SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

No Precaution Neglected.

The little son of a clergyman recently appeared at breakfast with distinct evidences of a hastily made toilet.

"Why, Edmund," his mother remonstrated, "I believe you forgot to brush your hair!"

"I was in such a hurry to get to school," he explained.

"I hope you didn't forget to say your prayers?" she asked anxiously.

"No, ma'am; was the emphatic assurance; "that's one thing I never forget. Safety first!"—Harper's Magazine.

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS

Are Usually Remarkably Soft and Clear—Trial Free.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet Soap, and assist it now and then as needed by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. Nothing better to make the complexion clear, scalp free from dandruff and hands soft and white.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Woman Soldier Lived to Be 108.

There is a tombstone in St. Nicholas' churchyard, Brighton, to a woman soldier. It is erected to the memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born in Stepney in the year 1713, and states:

"She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her last years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 11, 1821, aged one hundred and eight years."

Few Now Care to Walk.

It is hardly too much to say that the automobile as she is at present driven has made walking for pleasure or walking for health—walking of every sort, in fact, except mere patient strolling or hurried, rabbitlike dashes for the shelter of the nearest trolley car—practically impossible, a source of annoyance and perpetual discomfort instead of a pleasure.—Exchange.

Its Class.

"What are those pamphlets hanging up there?"

"They are catalogues of the articles not subject to duty."

"Ah, I see. The free list suspended."

Before Drinking Coffee, You Should Consider Whether Or Not It Is Harmful

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

A new mystery develops in this installment of "The Destroying Angel." Whitaker finds much in Miss Fiske's manner to puzzle him and make him wonder if—well, read for yourself.

You will recall that Whitaker, returning to New York several years after his supposed death, discovers his wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, about to marry Drummond, his old partner. Drummond disappears, supposedly a suicide, and Sara, asking her husband to agree to a divorce, also drops out of sight. Whitaker, mysteriously assaulted, goes to the country home of his friend Martin Ember.

He makes the acquaintance of pretty Miss Fiske, a neighbor, finds spies are watching her, and follows her abductors when they kidnap her in a motor boat. Both crafts are wrecked on a reef. Whitaker and the girl are tossed upon an island likely abandoned.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—16—

The reminder had an effect singularly distressing. He turned a little faint, was seized with a slight sensation of giddiness, at the thought of food, so that he was glad of the cutboat for support.

"Oh, you are!" Compassion thrilled her tone. "I'm so sorry. Come—if you can walk." She caught his hand as if to help him onward. "We can build a fire and have something hot; there's plenty of fuel."

"But—what did you do?"

"I—oh, I took my eggs au natural—barring some salt and pepper. I was in too much of a hurry to bother with a stove—"

"Why in a hurry?"

She made no answer for an instant. He turned to look at her, wondering. To his unutterable astonishment she not only failed to meet his glance, but tried to seem unconscious of it.

The admirable ease and gracious self-possession which he had learned to associate with her personality as inalienable traits were altogether gone, just then—obliterated by a singular, exotic attitude of constraint and diffidence, of self-consciousness. She seemed almost to shrink from his regard, and held her face a little averted from him, the full lips tense, lashes low and trembling upon her cheeks.

Halfway up to the farmhouse a memory shot through Whitaker's mind as startling as lightning streaking athwart a peaceful evening sky. He stopped with an exclamation that brought the girl beside him to a standstill with questioning eyes.

"But the others—!" he stammered.

"The others?" she repeated blankly.

"They—the men who brought you here—?"

Her lips tightened. She moved her head in slow negation.

"I have seen nothing of either of them."

Horror and pity filled him, conjuring up a vision of wild, raving waters, mad with blood-lust, and in their jaws, arms and hands helplessly whirling and tossing.

"Poor devils!" he muttered.

She said nothing. When he looked for sympathy in her face, he found it set and inscrutable.

He delayed another moment, thinking that soon she must speak, offer him some sort of explanation. But she remained uncommunicative. And he could not bring himself to seem anxious to pry into her affairs.

He took a tentative step onward. She responded instantly to the suggestion, but in silence.

The farmhouse stood on high ground, commanding an uninterrupted sweep of the horizon. As they drew near it, Whitaker paused and turned, narrowing his eyes as he attempted to read the riddle of the enigmatic, amber-tinted distances.

There was not a sail visible in all the blue cup of the sea.

"I don't know," said Whitaker slowly, as much to himself as to his companion. "It's odd . . . it passes me . . ."

"Can't you tell where we are?" she inquired anxiously.

"Not definitely. I know, of course, we must be somewhere off the south coast of New England. There are islands off the south coast of Massachusetts—a number of them: Nantucket, you know, and Martha's Vineyard. This might be either—only it isn't, because they're summer resorts. That"—he swept his hand toward the land in the northeast—"might be either, and probably is one of 'em. At the same time, it may be the mainland. I don't know."

"Then . . . then what are we to do?"

He looked round, shaking a dubious head. "Of course there's nothing like a flagpole here. We might nail a plank to the corner of the roof and a table cloth to that, I suppose."

"And build fires, by night?"

He nodded. "Best suggestion yet. I'll do that very thing tonight—after I've had a bite to eat."

She started impatiently away. "Oh, come, come! What am I thinking of, to let you stand there, starving by inches?"

They entered the house by the back door, finding themselves in the kitchen—that mean and commonplace assembly room of narrow and pinched lives. The immaculate cleanliness of decent, close poverty lay over it all like a blight. Whitaker busied himself immediately with the stove. There was a full woodbox near by; and within a very few minutes he had a brisk fire going. The woman had disappeared in the direction of the barn. She returned in good time with half a dozen eggs. Foraging in the pantry and cupboards, she brought to light a quantity of supplies; a side of bacon, flour, potatoes, sugar, tea, small stores of edibles in tins.

"I'm hungry again, myself," she declared, attacking the problem of simple cookery with a will and a confident air that promised much.

The aroma of frying bacon, the steam of brewing tea, were all but intolerable to an empty stomach. Whitaker left the kitchen hurriedly and, in an endeavor to control himself, made a round of the other ground floor; in the two others on the upper story four small bedchambers; above them an attic, gloomy and echoing. Nowhere did he discover anything to moderate the impression made by the kitchen. It was all impeccably neat, desperately bare.

Depressed, he turned toward the head of the stairs. Below a door whined on its hinges, and the woman called him, her voice ringing through the hallway with an effect of richness, deep-toned and full-true. He was staggered by something in the quality of that full-throated cry, something that smote his memory until it was quick and vibrant, like a harp swept by an old familiar hand.

"Hugh!" she called; and again: "Hugh! Where are you?"

He paused, grasping the balustrade, and with some difficulty managed to articulate:

"Here . . . coming . . ."

"Hurry. Everything's ready."

Waiting an instant to steady his nerves, he descended and re-entered the kitchen.

The meal was waiting—on the table. The woman, too, faced him as he entered, waiting in the chair nearest the stove. But, once within the room, he paused so long beside the door, his hand upon the knob, and stared so strangely at her, that she moved uneasily, grew restless and disturbed. A gleam of apprehension flickered in her eyes.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked with forced lightness. "Why don't you come in and sit down?"

He said abruptly: "You called me Hugh!"

She inclined her head, smiling mischievously. "I admit it. Do you mind?"

"Mind? No!" He shut the door, advanced and dropped into his chair, still searching her face with his troubled gaze. "Only," he said—"you startled me. I didn't think—expect—hope—"

"On so short an acquaintance?" she suggested archly. "Perhaps you're right. I didn't think . . . And yet—I do think—with the man who risked his life for me—I'm a little justified in forgetting even that we've never met through the medium of a conventional introduction."

"It isn't that, but . . ." He hesitated, trying to formulate phrases to explain the singular sensation that had assailed him when she called him, a sensation the precise nature of which he himself did not as yet understand.

She interrupted brusquely: "Don't let's waste time talking. I can't wait another instant!"

Silently submissive, he took up his knife and fork and fell to.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Beacon.

The girl was the first to finish. She had eaten little in comparison; chiefly, perhaps, because she required less than he. She rested her elbows easily on the table, cradled her chin between her half-closed hands. Her eyes grew dark with speculation, and oddly lambent. He ate on, unconscious of her attitude. When he had finished, he leaned back a little in his chair, surprised her intent gaze, laughed sheepishly, and laughing, sighed with repletion. A smile of sympathetic understanding darkened the corners of her lips.

"It's coming on night," said she. "You haven't forgotten your signal fires? I've got my work cut out for me, to forage for fuel. I must get right at it."

The girl rose quickly. "Do you mind waiting a little? I mustn't neglect my dishes."

She worked rapidly above the steaming dish-pan, busy and intent, the fair head bowed, the cheeks faintly flushed. Whitaker lounged, profoundly intrigued, watching her with sober and studious eyes. What did it mean, this impression that had come to him so suddenly, within the hour, that he had known her, or someone strangely like her, at some forgotten time—as in some previous existence?

It was her voice that had made him think that, her voice of marvelous allure, crystal-pure, as flexible as tempered steel, strong, tender, rich, compassionate, compelling. . . . Where had he heard it before, and when?

"It's almost dark," her pleasant accents broke in upon his revery. "I'm quite finished." The girl scrubbed her arms and hands briskly with a dry towel and turned down her sleeves, facing him with her fine, frank, friendly smile. "If you're ready . . ."

"Whenever you are," he said with an oddly ceremonious bow.

To his surprise she drew back, her brows and lips contracting to level lines, her eyes informed with the light of wonder shot through with the flashings of a resentful temper.

"Why do you look at me so?" she demanded sharply. "What are you thinking . . .?" She checked, her frown relaxed, her smile flickered softly. "Am I such a fright—?"

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily. "I was merely thinking, wondering . . ."

She seemed about to speak, but said nothing. He did not round out his apology. A little distance apart, they stood staring at one another in that weird, unnatural light, wherein the glow from the lamp contended garishly with the ebbing flush of day. And again he was mute in bewildered inquiry before that puzzling phenomenon of inscrutable emotion which once before, since his awakening, had been disclosed to him in her mantling color, in the quickening of her breath, and the agitation of her bosom, in the timid, dumb questioning of eyes grown strangely shy and frightened.

And then in a twinkling, an impatient gesture exercised the inexplicable mood that had possessed her, and she regained her normal, self-reliant poise as if by witchcraft.

"What a quaint creature you are, Hugh," she cried, her smile whimsical! "You've a way of looking at one that gives me the creeps. If you don't stop it, I swear I shall think you're the devil! Stop it—do you hear me, sir? And come build our bonfire."

There Was Not a Sail Visible.

She swung lithely away and was out of the house before he could regain his wits and follow.

Off in the north, where Whitaker had marked down the empurpled headland during the afternoon, a white light lanced the gloom thrice with a sweeping blade, vanished, and was replaced by a glare of angry red, which in its turn winked out.

"What is it?" the girl asked. "A ship signalling?"

"No; a lighthouse—probably a first-order light—with its characteristic flash, not duplicated anywhere along this section of the Atlantic coast. If I knew anything of such matters, it would be easy enough to tell from that just about where we are. If that information would help us."

"But, if we can see their light, they'll see ours,—won't they?—and send to find out what's the matter."

"Perhaps. At least—let's hope so. They're pretty sure of it, but they may think the natives here are merely celebrating their silver wedding, or Roosevelt's refusal of a third term, or the accession of Edward the Seventh—or anything."

"Please don't be silly—and discouraging. Do get to work and build the fire."

He obeyed with humility and expedition.

Where do you think Miss Fiske learned her rescuer's first name? Do you believe she knows more about the kidnapers and their intention than she wishes Whitaker to know?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rely Upon Slides.

Panama Official (to friend who has been taken with cramps while bathing in the canal)—Keep up for five minutes, Bill! Something will slide in by then and you can walk out!

The Usual Way.

Henderson—For five years I was on the lookout for a wife.

Williamson—How did you come to find her?

Henderson—She saw me first.

Women of Middle Age

Many distressing Ailments experienced by them are Alleviated by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is Proof by Women who Know.

Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—MRS. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies.

North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one coming to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 20 of us here who think the world of them."—MRS. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

You are Invited to Write for Free Advice.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

A Private Matter.

"What is that Miss Yowler singing?" asked father.

"'I'm Falling in Love With Someone,'" answered daughter.

"Well, there are a lot of gossips in this neighborhood. If that's the way she feels she ought to keep it to herself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

This brittle, colorless and scraggly hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Surprising.

"Mrs. Jimps acts in a very paradoxical way."

"How do you mean?"

"For a thin person her performances are very fatuous."

Garfield Tea was your Grandmother's Remedy for every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.—Adv.

The odds in favor of marriage are two to one.

The New Method

(BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.)

Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance over-working the sick kidneys, hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the lids, and lack ambition to do things.

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty water between meals and take a single Anuric tablet before each meal for a while.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anuric. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, begin immediately with this novel treatment.

Waste of Energy.

Clarence announced his coming by a series of howls. "Oh, my finger, my finger!" he said.

"Poor little finger," mother cooed. "How did you hurt it?"

"With the hammer."

"When?"

"A long time ago," Clarence sobbed.

"But I didn't hear you cry."

"I didn't cry then; I thought you were out," said Clarence.

MICHIGAN DRUGGIST PRAISES FINE KIDNEY MEDICINE

Ever since your preparation has been introduced on the market we have had a splendid sale for it and generally those who use it speak very favorably regarding it. We know a party in this city who was suffering from kidney trouble and after using four bottles of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root felt fine. We regard Swamp-Root as one of the best medicines on the market.

Very truly yours,
E. E. MILLER & SON,
Druggists.
Oct. 8, 1916. Traverse City, Mich.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Truthful Excuse.

"The sheriff caught his young assistant writing love letters in business hours today."

"What did the young fellow say when he was taxed with doing so?"

"Said he was not shirking his duty as they were all writs of attachment."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Contrary Methods.

"How are you going to learn to drive your motor car?"

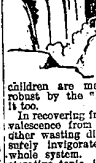
"I am going to employ a coach."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

It's a good thing to have a reputation that isn't bad.

LOSS OF POWER and vital force follow loss of flesh, or emaciation. These come from impoverished blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood, stops the waste of strength and vigor, and builds up healthy flesh.



Thin, pale, puny and scrofulous children are made plump, rosy and robust by the "Discovery." They like it too.

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it gets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.