

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

Greek Palace Discovered.

In the course of the exploration work now proceeding in Bocotia, on the site of Orchomenos, at one time a small Greek state, which was destroyed by the Thebans in 367 B. C., a fine royal palace has just been discovered. A number of frescoes adorn the walls of the state rooms.

The Baby Humorist.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on poor infants."—Baltimore American.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We have undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, WALKING RICKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Safe Side.

"You'll be sorry some day that you didn't get married if you don't."

"Well, I'd rather not be married and be sorry I wasn't than to be married and be sorry I was."—San Francisco Wasp.

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

As It is Today.

Famous Patient—Doctor, please give me your medicine now.

Doctor—Pardon me. I'm simply the doctor in charge of issuing bulletins; the other doctor will be here presently.

Chinese Business Methods.

In China, to encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

Growth of Hair.

Like most vegetation, the hair grows better in light than in darkness because of the stimulating effect of light and sunshine. It has often been noticed in the case of men who sit in offices with one side always turned toward the light that the mustache or beard of that side grows longer than on the other.

Coleridge.

Coleridge found solace for his troubles in the forgetfulness induced by opium, and when under its influence would sit for hours threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind.

Our Windiest Spot.

Although the Pacific ocean is comparatively free of storms—hence its name—Point Reyes, Cal., is the windiest place in the United States.

Fly Six Hundred Miles.

The country's capacity for flight is marvelous. Many have flown from Nantes to Lancashire, 440 miles, in a day, and the winner of a race from Shetlands to London, over 600 miles, made the journey in 16 hours at an average speed of 37 miles an hour.

An Ancient Work on Angling.

The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the "Halientica" of Oppian, a Greek poet who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to ancients. We also learn from Athenaeus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.

The Prickly Pear.

The prickly pear of Africa is so tenacious of life that a leaf or even a small portion of a leaf if thrown on the ground strikes out roots almost immediately and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

Divorce Laws and Divorces.

The country with perhaps the most lenient divorce laws in the world is Sweden, and there the divorce rate is lower than in the Netherlands, which, after England, has the strictest laws in the world.

In Society.

Tess—Miss Nuritch talks so much about her mother's social position before she was married.

Jess—Well?

Tess—Did she really have any position in society?

Jess—Oh, lots of them. She never accepted a place as cook except in very swell families.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Curious Irish Marriage Custom.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in Donegal county, Ireland, and in the Scotch districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

Boiled Fish Alive.

It's seldom that one sees a boiled fish alive, yet there are such in the boiling lake of Amatitlan, Guatemala. A species of fish was lately seen there by a French traveler. These fish, he asserts, often pass days in the boiling water, which comes from numberless hot springs.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Across the shadows of the night
There came to my expectant ear
The twelve deep notes that tell the flight
Of yet another passing year.
Its limits reached, its work is done,
Its record sealed and sent on high,
Unknown to all and seen by none
Except God's own all-seeing eye.

Ah, me! those years, those vanished years,
In memory, but beyond recall,
How filled with foolish doubts and fears,
How stained with sin and blotted all!
What can we ask of thee but grace
To make these failures of the past
The beacon lights by which to trace
Our way to thee, O Christ, at last!

Farewell, Old Year! There have been days
Of grief and ill—so, too, of good;
And for them both we give God praise,
Though at the time misunderstood.
His wisdom measures all our needs;
He knows the weakness of our frame;
His love our highest thought exceeds;
He calls us by his own dear name.

So pass the years in solemn state
Beyond our ken; we count the sun;
They come and go, we watch and wait
Until our own set time shall come.
God of the years, from out whose hand,
With all our precious gifts, they come,
Give us the grace to understand,
And make them helps to lead us home!
—Christian Work.

AN OLD MAN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY HOPE DARING.

YES, I will do it. It's the only way I can be sure of making a fair profit next year. My workmen must understand that I run the mill to put money in my own pocket.

There was an ugly frown on Gilbert Bentley's brow as he sat in his shabby little study, communing with himself. He was a small, stooping man of 65, with searching blue eyes, and a cold, forbidding expression.

"I'll do it at once. One week from to-morrow I'll announce a cut of ten per

cent on all wages. One week—that will be the twenty-fifth. Why, that will be Christmas, and the men must have a holiday, Christmas! As if that old superstition made any difference with the world to-day!"

The frown on his brow deepened. He leaned back, staring from a window. He could see the long, low buildings of the Bentley Lumber Company. In the background was the leafless forest. The sun was setting and the sky, above the tree tops, was tinged with a rosy glow.

Gilbert Bentley had spent ten years in that lumbering village. In that time he had doubled his capital. Now, owing to a general depression, his profits were small. To continue his business through the winter would mean very little profit, but doubtless the spring would bring a change. Well, he would not wait for spring.

Money had always been Gilbert Bentley's god. He had begun life a poor boy and had worked his way upward, unaided. His life had been too busy for sentiment. To be sure he had married. His wife lived only a few years. There was a child, Harold had grown up, high spirited and proud. In early manhood he married against his father's wishes. Estrangement had followed. Harold and his wife died within a few months of each other, leaving a little daughter. Pride prompted Mr. Bentley to pay the girl's bills at a good school, but he never saw her.

The door bell rang and there was the sound of footsteps and voices in the hall. The door of the study was thrown open, and a sweet voice cried:
"Grandpa, are you here?"

Before Mr. Bentley could speak, Simpson, his old English housekeeper, entered. In one hand she held aloft a lighted lamp, thus showing Gilbert Bentley his unexpected visitor. She was a slender girl of sixteen, a dimpled, blonde face lighted by sunny blue eyes.

"Why, don't you know me? I am Florence, and I am glad—so glad—to see you!"

She was at his side, both arms round his neck, and her lips uplifted for his kiss. As in a dream he listened as she told how she had grown tired of spending her vacations at the school.

"You know, grandpa, that it is dreadful to have no one of your very own to be glad with, and I've come to spend Christmas with you."

The girl was so sure that her grandfather was glad to see her that he could not tell her she was unwelcome. An hour later they sat at dinner. The old man looked across to where the girl's golden head gleamed in the lamp.

She chatted gayly. When they rose from the table she went with him to the study. Sitting on a stool, she told him of her school life.

"I am happy there, grandpa, but I will be glad when school is finished. Then I can keep house for you. It has been so

She went with him to the mill and through the village. There her mistaken idea of his character showed in a strong light. Many of his workmen were living in poverty. She knew he was doing all he could for them, but was there not some way she could help? What was he going to do for the men and for the churches of the town for Christmas? Then they must remember the little children.

Christmas Eve came. Mr. Bentley had shamefacedly ordered Simpson to provide a "regular Christmas dinner." He had never made a Christmas gift in his life, but now—well, Florence would persist in talking as if Christmas meant as much to him as it did to her.

He was thinking of this as he walked home that evening. It was snowing, and the wind buffeted him as he mounted the slope. The next day the mill must stand idle, but on the following morning the men should be notified of the reduction in their wages. How angry they would be! Gilbert Bentley's lips closed in a firm, cruel line. He had looked out for himself; others must do the same.

He reached the house. As he passed through the hall the dining room door stood open. He noted the vase of scarlet carnations, ordered from the city, in the center of the table. Upon a quaint old sideboard was a basket of oranges and pale green grapes and a plate of the nuts over which Florence loved to linger while he drank his coffee.

The old man's face softened. He sat down before the fire. He was so engrossed in thought that he did not hear Florence enter.

"You precious grandpa!" Again her arms were round his neck. "I found your gift, and I thank you a thousand times. But grandpa, I want to ask you for something more. It is a part in your work I want you to give me. And I want to give you my help—myself. It is a wonderful position you hold—so much wealth and so many people whom you can help. On this best of all nights

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.



RHEUMATISM

NOT A SKIN DISEASE.

It is natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when rheumatic pains are shooting through the joints and muscles and they are inflamed and sore, the sufferer is apt to turn to liniments and plasters for relief; and while such treatment may quiet the pain temporarily, no amount of rubbing or blistering can cure Rheumatism, because it is not a skin disease, but is in the blood and all through the system, and every time you are exposed to the same conditions that caused the first attack, you are going to have another, and Rheumatism will last just as long as the poison is in the blood, no matter what you apply externally. Too much acid in the blood is one cause of Rheumatism; stomach troubles, bad digestion, weak kidneys and torpid liver are other causes which bring on this painful disease, because the blood becomes tainted with the poisonous matter which these organs fail to carry out of the system. Certain secret diseases will produce Rheumatism, and of all forms this is the most stubborn and severe, for it seems to affect every bone and muscle in the body. The blood is the medium by which the poisons and acids are carried through the system, and it doesn't matter what kind of Rheumatism you have, it must be treated through the blood, or you can never get permanently rid of it. As a cure for rheumatic troubles S. S. S. has never been equalled. It doesn't inflame the stomach and ruin the digestion like Potash, Alkalies and other strong drugs, but tones up the general health, gently stimulates the sluggish organs, and at the same time antidotes and filters out of the blood all poisonous acids and effete matter of every kind; and when S. S. S. has restored the blood to its natural condition, the painful, feverish joints and the sore and tender muscles are immediately relieved.

Our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to those desiring it. Our physicians will cheerfully answer all letters asking for special information or advice, for which no charge is made.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

kind in you to do without me so I could be educated."

He made no response. They parted without the words being said that would send Florence back to school. Mr. Bentley resolved to say them at breakfast the next morning. There he found himself confronted by that smiling face, and was obliged to hold his peace.

Florence stayed. Simpson, the maid, and the man all delighted to serve her. A few simple changes were made in the dreary old house. Mr. Bentley chose some new furniture. He ordered that good fires should be kept up and bade Simpson see that the table was well spread.

Gilbert Bentley was powerless. Florence would think the best of him. She would think that he loved her and was glad to have her there. She would believe that he shared her own love for humanity and her reverent trust in God.

—the birth night of our dear Saviour, let us give ourselves anew to the work you have been doing alone."

"Little girl, you don't understand. I have not been what you think I have, and—"

Her dimpled hand closed his lips. "You are not to malign my dear grandfather. We will work together, will we not?"

"Yes, dear."

In those two words the old man renounced his greed and selfishness. On the morrow his workmen should receive, not a reduction of their wages, but an assurance of his good will and interest in them. For this child's sake he would learn to know and do his duty.

"It will be our first Christmas together," Florence said dreamily, her cheek pressed against his.

"Yes, little girl. It will really be my first, my very first, Christmas."—Home Monthly.