



FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

PE-RU-NA FOR DYSPEPSIA (CATARRH OF STOMACH)

Distinguished Refugees. Among the distinguished men who have sought refuge in the United States from political oppression abroad were Talleyrand, whose subsequent career for brilliant achievement is without parallel in executive statesmanship; Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of Napoleon, who lived at Bordentown, N. J.; Brilla-Savarin, author of the Philosophy of Food, who subsequently became an eminent judge in France; Tom Paine, author of the Rights of Man; Cobbett, the great political economist; Carl Schurz, Oswald Ottendorfer, founder of the New York Staats-Zeitung; Dr. Emil Reuter, founder of the St. Louis Westliche Post; Gen. Franz Sigel, Thomas Francis Meagher, leader of the Irish Brigade in the civil war; Garibaldi, O'Donovan Rossa, John Boyle O'Reilly, the eminent poet, and Moreau, the only rival that Napoleon feared.

To these names of distinguished men who sought the protection of American law against pursuit by their political enemies elsewhere may be added that of Porfirio Diaz, now president of Mexico, who was at New Orleans in July, 1875, with a reward of \$50,000 out for his apprehension.

Self-Possession. Mr. Kajones, who had happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Beattie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Beattie, recovering herself instantly. "George is my holding company—that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

FASHION HINTS



A hat model in a simple evening coat has a queer little cap-hood arrangement, and would be nice for the girl of slender form. For collar, cuffs and ends, make rib trimming, but heavy lace, or something fur-like in effect, would be equally good for finishing the neck and sleeves.

GLASS-HEADED.

Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable. The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of coffee a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a permanent in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee up to that time, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"The first day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and we were able to get along with it. I had never before had Postum, but being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man to-day and have had no other remedy.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our city's branch house is of a very exacting nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and the blues in addition to my stomach trouble. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work entails them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

"What was the matter with my wife, doctor?" she asked. "What have you been doing to her?" "She was agitated, my dear young lady, and I have calmed that agitation."

"But her behavior previously caused it," said Maurice, in a significant tone.

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) "My mother is weak where Dido is concerned," said Isabella, shaking her head.

"And so are you, my dear," responded Maurice, kissing her. "Both of you are weak, and have yielded up your wills to that woman. But the announcement of our engagement will give me some influence in the house, and do away with all that. It will be a fight between white and black magic, and I, as a civilized wizard, intend to win."

"Why do you particularly wish to announce our engagement to-day?" "My dear child," he said, slowly, "I kept our engagement secret on account of David. I have seen for a long time that he loves you, and knowing his fiery temper, I did not wish to provoke a quarrel by telling him that you had promised to be my wife. But last night the truth was forced from me at dinner, and David declared that he intended to ask you to marry him."

"But I don't love him, I love you!" "I know that, but he didn't. He knows now that we love one another, but he is ignorant that we are engaged. When the fact is publicly announced, he may give up his idea of marrying you, and so a quarrel may be averted."

"Are you afraid of quarreling with him?" "Yes! Not on my own account, but it distresses our good Major to see us at variance. We nearly quarreled over you last night, though, upon my word, you are the young man, half to himself, I believe Etwald pronounced the row."

"Etwald!" repeated Isabella. "Dr. Etwald?" "Yes, he is in love with you."

"I know he is," replied the girl, quietly. "But of course, I could never be his wife; the more so, as I fear him. But Dido wishes me to marry him."

"Oh, hark Dido!" cried Maurice, vigorously. "I wish she would mind her own business."

At this moment, as if summoned by his remark, Dido appeared round the bend of the path. She looked straight before her, turning neither to right nor left, and passed the pair like one in a sleeping fit. The negroess seemed to be under the influence of some strange excitement, and ran stumbling down to the gate.

"Voodoo! Voodoo!" she cried, hoarsely. "Oh, said Isabella, nervously. "Dr. Etwald must be at hand. When Dido says 'Voodoo' he comes."

"Yes! He seems to possess some strange power over Dido, for she always knows when he is approaching. See, Maurice, Dido is waiting at the gate; in a few moments you will see Dr. Etwald enter it!"

The two young people looked steadfastly at the brilliantly-colored figure of the negroess, standing in a statue-like attitude near the great iron gate. All was bright and cheerful, but in that sinister red figure, with its black face and hands, there was a suggestion of evil which seemed to dominate and poison the whole beautiful scene. Maurice felt Isabella shudder with nervous dread as she pressed closely to his side.

"Dearest, you must not be afraid!" said he, glancing down anxiously at her face. "You must throw off the terror you have of this woman. If she looks at you, she is afraid of you."

At this moment he broke off his speech with an ejaculation of surprise, for true to the prognostication of Isabella—in answer to the expectant attitude of the negroess—Dr. Etwald turned in at the gate.

He continued to watch the pair, and saw Dido throw herself at the feet of Etwald, who raised his hand over her in a threatening manner. He pointed into the wood with an imperious gesture, and in a sinking attitude usually steady Dido passed out of sight into the little path down which Isabella had come to meet Maurice. When the gleam of her red dress disappeared Etwald wiped his face, and walked briskly up the avenue towards the young couple.

"Shall we go on, or wait for him here?" asked Isabella, in a whisper. "Wait!" replied Maurice, in the same tone. "I shall not let him think that either of us is afraid of his charlatan tricks."

Dr. Etwald approached, with what was meant for a smile on his usually somber face, and took off his hat to Miss Dallas. But he did not speak as he made his salutation, so the girl was forced, by reason of this uncomfortable silence, to make the first observation.

"Good morning, doctor," she said, as he replaced his hat. "I suppose you have come to see my mother?" "Partly, Miss Dallas; and partly to see you; also this gentleman."

"To see me?" inquired Maurice, looking at his rival. "Then why did you not go to 'Anastasia'?" "I never give myself unnecessary trouble, and, of course, I knew that I should find you here."

"By what right do you say that?" demanded Maurice, sharply. "By the right of our conversation last night, Mr. Aylmer. You have forestalled me, I see. No matter," added Etwald, with a sneer. "To-day to you; to-morrow to me."

All this was quite unintelligible to Isabella, who looked from one to the other of her companions, in bewildered, not guessing, for the moment, that she was the bone of contention between them. She saw the suppressed mockery on Etwald's face, and noted also that Maurice, roused by the quiet insistence of the doctor, had some difficulty in keeping his temper. She proposed that they should go up to the house.

"What was the matter with my wife, doctor?" she asked. "What have you been doing to her?" "She was agitated, my dear young lady, and I have calmed that agitation."

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stalled me by making his unexpected offer." "Unexpected, Mr. Aylmer!" smiled Etwald. "After my statement last night?" "Unexpected so far as time and place are concerned," said Maurice, firmly. "But as you have asked Miss Dallas to marry you, take your refusal from her own lips."

"I love Maurice. I intend to marry him," repeated Isabella. "In that case," said Etwald, rising, "I must take my leave, and shall be content with that answer until such time as you are free; then," he added, coolly, "I shall ask you again."

"I shall never be free!" said Isabella, proudly. "Oh, yes, you will; when Mr. Aylmer is dead!" "Dead!" shrieked Mrs. Dallas, all her superstition roused by the word. "Come away from that man, Isabella!"

"Maurice! dead!" repeated the girl, with a pale cheek. The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Fool! pooh! some nonsense that Dr. Etwald was talking about last night," he added, contemptuously. "He says if I marry, it will be a case of life in death, whatever that means."

Etwald rose to his feet, and stretched out a menacing hand. "I have warned you, Aylmer," he said, sternly. "Your marriage, after or before it, means life in death. Take care! Ladies," he added, with a bow, "I take my departure."

Outside, Etwald found Dido waiting for him. He looked at her significantly. "I have failed," he said. "There is nothing left but the devil-stick." (To be continued.)

BAKERY WIDOW LAMENT.

She Wishes She Was Back In Germany and Gives Her Reasons. The Macdougall alley makers of images of men and things had gone. The last of the picture gilders from the factory was finishing his coffee. Battling Bill Hurley and the Sinclair Football Club were deep in fight and football away at the back of the widow's bakery and the hustle was over. Yet the widow sat looking over the piles of dishes with sadness and despair in her face.

"Julia is sick," she explained retrospectively, according to the New York Sun, "and I wish I was just now in Germany again."

"Business?" "Ach, no; business is all right," she retorted; "it's Julia. See, if she is sick in Germany she shows her book and goes right away to a sanitarium. Here, when people is sick they don't go nowhere, and the landlord puts them out. Ain't that so? Sure, it is! I wish I was in Germany."

Presently she began again. "Now, in Germany there ain't no beggars, come as here," she said; "not now no more. Everything is books. A man or woman what works every day he gets a stamp to put in his book, and the boss he puts a stamp in his book."

"So when a person is sick the police come and look at the book and see that that person is a working person, and so they send them to a free sanitarium, where they have the finest doctors, and it don't cost nothing. Or, if they are very bad, they must go to the hospital, where everything is free, too."

"If a person is old and ain't got nobody to take care of them, come now the sisters, what like you call the sisters of charity, and they make the soup for them and wash them and do things. Only if they have the book."

"In every town there is a society she says she will make soup for the old people and another says she will make clothes, and another says she will give meat, and so like that. Then the sisters bring these things to the old people and so. Here who cares for the old people? They must go to the police court and then to the poorhouse, ain't it?"

The Sassafras Mint. The lady who always spends her summers in the most inaccessible and unspooled rural nooks of which she can learn was narrating her latest experiences to a writer in the Washington Star.

"I spent August," she said, "in a village called the Head of Sassafras, down in Maryland. The postoffice there was the general store. The morning after my arrival I went to the general store for my mail."

"A little girl preceded me with an egg in her hand. "Gimme an egg's worth of tea, please, I heard her say to the postmaster-storekeeper; and ma says you might weigh out an egg's worth of sugar, too, for the black hen's a-clucking, and I'll be up again in a minute."

Turks and Animals. In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness, and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muddy paws and sniffing muzzles.

Foiled His Doctor. The late Rev. H. R. Hawels, who was equally notable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered from a dangerous hip disease when a boy of nine. The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was asked if a change of scene would benefit the afflicted youth, answered, "Take him anywhere—it does not matter."

Hawels lived to laugh at his doctor, and half a century later, after a life of exceptional industry, he was in vigorous health.

To prevent the alteration of checks or other valuable papers an inventive genius has brought out an electric apparatus which burns tiny holes in the paper as the inscription is written.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.



"This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and support."—From President Geo. Washington's address to the people of the United States, Sept. 17, 1796.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-TWO.

All year we're talked of Dewey. Of Teddy and the rest— We've gloried in the knowledge That they are of the best. We've sung a song of triumph— A song that's never done. We've treated and we've toasted "The man behind the gun."

Our thoughts must now turn backward To times long of the past— To-day the modern heroes Must be in shadow cast. For we must sing the eulogy— (No other song can match it) The modern heroes of the past— The boy behind the hatchet.

HERO AND STATESMAN.

Washington Well Earned the Place He Holds in History. Our country has among its statesmen many noble and worthy men whose names and good deeds should not be forgotten and whose memories should live forever in the hearts of a grateful and liberty-loving people. Of all these, Washington stands pre-eminently at the head. Naturally, and very rightly, he holds the first place in our thoughts and in our patriotic affections. The anniversary of his birth has long been a legal holiday, and if not observed with the same demonstrations of enthusiasm that mark Independence day, is yet enough of an event to turn our minds towards this great and commanding figure in American history, to keep before us this noble character and to stimulate within us a truer love of our country, together with a broader and higher devotion to those principles of human liberty for which Washington and our fathers fought.

Washington well earned the place he holds in history and in the hearts of his countrymen; and while he was only human and, therefore, subject to human frailties and weaknesses, he was, at the same time, and despite these weaknesses, a great and a noble character.

A study of the man, as shown in his career from a surveyor to president of the United States, discloses, we think, the leading traits of his character. In the first place, he was of a thoughtful, deliberative nature. He was possessed of tremendous will force, and this faculty, turned as it was in his case into the right channels, enabled him to carry forward that work of self-training which he began in his early youth and continued, so far as we know, to the close of his long and eventful career. He was studious in his habits, loved truth, honesty and sobriety; and these virtues, with the constant use of his reflective powers, soon gave to him judgment, far superior to that possessed by most men of twice his age and experience.

His innate modesty, too, is well known. In about the only letter to his wife that has been preserved he assures her that he did not seek the high place which the continental congress had given him as commander in chief of the American army. He also tells her in the same epistle that he could not shirk the grave responsibilities thus thrust upon him and that he could not, without bringing reproach and disgrace to his good name, decline the proffered honor. At the same time he expresses his fears as to his ability to handle the great interests entrusted to him, but adds, with modest confidence, that he will do the best he can and leave the rest to that Providence who had all along guided and protected him in every important undertaking.

This, then, is enough for us to know, that he did succeed in his new and responsible position, and in the discharge of his duties as commander in chief displayed the heroism, fortitude and courage that won for him the undying love and veneration of every true American. Why should we, then, both of the minor blemishes, if there were any, of such a man?

We was still the great general, the patient, uncompensated patriot, sharing the sufferings and hardships of his faithful soldiers, and never, for one instant, swerving in his splendid devotion to his country and the great cause of human liberty. Washington was a hero. He was also a patriot and a statesman. And let us rather be guilty, in his case, of a little hero worship than forget what he did for his country and humanity.

George Versus Willie. I wonder if George Washington, When he was nine years old, Turned out his toes and brushed his hair. And always shut the door with care. And did as he was told. I wonder if he never said, "Oh, dear!" when he was sent to bed. WILLIE.

The Faith of Washington. At this time when the memory of the nation turns to the man who was so



A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

PATENTS

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other. Every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

Knee to Ankle a Mass of Humor. "About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is.

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends." W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

Looks Down on Others. Fuddy—Yes, that's Curtright over there. He's won several aviation prizes, and consequently holds his head pretty high.

Duddy—Considers himself one of the aerostocracy, eh!—Boston Transcript.

A Little Cold. He caught a little cold— That was all. So the neighbors sadly said. As they gathered round his bed. When they heard that he was dead.

He caught a little cold— That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Conditional. The witness had sworn to tell the truth, he stipulated, and nothing but the truth. "That is," he protested, "if that hook nosed lawyer over there will let me do it."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature, Dr. W. G. QUININE. The world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Objective Reform. The defendant had been found guilty of habitually getting drunk and beating his wife.

"You'll not be guilty of indulging in the 'kick beer' habit during the next two years, anyhow, you sorry specimen of manhood," said the judge. "Officer, remove the prisoner."

Have You a Cough or Cold? If so, take at once Allen's Lung Balm and watch the signs of relief. All Dealers. Popular Price—25c. and \$1.00 bottles.

His Own Method. "Did you say you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons who do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"That's what I said," answered the Socialist orator, "and it got great applause."

"Yes. But don't you say it again. Remember, you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a restaurant."—Washington Star.

Will Get It. "You should insist," said the doctor, "on your boy's accustoming himself to cold baths."

"I don't have to insist," answered the worried father. "He'll be out skating before the ice is an eighth of an inch thick."—Washington Star.

Not So Badly Off. "Kitty, think of the poor reindeer in the frozen north. They have to pass through the snow and ice to reach their food, and then have nothing to eat but moss."

"Why, mamma, I just love Iceland moss!"