To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

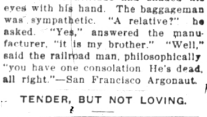
To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

ONE THING THAT WAS CERTAIN

No Doubt in the Baggageman's Mind as to Contents of What Looked Like Coffin.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggageroom. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggageman was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer, "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TENDER, BUT NOT LOVING.



Waiter (to customer, who had complained that his steak is not tender enough)—Not tender enough! D'you expect it to kiss you!

As the Boy Saw the Lesson.

Prof. Charles Zeublin of the University of Chicago was discussing at a dinner the greatest paintings of the world.

"The legends that are beautiful and immortal," he said, "have in them turths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in likeness of immortal works of art—pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages. For instance, in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant.

"In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy.

"'What do you learn, Joe,' she said, 'from the Samson story?'

"'It don't never pay,' piped Joe, 'to have a woman cut a feller's hair.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mutual Surprise.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity. "Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?" "Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet pertaters." The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!" "Yassum," said Jim. "So was I or I wouldn't be here!"

OVER THE FENCE

Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe so chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.

He says:

"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk.

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum.

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." 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.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed on an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, stunned on the beach, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrope.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrope promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit: three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? Have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got? Chatipins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie quickly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"Can it least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrecked off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrope, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrope held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrowheads, if we can get free."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrope. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" jaquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sfire; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another souse."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the coryphene on his back and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A Journey in Desolation.

MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphena flesh.

Stopped, Utterly Spent.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrope, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about peg-gd."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrope did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the scarred clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassiety girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrope put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "Try that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I get, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order jugged me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 15 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now! get aboard. Winthrope couldn't lug you a half-mile and long's it's the only way don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrope, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrope.

"Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on. Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrope, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrope, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrope was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been fumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now, don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down, where she stood had not the slimness of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get out of the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrope—"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pick up fuel."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy, but as Blake swing Winthrope upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrope held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure, he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail, pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAME TO HIM AS INSPIRATION

When Mr. Sankey First Sang the Famed "Ninety and Nine."

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by Rev. Dr. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Dr. Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it. One night in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked him to sing. Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story:

"As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on A flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing, and I sang the words of that poem."

When he had finished, Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that song. He said it was the most wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping, Mr. Sankey was weeping and the audience was in tears, so great was the impression produced by the song.

"I sang it as God gave it to me," Mr. Sankey replied. He never changed a note of the song from the time it fell from his lips.—Youth's Companion.

Fled from Hoodoo Cat.

Deserted by her crew at the very moment of sailing for the north, the fishing schooner Edrie, due to leave at two o'clock Friday afternoon, still lies at her moorings and all because of a cross-eyed black cat. Friday the crew was making final arrangements to sail, when a yell resounded out of the hold. A sailor burst through the hatch, scrambled over the side and made off before anyone could stop him.

While the others were gazing after his streaking form a yowl came from the darkness below and a black cat appeared upon the deck. One look at the stub-tailed, green-eyed feline was enough. Every man of the crew picked up his bundle and silently departed, nor can the captain by any means lure any of them back on board.—San Francisco Chronicle.

NOT A MATTER OF LOYALTY.

Simple But Insuperable Reason Why Subject Could Not Kneel Before His King.

One fancies that few types of men can, from time to time, have afforded royalty more amusement of a quiet sort than provincial mayors of England. "From the Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland, contains the story of a mayor of Weymouth who, during one of the visits of King George to the town, was destined to afford "comic relief" to a ceremony of some importance.

The occasion was the presentation of an address of welcome to the king, and we are told that the mayor, on approaching to present it, to the astonishment and dismay of all, instead of kneeling, as he had been told to do, seized the queen's hand to shake it as he might that of any other lady.

Col. Gwynne, the master of the ceremonies, hurriedly told him of the faux pas, saying: "You should have kneeled, sir."

"Sir, I cannot," was the reply.

"Everybody does, sir," hotly asserted the colonel.

The mayor grew red, and evidently much upset, exclaimed: "Confound it, sir, but I've got a wooden leg!"

History records that "a smile suffused the face of her majesty, and the king laughed outright."—Youth's Companion.

HOW CARELESS!

He—There was nearly a bad fire at the theater.

She—How was that?

He—The villain lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the snow!

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

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

Household Hint.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

"The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom of it, paint it green and plant flowers in it."—Washington Star.

Good to Remember.

Physical defects can be turned into incentives to success instead of drawbacks, what we look upon as handicaps in the end may prove spurs to enable us to reach the goal of desire, if we know but how to use them. We make our own happiness, we carve our own success.—Exchange.

Frightful.

First—Panic at the Fuller last night.

Second—Leading lady have a stage fright?

First—No. Was.

Succinct.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

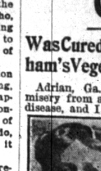
Mrs. Kelly—I hoy two living an' wan married!—Judy.

The difference between a cook and a chef is that the latter can fix up things to eat so you can't tell what they are.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.—Lord Palmerston.

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 3, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

UNKIND FAKE.

The Shortsighted Lion—Well, I never dreamed I should finish my days behind the bars of a cage.

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker, Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package to-day of any Druggist and be ready to forget your feet. A trial package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Women's Clubs Combat Dread Disease.

The organization of the women's anti-tuberculosis campaign was definitely begun in St. Paul in 1906, at the time of the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, when that body sanctioned a resolution "to make the prevention and cure of tuberculosis a subject of study," and made Mrs. Charles P. Williams of Cambridge, Mass., chairman of the new department, called the health department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. For the purpose of extending the campaign into the many cities and towns of the country, the central committee makes every local and state club under its jurisdiction responsible for the work in its own community.

The Captain's Repartee.

The captain of a trans-Atlantic liner, having become irritable as a result of some minor troubles in the ship's management and the unusually large number of ridiculous inquiries made by tourists, was heading for the "bridge" when a dapper young man halted him to inquire the cause of the commotion off the starboard side of the ship. Being on the port side, the captain politely replied, with some sarcasm, he was not certain, but thought it possible that a cat fish had just had kittens.—What-to-Eat.

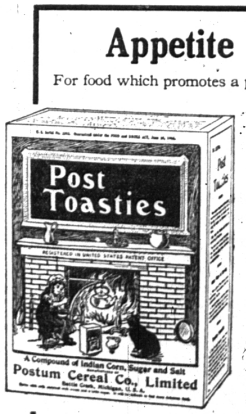
For a Round Sum.

"How did Smith get on with that new apartment house he built?"

"It is a flat failure."

Appetite Calls

For food which promotes a prompt flow of the digestive juices—in addition to supplying nourishment.



Post Toasties

is a most delicious answer to appetite.

It is, at the same time, full of the food-goodness of White Corn, and toasted to a crisp delicious brown.

"The Taste Lingers."

Popular pkg 10c; Large Family size 15c.