The Mississippi Bubble

HOW THE STAR OF GOOD FORTUNE ROSE AND SET AND ROSE AGAIN, BY A WOMAN'S GRACE, FOR ONE JOHN LAW OF LAURISTON

A Novel by EMERSON HOUGH.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Messasebe.

Day after day following this the journey was resumed, and day after day the travelers with eager eyes witnessed a prospect of continual change. The bluffs, bolder and more gigantic, towered more precipitous than the banks of the gentler streams which they had left behind. Forests ranged down to the shores, and wide, green-decked islands crept into view, and little timbered valleys of lesser streams came marching down to the imposing flood of Messaebe. Again the serrated bluffs broke back and showed vast vistas of green savannas, covered with tall, waving grasses, broken by little rolling hills, over which crossed herds of elk, and buffalo, and deer.

"'Tis a land of plenty," said Du Mesne one day, breaking the habitual silence into which the party had fallen. "'Tis a great land, and a mighty. And now, Monsieur, I know why the Indians say 'tis guarded by spirits. Sure, I can myself feel something in the air which makes my shoulder-blades to creep."

"'Tis a mighty land, and full of wonders," assented Law, who, in different fashion, had felt the same mysterious spell of this great stream. For himself, he was neater to reverence than ever yet he had been in all his wild young life.

Now so it happened that at length, after a long though rapid journey down the great river, they came to that stream which they took to be the river of the Illini. This they ascended, and so finally, early in one evening, at the bank of a wide and placid bayou, shaded by willows and birch trees, and by great elms that bore aloft a canopy of clinging vines, they made a landing for the bivouac which was to prove their final tarrying place. The great canot du Nord came to rest at the foot of a timbered hill, back of which stretched high, rolling prairies, dotted with little groves and broken with wide swales and winding sloughs. The leaders of the party, with Tete Gris and Pierre Noir, ascended the bluffs and made brief exploration; not more, as was tacitly understood, with view to choosing the spot for the evening encampment than with the purpose of selecting a permanent stopping place. Du Mesne at length turned to Law with questioning gaze. John Law struck the earth with his heel.

"Here!" said he. "Here, let us stop. 'Tis as well as any place. There are flowers and trees, and meadows and hedges, like to those of England. Here let us stay!"

"Ah, you say well indeed!" cried Du Mesne, "and may fortune send us happy enterprises."

"Bpt then, for the houses," continued Law. "I presume we must keep close to this little stream which flows from the bluff. And yet we must have a place whence we can obtain good view. Then, with stout walls to protect us, we might—but see! What is that beyond? Look! There is, if I mistake not, a house already builded!"

"'Tis true, as I live!" cried Du Mesne, lowering his voice instinctively, as his quick eye caught the spot where Law was pointing. "But, good God! what can it mean?"

They advanced cautiously into the little open space beyond them, a glade but a few hundred yards across and lined by encircling trees. They saw indeed a habitation erected by human hands, apparently not altogether without skill. There were rude walls of logs, reinforced by stakes planted in the ground. From the four corners of the inclosure projected overhanging beams. There was an opening in the inclosure, as they discovered upon closer approach, and entering at this rude door, the party looked about them curiously.

Du Mesne shut his lips tight together. This was no house built by the hands of white men. There were here no quarters, no shops, no chapel with its little bell. Instead, there stood a few dried and twisted poles, and all around lay the litter of an abandoned camp.

"Iroquois, by the living Mother of God!" cried Pierre Noir.

"Look!" cried Tete Gris, calling them again outside the inclosure. He stood kicking in the ashes of what had been a fire-place. He disclosed, half buried in the charred embers, an iron kettle into which he gazed curiously. He turned away as John Law stepped up beside him.

"There must have been game here in plenty," said Law. "There are bones scattered all about."

De Mesne and Tete Gris looked at each other in silence, and the former at length replied:

"This is an Iroquois war house, Monsieur L'as," said he. "They lived here for more than a month, and, as you say, they fed well. But these bones you see are not the bones of elk or deer. They are the bones of men, women and children."

Law stood taking in each detail of the scene about him.

"Now you have seen what is before us," resumed Du Mesne. "The Iroquois have gone, 'tis true. They have wiped out the villages which were here. There are the little cornfields, but I warrant you they have not seen a tomahawk hoe for a month or more. The Iroquois have gone, yet the fact that they have been here proves they may come again. What say you, Tete Gris; and what is your belief, Pierre?"

Tete Gris remained silent for some moments. "'Tis as monsieur says," replied he at length. "'Tis all one to me. I go or stay, as it shall please the others. There is always one trail over which one does not return."

"And you, Pierre?"

"I stay by my friends,' replied Pierre Noir, briefly.

"And you, Monsieur L'as?" asked Du Mesne.

Law raised his head with the old-time determination. "My friends," said he, "we have elected to come into this country and take its conditions as we find them. If we falter, we lose; of that we may rest assured. Let us not turn back because a few savages have been here and have slaughtered a few other savages. The lightning has struck, yet it may not strike again at the same tree. The Iroquois have been here, but they departed, and they have left nothing to invite their return. Now, it is necessary that we make a pause and build some place for our abode. Here is a post already half builded of our hands."

"But if the savages return?" said Du Mesne.

"Then we will fight," said John Law.

"And right you are," replied Du Mesne. "Your reasoning is correct. I vote that we build here our station."

"Myself also," said Tete Gris. And Pierre Noir nodded his assent in silence.

CHAPTER VI.

Maize.

"Ola! Jean Breboeuf," called out Du Mesne to that worthy, who presently appeared, breathing hard from his climb up the river bluff. "Know you what has been concluded?"

"No; how should I guess?" replied Jean Breboeuf. "Or, at least, if I should guess, what else should I guess save that we are to take boat at once and set back to Montreal as fast as we may? But that—what is this? Whose house is that yonder?"

"'Tis our own, mon enfant," replied Du Mesne, dryly. "'Twas perhaps the property of the Iroquois a moon ago. A moon before that time the soil it stands on belonged to the Illini. To-day both house and soil belong to us. See; here stood the village. There are the cornfields, cut and trampled by the Iroquois. Here are the kettles of the natives—"

"But, but—why—what is all this? Why do we not hasten away?" broke in Jean Breboeuf.

"Pish! We do not go away. We remain where we are."

"Remain? Stay here, and be eaten by the Iroquois? Nay! not Jean Breboeuf."

Du Mesne smiled broadly at his terrors, and a dry grin even broke over the features of the impassive old trapper, Tete Gris.

"Not so fast with your going away, Jean, my brother," said Du Mesne. "Thou'rt ever hinting of corn and the bean; now see what can be done in this garden-place of the Iroquois and the Illini. You are appointed head gardener for the post!"

"Messieurs, me voila," said Jean Breboeuf, dropping his hands in despair. "Were I not the bravest man in all New France I should leave you at this moment. It is mad, quite mad you are, every one of you! I, Jean Breboeuf, will remain, and, if necessary, will protect. Corn, and perhaps the bean, ye shall have; perhaps even some of those little roots that the savages dig and eat; but, look you, this is but because you are with one who is brave. Enfin, I go. I bend me to the hoe, here in this place, like any peasant."

"An excellent hoe can be made from the blade bone of an elk, as the woman Wabana will perhaps show you if you like," said Pierre Noir, derisively, to his comrade of the paddle.

"Even so," said Jean Brebeouf. "I make me the hoe. Could I have but thee, old Pierre, to sit on a stump and fright the crows away, I make no doubt that all would go well with our husbandry. I had as lief go censitaire for Monsieur L'as as for any seignieur on the Richelieu; of that be sure, old Pierre."

"Faith," replied the latter, "when it comes to frightening crows, I'll even agree to sit on a stump with my musket across my knees and watch you work. 'Tis a good place for a sentinel—to keep the crows from picking yet more bones than these which will embarrass you in the hoeing, Jean Breboeuf."

"He says the Richelieu, Du Mesne," broke in John Law, musically. "Very far away it sounds. I wonder if we shall ever see it again, with its little narrow farms. But here we have our own trails and our own lands, and let us hope that Monsieur Jean shall prosper in his belated farming. And now, for the rest of us, we must look presently to the building of our houses."

Thus began, slowly and in primitive fashoin, the building of one of the first cities of the vast valley of the Messasebe; the seeds of civilization taking hold upon the ground of barbarism, the one supplanting the other, yet availing itself of that other. As the white men took over the crude fields of the departed savages, so also they appropriated the imperfect edifice which the conquerors of those savages had left for them. It was in little the story of old England herself, builded upon the races and the ruins of Briton, and Roman, and Saxon, of Dane and Norman.

Under the direction of Law, the walls of the old war house were strengthened with an inner row of palisades, supporting an embankment of earth and stone. The overlap of the gate was extended into a re-entrant angle, and rude battlements were erected at the four corners of the inclosure. The little stream of unfailing water was led through a corner of the fortress. In the center of the inclosure they built the houses; a cabin for Law, one for the men, and a larger one to serve as storeroom and as trading place, should there be opportunity for trade.

It was in these rude quarters that Law and his companion established that which was the nearest approach to a home that either for the time might claim; and it was thus that both undertook once more that old and bootless human experiment of seeking to escape from one's own self. Silent now, and dutifully obedient enough was this erstwhile English beauty, Mary Connynge; yet often and often oiLaw caught the question of her gaze. And often enough, too, he found his own questioning running back up the water trails, and down the lakes and across the wide ocean, in a demand which, fiercer and fiercer as it grew, he yet remained too bitter and too proud to put to the proof by any means now within his power. Strange enough, savage enough, hopeless enough, was this wild home of his in the wilderness of the Messasebe.

The smoke of the new settlement rose steadily day by day, but it gave signal for no watching enemy. All about stretched the pale green ocean of the grasses, dotted by many wild flowers, nodding and bowing like bits of fragile flotsam on the surface of a continually rolling sea. The little groves of timber, scattered here and there, sheltered from the summer sun the wild cattle of the plains. The shorter grasses hid the coveys of the prairie hens, and on the marsh-grown bayou banks the wild duck led her brood. A great land, a rich, a fruitful one, was this that lay about these adventurers.

A soberness had come over the habit of the master mind of this colony. His hand took up the ax, and forgot the sword and gun. Day after day he stood looking about him, examining and studying in little all the strange things which he saw seeking to learn as much as might be of the timorous savages, who in time began to straggle back to their ruined villages; talking, as best he might, through such interpreting as was possible, with savages who came from the west of the Messasebe, and from the south and from the far southwest; hearing, and learning and wondering of a land which seemed as large as all the earth, and various as all the lands that lay beneath the sun—that west, so glorious, so new, so boundless, which was yet to be the home of countless hearth fires and the sites of myriad fields of corn. Let others hunt, and fish, and rob the Indians of their furs, after the accepted fashion of the time; as for John Law, he must look about him, and think, and watch this growing of the corn.

He saw it fairly from its beginning, this growth of the maize, this plant which never yet had grown on Scotch or English soil; this tall, beautiful, broad-bladed tender tree, the very emblem of all fruitfulness. He saw here and there, dropped by the careless hand of some departed Indian woman, the little germinating seeds, just thrusting their pale-green heads up through the soil, half broken by the tomahawk. He saw the clustering green shoots—numerous, in the sign of lenty—all crowding together and clamoring for light, and life, and air, and room. He saw the prevailing of the tall and strong upthrusting stalks, after the way of life; saw the other dwarf and whiten, and yet cling on at the base of the bolder stem, parasites, worthless, yet existing, after the way of life.

He saw the great central stalks spring boldly up, so swiftly that it almost seemed possible to count the successive leaps of progress. He saw the strong-ribbed leaves thrown out, waving a thousand hands of cheerful welcome and assurance—these blades of the corn, so much mightier than any blades of steel. He saw the broad beckoning banners of the pale tassels bursting out atop of the stalk, token of fecundity and of the future. He caught the wide-driven pollen as it whitened upon the earth, borne by the parent west wind, mother of increase. He saw the thickening of the green leaf at the base, its swelling, its growth and expansion, till the indefinite enlargement showed at length the incipient ear.

He noted the faint brown of the ends of the sweetly-enveloping silk of the ear, pale-green and soft underneath the sheltering and protecting husk. He found the sweet and milk-white tender kernels, row upon row, forming rapidly beneath the husk, and saw at length the hardening and darkening of the husk at its free end, which told that man might pluck and eat.

And then he saw the fading of the tassels, the darkening of the silk and the crinkling of the blades; and there, borne on the strong parent stem, he noted now the many full-rowed ears, protected by their husks and heralded by the tassels and blades. "Come, come ye, all ye people! Enter in, for I will feed ye all!" This was the song of the maize, its invitation, its counsel, its promise.

Under the warped lodge frames which the fires of the Iroquois had spared, there were yet visible clusters of the ears of last year's corn. Here, under his own eye, were growing yet other ears, ripe for the harvesting and ripe for the coming growth. A strange spell fell upon the soul of Law. Visions crossed his mind, born in the soft warm air of these fecundating winds, of this strange yet peaceful scene.

At times he stood and looked out from the door of the palisade, when the prairie mists were rising in the morning at the mandate of the sun, and to his eyes these waving seas of grasses all seemed beckoning fields of corn. These smokes, coming from the broken tepees of the timid tribesmen, surely they arose from the roofs of happy and contented homes! These wreaths and wraiths of the twisting and wide-stalking mists, surely these were the captains of a general husbandry! Ah, John Law, John Law! Had God given thee the right feeling and contented heart, happy indeed had been these days in this new land of thine own, far from ignoble strivings and from fevered dreams, far from aimless struggles and unregulated avarice, far from oppression and from misery, far from bickerings, heart-burnings and envyings! Ah! John Law! Had God given thee the pure and well-contented heart! For here in the Messasebe, that Mind which made the universe and set man to be one of its little inhabitants—surely that Mind had planned that man should come and grow in this place, tall and strong, and fruitful, useful to all the world, even as this swift, strong growing of the maize.

CHAPTER VII.

The Brink of Change

The breath of autumn came into the air. The little flowers which had dotted the grassy robe of the rolling hills had long since faded away under the ardent sun, and now there appeared only the denuded stalks of the mulleins and the flaunting banners of the goldenrod. The wild grouse shrank from the edges of the little fields and joined their numbers into general bands, which night and morn crossed the country on sustained and strong-winged flight. The plumage of the young wild turkeys, stalking in droves among the open groves, began to emulate the iridescent splendors of their elders. The marshes above the village became the home of yet more numerous thousands of clamoring wild fowl, and high up against the blue there passed, on the southbound journey, the harrow of the wild geese, wending their way from north to south across an unknown empire.

A chill came into the waters of the river, so that the bass and pike sought out the deeper pools. The squirrels busily hoarded up supplies of the nuts now ripening. The antlers of the deer and the elk which emerged from the concealing thickets now showed no longer ragged strips of velvet, and their tips were polished in the preliminary fitting for the fall season of love and combat. There came nights when the white frost hung heavy upon all the bending grasses and the broad-leafed plants, a frost which seared the maize leaves and set aflame the foliage of the maples all along the streams, and decked in a hundred flamboyant tones the leaves of the sumach and all the climbing vines.

As all things now presaged the coming winter, so there approached also the time when the little party, so long companions upon the western trails, must for the first time know division. Du Mesne, making ready for the return trip over the unknown waterways back to the lakes, as had been determined to be necessary, spoke as though the journey were but an affair of every day.

"Make no doubt, Monsieur L'as," said he, "that I shall ascend this river of the Illini and reach Michiganon well before the snows. Once at the mission of the Miamis, or the village at the river Chicaqua, I shall be quite safe for the winter, if I decide not to go farther on. Then in the spring, I make no doubt, I shall be able to trade our furs at the Straits, if I like not the long run down to the Mountain. Thus, you see, I may be with you again sometime within the following spring."

"I hope it may be so, my friend," replied Law, "for I shall miss you sadly enough."

"'Tis nothing, Monsieur; you will be well occupied. Suppose I take with me Katalkini and Kabayan, perhaps also Tete Gris. That will give us four paddlers for the big canoe, and you will still have left Pierre Noir and Jean, to say nothing of our friends the Illini hereabout, who will be glad enough to make cause with you in case of need. I will leave Wabana for madame, and trust she may prove of service. See to it, pray you, that she observes the offices of the church; for methinks, unless watched, Wabana is disposed to become careless and un-Christianized."

"This I will look to," said Law, smiling.

"Then all is well," resumed Du Mesne, "and my absence will be but a little thing, as we measure it on the trails. You may find a winter alone in the wilderness a bit dull for you, mayhap duller than were it in London, or even in Quebec. Yet 'twill pass, and in time we shall meet again. Perhaps some good father will be wishing to come back with me to set up a mission among the Ilini. These good fathers, they so delight in losing fingers, and ears, and noses for the good of the church—though where the church be glorified therein I sometimes can not say. Perhaps some leech—mayhap some artisan—"

"Nay, 'tis too far a spot, Du Mesne, to tempt others than ourselves."

"Upon the contrary, rather, Monsieur L'as. It is matter for laughther to see the efforts of Louis and his ministers to keep the New France chained to the St. Lawrence! Yet my good lord governor might as well pull out his checks against the north wind as to try to keep New France from pouring west into the Messasebe; and as much might be said for those good rulers of the English colonies, who are seeking ever to keep their people east of the Alleghenies."

"'Tis the Old World over again, there in the St. Lawrence," said Law.

"Right you are, Monsieur L'as," exclaimed Du Mesne. "New France is but an extension of the family of Louis. The intendant reports everything to the king. Monsieur So-and-so is married. Very well, the king must know it! Monsieur's eldest daughter is making sheep's eyes at such and such a soldier of the regiment of the king. Very well, this is weighty matter, of which the king must be advised! Monsieur's wife becomes expectant of a son and heir. 'Tis meet that Louis the Great should be advised of this! Mother of God! 'Tis a pretty mess enough back there on the St. Lawrence, where not a hen may cackle over its new-laid egg but the king must know it, and where not a family has meat enough for its children to eat nor clothes enough to cover them. My faith, in that poor medley of little lords and lazy vassels, how can you wonde rthan the best of us have risen and taken to the woods! Yet 'tis we who catch their beaver for them; and if God and the king be willing, sometime we shall get a certain price for our beaver—provided God and the king furnish currency to pay us; and that the governor, the priest and the intendant ratify the acts of God and the king!"

Law smiled at the sturdy vehemence of the other's speech, yet there was something of soberness in his own reply.

"Sir," said he, "you see here my little crooked rows of maize. Look you, the beaver will pass away, but the roots of the corn will never be torn out. Here is your wealth, Du Mesne."

The sturdy captain scratched his head. "I only know, for my part," said he "that I do not care for the settlements. Not that I would not be glad to see the king extend his arm farther to the west, for these sullen English are crowding us more and more along our borders. Surely the land belongs to him who finds it."

"Perhaps better to him who can both find and hold it. But this soil will one day raise up a people of its own."

"Yet as to that," rejoined Du Mesne, as the two turned and walked back to the stockade, "we are not here to handle the affairs of either Louis or William. Let us e'en leave that to monsieur the intendant, and monsieur the governor, and our friends, the gray owls and the black crows, the Recollets and the Jesuits. I mind to call this spot home with you, if you like. I shall be back as soon as may be with the things we need, and we shall plant here no starving colony, but one good enough for the home of any man. Monsieur, I wish you very well, and I may congratulate you on your daughter. A heartier infant never was born anywhere on the water trail between the Mountain and the Messasebe. What name have you chosen for the young lady, Monsieur?"

"I have decided," said John Law, "to call her Catharine."

(To be continued Monday.)

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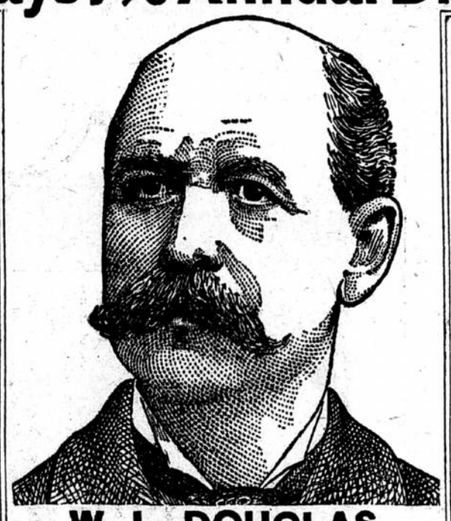

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Facts About the W. L. Douglas Shoe Business.

To those familiar with the shoe or leather trade it is well known that I have been one of the largest, as well as most successful, manufacturers and retailers of men's Goodyear Welt (hand-sewed process) shoes in the world.

The W. L. Douglas Shoe business is established on an entirely different plan from that of any other shoe concern.

The W. L. Douglas product is marketed in an original way. The method by which the goods are sold has made a place for the Douglas shoe in all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

The business has been steadily advertised for nearly twenty years, until now W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all stations of life than any other make.

The steady call upon the dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes insures a large and increasing business. The 64 retail stores in 45 American cities, owned and operated by me, take a portion of the factory's product. This is all spot cash business. I also sell to the retail shoe dealers throughout the country, having usually but one agent in a town.

Thus, in selling the product of the factory through my own retail stores, as well as to retail shoe dealers in towns and cities where I have no store, I keep the factory constantly employed, turning out 7,800 pairs of shoes per day. There has been no change in the selling price or terms in eighteen years, the dealer always making the same profit, thereby buying with confidence. Short credits prevent the dealer from getting overstocked.

My object in disposing of a half-interest in the business is primarily that it be perpetuated and extended. The name, W. L. Douglas, which is accepted everywhere as a standard of merit, has been applied principally to men's Goodyear Welt (hand sewed process) shoes. It can as well be applied to all kinds and prices of men's, women's and children's shoes.

The business has always been immensely profitable. Were my only aim to accumulate money, this stock would not be offered for sale.

There has not been a year in the past twelve when the business has not earned in actual cash much more than an amount necessary to pay 7% annual dividend on one million dollars, and the past four years the business has more than doubled and is still growing.

I began the business in Brockton in a small way 26 years ago, and from time to time have increased it, until at present a business amounting to $5,500,000 annually is transacted.

As an evidence of the prosperity of the business, the fact is cited that from 727,824 pairs of shoes sold in the year ending July 1, 1898, the business has steadily increased to 1,788,000 pairs for the year ending July 1, 1902, or more than a million pair increase.

W L Douglas

Facts About the W. L. Douglas Shoe Business.

An addition to the factory is now being built, which will increase the output from 7800 pairs to 10,000 pairs daily, and increase the volume of business to $7,000,000 for the year 1906.

The manufacturing plant is right up to date, equipped with every modern device. About one-half of the present factory has been built and equipped with machinery the past four years. A new power plant, sufficiently large to meet all demands that may be made upon it for several years, was installed two years ago. The manufacturing plant, machinery, and all the 64 retail stores throughout the country are free from incumbrance of any sort, and the company has sufficient cash on hand to conduct a business of $7,000,000 annually without borrowing money.

Practically all the stock of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. is owned by me. I am the president of the corporation. The business has always paid a good profit, and is now paying better than ever.

I believe that the best way to perpetuate the business is to let the people own it and control it. I have, therefore, capitalized the business for two million dollars, one million dollars of which is preferred stock and one million dollars common stock.

The preferred stock, which is offered to the public at par, is non-cumulative and preferred both as to dividends and assets. Every dollar's worth of stock offered the public in this successful business has more than a dollar's worth of actual, tangible assets behind it.

Dividends will be declared semi-annually, payable on January 1 and July 1, and will be payable in funds current in New York or Boston.

There is nothing whatever of a speculative nature about the purchase of this stock. It is an old established business, manufacturing a staple article of merchandise. The business has been continuously successful for more than a quarter of a century, and is more prosperous to-day than at any period of its history. I retain a half interest in the business. My interest in the business is represented by the common stock, and I cannot receive one cent of dividend on my stock until the full 7% dividend has been paid on all the preferred stock.

The Douglas business is not subject to fierce competition or affected by panics, therefore this is a better investment than any other industrial stock.

This is the best opportunity ever offered for the permanent investment of large or small sums of money. The principal is secure, and the 7% annual dividend certain. I have never known of anything better.

To my friends and patrons of many years I unhesitatingly recommend the purchase of this stock as a safe, sound, conservative investment.

W L Douglas

If you wish to invest in the best shoe business in the world, which is permanent, and receive 7 per cent on your money, you can purchase one share or more in this great business. Send money by cashier's check, certified check, express or post office money order, made payable to W. L. Douglas. Certificate of stock will be sent you by return mail. Checks for dividends will be mailed you Jan. 1 and July 1. Address,

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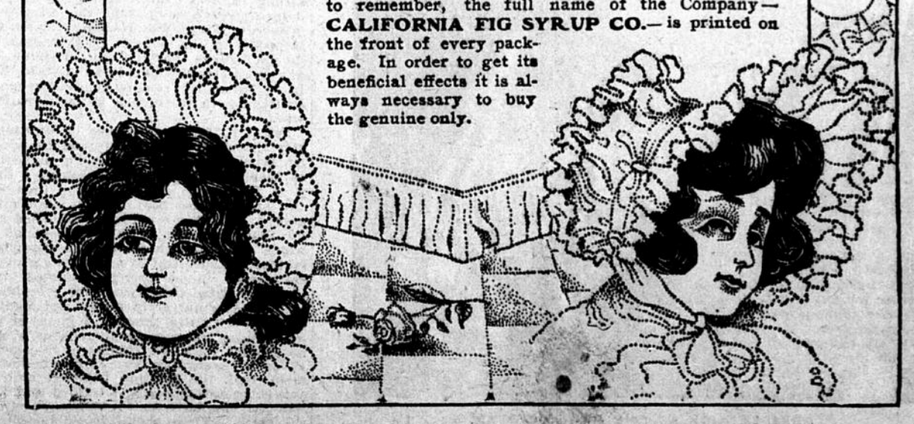
THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.