

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

Chemicals of No Value

in Preserving Flowers

Putting cut flowers in a bath of aspirin or other chemicals in an effort to prolong their life is useless, according to experiments conducted at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research at Yonkers, N. Y. The experiments showed that none of fifty different chemicals, used in the hope of increasing the life of cut flowers, was noticeably effective. Potassium permanganate did prevent decay of the stems of phlox and asters but it did not make the floral parts last any longer. Other chemicals in some cases actually caused injury to the flowers. Low temperatures were a great help in keeping roses, carnations and coreopsis, but the cold did not greatly benefit either cosmos or dahlias. Humidity is also an important factor in keeping cut flowers. Carnations kept two to three times as long in an atmosphere which was nearly saturated with moisture.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

Substitute for Coal

A hundred thousand tons of mud fuel have been ordered by an electricity works on the Rhine. A German company has discovered how to make the mud in the bed of the River Emser into a useful substitute for coal.

Place of Victory

Women are the malinstay of the church. The only explanation I can think of is that it is to the church altar men are dragged for the final details in women's victories.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

This Aging World!

This is indeed a blase age. Little children ride along in motor cars, calmly reading or looking at picture books. They didn't do that in the days of the horse and wagon. A ride was exciting then.

At the Bazaar

The Gentleman—It's certainly wonderful how high that tenor can go. The Lady—Yes, and at that he's stinging for charity. When he's paid for it he can go much higher.

Scientific Age

"Why did you let that pretty waitress go?" "She couldn't discuss calories or vitamins."

You can't gain admission to a man's confidence by knocking.

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

STOP THAT COUGH the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness. 30¢ at all drug stores. The Hale's Tonic and Dropper.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY
Copyright Baroness Orczy
WNU Service

CHAPTER V—Continued

He spoke a great many more equally eloquent words, for he had the gift of speech, had this drover from Alincourt. A rough fellow, it is true, but one with his heart in the right place, and born to the district, too; anyone could tell that by the contemptuous way with which he spoke of any stranger born outside this corner of Seine et Oise.

He was listened to with great attention, was the driver. And his words presently carried all the more weight because something very strange came to light. It appeared that the diligence from Moisson with prisoners and escort had made a halt of several hours in Mantes. The party only made a fresh start in the late afternoon. That was strange enough, in all conscience! What did it mean but that Lanzet was courting the darkness for his schemes? But there was something more mysterious still. While the diligence stood before the posting inn ready to start, horses pawing and champing, the driver on his box, whip in hand, the four troopers who were on guard to right and left of the vehicle would not allow anyone to come within measurable distance of it. Be it noted that all the blinds of the coach were drawn so that it was impossible to get a peep at the inside. But two young men, strangers to the neighborhood, who had since come forward, eager to tell their story, more venturesome than others, had crept under the horses' bellies and tried to peer into the interior of the coach. They were almost immediately driven away with blows and curses by the troopers, but not before they had vaguely perceived that there were more than just the prisoners inside the diligence.

The prisoners were all huddled up in the farthest corner of the vehicle, but there were others. The young men who had had a peep, despite the blows from the troopers, had seen three or four men at least. They might have been ordinary travelers who had picked up the diligence at Mantes. But in that case, why all this secrecy? Why the drawn blinds, the start in the late afternoon so that the shades of evening would actually be drawing in when the diligence and its escort plowed its way through the muddy road of the forest between Mezerles and Epone? Why a feeble escort of only four men when of late as many as eight or ten picked troopers of the national guard had ridden beside the diligence?

Indeed, the drover from Alincourt was right. Indubitably right. Citizen Lanzet and his friend from Paris had entered into a plot, a dastardly, cowardly plot, to cheat the citizens of Moisson of their just share in the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. There was no doubt that the Scarlet Pimpernel was already captured, and that Lanzet was having him conveyed in secret to Paris. The escort might appear feeble, but there were men inside the diligence who held the English spy, bound hand and foot, between them with a cocked pistol at his head. Why! The two young strangers who had succeeded in getting a peep at the inside of the diligence quite thought, from the description every one had of him, that one of the men whom they glimpsed was in very truth the Scarlet Pimpernel.

"He was so tall," they said, "so tall that he had to sit almost bent double otherwise his head would have knocked against the roof of the coach!" They were almost prepared to swear also that this tall man's hands were tied together with ropes.

After that, as the driver from Alincourt very properly said, any man would be a fool who doubted Lanzet's treachery and cupidity. It was resolved to proceed immediately in his wake, to seize him wherever he might be, him and any man who had helped him in his treachery. Aye, if he had an army to protect him, he would find that the men of Moisson and Mantes were not to be flouted and cheated with impunity. The drover from Alincourt was bribed to take the party in his cart as far as Mezerles. He demurred a little at first; seemed to turn crusty and was impervious to threats. Eventually he was offered one hundred livres out of every man's share if the English spy was captured and one livre if he was not.

"Eh bien!" he said at last in token of consent, and they all scrambled back into the cart.

CHAPTER VI

Surprise

Captain Raffet felt the order to dismount, and the troopers sat by the roadside under the trees, making a pretense to rest. Each man, however, had his sober ready to his hand, and each had been to the priming of his pistol, while the captain ostensibly busied himself with examining the fetlock of the mare who had gone lame. The wind had gone down and the torrential rain had ceased, but there was a thin mist-like drizzle that soaked through the men's clothing and chilled them to the bone. The tension had become acute. With nerves on edge the men, those who were in the open as well as those who were cooped up inside the diligence, could do nothing but wait while the time dragged on and the shades of evening drew in around them.

The silence in the woods was full of sounds; of the cracking of twigs, the

fall of rain-laden leaves, the scrunching of earth under tiny, furtive feet scurrying away through the undergrowth. The great, awkward diligence loomed out of the mist like some gigantic, spectral erection, peopled by forms that breathed and lived and hardly emitted a sound. Only very occasionally from the interior there came the painful moan, quickly suppressed, from the poor invalid's parched throat.

And all at once something more tangible, a patter of feet, a call, a voice half drowned in the gathering mist. It came way down the road, from the direction of Mezerles. The men sat up, alert, quivering with excitement, their eyes straining to pierce the thicket, since the sharp bend in the road hid the oncomers from view. The order was to feign inattention, to wait for the attack, lest the wily enemy scenting a trap scampered away to safety. And the men waited, very much like greyhounds held in leash, quivering with eagerness, their hot, moist hands grasping saber and pistol, the while Captain Raffet, as keenly alert as they, carried on a



The Tension Had Become Acute.

desultory conversation with the driver about the mare's injured fetlock. Vague forms began to detach themselves out of the mist, coming round the bend, soon they gained volume and substance. The voice still calling gained power and clarity. It was much as Captain Raffet could do, by muttered word and glance of eye, to keep those human greyhounds of his in check. With the Scarlet Pimpernel perhaps in sight they were straining on the leash to its breaking point.

It was at the very moment that, throwing all prudence to the wind, the men suddenly raised themselves upon their knees and were on the point of springing to their feet, unable to contain their excitement any longer, that Charles-Marie, the loony driver, who had once been a baker's assistant, exclaimed joyfully, "Pard! if it isn't citizen Plante home from market already!" And the next instant the oncoming figure revealed itself as that of an old man, walking along with the aid of a tall stick, and calling at times to his dog or to the half dozen sheep he was driving before him.

"Citizen Plante was not or a gregarious disposition, nor of an inquisitive one apparently, for he passed by without a word or glance of curiosity directed at the troopers or at the vehicle. All that he did was to nod to the driver as he went by, while the men gazed at him wide eyed open mouthed, as if he had been a specter. And like a specter he seemed to glide past them and out of sight. A minute or two later the twilight and the mist had swallowed him up with his sheep and his dog, and had smothered his monotonous calls in the veils of the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heroics of Olden Days Are No Longer Possible

Days when a brave woman could earn the applause of the country by yanking off her red petticoat and flagging a train just as it neared a broken rail are over, mostly because broken rails are rarer and red petticoats extinct. The New Jersey farmer who saved a train by waving a flag and a burlap bag, the other day, recalled those heroines of the past generation to mind, and, being given to idle speculation, we tried to picture the situation if a modern woman should come across a broken rail. If she removed a garment (any garment) to use as a flag, with the probabilities against her finding one large enough to be seen, the chances favor a horrible wreck, because a really modest engineer could do no less than close his eye and speed past. Engineers, no doubt, favor a return of the good old days, in the interest of safety.—Columbus Dispatch.

Fishermen's Mittens

A strange custom of New England coast winter fishermen is to soak their thick, woolen mittens in the sea and wring them out as dry as possible before putting them on. They say their hands keep much warmer than if they don the mittens when dry.

In a recent month the British Isles exported nearly 350,000 tons of iron and steel products

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Herodism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say over fear—fear of poverty, of suffering, of calamity, of illness, of loneliness and of death. Herodism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage."

SEASONABLE HINTS

While tomatoes are plentiful in the winter, here is one which will be enjoyed and will be all ready to serve, with just the heating.

Tomato Soup.
—Cook twenty-five pounds of ripe tomatoes with fourteen sprigs of parsley, fourteen stalks of celery, eight large onions, two bay leaves, ten whole cloves. Cut up the tomatoes, without peeling, remove the green core, chop the celery and onions and cook for an hour or more of boiling with the spices and other ingredients.

Take fourteen tablespoonfuls each of melted butter and of flour, mix and stir as if making a white sauce, adding a bit of the tomato to this; when smooth add to the tomato and season with thirteen tablespoonfuls of sugar, eight tablespoonfuls of salt and four teaspoonfuls of paprika. Boil up a minute or two and can and seal. When serving, if milk is to be added, add a bit of soda.

Pecan Pie.—If one likes delicious gooey good things, this will be welcomed with delight: Take one cupful of sugar, three-fourths cupful of corn syrup, one-half cupful of butter, three eggs unbeaten, and one cupful of pecan meats. Mix the sugar, syrup and eggs, add the each one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt the butter, add it to the mixture and pour into a pastry-lined pie tin. Bake in a slow oven one and one-half or two hours, or until the custard is well set. The best oven for this pie should be very hot for the first five minutes to set the crust, then lower the heat.

Dream Pie.—This is one that will take the everbearing berries, or canned fruit may be used if drained. Whip the whites of four eggs very stiff, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat well, add four more and beat as stiff as possible. Then fold in one pint of berries. Heap in a baked pastry shell that has been just removed from the oven. Leave the mixture in rough mounds and bake until brown.

Andy Custard Pie.—To one cupful of sugar add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Cream these well then add two well beaten eggs and two cupfuls of milk. Pour into a pastry-lined pan and bake in a moderate oven. When baked the spices rise to the top making a creamy custard underneath, so different from the usual custard pie. Bake at first in a hot oven until the crust is set, then lower the heat. Test with a knife; if it comes out clean the custard is done.

Good Things "to Put Up."
Prepare your own fruit salads to use during the season when many of the good things are out of the market.

Fruit Salad.—Simmer small pieces of any available fruit—pineapple, pears, apricots or peaches—in a light sirup, using care not to over cook, adding a few fresh or maraschino cherries. Cover with the sirup and sterilize. Using the cold pack method. The sirup may be used for gelatin desserts, punches, fruit salad dressings or pudding sauces.

Fruit Jelly.—Take half a peck of apples, two quarts of quinces and one quart of cranberries. Wash the fruit, put the quinces, cored but not pared through the meat chopper and cut up the apples including the skins and cores. Combine all the fruit—just cover with water and cook until soft, mashing and stirring often. Drain through a jelly bag and to each pint add a scant pint of sugar, heated hot. Boil the juice fifteen minutes before adding the sugar. Cook until it jellies then pour into sterilized glasses.

Ruby Jelly.—To two quarts of cranberries add five large quinces, put through the food chopper with half their cores. Add three quarts of water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain through a jelly bag, measure the juice and add an equal amount of heated sugar, after the juice has boiled about fifteen minutes. After the sugar is added boil five minutes and remove when it jellies. Marmalade may be made from the pulp, adding three-fourths of its measure in sugar, then cook until thick.

Pears for Salad.—Use large under ripe pears. Halve and remove peeling and core. Sweeten very lightly and add a bit of lemon or ginger root, cover with boiling water and cook until tender but not soft. Can in hot sterilized cans. Pear salad in the winter is such a favorite that many cans will be needed.

When having a feeling of indigestion or a slight heart burn eat half an orange and see how quickly the distress passes.

Nellie Maxwell

Stockings Century Old

A pair of one-hundred-year-old stockings was exhibited at Biddeford, Maine. They were contributed by an Ogunquit woman and she said that the stockings had been given to a little girl 100 years ago by her grandmother for the child to wear at her first party. The stockings are of English lisle lace and are of exquisite delicacy and beauty. They are in excellent condition in spite of their age.

Physicians Not Long Lived

According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, physicians have no advantage in longevity, as one might expect from their profession. On the contrary, they do not live as long as the ordinary policy holders. At the age of thirty, when a physician begins his career, the doctor's expectation of life is two years less than that of the general population.

"Daddy" Endearing Term

Thirty-five or forty years ago the title "dad" or "daddy" was not in good form. Today, however, both are regarded as entirely proper and are preferred by many parents. To address one's father as "dad" or "daddy" implies no discourtesy indicates no lack of rearing, and is by no means vulgar.—Washington Star.

Lower Animals Smell Fear

Wild animals smell fear in human beings; not merely sense it, but smell it actually. . . for man's glands, acting from the brain, give forth certain excretions caused by this state of fear; animals having the advantage of this information—attack, writes L. G. Holmer.

Travel by Rail

It seems that the average German now makes 23 railroad trips a year. This makes them about the world's best travelers so far as the rails are concerned. Americans go farther and oftener, but the motor car does the big business in human movement in this country.

No Merit in Brooding

Do not be always speculating on your future and thinking what you shall do. . . There is more action in dismissing a useless care than in a month's brooding over the possible or the probable.—George MacDonald.

American Christians

Although only about one-half the population of the United States is included in the membership of Christian churches, it is estimated that 90 per cent of the inhabitants hold the beliefs of Christians.

Silly Belief About Rabies

Rabies can be transmitted only by animals that are actually diseased at the time. There is no foundation for the belief that persons bitten by a dog which subsequently becomes rabid may contract the malady.

Chivalry Never Dead

Some say the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth.—Kingsley.

Moon Superstition

The term "moon magic" refers to the magical effect the moon is supposed by superstitious people to have on human affairs, especially in the ways of love and romance.

Sensitive Butterflies

Butterflies are so sensitive to want of light that they are not only stupid and sleepy at night, but are affected in the daytime by the shadow of every passing cloud.

Arch in Architecture

That the construction of the arch and dome was understood as early as 3500 B. C. has been proved by excavations at the side of Ur of the Chaldees.

Be Chary of Bitterness

"We would restrain man a bitter word," said Hi Ho the sage of Ching-tow, "if we could foresee the tears of future bereavement."—Washington Star.

Bird Flies High

The condor probably ascends to greater altitudes than any other bird. It is believed that it sometimes struggles up to a height of four miles.

Backward Races

Some races of men have only 300 or 400 words at their command, and are dependent upon gesture for much of their meaning.

DEAN'S COLON TREATMENT

RECTAL COLON TREATMENT

SUFFERING ELIMINATED

15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean

NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF PILES ELIMINATED or FREE REFUND.

Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.

DEAN'S COLON TREATMENT

DEAN'S COLON TREATMENT

DEAN'S COLON TREATMENT



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Relics of Roman Rule

Found in English Town

Colchester is a busy town set on a hill and surrounded by a pinkish wall erected about 1,800 years ago by the former soldiers of Rome, says H. V. Morton in "The Call of England." Its ancient churches are built of Roman tiles; its Norman castle is built of the debris of the Rome citadel; its streets are not winding and medieval, but run north and south after the plan of a Roman camp. And if you take a spade and dig in Colchester you find, below innocent looking cabbage patches and beneath ordinary simple gardens, that Rome still sleeps only a few feet deep in a white powder of decayed oyster shells. Those oysters must have compensated many a miserable exile!

It was during the war, when stationed at Colchester for some time and moved by a mighty canal, that I started digging at the end of a tennis lawn and came, at the close of a hot afternoon, to a beautiful Roman pavement of red and white terraces.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Necessary for Comedy

A society has been formed in Southern California to prevent extermination of the cactus. You see the point, don't you? Without the cactus there would be nothing for the movie comedians to sit down on.—Pathfinder Magazine.

True Enough

"Bear in mind that the big potatoes are always to be found at the top of the heap," said the successful man. "But if it wasn't for the rest of us there wouldn't be any heap," suggested the failure.—Philadelphia Record.

A Blank

Percy—Yes, I spoke my mind. Mazie—How sweet of you to have kept still.

Next to suggesting improvements for a newspaper, people like to suggest them for a restaurant.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

A BABY REMEDY APPROVED BY DOCTORS FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA

Deafness HEAD NOISES Leonard EAR OIL

Descriptive folder on request. A. O. LEONARD, Inc. 70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Cuts, Burns, Bruises Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hilsco Chemical Works, Patience, N. Y.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 40-1929.