

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispel Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts Naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

ITCHING RASH 13 YEARS.

Girl's Rash Spread and Grew Worse Under Specialist's Care—Perfectly Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

"When my daughter was a baby she had a breaking out behind the ears. The doctor said that she would outgrow it, and it did get somewhat better until she was about fifteen years old, and after that she could get nothing that would drive it away. She was always applying something in the way of salves. It troubled her behind the neck, opposite the elbows, back of the neck and ears, under the chin, and then it got on the face. That was about three years ago. She took treatment with a specialist and seemed to get worse all the time. We were then advised to try the Cuticura Remedies, and now I don't see any breaking out. M. Curley, 11-19 Sixteenth St., Bay City, Mich., May 20, 1906."

Illustrious Realized.

"Are you ready, dear?"

"In one minute, darling."

"Matrimony does not dispel our illusions," he muttered as he lit a cigar.

"Before we were married I thought every moment I had to wait for her was an eternity, and so it turned out to be."—Baltimore American.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is sold internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. See the full name of the firm on the wrapper.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His True Friend.

The Great saint lay dead. The newspapers sang with his praises and commended them from mouth to mouth; a gloom hung over the community, and the child, his friend, wept bitterly.

The busy man said, "I saw him on the street not long ago, and he looked ill and down-hearted. I wish I'd stepped over to speak to him, but I was just hurrying for my train. He was a good friend of mine, and I might have cheered him up a bit and told him how we missed him everywhere. It's too bad, too bad!"

The thoughtful man said, "I can never forgive myself. I knew he was sick for a week, but I had this great meeting to arrange for, and it just slipped my mind. He stood by me nobly when I was in trouble years ago. I never can forgive myself."

The child pressed a "stained face" against the window.

"Why did you want so much to take him that frowzy last Sunday?" asked her mother.

"Because I loved him," said the child, simply.

She was watching the wonderful array of flowers which men had sent, as they were carried into the church.

"O Mother, see how beautiful they are! I wish I could go with you to the church; but I suppose I might disturb people by crying. And anyway," she added, "I don't mind so much, you see; for I've given my flower. He had that to enjoy."—Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, fluttering of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling with a tapper's desire for very strong coffee. It was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit me and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"After a few days of boiling coffee no longer tasted so good. I am now happily benefited by Postum. As I continue to use it, I am sure I will begin to think of coffee as a 'fancy' article, but Postum is the 'real' thing. I am glad to see that you are so benefited by Postum."

THE RED TRAIL

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XXVI.

In any revolution, the insurgents have always an immense advantage over the government they are attacking, from the fact that, as they hold together, know their numbers and act in accordance with a long worked out plan, they are not only cognizant of what they want, but also whether they are proceeding. The government, on the other hand, however well informed it may be, and however well on its guard, is obliged to remain for a considerable length of time in an attitude of armed expectation, without knowing whether the danger that menaces it will come, or the strength of the rebellion it will have to combat.

On the other hand, again, as the secret of the discovery of the plot remains with a small band of confidential agents of the authorities, the latter do not reckon on first whom to trust, or whom to reckon on. They suspect everybody, even the very troops defending them, whom they fear to see turning against them at any moment, and especially the Mexicans, who are more especially the case in Mexico and all the old Spanish colonies, where the governmental system is essentially military, and is consequently only based on naturally unintelligent and venal troops who are utterly devoid of patriotic feelings, and whom interest alone, that is to say, pay or promotion, can keep to their duty.

The President of the Republic had been informed of the designs of the general, as far as they were possible; he had known for more than a month that a vast plot was being formed; he even was aware of the probable day fixed for the proclamation, but he did not know a syllable about the plans arranged by Don Sebastian, and he was consequently unable to take any effective measures. The President had filled the capital with troops, and called in those on whose fidelity he thought he could reckon with the greatest certainty.

But his preparations were necessarily restricted to this, and he had been constrained to wait till the revolution commenced.

It burst forth with the suddenness of a peal of thunder at twenty places simultaneously, at about the second hour of the night. The President, who was at once informed, and who had only come to the circus in order not to be invested in the government palace, instantly took the measures he thought most efficacious.

The news, however, rapidly arrived, and became more and more, and the insurrection was assuming frightful proportions. The revolutionists at first tried to install themselves on the Plaza Mayor in order to seize the government palace, but being repulsed with loss, after a very short time they abandoned themselves in Tacuba, Secunda, Montecilla and San Augustin streets, erected barricades and exchanged a sharp fire with the faithful troops.

The cannon roared in the square and the balls made large gaps in the ranks of the insurgents, who replied with yells of rage and increased firing.

Colonel Lupo had taken possession of two city gates, which he burned down, and through which fresh reinforcements reached the insurgents, who now proclaimed themselves masters of one-third of the city. The foreign merchants, established in Mexico, had hoisted their national flags over their houses, in which they remained shut up and suffering great anxiety.

The President was still standing motionless in the center of the circus, frowning at each new message, or angrily striking the pommel of his saddle with his clenched fist. All at once a man glided secretly between his horse's legs and gently touched his boot. The general turned round quickly.

"Ah!" the general exclaimed, on recognizing him. "At last! Well, Curumilla?"

But the Indian, without answering, thrust a folded paper into his hand and disappeared as rapidly as he had come. The general eagerly scanned the letter, which only contained these words, written in French: "All is going on well. Charge vigorously."

The general's face grew brighter, he drew himself up haughtily, and brought in a voice heard by all: "Forward, Mouchos!"

Then, digging his spurs into his horse's sides, he galloped out of the circus, followed by the greater part of the troops, the remainder receiving orders to hold their present position until further warning.

"Now," said the President to the officers who pressed round him, "the game is won; within an hour the insurrection will be conquered."

In fact, matters had greatly altered. This is what had occurred:

Valentine, as we said, had taken a house in Tacuba street, and another in the vicinity of the San Lazaro gate. During the night that preceded the proclamation, 400 regular soldiers, commanded by faithful officers, were introduced into the house in Tacuba street, where they remained so well hidden that no one suspected their presence. A similar number of troops were stowed away in the house at the San Lazaro gate.

Don Martial, at the head of a large body of men, slipped into the small house belonging to the capataz, and being warned by the latter so soon as the general had gone off to attend the review, he passed into his mansion through the masked door we know, and occupied it without striking a blow.

The Tigero straightway set a trap, in which several of the principal chiefs of the insurgents were caught and made prisoners.

These three points occupied, they waited. Colonel Lupo had attacked the San Lazaro gate so vigorously and unexpectedly, that it was impossible to prevent him burning it. A very obstinate fight at once began, and the colonel, after a brave resistance, had been at length compelled to retreat and fall back on the main body of the insurgents, who were masters, or nearly so, of the center of the city.

All at once the terraces in Tacuba street, looking on the Plaza Mayor, were covered with marauders, who began a tremendous fire on the insurgents collected beneath them.

The artillerymen, who had hitherto fired at long range, now brought up their guns almost within pistol shot of the streets, and, in spite of the mastery displayed by the insurgents, bravely posted their batteries and began hurling showers of cannon among the leaders of the rebellion.

Almost simultaneously the troops fired on the government palace, which was in the hands of the rebels. The general, who was at the head of the speaker with such

an expression of implacable hatred that the President could not endure it, and was forced to turn his head away.

"Did this man surrender?" he asked one of his officers.

"No, coward," the general answered, with clenched teeth, "I will not surrender to him."

"Take this man to prison with the others," the President continued, "an example must be made; but take care that they are not insulted by the people."

"Yes," the general muttered, "ever the same system."

"A full and entire pardon," the President continued, "will be granted to the unhappy men who were led astray and have recognized their crime."

"Clemency after the massacre, that is the usual way," the general said again.

The President passed without answering him, and left the courtyard. A few minutes later the prisoners were led away to prison, in spite of the efforts of the exasperated populace to massacre them on the road.

General Don Sebastian Guerrero was one of the first to appear before the tribunal. He disdained any defense. He was condemned to death and his estates confiscated.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE HALO.

Conventional Emblem of Sanctity Really Designed as an Umbrella.

"Few people—few even among artists—have any idea of the humble origin of the halo, that conventional emblem of sanctity in all artistic portrayal," said a well-known painter just returned from a sojourn in Europe. "It is commonly accepted as the badge of holiness on the part of the figure whose head it crowns. The old masters used it generally as the hallmark of a saint regularly canonized as such by the Catholic Church. My attention was first attracted by the fact that the earliest paintings of Giotto did not represent even the members of the Holy Family with the conventional circle of light above the heads of the figures, but instead a flat, opaque disc, somewhat like a mortar-board cap, was limned upon the head of each. This led me into an investigation of the strange head-gear. The result was interesting.

"In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, years rich in the building of churches and cathedrals, there were erected around the outside of the sacred edifices statues of the saints, long rows of them sometimes stretching the length of the buildings and placed for the most part just under the eaves. In time the caretakers of the buildings perceived the droppings of birds and the discoloration from the rains falling from the roofs disfigured the images. Accordingly they placed over the tops of them flat wooden discs of sufficient size to protect the statues, embryo umbrellas, as it were. Giotto began to paint holy pictures when a mere country boy, and his ignorance assumed the protecting disc as an essential part of the saint. Hence his earliest paintings represent each sacred figure topped off with what looks much like the bottom of a barrel. Later he idealized this into a circle, dark at first but growing more luminous with each successive production of his artistic fancy until he developed the circle of light that has come down unchanged through generations of painters as the badge of sanctity. An artist would as soon think of leaving the rays of light from the picture of a setting sun as the halo from the head of a saint."

"But," concluded the man of colors, "that celestial sign emblematic of all that is supernatural, began business merely as an umbrella."

Her Neighbors' Blessings

BY HOPE DARING.

"Why, Edith?"

"What is it?" Mrs. Matthews asked as she rearranged the oatmeal of Maude, the larger one of the twins.

"The day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving. Had you forgotten it?"

Edith Matthews paused before replying to her husband's question. The pause might have been accounted for by the fact that Maude, the other twin, insisted that her oatmeal should likewise be resung.

After attending to this Mrs. Matthews said listlessly, "No, I had not forgotten it. But it doesn't make any difference."

"What, Thanksgiving not make any difference? Why, Edith, what is the matter?" and Hiram Matthews set down his coffee cup and stared at his wife.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Is it the dinner you mean? Well, send up whatever you like. As you are the real spirit of

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY is peculiarly American, peculiarly our own. No other nation on earth has a holiday like it, probably no other nation would have ever conceived such a holiday. It is American all the way through—in spirit, and in the chief item of the bill of fare, to-wit: the noble American turkey.

Thanksgiving day was originally an agricultural festival and its celebration was confined to the particular locality in which it originated. But to-day it is national. Every true American man, woman or child, loves this glad day, in which a people pours out its thanks to the Almighty for the bounteous blessings vouchsafed during the preceding twelve-month.

To-day our thanks are not merely for good crops, but for the peace of our country among the nations of the world, for the prosperity of every line of business and industry, for the freedom from pestilence, and the various and sundry other blessings which a generous Providence has poured upon us.

It is an inspiring thought, that of a great people, with common accord, offering prayers of thanks to the Giver of All Things. It is not a matter of creed, not a matter of faith, but a universal ground upon which all can meet and participate, no matter what the form of worship may be. Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, whatever creed a man holds to, he acknowledges the sovereignty of a Supreme Being, and on this, our Thanksgiving day, he utters his gratitude for all that which the Omnipotent has done for him and his fellows in this great, glorious land of ours.

History records nothing so august among the institutions of men as this festival. It is as though the people, with one impulse, sought communion with the Divine at least once in each year, that the whole nation may "walk with God" and not forget that there is One mightier than President and political parties to whom thanks are due and from whom all things spring.

And, surely, there have been few Thanksgivings days in our history when the universal heart had more to inspire it with gratitude than this one which is upon us. Let us, then, observe the day in its proper spirit and show our appreciation of the infinite good things that the Author of All has permitted us to enjoy. Let us make it, from one end of the country to the other, a real day of thanksgiving.—The Sunny South.

These are just common blessings, though, every one has them and some so many others."

The next day Edith was sitting by the window waiting for her husband's coming. Mrs. Murphy had just gone home, and in the pantry was the turkey all ready for the oven, mince and pumpkin pies, cranberry tarts, and a dainty rose cake.

The table was laid for tea in the dining room. When Hiram came there would be only the oysters to cook. Little Faye was asleep, while Maude and Mabel were

her composure. She noticed Nora's tenderness with the child and also noticed what a wan little face it was that turned away from the milk to watch Maude and Mabel.

The child was dressed in a pink cashmere, trimmed with costly lace. There were a couple of rings on her tiny hand. But Edith turned from these details to study the peculiar look in the dull blue eyes.

"Is she ill?" she asked gently. "Her eyes are so heavy."

"They're always so," Nora answered

THANKSGIVING MORNING AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



—Cincinnati Post.

Thanksgiving, I've nothing to be especially thankful for. Oh, dear! The baby's crying, and leaving her breakfast. Mrs. Matthews hurried away.

"Poor little woman," thought her husband. "She has to work too hard. I wish I could afford to keep a girl for her. But nothing to be thankful for, that doesn't sound like Edith."

When baby Fayo had been hushed to sleep it was time for Hiram to start for the store. He had lifted the twins from their high chairs and untied their bibs. He had also thoughtfully put the coffee pot on the stove and the steak in the oven that Edith might not find her breakfast cold when she had time to finish it.

"Good-by, little wife," he said, drawing her to him. "I'll send up something for Thanksgiving and see Mrs. Murphy about coming to help you to-morrow. Don't do much extra work, for there will be just ourselves. How I wish we could have gone to the old home. Still I feel like giving thanks, Edith, for my home, my babies, and you."

Words like these are usually sweet to a wife. But Edith had been awake the greater part of the night by a tossing baby, so she replied wearily, "Get whatever you like. Perhaps I should feel thankful if we were rich."

"I hope we may be some day," Hiram began, but she interrupted him impatiently.

"Some day! When I am old and gray. It is now I want the things money can buy, luxuries for my babies, leisure for you and me, time to develop my nature. Well, I'll postpone my thanksgiving till I have something to give thanks for."

In spite of her flippancy words, Edith clung for a moment to her husband. His face was grave, but he whispered tenderly, "My darling," and going out attempted to close the door softly behind him.

But the sharp November wind caught it from his hand and it slammed so loudly that Faye started up with a fretful cry. At the same moment Maude managed to upset a glass of water for which she had been reaching and added her cries to Faye's.

"Thankful, indeed," Edith said, as after a few moments of alternate quieting and scolding she succeeded in soothing both children. She sat down at the sitting room window with Faye in her arms and looking at the house across the way.

"The nurse is dressing little Bernice Ashley," she thought. "I can see her. And there is the cook at the door giving Mr. the grocer boy his orders. Mrs. Ashley was at a ball last night. She is sleeping in this morning, undisturbed by work or children. Plenty of money, three servants, the entrance into cultivated society, yes, I'm sure Mrs. Ashley can truly observe Thanksgiving."

"Oh, I fear I'm wicked," she went on as Faye nestled her curly head on her mother's shoulder. "But I'm so tired of being poor. Of course, I appreciate my husband, my babies, and my cozy house,

building an imposing block house on the rug in front of the open fire.

"How happy they are," the young mother thought. "I could have a nurse to care for them and leisure to teach them! As it is I've hardly time to listen to their prayers."

Just then a loud cry reached her. The hall door of the house opposite was dashed open and a woman came flying down the steps shrieking for help. It was Mrs. Ashley, and close behind her came the half-clothed figure of a man. Edith could see his clenched fist uplifted while dreadful oaths reached her ears.

In a moment the scene was one of confusion. The servants rushed out screaming. Edith hurried to the door in time to see a policeman trip up the frantic man and to hear the nurse girl, who had the Ashley child in her arms, say:

"Oh, he'll be all right in the morning. I wish they'd hurry up and get things quiet. This baby is shivering with the cold."

"Will you bring the little girl in by my fire?" Edith asked.

"I'll be glad to, ma'am; for a minute. Was you scared, or did you know?"

"I wish they'd hurry up and get things quiet. This baby is shivering with the cold."

"Land! It was the master, Mr. Ashley," and Nora proceeded to rub little

with a sigh. "I've nursed her since she was born and I love her better than the mother who bore her. But, ma'am, it's easy to see Bernice isn't just right. The doctor says she can't live long. There were two babies before her and they both went sudden like. No constitutions, you see."

An exclamation of horror broke from Mrs. Matthews' lips. "The poor mother! How can she bear it!"

Nora rubbed her shoulders and rose. "I must be going. You've been very kind, ma'am. As to the mistress, she has society and fine clothes. Don't blame her too much. I think that brute killed her woman's soul years ago. We give a big dinner to-morrow night. The mass will be sobered by that time. Giving thanks, you know. Now, Bernice, pet, Nora'll take you home and put you to bed."

Edith accompanied her caller to the door. As she stood watching her cross the street, a brisk step came up the walk.

"I'm late, little wife," and Hiram Matthews stooped for the kiss which he never forgot. "Why, Edith, you are crying."

"Oh, Hiram, I am so glad to-morrow is Thanksgiving, so glad. May the dear Father in Heaven forgive me for my wicked words and thoughts. I've so much to be thankful for. Come in by the fire and I'll tell you all about it."—Womankind.

Thanksgiving Favors.

Boxes in all kinds of shapes appropriate for the day can be found in the shops. Roast turkeys, fruits of all kind, plum puddings, baked beans, pumpkins in every size, and all kinds of vegetables are modeled very naturally in paper-mache, and are to be filled with small candies or salted nuts.

Then, any ingenious woman may plan her own favors and make them herself. Doll heads, as dressed as demon in Puritan mounds or turned into Pilgrim Fathers with peaked hats and stiff collars. Witches, most unapparently associated with Puritan days, can be manufactured; turkey feathers made into Indian head-dresses, and neckties of red and yellow corn—all are suitable.

The hardest task is the hunting up of appropriate quotations. We may look for these among the New England poets and the speeches of American patriots.

One may make funny figures out of vegetables and fruits, transforming an orange into a Jolly Chinese boy, a lemon into a fat boy—or quaint things can be made out of dates and figs.

Old Reliable.

Mrs. Oatlin—How'd them turkeys be raisin' for Thanksgiving' turn out, Si?

Mr. Cornish—Well, the last one we had died in July, but we've got 't her some prime pork sausage.—Puck.

WE GIVE A BIG DINNER TO-MORROW NIGHT.

Bernice's hands in hers. "I don't believe you understand," she went on. "It is possible we have lived so near for three months and you never knew that Mr. Ashley had them times whenever he went on a spree! The mistress was watching for him, too, but he most caught her."

"Oh, how terrible," Edith cried. "He might have killed her."

"He came precious near it when this baby was three months old. He knocked her downstairs. There, there, dear," for little Bernice was crying.

"Let me get her a glass of warm milk," and Edith hurried away.

When she returned she had regained

Encouraging Him.

"Miss Bub-bub-Bright," began Stutterton, "will you lub-lub-lub-me—my-er, that is, I lub-lub-love—"

"Really," interrupted Miss Bright, "you must give me time to consider, Mr. Stutterton. In the meantime perhaps you will be able to say it."—Philadelphia Press.

Quitters.

Citman—Aren't you of you suburbanites preparing to grow anything in your gardens this year?

Subbubs—Well, there's one thing most of us have grown already.

Citman—Indeed? What's that?

Subbubs—Tired.—Philadelphia Press.

The London physician's discovery that scars may be prevented or removed by cutting the skin slantwise instead of vertically is pronounced one of the most important of recent advances in surgery.

Princess of Trinidad.

Those who share the prosperity of that eccentric Englishman known as Baron Hardin-Hickey and likewise as James I. of Trinidad should interest themselves, it is remarked, in the career of his only daughter, Reina Hardin Hickey, who lives in New York.

The girl's name is Reina when her father thought she would succeed him in reigning over the barren rock of Trinidad. She is an attractive young woman with a glorious soprano voice. She was trained in Paris and Italy, and why she has not attained fame and fortune in grand opera is what her friends cannot comprehend. They assert that women with voices of less power and sweetness are singing in the celebrated opera houses. Miss Hardin-Hickey enjoyed a brief popularity in Washington, but she fled from the prominence given to ragtime and other light kinds of melody. She is a disciple of the classic and is absolutely uncompromising in that respect.—Chicago Daily News.

A Difference.

"You seem like a pretty good salesman," said the merchant. "Why don't you come with us?"

"I will," replied the salesman of the rival house, "if you'll give me what I want."

"Oh, I couldn't do that; but I'll give you what you expect."—Philadelphia Press.

Would Profit by It.

Vicar—I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the services on purpose for her.

Mother of Dear Daughter—Thank you, Vicar, I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now!—Punch.

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