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Neatly Put. Homer Folks, the secretary of the State Charity Aid society of New York, referred in a recent address to the awkwardness that charity workers feel in making public appeals for funds.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

ONE WIFE IN HARD TIMES. Financial Reasons Made Him Diebelieve in Polygamy.

S. P. Orth, assistant United States district attorney, was the government representative at a naturalization hearing over in Toledo the other day. The applicant for papers, a German, who ran mostly to mustache, had answered all of the questions that had been put to him satisfactorily.

WHY, INDEED? There was a young man of Slough, Who was singing "The Mistletoe Bough," When his uncle said: "Fred, As the young lady is dead, Why on earth make this terrible row?"

CUBS' FOOD They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

SERIAL STORY LANGFORD of the THREE BARS By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy S."

CHAPTER II. "On the Trail." Williston himself came to the door. His thin, scholarly face looked drawn and worn in the mid-day glare.

"I'm glad to see you, Langford," he said. "It was good of you to come. Leave your horse for Mary. She'll give her water when she's cooled off a bit."

"You sent for me, Williston?" asked the young man, rubbing his face affectionately against the wet neck of his mare. "I did. It was good of you to come to soon."

"Fortunately your messenger found me at home. As for the rest, Sade, here, hasn't her beat in the cow country, if she is only a cow pony, eh, Sade?" At that moment Mary Williston came into the open doorway of the rude claim shanty set down in the very heart of the sun-seared plain.

"No indeed, Miss Williston; I'll water Sade myself." "Please let me. I'd love to." "She's used to it, Langford," said Williston in his quiet, gentlemanly voice, the well-bred cadence of which spoke of a training far removed from the harassments and harshnesses of life in this plains country.

"But I couldn't have a woman doing my grooming for me. Why, the very idea!" He sprang into the saddle. "But you waited for me to do it," said the girl, looking up at him curiously.

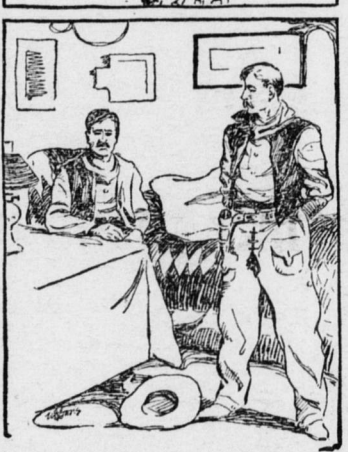
"Did I? I didn't mean to. Yes, I did, too. But I beg your pardon. You see—say, look here; are you the 'little girl' who left word for me this morning?" "Yes. Why not?" "Well, you see," smiling, but apologetic, "one of the boys said that Williston's little girl had ridden over and said her father wanted to see me as soon as I could come. So, you see, I thought—"

a small room into which Langford was ushered. It was also very plain. It was more than that, it was shabby. An easy chair or two that has survived the wreckage of the house of Williston had been shipped to this "land of promise," together with a few other articles such as were absolutely indispensable.

Laconically Williston told his story. He wasted no words in the telling. In the presence of the man whose big success made his own pitiful failures incongruous, his sensitive scholar's nature had shut up like a clam.

Langford's jaw set. His young face was tense with interest. He had thrown his hat on the floor as he came in, as is the way with men who have lived much without women. He had a strong, bronzed face, with dare-devil eyes, blue they were, too, and he had a certain turn of the head, a mark of distinction which success always gives to her sons.

"Who Could J R Be?" presence of an officer of the law. And did they not do well to laugh? Surely it was a joke, a good one, this idea of an officer's being where he was needed in Kemah county.



"Jesse Black!" "The repeated words were fairly spit out. "Jesse Black! I might have known. Who else bold enough to loot the Three Bars? But his day has come. Not a hair, nor a hide, not a hoof, not tallow enough to fry a flapjack shall be left on the Three Bars before he repents his insolence."

"What will you do?" asked Williston. "What will you do?" retorted Langford. "I? What can I do?" in the vague, helpless manner of the dreamer. "Everything"—"If you will," briefly. He snatched up his wide hat.

"Where are you going?" asked Williston, curiously. "To see Dick Gordon before this day is an hour older. Will you come along?" "Ye—es," hesitatingly. "Gordon hasn't made much success of things so far, has he?"

"Turkish Labor Too Cheap." An American manufacturer of laundry machinery tried to introduce it into Smyrna, Turkey, but Consul Ernest L. Harris has reported that so long as the price of labor in that Turkish city remains so low the practice will continue of doing the washing at home, and there will be no opportunity for the sale of laundry machinery. Of late years in Smyrna it has become the practice, he says, to a certain extent to send the washed linen to public laundries for ironing and starching, but even this is ceasing.

your bread and butter and you little girl's as well depended on a scrawny little bunch like mine." "Maybe," said Langford, shrugging his shoulders. "Doesn't seem to have exempted you, though, does it? But Black is no respecter of persons, you know. However, the time has come for Dick Gordon to show of what stuff he is made. It was for this that I worked for his election, though I confess I little thought at the time that proofs for him would be furnished from my own herds. Present conditions humiliate me utterly. Am I a weakling that they should exist? Are we all weaklings?"

"If you mean, am I going to tell what I know when called upon," answered Williston, with a simple dignity that made Langford color with sudden shame, "I am. There are many of us 'little fellows' who would have been glad to stand up against the rustling outrages long ago had we received any backing. The moral support of men of your class has not been what you might call a sort of 'on the spot' support, now, has it?"

"You will not be the loser, and there's my hand on it," said Langford, frankly and earnestly, ignoring the latter part of the speech. "The Three Bars never forgets a friend. They may do you before we are through with them, Williston, but remember, the Three Bars never forgets."

Mary Williston, from her window, as is the way with a maid, watched the two horsemen for many a mile as they galloped away. She followed them with her eyes while they slowly became faint, moving specks in the level distance and until they were altogether blotted out, and there was no sign of living thing on the plain that stretched between. But Paul Langford, as is the way with a man, forgot that he had seen a beautiful girl, and had thrilled to her glance. He looked back not once as he urged his trusty little mare on to see Dick Gordon.

AS EXPLAINED BY THE EDITOR. Drastic Action Evidently Was Necessary, and It Was Taken.

The Buie's Creek (S. C.) Index to the Times recently came out with a double-headed editorial as follows: "We wish to make our abject apologies to Hon. Hezekiah E. Kinney for having said of him in our last issue that he 'fumigates his garments.' What we meant to say was 'fulminates his arguments.' We have had our eye on the printer ever since he twisted a phrase which appeared in an editorial of ours from 'full of internal rottenness and dead men's bones' into 'internal rattlesnakes and dead wren's tones.' And as soon as our eye lit upon this gratuitous insult above to the Hon. Hezekiah E. Kinney we armed ourselves with our repeating shotgun, sought out the guilty party and shot him down in cold blood, notwithstanding the fact that the now deceased was the only support of a widowed mother and possessed a large and flourishing family. We wish to assure the Hon. Hezekiah E. Kinney that in the future his person and his speeches will be handled in these columns with respect."—New York Press.

A Backwoods Humorist. The eastern tourists decided to have a little fun with a Billville citizen to whom they had applied for information as to the road they were traveling.

"How long have you lived here?" they asked. "Long enough to know better." "Don't you like the country?" "When it goes to suit me." "Ever been up in an airship?" "No. When I make up my mind to fly, I'll know what to light." "Ever ride on a railroad train?" "No. Nigher I ever come to it wuz bein' blowed up by a sawmill." "Well, tell us what 'moonshine' liquor means." The Billville man shifted his "chaw" of tobacco from one jaw to the other, spat on the greensward, and as he prepared to climb a fence, said: "H—I, and a heap of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkish Labor Too Cheap. An American manufacturer of laundry machinery tried to introduce it into Smyrna, Turkey, but Consul Ernest L. Harris has reported that so long as the price of labor in that Turkish city remains so low the practice will continue of doing the washing at home, and there will be no opportunity for the sale of laundry machinery. Of late years in Smyrna it has become the practice, he says, to a certain extent to send the washed linen to public laundries for ironing and starching, but even this is ceasing. Specifications were drawn up for the establishment of a laundry after the American plan, and careful consideration was given to the price of coal and labor. It was found that the margin was so small that the undertaking was bound to be a failure.



LAYING A TILE DRAIN. How the Work Can Be Done the Most Satisfactorily.

Secure a tile scoop and narrow-pointed spade, and if you are cutting wild grass turf, keep a file near to occasionally touch up the edge. Watch for inequalities in surface as you proceed. Cut no wider than will accommodate your feet, then carefully grade bottom of the first course as it is much easier to take out the inequalities now in the bottom of the ditch. This advice, when I began, would have been worth \$50 to me, says a writer in Farm and Home.

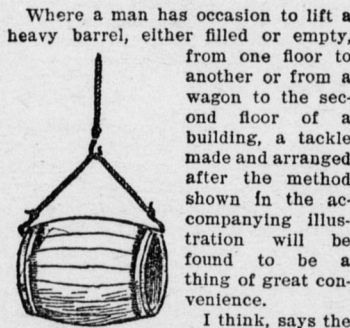
Be very precise with the spade in the last course. If you strike soft soil don't even allow a half-inch variation. Then when the crumbs are removed the floor is almost ready to lay a perfect drain. True up bottom with scoop. Take a two-inch piece, re-inforced at one end, and nail or bolt a foot piece on this to hold the tile. Tuck them into the trough and you'll have done one thing that will be a joy forevermore.

In meeting obstructions, if they do not throw you out of line too much, cut back under the bank six or eight feet on each side and you can get around nicely without removing them. A manure hook is very convenient for drawing in sods in fillings, but on large jobs a plow with a long whiffletree, or a road grader, can be used.

FIGHT THE RODENTS. Inspect the Orchard Frequently During the Winter Months.

Every man that has orchard trees should go over the orchard frequently in the winter to make sure that his trees are not being attacked by any kind of animals. If every man would do that, large numbers of trees would be saved. Often the trees are being injured under the crust of snow. One man had hundreds of small trees killed in a single winter. The snow lay a few inches deep and above it formed a strong crust. There was much grass in the orchard, and this formed the home of many field mice. They had become hungry and worked their way under the crust to the trees, which they proceeded to attack under the snow. Had the owner dug away the snow from around his trees enough to make sure they were not being attacked, the mice would have been discovered at work, and their mischief stopped before it had gone far. On plowed land or in orchards where clean culture has been followed, there is little danger of this, but most of the orchards are in grass and so are liable to these attacks.

TACKLE FOR LIFTING BARRELS. Try This Method of Handling the Heavy Barrels and Putting in Barn.



Where a man has occasion to lift a heavy barrel, either filled or empty, from one floor to another or from a wagon to the second floor of a building, a tackle made and arranged after the method shown in the accompanying illustration will be found to be a thing of great convenience.

THIS AND THAT. It pays to have good fences at all seasons of the year. A poor old lantern is a bad thing to go through the winter with. Throw it away and buy a good one. Fall plowing kills many injurious insects, which are thus turned up to the air and the frosts.

It makes a great difference what variety of a plant is grown on a farm, as some yield twice as much as others. There is a great fight on between commercial fertilizers and the manure spreader. The latter, however, seems to be still spreading. After finishing the fall plowing clean up the plow, grease the bright parts and put it away dry, so it will be ready to use in the spring.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

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?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, and Biliousness. Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse Substitutes.

160 FARMS Western CANADA FREE. What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA. 160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 50 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investments.

Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to H. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, Ohio.

HICK'S CAPUDINE CURES COLDS AND GRIPPE. It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and feverishness. It cures all headaches and neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (LIQUID).

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FARM OPPORTUNITIES. Near Salem, Ore. "The Cherry City" on the beautiful Willamette River. High water and fruit farms pay \$200 to \$500 per acre. Not cherry farms pay \$100. Proved farms \$20 to \$30 per acre. Improved, 25 to \$50. Excursion rates to Salem in March and April. For information address, Board of Trade, Salem, Ore.