

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.

One trouble with fate is that it hands us corn beef and cabbage when we want pie and ice cream.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lohrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 910 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: J. H. Coult, Fairmont, Minn., grass catcher; J. L. Dahlquist, St. Paul, Minn., jar holder; J. T. Fuhrman, St. Paul, Minn., fue center; N. Hoople, Duluth, Minn., grain car door; W. H. Johnson, Colgate, N. D., mail box; P. T. McNally, Mandan, N. D., mechanical movement; C. M. Porter, Carrington, N. D., metal grain tank.

THE WITCHES' TREE.

Country people speak of the elder tree as "The Witches' Tree," and plant 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 jawa red fungus grows on elder stumps. A species of elder in the Pyrol is covered with beautiful scarlet berries.

OVER THE FENCE Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.

He says: "Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum."

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum."

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly."

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again."

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pkgs.

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

The Turning Point

By LOUIS STELLMANN

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The "Dark Horse" of the senatorial contest strode to and fro with ceaseless activity among his henchmen, bestowing here a whispered order, there an expressive smile or nod and everywhere handshakes, accompanied by well measured words of that seemingly spontaneous geniality which makes the recipient feel he is an intimate friend on first sight—instead of a man with that valuable commodity, a vote—an art known only to the accomplished politician.

From a corner of the crowded hotel corridor the "Party's Choice" eyed him askance. James Haskins was ambitious to succeed himself as a national representative of his district. Experience had taught him how to judge human nature and for days past he had noted, with ever-increasing alarm, an inexplicable turn in the tide which had promised to land him, high and dry, on the shores of victory but a short time before. Sansome's ascendancy was something he could not understand or explain by any of the various standards that govern political conditions. It seemed as though some unseen power was using the "sack," the contents and purpose of which are defined in cartoons by a large dollar mark. Yet he knew Sansome to be almost fanatically honest; that Sansome, himself, possessed no great means and that, with the policy he favored and would doubtless carry out, it would be directly against the interests of any of the great commercial powers to back him.

Haskins, however, was too thoroughly schooled in political methods to voice his disquietude, even to his nearest lieutenant. He knew the value of manifested confidence and smiled condescendingly on his opponents' efforts, with the unconscious assurance of the political favorite who disregards, on the surface, all undercurrents and trembles, inwardly. Resolutions of premature withdrawal were forming in his mind. It was either that or defeat, or—

Pulkerson, upon whom Haskins had frowned all evening and for many previous days as well, caught his eye at this juncture and noted the faint wavering line in Haskins' mouth. Pulkerson was the trusted agent of a great corporation. He had waited for this sign, patiently and unrebuffed, ever since he was commissioned to insure the passage of a certain measure, "at any cost." Now he smiled in sardonic triumph, deep within himself. Outwardly his face was expressionless.

"Come, and have a drink," he said to Haskins.

The two left the corridor and entered a private compartment labeled "Club Room." Pulkerson, who entered last, closed the door after him.

"Well," he said to his companion. "You see how it's goin'."

Haskins faced him angrily. "Is this some of your work?" he asked.

The other smiled in quiet acquiescence. He was not a man of words.

Again the wavering line came to Haskins' mouth. "Why are you boosting Sansome?" he asked, puzzledly. "Don't you know he won't stand for any of your 'legislating'?"

"He's a new man," replied the other. "He doesn't know the ropes like you, and, if it comes to a choice of evils, he'll be easier to circumvent."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Haskins. He could not think of another thing to say.

"I don't know about that," returned Pulkerson, with a laugh, "but you'll be beaten—unless—"

The rattle of poker-chips came to them from an adjoining compartment. "Shut up," Haskins broke in. "Don't talk so loud. I know what you mean. Do you think you can buy me at public auction?"

"It's your nerves," said Pulkerson, with a touch of contempt. "I wasn't speaking above a whisper."

Haskins did not seem to hear him. "After all," he remarked, with excellent dissimulation, "I don't care—much. You might be at me and you might not, but I've got money enough—"

"—to want more," finished the other, grimly. "You want this election worse than ever—ten times worse. And it's yours for a little—"

He paused, impressively, while Haskins bit off the end of a black cigar and applied a match with nervous fingers. He puffed away in silence for some minutes. Finally he arose and took a few steps, toward the door.

"I'll give you an answer to-morrow—damn you!" he said, and went out, slamming the door after him.

Pulkerson pulled a yellow telegraph blank from his pocket and inscribed thereon several words in cipher code. Translated, literally, from Pulkerson's thoughts at this moment, these would

have read: "Haskins is called to the room."

The last named gentleman, as this message was speeding over the wire, entered a cosy parlor in the suburbs of the capital. It was dangerous, he knew, to mix sentiment with politics. But, on the brink of his first divergence from that stern and robust rectitude which, with him, was a distaste for evil, rather than a victory over temptation, he felt imbued with a sudden subjective recklessness that knew no law.

In the soft light of a woman's eyes, he forgot, temporarily, the vicissitudes of a "career." It seemed very far away—the other life—as he held both her hands for a moment and then sank, in comfortable weariness, into an easy chair at her side.

Margaret Haslage had been something vaguely between friend and sweetheart to James Haskins for many years. Once, in the Long Ago—it seemed long ago, because he had lived rapidly since then—he had wanted her solely in the latter capacity. Falling in this, he had grown almost used to accepting her in the former, but, though he did not realize it himself, he had never ceased to hope.

There was an atmosphere of sanctity in the little room, into which thoughts of the political and moral maelstrom from which he had fled for a momentary respite, could not enter. Margaret's eyes were troubled as she looked at him. Hers was that rarer intuition which blends sympathy with understanding and merges both in practical helpfulness. Beyond the commonplaces of greeting neither had spoken.

"Is your campaign going wrong Jim?" she questioned, presently. "Aren't you going to win?"

Manlike, he misconstrued. Was he going to win? She wanted him to, and she was disappointed by the presage of defeat which must, somehow, have come into his face. The features of Pulkerson looked before him. It recalled the opening scene of "Faust."

Marguerite and Margaret! Almost identical names! That seemed odd.

But he wasn't going to win her. If that were the stake, there would be no hesitation, he decided. However, he would hesitate no longer.

"Yes," he said, slowly, and with increasing emphasis on each succeeding word. "I—am—going—to—win."

Margaret regarded him curiously. "You say that, as though you were sorry," she smiled.

Haskins turned away. "You don't understand these things, little woman," he replied. "When one gets anything—one pays."

She arose and, leaning over the back of his chair, placed her hands lightly upon his bowed shoulders.

"Jim," she cried anxiously, unheeding. "Jim—you don't mean that—that—"

"I've sold myself," he finished harshly. "No—not yet."

"You mustn't," she cried out, starting backward. "Oh, Jim! You would not do that!"

The reproach in her tone stung him. He arose and stood before her, defiant.

"It's hard to give up everything," he said with bitter meaning. "Very hard. You don't know. You're a woman."

Margaret's eyes blazed with a quick scorn. "If you do this thing," she said with deliberate distinctness, "I shall never speak to you again."

Haskins' teeth met with a snap. He knew it was not an idle threat, and, also, he knew what this would mean to him. But he was not used to being dictated to, and this night he had been the shuttlecock of conflicting purposes. The woman's ultimatum acted like a goad.

"Very well," he answered, coldly. "It's part of the price, I suppose. Good-night."

In another moment he would have gone. But suddenly, the spark of anger died from Margaret's eyes and something else replaced it. With an impulsive movement she hurried after him and flung both arms about his neck.

"Jim!" she cried, in a last appeal. "Do you want to break my heart? Do you? Do you? Jim—won't you let it go—and be satisfied with me?"

"With you?" he repeated wonderingly, a strange light in his eyes. "With you? Why—you—said—"

She hid her face on his shoulder. "I said that I didn't love you—once," she sobbed out. "But—I can't let you do this thing. You won't, Jim? Will you? Promise me you won't."

With a quick, hungry force Haskins' arms encircled her. All life seemed present and new to him. There was no past, no complication, now. Nothing but a sense of beautiful, marvelous victory, greater than any of which he had ever dreamed.

On the following morning, Pulkerson stood in the lobby of the capital scrutinizing, blankly, for the twentieth time, a sheet of note paper which bore the following terse inscription: "Go to the devil—Haskins."

Painfully Exact. The sign which many dentists display, says the Western Medical Journal, reading "Dentist's Parlor" should read "Dentist's Drawing-Room."

FROM BRITISH OAK

WAS MADE THE FURNITURE IN NEW JERSEY ROOM.

Feature of Memorial Continental Hall That Delights the Patriotic Visitor—Wood Formerly Part of Royal Frigate Augusta.

There is one feature of Memorial Continental hall which delights the visitors and brings to mind one of those far-away victories which the American patriots scored against King George and his men. The feature is "the New Jersey room," furnished by the New Jersey chapters of the D. A. R., and the wood from



which the chairs, wainscoting, beams and other gifts have been carved is taken from the British frigate Augusta, which ran aground October 23, 1777, while fighting a swarm of American galleys and floating batteries on the Delaware. Since then the frigate has rested ignobly upon New Jersey sand, a mecca for tourists and a mine for the memento seeker.

The Augusta was of 1,450 tons burden, carried 64 guns and was no second-rate ship. In fact, she was rated as one of England's best when she set sail to take part in what the British admiralty thought would be the complete subjection of the bothersome Yankees. Yet for 130 years the white oak hull lay half under water, after having vainly tried to stem the tide of battle by broadsides of 1,200 pounds each. The white oak became as hard as marble in that long period, and much more difficult to carve, and the New Jersey society had great difficulty in finding wood workers and sawmills which would undertake to fashion the great beams of the decks and hull into chairs, tables and other furniture.

The idea of taking enough wood from the Augusta to furnish a New Jersey room originated with Miss Ellen Matlock of the Ann Whitall chapter of New Jersey. She and Miss Ellen Mecum, for four years state regent of New Jersey, worked hard to make the New Jersey room a success. She found that to get the wood from the ship could cost \$400, and immediately set about to get it. Not only did the New Jersey Daughters raise the \$400, but they raised \$1,320 more and spent every cent of it on their room.

The style adopted for the furniture of the room was of the Jacobian period, as at that time oak was used almost exclusively in England. The chairs have been made some with cane backs and some with backs carved into wooden chains and called "chain backs." One of the chairs is a replica of a chair dated 1865 and exhibited at the treasurer's house at York, England. That replica was one of the first pieces of carving to be done for the room, and was somewhat in the nature of an experiment. However, those earlier pieces have received great praise and commendation from visitors to the room.

Later on the New Jersey Daughters had a deep wainscoting made for the room, paneled and carved, and on one side they had carved the arms of their state. There is a settle and an armchair, a graceful bench, a desk, a massive table, a lectern and an illuminated parchment under glass showing what each gift is and what chapter gave it. The parchment gives a brief history of the wood in addition. The oak bears only the polish of the tools and has a most unusual and dignified appearance.

Also a Life at Its End. Irish Proverb: Praise a fine day at night.

The Presidential Occupation.

Quentin Roosevelt, the president's youngest son, has just begun to attend school in Washington. Before entering school he was told at home that he mustn't let the fact that his father is president give him any airs; that it had nothing to do with his standing in school; in short, that he was not to mention it at all.

On the first day the pupils were asked to tell where they lived and what their fathers did for a living. It came Quentin's turn.

"Where do you live?" "At the White House," he replied, after a pause.

"What is your father's business?" The admonition not to mention that his father is president stuck in Quentin's throat. He made no reply at all. "Well?"

Still no response.

"Come, you have to answer, you know. What does your father do?"

The youngest Roosevelt looked the teacher squarely in the eyes, and replied:

"He's it!"

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed



a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

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

One Want Supplies.

Walter—You'll find our roast goose very satisfying, sir.

Regular Patron—I don't doubt it, William. The last roast goose I tried here will satisfy me, I think, for the next ten years. Bring me some broiled ham, William.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

In It.

"I'll tell you what, I like a friend who is a friend in need."

"Then you ought to love me. I'm always in need."

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

The way to make a woman happy is to make her believe that she is making you unhappy.

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Fargo, N. D.

A cyclone is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A South Bend Watch Frozen in Ice Keeps Perfect Time.

South Bend Watches are accurate to the minutest fraction of a second. They are



not affected by heat or cold; you can freeze a South Bend Watch in ice without affecting its timekeeping qualities in the slightest degree. They are proof against variations caused by railway travel, horseback riding, auto-mobiling or any of the many joys and jars and bangs of every day use. Your jeweler will be pleased to show you our line of these watches and explain to you how, through the wonderful South Bend Balance Wheel, a South Bend Watch adjusts itself to every temperature automatically.

FOR SALE BY JEWELERS ONLY.