For Teething Troubles, Colic and Diarrhoea Give Baby

KOPP'S BABY'S FRIEND

Recommended by physicians and druggists. Dr. D. S. Hatfield, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: I am well pleased with your BABY'S FRIEND. Have used several bottles, large size, with unusually good and satisfactory results. Thanking you for the sample you sent me and wishing you success.

Write for our leaflet containing many useful hints about the care of baby.

AT DRUGGISTS, 10, 25 and 50 CENTS

Get a free sample from your druggist.

KOPP'S BABY'S FRIEND CO., YORK, PA.

ONE FATHER HAD OVERLOOKED

Small Girl Will Long Have Suspicion That Her Beloved Daddy Was Shirking Work.

"Father," said little Ruth, appealingly, "why don't you stay at home to work as other little girls' fathers do?"

Father, who, as the business manager of a great corporation, has to travel extensively, smiled fondly at his little daughter. "I'd love to, Ruth," he answered, "but you see I have to earn a lot of money to take care of my little girl and her mother, and I can't get enough work to do here at home."

"Oh, father," cried Ruth, reprovingly, "I don't believe you've ever tried hard enough! Why, I have seen a sign out, 'Man Wanted,' lots and lots of times. There was one over in front of our grocery store this very morning."—Youth's Companion.

A man plays the game of love for pastime; a woman plays it to win.

The pen is mightier than the sword when it comes to getting a fool man into real trouble.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv

The fellow who is looking for a peck of trouble never had cause to complain of short measure.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

Strawberries in Literature.

Dr. William Butler, who died in 1621, is credited with the origin of the remark about the strawberry. "The Lord might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but he never did." Thomas Fuller, the English divine and historian, in his "History of the Worthies of England," that has delighted readers of more than two centuries, styled Dr. Butler the Aesculapius of his age. Izaak Walton in "The Complete Angler," said: "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

No Place for Poor, Good Girl.

"Where can the genteel poor girl who finds herself in New York without friends get a room for a few days while she is seeking a permament location?" This question was asked by Miss Kathleen Clayburn Comegys, daughter of a former district attorney of New Orleans, and who has made a study of social conditions in New Orleans. In answering her question she said: "There is not a real place for such a young girl in this entire city, which practically has every other modern convenience and improvement one could wish for. There are places for servant girls and girls who have gone wrong, but there is no place for the girl of extremely meager circumstances who belongs to neither class."

Remembered Thrifty Teachings.

A woman who was left to the task of bringing up two small children began early to train them to consider necessities above all else. They could always look back to a home brimming with comfort, although the furnishings were simple enough. They had warm clothing in winter and thin clothing in summer, and as they associated with the children of wealth they must have been thoroughly presentable. Habits are strong, but sometimes they can be broken. The son was the first to go out into the big world and he easily learned new ways of spending. The daughter preserved her sensible, thrifty ways to the last and she is drilling them into children of her own by teaching the value of a bank book in addition to what she learned in her own childhood.

A Sweet, Crisp, Delicious "Bite-To-Eat"

Post Toasties

Dainty bits of pearly white corn, perfectly cooked and toasted to delicate "brown."

Usually eaten direct from package with cream and sugar.

Or, sprinkle Toasties over a saucer of fresh berries—then add the cream and sugar—a dish to remember.

Post Toasties are sold by Grocers everywhere.

International Romance New Style

The RICH Duke To Marry The POOR Girl



BALTIMORE.—All American girls lacking millions but possessing beauty and the grand manner, take heart!

Dukes and lords and counts who woo and wed our belles are nearly always as poor as their brides are rich. Titles and exalted social positions are bartered for the gold that brings luxury, if not happiness.

But the Duc de Richelieu, half-American and heir to a great fortune, is unique. Love alone caused him to make Elinor Douglas Wise his bride.

The Baltimore girl who is now on her honeymoon with Richelieu is wealthy only in her loveliness, in her wit, in her sprightliness. It was the lure of her personality, the cadence of her voice that caused the most elusive catch in all the French nobility to fall in love with her at sight.

When the sparkling bride fairly floated out of the century-old cathedral in Baltimore, after Cardinal Gibbons had performed the ceremony, the newest American duchess bowed and smiled happily to a brilliant assemblage that included girls of great fortune, destined, perhaps, to gain titles for themselves. But for none of them will Cupid weave a truer romance.

Many a gold-baited trap was set for the Duc de Richelieu by socially ambitious mothers. But he avoided them all, and was fancy free till, on a fateful night early last year in Paris, when he attended a dinner given by Mrs. Seth Barton French of New York and Newport. Miss Wise was a guest also. Later in the drawing room, lighted by the mellow radiance of wax candles, the Baltimore girl sang French chansons with such warmth of voice and with such style and force that her hearers were stirred to enthusiasm.

Love at First Sight.

But the duke! He was entranced. From that moment he was the singer's devoted cavalier. He did not leave her side for the rest of the evening. It was not long before he proposed to tell her fortune. He swore that he would be able to draw aside the veil of the future and truly solve one great mystery for her.

At a table in a secluded corner he looked longingly into the dancing eyes of the American girl as she laid the palm of her left hand before him.

"Everything that is lovely in woman!" cried the duke, pointing to a line.

"A love affair," he smiled and paused. "A probable marriage; success in love." Then he seemed to be lost in thought as he studied the pretty palm.

"I see a change coming into your life, a wonderful change," he said. "Before long you will contract a marriage that the world will call brilliant. And it will be for love!"

So began the romance of Miss Wise and Marie Odet Jean Armand de Chapelle de Jumilhac, Duc de Richelieu and De Fronsac.

The duke and the new American duchess are not going to spend all their time in foreign social life. The mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain, the most reserved and aristocratic in all the world, are open to the Duc de Richelieu and his bride, and not many American girls, even those who have gained great French names by marriage, have the entree to that conservative society.

Will Live in New York.

Therefore, it is considered remarkable that the duke and his bride have agreed to live in New York during much of the year, and in consequence they have leased luxurious apartments in the Carlton Chambers, just north of the Ritz-Carlton, on Madison avenue. These are being furnished most artistically and the rooms will be notable for their fidelity to various French periods.

It will be a novelty for a duke and duchess to entertain the Four Hundred in their own home in New York!

When Richelieu married Miss Wise it was the second time that a Baltimore beauty had been won by a member of the French nobility. On the other occasion—it was in the early part of the nineteenth century—Jerome Bonaparte, the dashing brother of the great Napoleon, married the lovely Betsy Patterson, a reigning belle of her day and often called "glorious Betsy." This union had a lamentable ending, for the capricious Jerome deserted his American wife at the command of the emperor, who desired to make Jerome a pawn in his tremendous international chess game.

Bride a General Favorite.

Miss Wise is popular in her home city as well as in Washington, Newport and Paris. Her friends declare she bears a charmed life. She has been in peril several times. On one occasion she narrowly escaped death when a carriage, in which she and Lycurgus Winchester were riding, was run down by an electric car. The accident happened at the Mount Royal entrance to Druid Hill park in Baltimore on Aug. 2, 1906. The future duchess suffered a broken left leg and a bad cut under the left eye, and for a time it was feared the cut would mar her beauty. Her companion, who was called the handsomest man in all Maryland, was instantly killed. He was the husband of Katherine Griswold Pratt Winchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Bache Pratt of New York. Miss Wise was a good friend of the Winchesters.

After a long stay in a hospital Miss Wise went abroad. Her musical talents attracted the attention of Emma Eames, who urged the girl to study for grand opera. Sure that her protegee would achieve success, the prima donna herself began to give the fortunate Baltimore girl three lessons a week.

That Miss Wise made the most of her opportunity was shown by her rapid advance. In the end her voice did gain laurels for her, though not of the kind that Mme. Eames nor the girl had dreamed of.

Truly a Love Match.

The new duchess is not tall, has light brown hair and dark blue eyes, with dark lashes and a pale complexion. She is remarkable for her vivacity and ability to talk with sure knowledge on almost any subject. The duke is thirty-seven years old. He always told his friends that he would marry only for love, and that he would wait until he was sure he had found the right girl.

But certainly the Duc de Richelieu did not need to contract an alliance for money! On the death of his mother he will inherit half of her great fortune, and he receives an allowance from her that is princely. His mother, born in New Orleans as the daughter of Michael Heine, a leading banker there, enjoys the distinction of being the only American woman who ever attained sovereign rank in the Old World, and has figured in the courts of Europe, not among the mere nobility, but among the crowned heads. She gained possession of her place on a throne through her marriage to her second husband, the reigning prince of France, from whom she is legally separated.

The present duke is the third of the present creation. Through his mother he is related to the Millenberger, the Harkins, the Pollock and the Marigny families of New Orleans. He has been twice reported as engaged, first to Miss Irwin, sister of the countess of Limerick, and on another occasion to Mlle. Pauline de St. Sauveur.

Brilliant Line of Ancestry.

The dukedom of Richelieu, at the death of the great cardinal, was bequeathed, with the king's permission, to his grandnephew; that is to say, to the grandson of one of the cardinal's sisters, and finally came to be the possession of the American woman's son.

There are other French dukes with American blood in their veins. One is the four-year-old Duc de Chaunes et de Picquigny, tenth of his line whose mother was Miss Theodora P. Shonts. The Duc Decazes will in due course be succeeded in his honors by his son Louis, born of his marriage to the late Isabel Singer, and also will come in for much of the wealth which his American mother derived from her father's sewing machine invention. Then there is the Duc de Praslin, whose Boston wife was formerly Mrs. Charles Hamilton Paine. His mother was Miss Elizabeth Forbes of New York.

The present Duc de Richelieu is simple and unaffected in his ways, and is much praised for his common sense. For several years he has been idolized at Newport, where a duke is dearly loved.

The new Duchess is also of distinguished ancestry. Her father, the late Capt. Frederic May Wise, won distinction in the United States navy, and the Wises were favorites in social circles of the navy set. Capt. Wise belonged to the famous Virginia family of that name. His maternal grandfather, Dr. Frederic May, was a noted resident of Washington before the capitol was built. On her mother's side the duchess is descended from a mingled strain of French and old Puritan blood of the famous Massachusetts family to which John Quincy Adams belonged.

Plan Prolonged Honeymoon.

The honeymoon is to be notable. After an audience with the pope they are to go to the Riviera to visit at Monte Carlo with the Princess of Monaco. Later they will go to England to be the guests of the former Empress Eugenie at Farnborough, then to visit the splendid Paris house that the duke owns, and finally to the three different chateaux that Richelieu maintains, especially the one in Touraine, which is very beautiful and from which part of France the duke's family originally came.

The duke is proud of his American duchess, and he is not chary in expressing himself on international marriages.

"They are to my way of thinking," he said, "in no way different from rational marriages. Everything depends on the characters of the two, and the circumstances. I have known American girls for a good many years, and I believe in them, and in the great future American women will have. I have never, though, given the matter of nationality a serious thought. Love, to my mind, has very little to do with boundaries. Any marriage based upon any other grounds than mutual love and respect cannot survive the strain of years."

One Woman's Guess.

A Pittsburgh man recently returned from New York tells this little story of an incident during the great police and public service parade in the metropolis a few weeks ago. He says he was standing at a window in one of the large Fifth avenue hotels which commanded a fine view of the pageant, while about him were a collection of people gathered from all corners of the country. Among them was a New York woman to whom all looked for information. She was able to satisfy inquiries until the division of the department of water supplies came along. Equipment of various sorts all bore in great white letters the insignit, "D. W. S.," and the fountain head of information was immediately asked for what they stood. She racked her brains for a moment and then hazarded:

"I really don't quite know, unless it means the department of white slaves."

Trying Hard.

An artist who has a lofty studio on West Twenty-third street lately spent two months among the darker dwellings of London, sketching the laborer in the mass, children with dull eyes, houses with broken window panes.

One morning he was in a petty sessions court in the East End, and a battered man was before the magistrate, charged with drunkenness and breach of the peace.

"When you were here thirty days ago," said the magistrate, "didn't you promise to sign the pledge?"

"I'm a-goin' to, y'r 'onor," said the culprit, "as soon as I can learn to write. I'm takin' lessons, but I ain't makin' much progress."—New York Times.

EXCUSES INDEXED.

"Husbands" was the pleasing subject under discussion, while the two ladies sat gently sipping Chinese tea and nibbling creamy cakes.

"Oh, my husband is funny!" cried one of the fair damsels. "He has such awfully amusing excuses when he comes home late."

"Let's hear," said the other, pouring another cup of tea.

"Well, he's a maniac on system, you know. He has everything tabulated—at least as much as he can—and he's even had a lot of excuses written out and numbered them."

"No!"

"Yes; and when he does a little staying out late he just shouts up the stairs: 'I say, darling, it's No. 2, or 6, or 24,' just as the case may be."—Philadelphia Record.

Great Advance During Century.

A century ago astronomers, geologists, chemists, physicists, each had an island of his own, separate and distinct from that of every other student of nature; the whole field of research was then an archipelago of unconnected units. Today all the standpoints of study have risen together to form a continent without either ferry or bridge.

Evidently No Friend of Sorghum's.

"That political rival of yours is to be congratulated. He is always in the public eye." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "like a locomotive cinder."

GOOD SAMPLE OF RURAL WIT

Joke That Had Excellent Humor Without a Single Touch or Thought of Malice.

If there is a difference between rural wit and any other kind, it is this—that rural wit is mellower in flavor. In this it resembles English wit; the rough corners have been rounded off by the attrition of years, and more nearly perfect jokes result.

Ira Beasore drove into town just before the big rain the other day, and he saw Orlo Tuttle setting tubs and barrels under all the spouts around his house. So Ira pulls up and hollers at Orlo:

"Hey, Orlo! What ye doin'?"

"Looks like rain, an' I'm a-settin' out these tubs so's the woman can have some soft water fer her washin' Monday," answers Orlo, all innocent like and not thinkin' about what a great codder Ira is.

"Sho!" says Ira. "You won't git no soft water."

"Why won't I?"

"'Cause it's going to rain hard! Haw-haw-haw! Git-ep!"

FACE FULL OF PIMPLES

Ruffin, N. C.—"My face became full of pimples and blackheads, and would itch, burn and smart. The skin was rough and red. I was really ashamed of my face. My arms and back were affected almost as badly. The pimples would fester and there would come a dry scab on top. The trouble caused my face to be disfigured badly and the itching would bother me so I could not sleep well nights, especially during warm weather.

"The trouble lasted me three long years without anything doing me any good until a friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and then I decided to try them. After the first application I could see some improvement. After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment two weeks I did not look like the same person; most of the pimples had disappeared. At the end of four weeks I was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Mamie Mitchell, Jan. 9, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Even in the Child Mind.

This incident was related by Mark Twain with great glee about a certain little girl friend who "shone as an authoress." One day she handed her devoted sympathizer the sheets of a story which read thus:

"A man was seated in a chair by the fireside brooding over his troubles. He was sad because his wife was dead. Suddenly a specter appeared before him, and it was his wife. She said: 'Dear, I could not bear to see you so sad and discontented, so I have come to comfort you. You must not be sad. You must be bright and happy. It was best that I should leave you when I did, because I was going to get a divorce.'"

Peculiar Pets.

An English major with a penchant for entomology asserts that the hornet is "a gentle, inoffensive creature, very suitable for a pet." This reminds one of an incident in the life of the late Lord Avebury. Traveling one day on a railway train with a pet wasp in his pocket, he hurriedly thrust his hand into his pocket to get his ticket, and the wasp stung him. He did not blame the wasp, however, as his hurried action had frightened the creature. Wasps have frequently become pets, but the major is said to be the first to turn the hornet into one.

Real Stuff.

"Is he one of your promising citizens?"

"Better than that. He's one of our old performers."—Detroit Free Press.

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Only a fool would try to stamp out an evil with his bare feet.

The girl who fully intends to marry her ideal usually compromises.

HOW COCA COLA REFRESHES.

The remarkable success which has attended the sale of Coca-Cola has been explained in many different ways. Some have attributed it to "good advertising;" others to "efficient management," others, to its "delicious flavor" and still others to the fact that it was the first in the field of "trade-marked" soft drinks.

In this connection, the opinion of a manufacturing chemist who has analyzed Coca-Cola and studied its history for many years, will prove interesting. He attributes the popularity of the drink in large part to its quality of refreshing both mind and body without producing any subsequent depression. He points out the fact that the chemical composition of Coca-Cola is practically identical with that of coffee and tea (with sugar added) the only material difference being the absence of tannic acid from Coca-Cola. He points to the laboratory experiments of Dr. Hollingworth of Columbia University and of Dr. H. C. Wood, Jr. of Philadelphia which prove conclusively that the caffeine-containing beverages (coffee, tea, Coca-Cola, etc.) relieve mental and muscular fatigue by rendering the nerves and muscles more responsive to the will, thus diminishing the resistance produced by fatigue. These experiments also demonstrate the fact that the caffeine group of beverages differ from the stimulants in that the use of the latter is followed by a period of depression which calls for more stimulation, thus resulting in the formation of a "habit."—Adv.

Domestic Breadmaking.

With a fear of scarcity of bread through shortage of flour, one recalls Cobbett's view of the woman in the house who, provided with materials, still lacked a loaf. "As to the art of making bread," he wrote, "it would be shocking indeed if that had to be taught by the means of books. Every woman, high or low, ought to know how to make bread; if she do not she is a mere burden upon the community. Yet it is but too true that many women know nothing of the making of bread . . . Even servant women in abundance appear to think that loaves made by the baker are things of their pure creation—things, too, in which no one else can participate. Now, is not this an enormous evil." Cobbett's words, however, failed to touch the kitchen, for the "enormous evil" still exists!

What She Wanted.

One day in the spring the orphans from the asylum were taken in motor cars out to the park. A society woman, accompanied by her stylish little daughter, was driving through the park in a big limousine car. They stopped and watched the procession of little orphans, and the mother explained that the little boys and girls had no homes and no fathers or mothers.

After she had finished she discovered that her little daughter was almost crying, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, what's the matter, dearest?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, was the sobbing reply, "I want to be an orphan. Can I?"—Harper's Monthly.

Royalties That Dislike the Motor.

The czar is, among European monarchs, the one who makes the least use of the motor car. His imperial majesty, in former days, registered a vow that he would never enter such a conveyance, and although necessity occasionally compels him to break it, his dislike for motors is unabated. When King Edward first took a car with him to Denmark on joining the big family party at Fredensborg one year, neither the czar nor his grandfather, King Christian IX., could be persuaded to set foot in it.

Already Supplied.

An agent for automobiles accosted a man who was standing in the main street of the village.

"Now, sir," he said persuasively, after recounting the advantages of the various kinds of cars. "I should say a nice runabout would be just the thing for you."

"Thank you. I have one. She's in this store buying a new gown."

Main Point.

"I would die for you, my darling!"

"How sweet of you! Is your life insured?"

A small boy who doesn't get into a scrap once in a while has made a mistake in not being born a girl.

Horrible Death in Elevator Shaft.

Powerless to move, a man named Fulmer, employed at an abbattoir, lay at the bottom of an elevator shaft at Philadelphia, Pa., the other day, and waited the descending lift, which crushed him to death. The man had fallen into the shaft, and his cries for aid were drowned by the noise of the machinery. The man fought desperately against the freight laden elevator. His body was flattened almost to the thinness of paper.

This is the open season for young men who slip all the poisoned ice cream paragraphs from the daily papers and show them to the dear girls.

Revenge.

"Do you object to children in this flat?"

"Not at all. We merely bar phonographs and lap dogs."—Detroit Free Press.

The man who praises himself is never popular, especially with the people who think he might better be praising them.

SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Swarthmore, Penn. — "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the Change of Life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles." — Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.

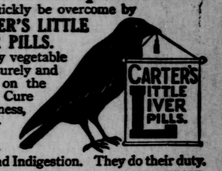
Baltimore, Md. — "My troubles began with the loss of a child, and I had hemorrhages for four months. The doctors said an operation was necessary, but I dreaded it and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The medicine has made me a well woman and I feel strong and do my own work." — Mrs. J. R. PICKING, 1260 Sargent St., Baltimore, Md.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

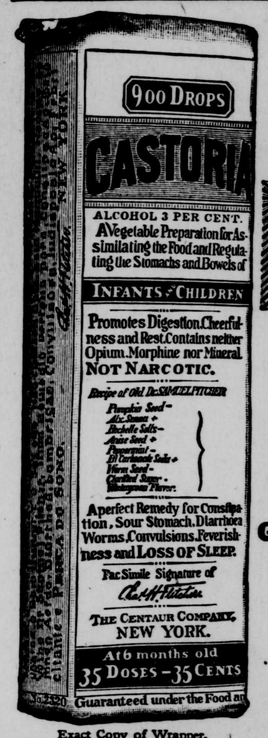
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DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for $1.00.



HAROLD SOMERS, 180 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BURY'S chill and malaria capsules give instant relief for chills and malaria. 25c by mail; guaranteed. George B. Bury, Washington, D.C.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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