

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Ice Cavern is Filling Up. Hungary's world renowned national wonder, the ice cavern of Dobosina, is threatened with serious danger. An official of the meteorologic institute of Budapest established, after a lengthy observation, that ice is forming in the cavern so fast and in such a measure that it will completely fill the cavern in one or two decades, and it is quite possible the cavern will not be approachable in a few years. The temperature is steadily one degree below the freezing point in the cavern, causing the ever increasing precipitation and the water that trickles in turns to ice immediately, thickening the walls and arches.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make it Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

New Brooms. Representative Dillon said in Yankton apropos to an administrative municipal change, of which he did not approve: "They declare that a new broom sweeps clean, but some of these new brooms that seem to sweep clean are in reality only throwing dust in our eyes."

FIVE CHILDREN TO WORK FOR

Quite an Undertaking For a Lady, but Mrs. Wright Doesn't Mind Now.

Anheville, N. C.—Mrs. Minnie Wright, of R. P. D. No. 1, this city, says: "I don't think there is any medicine made that would have done me the good Cardui, the woman's tonic, did. I have five children to work for, and I praise Cardui for giving me the good health to do it."

I was in a delicate condition, on account of a relapse of measles which left me in a bad shape, and I also had severe headaches and backache. Was in too bad a fix for anyone to live, it seemed to me.

I was told that my only chance was an operation, but I decided to try Cardui instead. I only took two bottles, and now I am well and strong again.

I don't believe there is any medicine on earth that will help suffering women as Cardui will. I have already gotten several ladies to try it, and I am going to continue to recommend your medicine."

For more than 50 years, Cardui has been successfully used in the treatment of womanly ills. It has been found to relieve women's pains, and strengthen women's weakness.

If you are a woman, and suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to your sex, we urge you to give Cardui a trial. It has helped more than a million women in the past half century, and will do the same for you if given a fair trial. Your druggist sells Cardui.

N. B.—Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. Adv.

The Shopper. Lady of Leisure (discarding the fiftieth hat she has tried on)—No, it's not a bit of use. I knew when I came to this shop that you would have nothing to suit me.—London Opinion.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Lets Them Age. "I never pay old debts." "How about your new ones?" "Oh, I let them get old."



SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton, Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughing during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He is present with Gregory years before, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory's agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife five years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory. He is dead, and she hints that Fran may be an impostor. Fran declares that the secretary must go. Grace Gregory insists on her going to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship. Fran is ordered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton leaves the school in company of the two men to the amusement of the scandal-mongers of the town.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Lem me!" Jakey pleaded, with fine admiration. "Well, I rather guess not!" cried Bob. "I think I'll refuse Fran's first request." He sped upstairs, uncommonly light of foot.

"Now," whispered Fran wickedly, "let's run off and leave him." "I'm with you!" Abbott whispered hoarsely. They burst from the building like a storm, Fran laughing musically, Abbott laughing joyously, Jakey laughing loudest of all. They sallied down the front walk under the artillery fire of hostile eyes from the green veranda. They continued merry. Jakey even swaggered, fancying himself a part of it; he regretted his short trousers.

When Robert Clinton overtook them, he was red and breathless, but Fran's beribboned hat was clutched triumphantly in his hand. It was he who first discovered the ambushade. He suddenly remembered, looked across the street, then fell, desperately wounded. The shots would have passed unheeded over Abbott's head, had not Fran called his attention to the ambushade. "It's a good thing," she said innocently, "that you're not holding my hand—" and she nodded toward the boarding house. Abbott looked, and turned for one despairing glance at Bob; the latter was without sign of life.

"What shall we do?" inquired Fran, as they halted ridiculously. "If we run for it, it'll make things worse."

"Oh, Lord, yes!" groaned Bob; "don't make a bolt!" Abbott pretended not to understand. "Come on, Fran, I shall go home with you." His fighting blood was up. In his face was no surrender, no, not even to Grace Noir. "Come," he persisted, with dignity.

"How jolly!" Fran exclaimed. "Shall we go through the grove?—that's the longest way."

"Then let us go that way," responded Abbott stubbornly. "Abbott," the school director warned, "you'd better come on over to my place—I'm going there this instant—to get a cup of tea. It'll be best for you, old fellow, you listen to me, now—you need a little er—a—some—a little stimulant."

"No," Abbott returned definitely. He had done nothing wrong, and he resented the accusing glances from across the way. "No, I'm going with Fran."

"And don't you bother about him," Fran called after the retreating chairman of the board, "he'll have stimulant enough."

CHAPTER XI.

The New Bridge at Midnight. It was almost time for summer vacation. Like all conscientious superintendents of public schools, Abbott Ashton found the closing week especially fatiguing. Examinations were nerve-testing, and correction of examination papers called for late hours over the lamp. Ashton had fallen into the reprehensible habit of bolting from the boarding house, after the last paper

dreams, the seers of wonderful vision, the makers of romance. All the world loves or should love them. The news of the day is too much hardened with heavy reading. One wearies at last of political and social reform, of divorce and murder in sordid bar-rooms, of the cost of living and the course of the markets. There is a craving for something not so commonplace, for something less prosaic, for something which has a touch of moonshine in it. Let us not, therefore, discourage the treasure hunters with cold reason like a dash of cold water. Let us rather fan their enthusiasm and keep it forever aglow so that as long as newspapers exist there may be now and then a tale of Cocos Island wedged in between the tariff and the trusts

LURE OF TREASURE HUNTING

For the Sake of Romance and Adventure Do Not Discourage the Seeker of Treasure.

For the sake of romance and adventure and all that puts color into life it is to be hoped that the failure of the expedition which recently went to the lake of Cocos in search of pirate gold will not mark the end of treasure hunting. In the interest also of the good town of Panama, where the treasure seekers are wont to outfit and buy supplies, we should point out that negative results never really proved anything. There may be gold on Cocos. There may be millions of pieces of eight and jewels galore and wine which the buccaneers, who had more than they could drink, laid aside for a rainy day. Because many treasure hunters have ransacked Cocos from end to end no man can say that the next treasure hunter will not find that for which all the others have labored and sought in vain.

Treasure hunters are of the earth's salt. They are the dreamers of great



had been graded, no matter how late the night, and making his way rapidly from town as if to bathe his soul in country solitude. Like all reprehensible habits this one was presently to revenge itself by getting the "professor" into trouble. One beautiful moonlight night, he was nearing the suburbs, when he made a discovery. The discovery was twofold: First, that the real cause of his nightly wanderings was not altogether a weariness of mental toil; second, that he had, for some time, been trying to escape from the thought of Fran. He had not known this. He had simply run, asking no questions. It was when he suddenly discovered Fran in the flesh, as she slipped along a crooked alley, gliding in shadows, that the cause of much sleeplessness was made tangible.

Abbott was greatly disturbed. Why should Fran be stealthily darting down side-alleys at midnight? The wonder suggested its corollary—why was he running as from some intangible enemy? But now was no time for introspection, and he set himself the task of solving the new mystery. As Fran merged from the mouth of the alley, Abbott dived into its bowels, but when he reached the next street, no Fran was to be seen.

Had she darted into one of the fringed cabins that composed the scatter of Littleburg? At the mere thought, he felt a nameless shrinking of the heart, Surely not. But could she possibly, however fleet of foot, have rounded the next corner before his coming into the light? Abbott sped along the street that he might know the truth, though he realized that the less he saw of Fran the better. However, the thought of her being alone in the outskirts of the village, most assuredly without her guardian's knowledge, seemed to call him to duty. Call or no call, he went.

It seemed to him a long time before he reached the corner. He darted around it—yonder sped Fran like a thin shadow racing before the moon. She ran. Abbott ran. It was like a foot-race without spectators.

At last she reached the bridge spanning a ravine in whose far depths murmured a little stream. The bridge was new, built to replace the foot-



"But Whose Hearts Are We King and Queen Of?"

bridge upon which Abbott and Fran had stood on the night of the tent-meeting. Was it possible that the superintendent of instruction was about to venture a second time across this ravine with the same girl, under the same danger of misunderstanding, revealed by similar glory of moonlight? Conscience whispered that it would not be enough simply to warn; he should escort her to Hamilton Gregory's very door, that he might know she had been rescued from the wide white night; and his conscience was possibly upheld by the knowledge that a sudden advent of a Miss Sapphira was morally impossible.

Fran's back had been toward him all the time. She was still unaware of his presence, and with critical eye sought a position mathematically the same from either hand-rail. Standing there, she drew a package from

TRIBUTE TO BARD OF AVON

Garden Contains Every Shrub, Flower or Plant Mentioned in Plays of Shakespeare.

Tradition has it that Shakespeare was a frequent partaker of the hospitality dispensed at a certain tavern in Brentford, and until recently this was the only direct association which this portion of Greater London could claim with the world's chief dramatist. Now, however, a tram-ride to the Shakespeare garden in Ravenscourt park, Hammersmith, brings the poet's devotees to a little green board which conveys this intimation: "This garden contains all the herbs and flowers which figure in Shakespearean dramas. On the estate of the countess of

Spiders Work for Canal. Official notice that six large spiders were working for the Panama canal came out when Colonel Gouthals arranged for a man to care for them in the instrument room at the Gorgona shops. From the cocoons the instrument makers will take threads for use in all the engineers' ir. on the work these threads taking the place of platinum

FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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her bosom, hastily seated herself upon the boards, and, oblivious of surroundings, bent over the package as it rested in her lap.

Abbott, without pause, hurried up. His feet sounded on the bridge. Fran was speaking aloud, and, on that account, did not hear him, as he came up behind her. "Grace Noir," she was saying—"Abbott Ashton—Bob Clinton—Hamilton Gregory—Mrs. Gregory—Simon Jefferson—Mrs. Jefferson—Miss Sapphira—Fran—the Devil—" She seemed to be calling the roll of her acquaintances. Was she reading a list from the package?

Abbott trod noisily on the fresh pine floor. Fran swiftly turned, and the moonbeams revealed a flush, yet she did not attempt to rise. "Why didn't you answer when you heard your name called?" she asked with a good deal of composure.

"Fran!" Abbott exclaimed. "Here all alone at midnight—all alone! Is it possible?" "No, it isn't possible," Fran returned satirically, "for I have company."

Abbott warmly urged her to hasten back home; at the same time he drew nearer and discovered that her lap was covered with playing-cards.

"But you mustn't stay here," he said imperatively. "Let us go at once." "Just as soon as I tell the fortunes. Of course I wouldn't go to all this trouble for nothing. Now look. This card is Fran—the queen of hearts. This one is Simon Jefferson—and this one is Bob. And you—but it's no use telling all of them. Now; we want to see who's going to marry."

Abbott spoke in his most authoritative tone: "Fran! Get up and come with me before somebody sees you here. This is not only ridiculous, it's wrong and dreadfully imprudent."

Fran looked up with flashing eyes. "I won't!" she cried. "Not till I've told the fortunes. I'm not the girl to go away until she's done what she came to do." Then she added mildly, "Abbott, I just had to say it in that voice, so you'd know I meant it. Don't be cross with me."

She shuffled the cards. "But why must you stay out here to do it?" he groaned.

"Because this is a new bridge. I'd hate to be a professor, and not know that it has to be in the middle of a new bridge, at midnight, over running water, in the moonlight. Now you keep still and be nice; I want to see who's going to get married. Here is Grace Noir, and here is Fran."

"And where am I?" asked Abbott. In an awed voice, as he bent down. Fran wouldn't tell him.

He bent over. "Oh, I see, I see!" he cried. "This is me—I drew a card from the pack—the king of hearts." He held it triumphantly. "Well. And you are the queen of hearts, you said."

"Maybe I am," said Fran, rather breathlessly, "but whose hearts are we king and queen of? That's what I want to find out." And she showed her teeth at him.

"We can draw and see," he suggested, sinking upon one knee. "And yet, since you're the queen and I'm the king, it must be each other's hearts."

He stopped abruptly at sight of her crimsoned cheeks.

"That doesn't always follow," Fran told him hastily; "not by any means. For here are other queens. See the queen of spades? Maybe you'll get her. Maybe you want her. You see, she either goes to you, or to the next card."

"But I don't want any queen of spades," Abbott declared. He drew the next card, and exclaimed dramatically, "Saved, saved! Here's Bob Give her to Bob Clinton."

"Oh, Abbott!" Fran exclaimed, looking at him with starlike eyes and rose-like cheeks, making the most fascinating picture he had ever beheld at midnight under a silver moon. "Do you mean that? Remember you're on a new bridge over running water."

Abbott paused uneasily. She looked less like a child than he had ever seen her. Her body was very slight—but her face was. It is marvelous how much of a woman's seriousness was to be found in this girl. He rose

with the consciousness that for a moment he had rather forgotten himself.

He reminded her gravely—"We are talking about cards—just cards." "No," said Fran, not stirring, "we are talking about Grace Noir. You say you don't want her; you've already drawn yourself out. That leaves her to poor Bob—he'll have to take her, unless the joker gets the lady—the joker is named the devil. . . . So the game isn't interesting any more." She threw down all the cards, and looked up, beaming. "My! but I'm glad you came."

He was fascinated and could not move, though as convinced as at the beginning that they should not linger thus. There might be fatal consequences; but the charm of the little girl seemed to temper this chill knowledge to the shorn lamb. He temporized: "Why don't you go on with your fortune-telling, little girl?"

"I just wanted to find out if Grace Noir is going to get you," she said candidly; "it doesn't matter what becomes of her. Were you ever on this bridge before?"

"Fran, Miss Grace is one of the best friends I have, and—everybody admires her. The fact that you don't like her, shows that you are not all you ought to be."

Fran's drooping head hid her face. Was she contrite, or mocking? Presently she looked up, her expression that of grave cheerfulness. "Now you've said what you thought you had to say," she remarked. "So that's over. Were you ever on this bridge before?"

Abbott was offended. "No." "Good, good!" with vivacious enthusiasm. "Both of us must cross it at the same time and make a wish. Help me up—quick."

She reached up both hands, and Abbott lifted her to her feet. "Whenever you cross a new bridge," she explained, "you must make a wish. It'll come true. Won't you do it, Abbott?"

"Of course. What a superstitious little Nonpareil! Do you hold hands?" "Honest hands—!" She held out both of hers. "Come on then. What are you going to wish, Abbott? But no, you mustn't tell till we're across. Oh, I'm do it!" he groaned.

"Because this is a new bridge. I'd hate to be a professor, and not know that it has to be in the middle of a new bridge, at midnight, over running water, in the moonlight. Now you keep still and be nice; I want to see who's going to get married. Here is Grace Noir, and here is Fran."

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"Sh-h-h! Mum!" whispered Fran, opening her eyes wide. With slow steps they walked side by side, shoulder to shoulder, four hands clasped.

Fran's great dark eyes were set fixedly upon space as they solemnly paraded beneath the watchful moon. As Abbott watched her, the witchery of the night stole into his blood.

The last plank was crossed. "Now!" Fran cried breathlessly, "what did you wish?" Her body was quivering, her face glowing.

"That I might succeed," Abbott answered. "Oh!" said Fran. "My! That was like a cold breath. Just wishing to be great, and famous, and useful, and rich!"

Abbott laughed as light-heartedly as if the road were not calling him away from solitudes. "Well, what did you wish, Fran?"

"That you might always be my friend, while we're together, and after we part."

"It doesn't take a new bridge to make that come true," he declared. She looked at him solemnly. "Do you understand the responsibilities of being a friend? A friend has to assume obligations, just as when a man's elected to office, he must represent his party and his platform."

"I'll stand for you!" Abbott cried earnestly. "Will you? Then I'm going to tell you all about myself—ready to be surprised? Friends ought to know each other. In the first place, I am eighteen years old, and in the second place I am a professional lion-trainer, and in the third place my father is—but friends don't have to know each other's fathers. Besides, maybe that's enough to start with."

"Yes," said Abbott, "it is." He paused, but she could not guess his emotions, for his face showed nothing but a sort of blankness. "I should like to take this up seriously. You tell me you are eighteen years old?"

"—And have had lots of experience." "Your lion-training; has it been theoretical or—"

"Mercenary," Fran responded; "real lions, real bars, real spectators, real pay days."

"But, Fran," said Abbott helplessly, "I don't understand."

"But you're going to, before I'm done with you. I tell you, I'm a show-girl, a lion-trainer, a juggler. I'm the famous Fran Nonpareil, and my carnival company has shown in most of the towns and cities of the United States. It's when I'm in my blue silks and gold stars and crimson sashes, kissing my hands to the audience, that I'm the real princess."

Abbott was unable to analyze his real emotions, and his one endeavor was to hide his perplexity. He had always treated her as if she were older than the town supposed, hence the revelation of her age did not so much matter; but lion-training was so remote from conventions that it seemed in a way almost uncanny. It seemed to isolate Fran, to set her coldly apart from the people of his world.

"I'm going home," Fran said abruptly. He followed her mechanically, too absorbed in her revelation to think of the cards left forgotten on the bridge. From their scene of good wishes, Fran went first, head erect, arms swinging defiantly; Abbott followed, not knowing in the least what to say, or even what to think.

The moon had not been laughing at them long, before Fran looked back over her shoulder and said, as if he had spoken, "Still, I'd like for you to know about it."

He quickened his step to regain her side, but was oppressed by an odd sense of the abnormal. "Although," she added indistinctly, "it doesn't matter."

They walked on in silence until, after prolonged hesitation, he told her quietly that he would like to hear all she felt disposed to tell.

She looked at him steadily: "Can you dilute a few words with the water of your imagination, to cover a life? I'll speak the words, if you have the imagination."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Ammonia water that has been used for washing may be used for plants. It is an excellent fertilizer.

TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

A COLORADO CASE

John T. Scantling, 240 Johnson St., Trinidad, Colo., says: "I was helpless in bed for three months with rheumatism. When I did get up, I had to use crutches. Besides backache and rheumatic pains, I had trouble with my kidneys. After doctoring unsuccessfully, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured the terrible pains and I have been able to work every day since. I feel like a different man."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Fine Old Sailor. Lord John Hay, the oldest British naval officer, has just completed his eighty-sixth year. Like many of our old sailors he has had a stirring career, not the least interesting incident in which being the fact that he was the first British subject to administer the government of Cyprus. He took possession of the island after the convention of 1878, and remained in charge until the arrival of Lord Wolseley, the first high commissioner. Lord John entered the navy two years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and became an admiral of the fleet a quarter of a century ago.

"JUST AS GOOD AS BOND'S PILLS?" Don't you believe it! No such a Liver remedy is made. But do not abuse the dealer who tells you so! He does not intend to injure you or us; he only likes to make a larger profit than Bond's Pills afford him.

Just laugh at him and insist on BOND'S LIVER PILLS, the gentle, safe and effective liver stimulant, that are honestly made from the best known ingredients and without regard to cost or trouble.

They are expressly intended to cure Biliousness, Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Malaria and all the ailments due to an inactive liver or bowels.

"ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR!" Take just ONE pill at bedtime and wake up well, without any unpleasant feeling. They are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

If the Pills cannot be obtained in your town, send 25c to us and get them by return mail.

Sold by leading druggists, 25c. Send to us for free sample. BOND'S PHARMACY CO., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Old Gowns Made Over. Wonders can be worked by doing over old frocks with black net fringes. The bodice of an old satin foundation can be treated to a simple fichu of the net with a hanging angel sleeve, and the skirt hung with straight lengths gathered in slightly under the belt, with an opening at the middle front that slants off toward the back.

At the hem of the gown the net is laid with some fulness around the skirt. A charming French gown in which this idea was elaborated in many ways had a foundation of changeable mauve and yellow silk, with mauve net as a covering, and a cluster of wisteria on a long train to catch down some of the drapery. Yellow stain with a black covering and a simple rhinestone trimming is also good.

A Practical Wife. "Wife, this is our wedding anniversary." "So it is."

"As a matter of sentiment I shall bring home a bunch of flowers to-night."

"Never mind the sentiment, Henry. Bring home some limburger cheese."

Well Trained. Brown—"You seem more satisfied with your wife's cooking than formerly. Has she learned with time?"

Smith—"No, I have.—Woman's Home Companion. Nearly every man is true to his first love—himself.