

SYRUP OF FIGS



JENNY'S SECRET.

Jenny has a secret. She is loth to tell. Even to her mother. When she loves so well. It is not shame that kindles. It comes on her cheeks. 'Tis of joy the deepest. Jenny dare not speak.

Jenny's sleep is lighter. Jenny's songs more sweet; And the good-night kisses She will oft repeat. By these many tokens She cannot represent Jenny's precious secret. Mother! 't is surely gas.

Mother eyes are watchful. As these signs appear; Mother love is faithful. Duty one so dear. All these sweet assemblings. All this pretty sorrow. Seems a pretty story. Written long ago.

'Twixt her heart and Jenny's She has brought eclipse. Jenny's feet have been Silent as her lips. Till late blishes fitting. Of her true and chaste. Whither Jenny's secret. Though she does not speak. —Josephine Pollard in N. Y. Ledger.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

HIS REPENTANCE.

The chateau of Plouneuf was the terror of the Breton people. The country folk made the sign of the cross as they passed by, and murmured, "About the accursed one's castle!"

"There the walls that surrounded the grounds was a brier hedge, which so one dared to cross. The servants passed each other by like shadows, afraid to speak above a whisper. No one dared to address the duke. Only the young Count Robert found favor in the eyes of the lord of the manor, the old Duke de Kerberzoff, his uncle.

At the time when this story begins, Robert was seated at the old man's feudal chair; his face was livid, his eyes gleaming, and his countenance distorted with fear. He was listening intently, one would have said that he was the ghost of terror.

Beside him on a porphyry column burned a small golden lamp set with precious stones. Behind it stood a tall negro, who as each minute passed, let fall a single drop of oil upon the flame. Close to the old man's withered hand lay an ax, and the negro would have atoned with his life for a single forgetfulness of duty.

The duke was pale than usual; his long white hair was matted upon his temples, and from his terror-stricken eyes great tears rolled down into his silver beard.

"My dear lord, to your suffering word," asked Robert gently.

The duke shuddered; he was still listening intently. He was still a specter.

Then the old duke rose up like a specter.

"Listen, Robert," he said. "Listen." The old man had not spoken for twenty years. His sepulchral voice echoed through the great hall, and the accents, as they fell, sounded like a metallic sound. The young count was petrified with fright.

"Twenty years ago I had a son; he was handsome, brave and generous. He loved a young peasant girl and wished to marry her; but I refused my consent. I could not countenance such an outrage. My son pleaded with me, but I was inflexible; my scutecheon would have been eternally disgraced. I was wrong my boy, I was wrong; I never give way to pride. It is a mortal sin. Sobbs choked the old man's utterance, but he continued:

"The maiden was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her money; she refused it. Then I had her carried off and imprisoned in the tower of the castle. Several months passed; my son was faithful to his work. I do not mind to decide to kill the maiden, so I went word to her secretly to escape at the first opportunity. A silken ladder was given her, and she was carefully instructed as to its use and how to fasten it to the window. She prepared for flight. Then I arranged an infernal trap for her. I

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent relief. I never hesitate to tell my experience. N. V. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"



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Makes Child Birth Easy, Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain.

Endorsed by the Leading Physicians. Book to "Mothers' Friend" FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS with Rubber, Metal, Wood, New Patents and Improved Attachments. A Treatise on the Art of Fitting. The "Foot-Belt" Patent. A. M. MARKS, 761 Broadway, New York.

Paraplegic "A 17" and "A 18" and sample dose, 4c.

Address: "MOTHERS' FRIEND" 250 Greenwich St., N. Y.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

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One of the finest opals in the world is worn on his cap by the Chinese minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with its ornaments, is placed at \$50,000.

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Do you know what it is to be plump?

Thinness is poverty, living from hand to mouth. To be plump is to have a little more than enough, a reserve.

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At that moment the castle bell rang loudly, and the chants of the church were heard. The doors of the great hall swung open. Through them was seen the bishop of the old man, blazing with lights and the Child Jesus on His bed of straw seemed resplendent with glory and garden. The old duke fell on his knees before the infant God. "Man," said the voice of the priest, "Christ was born, not to die, but to redeem the sins of men. Thou hast sinned, thou hast suffered, thou hast repented; God pardons thee. May thy soul depart in peace."

Then the old man looked at the golden lamp and saw above it an angel with snow-white wings and the recognized him as the guardian of the brilliant lamp. The angel smiled on him sweetly, and taking up the flickering light, flew toward heaven.

The Duke de Kerberzoff was dead.

—Sarah Bernhardt in the Cincinnati Times-Star.

They toil.

The vast Army of Busy City People Who Work at Night.

Did you ever stand at Clark and Madison streets after midnight? asks the Chicago Tribune. Have you any idea of the number of persons who look upon midnight as the world in general does upon noon? It is a vast army that toils while others sleep—and it keeps busy a great number of attendants.

For the benefit of the great number of night-workers dozens of stores are kept open nights—restaurants, drug stores, baker shops and saloons. Of course these are not patronized exclusively by the all-night workers. They catch the transient trade of the big community, and it is not so much about when other folks are in bed.

It is a queer community, this night crowd. First comes the actor fresh from his night's labors. He may deserve to be classed with the night workers, though he disappears at 1 or 2 o'clock.

Some of the men of the boards are followed by the men of the tables—the waiters of the big down-town restaurants which close between 12 and 1. By the time these are well on their way home comes the first phalanx of the newspaper brigades—the "day" reporters for the morning papers. These linger a little and give way to the first batch of printers. The printers straggle along all through the night, for they get off in gangs—increasing as the night advances.

With them, too, comes a portion of the night editors, those men who have remained after the departure of the reporters to edit the work of the latter.

These all gather by ones and twos



Can be counted on to cure Catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's nothing new. For 35 years it has been doing that very thing. It gives prompt and complete relief—but you want more than that. And you get it, with this Remedy—there's a cure that is perfect and permanent. The worst chronic cases, no matter of how long standing, yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. "Cold in the Head" needs but a few applications. Catarrhal Headache, and all the troubles that come from Catarrh, are at once relieved and cured.

You can count on something else, too—\$500 in cash.

You can count on it, but it's more than doubtful whether you earn it.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy, in good faith, offer that amount for an incurable case of Catarrh. Don't think that you have one, though.

They'll pay you, if they can't cure you. That's certain.

But they can cure you. That's just about as certain, too.

Can you ask more?

Electricity in its various forms of application, is said to give employment to 5,000,000 persons.

It is seriously proposed to purify the Thames by importing a school of crocodiles to act as river scavengers.

Over 30,000 tons of cottonseed oil are consumed annually. Not many years ago cottonseed was thrown away.

One of the finest opals in the world is worn on his cap by the Chinese minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with its ornaments, is placed at \$50,000.

So great has been the development of the petroleum fields in Peru that pipe lines have been run from the main fields to the coast. The opinion is expressed that the Peruvian field will soon be able to supply the demand of all the west coast of South America.

The forms of sea life in the upper portion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of 1,200 feet or so from the surface, but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to a depth of 300 feet to the bottom. Below the deep sea animals begin to appear.

The citizens of Okanogan, Wash., are building a dam across the Okanogan river so as to secure a navigable low water depth and admit of steamers reaching that point from the lake. The damming of the river it is said, will raise the water level of the lake 20 or 30 feet. The lake is sixty miles long and from one to three miles wide.

FACTS FORTIFIED.

The clock tower of the houses of Parliament is 320 feet high.

The largest fresh water lake in Europe is Lake Ladoga, which covers an area of nearly 7,000 square miles.

In the Bank of England at least 60 folio volumes or ledgers are filled daily with writing in keeping the accounts.

Lilies are raised as a regular crop in the Bermudas. In one of the largest fields over a hundred thousand may be seen in bloom at the same time.

Of the fifty women who are engaged in active newspaper work in the state of Michigan, five publish their own newspaper independent of any associate.

The populations of the five continents of the earth, as estimated by E. M. Little, are as follows: Europe, 419, Asia, 434, Oceania, 38, North America, 88; South America, 34. Total, 1,167 millions.

The Maxim gun is said to hold the record for quick firing, for it can deliver 750 shots a minute, or 12 1/2 a second. But an even higher rate of discharge is claimed for the new Winchester, which is brought out slightly no fewer than 900 shots a minute.

There are 15,000 women typewriters between Worth street and the Battery in New York, two-thirds in number of the regular army of the United States. The employment office of one of the machine companies finds places for 25 women a month, and through its various offices for 10,000 women a year.

The authorities of Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, have forbidden the outdoor wearing of long trousers by women.

A lawyer in Leighton, Mass., wrote this note to the clerk of his court: "Mr. Clark, please enter this writ in its April docket."

A brass band in New London announces that it has received two new organs and is prepared to play at funerals at the lowest figures.

The average number of the alarms in a year in New York city is a little more than 4,000 which is at the rate of more than ten alarms a day.

It has been proposed to place the complete roster of the Grand Army of the Republic within the city of New York, and to have it printed. According to Gen. Horace Porter there are 100,000 veterans now enrolled in the organization.

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and end and red as blood; the other group still retained the starry brightness. Only one drop of oil remained on the white glass stretched forth, his wings gleaming like mother of pearl and bearing a golden word came to us. Let the man do his will! God will judge him!" he said. Then I took the last drop of oil.

"Then I was afraid. Whose lamp is this?" he asked, pointing to the flame which was just on the point of going out. And the voice replied: "It is the soul of thy beloved son." At that moment the flame went out. The white angel took the soul in his wings and flew away with a cry of grief, but the spirit which responded with a loud cry of triumph.

"I awoke frozen stiff with horror. Two corpses were stretched out upon the floor of my room, crushed almost out of human shape. My son, notified by his betrothed, had wished to precede her in her flight and the dreadful trap which I had set for her had killed them both. It was twenty years ago."

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