

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Colored Timber.

By a Norwegian process, sap is forced out of green tree trunks, and dye is injected in its place. This is claimed to give colored wood for furniture and finish that will not warp and is much more durable than ordinary wood.

ONE WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

Southern Woman Suffers Tortures For Years.

Racked and torn with terrific pains, nightly annoyed by kidney irregularities, Mrs. A. S. Payne, of 801 Third Ave., So., Columbus, Miss., suffered for years. She says: "The pains in my back, sides and loins were so terrible that I often smothered a scream. Every move meant agony."

My rest was broken by a troublesome weakness and the secretions seemed to burn like acid. I was in an awful condition and doctors did not seem to help. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me from the first and soon made me a strong and healthy woman."

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

An Automatic Money Assorter.
A machine has just been invented in Prague for assorting coins. The inventor claims that it will assort metal coins which have been thrown together, regardless of their denominations, placing each denomination in a separate basket. The various coins are thrown indiscriminately into a funnel at the top of the machine, and from the funnel they slide downward, alighting on a spiral track. This track has a protecting edge or raised border containing slits corresponding to the various sizes of the coins. As the coins of various denominations glide downward on to the track, through some peculiar mechanism of the machine they pass through the slits corresponding to their respective baskets at the bottom of the machine. It is said that several firms handling large amounts of coin daily have tried the machine with satisfactory results.

The same principle is not unknown in Florida and California, where it is adopted for sizing oranges.—Harper's Weekly.

Thinks English Language May Die.

English may be a dead language in 4000 A. D., according to Prof. Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Michigan. In an article on "A Substitute for the Classics" in the School Review, issued by the University of Chicago press, Scott intimates that Timbuku will be the world's capital and that Bantu will be the common language. English is superior to Latin and Greek, but inferior to Bantu, he declares.

"TWO TOPERS."

A Teacher's Experience.

"My friends call me 'The Postum Preacher,'" writes a Minn. school teacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'"

"I don't care what they call me so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum."

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from."

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee toppers and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups."

"At last in sheer desperation, I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee."

"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left. Our conversion has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



FROM PILOT TO "SAMURAI."

Money is being raised in Japan to restore the monument of Will Adams, the first English resident of that country and the founder of the Japanese fleet. No fiction of adventure is more romantic and seemingly improbable than is the story of this Kentish pilot of the seventeenth century. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his books on Japan, tells the tale of the young Englishman's rise to fortune.

In 1600 Will Adams arrived in Japan in command of a Dutch ship. Adams had partaken of many a sea adventure, and had probably been brought in contact with Hawkins, Drake, Sir Richard Grenville and the other celebrated voyagers of that day. He says himself, in his account of his life, that he "served for Master and Pilot in her Majesty's ships."

On landing in Japan, Adams was taken prisoner and sent to Osaka to the great Emperor Iyeyasu.

"As soon as I came before him he demanded of what country we were," says Adams. "So I answered him on all points. He asked whether our country had warres. I answered him yea. He asked as to the way we came to the country. Having a chart of the whole world I showed him through the Strait of Magellan. He viewed me well and seemed to be wonderful favorable."

The Emperor attached Adams to his personal service, and later we read of the late pilot teaching his royal master "jeometry and understanding of the art of mathematicks." Adams was well provided for, and commanded to build ships for deep-sea sailing. Before long he was created Samurai, and an estate was given him.

Surely no romance of that romantic age was stranger than the rise of this plain English pilot, with only his simple honesty and common sense to help him. He was in such extraordinary favor with the greatest and shrewdest of Japanese rulers that we read in a contemporary account: "The Emperor esteemeth him much, and he may goe in and speake to him at all times when Kynges and Princes are kept out."

Adams' only cause for regret in his elevation to fortune was the fact that he was never allowed to visit his native land. His services were regarded as too precious to be spared. The Emperor never refused him anything but this one privilege, and Adams did not dare to urge the matter too hard, for, as he writes, "When I asked one too many times the Ould Emperour was silent."

ALIVE IN CAPSIZED VESSELS.

A striking example of one among the many strange accidents that befall sailors was reported the other day from Newcastle, New South Wales.

The barkentine Kate Tatham turned turtle in a gale, and one of her crew was shut up in her hold. The survivors, who had climbed on her keel as she heeled over, naturally took it for granted that he was drowned. What was their surprise therefore presently to hear faint knockings from beneath their feet, evidently made by their imprisoned comrade.

Help was at hand, and a hole was cut through the ship's bottom, when the man was hauled out, little the worse for his terrible experience. He had, it appeared, been kept alive by the air which had been imprisoned in the hull when the vessel capsized and which, becoming compressed as the water rose, had eventually stopped its further encroachment. He had used a balk of floating timber to support himself.

His imprisonment lasted for two hours, and in the cable reports sent to this country the incident is characterized as unparalleled. This, however, is by no means correct. There are several cases on record of men having lived in similar circumstances in the hulls of capsized ships not hours only but days, the most remarkable authenticated instance being that of Captain Engalland, of the Erndte, who was rescued alive after an entombment lasting altogether eleven days eighteen hours.

During this period the derelict, drifting bottom uppermost, was sighted by the masters of several vessels, all of whom, however, passed nonchalantly by, none imagining for a moment that the semi-submerged and capsized bulk contained, shut up in its vitals, a living man.

Eventually the Erndte drifted ashore near Dauzig, and Captain Engalland was taken out alive, although greatly emaciated.—Pearson's Weekly.

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

The family had six black cats, all of which lined up daily on the back porch, expecting food and getting it, says a writer in the Washington Star. Then after a while mother began to say she did wish that she could get rid of a few cats. Father said he should think she would, too, and asked why she did not chloroform them. He explained that it was a painless sleep, and a method approved by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Grandmother said she had read in the newspapers that the society used gas in an air-tight chamber, but, anyhow, it was humane. Uncle Nat said he never saw so many cats in his life, and that he was always stepping on one whenever he put his foot down.

Aunt Caroline said she hated cats; but one could get used to anything, even cats. Susan, the colored cook, said she was going to leave if some of those cats didn't; that there never was a crumb of anything to eat in the house after those hollow cats had been filled up; and why didn't they hunt their living like other cats?

Then one day mother asked Uncle Nat to get a bottle of chloroform at the drug-gat's, which she left on the mantel-shelf in plain sight.

Father asked where the bottle of chloroform came from, and what it was for? Grandmother said it was very careless of some one to leave a bottle of chloroform round like that, where any one could get it.

Aunt Caroline asked who was going to use the chloroform.

Uncle Nat said he was willing to buy it, and had done his part, and if any one thought he was going to kill cats with it he was mistaken.

The day was Thursday, Susan's day out. The family had gone for a drive, all except mother, who had a motive in remaining at home. It was now or never. With the light of resolution in her eye and her lips pressed firmly together, with a bottle and sponge in one hand and cats in her apron, she started for the barn.

Pursing her lips more tightly still, she gathered up more cats as she went. Then she shut all she had in an empty box, which was to serve as an execution chamber, and went in search of more cats. Two more were added; none was spared. The sponge was saturated and thrust into the box, and the executioner fled to the house without once looking back.

When father came home and found what had been done he was amazed. He wouldn't have lost the cat named Punch for anything, and he had always regarded Punch as his own cat, and Punch was a first-class ratler.

Grandmother also evinced surprise at what had happened, and said she should always mourn the cat named Judy, for Judy was such a ladylike cat, and could always have a corner in her room to sleep in, for Judy was never in the way nor the least bit objectionable.

Uncle Nat said he wouldn't have taken any money for Topsy, as he regarded Topsy as his especial property, and the likeliest cat in the bunch.

Aunt Caroline said it was bad luck to kill black cats, and she couldn't think of anything she was so superstitious about as black cats.

Susan said she wouldn't have killed even one black cat for all the money on earth, and that she should be afraid to stay now, anyway, and couldn't wait till her month was up, either.

Mother hadn't a word to say for herself. That night black cats stared at her out of the darkness, and once she awoke from a nightmare of pursuing cats, an army of them, and thought she heard them wailing—the spirits of the cats she had chloroformed!

At daybreak she rose from her bed, dressed herself, and descended to the kitchen—and there on the back doorstep, peering through the screen door as usual, unburied and expectant, were the six black cats, waiting for their breakfast.

"I'm so glad I didn't put a rock on the top of that box!" said mother. She gathered them in as if they had been prodigals, and all six of them had the breakfast of their nine or more lives.

STRUGGLE WITH A TIGER.

Two brothers, Khuda Bakhs and Shaikh Abdul Ghani, of Moradabad, were despatched recently to Rampur on an errand, and while entering a grove at Khadpura a tiger sprang upon Khuda Bakhs, who, being an athlete, warded off the blow aimed at him with his right hand and caught one of the paws with the other and maintained his hold, though the tiger was mauling the other hand.

Abdul Ghani now rushed up with a stout stick, which he forced down the tiger's throat, making it release his brother's hand, when Khuda Bakhs seized another paw with his wounded hand, forcing both the paws back. He wrestled with the tiger, keeping it down by sheer force, while Abdul Ghani labored it with his lathi and killed it.

The tiger was carried by the brothers to His Highness the Nawab of Rampur, "who kept the skin as a memento and sent Khuda Bakhs to the State dispensary for treatment."—Indian Daily Telegraph.

VICARIOUS SNAKE BITE.

A vicarious snake bite is the curious case reported from Shepperton, Victoria, by Dr. Waleham. A small dog was bitten by a snake, and in turn bit his master, who was dressing his wound. The dog died. The man soon afterward became drowsy, on being taken to the hospital developed alarming symptoms of snake poisoning, and only energetic treatment saved his life.—Philadelphia Record.

Protecting the Camp From Insects.

At our camp last summer we discovered a good method to keep insects and snakes out of our camp. After we choose the best site we could find for our tent we burned a stretch of grass a few feet wide entirely around the tent. This proved very effective, as bugs and worms, and even snakes, will not readily cross newly burned-over ground.—Mabel Kneeland, in Recreation.

WASPS—THE ORIGINAL PAPER-MAKERS.

Of course, the writer knew that wasps are the original paper-makers, and long since pointed the way to the use of wood-pulp for that paper-making which has so immensely increased in later years and is threatening much of the literature of this era with early extinction. But from what particular objects was the pulp gathered?

Now came a rare surprise. A few feet beyond the old tree stood a chestnut telephone pole. While passing it one day a hornet was seen to alight upon it. Eureka!—the mystery was solved. For straightway the insect began scraping off the surface with its jaws. Settling well upon the post, it fastened its open mandibles into it, drew them together, thus removing a particle of fibre, and backed down a little way. This act was repeated until it had covered a space about three-fourths of an inch long, and one-sixteenth wide, just the stretch of the hornet's jaws. Meanwhile a tiny pellet of wood-dust had been gathered and rolled and pushed beneath the mouth; whereupon Vespa flew away. In fact, her method of gathering building material was just the reverse of that used when giving it out in construction.

Now the post was carefully inspected, and it was found to be mottled on all sides and to the top, about eighteen feet, with streaks like that which the hornet had just left, the fresh marks upon the abraded wood showing distinctly against the weathered surface. The streaks were not all of equal length; for, as it afterwards appeared, the pulp-gatherers seemed somewhat fastidious in their selections, and would shift their positions several times. Sometimes, also, the scar already made would be continued by the same or another worker; and often it would be overlaid. But, as a rule, the space which measured the amount of fibre removed at one visit to the pole corresponded with the amount of pulp laid on at one time by the builders on the nest; and that in both cases was determined apparently by the carrying capacity of the jaws. The visits varied in length. Thus, of three noted, one was four minutes, with seven shifts; one, two minutes; and one, three minutes, nine seconds.

Wishing to get some idea of the number of visits made by the insect pulp-gatherers, I counted carefully the scars within several square inches of surface, and therefrom estimated the number within a square inch around the entire girth of the pole. Thence I roughly calculated that at least 40,000 visits had been made for wood-fibre. Some of these were made by yellow-jackets and brown wasps, but most of them from hornets by the study nest, as could be determined by the direction of the insects' flight. One must also consider that in many cases the scraped surface had been gone over more than once, so that the estimate is probably below rather than above that mentioned.

There were several similar poles in the vicinity, all more or less thus marked, the one nearest to the above quite as freely. Even from this inadequate estimate one can see the enormous industry of our colony.—Dr. H. C. McCook, in Harper's Magazine.

WISE WORDS.

An optimist is one who keeps alive the joy derived from common things. We should not be with wicked men as their companions, but with their physicians.

Religion may become an escape from duty, rather than its inspiration and fulfillment.

The trouble with many uplifters is that they love their notions more than the people.

"It abideth alone" explains away some lives. They have never learned the law of service.

Virtue, like health, is usually unconscious of itself.

The best way to save time is to lose some of it in prayer.

It's easy making light of sorrow when it's not our own.

The church will have trouble in drawing men so long as it thinks more of drawing them than of helping them.

Success is not in making mistakes, but in making the most of them.

The saddest people are those who are trying to pump happiness out of the cisterns of amusement.

An ignorant man's practice of piety does more good than the most learned man's philosophy of religion.

He is proficient in self-denial who can silence the mean things he had thought of saying of another.

Nature provides that if we make life a dream of pleasure we shall awaken by stubbing the toe on a pain.

Some think that when they've rounded off the corners of rottenness they've polished impurity into purity.

When you go out in another's wisdom dressed, be sure that truth will blow and you will stand a fool confessed.—Home Herald.

Cost of Eggs.

Regarding the cost of producing eggs, Professor Graham, of the Connecticut Experiment Station, said that during one year were as low as seven and five-eighths cents per dozen for the food only.

Greenland has a population of 11,895.

Size of Siberia.
Siberia contains one-ninth of all the land on the globe. Great Britain and all Europe, except Russia, together with the whole of the United States, could be inclosed within its boundaries.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25¢ trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Deepest Hole.
The deepest hole in the world has been bored in Silesia. It has reached a depth of about 7,000 feet, and passes through 83 beds of coal.

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

Ozone Ventilation.
A new idea in ventilation seems to have given excellent results in the Royal theater at Stuttgart, at a low cost and without draft or the usual heating of a fresh air supply. Within a few minutes the air of the entire building is purified by means of a supply of ozone. A small electromotor and a transformer convert a continuous current into an alternating current of the necessary tension and another motor and an air blower force the air through the field of electric discharge, where the oxygen is converted to ozone.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.
After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair, it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

Pictures by Wireless.
While the transmission of pictures by wire has reached a high degree of perfection in the process of Prof. Korn, which depends upon the varying electric resistance of the selenium cell under changing light, the sending of photographs and drawings by wireless telegraphy is in an incipient stage. In the method of H. Knudsen, the photograph has its dark parts brought into relief by dusting the usual negative with some powder, like iron filings, which adheres only to the dense portions. The transmitting apparatus consists essentially of a clockwork driven carriage, which moves a style backward and forward until it touches every part of the picture once, and as the raised surface is met the style is pushed up slightly, thus closing the grip in a relay circuit. The relay current causes an induction coil to transmit an electric wave. The receiver is a similar instrument in which the style, normally raised, is depressed, whenever the electric wave acts upon the coherer, and thus closes a suitable circuit. Perfect synchronizing is ensured by causing the wave from the transmitter to start the carriage of the receiver at the beginning of each new stroke.

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Teachers Wanted; also Musically Inclined Students. Do you want a national reputation? Write us; we can place you; exceptional opportunities and locations open. Address: FERTIG, METZGER, BERNAU, 1611 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Ret. 1909.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

P. O. U. 2, 1904.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures most cases. Book of testimonials and 25¢ Syrup treatment free. Write Dr. H. H. GREEN'S MEDICAL, Box 8, Atlantic, Mo.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

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.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Measles, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Diarrhoea. The Break-up Colic in 24 hours. At all Druggists, 25¢. Sample mailed FREE. Address: A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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