Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS - 50¢ per BOTTLE

To the amazement of Berliners a corner of the royal palace has been given over to a cigar dealer.

Rheumatism.

It has been said that to know what Rheumatism really is, one must imagine oneself squeezed in a powerful vise; one turn more and Neuralgia will be felt; and the few final twists will give an idea of the condensed misery of Gout. Be that as it may, Rheumatism is one of the most excruciatingly painful diseases which afflict humanity. It is not always dangerous, unless it extends to the heart, and then the risk is greatly increased. This disease, although not always immediately dangerous, as already observed, will, if not checked, gradually undermine the patient's health; while it wastes the muscles, disorganizes the joints, and renders the sufferer a cripple. Innumerable remedies have been suggested for the relief and cure of this most painful disease; but the safest and surest application in the world is St. Jacobs Oil, which never fails to cure Rheumatism, unless there be serious complications with established organic disease, and even then relief will be almost instantaneous.

A Hungarian student who was plucked at a recent examination at Klausenburg shot himself, but first winged an examiner.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Her Loving Friends.

Nan—Where do poor, dear Lil and the husband she has managed to get at last expect to spend their honeymoon?

Fan—There won't be any honeymoon. She's a wasp.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One day. 25c

Overdid It.

Hospital Physician (to reassure him)—That snake you see is not a real one, you know.

Delirium Tremens Patient—You see it, too, do you, doc? Ah, ha!

Macaroni Wheat.

Salzer's strain of Macaroni or Kubanka wheat is absolutely pure and is from seed obtained from the Department of Agriculture. Our strain is Dakota grown which laughs at droughts and elements and positively mocks black rust that terrible scorch and would be ashamed of itself if it did not return from 40 to 80 bu. of the finest wheat the sun shines on per acre in good Ill., Ia., Mich., Wis., Ohio, Penn., Mo., Neb., Kan., and other lands, and 40 to 60 bu. per acre in arid lands. No rust, no insects, no failure.

JUST SEND 10c AND THIS NOTICE to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will send you the most original seed book published, together with free samples of farm seeds such as Macaroni Wheat, Billion Dollar Grass, Victoria Rape, Sainfoin, the dry soil luxuriator, Bromus Inermis, the desert grassifier, Emperor William Oats, more original than the Emperor himself, etc., etc., etc.

And if you send 14c they will mail in addition a package of farm seed never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. C. N. U.

Appealing a Thirst for Knowledge.

Caller—I wish you would tell me what the real difference is between a Stradivarius and any other violin.

Information Editor—Well, sometimes it is as much as $5,000.

Animal Post Cards.

A set of eight attractive post cards, in five colors, showing wild animals in the Washington Park zoo, in the city of Milwaukee, will be mailed to you on the receipt of twelve cents (coin or stamps). Interesting to grown people and children. Address The Evening Wisconsin Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Not a Circumstance.

Enthusiastic Auditor (at the opera)—Didn't she do that aria divinely!

Pounding House Miss—Huh! You ought to hear that on our graphophone!

"WHIZ"

A New Parlor Game For the Long Winter Evenings

FREE

Go to your dealer and buy a pound package of "20 Mule Team" BORAX. Cut off the top panel from package and mail to Pacific Coast Borax Co., Chicago, Ill., with 4c in stamps and the Whiz game will be promptly sent you prepaid.

With the New Parlor Card game, consisting of 44 handsomely printed cards inclosed in a flap case with full and complete rules for playing. Entertaining, instructive or educational, and can be played by all the family.

Similar games cost 50c in the shops. You can get it FREE.

[illegible] 27 pieces. [illegible] Geography. Auto Tong Game, [illegible] Flower and [illegible] Game. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., [illegible]

A SMILING VILLAIN.

By VIOLET M. FLINN.

CHAUTER XXIII.

The news of the loss of Mr. Fenton's diamonds spread like wildfire. All the afternoon there was a constant stream of callers both at the big house and at the Rectory, and when Moyra set out for the Band of Hope meeting she was pounced upon by Miss Prior as soon as she emerged from the avenue.

"Such a shocking thing!" she began at once. "I ventured to leave my card at the big house to express my sympathy. Mrs. Fenton was not seeing visitors, the butler told me. He did not seem to know much of the affair; he was most uncommunicative. Tell me, my dear, is it one hundred thousand pounds' worth that has gone?"

"Hardly so much, I believe, and they were fully insured." Moyra thought it was the wisest plan to give as much information as she could, otherwise Miss Prior would certainly manufacture it. "The historic associations enhanced their value."

"Of course, of course! I hear that one of the necklaces belonged to Mary Queen of Scots—'Bloody Mary,' as they used to call her. A blessing it was they were not all murdered!" she interjected. "But I suppose you feel as safe as a rock now you have Mr. Robertson back again."

"Mr. Robertson!" Moyra stopped short in her surprise. "He is still in London. What made you think he was with us?"

"Because I saw him last night," Miss Prior answered.

The color leapt into Moyra's face and her heart beat a little quicker as she persisted in her denial of Angus' return. But Miss Prior was equally obdurate, though for some time she flatly declined to say where she had seen him; but at length the truth came out that, overpowered by curiosity, she had been wandering round the big house, trying to get some glimpse of the paradise within, or at least to see the guests arriving.

"And a very disappointing sight it was, too, for nearly every one was wrapped up in a big cloak," she commented. "And all the blinds were drawn; so when the show was over I just walked round the house to get warm, and I was standing quite accidentally near the dining room window when I saw Mr. Robertson coming across the grass from your house, as I thought. He had a light overcoat on, and a crush hat. Of course I am not mistaken. He is too tall and ugly to be easily taken for any one else."

"Yet I am quite sure it could not have been Mr. Robertson," Moyra persisted firmly. "He was not at the dance; he was not at home."

"I saw him plainer than I see you," Miss Prior repeated stubbornly.

Although Moyra did not believe it, Miss Prior's assertion never left her brain as she went through the business of the evening. It seemed to weigh her down with a premonition of evil, of coming woe and certainly as she left the school house she felt more nervous of her lonely walk home than she had ever done in her life. She wished she had asked Gerry or Terry to meet her.

The mists that had hung about all day had vanished, and the clouds overhead had cleared, leaving a darkly blue sky pricked with silver points and a growing moon climbing to high heaven. Moyra reflected with unusual satisfaction that once past the trees that marked the crest of the hill she would have open ground only to traverse. She entered the shadows and came to a full stop with a little cry as she ran into Bertram Charteris. He apologized laughingly.

"I was just taking a constitutional after the horrid day we have had," he said, turning on his heel to accompany her as a matter of course. "It is late for you to be out alone, Moyra. I suppose you have been performing one of your sweet acts of charity. I wish I had as good a past record as yours"—with a little sigh and a glance that gained no response from the girl beside him.

They walked on in silence for some time. Moyra saw that the young man was paler and more thoughtful than usual, and when he spoke there was a depth of feeling in his voice that rather surprised her.

"How is Bride, Moyra?"

She answered briefly, and after a while he said slowly:

"I am afraid I hurt her last night; it was purely by accident, but she did not seem to believe me when I assured her so. She is so very sensitive, and she takes all one says so seriously that she inevitably misconstrues one's meaning."

"In that case it would be as well to put the meaning so clearly that it is impossible to misunderstand it," Moyra answered, with a little touch of scorn which Bertram was quick to hear. He reddened angrily. "Bride is not a clever girl," Moyra pursued.

"I am not to blame for her foolishness, however," he began.

Moyra looked at him very steadily.

"Of course not. You never were to blame. No matter what was the wrong or fault, there was always an excuse for you—in your own estimation."

"How horribly unjust, how cruel, you good women can be!" he exclaimed, twisting his moustache in futile anger. "Because I committed a youthful indiscretion, you have never forgiven me. Your prejudice against me condemns me utterly, and yet you call yourself a Christian."

"A youthful indiscretion!" she repeated slowly. "I say nothing of the unfortunate girl whom you deceived, and who threw herself from the pier. That may have been a youthful indiscretion. Can you say the same of your forgery of your employer's name, of your nearly successful attempt to put the blame on an innocent man? Was that a youthful indiscretion only? It was hushed up, I admit; my father heard nothing definite. But the shame of it killed an old man whose only fault was that he had been too kind to you, too indulgent. You call me hard and unjust, Bertram Charteris? Is it likely I could be anything else when I see that you have put the whole matter out of your mind, that you have expressed no repentance, made no reparation? I have been too indulgent. I should have told my father all and saved Bride from your attentions—attentions which were insulting. But I was weak. I did not want to let her know that a fair exterior was not always a criterion of what was within, because of my love for her. I have been cruel in being kind, and yet I have warned her."

"The truth is you were jealous of Bride. You [illegible] because you yourself had been [illegible]."

Moyra raised her head and laughed. The scorn in her tones made Bertram writhe, so utterly contemptuous was it.

"Jealous! Jealous for you! Why, the only [illegible] I ever feel is caused by recalling that once for a few days I was persuaded to be engaged to you!"

His face grew livid under her scorn, her plain speaking. He made a step forward and seized her wrist.

"Take care that is not the only shame you feel, Moyra Beresford!" he said threateningly. "You hold your head high now. Take care it does not sink to the ground when it is known whom you love and have had under your roof!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, shrinking from the malignant light in his blazing eyes. "How dare you threaten me? If—if Terry were here he would knock you down!"

"Or Robertson, either, I suppose you imagine, you silly, deluded fool!" he answered quickly. In the moonlight he saw the color rush to Moyra's face, then ebb away, leaving her very pale. Yet her gaze did not falter. "It is village talk how he went to church so regularly, how he helped at this meeting and the other, and was hand-in-glove with you all, and was such a good young man. Ha, ha! It was a new character for Angus Robertson to take. He generally prefers—picking up—other people's superfluous property."

"Bertram Charteris, how dare you! Angus a thief! It is a lie."

"Is it? I think not." He had grown very calm and deliberate; there was a mocking smile on his handsome face as he looked at the girl. "The famous diamonds have disappeared." Moyra started violently. "Curious, isn't it? Especially when Mr. Agnus Robertson was seen lurking about the house last night, yet made no open appearance, although he was an invited guest. Curious too, isn't it, that he always alludes to his father as 'the chief,' and that is the name by which the head of a certain—shall we say socialistically-disposed?—band of—thieves is always known? Curious too, isn't it, that he should have appeared in this locality just after the Fentons came? Curious, isn't it"—speaking still more deliberately—"that he should give you, whom he evidently admires—and, as 'Sandy Agnus,' his favourite nickname amongst his fellows, has had considerable experience of the fair sex, you may feel flattered by his approval—that he has given you as a trinket of no value a costly jewel that probably cost him nothing beyond a little trouble and a fair amount of risk?"

"Stop!" Moyra exclaimed. She stood for a second unable to speak; her tongue seemed powerless. "I do not believe you," she said, with a gasp.

"Of course not," he answered sneeringly. "You are as prejudiced in his favor as you are against me, and yet I speak the truth. His father is, and has been for years, the head of a secret society of ne'er-do-wells, of broken-down aristocrats, of impecunious clever men, who want to be rich with as little exertion as possible, and generally succeed by playing upon the incredulity of brainless fools. They play a big game of 'Grab,' my dear Mayro, and, being engineered by a very clever man, for I acknowledge that both Robertsons are cleverer than they look, they usually hold the trump cards. They certainly have in the case of the Fenton diamonds."

"How do you know all this?" Moyra demanded slowly. She felt stunned and confused, yet she held desperately to her own idea—it was all a lie.

Bertram laughed again rather noisly. "In his time a man plays many parts, dear Moyra. In my time I have been a New York newspaper reporter, and as such have had—against their wishes, I know—the *entree* into the 'Fair Division Society,' as the elder Robertson has humorously designated his followers. When I returned from town and discovered Mr. Agnus Robertson in your house, I acknowledge that I was very much surprised."

"Then why did you not speak? Why did you not tell us what you say now?"

"Should I have been believed? Do you believe me now? I hesitated because I could not imagine why he was in England at all, and, having hesitated——" He shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry for Mr. Fenton though. He'll never see diamonds again.'

"And I pray that I shall never see you or hear of you again," Moyra retorted, stung into anger. "You shall certainly never enter our house again, you—you sneak, you traitor! Do you think I believe you? You could not speak the truth—you never have done so!"

She stayed for some time alone in her room when she reached home, until she was composed enough to face the sharp-eyed critics in the schoolroom. Supper was ready on the table. Lulu had had hers and was fast asleep in bed. The remainder of the family, augmented by Vera, were still excitedly discussing the latest phase of the robbery, although not even the slightest clue had been found. They were all sitting near the fire except Aileen, who was pretending to read at the table. Bride, wrapped in a big shawl, sat in her accustomed corner, looking wretchedly ill and miserable. Moyra sat down beside her, but Bride turned her head away, a deep flush overspreading her face.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"What a lot of white-faced things you girls are to-night!" Terry remarked suddenly, starting contemplatively from one sister to another. "You all look as washed out as boiled owls. Moyra has evidently met a ghost in the avenue, Aileen went for a walk and lost her temper, and as to Bride, she looks like a widow, she's so doleful!"

"Don't tease her, Terry," Moyra said, hearing a half-suppressed sob from Bride. "I expect we are all in the dolefuls. Vera and Delda look all right."

"Why, they've been muttering together like a couple of conspirators all the evening! It's my belief they've something on their minds"—with a portentous frown. "Where's Billy to-night, Vera? Why doesn't he come across and be sociable?"

"He said he was busy when I asked him, and I think he's got a headache too. He said one of you would take me home."

"Let us have suppee," Aileen said abruptly, closing her book. "Father has gone to the big house, Moyra. He said we were not to wait for him."

Supper was nearly at an end when the door burst open and Gerry entered. His face was crimson with suppressed excitement, although he endeavoured to look as unconcerned. Terry watched him curiously as he subsided into a chair beside Dedrina. Aileen happened to glance at Bride at the moment.

"Are you feeling worse?" she asked, seeing how white the girl had turned.

Moyra followed her gaze, laid her hand on Bride's and discovered that she was shaking from head to foot.

"I'm all right," Bride answered, drawing her hand away with a jerk. "Please don't make a fuss, Moyra!"—as her sister looked at her anxiously.

"Look here, young'un," said Terry, addressing Gerry. "What's happened? Have they put you in charge of the detective corps, or did you drop sixpence and find diamonds?"

"No, but the 'tecs think they have found the thief, and you'll never guess who they've got their eyes on. They've found a letter or something, and they are all coming across to cross-question Bride, if you please——"

But Gerry never finished his sentence. At the sound of her own name Bride started to her feet, her face white and agonized, her eyes shinning wildly. With her roughened hair, her staring eyes and livid face, she looked as wild as a haunted being. She stood motionless for a second, and then before any one could catch her had fallen to the floor.

It was a long time before the frightened girls could restore her to conciousness. Terry wanted to send for the doctor, while Gerry offered to do anything to show his pentience.

"I'm sure I never thought she was so nervous or I would never have said a word," he protested helplessly. "Bride never used to faint."

"She's so sensitive," Moyra answered. Her heart was hot with indignation, sick with some unknown fear.

As soon as Bride was sufficiently recovered Terry carried her upstairs to Aileen's room, that being the nearest, where her sisters undressed her, Bride submitting passively, as if indeed she was only partly conscious of what was going on. When she was in bed Aileen remained with her, and Moyra went down to reassure the others. Terry had gone across to the big house, and Gerry and "the inseperables" were crouched on the hearth-rug, talking earnestly, the boy's face full of concern.

"You'd better ask Moyra," she heard him say as she entered the room. With quickened pulses she drew near and saw then that Vera was crying while Delda's face wore an unusually subdued expression.

"Children, children, what is the matter now?" She asked anxiously. "What are you saying?" She sat down between them. "Now what is it you want to ask?" she inquired, taking the girl's hands in hers.

(To be continued.)

THE WISE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

They Did Have a Mission to Accomplish After All.

In the big wholesale house where Sara Lambert served as stenographer the other girls were mostly of the frivolous type or of the dragged-out, embittered variety of business woman. It had been a difficult "atmosphere," but Sara had courage, sympathy and imagination.

Sara was resolute—never would she let go her hold on the grace and beauty of life, even if necessity had brought her temporarily into a sordid environment. And this wonderful Sunday in the country strengthened her resolution and deepened her sympathetic understanding of life. What wonder, reflected Sara, lying at full length on the soft grass, that those girls, lacking her own early advantages of school and travel, should become dull or silly, oblivious to any world outside the office walls? If she could only carry back something out of this early May radiance to speak to them of things pure and beautiful and free!

Sara got her feet wet in the orchard grass, nearly missed the early train back to town, and had to apologize meekly to the cross woman on the ferry whose hat was disturbed by the wide-spreading armful. But such trifles mattered little, now that that big jar of apple-blossoms stood there, exquisitely greeting the employes of the great house as they came straggling in, wearing their usual "blue Monday" faces.

"The real thing ain't a bit prettier"—one of the silly girls was complacently comparing the flowers on her new hat with the blossoms.

"Humph!"—this from a shipping-clerk. "Wonder somebody didn't bring the whole tree!"

"I call it a shame!" exclaimed the woman who had "filed" for the house thirteen years. "Why, they'd have grown into apples!"

Similar unappreciative comments continued all day.

"These people are hopelessly deadened—blind!" the discouraged believer in the beautiful disgustedly assured herself, closing her desk late that night. "I'm a fool to dream of reaching them."

"Could I have—just a few blossoms—for my sister?" The diffident request came from Billy, the smallest and palest of the office boys.

"Take them all," said Sara, promptly, glad to be rid of her "mistake." Absorbed in her unpleasant thoughts, she did not notice the boy's flushed face.

"Billy, Billy, what is it?" she cried, springing up as he suddenly dropped the fragrant armful, breaking down utterly.

The two were alone now in the deserted office, and the pitiful little story came out slowly, painfully—the boy and his sister alone in the great city, the sister's prolonged illness, the boy's brooding over her bitter needs and the abundant wealth of his employers, and finally the struggle against the fearful temptations to take what was not his own.

"We were brought up on a farm," Billy finished, brokenly. The apple-blossoms brought it all back. I—I kept seeing mother's face, and then I knew I'd just got to keep honest!"

It was very late when Sara Lambert reached home that night, for she and the apple-blossoms accompanied Billy home. She was tired, but there was a light on her face.

"I'm just a foolish, impatient child," she told herself, as she brushed her hair. "But the blessed apple-blossoms knew how to wait!"—Youth's Companion.

What Is It Anyway.

"I'd like to be in Bwas right now."

"In what?"

"Oh, do you call it Boys?"

"Which?"

"Perhaps you're accustomed to pronouncing it Bwassy."

"What are you trying to say?"

"The place where they're trying Moyer & Co."

"Oh, why didn't you say Boise at first?"—Harvard Lampoon.

HETTY GIVES NO CASH ON VANDERBILT GEMS

Refuses to Play Pawnbroker and Furnish Money to Go to Hungary.

RICH ON VERGE OF POVERTY.

Woman Financier Tells of Big Loans and Makes Prophecies on Political Outlook.

Mrs. Hetty Green, Queen of Finance, has been "hearing things," and the other day in an interview at Boston she confided in the public through the press. The financial stringency has plunged many of the notably rich into a sea of temporary poverty, if Mrs. Green's statements are true. Mrs. Green, according to her story, got under cover before the pinch hit, and had plenty of cash. Then the financiers came to her on bended knees for relief.

The Vanderbilt family, she says, came to her with their family jewels. They wanted her to take them as security for a loan. This was before Gladys married the count. Mrs. Green told them, she said, that she didn't deal in diamonds, and their offer was spurned. "They say Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is going to marry a Hungarian count," said Mrs. Green. "She ought to have a guardian instead."

Mrs. Green says men high in politics have tipped off the inside information on the presidential nomination. Roosevelt, she says, is to be nominated again. Taft knows it, too. She says the scheme is to pose Taft before the country as the President's choice. He will get all the delegates he can and then will get up himself and nominate Roosevelt. It is all framed up, declares Mrs. Green.

She says money is easier, but hard times will continue until after the election.

VICTIMS OF IGNORANCE.

Doukhobors of Canada Preparing for Another Outburst.

Reports received at Ottawa, Ont., indicate that the coming spring will see the 7,000 Doukhobors leave their Northwest communities and go on another wild pilgrimage. All accounts agree that the fanaticism of the sect has no parallel in modern times.

Doukhobor leaders have been particularly busy issuing decrees since the beginning of winter, and each new promulgation seems to have been drafted with a desire to outdo the preceding ones in inflicting hardship and suffering on "the faithful." Children are said to be dying for want of proper food. The people are paupers. They have obeyed an order to sell all their cattle and sheep.

All products of the land go to the sect leaders. All chickens have been sold in obedience to a decree. Tea, coffee, sugar and pancakes have been tabooed and the general diet has been narrowed to raw potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips and a few other vegetables. Among the latest decrees have been those abolishing timepieces and looking glasses. Agents of the leaders have taken away from the people about $7,000 worth of clocks and watches. The women, who are noted for their deftness with their needles, have been forbidden to make any more embroidery.

The Doukhobor wheat is handled by a committee, which does what it pleases with it. This committee controls pretty nearly everything in the way of labor. The gangs which work on the railway and in the community brickyard pay over their wages to the committee without receipt. But when it comes to be laborers getting their meager food allowances from the committee they are compelled to give a receipt for every ounce.

In one district 500 persons are living in two houses. Each adult is allowed a sleeping space of four feet wide. All have to climb into their beds over the footboards. The younger men are stowed away in the garrets of the houses after the fashion of canned sardines.

HARD LUCK TALES.

Two women were found dead in the kitchen of a fashionably furnished 22-room house at No. 351 West Seventy-first street, New York, of which they were caretakers. There was a little coal in a bin in the cellar and 17 cents was found in a cupboard.

Nelson P. Thoren, a prosperous and respected farmer living on the White Bear road west of Stillwater, Minn., fell from a cake of ice dead. Assisted by his son he was pulling ice from a small lake, to be stored on the farm. Being overcome with faintness he sat down on a cake of ice and a moment later fell over dead. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Capt. Smith, master of the British steamer Ashfield, cleared from Mobile, Ala., for Nipa, Cuba, committed suicide by drinking poison in his stateroom following a mutiny of the crew while on the high seas.

At his own request William Winrich, an orphan boy of Morrisonville, Wis., was sent to the State reformatory at Waukesha. The boy, who is 14 years old, declared to the judge that he was tired of knocking about, and desired to be sent to some place where he would have a chance to learn a useful trade and get some education.

After eight years of hiding from business failure in Saginaw, Mich., William Andrews, trapper and hunter, blew off the top of his head in his shack in the woods about a quarter of a mile from Allen Junction station, on the Mesabe iron range. The body was found with the rifle clutched in the dead man's hands.

William Robbins, aged 10 years, the son of Moses Robbins, a prominent farmer residing near Gilman, Iowa, was instantly killed by falling from a wagon, which ran over him. He and a little companion tried to climb upon the wagon, and in doing so young Robbins fell, and the rear wheel passed over his body.

WORK OF CONGRESS

The Senate Friday gave attention to a speech on the Aldrich currency bill by Senator Clay of Georgia. Mr. Clay's declaration in favor of the issuance of paper money by the government provoked a controversy between him and Republican Senators. Senators Lodge and Teller both gave their views on the policy of issuing paper money by the government. At 2:30 p. m. the Senate adjourned until Monday. Oratory in the House gave way to legislation, with the result that material progress was made in the executive, legislative and judicial bill. It met with comparatively smooth sailing until on points of order by Mr. Macon of Arkansas the proposed increases in salaries of the assistant secretaries of the several departments were stricken out. Mr. Macon explained his action by saying that an appropriation bill was not the place for such legislation. With nearly two-thirds of the bill disposed of, the House adjourned.

-:—:-

The Senate was not in session Saturday. Discussion in the House dwelt mainly on amendments providing for increases in the salaries of the surveyors general of the several States. In each case the amendment was rejected. But little progress with the bill had been made, when the House adjourned until Monday.

-:—:-

After a brief executive session Monday the Senate ordered the doors closed and for several hours discussed the Wetherspoon nomination. An agreement was reached to consider the ocean mail subsidy bill on Wednesday. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, one of the large supply measures of the government, was passed by the House. The amount carried by it is practically as reported by the committee—$32,336,573.

-:—:-

In the Senate Tuesday the Aldrich bill was opposed by Mr. Stone of Missouri. He argued in advocacy of the plan for government guarantee of deposits in national banks, and Senator Bacon of Georgia took occasion to oppose that proposition. Mr. Bacon declared that if such a plan were put into effect State banks would be put out of business, as their deposits would find their way into national banks. The bill to revise the criminal code was considered during a couple of hours. Speaker Cannon's presidential boom was given a boost in the House when Mr. Boutell of Illinois brought the subject to the fore as the climax of a half hour's speech. His remarks were based on the fact that Tuesday was the thirty-fourth anniversary of Mr. Cannon's first speech in the House. Most of the day was taken up by a discussion of the bill to provide for taking the next census.

-:—:-

A speech by Senator Johnston of Alabama on the Aldrich currency bill and a statement by Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, concerning the proposed investigation of charges of defects in construction of battle ships, were the chief subjects of interest before the Senate Wednesday. The bill providing for the taking of the thirteenth census occupied most of the time of the House. Progress with it was slow because of numerous amendments offered. The bill was amended in one important particular, however, and that was limiting the census to the mainland of the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico. Mr. Henry of Texas urged the Republicans to bring in an employers' liability bill and a bill requiring notice before the issuance of federal injunctions.

-:—:-

The Senate adjourned a few minutes after convening Thursday morning out of respect to Senator Latimer of South Carolina, whose death was announced. Most of the time the House was in session was consumed by the reading of impeachment charges offered by Mr. Waldo of New York against Federal Judge Lobbius R. Willey of the United States Court at Shanghai, China, which were referred to the committee on the judiciary. The House adjourned early as a mark of respect to Senator Latimer.

Lemoine's Diamond Formula.

Discussion still continues in European papers concerning the case of Mr. Lemoine, the alleged diamond maker of Paris, who Sir Julius Wernher of the De Beers Mining Company recently prosecuted on the charge of swindling him out of $320,000 in connection with the financing of a company to exploit Lemoine's artificial diamond formula. Since Lemoine's arrest it has come out that he did not confine his operations to Wernher, but sold a half interest in his secret to one Edgar Cohen, a London capitalist, who has made public the formula attached to the contract drawn at the time of his investment. The main points of this formula are the heating of a mixture of iron 30 parts, boron 55 parts and animal charcoal 15 parts in an electrical furnace heated to a temperature of 4,000 degrees. A current of carbonic acid gas is turned on at the same time to drive out the oxygen. Diamond makers and chemists appear to be skeptical about the genuineness of this formula, notwithstanding that Armstrong asserts that he saw Lemoine's secret diamond making process, and that it is entirely bona fide. The late M. Maissan, who received one of the Nobel prizes for his discoveries, succeeded in making very fine particles, known as diamond dust, but which had no commercial value.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Fire destroyed the Pine Tree Worsted Company's plant at Putnam, Conn. Loss $70,000.

Fire destroyed the roundhouse and machine shop of the Central New England Railroad at Fishkill Landing, N. Y. Loss $100,000.

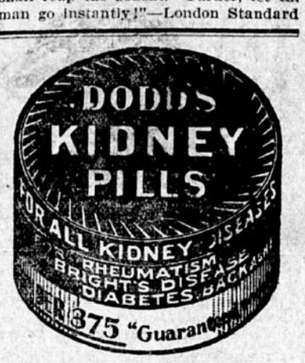
Miss Alice Hollis, who is totally blind, sailed from New York on the steamer Statendam, on her way to Weisbaden, Germany, where she hopes to recover her sight.

Mrs. Hannah Stanhope, the woman who had Enrico Caruso, the opera singer, arrested for annoying her in the monkey house of Central Park, New York, last year, was fined 1 cent in court for intoxication and disorderly conduct.

Because they refused to give bond in answer to indictments for requiring or permitting others to work on Sunday, Judge Wallace in the Criminal Court in Kansas City ordered O. D. Woodward of the Auditorium, E. S. Brigham of the Gilliss, J. R. Donegan of the Century and Martin Lehman of the Orpheum to jail. Later Judge McCune issued writs of habeas corpus.

A Domestic Breakdown.

A well-known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What!" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—London Standard.



VERY BAD FORM OF ECZEMA.

Suffered Three Years—Physicians Did No Good—Perfectly Well After Using Cuticura Remedies.

"I take great pleasure in informing you that I was a sufferer of eczema in a very bad form for the past three years. I consulted and treated with a number of physicians in Chicago, but to no avail. I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, three months ago, and to-day I am perfectly well, the disease having left me entirely. I cannot recommend the Cuticura Remedies too highly to anyone suffering with the disease that I have had. Mrs. Florence E. Atwood, 18 Crilly Place, Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1905. Witness: L. S. Berger."

What is said to be the largest telegraph circuit in the world is that between London and Teheran, the capital of Persia. It is 4,000 miles long and is divided into twelve sections.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

What He Made.

The possibilities of evasion held within the precincts of the English language are well demonstrated in the report of an accident case printed in the Philadelphia Ledger. The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede who had been subpoened by the other side as a witness.

"Now, Andersen, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you; Aw am not vara well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard work; it ees puddy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on the railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work in a factory."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees a very big fact'ry."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on I think we shall have to have an interpreter."

Then he turned to the witness.

"Look here, Andersen, what do you do in that factory? What do you make?"

"Oh, yas; Aw un'erstan'. You vant to know vat Aw make in fact'ry, eh?"

"Exactly. Now tell us what you make."

"Von dollar and a half a day."

All the More Deserving.

Woman of the House—A big, strong man like you going around begging! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Tuffold Knutt (touching his eyes with a grimy handkerchief)—I am, mum. It mortifies me 'most to death. Folks giner'ly treats me well on that account, mum.

His Apology.

"What now, Rogersby? Have you been getting married—a confirmed woman hater like you?"

"It's true, Slyfers. But, I—er—almost had to do it. It was the only way I could get my old tightwad of a boss to give me a vacation."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:—

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good-natured and contented.

"Within a week I had plenty of breast milk and felt stronger within two weeks. I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"Grape-Nuts did wonders for me and I learned to like it. I did not mind my housework or mother's cares, for I felt strong and full of 'go.' I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

"There's a Reason."

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