FOR CATARRH OF HEAD THROAT LUNGS STOMACH KIDNEYS BLADDER FEMALE ORGANS

Colonel Arthur L. Hamilton, of the 7th Ohio Volunteers, 259 Goodale street, Columbus, O., writes: "As a remedy for catarrh and stomach trouble I can fully recommend Peruna." Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the gallant Colonel, is an ardent friend of Peruna also.

A Blackmailing Instrument.

The street musician paused at the steps.

"Moosic?"

"No, no. Here's a quarter for you. Move along."

"Tanka, signor. It is such a fine org'."

"Fine! It's the worst box of discordant whistles I ever heard!"

"It is do finesto org' Pietro ever own. It playa da tune not so much, but it brings da more mon'."

Healthy Children.

Without good health life is not worth living. Sickly, peevish children are a source of endless trouble and anxiety to their parents, yet the children's condition is frequently due to their parents' ignorance or thoughtlessness, or both.

To make children healthy and to keep them in that condition it is necessary to feed them proper food and to see that they get plenty of exercise and fresh air. Meat is very bad for children. It should be avoided and food rich in phosphates, such as Pillsbury's Vitos, should be given in its place.

This food is truly the "meat of the wheat." It is made by the world's greatest millers and it is free from artificial coloring or aduteration. It is not especially a child's food. Your whole family will enjoy this common sense cereal. It makes a wholesome, substantial breakfast or an appetizing dessert, and can be prepared in one hundred different ways.

Every good grocer will supply you with Pillsbury's Vitos. Large package — enough to make twelve pounds of strength-building food, 20c. Ask your grocer about it today.

Somewhat Different.

"I suppose that old chap with the long white whiskers over there is one of your old settlers, isn't he?" said the grocery drummer.

"I reckon he's what yew might call a old resident," rejoined the village merchant, "but he ain't no old settler. He's been a-owin' me for nigh onto thirty years."

$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 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 druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It "Listened Like" It.

Two Germans, one from out of the city, were at Electric Park Saturday night hearing Ellery's band. The non-resident German thought he had heard the band before, but wasn't sure. After a well-played selection he turned to his companion and asked:

"Iss dot a Ceencinnati pand?"

"Oh, no; nod at all it isen't," was the reply.

"Veil," said the first, "it listens like it."

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends." — MINNIE FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Thanksgiving

Along about Thanksgivin' time, when all
the leaves are down,
And all the fruit's been picked and all the
hills are turnin' brown,
There's somethin' in the air that seems to
stir your blood a bit,
That makes you glad you're in the world
and that you're part of it;
The song the wind goes singin' in the ever-
green's sublime;
There's ginger in a man along about
Thanksgivin' time.

There's somethin' wonderful about the ice
so thin and white
Across the narrow little rut that dried up
in the night;
It's criss-crossed in a hundred ways with
streaks and veins and lines,
And sparkles out like diamonds when the
sun spunks up and shines,
And when you break it with your heel you
couldn't hardly tell
Its rattle from the jingle of a little silver
bell.

Along about Thanksgivin' time it seems
somehow, as though
The sky was nearer to us than it was a
while ago;
And when it's clear how clear it is—the
crisp, fresh air, I mean—
You'd almost think it blew through sleves
somewhere to make it clean.
Oh, when it's whiskin' strong and free, it's
nothin' but a crime
To not get out and stir, along about
Thanksgivin' time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first
snow fly,
To watch the million little chunks come
dartin' from the sky,
To hear them bounce against the panes,
to watch the wild things, tamed,
Go tumblin' down to melt as though they
kind of felt ashamed,
And when darkness comes and lets the wind
go murmuring,
It's like the sweet old lullabies our mothers
used to sing.

Along about Thanksgivin' time there's
somethin' in the air
That seems to make you brisk and strong,
that kind of crimps your hair;
You feel all ready for the storms you know
you'll have to meet,
You're not afraid of anything that's walkin'
'round on feet,
And lookin' at it any way, the old earth's
quite sublime,
Although it's bare and brown along about
Thanksgivin' time.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving."

Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered:

"Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so when——"

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edie could not help thinking of the great grim house upon the hill, and the great grim man who utterly ignored his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly head.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly. Rumor said for two reasons—because his betrothed, beautiful Nellie Clyde, had deserted him for her German music teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a poor clerk and married him.

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because your husband is poor, but because he is shiftless."

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband—alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died, and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bitter poverty.

Edie rang the bell of the great house with such violence that it brought the footman in great haste to the door.

"I have come to see my Uncle Ralph," she said, breathlessly. "I suppose he's in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway—for had not her mother told her of every nook and cranny in the old home?

At the far end of a gloomy room a fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired man sat in an armchair motionless before it. Edie crept in softly.

As she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed his cheek.

To say that Ralph Morley was surprised but weakly expresses it; he was thunderstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it little Edie, a child again, and come back to me?"

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me."

Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curls and wept.

* * * * * * *

Susie wearily wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for a Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love.

"Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly, "what do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. What is the world coming to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie. "Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

"But he was that cross this morning, he resembled an icicle more than anything else. There must be some mistake."

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind invitation, and you must accept it."

"Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths divide here, Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed softly.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and—and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, to his house; he said so, and—he sent me after you."

"Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the incredulous elder sister.

"No, no; get in, right away—do get in," commanded the excited child, and as one in a dream Susie Green allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage.

"I went to see Uncle Ralph, and I kissed him, and he kissed me, and called me 'his little Edie,' and—and I told him all about our hard times, and about that pain in your side, and about Karl and his invalid mother, how you loved each other, and—all. Uncle Ralph said we were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us."

"It is a fairy dream, Edie."

"No it isn't either; it's true; and there is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting us."

It was no dream. Susie realized it forcibly when the grave, stern man came quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and in a husky voice bade her "welcome home."

Such a dinner as was ordered! Such light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thither like a stray sunbeam. Her lovely new dress and dainty slippers burdened her none; she enjoyed them among the other good things that had befallen them. But Susie protested feebly.

"Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous; how can I ever repay you?"

"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susie entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edie sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!"

The sound of carriage wheels here diverted her attention. "It is Karl" she cried, running to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before.

"Nellie! Nellie Clyde!"

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellie Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner."

"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you would not have come to mock me in my solitude and loneliness, unless—unless the past was to be forgotten! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?"

"I—I did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"—The Hearthstone.

Lincoln Established Holiday.

Lincoln several times set apart fast days, and it was he who made the national Thanksgiving day a custom, as the first President regularly to proclaim it. He began in April, 1862, by asking that the following Sunday be observed as one of thanksgiving for the "signal victories to the land and naval forces engaged in suppressing an internal rebellion." A year later Lincoln set apart Thursday, Aug. 6, for the same purpose. It was after the Gettysburg and Vicksburg victory, when the tide of the Confederacy turned. In the same autumn he designated "the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent father who dwelleth in the heavens." This established the present custom from which there has since been no departure. Every autumn has brought from the White House its Thanksgiving proclamation.

In his last Thanksgiving proclamation President Lincoln wrote: "And I do further recommend to my fellow-citizens aforesaid that on that occasion they do reverently humble themselves in the dust and from thence offer up penitent and fervent prayers and supplications to the Great Disposer of Events for a return of the inestimable blessings of peace, union and harmony throughout the land which it has pleased him to assign as a dwelling place for ourselves and for our posterity throughout all generations."

Johnson's first Thanksgiving proclamation set apart "the first Thursday of December next as a day of national thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe for these great deliverances and blessings." The next year he returned to Thursday, Nov. 29.

The Thanksgiving Day Spirit.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. And that applies to the Thanksgiving dinner as well as to any other feast. No costly or skillfully prepared viands can make up for the lack of that genial affection and sympathy which we all understand through sympathy, but which is so difficult to describe. While you cannot extemporize this sentiment, you can avoid doing the things that prevent it from having free play. There is a season for everything; and the season for those truthful remarks or justifiable actions that might provoke resentment and ill feeling is not on such a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarkable how much the coldness, indifference or failure to enter into the spirit of an occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere and to make the feast a dismal failure. Whatever else you are on these high festivals at home, do not be a "kill joy." Do not suffer your pride or vanity, or even your desire to lead others to adopt courses that you regard as best for them, make you indifferent or unsympathetic to the mood of the hour. There are many occasions and Thanksgiving day is one of them, when our highest duty is not to impose our consciences upon other people, but to contribute to the common stock of happiness and sympathy.—The Watchman.

Somewhat of a Dampener.

Mrs. Jimpson—Just see what mother has sent us—a lovely big turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner! It came by express this morning.

Jimpson (joyfully)—Bless her heart! That's just like her!

Mrs. Jimpson—And she sent a note saying she would be here to help us eat it.

Jimpson (not quite so joyfully)—The dickens! That's just like her, too!—New York Times.

His Theory.

"Why is a turkey regarded as especially appropriate to Thanksgiving?"

"Because," answered the grim looking citizen, "any one who can afford to buy turkey these days has especial reason to be thankful."—Washington Star.

A HANDFUL OF TURKEY THOUGHTS.

The gobbler grows rotund,
And so we shout "Hooray!"
And hurl our hat
On high thereat
And romp and frisk and play,
And sigh, by sudden rapture stunned:
"Alack, a well a day!"
While thus we flip-
Flap o'er the sand
And gaily skip
Joy's sarabaud.
We watch him spread his tail
As on he proudly struts,
And see him puffed
And crisp and stuffed
With bread and sage and nuts,
Till we would on the fork impale
His choicest juicy cuts—
While Fancy's breeze
Fills us a-sigh
With argosies
Of golden pie.
Oh, bird of rare renown
That makes the eagle look
To all intents
Like seven cents,
You're greater when the cook,
Who knows just how to do you brown,
And knows it like a book,
Makes you in glee
A roasted dream—
A symphonee
Of bliss supreme!
Full soon o'er you, blithe fowl,
The knife and fork will clash;
And first we'll hold
You hot, then cold,
And later in that hash
Which whisks the whiskers off the scowl
Of sorrow like a flash;
While hand in hand
We sigh and swoon
In fairy-land
Beneath the moon.
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

Twice as Good
One Third the Cost

Every day is bargain day in the Wave Circle. Come in and get acquainted. K C will help you cut down the living expenses and make doctor's bills a thing of the past. Do you realize that you can get the best and purest baking powder in the world

K C BAKING POWDER

at one-third what you've been paying for anywhere near K C quality. *A 25 ounce can costs 25c.* Think of the saving! Can you make money any easier? Get it to-day. The grocer returns the price of can if you are not satisfied.

All Grocers

Send postal for the beautiful "Book of Presents." FREE.

JAQUES MFG. CO. Chicago.

It is strange that in Asia and Africa,

where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

The Century in 1906.

The lavish promises of a year ago were splendidly fulfilled in The Century during 1905—its verse and essays, its pictures and fiction, its articles of timely interest and permanent value, went beyond all promise and expectation. The feast in 1906 will be even richer than in 1905. There will be the new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Fenwick's Career," a new humorous serial by the creator of "Susan Clegg," and short stories by the ablest and most popular writers of the day. There will be authoritive accounts of such wonderful work as our construction of the Panama canal. W. S. Harwood will tell of "Saving California's Crops." The director of Cornell's School of Agriculture, Professor L. H. Bailey, will discuss the important problem of the young man and the farm. There will be many other articles of kindred value and interest.

His Happiest Hour.

He—Do you remember the night I asked you to marry me?

She—Yes, dear.

"For a whole hour we sat there, and not a word did you speak. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!"—Echo de Paris.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Splendid Scheme.

Rastus—I tol' Mandy not to fogit to wake me up at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Ike—Why, you doan' have to go to work. It's a holiday.

Rastus—I know, but I want de satisfaction of rolling over an' goin' to sleep again.

There Are Others.

Harter—Grumleigh strikes me as being rather selfish. He seems to live entirely within himself.

Carter—Oh, well, he isn't the only man in town who lives in a flat.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Too Severe.

Nell—When I marry it shall be to a man of nerve. I put Harry to the test and he failed.

Bell—And what was the test, dear?

Nell—I told him to go out on the busiest street and yell "Hurrah for Russia," but he backed out.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Difference.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" reprimanded the lady. "Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

"Not on the street car," chuckled Bobby, "but it pains me to see him reaching for a strap at home."

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

A Theory Demonstrated.

"Do you believe that any one can put people to sleep by means of hypnotism?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "Mr. Dullboy was talking about it yesterday. I felt sleepy before he had spoken twenty words."

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Helping Him.

Jack Timmid—Congratulate me! May has accepted——

Cousin Kate—Of course. I told you I'd help you after she refused you the last time.

Jack Timmid—Oh, did you put in a good word for me

Cousin Kate—Several. I intimated to May that I was after you myself.—Philadelphia Press.

THE COMFORTER

A congested vein pressing on a nerve accounts for the swelling, throbbing ache of

Neuralgia

St. Jacobs Oil

frees the circulation, allays the pressure and soothes away the pain.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Choice of Evils.

Singleton—Just as soon as a woman can manage a man her love begins to cool.

Wedderly—Yes; and just as soon as she discovers she can't manage him she begins to make it hot for him.

An Insinuation.

"Women," remarked Growells, "always have their purses filled with samples."

"Anyway," rejoined Mrs. Growells, in a tone redolent of sarcasm, "we don't get them filled in 'sample rooms.'"

RHEUMATISM
BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become intrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acrid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgement in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism, It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.
JOSEPH FROME HAWLEY,
Box 104. Aurora, Ill.

Sometime ago I had Rheumatism and had to quit work. The pains in my back and between my shoulders was so intense I could not rest or sleep. I tried everything but nothing did me any good till I heard of and took S. S. S. This medicine cured me sound and well. It purified my blood and made me feel like a new man.
CONRAD LOHR,
Anderson, Ind. 122 E. 19th St.

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PURELY VEGETABLE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

A Pair of Rounders.

Husband (time 1 a. m.)—I shay, m'dear, I—hic—didn't 'shpect to f' you—hic—sittin' up for me.

Wife (calmly)—Oh! that's all right, old boy. I only got in myself about five minutes ago.

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WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese Doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. He has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Take this out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

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Built with special regard to Pacific Coast climate.

Besides the regular reed tone, this instrument also has several octaves of the regular pipe effects, to be found in no other make.

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