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Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each habitation is lighted up by a firefly stuck in the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds.—Our Dumb Animals.

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The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hibinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hibinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

A Notable Silver Anniversary.

With the close of the present year Mr. David C. Cook, of Chicago, will celebrate his first quarter-centennial as editor and publisher of Sunday-school literature. Starting twenty-five years ago, without reputation or assurance of support, he has become one of the most widely and favorably known publishers in this line. Beginning in 1875 with two small publications, his periodicals have grown in number and favor until there are few schools in this country that do not find it to their interest to use some of his pure and helpful publications, while many in distant lands pay tribute to their merits. The past quarter of a century has witnessed many changes among Sunday-school publishers, and much less time than this has sufficed for some to outlive their usefulness. On the contrary, Mr. Cook is preparing to celebrate the beginning of another quarter-century with additional improvements and new publications. Among these may be mentioned THE NEW CENTURY SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S MONTHLY, a large and thoroughly up-to-date magazine for superintendents and teachers, the first issue of which will appear in December. Among the most remarkable of his publications is the YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY, which has attained a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million, being a successful attempt to furnish a high grade of religious story reading for boys and girls. To avoid the "goody-goody" story of the Sunday-school, such as we remember in our childhood days, and furnish something natural, interesting and snobbish, has been its aim, and we are not at all surprised at its popularity.

The restraining influence of the Christian home and the Sunday-school on our growing community of young people, some of us may not appreciate as we should—perhaps because these sometimes fail to restrain. This paper should be a most welcome accessory in this work, and one which all should appreciate. Boys and girls will read the high grade story book and paper are their first choice. There seems a plentiful supply of religious papers for older people, but this is the first successful attempt to furnish a non-sectarian religious story paper for young people. The paper is profusely illustrated, beautifully printed, and contains as much or more reading matter than the most expensive of secular young people's story papers. The price, seventy-five cents per year, should bring it within the reach of every home. Mr. Cook is now making a special effort to give the paper a wider circulation, and all who send seventy-five cents for a year's subscription before Jan. 1st will receive a beautiful premium picture entitled "The Soul's Awakening." It is exactly the same size (18 by 18 inches) and style as those on sale at art stores for \$1. Orders should be addressed to David C. Cook Publishing Co., 35 Washington St., Chicago.

Probably no man living has done so much to improve and cheapen Sunday-school literature as has Mr. David C. Cook. Through his aid thousands of schools have been encouraged, improved, and made self-sustaining. Mr. Cook is yet a comparatively young man, and it does not appear at all improbable that his field of usefulness may extend over yet another quarter-century.

Gave Him His Cue.

He is a Michigan boy now fighting in Manila. Once, when on a trip East, he squandered his substance too freely, became remorseful, and while in this mood enlisted. There was nothing vicious about him, but he was a big, strong, impulsive young fellow who had yet to learn that there are limitations even to the American rights of independence. One morning he was missing and there was conclusive evidence that he had deserted. He was Corporal Dime, his name being the whimsical suggestion of the one coin he had left when he went to the recruiting office.

Just as war with Spain became a certainty he was walking along by the Planter's hotel in St. Louis and came face to face with his old captain. Instinctively he clicked his heels together and saluted.

"I don't know you, sir," said the captain quickly and gruffly. "Never did know you. You don't know me. Never forget that, sir. Your name might be Nickel, for anything I can tell."

"Half right," laughed the stalwart youth, who had twiggled the captain. "I have been longing to enlist ever since this trouble threatened. What would you think of it?"

"Any folks?"

"A mother, well and happy," and they looked each other in the eye, for it was her serious illness that had caused the boy to ask for a furlough and then desert when it was refused. "I think I saved her once."

"Glad of it. Glad you want to enlist. Never knew you before, but, young man, be careful, to be as awkward as any one in the awkward squad."—Detroit Free Press.

General Fisk's Boomarang.

Major Ford H. Rogers tells an amusing anecdote of the late General Clinton B. Fisk. The General was addressing a Sunday-school convention. One of the speakers had reminded the children that it was Washington's birthday.

"Children," said General Fisk, "you all know that Washington was a General. Perhaps you know that I am also a General. Now can any one tell what was the difference between General Washington and myself?"

"I know, sir," piped a small boy in the back part of the room.

"Well, what was the difference?" said General Fisk, smiling at the lad's eagerness.

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir," cried the boy in exultant tones. Shouts of laughter followed, in which the General joined heartily.

—Detroit News.

TWO VERDICTS.

She was a woman, worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin;
They cast her on the King's highway
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame,
But the world spared him a breath of shame.
Beneath his feet he saw her lie,
But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on a holy day.
They scorned the woman, forgave the man;
It were ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died,
On the Cross of Shame she was crucified;
But the world was stern and would not yield,
And they buried her in Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him,
In a casket of cloth, with a silver rim,
And said, as they turned from his grave away,
"We have buried an honest man today."

Two mortals, knocking at Heaven's gate,
Stood face to face to inquire their fate.
He carried a passport with earthly sign,
But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O! ye who judge 'twixt virtue and vice,
Which, think you, entered to Paradise?
Not he who the world had said would win,
For the woman alone was ushered in.

Life's Possibilities.

BY EDGAR TEMPLE FIELD.

It was at the Waldorf-Astoria during horse show time, and the dinner hour, the busiest time of the whole day at that wonderful hostelry.

Uniformed attendants flew here and there in breathless haste, waiters and "omnibusses" hovered distractedly about the flower bedecked tables in the grand dining salon and the palm garden, and through the rich corridors flowed a ceaseless stream of elegant women in trailing silken gowns and prosperous looking men in Tuxedos or swallow tail coats out to reveal dazzling segments of shirt front.

The riot of luxury, feasting and enjoyment was at its height when two men met in the office—two men of 40 or thereabouts, with that indefinable air of self-conscious power that marks the successful business man.

"By the gods, if it isn't Ned Frink!" exclaimed the taller of the two, stopping suddenly with outstretched hand.

"Teller!" cried the other, joyfully seizing the proffered hand. "I'm glad to see you, old man."

In another moment the two were seated in a couple of the big, throne-like leather chairs which the Astor millions had provided for the purpose of at once comforting and impressing the hotel patrons and were giving an account of themselves in true American fashion.

They had not seen each other since 15 years before they had separated after four years of intimate companionship at a fresh water college, to go out and seek their fortunes after the impetuous fashion of western youth.

"You have prospered, I hear," said Frink, "and have become an out-and-out New Yorker in fat and sentiment."

"Oh, I've had my ups and downs," replied Teller with a little laugh, "but I'm on top now. As for being a confirmed New Yorker, well, Mrs. Teller, like most eastern women, doesn't care for the west. We've never even done the conventional trip to California. She prefers crossing the pond when we travel."

In the last words was all the complacency of the man who has had a hard fight of it and won, but Frink easily forgave the little touch of vanity. He had been through it all himself.

"Then there's a Mrs. Teller," he said smiling.

"Oh, yes, and a Jack Teller the second," replied the other. "You must see that boy, Ned."

"I want to," said Frink, but something wistful in his voice struck his friend.

"And you?" he asked quickly.

"Surely you've not remained single, my boy?"

"I've never married," was the brief reply.

"Why, you're the very fellow to have a romance, I should think," went on Teller. "You used to be a sentimental chap at college, always writing verses and all that."

Frink laughed.

"Yes, I had my romance," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry it doesn't seem to have had a happy ending," said Teller sincerely. "A wife is a great help to a man. I'd like to tell you before you meet her," he went on, bending forward earnestly, "what mine has done for me. She's made a man of me and proved that I was worth the job. She's been more than a wife to me. She's been my good, honest, loyal chum. There are not many men who can say that of their wives."

"No, I fancy not," assented Frink, smiling.

"It's wonderful the understanding she had of the way a man feels, an inexperienced girl like her," proceeded the other. "You see she was a stenographer in our office when I first met her, and I fell in love with her at first sight, almost. I'd made a little pile, and when we were married I thought things were coming pretty much my way. But hard times settled in and I lost everything. For a long time it was hard work to get bread and butter, but that girl stood by me through thick and thin. When I was sick for a year with rheumatism she went back to office work and kept me and the boy with what she earned, with never a word of complaint or regret through it all. I tell you, old boy, she's got the stuff in her that heroes are made of. Goodness knows where she got

it, that courage of hers. I never asked her about her family, and she's not one to talk much, but I fancy they were ordinary enough. I believe she came from some little town in New York state, and I know she never had anything much in her life. But now the struggle is over and I can give her about what she wants, thank God, I tell you, Ned, it's a pity you let one disappointment spoil your life. There's nothing so sweetens existence as the companionship of a good woman."

"And nothing poisons it like a bad one," said Frink, bitterly.

"But surely the good ones outnumber the bad. Forgive me, Ned, but isn't it rather narrow to let one woman prejudice you against the whole sex? Of course, I don't know your story—"

"It's not pleasant," said the other man, knocking the ashes from his cigar with nervous fingers. "It all happened the year I left college. I met a girl in Denver. She was beautiful and clever, and you're right about my being sentimental, Teller, I fancied because her eyes were pure and bright as the stars in heaven that she must be an angel. She was poor, too. Her father was a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, and she was very unhappy, and I pitied her. Ah, I was very far gone, indeed. We were going to be married when I had made money enough, and meantime I was happy as well, as happy as a fool. And then one day as we were walking down the street together we met a man, a low fellow, with a dyed mustache. I knew him. He was a shoe-string gambler who came down sometimes from the mining camps, and as vile a cur as ever breathed. To my amazement he stopped and spoke to me. 'What are you doing with my wife?' he asked, angrily. I supposed he'd been drinking, and was about to brush him aside, when I happened to look at her, and what I saw told me all. She was covering before that beast, with every vestige of color gone from her face and her eyes fastened on his with such a look that in a flash I knew that her fear of him was no new thing with her."

"Great God, Lucy," I cried, "tell me this isn't true." But she only gave a little moan, and so I turned away and left them there. I never saw her again."

There was a moment's pause. The orchestra, from its perch on the landing of the marble stairway, was playing an air from "La Boheme," repeating the refrain over and over again with passionate insistence.

"Isn't it possible there was some mistake?" asked Teller at last, a little awkwardly.

"No," said Frink in a hard voice. "Her father came to see me afterward. She was getting a divorce quietly, he told me, and they had agreed to keep me in ignorance of the whole affair. Of course, the black-guard threatened to shoot me if I didn't marry his daughter, but when he saw I was not afraid of him he let me alone. They came east after that, I believe."

"Perhaps she wasn't as much to blame as he," observed Teller, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps—she was very young. But such training in deceit doesn't turn out the women who make good wives, and divorced women are hardly in my line. No, there was no excuse for her, and it was only my luck. You fell in love with the right woman, and I fell in love with the wrong one—that's all."

A woman came down the corridor as he spoke the last words, a tall, elegant woman, in a modish gown, whose gleaming folds, clung closely to her slender figure. A boy of eight or nine years held her by the hand, and both looked out on the world with the same eyes, great, beautiful, gray eyes, at once proud and sad.

As the woman's eyes met Frink's they dilated suddenly, and he started with a sharp breath.

How had she come there just then—the very woman of whom he had been talking? As he started up Teller glanced around and then rose also with a happy smile.

"Ah, Lucille," he cried, "I have met an old friend, Ned Frink. He must be your friend, also. Ned, this is my wife."

The joyous pride in his friend's voice made Frink wince inwardly as he bowed ceremoniously.

"I'm very glad to meet Mr. Frink," she said calmly. How well he knew her voice.

"You'll dine with us, I hope, Ned," called Teller, over his shoulder, as he started on with the boy.

"Thank you, no, I leave for Denver in half an hour," replied Frink.

Then a sudden surge in the crowd brought some one between them for a moment, and the woman turned to him abruptly.

The pitiful appeal in her eyes went straight to Frink's heart, and he felt his own eyes grow dim with tears.

"He does not know," she said simply.

"He never shall," cried Frink.

Victor Hugo's Love Letters.

Victor Hugo's love letters are to be published, and the book, it is said, will be a worthy successor to the love letters of the Brownings. Hugo began these letters when he was 18 years old. There are about 150, all addressed to Adele Fouquier, whom he afterward married. Mile. Fouquier's parents objected because Hugo was poor and because the young lady had no dowry, but finally they agreed to let her marry the penniless youth. After the marriage they went to live in a little flat, for which he paid \$200 yearly. The editor, M. Paul Meurice, says: "I have never laid eyes upon nobler human documents. They reveal during its most interesting period the inner life of the most illustrious literary man of the country."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—As time goes on it is made manifest that the power of the fancy theatre waist has not been lessened in the smallest degree by our long familiarity with its charms,



THEATRE BODICE.

nor will the shadow of the shirt waist diminish in the least during the winter. The former tried and true friend in every wardrobe is putting out some amendments on its previous condition. That is to say, it is arriving in the

black crepe. In this case the hat may also be of white felt or velvet, trimmed as lightly as possible with crepe, but without either feathers or flowers.

The mourning costume shown in the large engraving is of black cloth, trimmed with festoons of crepe. On the waist a berth of crepe surrounds a tucked chemisette of the same material.

The long cloth coat shown is cut in very narrow gores and piped with crepe. There are two rows of black crepe scallops, one on the front of the deep-shaped flounce, the other heading it. The collar is also lined with crepe.

Short Gloves Worn.

Our grandmothers thought themselves very smart in one-button gloves, and a few years ago six-button ones were very commonly worn, but the length of the sleeve of the moment has sent many buttoned gloves out of fashion, and three and two buttons are the smartest thing to wear just now. Indeed, longer gloves than these are out of the question if we are to look at all in the fashion and to preserve our dainty cuffs in an immaculate condition.

Style of the New Toques.

The new toques are considerably larger than former shapes. They are wider, and are therefore becoming to women with slender faces, when the trimmings are not arranged too straight and high. Many of the French models are composed of exquisitely shaded velvets; that is, there is not a single piece of shaded velvet used, but three separate weaves. For



MOUING COSTUME.

MOUING CLOTH COAT.

shops made of satin or the very soft satin surfaced silks that have sufficient body to stand fanciful stitching. This is pretty and commendable and the effect is very like the sketch of a bodice given here, the original of which was of black peau de soie, hand painted in design of iris in the natural color of the flower. The collar is of shirred chiffon and a similar finish is at wrists.

Scores of the silk and flannel shirts just out of the workrooms show how they have shed their loose shirt sleeves and broad cuffs for dress waist sleeves and cuffs that drop over the hand; it is easy, therefore, to hazard a prophecy in favor of this fashion that is going to rob our shirt waists of one-half their simple charm.

instance, one handsome toque is composed of a beautiful trio of tints, shading from deep prelate purple to palest Parma violet. Another has velvet grading from dark jacqueminot red to rose pink, with three ostrich plumes matching three distinct shades, held by a triangle-shaped buckle of French brilliants. A third model shows an artistic blending of moss, mignonette and stem green velvet, the hat being nearly covered with standing and gracefully drooping green plumes.

Mourning Costumes.

Contrary to what has hitherto been the custom, cloth is now considered a suitable textile for mourning, of course, heavily trimmed with crepe, with which material the hem of the dress is invariably covered. Another favorite textile for mourning is "Cashmere de l'Inde," and again chevrot and "druquet."

For half-mourning, all the new pastel shades of bluish-grays which are now so fashionable are adopted. On these the trimming, though not necessarily of crepe, must in all cases be black, or black and white mingled. Capes, or the new long semi-fitting garment, are more seen than short jackets, which are considered somewhat too negligee. These garments are made this year of considerable length, reaching to within about twelve inches of the foot of the skirt. Among furs, astrakhan, caracule and Mongolian-goat are suitable, not as a trimming for the dress, but in the shape of capes or boas.

In Paris no deep mourning attire is considered complete without the long crepe veil, starting from the back of the bonnet and reaching to the extreme verge of the skirt; but only during the first three months does it cover the face, after which period it is allowed to droop over the back of the dress, while a short square veil shields the face.

A pretty new fashion for half-mourning for children's wear shows dresses of some heavy weave of white woolen textiles trimmed with narrow bands of

The Winter Girl.

In her velvet gown and her sable collar and muff, with a string of pearls about her throat, this winter's girl will be robed like a queen.

For the House.

This dainty costume is of soft, clinging wool goods in a charming shade of silver gray. The frills and



A DAINTY COSTUME.

sash are of pink silk. The long train adds much to the effectiveness of the house toilette.