QUALITY AND NEWS.

FAME AND EXCELLENCE ARE DETERMINING FACTORS IN SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENT.

One of the Important Functions of High-Class Newspapers.

In presenting interesting phases of scientific and economic problems, high-class newspapers frequently give information of as great value in their advertising columns as in those devoted to the publication of the principal events of the day; and when the fame of a product is extended beyond its natural limits into foreign lands, and a large demand created throughout Great Britain and her colonies and the principal seaports and cities of Europe, Asia and Africa, it becomes a pleasant duty to note the fact and to tell of the points of excellence on which so great a success is based. We refer to the now world-famed laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, the product of the California Fig Syrup Company. The merits of this well-known excellent laxative were first made known to the world through the medical journals and newspapers of the United States; and is one of the distinct achievements of the press. It is now well known that Syrup of Figs is an ethical proprietory remedy, approved by the most eminent physicians everywhere, because it is simple and effective, yet pleasant to the taste and acceptable to the system, and not only prompt in its beneficial effects, but also wholly free from any unpleasant after-effects. It is frequently referred to as the remedy of the healthy, because it is used by people who enjoy good health and who live well and feel well and are well informed on all subjects generally, including laxatives. In order to get its beneficial effects, it is necessary to get the genuine Syrup of Figs, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Cock's Crow Saved Them.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough—a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh, and with spirits thus renewed continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—London Mail.

Port Mahon.

Port Mahon, in Minorca, has had a varied experience of conquerors. It was first captured in 1708 by Gens. Stanhope and Leake, who, it is said, intimidated the inhabitants by shooting arrows into the town, to which were attached messages threatening the defenders with labor in the mines in the event of continued resistance. In 1713 it was formally ceded to Britain by the treaty of Utrecht. In 1756 the neglect of duty for which Admiral Byng suffered death enabled the French and Spanish to retake it. The year 1763 saw it again ceded to Britain, but in 1782 it was surrendered once more to the Spaniards. Gen. Stuart captured it from them—this time without losing a man—in 1798, but in 1802 the peace of Amiens gave it back finally to Spain. Since then, however, the British Mediterranean fleet has repeatedly used it, and sometimes been in actual occupation of it.

Baltimore, Oct. 21.—Should the present rate of increase in the net earnings of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad continue, almost the entire interest charges and the rentals for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, will have been earned by Dec. 31, 1899. This was foreshadowed today when the net earnings for September were made public. The estimated gross receipts were $2,804,293, the largest for one month in the history of the company and an increase of $216,597 over September, 1898. The net earnings for September, 1899, were also a record breaker, being $1,030,493, an increase of $271,804 over September, 1898. The net earnings for the first three months of this fiscal year—July, August, and September—aggregate $3,042,759, an increase of $1,174,668 over the same months in 1898.—J. H. Maddy.

Ayer's Pills

Dizzy? Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 50 cts. of Druggists, or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

LADY OR MAN wanted to travel and appoint agents. $60 per month salary and all expenses. Zeigler & Co., 15 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

G u ose is the sugar produced from grape juice.

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Well, John—home again? May I come in?" asked a quick, clear, decisive voice; and across the room came with a self-assured air a lady who I knew at once must be John's sister. She took no notice of me; but she put out her large, ungloved hand cordially to John, and looked at him with a straight, frank, friendly glance that somehow made me like her, and made me forgive her for her slighting thoughts of "girls."

"This is my wife, Carrie," said John, as I rose with a scorched face from my lowly seat; "Kitty, this is my sister."

She did not kiss me. But she took my hand with a firm clasp that was not unfriendly, and she looked straight and keenly at me, with an interested, wondering, slightly humorous look. Her eyes were like John's, with the same capacity for sternness and gentleness, but they were more humorous eyes than John's—or people said so. She was a fine woman, tall, massively made, but well proportioned, and not without a certain stately dignity. Her hair, just turning gray, was brushed back from her face, leaving her wide brow bare.

She made a few remarks to me in a half-kindly, half-perfunctory tone, then took pity on my shyness, or felt that she had done her duty, and addressed herself to John. But every now and then, while she talked to him, her eyes fell upon me and I read her thoughts in them. "What could John have seen in her?" they said, "What could have induced him to marry her?"

"You have never asked me for Lucia, John," she said presently in a tone of accusation.

"I have been going to ask you. How is she?"

"I don't know how she is—I don't know what is the matter with her. She's in a pensive mood. She won't rouse herself. She is worried. She had grown cleaner by now; it was starlit. I opened the window and knelt down, my arms on the sill. How quiet it was! Now and then a footstep passed—I heard it advance and heard it slowly die away; now and then the distant murmur of the streets seemed for a moment to grow more distinct, then seemed far away again.

As I knelt there, a door opened slowly; a clear voice struck my ear.

"She is such a child, John! I knew she was young—but so young! I don't approve of your marriage—I tell you frankly."

"You told me that before, in your letters. They did not surprise me. I knew you would not approve."

"I had hoped—no, don't interrupt me, let me say it, John—I had hoped, now that Lucia was free again, that you and she at last might both be happy."

"That subject is threadbare, Carrie. Why disturb it any more?"

"No"—with an impatient little sigh—"it is useless to discuss it now. But what induced you, John?"

"I wrote and told you what induced me."

"But was it a sudden thought?"

"Not very sudden. The thought first came to me, I own, a good many years ago. Half a dozen years ago I began to consider whether I might not one day induce her to be my wife. I did not often think of it—but now and then the idea would recur to me."

"But half a dozen years ago, John, you could not have been in love with her."

"No."

A moment's pause. Then in a clear, regretful voice—

"The old story again? John, what a son you have been! Is there a single debt of our father's that you have not left unCleared? Your life has been one long act of reparation, and this is the last of all! He made that poor child a

AS I KNELT THERE A DOOR OPENED.

says she must see you. You must come and see her, John."

"Yes. I want to see her," said John in a thoughtful tone.

"She sent half a dozen messages to you. But you had better come—she can deliver them in person."

CHAPTER IX.

John was looking before him, away from his sister, into the fire, with a somewhat abstracted glance.

"How did she bear leaving her old home?" he asked presently in a musing tone.

"Bear it? There was nothing to bear. It was never home to her. Brittany was always a foreign home to L—a—she never got over her feeling of lonelinness. There was not a day, I believe, but that she longed for London; she used to tell me that she dreamed at night of the lights and the roar of the London streets—she awoke to the silence of our country life, and the stillnes oppressed her, weighed upon her spirits. She was homesick for ten years—if that is posible."

John was looking before him with a sorrowful, contemplative glance.

"She regretted her marriage?" he said after a moment.

"She could not regret it. It was inevitable."

"She thought so."

"It was so."

"There," said John, quietly, "we shall always differ."

There was a minute's silence; when conversation began again it drifted to other topics. John joined but little in it; his sister turned her attention once more to me as she began to sound the shallows of my knowledge, the depths of my ignorance. In ten minutes she had discovered all that I had not read, all the fundamental subjects on which I had not thought; she had found out that my knowledge of art was nil, of music superficial, of literature superficial and school-girlish. I had never in my life felt myself so entirely uninformed.

But, if my questioner gradually unveiled my ignorance, it struck me now and then thin she looked at me more humorously than scornfully the while, and with more kindliness.

She stayed for an hour; then she rose to go. John went slowly with her from the room.

I breathed more freely as the door closed. Left alone, I strolled slowly across the room to the window, parted the curtains and stood looking out.

The sky, which had been overcast, pauper—and you could not forget. Yes, I knew that that was it! I said it to Lucia, but she knew it too. Oh, it is hard, John—hard upon you!"

"But, you mistake," said John's grave voice, even, quiet, deeply serious—the voice that thrilled me where I knelt. "My first thought—long ago, very long ago—was what you say, a thought of reparation. But I did what at that time I did not think of doing. I fell in love with Kitty—fell honestly in love with her."

"Because you wished."

"The wish may have had something to do with it—may not have had. I cannot say."

"Do you think such love is trustworthy, John? Will it wear, do you think, a lifetime?"

"I hope so."

"So do I—from my heart. Shall I give you my frank opinion?"

"Do."

"I think you ought to husband that love of yours with all your energy. Seventeen and thirty-five have not many common interests. If you have any common interests, cherish them, John—and shut all other interests out. Don't be vexed with me. There is one thing more I want to say."

"Say it."

"I am not very fond, as you know, of girlish simplicity, but there was something in that little wife of yours that touched me. I asked you to come and see Lucia, but I ask you now not to come."

"Not come? Why not?"

"There are manifold reasons why not. You know them as well as I. Kitty is an unformed pretty girl—no more. Lucia is a woman—beautiful, cultured, clever, more than clever—and the woman, John, whom you passionately loved!"

I knelt there as one spellbound, had listened in a breathless, tremulous way, with no definite thought that I was listening, with only one eager, overmastering wish to hear John convince me once again that he loved me, that he loved me for love's sake, not for pity's sake, or Aunt Jane's sake, or anyone's sake, but just for his own sake, for pure, reasonless, passionate need of loving me. I had longed to hear this sweet assurance, and instead I had heard—what had I heard?

I rose from my knees hurriedly in a dazed and dizzy way.

"I say, don't come," continued the full, clear voice in a warning tone. "I say what I think is kindest, John. Put the question to yourself—can you trust yourself to come?"

I did not hear John's answer. I would not hear it, I dared not. I moved away from the window, and went back to my old place beside the hearth, and stood looking down into the fire.

Presently the house-door shut, and John's step came back through the tiny hall. In another minute he stood beside me.

"You are looking tired, Kitty," he said in a half-inquiring tone.

I turned my face toward him and tried to laugh cheerily. The laugh was a most mirthless one. I was conscious that his eyes were observing me in an anxious, questioning way. I must say something—I could not think of a thing to say.

"Do you think the girls will come?" I asked him with eagerness. "I wish the girls would come; don't you?"

"You want the girls?" he asked.

My voice had trembled; I felt that I must account for the tremor in it, and for the tears with which my eyes had suddenly grown dim.

"I want them dreadfully," I cried—"oh, dreadfully!"

(To be continued.)

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Man Who Carries This Policy Into Marriage Deserves Worst Punishment.

Between a falling off in the marriage rate, an increase of divorces and other lamentable circumstances, anything affecting the wedded state becomes not only a matter of curious interest, but also of deep solicitude. Thus a new danger that has come to the surface in a recent Washington suit calls for due consideration. In this instance a young woman whose hand was sought for by quite a number of candidates, chose whom she thought the most acceptable, and in due time the twain were made one. Alighting at the station, the husband told his astonished bride that he did not want a wife, and had only married her because he could not endure the idea of anybody else possessing her. He then disappeared. Five weeks have since passed, and she has neither heard of nor seen him. Consequently she wants a divorce on the ground of desertion. It is hard, of course, to always grade the punishment to fit the crime, but it would seem that an affair of this character calls for exceptional treatment. A groom who could thus carry the dog-in-the-manger principle into the institution of marriage is altogether so inconceivable a réprobate that no schedule of sinners in the criminal codes is likely to include him. Besides, as to inflicting an adequate penalty, it is not probable that he can be got at. In such a state of affairs the only thing that seems advisable is to grant the lady's application for divorce with a generous readiness that may tend to give her a better opinion of men in general in case she should think of venturing on giving any of them another chance.—Philadelphia Times.

LASHED COOKING STOVE

To the Engine's Pilot and Baffled the Custom Officials.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "Speaking of smuggling," said an old-time federal deputy, "I'll tell you a curious little story. Shortly after the opening of one of the Mexican roads, never mind which, a locomotive engineer got married to a native belle in the town at the lower end of his run and set up housekeeping. Among other things they needed was a cooking stove. He could get exactly what they wanted on the American side, but the duty on hardware of that kind was extremely high, and he racked his brains to think of some way to slip it down to his home without paying the exorbitant tariff. A cooking stove is about as easy to smuggle as a baby elephant, but at last he struck a brilliant scheme, and on his next trip he simply lashed the thing to the pilot of his engine. It looked as much out of place as a piano on top of a hearse, but the yardmen were conveniently blind, and he pulled out in triumph. When he stopped at the customs office the Mexican officials stared at the stove in amazement, but they concluded at once that it was some new Yankee device in connection with the locomotive, and asked no questions for fear of betraying their ignorance of up-to-date machinery. The consequence was that the engineer got his stove without paying a cent of duty. He always claimed that he was not guilty of smuggling because there was no concealment, and the Mexican guards themselves passed it without a word of protest."

Some Quaint Records.

Some singularly quaint records have been discovered in the parochial registers at Footfield, near Marlborough, the name of the parish church in which plays a part from the eleventh century. One of the earliest entries decipherable is as follows: "1582, the 2d of December, buried Robert Waterman, kylled with a tree." In 1609, "a pore man whose name is unknown," is mentioned as having died in a "logge kepel;" while in 1512 it is stated that "on Tuesday the one and twentieth of July, was here entombed the body of the Right Hon. Edward Lord Beauchampe, who deceased at week." This was a son of Lord Beauchamp, who secured that peculiar title Lady Arabella Stuart in the reign of James I., and was imprisoned in the Tower for thus wedding a lady of royal descent without the king's consent. In 1675 a "poore travelling man" was buried; and in 1708 a note is appended to the registration of the marriage of John Perkins and Mary Overs, stating that they "made a rude disturbance and abused ye people coming out of this church!"

Use of Waste Products.

The utilization of waste products is sure to increase every year. Almond oil is to be made from peach and apricot pits. Whether this is to be used for flavoring purposes or in cosmetics is not yet stated.

Away Ahead.

The Boston Matron—"This is my thirtieth wedding anniversary." The Chicago Matron—"And yet they revile Chicago. Why, I have only had eleven weddings."—Philadelphia North American.

If love weren't so catching a disease it would probably be less curable

ONE CASE IN A THOUSAND.

How He Got His First Start in the World.

There is a gentleman in this city who is fond of telling the story of how he got his first start in the world, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Before I was married," he said, "I received a pretty fair salary, spending every cent of it as I went along. Then I fell in love, but, try as I would, I could not see how two could live on what had scarcely been enough for me. We talked it over, she and I, and considered the question of ways and means. She thought we could manage with my salary, and we were both so desperately in love with one another that we were brave to the point of rashness, and were married. I did not care to assume the responsibility of making that salary go around, and so questions of finance were left to my wife. We lived modestly, but very comfortably, and gradually added pretty things to the little stock of furniture we had begun with, until at the end of five years we had all we had space for. Of course, my salary had increased in that time, but so had the family, and there were hundreds of demands for which we had made no allowance when we discussed the subject before marriage. One day, in the course of the day's work, I made the discovery that, if I had $1,000 to use immediately I could make several thousands before the week was out. That night I went home dispirited and discouraged. I began to think of the dog's life I was leading, living from day to day with no prospect of anything better as far as I could see, and by the time I had reached home I was cross and taciturn, but a good dinner put me in a better humor, and as we sat together in the dining room after the children had gone to bed I told the dear woman about the fortune that we had missed because I did not have a paltry $1,000. 'How soon will you need it?' she asked, when I had finished the story. I told her that the money would have to be forthcoming within the next three days, and asked her if she did not wish she had a fairy god-mother to supply the want. 'I will have it in three days,' she replied, confidently, and I took the answer as a joke and thought little more about it, but imagine my surprise when the third day when she handed me a check for the amount. There had not been a year since we were married that she did not save at least a couple of hundred dollars, and she had kept her own counsel about it, too, lending it in small sums to the best advantage. A thousand dollars may not seem much to you, but it was a mighty large sum to me in those days. I made the investment and made several thousand and the first thing I did was to pay back what she had lent me. The little bit of capital I then had was all I needed to make a start with, and from it has come all the money I have since been able to make."

To Los Angeles and Southern California

Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service, and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only $6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

London Places of Amusement.

London places of amusement number about 550 or 600, including 456 music halls and regular exhibitions, for about half a million sightseers. The capital invested is a little short of £4,000,000, without reckoning places like the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall. Direct employment is given to about 150,000 people, besides indirect employment to a host of tradesmen and workpeople. The capital invested in similar places of amusement in Great Britain is over £6,000,000. This gives employment to about 850,000 people, and provides accommodation for 1,250,000 spectators.

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My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me. Amos Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 25, 1895.

Buy the kind you can make a profit on, no matter what it costs.

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Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

MRS. PINKHAM says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

EVERY-DAY TALKS WITH WOMEN

MRS. ANNA E. HALL, of Milldale, Conn., was all run down in health and had completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes:

"I wish to thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery."

MRS. ELLEN FLANAGAN, 1810 Mountain St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."

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