

# Beauchampe's Double

OR  
THE PRIMA DONNA.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)  
At first Livingston thought Simmons had made a mistake—there must be another house with a similar passageway. The men he saw were well dressed. They were young. He remarked their youthful appearance, then the clean-cut faces and neat attire.

They looked like a lot of young clerks. Then it occurred to him that this lot of neatly dressed young fellows had faces sharper and keener than fifty or sixty average Americans ought to muster. In one or two instances the eyes were particularly noteworthy, otherwise the average taste was unexceptional; certainly there was nothing to challenge attention.

Livingston stood looking at the player nearest him. Apparently no one deemed him worthy of a glance. One or two looked at Simmons indifferently as he passed through the room and address d a neatly dressed man who stood within a box-like enclosure.

Simmons leaned towards the proprietor of the establishment, and talked with him in low tones.

The conversation was very brief. Three minutes possibly were consumed, then Livingston preceded his companion through the dark passage, and once more they were on the broad pavement. Simmons was the first to speak.

"Our man was there. If I had been a little quicker—or if I had met you five minutes earlier, we would have had him."

"This is Beauchampe now—you are positive Simmons?"  
"I am sure of it," said Livingston. "The man that got into the row, and hit the usher in the theater while you were looking on was your friend Beauchampe, then the same man changed his hat and coat in Black Steve's place, and the same man that changed his hat and coat in Steve's place came right here. The proprietor knows him as well as he knows me—better. He is wearing the hat he got at Steve's—and the coat. I've made sure of that. But there's other proofs."

Simmons' deliberate tones produced an unexpected effect upon Livingston, who halted suddenly and caught his companion's arm, saying, "Simmons, I'd rather lose a thousand dollars—and I never had five hundred to call my own at one time—yes, if I had ten thousand this minute, I'd rather lose it than have this proof."

Simmons stood looking down on him. He thought quickly. There was something Livingston had not revealed; some powerful motive back of the reason he had given Simmons for probing the matter.

"All right," said Simmons. "Just as you say. We'll drop it here. I'm sorry on your account, Mr. Livingston, and I'm sorry for his relatives, if he has any."

He was looking straight into Livingston's eyes.

"Thank heaven! he has no relatives—no near relatives. At least I never heard him refer to them. But it is possible he may have some relatives, too. I was not thinking of them."

Simmons' brow cleared on the instant.

"Glad to hear you say it. I was beginning to think he had a sister or a cousin."

"No love—no sentiment in this business. I've told you everything."

"Then we will go right ahead. Whatever is proved will make no difference now, except that it will satisfy us. And to begin, your friend should Dick—"

Then, as the proprietor of the pool-room, who was sitting at the table with his right hand, and the knuckles of his hand. He told him the whole story, same as he told Stone. You see, he doesn't care how many of them know it. He takes pride in it. His knuckles were skinned on the jamb of the door the second time he struck at the usher. Then, in wrenching his hand out of the handcuffs—he said he hadn't time to do it neat—when he struck the policeman he brained the side of his thumb. He showed it to Dicky and laughed. He told Dicky, too, how he fooled them when he ran across the street wearing the wagon. One was a heavy express wagon. He dodged under it, caught hold of the ring—you've noticed how the wagons turn in their own length—curled his legs up, and held on until there was a square or more between him and the theater. Then he let the wagon go, and he didn't tell Steve—how his coat got so dirty."

Livingston's face was a study as he stood looking at Simmons.

Simmons closed his mouth firmly and looked at Livingston with a quiet composure that exasperated Livingston, whose disgust was too great for words as he pictured Beauchampe curling his legs up, clutching with strained clasp the ironwork under the wagon.

It was such an experiment as only a hardened rogue would resort to. The action in itself was incredible. That Beauchampe would relate it and gloat over it gleefully was past belief.

"Is that all?"  
"No," said Simmons. "It's about as bad as I thought it at first. Your friend has a time."

"What?" exclaimed Livingston, sharply.  
"Beauchampe a convict?"  
"There can't be any mistake about that," said Simmons, with rare deliberation. "None whatever. I suspected it all along. Most of the tricks that surprise people and throw them off the scent is learned in prison."

"Such as slipping one's hands out of handcuffs, eh? They give each prisoner a pair, Simmons?"  
"They might as well. A man who is thrown out to himself, if he has any life in him, is bound to work it out some way. They practice all sorts of things to get even with the world when they get out."

"And where did he serve time—did Dicky tell you that?"  
"That was my chief errand, I may say. Dicky's record can't be questioned in public record. He just pastes the

sentences in a little book—he's got thirteen years without a break. Just a fad of Dicky's."

"But you have not told me where Beauchampe served—what State—and when?"  
"Right here in New York—nearly three years, when he tells you and other people he was studying. No trouble proving that. Dicky says hundreds will prove it any time I want it done. Dicky isn't at all disobliging about a matter of public record."

Livingston lifted both hands, then drew them to his side with a gesture that was more eloquent than words. Then he drew a long breath. When he spoke again it was in a low voice.

"That is the worst thing I ever heard of—the last thing I would have believed. I can't realize it now."

He stared hard at Simmons, then at the pavement.

"I suppose we'll go to his lodgings now—I think that will be best. Or, Simmons paused and seemed to be turning something over in his mind, "if you prefer we can go alone. He might take it into his head to go there. The only thing that would prevent him would be—"

"I comprehend," said Livingston. "You think he wouldn't care to have me drop in on him just now?"  
"That's it, precisely," said Simmons, briskly. "But it's the only thing I see for you to do. Go there, and if you can't find him, manage some way—some sure way—to warn him to keep out of the road for awhile till he hears from you. And you can make a personal for him—that's the idea."

"Where will I find you in half an hour or so?"  
"Simmons mentioned a well-known popular resort."

Livingston lit a cigarette, hesitating. At last he started out, with a half-pologetic air, and in tones that appeared strongly to his companion: "Spite of everything, Simmons, I've not lost faith in Beauchampe yet. Don't think it is a weakness; I simply can't give him up yet. There's something more in this, and there's a horrible mistake somewhere. I know you'll think of his weakness—but I can't help it."

"I don't think anything of the sort—that's all right. I don't want to shake your faith in your friend more than I can help. Help him all you can—and I'll help him all I can. I'll wait till I hear from you."

"In three-quarters of an hour, at most," said Livingston, as he strode away.

Simmons turned about, shook his head gravely, and walked in the opposite direction.

## CHAPTER III.

"LIKE AN ANGEL OF LIGHT."  
Livingston walked rapidly three squares, was so fortunate as to catch a car at the corner, and in a few minutes later was talking to the old man who had charge of the building in which Beauchampe had located himself upon his return from Italy.

"Mr. Beauchampe does not lodge here, sir."  
"But," interposed Livingston, hastily, yet mindful of what was due his elder, "I have a distinct recollection that Mr. Beauchampe lodged in his studio. That was scarcely six months ago. I respect your discretion the more so, sir, because I am a warm friend of Mr. Beauchampe. He would be glad to see me now above all times, and if you will tell him I am here—"

"I cannot tell him when he is not in the house, sir," the old man replied, civilly.

"That is all right," Livingston said, impatiently. "I'll understand all about it. But I'll write him early in the evening, so if you just say to Mr. Beauchampe that Mr. Livingston is here—"

"I cannot speak to him when he is not here."  
"Come, now—he has given you orders to admit no one."  
"No," he has not, Mr. Beauchampe does not lodge here."  
"Not lodge here!" exclaimed Livingston. "When did he change his lodgings?"  
"I do not remember. It must be about four or five months. Yes—all of that."

"Can you tell me where I can find him?"  
"I can direct you to his lodgings, sir. I know very well, sir. You are his friend, I believe. At least, I have heard him speaking of you—he has shown me your writing in the Record, sir—"

"Yes, yes," said Livingston; "pardon me, but I'm sure Mr. Beauchampe is as good as possible."  
"At least, I'm sure," said Livingston, "that you are at special pains, lest the visitor and friend might possibly make a mistake."

At least eight precious minutes were lost before Livingston was on his way to Beauchampe's lodgings, and a good quarter of an hour expired before he found them.

Beauchampe's lodgings were in the place Livingston would have looked for his friend. They were far removed from the thoroughfares made brisk by pedestrians.

The houses were shabby, many of them faded and dingy. Domesticity prevailed, but the odor was not always agreeable.

He experienced relief upon noting the surroundings when he rang the bell, where he was assured he would find the artist. He had erred twice, but he pressed his hand to his forehead, and with a little apologetic shop came to his relief, and pointed out the way for him.

The house did not look as bad as its neighbors. The blinds were in good repair, and the owner had repainted it within three or four years.

What possessed Beauchampe to hide himself among these little, faded-out shops and dingy dwellings? They were enough to give Livingston the horrors.

The door opened suddenly, and an elderly female, with her neck muffled in a towel and wearing a faded wrapper, looked at the caller curiously.

When the visitor made his errand known, the elderly female looked stonily on the floor, and without answering a word, walked up the stairs facing him.

Livingston chafed inwardly. Was the woman dumb?  
At the end of a period that exhausted his patience, now well tired, she descended the stairs, and said:

"You can go up now."  
The door of the elderly female entered a door opening on the short hall, and Livingston realized that he had a listener—the elderly female was on guard. At any other time Livingston would have smiled; now he had serious business on hand.

At the end of the stairway he discovered a door ajar. Pushing it open, with a resolve to face the worst, whatever it might be, Livingston strode into the room, greeted his friend.

When he was fairly in the room, speech died in his throat. He had not met a well-known face, he found himself staring stupidly at a young lady.

The young lady had laid aside her work. In her hand was a basket with a cascade of colors in her wrist twisted toward him.

He stooped, lifted the basket and replaced it on the table. The action gave him time to gaze in self-possession. The young lady stood "Thank you" in an ordinary tone, and stood waiting his pleasure.

Was this a wife, Livingston asked himself. At a 1 events he must be doubly discreet now. How to b each the subject—would he give her any inkling of his errand.

Livingston's experience as a reporter in days not so far distant, was worth something in the emergency. He concluded he would let matters "drift," and trust to chance. He said the right thing.

"I thought I would find Mr. Beauchampe here, or I would not have intruded."  
"I thought he sent a message with you."

Surprise gave a new charm to her face. It was a very bright face, more than pretty. Livingston thought she was beautiful.

"Has anything happened to him, Mr. Livingston?"  
"I have not heard of him quickly, and searched his face in a quick, startled way that perplexed the visitor."

"I heard him say he was going to hear Vittoria with you—it was impossible for me to go with him so early in the week. I was sure he was at the theater."

He spoke in the tone of a man who did not know what failure meant.

"You know just where to reach me at any time, Mr. Livingston, and all the world knows where the Record office is. I'll leave word there for you if I want you."

"Before we separate, I want a 'stiffener' of some sort, Simmons. This thing has been trying on me. Besides, it's past my lunch-time. What will you have?"

"No 'stiffener' for me. I never drink anything stronger than milk. Milk's good enough for me. I'll have a strong glass of whisky and water, with plenty of sugar, nibbed a cracker with it, and then they separated at the door, each going his own way. Livingston availed himself of a cab, while Simmons entered the first cab passing.

He halted at three newspaper offices; in one he found his man in, in the others he left notes that answered all purposes.

It was after two when he entered the office of the Record.

The managing editor hailed him.

"Hello, Livingston! Thought you were off?"  
"I am off."

"I see you are. Why is it that newspaper men when they get a day off invariably hang around newspaper offices?"

"I might ask why does the managing editor voluntarily perform the duties of night editor?"

"Well, the fact is, I was at the opera. You'll allow a managing editor to look in his own office one night in three years—that is not counting election nights and extra occasions. The truth is, Baird is out of sorts—I've packed him off home. Everything is smooth as butter here. By the way, going to be about a few minutes? If you are, there's a murder you might look over. Another—mystery. Three murders in one day, or twenty-four hours—same thing—is doing pretty well. Just skim over it, and see if you can't do it all right. Sparks is out looking up a matter of his own—playing night editor, city editor and a little of everything this morning—Lots of fun."

The managing editor was perspiring, but Livingston did not smile. He was not in a smiling mood.

"You'll find the proof on Black's table there—or it ought to be there. Come to think of it, I did change the head-line. You'll find the head on a separate slip."

Livingston removed his hat, as he lifted the proof.

Directly his penell was out. "The proof-reader hasn't seen this," he said. "No—he'll run over it after you."

When Livingston turned to the managing editor, "you did not tell me Ma or Dabney was killed!"

"Not Major Dabney! J. S. Dabney? Yes—there it is—no doubt about the J. S. But can it be possible it is the J. S.?"

"It must be," said Livingston. "There is no other J. S. Dabney."

"Sure? That's inexcusable stupidity on Black's part. He ought to know where Major Dabney lives. The best item—a sensation lying there and nobody knows it! This is the Labney, Livingston? We must be sure."

"I know both the numbers as well as I know this office, Mr. Ward. This is the man who got help to make an and make Mayors and Postmasters. And you did not know it?"

"I've got plenty of time left to say all that is necessary, but Black's days in this office are numbered. A man who does not know the difference between an influential politician and a grain merchant, manufacturer, or grocer, has no business foot on a newspaper."

The managing editor turned away with a wrathful countenance, and Livingston read the account of the murder, correcting the errors carefully.

Directly the manager was at his elbow again.

"See here, Livingston. Do you mind dashing off something describing the sort of a man the Major was. On second thought, I won't devote more than a paragraph to the murder now—I may again. Time enough. You can do the sort of thing you want—and all makes any of this. Yours will be introductory—understand?"

So Livingston, who was at home in his subject, wrote out swiftly the "sort of thing" that fitted the Record.

CHAPTER IV.  
THE MURDER.  
"Well!" Simmons glanced up at Livingston, and laid the paper he was reading aside.

"He is not at home."  
"No he is married, then?"  
Livingston sat down beside him and extended the position of affairs just as he found them.

Simmons was surprised.

He was prepared to hear that Beauchampe had a wife—a number of wives—but the sister Livingston described puzzled him. He began to doubt for the first time. Possibly what they both saw and heard were not facts after all. Possibly Livingston's extraordinary faith in his friend was well grounded. At all events it was now stronger than ever.

"What do you propose next?" said Livingston. "I am at the end of my resources—that is, I will be when I make the rounds of the newspaper offices, or can get word to my friends—men I can rely upon in a case of this kind."

Simmons rose, smoothed his coat and said his good-byes. He was to be seen.

He was ready to call upon certain friends in police circles; in the morning he would communicate with the head of the detective force, and inside of twelve hours, possibly less time, they would "get at the truth of this business."

He spoke in the tone of a man who did not know what failure meant.

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# BALLOT REFORM BILL.

AGREED TO BY BOTH HOUSE AND SENATE.

Principal Features of the Measure—How the Measure Shall Be Passed—Method of Voting—Concerning Employment of Convict Labor by the State.

The House and Senate finally agreed upon a ballot reform bill and passed it. It is modeled after the Australian system, and an amendment to number the ballots to correspond with the numbers on the poll book was rejected, as that would have destroyed secrecy. The measure takes effect July 1. The chief features of the measure are these:

Under this law the candidate must receive a regular nomination by a political party which polled at least 2 per cent. of the entire vote at the last preceding election, or by nomination papers. In such case the certificates of nomination are duly authenticated and given to the officer who is to prepare the ballots.

Due provision is made for independent candidates getting their name upon the ticket by the nomination papers. The ballots are to be printed in State and county elections by the County Clerk, in city elections by the City Clerk, and in township elections by the Town Clerk. In Chicago the printing of them will be attended to by the Board of Election Commissioners. The names of all the candidates of the different parties must be placed upon one ballot.

No ballots can be obtained by any one except by the proper officer, and he must bear the signature of the proper officer; and the ballots are given also to the judges of election, who are compelled under penalty to account for every ballot received from the officer who has them printed, whether saved, or destroyed, or not used.

Complete check is kept upon all the ballots. The voter can only obtain his ticket after entering the voting-room and from the judge of election; and in Chicago it will be the proper officer under the law.

This ballot he takes and retires to an apartment, where he writes in slight characters, and prepares it, returns and places it in the hands of the judge who deposits it in the ballot-box. At the head of each list of candidates there will be a party name or some words to designate the political party. The ticket will be almost identical with the Indiana blanket ballot. The officers who have the ballots printed will also have prepared full cards of instruction to the voters, which will give them ample information as to the manner of voting and the other requirements of the law.

In each of the rooms in which the election is held there will be furnished small booths or apartments in which the voter must go and secretly and alone prepare his ballot. No one can be in the room where the voting takes place except three or four persons who may be writing their names on the voting booth. No electioneering is allowed within a hundred feet of the polls, and no person is allowed within that space. Due care is taken in the bill to provide for any person who is unable to read. The ballots will be preserved for six months, carefully folded, and strung with a wire, and filed in the county clerk's office. The ballots will be numbered, and it is thought it will be impossible to ascertain how an elector voted, even if the ballots should be inspected by the city or county clerk. In the country the time of opening the polls is changed to 7 o'clock, and in cities to 6 o'clock. The Chicago law in that respect remains as it now is.

The Senate bills appropriating \$12,000 for an additional building to the Kankakee Insane Asylum to accommodate 300 additional patients, and \$55,000 for miscellaneous repairs, were also passed by the House and Senate.

The Senate bill making an appropriation for the Joliet penitentiary. It appropriates \$100,000 to defray such portion of the current expenses of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, as on the expiration of the first fiscal quarter after the adoption of the present act, the balance of the earnings of convict labor in said penitentiary may be insufficient to defray; also to enable the commissioners of said penitentiary to keep employed all prisoners who may be left without employment by the expiration of any contract for work on the premises. Commissioners are authorized to expend so much of the amount appropriated as may be necessary for tools, machinery and raw material sufficient to keep employed all prisoners in the penitentiary who may become idle and to provide for the sale of the same.

When the bill is passed, the commissioners shall employ said prisoners at such occupations as are best adapted to secure their health, discipline and reformation.

CUT A CHILD'S THROAT.

A Mexican Tramp Nearly Murders the Son of a Former Chicagoan.

At Garden City, Kan., Louis Garnett, a well-known and successful ranchman of Flannoy county, who was once a citizen of Chicago, put his son, who is about 9 years of age, on a horse and told him to herd some cattle. In a few hours a Mexican tramp came along, took the boy down and cut his throat, and then took the boy to the Colorado mountains.

The posse gave him over to Sheriff W. T. Eggen, who found a bloody razor concealed in the tramp's clothing. The main blood-vessel was not severed and the boy may get well. The criminal does not deny the crime, but says it was committed in self-defense.

Area and Condition of Grain.

The June report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture makes the area in wheat what, as compared with the breadth harvested last year, 111.5; spring wheat, 103.4; barley, 107.1; rye, 101.5; oats, 97.9. Condition: Winter wheat, 96.4; spring wheat, 92.6; barley, 90.3; rye, 93.4; oats, 85. In comparison with 1880 the increase in wheat acreage is quite moderate. The reduction last year of more than 2,000,000 acres suggests the reason for most of the present increase. This advance is therefore both replacement and development, the former notably in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and California. The reduction in a less degree in Washington, Oregon the Dakotas, and in several Territories.

Goldlike Kansans.

A sharper giving the name of E. M. Raymond succeeded in interesting a number of gullible young men at Fort Scott, Kan., in what he called an imaginary gold mine. He left Fort Scott paying for his ticket with a worthless check.

Indiana Mineral Springs—A Great Health Resort on the Line of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

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If you seek rest and recreation, why not combine it with improved health and the pleasure of spending a few days or weeks, as suits you, at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren Co., Ind.? Here you will find every accommodation that \$100,000 judiciously expended can procure; a one-hundred room, hard-wood finished, modern appointed hotel, lighted by electricity, complete water-works system, a cold-storage plant, and a bathhouse with a hot and a hundred and one points of interest to entertain you. Here you can drink the waters of the Indiana Mineral Springs that will quickly relieve that tired, worn-out feeling, bring color to your faded cheeks, invigorate your system with new life and energy, and make you feel that life is worth living after all.

It is too beautiful a place to write about or even picture in this limited space, so we earnestly urge, if you desire additional information, that you write at once to C. L. Stone, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, Chicago, for illustrated and descriptive matter showing in detail the improvements at the Springs, and setting forth testimonials from prominent people, who have within the past year been restored to health by the use of the waters of the Indiana Mineral Springs. Any officer or agent of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad will take pleasure in advising as to the railroad route and rates, or answering any questions pertaining to this great health resort.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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