

Karo
For Griddle Cakes of All Makes
CORN SYRUP
It's the crowning joy that makes a feast of a flapjack.
It spurs the lazy appetite; it surprises by its exquisite flavor.
Fine for baking—best for any use from griddle cakes to candy.
In 10c, 25c and 50c air-tight tins.
CORN PRODUCTS MFG. CO.

WHIST PLAYED FOR PRIZE

Is Gambling Decides Massachusetts Judge

IMPOSES A \$50 FINE

On Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Chelsea, Who Gave a Whist Party, on the Charge of Gaming Nuisance.

Boston, Jan. 30.—That whist played for prizes, whether in churches, Sunday schools or private houses, is gambling, and that those conducting the games for prizes are amenable to the law regarding gambling, was the decision by Judge Wentworth in municipal court yesterday when he fined Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Williams of Broadway, Chelsea, \$50 each on the charge of maintaining a gambling nuisance in the form of a whist club.

An appeal was taken and the case will be carried to the supreme court for a full bench decision. No decision as to the legal status of whist played for prizes has ever been made in this state before.

Until a decision is made by the supreme court any one found playing whist for a prize, even for a vase or a pink lace handkerchief, is liable to arrest on the charge of gambling, according to Judge Wentworth's decision.

OUIDA A YANKEE, DECLARES WOMAN

Widow of a Southern Officer Claims the Dead Novelist as Her Sister-in-law.

London, Jan. 30.—A dispatch from Florence, Italy, says that an American woman, widow of Col. George Roy Gliddoth, who fought in the confederate army and died 30 years ago, told a remarkable story of the parting of the novelist Ouida, after her funeral.

According to Mrs. Gliddoth, Louise de la Ramee was Ouida's sister. This sister left her home in America at a tender age under the care of a woman who adopted her as a daughter.

Mrs. Gliddoth explained that she came from America for the purpose of aiding Ouida after writing several letters which the novelist desired to answer. Her husband, she said, never spoke of Ouida without weeping. A photograph of him, which she showed, bore a striking resemblance in the high forehead, penetrating glance, and other family characteristics to Ouida.

Mrs. Gliddoth casually remarked that Ouida's father had made and lost two fortunes, disclosing the same financial weakness in the father and daughter. Ouida always refused to talk about her relatives, as indeed she did about any private affairs.

WOMAN MARRIES CHIEF CREDITOR AFTER DIVORCE.

Mrs. Butler, Promoter, Takes For Husband Civil Engineer Who Had Claim of \$7,000 Against Her.

Des Moines, Jan. 30.—Twenty-four hours after she obtained a divorce in Des Moines from her husband, C. J. Butler of Des Moines, Mrs. Alice N. Butler, known as the only woman railway promoter in America, was married secretly in St. Louis to S. E. Moore of Coeshooton, O., chief civil engineer of her projects and her heaviest creditor in recent bankruptcy proceedings.

Mrs. Moore was forced by her creditors into bankruptcy. Her only assets were wearing apparel and personal effects worth \$150. Mr. Moore had a claim of nearly \$7,000. She has now cancelled this obligation by becoming his bride.

As grounds for a divorce Mrs. Moore claimed that she was compelled to leave her husband in 1903 in Des Moines, because of domestic trouble and non-support. She became a promoter that she might make a living for herself and child. Mrs. Moore first attracted attention when she promoted and brought to head the Cedar Des Moines Interurban railway, which was the first in Iowa, and now one of the best paying. She promoted the St. Joseph, Stambury & Northern road in Missouri, and most of her creditors listed in the bankruptcy proceedings live there. Her last promotion was the Des Moines & Manokota, which was recently sold to St. Louis and West Virginia people.

In a letter to relatives in the city Mrs. Moore announced that she will continue to promote railways that she may pay back in full all her creditors.

HIGHWAY ROBBERS FOUND TO BE BAND OF WOMEN.

Their Attacks Usually Made Upon Lonely Travelers.

Lublin, Russian Poland, Jan. 30.—The police of this city have unearthed a band of robbers composed entirely of women, and the leaders have been taken into custody.

These female bandits are responsible for a long series of highway robberies. They were well armed and usually made their attacks upon unaccompanied men or women.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream of Magical Beautifier.

Remove Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and Skin Diseases. It softens the skin, and makes it beautiful. It is the best skin cream ever used. It is sold in 10c, 25c, and 50c tins. It is the best skin cream ever used. It is sold in 10c, 25c, and 50c tins.

AN INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

(Original.)
Hans Becker and Gretchen Stifel were German peasants, aged respectively sixteen and fifteen. Their fathers' little farms adjoined, and they went to school together. Hans was a tall, dark eyed young fellow, with a fine frame, though not yet properly filled out. Gretchen looked out of a pair of mild blue eyes, and a heavy coil of hair the hue of fax hung down her back to her knees. The two had played together as children and when they came into their teens were still inseparable.

One day Hans, after a consultation with his father, told Gretchen that he was going to America. An uncle had written from there that if Hans would come out he would give him a place in his brewing business and help him to make a fortune. The offer had been accepted. Hans would soon be seventeen years old, an age when every German man must serve his term of military duty before leaving the fatherland, therefore it had been determined that he should go before his next birthday.

Hans and Gretchen were as ignorant of love as of the day they were born. When Hans told her that he was going to America she turned pale, made a few little breath catches, then tears began to well up in her blue eyes. Hans, too, felt a choking in his throat. He folded her in his arms. For the first time it dawned upon them that they were lovers.

The day before Hans was seventeen he sailed for America. His uncle, who had made money, gave him an opportunity. He told him that if he would remain at the business for ten years without returning to Germany he might have a year's vacation, at the end of which he would receive a block of the stock of the brewing company that would make him rich and he should, if competent, be its manager. At the end of the time Hans had complied with the conditions and proved himself well fitted for a manager's position.

Hans and Gretchen had corresponded and lined for each other, and at the expiration of the ten years Hans went to Germany. He found Gretchen a lovely woman, though still a peasant, and they were married. It was in the summer, and they spent their honeymoon in Switzerland. A couple of months before the expiration of Hans' vacation his wife presented him with a son. But alas the boy was born with a club foot.

When Hans and his family were about to sail for America the officer served a paper on him distraining him from leaving Germany till he had served his term in the army. Then Hans knew what he had not known before or had forgotten—that if he remained more than nine months in Germany he again became a German citizen and liable to military duty.

Here was a misfortune. To remain in Germany for the purpose of buying around a barnack for several years would be equivalent to giving up a fortune in America. Hans knew that the law on this subject was inexorable and was about to write his uncle relinquishing his interests in the brewing company when he discovered that the period spent in Switzerland had made him alien to Germany. He could stay in the fatherland for nine months more before again becoming a German citizen. This gave him a leeway of nearly two months. His wife was in poor health, and he deferred his departure for the United States till a few days before the expiration of the second nine months' period, which would again make him a German citizen.

On reaching New York he found that if the fatherland is jealous of her sons leaving her shores without having done military service the United States is equally jealous of any one coming within her borders who is not in all respects a desirable citizen. Little Heinrich Becker's club foot was an insurmountable obstacle to his being admitted to the national domain. In vain his father pleaded that he would not permit his boy to become a burden on the American people. The law refusing cripples is as inexorable as the law respecting army service in Germany, though the reason for it is more humane.

It seemed that the only plan for the Becker family would be to go back to Germany. But if this plan was adopted the husband and father would reach German shores shortly after the expiration of the nine months' period, which would make him liable to military duty. Hans began to wish that the nations of the world would unite under one government, so that he might be a citizen of all. He was wanted in Germany, where he could not make a respectable living, that the emperor might be prepared to fight the powers; he was kept out of the United States, where a fortune awaited him, because his son happened to be born with a club foot.

However, Hans Becker had become an American and did not complain of the exceptional injustice of just laws. It was suggested to him that he go to Mexico with his family, from whose border he could easily enter the United States. But he declined to break the law. He determined to send his wife and boy back to Germany, to have his boy's foot operated on by a surgeon and then bring mother and child back again. It happened that on the day they were to sail the head of the emigration bureau at Washington visited Ellis Island, where emigrants are received. The case was referred to him, and he decided that little Heinrich Becker might become one of the 90,000,000 people of the United States.

ALICE G. CUMMINGS.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE

Hale's Honey of Horseboud and Tar For Coughs, Colds and Throat Troubles

YOU MAY NEED IT TO-NIGHT

Sold by Druggists

Phlegm Obstruction.

"Harold," she murmured in his ear, "mamma says I mustn't encourage you to come here so often, and I have to do as she tells me, of course, but you don't need any encouragement—do you, dear?"



After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.

"Mrs. Sallie French, of Pancoanna, Ind. Ter., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: 'I had female troubles for seven years—I was all run-down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well.'"

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat your letter confidentially and advise you free. No woman ever regretted writing her, and because of her vast experience she has helped thousands. Address, Lynn, Mass.

HEIR TO MILLIONS CLEANING STREETS

Young Streeter of Columbia, Disgusted With Society, Goes to Work.

New York, Jan. 30.—Street Cleaning Commissioner Crowell has an heir to millions on his staff of white wings, who are at work removing the snow from the bowery. Daniel D. Streeter, son of W. D. Streeter, a millionaire Brooklyn brewer, joined the ranks and began laboring for \$1.25 a day.

Young Streeter, who is a junior in the science class at Columbia university, and one of the wealthiest men in the college, left his luxurious suite of rooms in the university dormitory, Livingston hall, on Sunday. He said he was disgusted with the conventions of society, and declared he was going out to earn some money with his own hands to see what it seemed like.

According to a chum of Streeter, the young man has secured his richly furnished rooms, living in cheap lodging houses down town for the last three nights.

"Dan has been rebelling at social conventions for some time," he said. "He first wanted to go into one of the tunnels to work, but we talked him out of that. On Sunday he said he thought he would join the white wing brigade. He didn't take him seriously, but he disappeared, and on Monday I saw him, dressed in white trousers and overall, clearing snow out of the bowery."

Streeter is 23 years of age. He has been prominent in athletics at Columbia and a member of several societies. He once went West and lived a cowboy's life for six months.

W. C. T. U. SPACE.

This space belongs to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. They are responsible for this space.

"What's the Use?"

"Are you going to Alabama or Tennessee when the prohibition bill goes into effect?" a well-known whiskey dealer of Atlanta, Georgia, was asked the other day.

"No," he responded, "what's the use of stopping that close to Georgia, when you'll have to move again about the time your business gets started? Any one all going dry in a few years? They can't stop in Alabama nor Tennessee; it's Baltimore for mine."

The Ubiquitous Few.

The liquor men now admit that there are a few undesirable saloon keepers who ought to be gotten rid of. It is astonishing how widely scattered these "few" are; one hears of them in all parts of the country. In fact, the desirable member of the trade is so little in evidence that one is tempted to believe him a myth.

Hemp is a Philippine natural monopoly. It cannot be grown profitably in any other part of the world. The United States is the largest consumer.

ROBBERS CARRY OFF \$3000

But Miss \$14,000 in Gold Lying Near

FLEEING MEN CAUGHT

Adams Express Agent at Mansfield, Ohio, Knocked Out and a Friend Covered with a Revolver.

Mansfield, O., Jan. 30.—Shortly after midnight two masked men entered the office of the Adams Express company at the Union station here, knocked William Depew, the agent, unconscious, and got away with \$3,000, while nearly 50 passengers stood about the station waiting for trains. A bag containing \$14,000 in gold, lying near the \$3,000, was overlooked by the robbers.

The men on entering the office asked Depew for a package they said must have arrived on a train too late for delivery. While Depew was looking for the supposed package, one of the robbers struck him on the head. The other robber covered George McGinty, a friend of Depew, with a revolver, and the first robber then went through the safe. Then, keeping McGinty covered, the men ran from the express office and disappeared.

Telegrams were promptly sent to the police of all nearby towns, and as a result John McCue and Joseph Stevens were arrested at New London. They had the sack taken from the express office containing \$3,000.

Stevens, the police say, confessed and implicated McGinty. According to Stevens' story, the money arrived late last night from Delphos, Ohio, and was consigned to a bank at Hamilton, O. Stevens said McGinty gave warning of the arrival of the money and concocted the scheme with him and McCue to rob the office. As soon as this information was wired here, McGinty was locked up. He denies the charge.

ELECTRICITY.

It Has Taken From Fire Its Supremacy as Man's Servant.

As we hear the whir of the dynamo or listen at the telephone, as we turn the button of an incandescent lamp or travel in an automobile, we are partakers in a revolution more swift and profound than has ever before been enacted upon earth. Until the nineteenth century fire was justly accounted the most useful and versatile servant of man. Today electricity is doing all that fire ever did and doing it better, while it accomplishes uncounted tasks far beyond the reach of flame, however ingeniously applied. We say this observer under our eyes just such an impetus to human intelligence and power as when fire was first subdued to the purposes of man, with the immense advantage that, whereas the enervation of fire demanded ages of weary and uncertain experiment, the mastery of electricity is for the most part the assured work of the nineteenth century and in truth very largely of its last three decades. It begins at once to marry the resources of the mechanic and the chemist, the engineer and the artist, with issue attended by all its own fertility, while its rays reveal province after province undreamed of, and indeed, unexisting before its advent. Every other primal gift of man rises to a new height at the bidding of the electrician—F. Nelson Tracy in Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

More Than Luck.
"Do you believe in special providence?"
"Sure! When I was a boy the school I attended was struck by lightning one night and burned."
"Nothing special about that?"
"Oh, but it was just the night before the circus came to town!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The First Christmas Gift Book.

In the General Advertiser of Jan. 9, 1760, appeared the earliest known announcement of a Christmas gift book, and in this case it was undeniably a gift book:

"Given Gratis. By J. Newberry, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard, over against the north door of the church (only paying one penny for the binding), Nurse True-lover's Christmas Box; or The Golden Plaything for Little Children, by which they may learn the letters as soon as they can speak; and know how to behave so as to make everybody love them; adorned with thirty cuts."—London Mail.

CELESTIAL WONDERS.

Color of the Sky and the Moon and the Hues of the Stars.

It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface, we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night.

Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle we should notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet and still others green in color. Of course all of the stars, if we bar the planets of our own system, are burning suns, and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature.

The hottest stars are blue. Thus Vega, in the constellation Lyra, is a blue sun hundreds of times as large as our own solar orb. We are journeying in its direction at the rate of millions of miles a day, and at some future time it may gobble us all up.

For, after all, humiliating though the confession be, our sun is only a very small star—of the sixth magnitude or thereabouts—and of an importance in the universe so slight as to be scarcely within the pale of respectability.—Reader Magazine.

One Seam For Fifteen Years.
It has been said that the most monotonous form of labor is gunning labels. But there are many others which come very near it. In the boot and shoe trade, for instance, the work is divided among as many workers as possible. One will thus make a single cut in the leather and another give one turn of the machine handle. In some cases a pair of shoes have passed through fifteen pairs of hands before reaching completion. As a natural result, there are workers who work after week go on performing the same work hundreds of times a day. Indeed in one factory there is a woman who for fifteen years has sewed only one seam. Her machine works so rapidly that she spends as much time inserting and withdrawing her work as in the actual sewing.—Westminster Gazette.



"Nature commands the mind to suffer with the body."

A sick person is a discomforting associate under most circumstances. While the body suffers the mind makes mountains out of mole hills. If you have a run down, irritable, sickly friend, tell him to use

VINOL

and if Vinol does not help him we will pay back his money.

Red Cross Pharmacy, RICKERT & WELLS, Props.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Reason For Objection.

Fond Mother—Why don't you like your roommate at college, Reginald? The professor told me he would be a good companion for you because he studies so hard.

Young Collegian—But, mother, he uses so many seagull-dallian words. Fond Mother—That settles it, my son. I don't want you to be contaminated by association with anybody who uses such dreadful language—Baltimore American.

Just Out.

Elder Brother—Didn't you stop at the news agent's and get that magazine for me?
Jimmie—He didn't have none; Jest sold out.
"Did he say so?"
"I didn't have to ask him. There he had it all printed on a big sign. 'Magazine Jest Out'—Chums.

More Than Luck.

"Do you believe in special providence?"
"Sure! When I was a boy the school I attended was struck by lightning one night and burned."
"Nothing special about that?"
"Oh, but it was just the night before the circus came to town!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The First Christmas Gift Book.

In the General Advertiser of Jan. 9, 1760, appeared the earliest known announcement of a Christmas gift book, and in this case it was undeniably a gift book:

"Given Gratis. By J. Newberry, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard, over against the north door of the church (only paying one penny for the binding), Nurse True-lover's Christmas Box; or The Golden Plaything for Little Children, by which they may learn the letters as soon as they can speak; and know how to behave so as to make everybody love them; adorned with thirty cuts."—London Mail.

A Come-down.

What splendid ideas youth install, And how hard knocks dialogue 'em! I used to want to meet my bill, But now just want to dodge 'em.—Kansas City Times.

THE WOMAN WHO

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent, then, that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter rising after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science are the ones who give you the most complete and reliable information of leading medical authorities on all the general topics of medical practice. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best of these. It is absolutely true and will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, and for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of a few of the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicine, and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

A GENTLEMAN ... DETECTIVE.

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Suttcliffe.)
George M. Travers, Esq., a man about town, society man, was selected by the chief of police for detective work. How the chief secured him for the purpose no one knew.

Mr. Travers was to make himself a favorite in society and quietly give away the criminal element moving therein. There was not the remotest chance that the most astute thief, male or female, could connect him with the police. In the first six months he gave tips that drove three or four families into retirement and a false baron into prison. Then two events occurred simultaneously to give him trouble. A lady guest at a country house was robbed of \$10,000 worth of diamonds the night before he himself arrived for a week's stay, and he had no sooner seen her than he fell in love with her.

It was Edith Merdith who had suffered the loss, and Edith Merdith was the daughter of a California millionaire. He was traveling in Brazil for a time, and his wife and daughter were stopping in town. As for references, the father and husband had been a United States senator and three or four other things, and the wife and daughter had moved in the best society on the slope. One might as well have asked for social references from the president's wife.

Mr. Travers found himself in two fixes at once. He was in love, and he could not give away the fact that he was playing detective. He gave his opinion of the robbery, as did all other guests, but he had to stop at that. The room had been entered and the jewelry taken in the afternoon while all the guests were on the golf grounds. The first suspicions were against the servants of course. That is a thing that never fails. The servants were examined and cross examined and put through the third degree, but no clew was obtained.

The whole situation was rendered mighty uncomfortable. Travers, being the last comer, and not arriving until after the robbery, was the only one exempted from suspicion. He could not act openly. A detective was sent for, but he could not make himself known. The opinion of the man, after going over the ground, was that some one had sneaked into the house by the front way. This theory was accepted by all. It did not recover the diamonds, but Miss Merdith was kind enough not to take their loss too much to heart. They represented only a day's income of her father's, and he could afford to lose one day out of the 365.

But after twenty-four hours some other theory had to be advanced. There was a second robbery. This occurred in the evening, while all the guests were looking at fireworks on the lawn. The victim was an old doc-

AGER, and her loss was also thousands of dollars. Entrance by the window was impossible. Entrance by the front hall was impossible. The old dowager's maid had been sitting by a window in the hall upstairs all the time, and she had seen none of the servants spying about. They were suspected again, of course, and again there was a great ado. No clew—absolutely no clew. Another detective came down next day, and he gave it as his opinion that a magpie or tame crow had entered by way of the window. That no magpie or tame crow had ever been kept around the house made no difference. You could take his opinion or not.

Even amid this excitement Mr. Travers progressed with his newborn love. Miss Merdith seemed smitten with him also. Perhaps smitten is too strong a term, but she was very gracious. The two talked privately about the mysterious robberies, privately and confidentially. They didn't exactly lay them on to the old dowager, but they understood what each other thought. The mysteries did not break up the house party, as might have been expected. This was because the third detective who was put on the case notified host and hostess and all the guests that he suspected one of the servants and must have a week or two to work up his case. After that five peaceful, happy days and nights passed. There were no more robberies. Clews were being picked up like potatoes at digging time. It was only a matter of a few days when the guilty one would be punished and the plunder restored. At the end of those five happy days and nights most of the guests were whispering to each other that Mr. Travers and Miss Merdith would surely make a match of it. They walked and talked by day, and they sat and sighed in the moonlight of evenings, and on the sixth night Mr. Travers went to bed reasonably satisfied. As he did not appear up to a late hour next morning, and as the same was the case with Miss Merdith, their doors were forced. Miss Merdith was gone, and a ladder at her window showed how she went. Most of her wardrobe had gone with her.

Mr. Travers hadn't gone. He hadn't been because he was tied and gagged and couldn't go. He had been despoiled of everything, and the two men who had tied and despoiled him had injured his feelings by whispering words into his ear. There was further injury awaiting him. On his dresser was a note written by Miss Merdith. In it she spoke of him as a donkey. She also said she had spotted him from the first. Further, that he had better open an intelligence office for the employment of female help.

It took Mr. Travers two days to find out that there was no millionaire Merdith—no ex-United States Senator Merdith—no Mrs. or Miss Merdith—no clew. And then he resigned.

M. QUAD.

MAKE BELIEVE GIFTS.

A Curious Custom at the Courts of East Indian Princes.

There is a curious custom at the courts of the Indian princes. When a British officer or a physician calls upon a rajah he is shown into the reception or throne room, where sits the rajah, surrounded by the great state officers. After the exchange of the usual salutations one of the officers brings in a tray on which are displayed jewels and golden ornaments studded with valuable stones, perhaps worth \$50,000 or more. The trayful of valuables is supposed to be a present from the rajah to his visitor, and it is offered first to the gentleman, who, inclining his head, touches the edge of the tray with the tips of his fingers, and it is then passed over to the lady, who invariably accompanies the British officer. If he is married, on such occasions. She follows the example of her husband, and the tray and its contents are then returned to the jewel room. In lieu of the unaccepted jewels a long necklace of tinsel, of little value, is placed around the neck of each, where it remains during their stay within the palace. There is a very strict law against any British officer accepting a gift from a native prince. Even when a doctor may have performed some serious operation upon a rajah, who, being grateful, wishes to give—exclusive of a money fee, varying from \$200 to \$1,000, according to the operation performed—a present of a shawl, golden cup or some similar valuable, the doctor must obtain special permission from the viceroys before he dare accept the present. If any officer accepts a gift of any value without such permission he may have to resign. This rule was made because in the old days, when the East India company governed India, an officer's pickings and the presents often extorted from the rajahs were worth much more to him than his salary.—Londonist.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS
FOR HEADACHE
They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects
25 Doses 25 Cents
Never Sold in Bulk