

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

A Vacation.
According to some persons, a vacation consists in going to some place which you do not know whether you will like for the purpose of spending money which you are certain you will need later on.—New York Herald.

SHE COULD NOT WALK
For Months—Burning Humor on Ankles—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep—Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times, I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

Old Time College Penalty.
If the Yale faculty a century and a half ago dealt differently with student offenders, the offenders themselves were of a somewhat different order. It seems that "one Holmes, a student of this college, on the Sabbath or Lord's day, traveled unnecessarily, and that with a burden or pack behind him, from beyond Wallingford to this place; which is contrary to the divine and civil law, as well as to the laws of this college." The college officials having fined Holmes some 20¢ sterling, he subsequently made a public confession of his crime, and afterward became a highly respected minister of the gospel.

This malfactor, says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in Harper's Magazine for July, writing on the aristocratic prestige of old families in this republican country, was a grand-uncle of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

How Iron Expands.
The increase of volume from the heating and cooling of cast iron has been the subject of many tests, and it has been shown that the swelling may amount to as much as 40 per cent. After heating in a gas furnace twenty-seven times, the highest temperature reached being 1,450 degrees Fahrenheit, a bar originally one inch square and 14.8 inches long was found to have grown to one and one-eighth inches square and sixteen and one-half inches long. This effect is suggested as an explanation of the trouble given by cast iron fittings for superheated steam, which produces the same alternate heating and cooling.

ALMOST A SHADOW
Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating."

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me. First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts, although I had little faith it would do me any good."

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me."

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do myself all alone."

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago." "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.

SPORTS AND ADVENTURE

HOW MEN ACT IN BATTLE.
In Harper's appears a narrative of the battle of Solferino, as told by a veteran survivor to Robert Shackleton. It is, word for word, a chapter of history as seen by a man in the ranks. Incidents which impressed him are curious:

"We halted. And a Tyrolean lying on the ground, cried out: 'I am dying. Give me to drink.' Whereat my companion stooped to offer him a flask, and as he stooped the Tyrolean struck savagely at him with his bayonet, but my companion jumped back, and it missed him; and he said: 'You Tyrolean, you said you wanted a drink before you died, and now you shall die without the drink.' And he stuck his bayonet through him as a boy would stick a pin through a fly."

"The fighting soon began again, and it was very fierce. It was soon that we came to know that we were to capture a little village, and the hills about the village. The village it was named San Martino, and there were walled barns and gardens, and the Austrians were very strong there."

"The bursting of the shells was very bad. Sometimes all of us close by would be thrown down and be covered with mud and earth, but most of us would jump up again, not wounded; but always there were some who would not jump up again, because they were wounded or dead."

"At the beginning of a battle a soldier feels afraid. At the beginning of this battle I felt afraid, though it was not our first battle, and we knew what it was to be under fire."

"So it was that, at the beginning we commended ourselves; we felt like death; but soon that passed away, and we thought no more of death, but only of the killing of the Austrians."

"All around me men were killed. There were heads and arms blown off, and men flew into pieces like the smashing of a jug. But we did not care, we. We thought nothing of it. I do not know that we even knew we saw such things; but some of them came to me as I sit with you and talk of that long day. We did not notice; and we did not think that at any moment we, too, might have our heads blown off or be smashed into little pieces like the breaking of a jug."

"Once, when we rushed over the big guns, and killed the men who still fought with us, we turned the guns to fire on the Austrians as they flew away, but they had driven bits of steel into the trenches, and so we could not fire them. They were of a courage, those Austrians."

"Only once in all that battle did I think much of what I saw or heard, and that was when there was the so terrible screaming of a captain who had his foot shot off. He twisted and turned as he cried out, and it was a very bad sound. But it is just as it chances. I saw many men who were hurt worse than that captain, and many who were blown into little bits, but I did not trouble about them. It is just as it chances so."

"It is very often that a man does not know that he is hurt. I remember that once there was a man near me with a great hole in his forehead, but he ran right on with us with his bayonet, and I thought, 'He will fall dead.' But after that I saw him no more, for there was always the fighting."

"The storm and the blackness, they made of us a great mixing. Yes; it was a very great tangling, for all lines were lost, and I know that sometimes Austrians struck at Austrians, and sometimes Italians struck at Italians, for we were in a very great mixing, and very fierce in the blackness of that storm."

"We were told to lie down and sleep. So we lay down where we were, among the dead and the wounded, among the Italians and the Austrians."

"And we slept. Yes; we were tired; for we had fought hard for all that long, long day, and on that hill that at last we had gained we slept, and we gave no heed to the dead men or the wounded."

"The wounded, they made very great cries, and there were men sent to go among them with lights. Some were surgeons, and some were men to carry them to the field hospitals. But the most of us, we lay there and slept, and we were very tired, and we knew that with the morning there might be another fight."

OLD-TIME SAIL-DRILL.
One of the dangers and one of the hardest tasks of the man-of-war's man vanished out of his life when, with the supplanting of the frigate by the steam cruiser, the old-time sail-drill became a thing of the past. Fleets, in the old days, were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting spars and all similar manoeuvres aloft, says Captain J. W. Gamber, of the British navy, in his "Links in My Life." As the greatest rivalry existed among the crews as to which ship should carry out an evolution first, accidents were frequent. Hardly a drill day passed without men being seriously injured.

Once, during a drill in Kiel harbor, where the rivalry in the feet was increased by the eagerness of foreign ships to compete with the English, an unfortunate French midshipman went head first from the mizen cross-trees of the French flagship to the deck.

That numbers of accidents should take place in sail-drill was not astonishing when one remembers that spars measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long and weighing two or three tons were whisked about with bewildering speed with nothing but men's hands and brains to guide them; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred square feet, where nothing but the most marvelous organization and discipline could avert death on deck or aloft.

To the landsman, who understood nothing of the difficulty in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards, or in reefing and furling thousands of square feet of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half-frozen—the rapidity with which it was done was perhaps the chief wonder.

Ropes, running like lightning through blocks that were instantly too hot from friction to be touched, had to be checked to within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind; while the officer in command had to superintend what to the uninitiated looked like a tangled mass of cordage, but which was in reality no more in confusion than the threads in a loom.

In an instant this officer might see something going wrong; to delay a single second meant a terrible catastrophe. Every one, aloft and aloft, was relying on his judgment. "Belay!" "Ease away!"

The order came in an instant. The boatswain's mates repeated it in a particular call which this life-and-death necessity soon taught every one to understand; the shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes, or the thunderous crash of the great sails in the wind. Death had been averted—or not. If not, you looked up and saw some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stood still. Would he catch hold of something, even if only to break his fall? Or would he come battering on the deck? It was a mere toss-up. If he was killed outright it generally stopped the drill for the day. If he was only seriously injured, the drill went on, for this was part of the lesson that must be learned, that, in peace, as in war, one must take his chances.

BRITAIN'S INDIAN SOLDIERS.
The coolness and tenacity displayed by the Khaibar Rifles at Michnikandao blockhouse on the night of March 2, and by the Twenty-second Punjab picket at Darwazagal, on the night of May 16, are good examples of the efficiency of the native troops, and add lustre even to the records of India. The Michnikandao blockhouse, held by Subadar Tor Kahn and fifty-three riflemen, was attacked for several hours by the main body of Afghan invaders. A hail of bullets was poured into it from all sides, and an attempt was made to escalate it with ladders, which are now the cherished trophies of the garrison. The Subadar was abused by the enemy in the usual style, and was cursed because he, a Mohammedan, fought against Mohammedans. This, however, was nothing new to the Subadar, for eleven years before, a mullah had come to him, Koran in hand, to call upon him in the name of the prophet, to surrender his post. For all reply Tor Kahn clubbed the mullah to death. The conduct of the Twenty-second Punjab picket at Darwazagal, was equally meritorious. The picket was commanded by Jemadar Mir Afzal Khan, second senior in his rank in the regiment, and already well noted for proficiency in musketry and transport duties. This gallant man was twice severely wounded during the night, but concealed the fact from his men till he died. Naik Jehanded, though wounded in the head, took command of the picket after the Jemadar's death, while the wounded, Ram Singh, though also wounded, stuck manfully to his work. Such gallantry deserves to be made known by a general order to the whole army.—Afghan Correspondence London Times.

WOMAN PLUNGES AFTER BABE.
Mrs. Gordon Kirby, of Snowville, Va., learning that her little girl, Gracie, had fallen into the mill race, left a sick bed and leaped into the stream in an effort to save the child. W. T. Tigleman, who was crossing a bridge over the stream, went to her rescue. Both of them were on the point of drowning when John Craft, seeing the man striving in vain to drag the woman to safety, went to his aid. Craft, being unable to swim, obtained a long pole, which he managed to twist into Mrs. Kirby's luxuriant hair, dragging her to the bank and the exhausted man with her. The little girl was dead when taken from the water.

Unjust.
The mother of a disappointed young woman was asked by a friend whether the daughter had succeeded in passing a teacher's examination. "No," was the reply in a mournful tone. "Jenny didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe, sir, but them examiners asked the poor girl about things that happened years and years before she was born."—Harper's Weekly.

A single fruit company exported last year 40,000,000 bunches of bananas to England and the United States from Central and South America and Jamaica.



ARTISTIC AND DELICIOUS.

The hostess who likes variety should try this sauce for vanilla ice cream instead of the popular hot chocolate dressing: Prepare half a dozen oranges by cutting them in half and removing the cores. See that every bit of skin is removed. Boil for seven or eight minutes a half pound of sugar and a quarter of a cup of hot water. Do not stir or it will sugar.

Dip the oranges into the hot sirup, let them stay a minute or two, then put on a platter and pour the remaining sirup over them to cool.

If you have a ring mold freeze the vanilla ice cream in it, pile up the hollow with the oranges and pour the sirup over them both. If not, serve the ice cream on a round platter, and heap up the oranges around the base.

It is better to select the medium-sized or small oranges, or they can be divided into sections, cut across the whole orange with the heart removed. Some of the juice is apt to be lost by this latter method.—Indianapolis News.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.

"A stuffed tomato salad is one of my new recipes," writes Fannie Merritt Farmer, the great cooking authority, in her monthly page in the Woman's Home Companion. "Peel six small tomatoes, cut a slice from the stem end of each, remove the soft inside, sprinkle the insides with salt, and let stand, inverted, thirty minutes. Mash half a ten-cent cream cheese, add six chopped pinonolas, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of tomato pulp, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of dry mustard and enough French dressing to moisten. Fill the tomato cases with the mixture, and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, which may be successfully made if one will but follow directions. Mix one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a few grains of cayenne. Add the yolks of two eggs and stir until thoroughly blended; then add one-half teaspoonful of vinegar. Add olive oil gradually at first, drop by drop, and stir constantly. As the mixture thickens, thin with vinegar or lemon juice. Add oil and vinegar or lemon juice alternately, stirring or beating constantly, until two tablespoonfuls each of vinegar and lemon juice and one and one-half cupsful of olive oil have been used. If the oil is added too rapidly the dressing will have a curdled appearance. A smooth consistency may be restored by taking the yolk of another egg and adding the curdled mixture slowly to it. Olive oil for the making of mayonnaise should always be thoroughly chilled. The utensil used in the making of mayonnaise may be a silver fork, wire whisk, small wooden spoon or egg beater."

WISE WORDS.
Not merely to appear good ought man to care, but to be so both privately and publicly.—Plato.

A fool and his money are soon parted, and if that doesn't justify the fool to a commercial generation, nothing will.—Puck.

There is no living without friends.—Portuguese.

The man that's goin' to the devil always finds congenial company on the road.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Spanish.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.—Christian Register.

It is no secret if three know it.—Irish.

It is unpleasant to turn back, though it be to take the right way.—German.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—Syrus.

I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to act unjustly.—Socrates.

Trawlers and Cables.
In connection with the damage which is repeatedly being caused to the cables of the Commercial Cable Company off the Irish coast by British trawlers, a letter written by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay to the United States Secretary of State shows the cost and trouble to which the company is put in order to maintain its service unimpaired. "During the past three months," he says, "our cables have been injured and broken two and three at a time by these fishing trawlers at a distance of about fifty miles from the Irish coast. We have expended over £20,000 already this year in making repairs to our cables off the Irish coast, and each and every one of the interruptions has been due to these fishing trawlers. . . . The injury to us is not only the enormous expense of repairs, but also the necessity of refusing to accept business from the public for transmission. . . . The trouble is that it is impossible in most instances to find out who the guilty party is, and even after that is found out, it is almost impossible to obtain proof that the injury was wilful."—Engineer.

Old English Slaves.
Before the Conquest, and for a long time after, at least two-thirds of the people of England were denuded of all the substantial attributes of freedom. The lords had the absolute disposal of them; they might be attached to the soil, or transferred by deed, sale or conveyance, from one lord to another; they could not change their place or hold property; in short, they were slaves under their obligation of perpetual servitude, which the consent of the master alone could dissolve. The system was not fairly abolished until the reign of Charles II, and so late as 1773 men were bought and sold in Scotland with the estates to which they were bound.

The British naval authorities have sirdred the Isle of Wight with a telephone service, the Needles, the wireless telegraph station at Culver, CHIEF and other points have been put in direct communication with the signal station at Portland Dockyard.

An Ancient Scald.

During the recent visit of the King of Denmark to the Norwegian court, a most interesting figure might have been remarked among the distinguished guests there assembled. This was an old minstrel, or scald, close upon ninety years of age, with long, snow-white beard and hair, and an air of proud dignity in spite of his rude, coarse clothes. Had he not a right carry his head high among the other nobles, he a descendant of Harold Fair-haired, the first king of united Norway? That doughty Harold, who went unkempt and unshorn until he reached this high position, in order to fulfil a vow to his high-born lady-love, Gyda?

Never before had the old scald left his home in Teleparken, where, true to the habits of his very long line of forefathers, he lived in a cave.

It was also ancient custom that the scald should amuse the king and his court with song and harp, so in answer to the request of his majesty of Norway, the ancient bard left his cave and appeared at court with his precious old viking lute.

This lute, called in Norwegian a langleik, is over three hundred years old. It is of wood, fashioned with much artistic skill. In shape it is not unlike the lutes of later times. Six heavy strings stretched over the opening give forth a deep, full resonance. Solemn, thrilling voices from a dim, forgotten past seem recalled to life.

The scald sang many folk songs old as time, and his distinguished audience listened with the deepest emotion.

The King of Denmark was so impressed that he warmly urged the minstrel to visit him as a guest in his palace at Copenhagen—an invitation which the old man accepted with quiet dignity. Was he not also the descendant of a king?—Youth's Companion.

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THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?
It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See.
Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Come and See.
Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?

Come and See.
Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Come and See.
Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

Come and See.
Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

Come and See.
This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.



Large Trial Sample
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 28 1108.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

The Cost of Making Butter.
In a recent report published by the Iowa State Dairy Commissioner, the average cost of producing one pound of butter is given as follows:

In the creamery that makes 40,000 pounds of butter per year, it costs 4 cents to make one pound of butter, and in a creamery producing 50,000 pounds, it costs 3.4 cents to make one pound; while in creameries making 150,000 pounds per year, it costs only 1.85 cents. In some of the very large central plants, that are producing over 200,000 pounds of butter per year, it costs 1.4 cents per pound. These figures clearly show that the larger the creamery the cheaper butter can be manufactured, and they also show that it takes about 400 cows, tributary to one factory, before a profitable creamery business can be established.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

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



Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."