

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. It is advised that these pills be taken as a laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Get a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money.

MUNYON, FIFTY-THIRD AND JEFFERSON STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Electric locomotives can pull heavier trains at a faster speed than steam locomotives of equal power.

AGONIZING ITCHING

Eczema For a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled by a severe itching and dry, scaly skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for treatment. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Cross St., Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 19, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

Maryland is the most advanced State in the Union in the fight against the "white plague," according to a bulletin issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

INVALID FOR YEARS

Made Well by Curing the Weakened Kidneys.

R. A. Davis, 700 Third Ave., Columbus, Ga., says: "A slight irregularity of the urine accompanied with pain in the back made me aware that I had kidney trouble. I neglected it, and finally got so bad I had to stop working. My back ached terribly. I could not rest well at night. I had rheumatic pain and lost all energy. The urine was in an awful condition. I ran down and down until I was an emaciated wreck and an invalid, in bed and out of bed, but in it most of the time. At the time I started with Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 125 lbs. As they helped me I kept on until well again and up to my old weight, 170 lbs. In five years I have had no return of kidney complaint."

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

A Generous Soul.

At a railway station of a certain Alabama town a number of passengers, who were waiting for a train long overdue, had distributed themselves on the platform, their feet hanging thereover.

Presently there came along a native, a sour-faced individual, with a rope in his hand. It subsequently transpired that he was looking for a stray mule. He came out of the bush opposite the station and stood for some time looking up and down the tracks. Then he directed his gaze to the group of waiting passengers on the platform with their feet hanging over. He regarded them hatlessly for quite a while, then suddenly he called out:

"Hey, there! You all!"

"What is it?" demanded some one, startled by the sudden cry.

"H'ist your feet!"

"This injunction to 'h'ist' was complied with by all with alacrity, for, as they looked down over the platform, they perceived a big rattlesnake just coiling for a strike. A handy grindstone was dropped on the reptile, despatching it, of course, and one of the men thanked the native for his timely warning.

The latter smiled grimly. "I don't s'pose I deserve much thanks," he said, "but some men who have lost a mule an' been huntin' for it for three days would have been kinder onery 'bout that snake. However, gents, there ain't nuthin' mean 'bout me!"

—Harper's Weekly.

Will Fire Engine Horses Go?

A gasoline fire engine—a handsome one, too—has been made for Hartford, Conn. In a few years the horses will be banished from the engine houses, and with them will go a very splendid and handsome feature of the modern fire service.

Accounting For Death Rate.

"I understand there were seventeen more deaths in this town last year than there were the year before. How do you account for it?" inquired an inquisitive stranger of the Health Commissioner, whom he chanced to meet.

"There were seventeen more automobiles," was the quick reply, "as he looked out of the window in time to see another victim added to the list."

Seeing Snakes in Orange County.

The warm weather brought out the black snakes from their winter home in the hills of Orange County, and the snake hunters had a busy and profitable time. One farmer spent a half hour in poking among the rocks on the south side of a pine ridge and was rewarded by discovering a total of fourteen snakes, all of which he killed with a short club of the fourteen, four measured over six feet, and when transformed by the tanner will serve as excellent belts.

YOUTH.

Don't you recall when apples grew, Oh, twice as big as now? When fish, however they were few, Were monster ones somehow? When Cakes' mill-dam made a roar As though the water hurled Were gathered in a mighty store From all the wide, wide world?

Don't you remember when the trees, The oak trees and the beech, Were lost in clouds on days like these And eyes could hardly reach Their waving tops? When Monday skies Were oh, such deeper blue? When Jack's great bear stalk in our eyes Just grew and grew and grew?

And there were bells, so more than fine, Of blue and white and red, Upon the morning glory vine That climbed up on the shed, To be a wonder and delight, So fresh and full of dew, To bud and open in a night— I see them now—don't you?

Don't you remember when the caves Were thick and full of gloom, Where captive maidens, once, like slaves, Were chained in some damp room? When twilight rustling in the brush Was some fierce beast? A howl It was, but crows at dusk are—Hush! I think I hear one now.

Come, take a little trip with me, Forget the things that fret, For you may close your eyes and see, Some things that I forgot. Why, I've seen Bluebird's hidden room, And Cinderella's shoe! And I have seen where violets bloom— So blue! So blue! So blue!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

THE LOST TREASURE

"Pick out a girl that looks good and strong," said Mrs. Penhatchet, when her husband was leaving for town in the morning. "Don't get one that will be sick half the time, as Hilda was."

"You forget, my dear," said Penhatchet, mildly, as he drew on his gloves, "that, although Hilda was sick half the time, we had her valuable services at the gas range the other half of the time. That beats nobody at all, doesn't it?"

"And be certain to have her out here by 11 o'clock. I may see something in the advertisements that I will want to go downtown for, and I can't sit around here all day waiting for a girl to come."

Having accomplished his mission at the intelligence office and directed the chosen maid to depart immediately for the Penhatchet flat, even advancing carfare with the laudable intention of speeding her on her unfamiliar way, Penhatchet was indulging in rosetate dreams of the dinner she had assured him she was able to prepare, when the telephone rang and he found his wife on the other end of the line.

WOMAN'S REALM

"You'd better come downtown and meet me about dinner time," he said, "and we'll dine together. That girl went out there, I suppose, and then continued on her way when she found nobody at home."

"Why can't you come up to mother's to dinner?" asked Mrs. Penhatchet sweetly.

"No, not for mine!" announced her husband decidedly. "I've had enough to try my temper to-day without trying to eat in a house where somebody is sick, with everybody waiting on 'em. Your mother can spare you for the rest of the evening and we might as well add on the expense of dinner downtown to my cab bill. I'm not going out to that empty flat—I want something good to eat for a change."

The dinner was a success, the check was \$3.40, the tip was forty cents and Penhatchet was at peace with all the world when they rode home on the elevated. Mrs. Penhatchet's spirits rose as she felt assured that they would get a maid next day who would be eminently satisfactory.

"I don't care whether we do or not, to tell the truth," said her husband, opening the door of the flat. "We can scratch along somehow for a few days—"

He was interrupted by a scream from his wife, who had spied a gaunt female figure striding toward them from the rear of the flat.

"Good evenin'," said the figure. "I thought yees were never comin' home, so I had me dinner."

"It's the girl!" gasped Penhatchet. "How did you get in?" demanded Mrs. Penhatchet.

"Sure, the back door was open an' I walked in," said the nonchalant stranger; "ye wouldn't have me sittin' outside the door all day, would ye?"

Mrs. Penhatchet looked at her husband and thought she detected a malicious gleam in his eye.

"Very well," she said, stiffly, to her new servant. "We won't need anything else this evening. What is your name?"

THE WITCHES' TREE.

Superstitions Regarding the Influence of the Elder.

Country people speak of the elder tree as "the witches' tree," and planted it near farm buildings and dairies to keep off witches. They also say that the roots should never come near a well, still less grow into it, or the water will be spoiled. Evelyn's opinion was also unfavorable. He says: "I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air."

"We learn from Blesius that a certain house in Spain, seated among many elder trees, diseased and killed nearly all its inhabitants, which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very healthy and wholesome place."

Cattle scarcely touch the elder, and the mole is driven away by the scent. Carters often place branches on their horses' heads to keep off flies. Nothing will grow well in the company of the elder, and when it has been removed and all its roots carefully grubbed up it is some few years before the ground becomes perfectly sweet and good for anything.

The berries, besides feeding the birds, make excellent country wine, delicious with soda water in summer or taken hot in winter. The wood is particularly good for skewers, and the curious Jews' red fungus grows on elder stumps. A species of elder in the Tyrol is covered with beautiful scarlet berries.—Selborne's Magazine.

As to Opium.

Although the consumption of opium to excess by members of the white races is harmful in a high degree to body and mind, the effect of the drug upon the Far Eastern races is a point concerning which no such dogmatic statement can be made. Of course, there are to be found in Asia among the native population thousands of men and women who are slaves to the habit and who are thereby demoralized in mind and ruined in constitution. On the other hand, there are immense numbers of people who while accustomed to take opium daily consume the drug in moderate quantities and exhibit no evil effects from the practice. Indeed, Mr. Rudyard Kipling some years ago stated that in his belief the moderate consumption of opium did good rather than harm to the native population of India. In fact, the consumption of opium by the Asian people may be compared not inaptly to the consumption of alcohol by the Europeans. Both have through generations of practice acquired a certain immunity to the drugs. This, however, does not prove that alcohol and opium are not harmful but that narcotics of any description exert an especially malignant influence upon virgin soil. This consumption of opium by white people is invariable attended with the most disastrous consequences and every available step should be taken to discountenance and put down the habit.—Medical Record.

"Robinson Crusoe."

The late Arthur William A. Beckett was one of the best known journalists in England. Beyond the permissibility of a doubt he was one of the ablest editors who ever filled an editorial position on the London Punch. Shortly before his death he told the following funny incident of the time when he was once having a pleasant chat with a political friend about the opera and the chances of Caruso singing at an early date:

"Did you hear him last year year at Covent Garden?" I asked.

"Well, no," said my political friend. "What was his name?"

"Caruso," I replied. "You know Caruso—the celebrated singer Caruso?"

"Ah, to be sure, Caruso! I wonder if he be any relation to Robinson Crusoe?"—Judge.

When the Dowager Empress of Russia travels—and she goes yearly to Biarritz and to London to visit her sister—she is always attended by Cossacks in their picturesque uniforms.

hair and ghastly pallor no one would blame a girl for touching up her face to prevent a sickly look. If one's liver refuses to act and sudden sallowness confronts one for an important function, what harm is there in bringing art to the rescue?

The thing is it must be art, art so high that it seems nature. The reason rouging has fallen into discredit is because it is generally badly done. Many women show as much discrimination in painting their cheeks as if they were doing a tin roof. They use cheap rouges, have no knowledge of anatomy, or light and shade, and never think of toning down edges with cotton or a dash of powder.

Art fully understood is never in bad taste if it becomes a necessity. But that is quite different from girls with the freshness of youth blinding their hair and rouging until they would be shocked at the impression they create.

All women, girls especially, should try diet, exercise and regular living as beauty makers before resorting to more questionable means. The flush of health and the bright eyes and clear skin that follow an active life full of wholesome interests are much more charming than any rouge, Kohl or peroxide, however artistically applied.—New York Press.

A Craze For Scarfs.

There is no gainsaying the popularity of the scarf. With both day and evening costumes it is a prominent feature, and there are many new details of its use which point to an even more extended vogue.

In the first place these are great variety. Scarfs are now shown in many different materials—in nets, embroidered and plain, in chiffon, crepe, satin, cashmere de sole and lace. They are braided, embroidered, beaded, spangled, printed in design and ornamented with hammered metal work.

Not only do they show increasing length and ornamentation, but in-

creasing width also, says the Dry Goods Economist, some of them being so wide as to assume almost the form of a mantle.

With day dress the scarf often matches the hat, and with evening costume may be of the same material as the dress. Both these points are distinctly new and are indicative of a far reaching vogue.

Scarfs which match the dresses are made of chiffon, satin and cashmere de sole. A notable instance of matching scarf with evening costume was seen in a debutante's toilet of pale blue chiffon, with woven border of broad, satin stripes. This bordered the trimming, and the wrap or scarf was formed of a full width of the chiffon, showing the border on each side draped in bedouin style and worn carelessly over the shoulders throughout the evening.

Many of the new scarfs are fringe trimmed. Very beautiful are those made of the coarse mesh nets of both silk and metal trimmed with heavy fringes made from lacet braid. Many of the scarfs are draped in the bedouin cape style at the back, the point being weighted with a tassel. This drapery gives a more graceful outline to the scarf when worn and makes it more becoming.

Other novelty forms show the scarf shirred or pleated in the center back, where it is held in shape by a large ornament of rich embroidery. The increased favor shown the hammered metal scarf is very apparent. Entire evening mantles and coats are formed of these set together in artistic design.

Newest Umbrellas.

The correct size for women this season is twenty-six inches. Colors are fashionable, and dark red, dark green, taupe and odd looking grays are the most popular.

To have a harmony, or an interesting contrast, with the gown, dull-looking old rose and catarwa shades may be had, with long handles decorated in gold, silver and ivory.

Long, slender handles of silver are neat and suitable to any time of day and any costume.

Mother of pearl handles or insets are out of favor, having given place in most cases to ivory.

There are also handles of carved teak-wood, as well as handles of more eccentric design; carved animal heads for example, with mock jewels for eyes.

The rods and ribs of the umbrellas for women are so fine that when the umbrella is closely rolled it can hardly be distinguished from a walking cane.

The hook handles are especially serviceable, and not expensive when made of gun metal.—New Haven Register.

Canal an Aid to Matrimony.

Mrs. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, wife of the Secretary of War, who has recently returned from the Canal Zone, says her visit was a most entertaining experience, and she is one of the most traveled women in public life. She took an absorbing interest in the Government laundry and social organizations which are trying to amuse the diggers. Like other visitors to the zone, she found the amusement problem the most difficult which the projectors of the canal have on hand. Reading clubs, orchestras, lecture courses, all are doing a part in keeping the workmen contented, but still they miss the pleasures of civilization. A year or two in Panama inclines the most hardened bachelor toward matrimony, Mrs. Dickinson was told by women in Colon. Many youths ask for leave of absence to go home and get married, which is granted. It would seem a good policy if when a man marries he is permitted to go home with his wife after serving a year and be replaced by a bachelor. This might adjust the problem of more women than men in New England.—New York Press.

Shall We Rouge?

The question is constantly being asked is it wrong to rouge? The answer as given to-day will be very different than if it had been asked of our mothers and grandmothers. Few will be found nowadays who would reply in the affirmative. It is entirely a question of good taste, not of morals.

If one's nose be hopelessly red or skin sallow a touch of rouge artistically applied to the cheeks is a certain improvement. With dead black

With the Funny fellows

A Quick Lunch

Enter, Set, Napkin? Wet. Order, Mush, Gobble, Rush! Water, Pie, Exit—Fly!

A Philosopher

"Why are you so enthusiastic about pedestrianism?"

"Because I can't afford an auto."

Education

"What lesson did you learn from this new problem novel?"

"Not to read any more books by the same author."—Cleveland Leader.

An Important Item

"Will this Alaska-Yukon Exposition be a success?"

"Dunno. Have they thought up a good name for the Midway?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Plenty of Gossip

"Going away this summer?"

"I suppose so, but it really seems useless. There's a good deal of scandal right around home just now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Suggestion

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride on her first marketing trip.

"Yes, madam," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Flareback

"Polly want a cracker?"

"Polly decidedly does not," replied the dignified bird. "Polly would, however, accept a caviar sandwich, or a bit of pate de foie gras."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Human Nature

"Everybody feels that he ought to see Shakespeare."

"Well?"

"I suspect that it is one of the reasons why Shakespeare doesn't draw better."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why is This?

"Barber shops have lots of innovations just now; new apparatus, electric machinery, everything is down to date with them."

"Yet they comb your hair just as they did in 1840."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In a Big Trial

"The law's delays are often no fault of the law."

Our Cut-out Recipe

Steak en Casserole.—One pound of round steak (or more, if family is large) cut up into pieces for serving, salted, peppered and rolled in flour. Lay the pieces in an earthen baking dish or casserole and sprinkle lightly with flour between the layers. Peel four small onions or two large ones and stick eight to ten cloves in them, dividing them up about evenly. Cover with cold water or just warm and bake two hours. The meat will be cooked so tender that it can be pulled apart by a fork and the flour will make a gravy, so that when the meat is done the gravy is ready to serve also. The baking dish must be tightly covered.

leaves incrustured with diamonds, the wife of the Secretary of State presented as regal a figure as one might see at the court of St. James. One distinctive feature of the gown was a wide embroidered sash of the lace covered satin, which began in a tiny strip at the waist on each side of the front panel and gradually widened until it was a full half yard above the hem. A deep fringe of gold reached just to the hem.—New York Press.

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Famous Institution Passing.

The Five Points House of Industry, which gives away to business encroachment, has stood for half a century, at once a memorial to one of New York's darkest social eras and a monument to a philanthropy which long ago effaced the old stain on the city's reputation due to the world-notorious cross roads of crime. A list of the boy graduates of this sheltering institution who grew up to become good citizens and fill posts of honor would make interesting reading.—New York World.

Catching Cod Off Cape May.

Hundreds of pounds of codfish are being caught daily off the coast of Cape May County. Many of the pound fishermen during the winter months go into the cod fishing on a large scale.

Some of their lines have as many as eight hundred hooks, and many of them four or five hundred. They are baited with surf clams, which sell for fifty cents a bushel.—Cape May Herald.

To Enjoy

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

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

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

If you but knew what harsh cathartics do, you'd always use Cascarets. Candy tablets, vegetable and mild. Yet just as effective as salts and calomel. Take one when you need it. Stop the trouble promptly. Never wait till night.

Delegato From United Birds.

The presence of a large blue pigeon in room 718 of the Auditorium Hotel last night, occupied by Joseph Tucker, created comment until it was explained by Miss Margaret O'Reilly, the cashier, who said the bird came for its daily meal from Mr. Tucker.

Mr. Tucker each morning feeds a large bun to the pigeons that flock to his window in the Rookery building. Yesterday morning he forgot the bun and the pigeon found in his room last night was believed by Miss O'Reilly to be a delegate from the flock come to ask explanations as to the breakfast that failed to appear. Mr. Tucker fed the bird and promised not to forget next time.—Chicago Tribune.

Gladstone's Four Great Masters.

The figure of Aristotle by the eminent sculptor G. Walker has recently been placed in the niche prepared for it outside the south wall of the residence. It is the gift of Dean Lincoln and Mrs. Wickham. The four niches outside St. Delois are intended for the figures of those four great men who were regarded by Mr. Gladstone as his chief masters—Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Three are now in position, all of them the work of Mr. Walker. It only remains for that of Bishop Butler to be given to complete the set.—Hawarden Parish Magazine.

Women Draw Large Salaries.

Probably the highest paid women in the United States Civil Service are two young women translators of French and Spanish, employed at the bureau of American republics. They receive \$2400 a year.

"Good" at Breakfast, Lunch or Supper

Delicious

Post Toasties

A new, dainty of pearly white corn, by the makers of Postum and Grape-Nuts.

Toasties are fully cooked, rolled into thin wafers and toasted a crisp, golden-brown.

Ready to eat, direct from the box with cream or good milk. The exquisite flavour, and crisp tenderness delights the most fastidious epicure or invalid.

"The Taste Lingers"

Popular pkg., 10c. Large Family size 15c.

Sold by Grocers.