Catarrh

is a constitutional disease originating in impure blood and requiring constitutional treatment acting through and purifying the blood for its radical and permanent cure. The greatest constitutional remedy is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

Nasal and other local forms of catarrh are relieved by Catarrlets, which allay inflammation and deodorize discharge. 50c.

A Guess.

"Pa," said Willie, thoughtfully, "I think I know now what the minister meant when he said 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Yes?" replied his pa, "well, what did he mean?"

"Castor oil."—Philadelphia Press.

Wrinkles.

A small boy of an inquiring turn of mind, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, looked at his father earnestly and asked:

"Father, what are wrinkles?"

"Fretwork, my son—fretwork," replied paterfamilias confidently.

Socratic Repartee.

Plato was joshing Socrates about Xantippe.

"You must have a strong affection for her," he said.

"It isn't platonic, anyhow," answered Socrates, his irritation getting the better of his customary imperturbability for the moment.—Chicago Tribune.

Strange Facts.

Bacon—I see it is said that a man is regarded as of greatest value to his country at the age of 24.

Egbert—And yet that is about the time of his life that he goes about with a hank of some girl's hair in his watch case.—Yonkers Statesman.

Advice.

"So you are anxious to go into public life," said the influential man.

"Yes. How would you advise me to go about it?"

"Well," if you are personally ambitious I should suggest politics. If your wife is socially ambitious I should suggest diplomacy."—Washington Star.

A Roof Guardian.

The new Singer building in New York is now up to its thirty-sixth floor and has only sixteen more floors to add.

Of course it is a little early yet to select an aerial whitewings, but it will have to be done pretty soon.

The duty of this important official will be to push the clouds off the roof.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nathan Straus, an eastern philanthrophist, has established in New York City a series of milk booths where pure sterilized milk is sold to the poor for one cent a bottle. Absolute antiseptic cleanliness is required by him in all branches of the enterprise. In cleansing the milk bottles he uses two things—hot water and BORAX. The glistening bottles testify to the effectiveness of this method.

More About It.

(Concerning the fair maid of Nantasket, who put the marked egg in the basket, a correspondent tells the rest of the story.)

A young man in old Narragansett,
On finding the egg, said: "I chance it"—
But decided quick not to,
For the egg, when it got to
Old 'Gansett, had addled in transit.

Steady Company.

"I suppose," said Cltiman, "you find the ride home to Swamphurst every day pretty long and lonesome, don't you?"

"Well," replied Subbubs, "of course it's long, but I can't say it is lonesome. You see, I usually have a new servant girl with me."—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea of It.

Here the locomotive fireman spoke up.

"It makes me tired," he said, "to hear the bosses talk about killin' off the smoke nuisance by 'intelligent firin'.' If I was runnin' things I'd do a little intelligent firin' myself. You can bet your life on thet. I'd fire some of the bosses."

One Exception.

"You can't get a money order for more than $100, can you?" asked Grinder.

"Don't you believe it," replied Batcheller Hall. "I got one the other day for $250."

"Through the postoffice?"

"Sure. It was from my wife. She said: 'Send me $250 at once.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Born Diplomat.

Canvasser—Good morning, madam. I'm introducing a polish for cleaning silver. It is superior to anything now on the market and the price is only 50 cents a box.

Mrs. Smart (sharply)—Don't want any.

Canvasser—Sorry to have troubled you, madam. I see the lady next door was right.

Mrs. Smart—Eh! What did she say?

Canvasser—She said I needn't waste my time calling here, as you had no silver.

Mrs. Smart—The impudent thing! Give me six boxes.

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 whither 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 whence 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 know at 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 overthrowing them. This is 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 deficient 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 that was 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 pronunciamento, but he did not know a syllable about the plans arranged by Don Sebastian and his adherents. As the plot was to burst out in Mexico, 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 tarde. The President, who was at once informed, and who had only come to the circus in order not to be invested in the government places, instantly took the measures he thought most efficacious.

The news, however, rapidly arrived, and became worse and worse, and the insurrection was assuming frightful proportions. The revolters 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 serious contest, they ambuscaded themselves in Tacuba, Secunda, Monterilla and San Agustin 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 re-enforcements 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 brandishing his sword with a martial air, shouted in a voice heard by all: "Forward, Muchachos!"

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 pronunciamento, 400 resolute 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 capatax, 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 Tigrero 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 obtinate 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 sharpshooters, 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 musketry fire of the insurgents, bravely posted their batteries and began hurtling showers of canister among the defenders of the barricades.

Almost simultaneously the troops faithful to the government appeared in the rear of the rebels. The insurgents felt they were lost, for they were caught between three fires; still, they offered a courageous resistance, for, knowing that if they fell alive into the hands of the conqueror they would be mercilessly shot, they allowed themselves to be killed with an Indian stoicism, and did not yield an inch of ground.

The general was in a terrible rage; without a hat, his face blackened with gunpowder and his uniform torn in several places, he leapt his horse over the corpses, and dashed blindly into the thick of the government troops, followed by a small band of friends, who bravely let themselves be killed at his side.

The fight was positively degenerating into a massacre, the two parties, as unhappily always happens in civil wars, fought with the greater fury and obstinacy because brothers were contending against brothers, and many of them, for whom politics were only a pretext, took advantage of the medley to satiate personal hatred and avenge old insults.

However, this could not go on for long thus, and it was necessary to get out of the situation at all risks. General Guerrero, unaware of the occupation of his house, resolved to fight his way thither, barricade himself, and obtain an honorable capitulation for himself and his comrades.

No sooner was the plan conceived than the execution was attempted. Don Sebastian collected round him all the fighting men left, and formed them into a small band—for the canister and bullets had made frightful ravages in the ranks of the insurgents—and placed himself at their head.

"Forward, forward!" he shouted, as he rushed at the enemy.

His men followed him with yells of fury. The collision was terrible, the fight fearful; for four or five minutes a funereal silence brooded over this confused mass of combatants, who attacked each other so savagely.

At length the President's troops fell back slightly, the insurgents took advantage of it to redouble their efforts, which were already superhuman, and reached the general's house. The doors were broken open in an instant, and all rushed pell-mell into the court yard. They were saved, since they had at last reached the shelter where they hoped to defend themselves.

At this moment a frightful thing happened; the gallery commanding the court yard and the stairs were entirely occupied by soldiers, and so soon as the insurgents appeared the muskets were pointed down at them, a tornado of fire passed over them like the blast of death, and in a second a mass of corpses covered the ground.

The insurgents, terrified by this sudden attack, which they were so far from anticipating, hurriedly fell back, instinctively seeking an outlet by which to escape. The tumult then became terrible, and the massacre assumed the proportions of an organized butchery. Driven back into the court yard by the troops who pursued them, and met there by those who had attacked them and now charged at the bayonet point, these wretched men, rendered senseless by terror, did not dream any longer of employing their weapons, but falling on their knees before their executioners, and clasping their trembling hands, they implored the mercy of the troops, who, intoxicated by the smell of blood, and affected by the horrible murder fever which seizes upon even the coolest man on the battle field, killed them like oxen in the shambles, and plunged their sabres and bayonets into their bodies with grins of delight and ferocious laughter, and felt a horrible pleasure in seeing their victims writhe with heartbreaking cries in the last convulsions of death.

General Don Sebastian, though wounded, and who seemed to have been protected by a charm throughout this scene of carnage, defended himself like a lion against several soldiers, who tried in vain to transfix him with their bayonets. Leaning against a column, he whirled his sabre round his head, evidently seeking death, but wishful to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Suddenly Valentine cleft his way through the combatants, followed by Belmumeur, Black Elk and Curumilla, who were engaged in warding off the blows the soldiers incessantly made at him, and reached the general.

"Ah!" the latter said, on perceiving him, "here you are at last, then?"

And he dealt him a terrible blow, but Belhumeur parried it, and Valentine continued to advance.

"Withdraw," he said to the soldiers who surrounded the general, "this man belongs to me."

The soldiers, though they did not know the hunter, intimidated by the accent with which he uttered these words, and recognizing in him one of those rare men who can always impose on common natures, respectfully fell back without making the slightest objection.

The hunter threw his purse to them.

"You dare to defy the lion at bay," the general shouted, gnashing his teeth; "although attacked by dogs, he can still avenge his death."

"You will not die," the hunter said, coldly; "throw away the sabre, which is now useless."

"Ah, ah!" Don Sebastian said, with a grin of rage; "I am not to die? And why not, pray?"

"Because," he answered, in a cutting voice, "death would be a mercy to you, and you must be punished."

"Oh!" he shrieked, and, blinded by rage, he rushed madly at the hunter.

The latter, without falling back a step, contented himself with giving a signal. At the same moment a slip-knot fell on the general's shoulders, and he rolled on the ground with a yell of rage. Curumilla had lassoed him.

In vain did Don Sebastian attempt further resistance; after useless efforts he was reduced to utter impotence, and forced not only to confess he had been vanquished, but to yield himself to the mercy of his conquerors.

The massacre was ended, the insurrection had been drowned in blood. The few rebels who survived the carnage were made prisoners; the victors, in the first moment of enthusiasm, had shot several, and it required the most energetic interference on the part of the officers to check this rather too summary justice.

At this moment joyous shouts burst forth, and the President of the Republic entered the courtyard at the head of a large staff, glistening with embroidery.

"Ah, ah!" he said, as he took a contemptuous glance at the general; "so this is the man who wished to change the institutions of this country?"

Don Sebastian did not deign to reply; but he looked at 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 hangmen."

"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.)

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 was named 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."—Philadelpnia 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.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Just What He Meant.

Goodley—Of course Meanley led a very bad life.

Knox—Yes, and he's going from bad to worse.

Goodley—You haven't heard, then, that he's dying?

Knox—Yes, I have.—Philadelphia Press.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Love's Awakening.

"I'm almost sure the count is in love with me," excitedly eclaimed the first heiress.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the other.

"He asked me today how much I was worth."—Philadelphia Press.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

In the effort to completely nationalize the railroad systems of Japan, six companies, having 1,500 miles of track, were acquired last year by the government. The amount involved was $120,000,000.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Servile Flatter.

Alexander the Great had mounted his fiery Bucephalus and was putting the famous war horse through his paces.

"How do I look?" he asked.

"Like a Chicago mounted policeman, sire," said his chief of commissary.

Pleased with the comparison, Alexander spurred Bucephalus straight at a five barred gate and nodded to the young man with the camera.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

How to Work Buttonholes.

When working a buttonhole in a heavy cloth, or one that pulls and frays, it saves much trouble to work the hole by basting thread, then stitching close to this on the machine, putting in two rows just the length of the buttonhole to be. Cut with a sharp penknife between these lines and work closely in the ordinary way over the machine stitching. This buttonhole will keep its shape and remain intact as long as the cloth holds together.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.