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FASHION HINTS

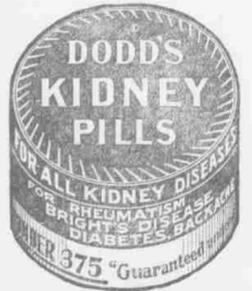


There's lots of character to this suit of plain and striped pongee. The stripes are of an old blue, the same as the deep cuffs, and it tones so well with the natural color pongee. The knife pleated collar of net is a new feature.

The Midnight Sun.
The midnight sun is not visible south of the polar circle. It is above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours at Hedo from June 30 to July 7, at Tromsø from the 19th of May to the 23d of July and at the North Cape from the 12th of May to the 29th of July. There are corresponding periods during December, January and November when the sun is not seen, but the darkness of the winter is by no means so great as might be imagined. The whiteness of the snow and the glimmer of the northern lights make a sort of perpetual twilight.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. FITT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

London's Old Street Signs.
Lamb's house at Islington was close to a chandler's shop which bore the sign of the "Illuminated Bustian." The name was not strange to some others of old London, such as the Resurrection, the Sign of Day, the printer, near St. Sepulcher's church; the Cow and Saunders, mentioned in Colman's Review; the Cat and Biscuits, once at the corner of Downing street; Tombs-Dove-Shop, a sign-board in division of Richard Cromwell, formerly in the borough; Purcell, in Whitehall, according to Gifford's "Ben Jonson," and Heaven, a chophouse in the same neighborhood where Poyne records his dining in the year 1660.—London Chronicle.



Suicide

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—CASCARETS.

Cascarets—10c. box—week's treatment. All druggists. Largest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

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THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
Why Mr. Duxbury Farley spared the iron-master in the freezing-out process was an unsolved riddle to many. But there were reasons. For one, there was the fact of the coal bank, remarkable year by year—this was Caleb's own honest provision inserted in the contract for the Major's protection—and renewable only by the Major's friend. Further, a practical man at the practical end of an industry is a sheet necessity, and by contributing to have honest Caleb associated with himself in the receivership, a fine color of uprightness was imparted to the promoter's far-reaching plan of aggrandizement.

So, later, when the reorganization was effected, when the troublesome, dividend-hungry stockholders of the original company were eliminated by due process of law, Caleb's name appeared on the Farley slate with the title of general manager of the new company—for the same good and sufficient reasons.

It was during the fervid six months of the reorganization that Thomas Jefferson had passed from the old life to the new—from childhood to boyhood. Simultaneously there were the coal-mines opening under the cliffs of Mount Lebanon, the long, double row of coaling-ovens building on the flat before the furnace, and the furnace itself taking on undreamed-of magnitudes under the hands of the army of workmen. Thomas Jefferson's mind was busy with the new world of things, and a new and eager thirst for knowledge, mechanical, and of a gripping desire to be present at all the assembling of all the complicated parts of the threefold machine. And when he found it impossible to be in three places at one and the same moment, it distressed him to tears.

Of the home life during that strenuous interval there was little more than the eating and sleeping for one whose time for the absorbent process was too limited. Also, the perplexing questions reaching down into the underworld of things were silent. Also, again—mark of a change so radical that none but a Thomas Jefferson may read and understand—an awe-inspiring Major Dabney had ceased to be the first citizen of the world, that plumed his now-occupied by a tall, salver, smooth-tongued, persuasive of speech and superhuman in accomplishment, who was the life and soul of the activities, and whom his father and mother always addressed respectfully as "Colonel" Farley.

One day, in the very heat of the battle, this commanding personage, at whose word the entire world of Paradise was in a state of commotion, spoke directly to him—Thomas Jefferson. It was at the mine on the mountain. The workmen were boiling into place the final trestle of the inclined railway which was to convey the coal in descending cables to the bins at the colliery, and Thomas Jefferson was absorbing the details as a dry sponge soaks water.

"Making sure that they do it just right, are you, my boy?" said the great man, patting him approvingly on the shoulder. "That's good. It'll be a fine change for your father's son; the stout in the world."

"That's your mother's wish, I suppose; and it's a worthy one; very worthy. Yet, unless you have a special disposition to know her, your mother would be glad to see you. I'm only anxious to see your father's son succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"After that, Thomas Jefferson secretly made success his god, and was alertly ready to fetch and carry for the high priest in its temple, only the opportunities were infrequent. For, wide as the Paradise field seemed to be growing from Thomas Jefferson's point of view, it was altogether too narrow for Duxbury Farley. The principal offices of Chiawasse Coal and Iron were in South Treadegar, and there the first vice president was building a hewn-stone mansion, and had become a charter member of the city's first club; was demitted in due form, and was already beginning to soften his final "yes," and to speak of himself as a Southerner—by adoption.

So sped the winter and the spring succeeding Thomas Jefferson's 13th birthday, and for the first time in his life he saw the opening buds of the ironwood and the tender, fresh greens of the herald poplars, and smelled the sweet, keen fragrance of awakening nature, without being moved thereby. Ardea he saw only now and then, as old Sepia drove her back and forth between the manor-house and the railway station, morning and evening. He had heard that she was going to school in the city, and as yet there were no stirrings of adolescence in him to make him wish to know more.

As for Nan Bryerson, he saw her not at all. For one thing, he climbed no more to the spring-spluttering altar rock among the cedars; and for another, among all the wild creatures of the mountain, your moonshiner is the shyest, being an anachronism in a world of progress. One bit of news, however, floated in on the gossip at Little Zoar. It related that Nan's mother was dead, and that the body had lain two days unburied while Tike was drowning his sorrow in a sea of his own "pine-top."

Vaguely it had been understood in the Gordon household that Mr. Duxbury Farley was a widower with two children; a boy, some years older than Thomas Jefferson, at school in New England, and a girl younger, name and place of sojourn unknown. The boy

was coming South for the long vacation, and the affairs of the Chiawasse Coal and Iron—already reaching out subterraneously toward the future receiver—would call the first vice president North for the better portion of July. Would Mrs. Martha take pity on a motherless lad, whose health was none of the best, and open her home to him?

Smiles of the Day

CHAPTER VIII.
Tom Gordon—Thomas Jefferson saw only in his mother's letters—was past 15, and his voice was in the transition stage which made him blushingly self-conscious when he ran up the window-shade in the Pullman to watch for the earliest morning outlining of old Lebanon on the southern horizon.

Home-sickness returned with renewed quills when the train had doubtless crossed the hills to the Paradise portal. Gordon, of the single side-track, had drawn into a small iron town, with the Chiawasse plant flanking a good half-mile of the railway; with a cinder street or two, and a scummy water supply which made him blushingly self-conscious when he ran up the window-shade in the Pullman to watch for the earliest morning outlining of old Lebanon on the southern horizon.

Tom's eyes filled, and he was wondering faintly if the desolating tide of progress had topped the hills to pour overage which made him blushingly self-conscious when he ran up the window-shade in the Pullman to watch for the earliest morning outlining of old Lebanon on the southern horizon.

"Well, now then! How are ye, Buddy boy? Great land o' Canaan! you've shot up and thickened out mighty in two years, son."

"Tom was painfully conscious of his size. Also of the fact that he was changed in his own way, particularly as to hands and feet. The sectarian school dwelt lightly on athletics and such purely mundane trivialities as physical fitness and the harmonious education of the growing body and limbs.

"Yes, I'm so big it makes me right tired," he said, gravely, and his voice cracked provokingly in the middle of it. Then he asked about his mother.

"She's tolerable—only tolerable, Buddy. She allows she don't have enough to keep her down in the new—"

"Can't we make out to walk, pappy?" he asked, dropping unconsciously into the child-time jargon.

"Oh, yes; I reckon we could. You're not too young, and I'm not so ferocious. But—get in, Buddy, get in; there'll be trampin' enough for ye, all summer long."

"Do not make it necessary for me to be personal, Herbert Sylvester Lowell. The mere fact that you are teaching is no excuse for blurring your teaching ring that loud and obnoxious manner. Mr. Hollywood, would you mind stepping into the hall and telling Algoron's nurse to come in? He has an attack of whooping cough which is annoying the entire class."

"To continue: Uranus is, you will observe, one of the most important planets in the constellation; it has a year 70,686,300 days, and it is the only planet in the solar system which has a ring around it. It is the only planet in the solar system which has a ring around it. It is the only planet in the solar system which has a ring around it."

"I know, Caleb; but you don't understand," was the invariable rejoinder. "You know that side of him, because it's your side. But he is my son, too, and—Caleb, the Lord has called him!"

"He's only a little shaver yet. Let him try the school in the city for a year or so, and you'll see. He'll be a major, night and mornin', like the Major's granddaughter. After that, we might see."

"Thomas Jefferson took his last afternoon for a ramble in the fields and woods beyond the mine. In that part of the valley as yet untroubled by the industrial plow. It was not old love of the solitudes that called him; it was rather a sore-hearted desire to go apart and give place to all the hard thoughts that were bubbling and boiling within him.

"I regret to say that Prof. Grant-head, who was to have talked with me to-morrow on the 'Cosmic Consciousness of the Inevitable, is ill and will not appear. His maternal parent telephoned me this morning that he is suffering from a slight attack of chicken-pox and that his nurse thinks it unwise for him to come. I am requested further to announce that there will be a game of polo—playway for the seniors this afternoon in the yard. The scheduled debate between the Juniors and the Junior boys will be held Saturday despite the epidemic of cholera infantum which has so unfortunately spread among the students."

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Hudson, Ohio.—"If mothers realized the good your remedies would do, I believe I believe there would be fewer weak and ailing women. Irregular and painful periods and such troubles would be relieved at once in many cases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is fine for ailing girls and run-down women. Their delicate organs need a tonic and the Compound gives new ambition and life from the first dose."—Mrs. GEORGE STICKLER, Hudson, Ohio, R. No. 5, Box 32.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dizziness, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

A Stroke of Business.
A writer who was very intimate with Frank R. Stockton says that when the Stockton family lived in Bucks county, Pa., Frank and his brother had a dog which they trained solely to hunt cats. The brothers were overhauled one day by a farmer whose cat they were chasing. To placate the farmer they gave him a dollar for a pig, which they took home. By driving away their father's pigs at feeding time they soon made their own the fattest pig in the pen and sold him at a profit of \$7.00. Frank R. Stockton always considered the deal a tribute to his business acumen.

CURED OF DROPSY.
Another Victory for Donan's Kidney Pills.
J. M. Houston, 417 So. Fifth St., Houston, Ill., says: "I had been in a critical condition for two years. My back was so sore and painful I could not turn in bed. I had chills and hot flashes and became so dizzy I scarcely dare walk. My feet and ankles were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes nor leave the house. My kidneys were in very bad shape, and I had great trouble with the secretions. I thought my time had come. Donan's Kidney Pills, however, cured me and the cure has been permanent."

A Slight Miscalculation.
The only proper way is to have all your handkerchiefs plainly marked in one corner with your initials, unless you buy those which have the letter of monogram embroidered," said Aunt Margaret Sawyer. She looked with great disfavor on the delicately flowered squares displayed by her niece. "That is the way Sister Lois and I have always done," she added.

"Oh, well," said her flippancy niece. "It wouldn't worry Adele or me if we did exchange one in a while."

"There is a delicacy and refinement about one's own belongings which should be respected," said Aunt Margaret, in a chilly tone, not over lucidly. "That is what Lois and I have always maintained, and—"

The classic features of Miss Sawyer were contorted by a sneeze, and she quickly brought from her small silk bag a spotless square of linen. As she opened it her eyes and those of her flippancy young relative sought the corner.

"There, you see, is the simple style Lois and I—er—" faltered Miss Sawyer.

The niece leaned forward. "Why, there's an 'L' in the corner!" she said, with an exaggerated air of innocence. "What does that stand for, Aunt Margaret?"

"It stands for a mistake, such as will occasionally happen," said Miss Sawyer, refolding the handkerchief with considerable haste.

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Popular Pkg. 10c
Family size, 15c.
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