

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts, with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY, REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

BUILDS LARGE AIRSHIP.

Knabenshue Works on Machine to Carry Four Passengers at Good Speed.

Roy E. Knabenshue of Toledo, O., announced that he is constructing the largest passenger airship in the world and that it will be completed about the first of the year.

After a few preliminary flights in and about Toledo a flight from Toledo to Cleveland will be undertaken. If successful the airship will be immediately shipped east, probably to New York, where Knabenshue will endeavor to accomplish the same feat as he did on his previous trip with his airship Toledo.

The new ship is being built in a large coliseum and when equipped will carry four passengers. According to the builder it will develop a speed of thirty miles an hour. Four small balloon baskets will be attached to the triangular framework to seat the passengers.

The milk pans are quickly cleaned and rid of all greasy "feel" when washed in Borax and water in the following proportions—1 tablespoonful of Borax to a quart of water.

The Princess of Wales has sent to the Church Army of England an order for a large number of shirts, to be made by the wives of prisoners who are under the care of the society.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.
Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The ears of a child seldom change as it develops into an adult but after middle age they sometime grow larger.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Germany alone sends to London annually 200,000,000 feathers of birds for millinery purposes.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Deceiving the Plants.

At the Royal Botanical gardens, London, experiments are now in progress in the use of electricity as a substitute for the sun as an agency in the growth of certain plants. These experiments will continue for a year and a half or longer. Among the plants which are now being subjected to electrical treatment are tomatoes and fuchsias. The house which contains the interesting plants is fitted with a traveling arc lamp, violet being used. The electrical apparatus installed can be made to do the same as sunlight—such at least, is the result anticipated from the experiments. At night the leaves of the sensitive Mimosa pudica drop over, but when the arc lamp is applied for half an hour the effect upon the plant is the same as if it were in the sunshine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Simple Life.

Better than any abstract theory is a concrete example, and in the life of Abraham Lincoln we have a shining one. See simplicity in his humble birth, in his education, in his dress and manners, in his habits, simple in thought and speech; doing his simple duty from day to day, with no cut and dried policy, no itching for fame or desire for fortune. Blessed that land, we say, whose patron saint gave it such illustration of the beauty and glory of the simple life.—Rev. G. D. Cleworth.

NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD BACKS.

No Need to Suffer Every Day From Backache.

Mrs. Joanna Straw, 526 North Broadway, Canton, S. D., says: "For three years I suffered everything with rheumatism in my limbs and a dull, ceaseless aching in my back. I was weak, languid, broken with headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were thick with solids. I was really in a critical condition when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, and they certainly did wonders for me. Though I am 81 years old, I am as well as the average woman of 50. I work well, eat well and sleep well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BILL AND THE MAN-EATER.

West Indian Episode Told by First Officer Renkell—Beneath a Tropic Sun, in the Blue Caribbean, Lay the Fruiter Alleghany, Taking on Coal—The Old Story, With New Variations, of Sharks and Man Overboard.

Harry Renkell, who lives in Hoboken, and is the first officer of the old Atlas Line fruiter Alleghany, which the Hamburg-American Packet Company runs in the banana trade between this port and the West Indies, stepped down from the poop deck after the vessel had been warped into her dock at the Battery, and observed that at last he felt that he had brought into port a yarn worth the telling. Two or three stout, efficient officers, who heard this remark, nodded emphatically.

It was a shark story, and had it not been for the fact that when Mr. Renkell came to the part which closely concerned him he suddenly became diffident, and left important parts for his shipmates to fill in, it would have been better to have quoted it herein directly from his own lips. It might have been better, in any event, had not that officer and gentleman absolutely forbidden it, being—as has been suggested—modest.

Eleven days ago, then, the Alleghany lay just off the south coast of Haiti, coaling from two lighters which had come out from Aux Cayes, or Les Cayes, the natives being divided upon that point. The weather was warm; it was hot. The lazy swelling waters of the Caribbean were untroubled by a breath of air. In the midst of them the old fruiter, with her drab sides and her gray and red funnel, radiated hot waves. On a deck almost too scorching for bare feet the crew of Tuotons hauled on the tackle, bringing the coal buckets from the lighter below to the open bunker ports.

On the forward lighter "Bill" Richardson, foreman, was directing a gang. Richardson was a giant negro. He wore a red shirt, a pair of homespun trousers, a broad blue sash—and that was about all. He knew more about getting coal from one craft to another than any man living on that little group of reefs, "cays," whence the place derives its name. Moreover, he was renowned as a diver, from which the fact that he was an excellent swimmer may be postulated.

Richardson and his men had worked all through the morning, and when drovny noon came, they all knocked off and lay about the decks, smoking and eating. Gus Richter, the cook, finding the galley altogether insufferable, had installed a stove upon the deck under the shade of the forward deckhouse, and there he was preparing the men's lunch. On all sides of him, among other things, were a thick chunk of beef, more or less fresh, and a great side of salted beef.

Enter the Man-Eaters.

Perhaps it was the smell of this meat that brought a large school of sharks shortly before the lightermen knocked off for the midday repast; perhaps they just came without any special attraction. At all events, they hove off the forward lighter just as William Richardson and the rest were lighting their pipes. They were gaunt fellows, fifteen feet long, some of them—one or two were fully twenty feet long.

Richardson grinned when he saw them, showing an even line of big teeth fully as white as the sharks'. "Hungry, eh?" he said, extending an arm as powerful as that of the Farnese Hercules done in ebony, shaking a long forefinger at the largest of the man-eaters. "Hungry, eh? 'Specks yo' won't git nothin' around' here, nohow."

But the voracious fishes remained hard by, nevertheless, thereby justifying a superstition prevalent down that way that when a shark "comes around," and stays around, he does so for reasons of his own, good and sufficient.

When Richardson blew his whistle everybody went to work, and the sharks were forgotten. But inattention did not make them depart. They circled about the ship, and when Mr. Renkell appeared on deck with a rifle of heavy calibre the sharks were gathering off the lighter again. As one basket filled with coal was lifted to the shoulders of the giant foreman, he lost his balance and fell, basket and all, between his craft and the ship.

Diving Under the Hull.

Instinctively he dived down and when he reappeared it was found that he had dived under the hull of his lighter. With a loud hi, yi! to show that he was uninjured, he struck out with powerful strokes for the lighter's side, when several sharp fins warned him that the man-eaters were between him and safety. He half rose in the water, glanced toward the stern of the Alleghany, and saw, with the exception of one fin, almost dead ahead, clear water. But this shark was aware of the presence of human flesh. Evidently he had marked Richardson, for the fin was cutting toward him like the jack-staff of a submerged submarine.

Richardson dived. There was a gurgling of water, and then nothing to mark his progress. He came up near the stern of the vessel, grinning broadly, and struck out for the rope which a group of sailors had thrown over. But before he got there he had met four or five sharks which, apparently, were just in from sea. Richardson hunted bottom again. But the sharks were diving, too, now; and, moreover, those which had re-

mained near the lighter were coming up.

Richardson's head reappeared above the surface just under the stern, but the sharks had followed him close. With a cry for help the great negro sank again, and then came up almost in the same spot. It was not the first time he had met with sharks in their native element, but he and everyone else felt that it would be his last. Overhead Mr. Renkell stood poised with his rifle. But the death of one shark would not save the lighter.

However, he tried it. He hit one, and killed it, but the others were not frightened away. Richardson, swimming like mad, had "fetched" around to the port side. One great eighteen-footer was so close to him that he had turned on his back. Renkell got him with his rifle, too. But the others were near.

Richardson was growing weary. How much longer he would have kept up the fight cannot be known, because at this time Richter, with the side of salted beef in his arms, ran to the side, and heaved it into the sea. The splash and the smell of the meat attracted all the sharks, and while they were tearing it to pieces Richardson swam to the stern and was drawn aboard.

"I don't believe sharks ever will git me," he observed, as he clambered to his lighter.—New York Post.

THE BRONCO BUSTER.

A Romantic Tale With an Unusual Ending.

Buck Thompson was the champion wild horse tamer of the West. He feared no horse on earth. Buck loved Miss Rose Brown, the beautiful teacher of the Wildcat school, in District 23. Rose Brown admired the daring Buck, but had not given him her promise to be his. One day Buck and she were in Yellow Dog, the principal town in the Bowie district. As they strolled along the street a man came out of the Dirty Dozen saloon and stopped them.

"You Buck," he said, "I've got the worst outlaw horse in the world out here. I'll bet you \$25 you can't ride him."

Buck's face wore a disdainful smile. He was waiting for just such a chance to show his lady love his skill.

"I'll take the bet," he said. "When shall I show you?"

"Now," replied the man, none other than Red-Eyed Joe, sometimes called Rip-Tailed Roarer.

"All right," said Buck. "Me and Miss Brown will walk out to where the critter is and I'll ride him."

As Buck and Rose walked along he asked her once more to be his.

"If you ride this outlaw horse I'll marry you," she replied, picking her teeth with her pearl-handled bowie-knife.

Buck was delighted. After half an hour's hard work the outlaw animal was saddled, and Buck cast a smile at his lady love.

"Here goes," he said. "You'll git throwed," said Red-Eyed Joe.

Buck mounted the awful animal. Red-Eyed Joe was right. Buck was thrown three times and then he gave it up.—Denver Post.

Lumber Camp Deer Butchers.

In certain districts of the Adirondacks the depredations of the lumber camps on the deer supply are continuous, extensive and serious. The crews are fed on venison taken in close season by French Canadian employees of the camps. The number of deer destroyed is very large. The extent and nature of the illicit hunting are recognized, but owing to the peculiar conditions surrounding the camps the game protectors have not been able to cope with the evil.

It is proposed by Adirondack residents and other interested persons to ask at the coming session of the Legislature the enforcement of a law to forbid the possession of firearms in the close season within the limits of the Adirondack park. It is believed that this would go far to solve the difficulty, for the lumber camp butchers could hardly use their arms without discovery, and if the penalty of fine or imprisonment with confiscation of the illicit weapons were attached there would be need of only a very few convictions to put a summary stop to the butchery of deer for feeding tree choppers.

It is true that under the law as it now stands relative to non-resident hunters something might be done to check the ravages of the Canadians in the North Woods; for the statute forbids them from hunting unless they shall have paid a non-resident license fee of \$25 if they come from Ontario or Quebec. None of these hunters have any such license; and every one of them is subject to a penalty for hunting without a license; but the protectors have not been able to detect the violators; and here as generally throughout the State the non-resident provision has been a dead letter.—Forest and Stream.

School For Waiters.

It is often a matter of wonder why foreign waiters are preferred to English ones, even in English hotels. The reason is a very simple one. The foreigner is a far better waiter. His aim is not always to remain a waiter, but to rise in the hotel business to a higher position. In Lausanne there is a school for waiters. They are taught there foreign languages, and not only to wait well, but everything else connected with the working of a hotel.—London Truth.

Why the Simple Life?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dr. Hindhede, of Denmark, says that he can teach the world and the inhabitants thereof how to live on two cents a day and be happier and healthier and live longer than they did when they spent anywhere from \$2 to \$25 for twenty-four hours' nourishment.

Thanks, awfully, Dr. Hindhede. So delighted to hear from you.

Now, if you'll only teach us how to live without breathing and without laughing, without singing and without dancing, without walking and without loving, we'll turn into slugs and be done with it.

Wouldn't it be lovely to be a nice, fat, comfy slug, with nothing to do or to think or to dream or to hope or to work for? I'd love it, wouldn't you?

Two cents a day for food! Why, what are all the fruits and vegetables and good things made for, Dr. Hindhede—just to look at? I'd rather live ten years and have some fun while I was living than to creep around till I was a hundred and wish I was dead every minute.

I don't want to live on two cents a day, thank you; I wouldn't call it living at all.

I don't eat simply to support life.

I suppose I could get along on a cup of malted milk and a handful of nuts a day, but why on earth should I?

I don't like malted milk, and the only way to eat nuts is to sit around a blazing wood fire and pick them out of their shells while you're telling stories or singing songs or listening to some one read a good story.

I eat because I'm hungry and because things taste good, and I don't want anybody to tell me what to eat, either.

I'll pick out my own diet for my own self, thank you, and as long as I'm able to pay for it I'll eat the things that taste good to me, and trust to luck to have them agree with me.

Whenever I hear about some one who's discovered a new diet and lived on it, I know what that some one would like before I catch sight of him.

All the diet cranks I ever knew proclaim their fad as you can see them by the color of their skin and the lack of lustre in their melancholy eyes.

Food was given us to eat, and as long as I have good teeth, a good conscience and a medium good pocketbook I'm going to eat it—and be glad to get it.

A good dinner is one of the pleasures of life, just as a good laugh is, or a good song, or a pretty story, or a brisk walk on a fine morning. And I'm not going to give up a good dinner just to please some one who wants to convince me that I'd be better off if I dined on a slice of dried apple and a prune. Keep right on figuring, Dr. Hindhede. It's all very well to be scientific, and we appreciate your efforts immensely.

You can't do any harm, because nobody will pay any attention to you but the diet cranks, anyway—and they might as well be following you as any one else.—New York American.

Whalebone.

The economic value of whalebone is due to its combined qualities of lightness, elasticity or springiness and flexibility even when split into thin strips. It has also the property of permanently retaining any shape that may be given to it when it is heated and then cooled under compression. Although many substitutes have been introduced, such as steel, cattle horn and turkey quills, nothing has yet been found that competes with it in a combination of all the qualities above noted. It is therefore unrivaled as material for use in whips, corsets, for dress stays and similar purposes.

The cutting of whalebone, that is, changing the rough slabs into the forms and sizes suitable to the different uses, is carried on principally in New York City and Boston. There are four factories in New York City and one in Boston. The number of workmen employed is small, rarely exceeding forty, all told.—Bureau of Fisheries Document.

By the Clock.

Let me give you a suggestion for exercise.

Rise at 6.30 a. m. Put on old clothing, easy shoes and a sweater. Time for dressing, five minutes.

Walk one-fourth of a mile; time, five minutes.

Then run a mile at a dog trot in eight minutes, arranging your circuit of a mile and a quarter so that you will finish at your door thirteen minutes after starting. At that hour you will meet only the milkman and paper carriers.

That exercise will expand your lungs and stimulate your heart action and land you at your doorstep at 6.48 a. m., panting for breath, thoroughly exhausted and perspiring at every pore. You are then ready for your bath and routine of the day. The man of sedentary habits who patiently pursues this exercise may kiss all drugs good-bye.—New York

Riches Cause Trouble.

Great riches are ever accompanied by great anxieties, and an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.—Goldsmith.

The adjutant, or marabout, a tall bird of India, of the stork species, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high and the expanse of wings is nearly fifteen feet. Times.

PIGEON POST IN AFRICA.

French Government Uses It to Keep in Touch With Station in the Congo.

Awaiting the establishment of wireless telegraphy, the French government has fallen back on pigeon posts to keep up communication with some of its outlying posts in Central Africa. Especially has it been used in the case of the expedition under Dr. Martins of the Pasteur Institute, who is in the Congo region studying the sleeping sickness which is ravaging that part of the Dark Continent.

The headquarters of the pigeons has been established at Brazzaville and the birds are taken out by parties starting thence into the forest. Great difficulty has been found in maintaining communication by telegraph. The natives steal the wire, the elephants break the trees and the climate interferes in all sorts of ways. Stringing long lines of field telegraph is simply hopeless.

Unexpectedly good results have been reached with the pigeons. Communication over a circle of perhaps 300 miles radius is regularly kept up. Almost no birds have been lost. Many stations, as for instance one which Lieutenant Eremillet heads, stationed 120 miles from Brazzaville, exchange daily mails. Officers on the march also keep in touch with their base of supplies in this way. When the distance does not exceed 1,200 miles messages can be exchanged in a day by a system of relaying.

The Red Prophet of Cold.

One of the rarest birds to New England is here prophesying a cold, hard winter. It is the red poll, a number of the big junco family of birds. Only in the most severe weather does the red-headed bird venture from the frozen lands of the north, and when he does it always means a cold, severe winter. There are several flocks of the birds in the Fells, and bird lovers, glad to get a chance watch their habits, are closely observing them.—Boston Record.

Human Hair Crops.

The human hair crop is a profitable and expensive industry. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The center of the trade is Paris, where 200,000 pounds are harvested annually, with a valuation of \$4,000,000.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When the chimneys of the Royal Mint at Berlin are cleaned about \$1,000 worth of gold is taken from the soot.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The oyster will not flourish in water which contains less than 37 per cent of salt to every thousand.

20 Mule Team BORAX

All 4 sizes. Sample, Booklet and Partic Card Gam. 10 cents. Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York.

IN MY FAMILY

"I Have Used Pe-ru-na at Various Times for Several Years."



MR. EDWARD M. BURT.

I Recommend Pe-ru-na.

MR. EDWARD M. BURT, 5 N. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It affords me much pleasure to announce that I have used your medicine at various times for several years, and that it has given entire satisfaction, not only in my own family, but also that of others of my friends. And would cheerfully recommend the use of Peru-na, as I certainly do endorse your medicine."

Catarrh of Head, Nose, Throat.
Mr. Charles Levy, 80 Allen St., New York, N. Y., writes: "I am very glad to tell you of the cures wrought by Peru-na in my family. My son, aged seven, who had catarrh of the nose, was cured by two bottles of Peru-na, and I had catarrh of the head, nose, throat and ears. One bottle of Peru-na cured me."

Pe-ru-na Tablets: Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peru-na Tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peru-na.

Ask Your Druggist For Free Peru-na Almanac For 1908.

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To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

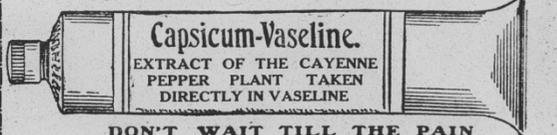
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Paxtine is a mucous emulsion, free from all irritating effects, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ailments; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. FAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 50, 1907.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.



Capsicum-Vaseline.
EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT TAKEN DIRECTLY IN VASELINE

DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all our preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.

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\$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

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