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CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS, AND HEADACHES DUE TO CONSTIPATION. BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—YOUNG AND OLD.

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The cautious seldom err.

Perry Davis' Flykiller, the best remedy for cramps, colic, diarrhoea, as well as for wounds, sprains, etc., 25c., 50c., 1.00.

Farm Notes.

Go slow the first day of plowing; it will make a gain in the end. The root cutter is almost an indispensable machine on the farm. The life of many a valuable cow would have been saved if the apples and potatoes fed had been run through a root cutter. A sour manger is the abomination of a really good horse. The man who forces a horse to eat from such vile places is sure to be the loser, and will sometimes lose the horse with intestinal disorders, including colic.

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MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 63d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



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CURED Gives Quick Relief. Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

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Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, firm-free teeth—antiseptically cleans mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh. A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

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Is about the most troublesome thing there is. You know it if you've ever had any kind of skin trouble. But they all give way, disappear, every last one—every pimply, scaly, itching, eruptive kind of disease of the skin—when you treat them to a box of

HUNT'S CURE

well rubbed in. Nothing like it to make the skin healthy and smooth and free from stings, or itch or pain. Price is 50 cents a box, and one box is guaranteed to cure any one case or you GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

Ask Your Druggist for Hunt's Cure
A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

OIL DISTRIBUTION AN EXACT SCIENCE

Fully a Million Dollars a Week in Foreign Gold Comes to This Country to Pay For Standard's Product That is Peddled to the Doors of Hut and Palace, According to the Rockefeller Plan of International Barter

This Rockefeller Foundation, to make a story of it, is in reality just this—the dream of a poor boy who came true. It is the happy ending of an American novel of real life. It is the climax of one of the most dramatic and impressive careers that this country, or any other, has ever known.

The dream—or the novel or drama, whichever you like—began more than half a century ago. It began in a shabby little boarding house in Cleveland, in the brain of a lad of eighteen who was clerking for a shipping and real estate company. There were at that time about a million other American boys of the same age, and not many of them had received fewer privileges than had he. He had been educated partly in the public schools, but mainly at home, by his mother and father. His pay, at this time, was sixty cents a day. His hours of labor were from breakfast until bedtime. For his room and meals he was paying \$1 a week, so that his net income—the basis of his dream of fortune and philanthropy—was not more than \$135 a year.

Even at this time, and with this income, he built a tiny little foundation of his own. Out of the sixty cents a day, he set aside a few pennies for the church, or for some hungry family, or to drop into some hat that was passed around in the office. The notebook in which these little philanthropic entries were made is still in existence. It is known by the name of "Ledger A" in the Rockefeller family. It is a completely worn out little notebook, with broken cover and tattered pages of faded writing, but it is one of the most precious treasures in the Rockefeller vaults. It has more than a personal interest now. It has suddenly become historic, because it records the origin of "the most comprehensive scheme of benevolence in the whole history of humanity."

The managerial instinct was so strong in this boy that he was not satisfied with merely paying his share into the contribution boxes. By the time he was nineteen he had ripened into an organizer of benevolence. He was a member of a mission church, which was fast breaking down under the weight of a \$2000 mortgage. This sixty-cent-a-day youth undertook to collect the money, and he did it.

"That was a proud day," he said in later years, "when the last dollar was collected."

Little as he knew it, the boy was then at work upon the fulfillment of his dream to become perhaps the greatest getter, and the greatest giver, of his generation.

Later, when he became a prosperous man of business and large affairs, he still retained the habit of organizing his giving as well as his getting. He even went so far as to organize his family into a sort of foundation. At the breakfast table he would distribute the various appeals for help among his children, requesting them to investigate each case and make a report to him on the following day. In this way his children, and especially his son and namesake, who is destined to distribute the revenue of the Rockefeller fortune, received a Spartan training in "the difficult art of giving."

The whole bent of the Rockefeller mind seems to have been inclined from the first toward the working out of this problem of distribution. The business of the Standard Oil Company itself is much more a matter of distribution than of production. It was unquestionably the first company that undertook to sell its product directly to the users on a world-wide scale. For the most part, it delivers its oil, not to wholesalers and middlemen, but to the family that burns it, whether it be in the United States or in the uttermost parts of the earth. It has, for instance, no fewer than 3000 tank wagons traveling from door to door in the twenty countries of Europe, selling pints and quarts of liquid light to whosoever demands it. Fully \$1,000,000 a week, in foreign gold or its equivalent, comes to this country to pay for the oil that is peddled to the doors of hut and palace, according to the Rockefeller plan of international distribution.

Consequently, both by natural aptitude and business experience, Mr. Rockefeller was well prepared to work out the problem of distributing the surplus money of the rich in a systematic and efficient manner. His new foundation is no afterthought. It is no sudden change of mind or change of heart. It is the natural result of fifty years of experience and experiment. What he began to do as a poor boy in a Cleveland boarding house, he is now about to complete on an international scale—that is the explanation of the new plan that has excited so much comment and so much curiosity.

Whenever Duty may call, be sure to be at home to receive her.

Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES.

The Bordeaux mixture is the proper remedy to use for all fungous troubles; viz., mildew and rust of beans; potato and tomato rot and leaf-blight; melon and cucumber diseases; celery leaf-blight and rust, etc. The half-strength mixture (two pounds copper sulphate, two pounds quicklime, fifty gallons water) is strong enough to use in the vegetable garden, except for potatoes.

For the Children

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

The beautiful way to Fairy-land is always within your reach. It leads to the happy Enchanted Isle, With shining shells on its beach.

II. It leads to the fairy grottoes there, And the caves where the treasures lie; And never were breezes so soft and sweet, And never so blue the sky.

III. There fairies, giants, and dwarfs and gnomes Disport in a friendly way; There mermaids lovely arise to view, Engaging in graceful play.

IV. And when you are lost in enchanted woods, Each bird and beast is a friend; You never suffer a pang of fear, For you know 'twill happily end.

—Anna Moore, in St. Nicholas.

BESSIE LACKED SLEEP.

Grandma—"Well, Bessie, how are you feeling this morning?" Small Bessie—"Not very well, thank you. I don't believe I slept twenty-four hours the whole night."—Philadelphia Record.

BUTTON HOOK BALL.

An old croquet ball which has served its usefulness in the game might still be of value to the handy little girl who likes to make pretty things for her room. After scrubbing and drying the ball gild it with gold paint. Then screw into it small brass hooks, so that they will be in line right around the large part of the ball. At the top fasten a bow of ribbon which has many loops that cover the top of the ball. One loop should be made longer than the rest so that this button hook or key rack might be suspended. In order to have this rack match the color used in the room select ribbon for it the same shade as that used on other fancy articles hanging near.—Washington Star.

ROMAN WEATHER IN ENGLAND.

When the Romans did us the honor of living in England they seem to have enjoyed better weather than their successors of to-day. For Mr. Clement Reid assures us that the fig and grape seeds which he has dug out of Roman dust-heaps at Silchester, Caerwent and Pevensy were the offspring of fig trees and vines that grew on our native soil. Of the plants introduced by the Romans these ancient dust-heaps reveal the pea, the mulberry, the apple; but the peach, the apricot and the almond seeds are all missing. The fact that all the fruits and spices found are only such as could be grown in Britain now seems to show that the Romans were not importers of fruit in the dried state, and that the mulberry seeds represent a native growth.—Washington Star.

ANCIENTS' IDEA OF THE COMET.

As we are so often visited by comets—these tramps of the universe—it may be interesting to the young folks to know something about the theories held by the ancients regarding these mysterious bodies, with their streamers of light extending across the heavens. The following extract is quoted from an exhaustive and authentic work, a "History of the Universe."

"The term 'comet,' derived from the Latin coma, or hair, applied to celestial bodies, which appear to have a hairy appendage, goes back to the time of the Romans. A similar word, 'comets,' was used by Cicero, Tibullus and other ancient writers.

"While the ancients distinguished between comets and meteors, yet they believed them to be of the same nature, and to be found in the earth's atmosphere not far above the clouds, or, at all events, much lower than the moon. The earlier and Pythagorean view, however, was much more correct, according to modern doctrine with long periods of revolution, which idea, like others of Pythagoras, probably came from Eastern philosophers of unknown nationality. Apollonius, the Myndian, believed that the Chaldeans were responsible for this notion of the comets, for they spoke of them as travelers that penetrated far into the upper or more distant celestial space. Aristotle even believed that the Milky way was a vast comet which perpetually reproduced itself.

"The comet could not be regarded otherwise than as a divine omen to announce some remarkable event or to forbode evil, particularly pestilence and war. Indeed, for many years the deaths of monarchs were believed to be announced by these brilliant messengers in the sky."—Washington Star.

ADVENTURE IN A HOUSEBOAT.

One year we stayed out on our houseboat much longer than usual. As the weather had continued warm, we delayed going in to shore and stayed out in the middle of the bay. One day there came up a severe storm and, as there were only women on board, we were very uneasy. We became more uneasy as the storm became more severe and were continually watching to see if the boat had sprung a leak. It was my turn to take watch. Looking into the hull, I saw that it was fast filling with water.

After gathering up a few of our most precious possessions, we went on the upper deck and called for help. After a while we saw a small row-

boat, manned by three men. Hearing our cries, they had set out to save us from a watery grave. We had a cat on board and tried to get her, but she split at everybody who came near her, thinking that she was going to be thrown overboard. At last we succeeded in getting her, and kept her until we got into the rowboat.

After we got a short way from the houseboat it sank. The wind was blowing such a gale that we were almost upset. The waves tossed the boat to and fro, but we finally arrived at the dredge that the men had come from. The superintendent invited us to stay there, and, as we had nothing better to do, we accepted his offer. There were two Japanese on the dredge, a cook and a waiter. They hustled around, getting us hot coffee and water.

We stayed on the dredge until the storm abated, and that was about three days later. We then went to the city, and were glad to be on dry land once more. Our boat was not severely damaged, so it was fixed up the next spring. It is as good as new now, and we have had many pleasant summers on it.—Lillian K. Minton, in the New York Tribune.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S GARDEN.

Ernest was five years old when he went with papa and mamma to spend the Easter holidays with Aunt Jessica and Uncle William and the cousins on the farm.

Ralph and James were older than Ernest; but they had fine times playing together, and the two country boys were proud and happy to show their city cousin all the wonders of the hillside.

The big garden, which had just been plowed and made into beds ready for the planting, interested Ernest very much, especially when his cousins told him that this year they were going to have a garden all their own, and were to raise radishes and lettuce and peas and beans and corn, and all the other good things that go to make up a fine vegetable garden.

"Oh, I'm going to ask papa if I can't have a garden!" cried Ernest.

"Hot in your little cooped up back yard!" laughed James.

"I guess you'd raise about one cucumber and two peas," chuckled Ralph.

"Why, I don't see why I can't," replied Ernest, his face sober and a little grieved.

"There's isn't room enough, chicken! It takes room for corn and beans and such things, don't you know? Besides, you aren't old enough to take care of them, that's why!"

"I'm going to have my cabbages here," called Ralph. "Where will you have yours, James?"

So Ernest followed his cousins around the patch that had been set aside for them and listened to their happy planning, his heart disappointed and sore.

But, when they were home again, and he ventured to ask papa about the coveted garden, papa seemed to be of an altogether different opinion from his cousins.

"A capital idea!" papa said. "It will be good for you, even if nothing more comes from it. And who knows but you can raise enough for quite a taste! I'll have the ground spaded right away—"

"And you'll get the seeds, and let me plant them?" broke in Ernest, excitedly.

"Sure, boy! You shall have all the seeds the yard will hold."

Those spring days were full of joy. Papa showed Ernest how to handle the small garden tools that he bought for him, and told him how to plant and how to take care of his little seedlings when they were up. "Oh, how much Ernest did learn! And what a faithful little farmer he was! One day before frost time the country aunt and uncle and cousins came down for a short visit. Of course, Ernest had to talk about his garden the very first thing.

"Yes, I'm glad you stirred up my boy on gardening," added papa. "He has really done wonders this summer in our little back yard. We have had lettuce and radishes and peas and beans and bush limas and corn—"

"Bantam corn," put in Ernest, "and patty-pan squashes!"

"It is a great garden," laughed papa. "The tomatoes are coming on finely now; we can have some for dinner, can't we, Ernest?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "Perhaps they aren't so big as yours," turning toward his cousins, "but they're good. You've got a beautiful garden, I suppose."

Ralph and James did not answer. They wriggled uneasily in their chairs.

Their father laughed. "You ought to see their garden," he said. "They have got the best crop of weeds on the place, but—not much else. I heard them trying to discourage you last spring, but you can laugh at them now."

GOOD ROADS

Putting Them on Record.

The Alabama Good Roads Convention, in session at Montgomery, invited the candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor to declare themselves with respect to the movement for improved highways. The candidates appeared and all put themselves on record in favor of the measure proposed for bringing about a better road system.

The good roads advocates have done well in lining up the candidates and getting an expression. Those who are elected will be committed to improvement, and there will not be much chance of a misunderstanding. The plan would be a good one to pursue in the election of members of the Legislature. All legislators do not "stand hitched" after committing themselves, but some of them do, and it is well for the people who elect them to know their views on questions of public policy before they are elected.

The people of Alabama recently adopted a constitutional amendment providing that the excess money from the hire of State convicts be expended on the roads. Legislation will be required to put the amendment into effect, and it is desired that a State Good Roads Commission shall be created. With all the candidates for State officers pledged to help along the movement the prospect of securing the needed legislation is greatly enhanced.

It requires a lot of hard work to carry a good roads campaign to a successful finish, as we in Kentucky have reason to know. The Alabama people, however, seem to be going about it in the right way and with a determination that recognizes no chance of failure.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spirit of the Times.

Colonel Sam Wilkes, of the Georgia Railroad, recently made an address on "Rapid Transit the Spirit of the Times." Reviewing the era of electricity, the coming of the automobile and the airship, Colonel Wilkes, concluding, said:

"Every county should get the most improved road machinery and build good roads throughout its entire confines, so that the greatest possible saving of time and labor in transportation would obtain. On such roads, a farmer can haul twice the number of bales of cotton or twice as much hay, corn or any farm product. He can hook his team up and carry a small or large load to town and return home in half the time and frequently he would carry small amounts of his products on good roads that it would not pay to carry over poor roads. Development is coming rapidly, and the county that does not get into the push will be badly behind the times.

"The age of advancement is now upon us. The earth, the sea, the air are all conquered by the progress of the times. Rapid transit is the spirit of the times. Gentlemen, I hope you will get into the game."

For Florida Good Roads.

Governor A. W. Gilchrist availed himself of a meeting of the Florida Press Association to further the work for good roads in the State. He cited returns from circular inquiries to the Circuit Court clerks of all the counties to show that there are now in the State 2120 miles of hard roads, 624 miles of graded roads and 300 miles of strawed roads, with a number of counties not reporting many miles of natural hard clayed roads, while four counties have recently voted an aggregate of \$1,500,000 to be spent upon the improvement of their highways. He seemed to favor the attainment of a system of roads traversing the State, not through general taxation, as being unfair to counties that have already spent much in road-building, but by prolonging and uniting county roads under county auspices.

Street Signs in Concrete Curbs.

The suggestion has been made that now that concrete curbs are coming into such general use on city streets it might be a good plan to put the names of the streets in the top of the curbs. The letters should be sunk into the concrete just at the side of the crosswalk, and should be two or three inches in size. The expense would be infinitesimal, the sign would not be subject to breakage or removal by other means, and the public would have really ideal street signs.

A Novel Suggestion.

It has been suggested that the school boys of country districts be banded together to form junior good roads leagues. The originators of the idea point out that many country roads are patrolled daily by boys old enough to do much for the cause by removing stones from the roadway, keeping ditches and sluices open, draining off storm water, filling ruts and holes and notifying the proper authorities of matters requiring their attention.

Pushing the Campaign.

The Jefferson County (Ala.) Good Roads Association is pushing its campaign for a million-dollar bond issue for improved highways in the county.

Saved Old Lady's Hair.

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did, and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scaling of her head was over and her hair began growing. To-day she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four.

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

A good thing can't be cruel. Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES.

Genius is mainly an affair of energy. So. 24-'10.

For COLDS and GRIP.

Hick's CAPTURE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

A nervous man is easily undone, but the way dresses are now built it is hard to undo a woman.

A PRACTICING PHYSICIAN

Dr. R. Frasher, M. D., of Fort Gay, W. Va., has used Doan's Kidney Pills personally and prescribes them in his practice. Says he: "I consider Doan's Kidney Pills the finest remedy on earth for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. I have prescribed this medicine in many cases, and at the present time several of my patients are using it with excellent results. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills personally with entire satisfaction."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Baltimore Sun—"Light for All."

One of the largest and strongest dailies in this section of the country is The Baltimore Sun. It carries eight columns to the page, and is never less than fourteen pages. It will take 270 lines to the column, with an average of seven words to the line, or 1,890 words to a column. This makes an ordinary newspaper man gasp. No one but a newspaper man can think of the amount of work (copy) necessary to fill up this paper. And it must be done day after day and Sunday too. The Sun covers every field of American endeavor. It is a fresh daily Encyclopedia in condensed form. It carries complete news for the eccentric, the philosopher, the scientist, the scholar, the economist, the politician, the poet. The Sun (Baltimore) will never be eclipsed.

The Evening Sun.

No less bright in the journalistic firmament is The Evening Sun. It is almost as large as its morning brother. There is no similarity in its news columns with the morning paper, as is frequently the case with two dailies under the same management. It has an individuality all its own. It is distinct. It has not been launched but a few months, but was a success from the beginning. No important news event of the day escapes The Evening Sun. Its service is unexcelled. A glorious future belongs to The Evening Sun.

Look out for the striped beetles. They often attack and destroy melons and cucumbers as fast as the plants appear above the ground. An application of wood-ashes, air-slaked lime, or gypsum, tainted with kerosene or turpentine or carbolic acid, will help to drive them away. If you have only a few plants, you can easily protect each hill by erecting a mosquito netting guard over it until the plants begin to run.

A Happy Day

Follows a breakfast that is pleasing and healthful.

Post Toasties

Are pleasing and healthful, and bring smiles of satisfaction to the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular Pkg. 10c. Family size, 15c.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.