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Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called *Sarsatabs*.

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Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature



Warranted

Captured Her Interest. "She is very cold and formal, but I got her interest." "How?" "By asking her how she ever happened to marry her dub of a husband."—Exchange.

Heathen Nations Invent Nothing. Bishop Thoburn, who has been a missionary in India for fifty years, and knows India better than any other living American, says: "If you visit the patent office at Washington, you will see six hundred improvements on the plow. India has not invented one improvement on the toothpick in two thousand years. The nations without God have no inventive faculty. They are almost universally the savage, unenlightened nations of the earth."

Shocking. Miss D., a teacher of unquestioned propriety in all its branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the suitors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing room. "Yes," exclaimed the old lady; "but if you think these are pretty, you ought to go upstairs and look in the bath-tubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"

HADN'T SEEN IT SINCE.



She—You ought to see that man in evening clothes. He—'d like to; he borrowed my dress suit three months ago.

HEART RIGHT.

When He Quit Coffee. Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble.

The reason is obvious. This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes: "I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings. I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum I began its use. The change in my condition was remarkable. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the Life Insurance Co. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WILL LEAD ARMY TO GAIN VOTE

Capt. Paiva Couceiro, Last of King Manuel's Officers to Sheathe His Sword, Now Draws it for a Free Ballot to Show Whether the People Want a Republic or a Monarchy.

TUY, Spain.—The chief of the Portuguese Royalists, who are at present arranging in the little town on the Spanish frontier to invade the territory of the republic, is Senor Captain Henrique de Paiva Couceiro, now living at Orense, about six hours' journey by railway from the frontier. As his attempt succeeds, he will at once attain very great prominence, and as in any case he seems bound to make his mark on current Portuguese history, a description of him at the present moment cannot be out of place.

Clear Headed, Resourceful. He is about 35 years of age, but looks younger. His mother was English, he speaks English like an Englishman, and the cold determination with which he is planning the overthrow of the republic betrays the methodical Briton rather than the volatile Lusitanian. He is clear-headed, resourceful, gifted with excellent judgment; above all he has great military talent and enjoys an extraordinary popularity among the Royalist and Conservative elements in his native land.

His campaigns in Africa were conducted with great brilliancy and skill, and even if they were waged against negroes we must remember that even negroes have, from time to time, given great trouble to English, French and German troops. During this African warfare Paiva Couceiro also displayed extraordinary personal bravery. This quality will stand him in good stead during his coming invasion of Portugal with a handful of men. During the October revolution Couceiro was the one man on the Royalist side who fought well, and he would easily have crushed the revolution had it not been for the cowardice or treachery of his superiors and of the prime minister.

When the revolution broke out, Couceiro was captain in command of a battery of artillery at Quezuz on the outskirts of the capital. When he heard the first shots he went to the general staff for instructions but found that institution in a state of panic and confusion. The local general of division was sick and had left everything to subordinates. The incompetence of war, a man of singular incompetence, revealed at the critical moment a depth of ignorance of which even his worst enemies had never suspected him.

Demanded Order to Fight. Paiva Couceiro, irritated at this spectacle, asked for permission to bring his troops into action. But he could not get an answer. The indecision and confusion was too great. Nobody knew what to do. Precious hours were lost in futile discussions and the drawing up of fantastic plans. Meanwhile, the great bulk of the forces which would have died to a man for the monarchy were immobilized and useless.

Paiva Couceiro at length quitted the general staff in great anger and, taking a carriage drove to Queluz at full speed. Before he reached the battery his resolution was already taken. If the monarchy must fall it were better that it should fall in the blood of its faithful soldiers than that it should go down without a blow being struck in its defense. Like "Bonny Dundee" he declared that "e'er the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke." In other words he ordered out his battery and tried to persuade his fellow officers in command of other detachments to accompany him. There other officers were as loyal as himself but, in the absence of orders from the general staff, they felt obliged to decline the invitation. Paiva Couceiro went without them. He forced his way on to the heights commanding the city, drove before him various bodies of republicans who attempted to bar the way, joined forces with a loyal infantry regiment which had still kept the king's flag flying, and finally took up a position on the heights occupied by the penitentiary, that is, in a situation commanding the whole revolutionary force.

Here then began between the two redoubtable a formidable artillery duel which was the most terrible incident of the revolution and which lasted more than half an hour. Had it continued a few moments longer the revolution would have failed. As a matter of fact, all the officers of the regular army who had joined the insurgents fled, leaving only Machado Santos, a non-commissioned marine officer, in command of a disorganized mass of men wildly searching for somebody to surrender to. This is not exaggerated, though it may seem to be so. Innumerable accounts of the revolution have since been published by republicans, and

CHIEF OF PORTUGUESE REBEL FORCES



they all admit that at this period all was regarded by the insurgents as lost beyond redemption. The fugitive rebel officers did not stop their motor cars till they had reached Spain, and nothing surprised them more than when they were told next day that the republicans had succeeded.

Mysterious Order Obeyed. But at this critical moment two officers rode up to the chief of the royalist battery and commanded him in the name of the general staff to retire. How such an order came to be given is one of the many mysteries of this extraordinary day. But Paiva Couceiro could not disobey it, and he fell back. His retreat, effected slowly and in perfect order, was watched in perfect silence by the shattered revolutionists in the rotunda. These gentlemen could hardly believe their eyes. They must have felt like Cromwell when he saw the Scotch troops desert their impregnable positions at Dunbar.

His retreat was followed by great confusion in the royalist infantry regiment which supported him. That confusion was increased by hand grenades thrown among those faithful troops by the Carbonarios. On returning to Queluz Couceiro sent his now useless battery into the barracks and hastened to Cintra in order to see the king. He had a strong personal affection for the young monarch, and he intended to lay his sword at Dom Manuel's feet, begging him at the same time to place himself at the head of the troops which still remained faithful, to decide on a strenuous resistance, to concentrate a force which would be sufficient to smother the revolutionary movement.

In Cintra Couceiro was told that the king had gone to Mafra. At Mafra he was told that Dom Manuel had left for Ericeira. The brave captain galloped desperately to the latter place. On reaching it his first question was "Onde esta o Rei?" ("Where is the king?") By way of answer some fishermen pointed out to sea where a ship was disappearing on the azure horizon. "The king," they said, "has gone."

For the first time that day the brave captain lost his temper and gave vent to his angry disappointment in one memorable and violent word, not out of place in the mouth of a seasoned soldier, but too strong for reproduction in these columns. Paiva Couceiro then returned to his house, discarded his official uniform for civil attire and sent his resignation to the minister of war. It was a courageous act, for he has no private means and has been living on his pay. It also meant apparently an end to his rapid rise in the only career for which he cared. But this act of self-sacrifice and of moral dignity has given Couceiro more prestige than his victories in Mozambique and his successful governorship of Angola.

Refuses Promotion. The republicans knew his value, so that they not only refused to accept his resignation, but immediately published a decree promoting him to the artillery general staff. He was the only royalist whom the victorious republicans thus honored, but he persisted in his refusal to serve the new regime. Private friends brought the greatest possible pressure to bear on him, and evidently he could by a word have procured his advancement to places of great importance and of large emoluments. That he resisted these almost irresistible appeals to his vanity, his ambition and his natural longing for an assured and highly remunerative position shows him to be a more than ordinary man. But he could not, by accepting office under the republic, condone the disgraceful murder of officers by privates which had certainly stained the victory of the revolutionists. He could not excuse the

way in which the common soldier had been corrupted by secret society men. **Goes to Teaching.** At first he taught English in a private school at Lisbon while still allowing his name to appear on the army lists. After some months' observation of political development in Lisbon he became convinced that the country was drifting toward a precipice, that the insubordination in the army and in all departments of state would quickly lead to chaos, from which Portugal would only emerge without any of her overseas possessions, from which she might never emerge as an independent nation. He therefore proposed to the government that it should resign in favor of another provisional government of imperial character, but military in its nature. This second government was to take a national plebiscite as to the form of regime which the country wanted. Whatever the result of that referendum might be, Couceiro promised to approve of it, and to serve the government which the people chose.

That Couceiro should have seriously presented such a proposition to President Braga shows how lofty and at the same time naive was his character. The provisional government refused of course to abdicate, whereupon Couceiro declared that henceforth he would devote his life to ejecting that government by force, that he would go abroad and spend all his time plotting the overthrow of President Braga, Afonso Costa & Co. He would, however, remain in Lisbon 24 hours so as to give the republicans an opportunity to arrest him.

Beginning of the Revolt. This time limit passed without the government making any move, whereupon Couceiro went to Vigo and set on foot the great royalist plot which threatens at present the existence of the new regime. This step caused an immense sensation in Portugal and through the republic proposes to regard the captain's preparations with indifference, it has shown its intense fear of him by bringing pressure on the Spanish authorities to move him from place to place, and by protesting continually and loudly through its representatives in Madrid at the captain's presence near the frontier. In consequence of this Captain Couceiro has been moved from at least two places, Vigo and Santiago.

In moving him the Spanish authorities act with great ceremony and sympathy so that Couceiro's wanderings resemble the progress of an exiled monarch rather than the fittings of a conspirator moved on by the police. Santiago de Compostela was the last place from which Couceiro was dislodged. The Portuguese authorities had considered it too near the frontier. But the Spanish government has now allowed the captain to establish his headquarters at Orense, which is situated on the Minho only 40 miles from Portugal (Santiago is nearly 120), and it will probably be somewhere between Orense and Tuy that the frontier river will be eventually crossed.

Paiva de Couceiro has issued two or three proclamations which have been distributed everywhere throughout Portugal. In these he points out that he does not care whether Portugal is a republic or a monarchy. He wants it to let him know which form of government it wishes. At the present moment it is unable to make its wishes known, all anti-republican newspapers and organizations having been suppressed and all conservative propaganda having been prevented the election. Most of Couceiro's supporters are, however, Manuelists.

In another proclamation Couceiro makes the very singular statement that Spain is anxious to intervene in Portugal and that Germany is strongly encouraging her to do so in the hope that some of the Portuguese colonies may fall to the Fatherland.

Jimmie's Misfortune

"Come here a minute, Jimmie," said that little boy's father when dinner was over and Jimmie had said something about going over to Charlie Spink's to do his arithmetic. "I've got something here which came in the mail this afternoon and I think it will interest you. I want to show it to you anyway."

Jimmie looked on suspiciously while his father took a packet of letters out of his pocket and began to thumb them over. "I don't suppose you have any idea what it is?" his father suggested, looking at him narrowly. "No, sir," said Jimmie, in a sulky tone which indicated that he knew very well what it was.

"Well, it's a letter," said his father, selecting the missive from the bundle. "It's a letter from your dear teacher. We have had quite a correspondence of late—at least she has. If I sent your teacher as many letters as I received from her I'm really afraid that your mother would begin to get nervous."

Jimmie's mother frowned and shook her head vigorously over her embroidery in disapproval of this frivolous attitude. Jimmie's father, properly rebuked, returned to the business in hand.

"What's the matter between you and your teacher?" demanded Jimmie's father, turning a stern look upon his son. "She doesn't like me," Jimmie muttered.

"So I gather from this letter," said his father. "No one reading it would have any suspicion that your teacher wanted to adopt you, for instance. But I'm trying to find out what's at the bottom of her dislike for a quiet, clean, obedient, truthful little boy whom everybody likes. What do you think it can be, Jimmie?"

"Aw, she says I pegged chalk across the room at Hib Marsh and I did not!" said Jimmie, resentfully. "An' she said if I didn't own up before school was out she'd send me to the office an' have me suspended."

"Oh, that was it?" said his father. "I find something here in the letter about that chalk business. Well, what did happen, Jimmie. Come on, now. There was something about a piece of chalk, you know."

Jimmie looked across at his mother, but her unrelenting face was intent upon her embroidery. His father was eying him searchingly and tapping the table impatiently with the letter.

"Well, I just had a little teeny piece of chalk on a rubber band," related Jimmie, "an' I was just fittin' it in, an' the rubber band slipped. I don't know if it hit Hib Marsh or not."

"I see," said his father. "Of course you didn't think it would slip when you drew it back and let it go, did you? And what was this about some little girl's hair braid getting into your inkwell?" he went on, referring again to the letter. "That seems to have annoyed your dear teacher a good deal."

"I forgot to cover my inkwell," explained Jimmie, "and her braid must have slipped in. She sits in front of me and she's a regular old squarer."

"I don't like to hear you talk that way about one of your little schoolmates," said Jimmie's father, "especially about a girl. It's too bad that when all these little accidents happen your teacher should get an idea that you're somewhat to blame. I see she says here in the letter: 'James is usually the ringleader in all defiance of discipline and in the use of noise making devices. Unless there is an immediate improvement I shall have to take drastic action.' Do you know what that means, Jimmie?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmie, "looking up in unconcealed alarm. 'Well, it might mean a whole lot of things,' said his father, 'and after your very lucid explanation of your teacher's prejudice against you I suppose I ought to make it clear what she means. If they catch a spy during war time and shoot him at sunrise, that might well be called drastic action.'

Jimmie blinked rapidly, but ventured no comment. "If a man comes out into his backyard and finds a dog killing his chickens," continued his father, "and hits that dog over the head with a club, that would be drastic action. And if I had to take a certain little boy I know down to the basement and give him a good thrashing, that would be drastic action. I'll take it, too, if I get another one of these letters. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmie. Then he slid out of the room and hurried over to Charlie Spink's house. When he was gone his mother looked up from her embroidery with a sigh. "You might as well have saved your breath," she said. "I don't believe Jimmie was impressed at all by what you said."

Practical Example. "What's the difference between the phrases 'how much' and 'how many'?" said the young man who is learning English. "The difference is very important," replied the teacher. "Suppose you are buying fruit. It is quite proper to say 'how much are your berries?' but entirely improper to say 'how many?'"

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PUTTING IT RATHER NEATLY

Piece of Humor That Lifted Diffident Professor to the Highest Summer of Joy.

It is told that after Professor Ayton had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of Christopher North, he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncommonly diffident, he said to her: "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I will wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library. "Papa's answer is pinned to the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson, as she re-entered the room.

Turning around, the delighted sutor read these words:

"With the author's compliments."—Success.

Thackeray's Kindness of Heart. Thackeray was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points. But even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly misknown.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchur*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Some Aviation Records. Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the first crowned head who has made an aeroplane flight. The aviator who took him up is the first man who ever of Prussia is the first professional aviator of royal rank. Mr. Roosevelt is the first prominent statesman to have made an ascension in an aeroplane. Arthur J. Balfour is the second.

SPORN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to Mrs. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Sporn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

One Necessary Thing. Kate—Maud is married and she doesn't know the first thing about housekeeping. Alice—Yes, she does; the first thing is to get a husband to keep house for.

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolicaine is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Chalk River Falls, Wis.

Bribery. Mrs. M.—Who did you vote for? Mrs. N.—I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week.

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

In being the architect of your own fortune don't indulge in too much fret-work.

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When you want the best there is, ask your grocer for

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