CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

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 on each bottle. Adv.

At the Boarding House.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.—Adv.

Price of Realty in Rome.

In the big cities of the Old World the highest value seems to belong to a property in Rome. Here is where a value of $450 a square foot is found, and the land is not used for an income-producing building, but includes the property of the German embassy to Italy. Business property in Rome does not bring nearly this high price. In the principal centers of offices and shops values do not mount much above $200 a square foot.

Aeroplane Kept as Memento.

All that is left of the historic Wright biplane with which Calbraith P. Rodgers flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific two years ago is to be presented to the Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh by the late aviator's mother. The machine was badly damaged when Rodgers fell to his death in the Pacific ocean a short time after completing his wonderful flight. Subsequently it was used by Andrew Drew until that aviator also was killed with it. The machine has been restored to its original condition. Both Rodgers' and Fowler's Wright machines have motors of but 30-horsepower, yet they flew across the continent in opposite directions at a time when the aeroplane had not been equipped with the 100-horsepower motor of today, which makes it much more stable, nor had it developed anywhere near the speed of which it has since shown itself to be capable.

WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

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

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

FRAN

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O·IRWIN·MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

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, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, 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 in 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 three 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. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request, Abbott urges him not to discuss what he has learned. On Abbott's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, Clinton agrees to keep silent. Driven into a corner by the threat of exposure, Gregory is forced to dismiss Grace. Grace is offered the job of bookkeeper in Clinton's grocery store. Gregory's infatuation leads him to seek Grace at the grocery. He finds her alone and tells her the story of his past. Grace points out that as he married the present Mrs. Gregory before the death of Fran's mother, he is not now legally married. They decide to flee at once. They attempt to escape during the excitement of a street fair and are forced to enter the lion tent to avoid Clinton. Abbott wanders into the lion tent to pass the time. A young woman wearing a mask is taking the place of the regular trainer. One of the lions rebels and the trainer removes her mask revealing the features of Fran. She finally overcomes the brute. Gregory's eyes are opened to the real nature of Grace as he sees murder in her eyes during Fran's contest with the lion. He tells her all is over between them.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

He met her eyes unfalteringly. "It's already nine o'clock," he said with singular composure. "Don't forget nine-thirty."

Then he disappeared in the crowd.

Then, to her amazement, she beheld Hamilton Gregory stumbling toward her, looking neither to right nor left, seeing none but her—Hamilton Gregory at a show! Hamilton Gregory here, of all places, his eyes wide, his head thrown back as if to bare his face to her startled gaze.

"Fran!" cried Gregory, thrusting forth his arms to take her hands. "Fran! Even now, the bars divide us. But oh, I am so glad, so glad—and God answered my prayer and saved you, Fran—my daughter!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Near the Sky.

It was half-past nine when Abbott met Fran, according to appointment, before the Snake Den. From her hands she had removed the color of Italy, and from her body, the glittering raiment of La Gonizetti.

Fran came up to the young man from out the crowded street, all quivering excitement. In contrast with the pulsing life that ceaselessly changed her face, as from reflections of dancing light-points, his composure showed almost grotesque.

"Here I am," she panted, shooting a quizzical glance at his face, "are you ready for me? Come on, then, and I'll show you the very place for us."

Abbott inquired serenely: "Down there in the Den?"

"No," she returned, "not in the Den. You're no Daniel, if I am a Charmer. No dens for us."

"Nor lion cages?" inquired Abbott, still inscrutable; "never again?"

"Never again," came her response.

Fran stopped before the Ferris Wheel.

"Let's take a ride," she said, a little tremulously. "Won't need tickets. Bill, stop the wheel; I want to go right up. This is a friend of mine—Mr. Ashton. And Abbott, this is an older friend than you—Mr. Bill Smookins."

Mr. Bill Smookins was an exceedingly hard-featured man, of no recognizable age. Externally, he was blue overalls and greasy tar.

Abbott grasped Bill's hand, and inquired about business.

"Awful pore, sense Fran lef' the show," was the answer, accompanied by a grin that threatened to cut the weather-beaten face wide open.

Fran beamed. "Mr. Smookins knew my mother—didn't you, Bill? He was awful good to me when I was a kid. Mr. Smookins was a Human Nymph in those days, and he smoked and talked, he did, right down under the water—remember, Bill? That was sure-enough water—oh, he's a sure-enough Bill, let me tell you!"

Bill intimated, as he slowed down the engine, that the rheumatism he had acquired under the water, was sure-enough rheumatism—hence his change of occupation. "I was strong enough to be a Human Nymph," he explained, "but not endurable. Nobody can't last many years as a Human Nymph."

Abbott indicated his companion—"Here's one that'll last my time."

The wheel stopped. He and Fran were barred into a seat.

"And now," Fran exclaimed, "it's all ups and downs, just like a moving picture of life. Why don't you say something, Mr. Ashton? But no, you can keep still—I'm excited to death, and wouldn't hear you anyway. I want to do all the talking—I always do, after I've been in the cage. My brain is filled with air—so this is the time to be soaring up into the sky, isn't it! What is your brain filled with?—but never mind. We'll be just two balloons—my! aren't you glad we haven't any strings on us—suppose some people had hold!—I, for one, would be willing never to go down again. Where are the clouds?—Wish we could meet a few. See how I'm trembling—always do, after the lions. Now, Abbott, I'll leave a small opening for just one word—"

"I'll steady you," said Abbott, briefly, and he took her hand. She did not appear conscious of his protecting clasp.

"I never see the moon so big," she went on, breathlessly, "without thinking of that night when it rolled along the pasture as if it wanted to knock us off the foot-bridge for being where we oughtn't. I never could understand why you should stay on that bridge with a perfect stranger, when your duty was to be usher at the camp-meeting! You weren't ushering me, you know, you were holding my hand—I mean, I was holding your hand, as Miss Sapphira says I shouldn't. What a poor helpless man—as I'm holding you now, I presume! But I laughed in meeting. People ought to go outdoors to smile, and keep their religion in a house, I guess. I'm going to tell you why I laughed, for you've never guessed, and you've always been afraid to ask—"

"Afraid of you, Fran?"

"Awfully, I'm going to show you—let go, so I can show you. No, I'm in earnest—you can have me, afterwards. . . . Remember that evangelist? There he stood, waving his hands—as I'm doing now—moving his arms with his eyes fastened upon the congregation—this way—look, Abbott."

"Fran! As if I were not already looking."

"Look—just so; not saying a word—only waving this way and that . . . And it made me thing of our hypnotizer—the man that waves people into our biggest tent—he seems to pick 'em up bodily and carry them in his arms. Well! And if the people are to be waved into a church, it won't take much of a breeze to blow them out. I don't believe in soul-waving. But that doesn't mean that I don't believe in the church—does it?—do you think?"

"You believe in convictions, Fran. And since you've come into the church, you don't have to say that you believe in it."

"Yes—there's nothing on the outside, and oh, sometimes there's so little, so little under the roof—what do you think of me, Abbott?"

"Fran, I think you are the most—"

"But do you!" she interposed, still unsteadily. "In the superlative? I don't see how you can, after that exhibition behind the bars. Anyway, I want you to talk about yourself. What made you go away from town? But that's not the worst; what made you stay away? And what were you doing off there wherever it was, while poor little girls were wondering themseives sick about you? But wait!—the wheel's going down—down—down. . . . Good thing I have you to hold to—poor Miss Sapphira, she can't come now! Listen at all the street criers, getting closer, and the whistle sounds—I wish we had whistles; the squawky kind. See my element, Abbott, the air I've breathed all my life—the carnival. Here we are, just above the clouds of confetti. . . . Now we're riding through . . . pretty damp, these clouds are, don't you think! Those ribbons of electric lights have been the real world to me. Abbott—they were home. . . No, Bill, we don't want to get out. We intend to ride until you take this wheel to pieces. And oh, by the way, Bill—just stop this wheel, every once in a while, will you?—when we're up at the very tiptop. All right—good-by."

And Abbott called gaily, "Good-by, Mr. Smookins!"

"I'm glad you did that, Abbott. You think you're somebody, when somebody else thinks so, too. Now we're rising in the world." Fran was so excited that she could not keep her body from quivering. In spite of this, she fastened her eyes upon Abbott to ask, suddenly: "'Most'—what?"

"Most adorable," Abbott answered, as if he had been waiting for the prompting. "Most precious. Most bewitchingly sweet. Most unanswerably and eternally—Fran!"

"And you—" she whispered.

"And I," he told her, "am nothing but most wanting-to-be-loved."

"It's so queer," Fran said, plaintively. "You know, Abbott, how long you've fought against me. You know it, and I don't blame you, not in the least. There's nothing about me to make people. . . . But even now, how can you think you understand me, when I don't understand myself?"

"I don't," he said, promptly. "I've given up trying to understand you. Since then, I've just loved. That's easy."

"Up, Samson, Up!"

"What will people think of a superintendent of public schools caring for a show-girl, even if she is Fran Nonpareil. How would it affect your career?"

"But you have promised never again to engage in a show, so you are not a show-girl."

"What about my mother who lived and died as a lion-tamer? What will you do about my life-history? I'd never speak to a man who could feel ashamed of my mother. What about my father who has never publicly acknowledged me? I'd not want to have anything to do with a man who—who could be proud of him."

"As to the past, Fran, I have only this to say: Whatever hardships it contained, whatever wrongs or wretchedness—it evolved you, you, the Fran of today—the Fran of this living hour. And it's the Fran of this living hour that I want to marry?"

Fran covered her face with her hands. For a while there was silence, then she said:

"Father was there, tonight."

"At the lion-show? Impossible! Mr. Gregory go to a—a—to—a—"

"Yes, it is possible for him even to go to a show. But to do him justice, he was forced under the tent, he had no intention of doing anything so wicked as that, he only meant to do some little thing like running away—But no, I can't speak of him with bitterness, now. Abbott, he seems all changed."

Abbott murmured, as if stupefied: "Mr. Gregory at a show!"

"Yes, and a lion-show. When it was over he came to me—he was so excited—"

"So was I," spoke up the other—"rather!"

"You didn't show it. I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I had been eaten up. . . . No, no, listen. He wanted to claim me—he called me 'daughter' right there before the people, but they thought it was just a sort of—of church name. But he was wonderfully moved. I left the tent with him, and we had a long talk—I came from him to you. I never saw anybody so changed."

"But why?"

"You see, he thought I was going to be killed right there before his eyes, and seeing it with his very own eyes made him feel responsible. He told me, afterwards, that when he found out who it was in the cage, he thought of mother in a different way—he saw how his desertion had driven her to earning her living with showmen, so I could be supported. All in all, he is a changed man."

"Then will he acknowledge you?—but no, no . . ."

"You see? He can't, on account of Mrs. Gregory. There's no future for him, or for her, except to go on living as man and wife—without the secretary. He imagines it would be a sort of reparation to present me to the world as his daughter, he thinks it would give him happiness—but it can't be. Grace Noir has found it all out—"

"Then she will tell!" Abbott exclaimed, in dismay.

"She would have told but for one thing. She doesn't dare, and it's on her own account—of course. She has been terribly—well, indiscreet. You can't think of what lengths she was willing to go—not from coldly making up her mind, but because she lost grip on herself, from always thinking she couldn't. So she went away with Bob Clinton—she'll marry him, and they'll go to Chicago, out of Littleburg history—poor Bob! Remember the night he was trying to get religion? I'm afraid he'll conclude that religion isn't what he thought it was, living so close to it from now on."

"All this interests me greatly, dear, because it interests you. Still, it doesn't bear upon the main question."

"Abbott, you don't know why I went to that show to act. You thought I was caring for a sick friend. What do you think of such deceptions?"

"I think I understand. Simon Jefferson told me of a girl falling from a trapeze; it was possibly La Gonizetti's daughter. Mrs. Jefferson told me that Mrs. Gregory is nursing some one. The same one, I imagine. And La Gonizetti was a friend of yours, and you took her place, so the mother could stay with the injured daughter."

"You're a wonder, yourself!" Fran declared, dropping her hands to stare at him. "Yes, that's it. All these show-people are friends of mine. When the mayor was trying to decide what carnival company they'd have for the street fair, I told him about this show, and that's why it's here. Poor La Gonizetti needs the money dreadfully—for they spend it as fast as it's paid in. The little darling will have to go to a hospital, and there's nothing laid by. The boys all threw in, but they didn't have much, themselves. Nobody has. Everybody's poor in this old world—except you and me. I've taken La Gonizetti's place in the cage all day to keep her from losing out; and if this wasn't the last day, I don't know whether I'd have promised you or not. . . . Samson was pretty good, but that mask annoyed him. So you see—but honestly, Abbott, doesn't all this make you feel just a wee bit different about me?"

"It makes me want to kiss you, Fran."

"It makes you"—she gasped—"want to do—that? Why, Abbott! Nothing can save you."

"I'm afraid not," he agreed.

The car was swinging at the highest reach of the wheel. The engine stopped.

She opened her eyes very wide. "I'd think you'd be afraid of such a world-famous lion-trainer," she declared, drawing back. "Some have been, I assure you."

"I'm not afraid," Abbott declared, drawing her toward him. He would have kissed her, but she covered her face with her hands and bent her head instinctively.

"Up!" cried Abbott. "Up, Samson, up!"

Fran laughed hilariously, and lifted her head. She looked at him through her fingers. Her face was a garden of blush-roses. She pretended to roar but the result was not terrifying; then she obediently held up her mouth.

"After all," said Fran, speaking somewhat indistinctly, "you haven't told why you ran away to leave poor Fran guessing where you'd gone. Do you know how I love you, Abbott?"

"I think I know."

It was a good while later that Abbott said: "As to why I left Littleburg: Bob knew of a private school that has just been incorporated as a college. A teacher's needed, one with ideas of the new education—the education that teaches us how to make books useful to life, and not life to books—the education that teaches happiness as well as words and figures; just the kind that you didn't find at my school, little rebel! Bob was an old chum of the man who owns the property so he recommended me, and I went. It's a great chance, a magnificent opening. The man was so pleased with the way I talked—he's new to the business, so that must be his excuse—that I am to be the president."

Fran's voice came rather faintly—"Hurrah! But you are to be far, far above my reach, just as I prophesied. Don't you remember what I said to you during our drive through Sure-Enough Country?"

"And that isn't all," said Abbott, looking straight before him, and pretending that he had not heard. "In that town—Tahlelah, Okla.,—I discovered, out in the suburbs, a cottage—the dearest little thing—as dear as . . . as Mr. Smookins; just big enough for a girl like Fran. I rented it at once—of course, it oughn't to be standing there idle—there's such a fragrant flower garden—I spent some time arranging the grounds as I think you'll like them. I didn't furnish the cottage, though. Women always like to select their own carpets and things, and—"

Fran's face was a dimpled sea of pink and crimson waves, with starry lights in her black eyes for signal lights. "Oh, you king of hearts!" she exclaimed. "And shall we have a church wedding, and just kill 'em?"

Abbott laughed boyishly. "No—you must remember that your connection with show-life is at an end."

"But—and then—and so," cried Fran rapturously, "I'm to have a home after all, with flower gardens and carpets and things—a sure-enough home—Abbott, a home with you! Don't you know, it's been the dream of my life to—to—"

Abbott was inexpressibly touched. "Yes, I was just thinking of what I heard you say, once—to belong to somebody."

Fran slipped her arms about his neck. "And what a somebody! To belong to you. And to know that my home is our home. . . ."

Abbott, with a sober sense of his unworthiness, embraced her silently.

From far below came a sudden sound, making its way through the continuity of the street-uproar. It was the chugging of the engine.

The wheel began to revolve.

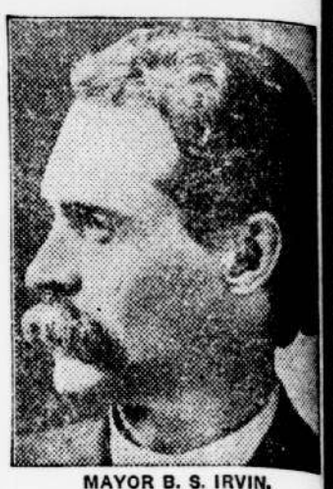
Down they came—down—down—

Fran looked up at the moon. "Good-by," she called, gaily. "The world is good enough for me!"

(THE END.)

THE MAYOR SAYS:

In His Home No Other Remedy So Effective for Colds as Peruna.



MAYOR B. S. IRVIN.

Washington, Georgia.

"I herewith reiterate my commendation of Peruna. It certainly has benefited our daughter in every instance when she was suffering from cold. I have frequently used Peruna in my family and have found it an excellent remedy for colds and also as a tonic. I often recommend it to my friends. Peruna seems to be indispensable in my family, as no other remedy has been so effective in cases of cold."

EVERY FAMILY wishing to be protected from cold should have Peruna in the house constantly. Also a copy of the latest edition of the "Ills of Life," sent free by the Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Those who prefer tablets to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna in tablet form.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

Beware the Gray Eye.

Among the gray eyed there are few who retain any spiritual emotions. People with gray eyes are superficial, frivolous, given to embrace false ideas, running down blind alleys, following false prophets, thoughtless, inconsiderate, wanting in sympathy, neurotic, unstable, not firm and deliberate, but rash and impetuous.

Modern Ostentation.

Thornton—Fannie Flashley carries her bankroll in her stocking.

Rosemary—I'm not surprised. She always seemed fond of flaunting her wealth.—Judge.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Effect of Rubber Tires.

"How did you feel after the street car had gone over you?"

"I was almost completely erased."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

They Generally Do.

"Binks put up a strong fight against seasickness."

"Yes, but he finally had to give up."

WHY BOND'S PILLS ARE THE BEST

They are honestly made of best agents, and are small, gentle but effective. Bond's Pills relieve the bad effects of over-eating or drinking, Headaches, Biliousness, Constipation, Sour-Stomach, yield readily to one pill, taken at bedtime. Try them once. Their merit will convince you. A free sample on request. Mention this paper.

BOND'S PHARMACY CO., Little Rock, Ark.

Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure the terrible itching. It is compounded for this purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Tex.

RED CROSS POWDERS BANISH HEADACHE

SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, NEURALGIA.

Send 2c stamp. for Sample Powder. At your druggist's or 25c for a box postpaid.

JOHN SCHAPP & SON'S DRUG CO. Ft. Smith, Ark.

BEAT THIS!

No. 2 Smith Premiers and 6 Remingtons; former price $100. Sold at $3 per month; an advance. Guaranteed one year. Ready for use. Olivers $35. L. C. Smiths, Underwoods, $45. Sold over 3,000. Desks, typewriters, etc. THE PARKIN-LONGLEY COMPANY, 208 East Capitol Street, Little Rock, Ark. Send today for bargain list.

Everyone Should Have This Protection

"Standard Time" Keyless Padlock

gives absolute safety and security. Guaranteed non-pickable! Same interior parts as Safe Locks. Most convenient lock made. No keys to lose. Opened with the key looking at it will lock. Can't read. A beauty! BE OUR AGENT. Quickest selling proposition out. Need a man in every town, who will wear a watch. Big profits. Sample lock. Great money making opportunity for live agents. MILLER LOCK COMPANY, 4523 Tacony Street, Frankford, Pa.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the delicate female or infirm old age, as on the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

25 CTS. PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

LEGEND OF GARDEN OF EDEN

Oriental Christians Believe Banana Tree Was the Source of Good and Evil.

There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east that they believe the banana to be the tree of the source of good and evil, in a bunch of the fruit of which the serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, and they add that when Adam and Eve became ashamed of their nakedness, they covered themselves with the leaves of this plant.

The origin of the banana is given as India, at the foot of the Himalayas, where it has been cultivated since remotest antiquity, says the National Geographic Magazine. Its origin in the new world is as doubtful as the origin of the American Indian. Natural to Asia and Africa, where more than twenty distinct species of the genus are known, it is said to have been brought first to America from Spain, early in the sixteenth century, and planted in the Island of Santo Domingo, whence its spread was rapid through the surrounding islands and the main land. This has never been authentically established, however, and some authorities include the banana among the articles that formed the base of food supply of the Incas and the Aztecs before the arrival of the Spaniards.

Certain it is that throughout the whole meridional America there is a strong tradition that at least two species of the plantain were cultivated long before the coming of the Europeans. Furthermore, it is singular that in all the languages indigenous to the region where the banana appears, the plant has a special name, not proceeding from the conquerors, as was the case with the names of many other plants, animals and various articles introduced into America after its discovery.

Grown over the entire extent of the meridian of the earth, the fruit of the banana today forms in large part the principal food of a majority of the peoples living under the tropical zone.

The dead are soon forgotten—and so are a lot of us who are alive.

Little Lesson in Efficiency.

A woman who has been studying the science of household efficiency comments that the obvious things that every woman ought to know about conserving time and energy in the doing of the daily household tasks are the ones that seem to make no impression upon the average household. For instance, she says, always have the draining pan when washing dishes upon the left, of the dishpan. You naturally wash the dishes with the right and hold them in the left. Then set them down on the left without using energy to reach across the right. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?

Out of the Dictograph.

To think before you speak will help some, but it's better yet to hustle around and verify your facts.

The man with a hand full of trumps never developed a suspicion that the deal isn't square.

Birdie Frizzles feels terribly disgraced because her mother, as a girl, had to learn to play "Monastery Bells" and "Silver Waves" instead of ragtime.

VALUE QUEER RELICS HIGHLY

Large Sums Have Frequently Been Paid for Articles That Many Would Call Grewsome.

It is not every man, not every hero worshiper, who would esteem the tooth of his hero of more value than diamonds. There is a ring belonging to an English nobleman, in which the place of honor, formerly occupied by a diamond, is given to a tooth that once did duty in a human jaw.

This tooth cost no less than three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; but it was the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. A relic collector sold it at auction in 1846, and the nobleman who bought it gave it the place of a diamond in his favorite ring.

Another tooth, which so far excites the veneration of hero worshipers as to be able to hold a court of its own and to draw from long distances a small host of followers, is one that was originally hidden behind the lips of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his former residence in a glass case bearing the inscription, "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

The wig of a literary man appears to have been even more sought after than his teeth. That which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold soon after the writer's death for ten thousand dollars; and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought five thousand dollars.

The most extravagant instance of literary hero worship is that of a well-known Englishman, who constantly wears a small locket attached to a chain round his neck a part of the charred skull of Shelley.—The Sunday Magazine.

The Gallant.

Judge—The lady from whom you stole a kiss declares herself ready to waive her demand for punishment if you will ask her pardon and express your regret for what has happened.

Gentlemen (to the offended lady)—Yes, I am willing to beg your pardon. But to regret that I gave you the kiss, dear madam, that I cannot!