

Takoma



his troubles to his officer
King Solomon did tell,
Who with Takoma Biscuit
All the children's grief did
quell.

LOOSE-WILES CRACKER & CANDY CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.

When Solomon's babies cut
their teeth
They howled and yowled all
night,
Till Solomon, who fain would sleep,
Was driven desperate quite.



Biscuit.

QUIET MR. BOWSER.

An Evening That Makes Mrs. Bowser Very Anxious.
When Mrs. Bowser sat down to her sewing the other afternoon she half-expected that an express wagon would unload a fire-escape or a patent alley gate at the door before the dinner hour. She also regarded it as highly probable that a man might come along with a new milk cow or a dozen hens purchased by Mr. Bowser earlier in the day.

phelus and jumped down, and Mrs. Bowser thought it over and made up her mind to try a drastic remedy. The gas bill had come in that afternoon, and she took it off the mantel and said: "I don't see how this comes. Our gas bill for this month is 35 cents more than last. I think you ought to investigate it."



IN CONSULTATION WITH THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

"Aren't you feeling as well this evening as usual?" she queried, as she met him in the hall and noticed that he hung up his hat instead of dropping it on the floor.

MR. BASSINGTON'S VISITOR.
Outside in the Temple the afternoon sun was shining brightly, brightening with its gold the grim, time-darkened houses. But the cheerful rays did not penetrate within a certain room on the second floor of a house that looked even more somber than those adjacent. What Mrs. Bowser was doing through the window as if reluctantly, and dimly showed a figure bent over a desk engrossed in work.

Mr. Bassington had had a busy day, and returning a few minutes ago from the courts was anticipating a hasty luncheon. It was a long evening devoted to "work."

"That's all right, and you needn't worry," he good-naturedly replied. "I didn't imagine she would stay long, and we can easily get another." Mrs. Bowser had expected the usual lecture when a girl quit—all her fault—want of system—but her much work on the help—had no real interest in their welfare—and she looked at Mr. Bowser in astonishment. He hadn't another word to say, nor did he utter a single complaint about the food. He spoke of the "Ladies' Aid" and "Boswell's" chances of re-election, and when dinner was over he quietly observed:



HE TOOK HIS STAND AT THE SINK AND WASHED THE DISHES.

"You haven't got a telegram that mother's dead, have you?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as she became nervous over the situation.

Mr. Bassington hastened to deny. He remembered meeting the child a week ago at a friend's house where a juvenile party was in progress. He did not know her name, but he had been attracted by her quietness. After the manner of children she asked him a number of questions, where he lived, and whether she might come to see him, with a grave seriousness that was natural to her, and he had replied in the affirmative, that upon any afternoon he would be prepared to receive her.

"No, nothing of the kind. I think my heart is all right." Mrs. Bowser exchanged looks, but they could not make it out. The newspaper was full of things to be discussed or disputed, but Mr. Bowser wasn't saying a word. His cigar was a bad one, but he didn't utter one single threat against the seller. There was a hole in the heel of one of his socks, but he wasn't clucking to be a martyr and on his way to the poor house.

She knew it. Jones walked out of the bath room in a gorgeous and purple fury. "Some idiot has been using my razor," he howled. "And is business good?" "Never better." "And—and you haven't seen a doctor who told you that you had heart disease and was liable to drop dead at any moment?" "No, nothing of the kind. I think my heart is all right." Mrs. Bowser exchanged looks, but they could not make it out. The newspaper was full of things to be discussed or disputed, but Mr. Bowser wasn't saying a word. His cigar was a bad one, but he didn't utter one single threat against the seller. There was a hole in the heel of one of his socks, but he wasn't clucking to be a martyr and on his way to the poor house.

MR. BASSINGTON'S VISITOR.

It was quite a merry tea table, and somehow the barrister felt years younger. The mantle of age which had fallen momentarily upon him as it does on most who have no love to sweeten their days and keep them youthful, slipped suddenly away.

"I told you I should come to see you," Mr. Bassington said to the nurse being her back to the hotel, and told her to come back for me in an hour. "I'm going to have tea with you."

She had crossed the threshold, and following the heavy door she stopped short in the middle of the room and looked at him with candid blue eyes.

"I'm afraid," she said, pronouncing her words with delicate precision, "that you are not very pleased to see me, Mr. Bassington. I believe," she added, with dreadful solemnity, "that you've forgot all about asking me."

With a preliminary cough he commenced. "Once upon a time," he said, and his sister's eyes grew wide with delight. "There was—let me see—a woodman's son. The fairies had not been invited to his christening, so that there were no good gifts to help him in life. He had to dig his own way unassisted."

already to be claiming admittance to his heart. With quick, accustomed hands he took from the cupboard two odd cups and saucers, milk, sugar and plates, and bread and butter. He had learned how to make his own tea in days when to go to outside tea shops was a luxury beyond his means, and the habit had clung to him.

"I'm afraid," she said, pronouncing her words with delicate precision, "that you are not very pleased to see me, Mr. Bassington. I believe," she added, with dreadful solemnity, "that you've forgot all about asking me."

She flushed unaccountably when she caught sight of him. "I returned unexpectedly to town this afternoon," she said, "to find that my little girl had come off to pay a call upon a mysterious gentleman."

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WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives, or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative, is—Syrup of Figs. It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

love through all the years was here before the last arrival. Isabel was sitting for the last arrival. Isabel was sitting for the last arrival. Isabel was sitting for the last arrival.

LAW AND SENTIMENT.
Experience the Basis of Statute Making and Court Interpretation.

restored to perfect health. I cannot praise Wine of Cardui too much. It did more for me than five doctors and hundreds of dollars worth of medicine. I was troubled for twelve months with female weakness in its worst form. I had falling of the womb, no strength, could not get up, and could only be on my feet a few hours a day when I felt best. I was white, thin, and nervous. I was unable to have my meals, I felt as if there was a heavy weight on my stomach all the time, my appetite had deserted me, and night after night I lay awake in pain. Reading had deserted me, and night after night I lay awake in pain. Reading had deserted me, and night after night I lay awake in pain. Reading had deserted me, and night after night I lay awake in pain.

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By perfectly regulating the menstrual flow Wine of Cardui makes thousands of cures that no other treatment in the world can make. The most obstinate cases of bearing-down pains yield to Wine of Cardui. Women who take this medicine don't have days of agony every month.

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