blood—for he undoubtedly had something African in his veins—made him fear this unknown priestess of fetich-worship.

"Well, Battersa," said Isabella, kindly, "how are you to-day?"
"Very well, lady, very well, indeed. I met Mr. Aylmer, and he gave me a dollar."

"That was generous of him! But, why?"
"Because I said that a certain lady was—"
"Now, now," laughed Isabella, "no more of that nonsense, Battersa." She

turned and ran along the veranda into the house. The tramp and the negress were alone.

"What do doctor say?" said Dido, in a low-voiced whisper.
"Two words. The devil-stick."
The negress started, and threw up her hands in surprise.

CHAPTER IV.
Evidently there was an understanding between these two strange creatures, and thereby an occult connection with the ideas and doings of Dr. Etwald. What the trio were plotting against Isabella and her lover remains to be seen; but it can be guessed easily that the message of the devil-stick carried by Battersa to Dido was of some significance.

Battersa himself knew nothing of its esoteric meaning, but to the negress the mention of the emblem conveyed a distinct understanding. She let her arms fall listlessly by her side, and, with an unseeing gaze she stared at the green trees bathed in hot sunshine. After a moment or so, she muttered to herself in negro jargon, and clenched her hands.

"Baal! the wand of sleep! the bringer of death!"
"What are you saying, Dido?" asked Battersa, his feeble intellect scared by the fierce gestures and the unknown tongue.

"I say deep things which you no understand. Look at ole Dido, you white man."
Battersa whimpered, and, rubbing one dirty hand over the other, did as he was requested with manifest unwillingness. With an intensity of gaze, Dido stared at him steadily, and swept her hands twice or thrice across his face. In a moment or so the tramp was in a state of catalepsy, and she made use of his spellbound intelligence to gain knowledge. There was something terrible in her powers being thus exercised in the full sunlight.

"De debble-stick. Whar is it?"

"In the house of Major Jen. In a little room, on the wall, with swords and axes."
As he said this in a monotonous tone, Dido looked across the treetops to where the red roofs of "Ashantee" showed themselves against a blue July sky. She shook her fist at the distant house, and again addressed herself imperiously to Battersa, commanding:
"Tell ole Dido ob de debble-stick."
"It is green, with a handle of gold, and blue stones set into the gold."
Dido bent forward, and touched the tramp on his temples.

"See widin dat stick," she muttered, eagerly. "I wish to see."
"There is a bag in the handle," repeated Battersa, with an effort. "Under the bag a long needle," then, after a pause, "the needle is hollow."
"Is der poison in de bag, in de hollow ob de needle?"
"No! said Battersa, again. "The poison is dried up by."

At this moment a noise in the house disturbed Dido, and with a pass or two she released Battersa from the hypnotic spell. He started, rubbed his eyes, and looked drowsily at the tall negress, who had resumed her impassive attitude.

"What have you been doing, Dido?" he asked, stupidly.
"Obi?" was the brief reply. "You hab told ole Dido what she wish about de debble-stick."
"The devil-stick," repeated the tramp, in wide-eyed surprise. "I don't know anything of it. Dr. Etwald met me, and he says, 'You go to Miss Dallas, and I see, I do; and he sees, 'You'll see Dido,' and I see, 'I will; and he sees, 'Say to her, 'Devil-stick,' an' I see, 'Right y'are, sir.' But es to knowing—"

"Dat nuffin!" said Dido, with a lordly wave of her hand. "I black; you hab de black blood in youse also. I mek you ob Obl. Um!"
"What's Obi? What's your torkin' of?" asked Battersa, rather nervous. "An' 'ow does you know I hev black blood?"
"Obi say dat to me. Your mudder black?"

"Yah!" cried Battersa, derisively. "You're out of it. My mother white; but my father," here he hesitated, and then resumed—"Yes, you're right, Dido; my father was a negro! A Seede boy who was fireman on a liner."

"I hab seen dat," replied Dido, nodding her head. "Black blood in youse, an' I can do Obi on you. I send your spirit to de house of Massa Jen! You tere ob de debble-stick. But I take care ob de you. Now git to de kitchen; dere am food for you."

The old man's eyes brightened in anticipation of a feast, and he shuffled off round the corner as quickly as his age would allow him. Dido looked after him for a moment, considering the message he had brought from Dr. Etwald, and then began to think of the devil-stick.

She knew very well what it was, for her grandmother had been carried off as a slave from the west coast of Africa, and knew all about Ashantee sorcery and fetich rites. These she had repeated to her granddaughter, Dido, with the result that Dido, cherishing these recollections, knew exactly how to use the wand of sleep. She had spoken about it to Dr. Etwald, quite ignorant that Jen kept one as a curiosity; and now Etwald had intimated through Battersa that he wished her to do something in connection with the stick. What that something might be, Dido, at the present moment, could not guess.

She had exerted her magnetic and

hypnotic influence over Battersa, not that she wished for a detailed description of the wand, for already she knew its appearance, but because it might happen that it would be necessary to use the tramp for certain purposes connected with the discovery of secrets. Dido exercised a strong influence over this weak old creature.

Battersa was supposed to be a Christian; but the barbaric fluid in his veins inclined him to the terrible grotesqueness of African witchcraft, and Dido and her words stirred some dim instinct in his mind. The negress saw that accident had placed in her way a helpless creature, who might be of use in her necromantic business; therefore, by hypnotizing him once or twice, she contrived to keep him within her power. All of which fantasy would have been denied by the average newspaper reader, who cannot imagine such things taking place in what he calls euphronously a Christian land. But this happened, notwithstanding.

Having dismissed Battersa, the negress turned to seek Isabella. She was so devoted to her nursing that she could hardly bear to be away from her; and since her infancy Isabella had scarcely been absent an hour from her strange attendant. The girl had gone into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Dallas was still sleeping; and there, relieved for the moment from the prying eyes of the negress, she took a letter out of her pocket. It was from Maurice, stating that he was coming to see her that afternoon at 3 o'clock. As he had something particular to say, it was now close upon the hour, and Isabella was wondering how she could get rid of Dido, whom she did not wish to be present at the coming interview. The inborn jealousy of the woman, and her advocacy of Dr. Etwald's suit, made her an unpleasant third at such a meeting; moreover, Maurice instinctively disliked this sullen creature, and was never quite easy in her presence.

Finally, Isabella decided to slip round back of the house and meet Maurice at the gate. She put on a straw hat, and ran lightly away to see her lover. She passed out by a side door, danced like a fairy across the intervening space of lawn, and slipped laughingly into the narrow path which wound through the wood to the avenue near the gates.

Just as she emerged into the open, she heard a sharp click, and saw Maurice approaching. He was dressed in his flannels, and looked particularly handsome, she thought; the more so when she beheld his face lighting up at her unexpected appearance. The magnetism of love drew them irresistibly together.

"My own dear love," he murmured, softly. "How good of you to meet me!"

"I came down here to escape Dido," explained Isabella, slipping her hand within his. "You don't like her to be with us!"

"I don't like her in any case, my darling. She is like a black shadow of evil always at your heels. I must get your mother to forbid her trespassing upon our meetings."
"My dear Maurice, how can you possibly do that, when you refuse to tell me mother of our engagement?"
"Oh, I had a reason for keeping our engagement secret, but it is no longer necessary, and I am going straight to ask your mother to give me this dear hand in marriage. If she consents, we will soon get rid of Dido."

"But my mother may not consent," said Isabella, a trifle nervously.

"Why not? I have a profession and a small property. We love one another dearly, so I don't see what ground she has for refusal. I wish to tell your mother of our engagement; for I must rescue you from the influence of that dark Jezabel. She is dangerous."
"I know she is; but she hates you!"
"I don't care for her hate," replied Maurice, carelessly. "It is a poor thing, and cannot possibly harm me. Surely Mrs. Dallas will not let herself be guided in so important a business by the will and feelings of that black wench."

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

The Most Dramatic Scene in the History of Fontainebleau.

It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon received the Pope in 1804. It was at Fontainebleau that he imprisoned the Pope—the apartment which served as his prison is still shown—in 1812 and 1813. Finally, for Nemesis would have it so, it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon signed his abdication and said farewell to his army in 1814, coming down the horseshoe staircase at the head of Cour du Cheval Blanc and placing himself at the head of the guard as if for a review.

"For twenty years," he said, "I have been well content with you and you have always been with me on the path of glory. With your help and that of all the brave men who are still loyal I could have carried on the war for three years longer, but France would have suffered, and I did not wish that to happen."

"I might have died—that would have been easy—but I would not. I prefer to follow the path of honor and to write the history of our exploits."

"I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General Petit. Bring me the eagle! Dear eagle! May these kisses find their echo in every brave man's heart!"
"Farewell, my children!"
That surely is the most pathetic as it is also the most dramatic scene in the whole history of Fontainebleau.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

The Nature of It.
"A hotel keeper has an occupation which inclines him to amiability."
"How so?"
"Because to all inquiries about rooms, no matter how put, he likes to give a suite answer." — Baltimore American.

American capitalists are trying to form a merger of every acre of timber-producing land in Nova Scotia, investing \$5,600,000.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



My children can not be safe save as I seek to make all children safe.

The only way good is to make good in your own religion.

This world would soon be regenerated if the saints were fully consecrated.

He who begins the day with prayer will review it with praise.

No virtues are really possessed so long as we are conscious of them.

The imitation of the vicious is the poorest kind of affection for them.

Some men never feel grateful until they see others looking miserable.

No man is his own master until he sees the obligation to serve others.

Where His word is hid in the heart, His will is sure to follow in the life.

The man who sees no good in others is always well pleased with himself.

If God should answer all our prayers for peace, we would soon be petrified.

The only way to live the life of our Lord is to make Him Lord of our lives.

You are not sound in the faith according to the greatness of your sound.

He has no heart in his recreations who does not give a whole heart to his work.

Many a church looking around for an endowment needs to look up for endowment.

It's no use looking for ripe fruits of faith in the climate of a frosty disposition.

Many must march through the desert of doubt, but none need build houses there.

It is easy to miss a good you might have attained in contemplating an evil from which you have abstained.

The lives that have enriched the world have been those that have not counted their lives dear to themselves.

VERDI'S "MISERERE."

Men of genius are confessedly creatures of mood. Grief and adversity have often been a real help to them, rather than a hindrance. Poe, it is said, produced "The Raven" while sitting at the bedside of his sleeping but dying wife. Many similar instances might be cited, but an anecdote of Verdi, told by Carlo Ceccarelli, will suffice.

On one occasion, when Verdi was engaged on his well-known opera, "Il Trovatore," he stopped short at the passage of the "Miserere," being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner, Manrico.

Sitting at his piano in the deep stillness of the winter night, his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint, a groan, like those which escaped from his breast when he saw himself forsaken by the world. All in vain!

One day, at Milan, he was unexpected called to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him in adversity and prosperity. Verdi, at the sight of his dying friend, felt a lump rise in his throat; he wanted to weep, but so intense was his grief that not a tear flowed to the relief of his anguish.

In an adjoining room stood a piano. Verdi, under one of those sudden impulses to which men of genius are sometimes subject, sat down at the instrument, and there and then improvised the sublime "Miserere" of the "Trovatore." The musician had given utterance to his grief.

Just a Fit.

In the Ex-Libris Journal an amusing anecdote is given of a man anxious for a coat of arms, and fortunate in finding one. A second-hand bookseller bought at a country sale some three hundred volumes of handsome but unsalable old sermons, books on theology, and the like.

He placed a number of these outside his shop. Soon afterward a well-dressed man entered and said, "Have you any more of this kind of books with this shield on them?" pointing to the book plate attached, which bore the arms and name of a good old county family.

"That box, sir, is full of books from the same house," answered the bookseller.

"What do you ask for them?" inquired the man. "I'm going back to Chicago, and I want to take some books, and these will just fit me, name and all."

"Just you sort out all that have that shield and name, but don't you send any without that name-plate, for that's my name, too."

"I reckon this old fellow with the daggers and roosters might have been related to me some way."

Reproved Again.

"I am told that there are some fine scores to the credit of Herr Batontapper," ventured Mr. Cumrox during a lull in the artistic conversation.

"My dear," said his wife, "we were discussing music, not baseball." — Washington Star.

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Bothwell and Queen Mary.
Dunrobin castle, in Scotland, was the scene of a discovery a few years ago of a document relating to Mary Queen of Scots, which, had it seen the light when poor Mary Stuart was about to commit the crowning act of folly in marrying Bothwell, would have changed the whole aftercourse of her life. The document was the original dispensation granted by the vatican to Lady Jane Gordon to enable her to marry her cousin, the earl of Bothwell. When the latter wanted to espouse his sovereign he declared his union with Lady Jane Gordon null and void on the ground of their relationship and obtained a divorce. The assumption is that Lady Bothwell was only too glad to get rid of the aristocratic bodyguard she called husband, for she must have had the dispensation, the production of which would have made her marriage valid and prevented Mary's taking place. That she had it is proved by its being found in the charter room at Dunrobin, where it had lain for three centuries, and whither she doubtless brought it on her second marriage in 1573 to Alexander, earl of Sutherland, ancestor of the dukes of Sutherland.

A Fussay Set.
"What's all this talk about boycotting Dick Bannerman?"
"Haven't you heard? He was seen kissing the cook!"

"The cook? Why, good gracious, man, Dick's wife does her own cooking."

"Does she? I didn't know that. But that doesn't let him out."

"Why not?"

"In our set it is considered very bad form for gentlemen to kiss their wives." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes from Food.
If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can? That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

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