s Thanksgiving time again, and we turn to our turkeys with a pret-

fast age, and your Un-cle Sam will no sooner get out his memo-table quite easy and satisfied. randum book to sum up his causes for nothing to do but get ready for the Fourth.

But, bless you, my children, those good old days are past and gone, along with last year's fashions. We rush and hurry from one festival to another, and fill up the spaces with flag days, and arbor days, memorial days, and world's fairs, and soldiers' monuments, until your Uncle Sam is on a dash from one end of the state and national engagements. And, whenever he hopes to snatch an hour's rest, bless you! some invitation arrives, and he has to scamper off to lay a corner stone, or crown an arch, or fire a salute, or respond to a toast, until his very last suit is in imminent danger of losing its buttons and fraying at the scams!

But to return to our turkey and the list in the memorandum book. Thanksgiving is here, and the earth is rejoicing! The peace jubilce is over, things fixed for comfort, and calmness and happiness, and the football player is now monarch of the day. During his temporary sovereignty, let Uncle Sam recount the blessings of the year that has run its course through ways of peril and hardship, but, withal, of

Your Uncle Sam is grateful that the war is over, and Cuba can sit down at the November table with a Thanksgiving all her own. Spain must not complain of her "cooked goose!" Time is when your Uncle Sam, getting riled, acts quicker'n a wink. It took some vessels, some guns,

ELL, my children, here | some of his own sure boys, to teach those dons how to run, but it had to be did! The scrimmage had to be short, for all hands were due back at the home table this ty joyful and a pretty blessed Thanksgiving day, and, the ball hopeful heart. Bless set rolling, it was hustled along fast. We you, though, one holl- are thankful that the world knows how day treads so quickly prompt we can act for right against opupon another's heels in pression, how sure we are of our mettle, this country that the and maybe before many more Thanksgivlast celebration is in ing days-if things don't go a little more danger of tripping up civilized in the far East-there's a Turthe former one. It is a key's head we'll have to chop off before

Your Uncle Sam is especially grateful gratitude than December shoots out for the pretty girls that remain in the "Merry Christmas!" and the whole string country. This international matrimonial of celebrations seems to break loose. It market business has been giving the lords is, indeed, a fast age, my children, a fast and dukes and earls a chance to rob us age. Why, time was when it took three whole days to make a feast; one to prepare this, boys! The table don't look right for it, one to get over it, and one to enjoy with so many pretty faces gone. We need We rested from Christmas all the beauty and smiles and winsomeness to Washington's birthday, and then had we can find, and if those titled foreigners must have a live, bouncing American girl, Then, Thanksgiving found us with long- let them come over here and be Americaning for turkey, and the holly season sharp- ized and naturalized, and sit down at the ened our appetites with its savory odor table and learn our ways.

We have had some glorious shows the last year—flower shows, county fairs, a big Western exposition. We have had conventions, and the chance to view in public the men and women of the epoch, with an extra gathering to press down good measure. We have had baseball and soldiers' monuments, until your Uncle
Sam is on a dash from one end of the
country to the other, trying to fulfill his
state and petional engagements. And and American brains have topped the bargain and capped the climax! Let us give thanks for all these amusements and pleasures, thanks for our blessings, thanks for our hopes.

And a special hurrah for our farmers amid all this joy of health and vigor! Think of the bountiful reward for the labor of the husbandman! We have been preserved as a nation, and our glory shines afar before all peoples. We have wel-comed the oppressed, we have given a shelter to the homeless. We have aided suffering, and borne the Stars and Stripes where they were needed the most.

Once more, children, all together! wayng an encouraging flag over to Hawaii and Cuba and the Philippines, a cheer for them, a cheer for America, yourselves and Uncle Sam:

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let Freedom ring!



HEN the chilly wind is blowing and the snow is softly falling.

In the street and o'er the meadow sere and brown,
And the dry and leafless branches droop beneath the touch of winter
And take on their fleecy coat of elderdown;

When the harvest, ne'er so plenteous, is at last all safely garnered— Fruit of field and bending orchard and the vine; When the hearth-fire roars and crackles and the farmer's eye is dancing, And the faces of his loved ones gleam and shine;

When from ocean unto ocean, from the northland to the southland, In the mart, the mill, the shop the busy hum Of the tollers set to work again now swells like glorious music— Sign and prophecy of better times to come;

Then with feasting and with joy a mighty host shall keep Thanksgiving O'er a nation reawakened, strong and free,
O'er a scene of smiling pienty, o'er our rescue from dire periis,
O'er the promise of the golden years to be.

—R. W. Ransom.



E shall give thee thy heart's desire.' The choir of the beautiful words very well. The soprano's voice was unmistakably "cracked" and the tenor displayed surprising disregard of time and tune.

But then, there were no musical critics in the small congregation scattered throughout this quiet little country church that Thanksgiving morning. And the beauty of the words and the promise contained in them touch-

ed the hearts of many.
"Wait patiently upon the Lord and he shall give thee thy heart's desire," repeated the choir.

"It is not true!" The words were not spoken, but they were in the thought and heart of one old woman sitting far back near the door. She sat alone, for she was alone in the world. Those who had once peopled the old pew with her—father, mother, husband, brothers and sisters, and the child of her love and care, all were gone. The quiet peace-ful beauty of that Thanksgiving morning and the spiritual atmosphere of the church had quite failed to appeal to old Margaret Hudson. Never had she felt in a more rebellious mood. It would have dazed and pained the white-haired old elder in the pulpit had he known the thoughts that were uppermost in the mind of the small, dark, keen-eyed little old woman whose head gave a little defiant toss when he trace of rebellion had fied from her face,

rose and said:
"Let us bow our heads in prayer."
Margaret Hudson did not bow her head, and her heart did not respond to the sim-ple, fervent prayer of Elder Norris. 'What's the use?" she was saying angrily to herself. "Haven't I been bowing ily: my head and my knees in prayer for years and years-in one prayer for one thing, for

you, old fellow?" my heart's desire, and has it been granted dered, brown-bearded man coming rapidly to me? No, it hasn't! I have 'waited patiently on the Lord' and He has not givdown the path toward her with outstretchen me the desire of my heart. I don't beed arms and twinkling brown eyes. lieve that He ever will give it to me. I've lost faith and hope. I can't help it. My 'heart's desire' has been uenied me so long and the promise has not come true for me. irms around each other. I can't believe that it is true."

There were educated, polished and brilabout her tidy, sunny dining room setting her tables for dinner and singing softly "Wait patiently upon the Lord and He

liant ministers in beautiful city churches who preached with less simple and tender beauty than that old elder preached that shall give thee thy heart's desires." morning about the joy of gratitude and praise-giving for the blessings of God, but Margaret Hudson was not touched by the words. Her faith had lost its Olivet and The Pilgrims' Dinner Given to Inher love its Galilee. 'When He gives me my heart's desire.'

real Thanksgiving dinner-took place on she said stubbornly. "When He sends my Saturday, the last day of the celebration," says the Ladies' Home Journal, "Notwithstanding that the kitchens of these boy, my Jim, back to me, I will believe that His promises are true. I can't trust Him any more until He does,"

She did not tarry at the close of the serwilderness homes were sadly wanting in many of the most common essentials of cookery, there was no lack of good things vice for her usual greeting of old friends. but stole out alone and hurried toward her lonely home, the homeliness and desolation nor of appetizing dishes at this great feast. of which were never so hard to bear as now.

The earth, the air and the water had yielded of their bountiful supplies, and the

"If He'd hear my prayer and send Jim good dames had done honor to their skill

Jim! Her heart's desire! Where was he at that moment?

"God only knows!" his mother said between her broken sobs as she went slowly

HER HEART'S DESIRE. | along over the country road, the bright sunlight of a glorious November day lending a radiance to the brown leaves still re-

never knew just why Jim had run away

from home in his 18th year and she had

never seen him nor heard from him since

that day.
She knew that he had gone "out West,"

and she was too poor to follow him, had she known where he was.

There had been vague and unfounded rumors that he had "got into trouble," but proof of this was lacking, and her neigh-

to Margaret Hudson. But not for one day nor for one hour had she ceased to

Twenty years of unanswered prayer had ended in this spirit of depression and re-

bellion, and there was no love nor grati-tude in Margaret Hudson's heart that

Presently she came to the bars in

fence by the roadside through which she must pass on her homeward way. She

leaned heavily on the bars, and then drop-

resting on one gaunt arm stretched out

upon one of the bars. Her lips moved

"Oh, God," she said, "I have been so

sinful, so wicked. Forgive me and let the

desire of heart be for perfect trust in Thee

no matter what Thy will may be concern-

There was a smile on her brown and

wrinkled old face when she rose to her

feet and went on her homeward way. All

and her eyes shone through a mist of

ing she patted him kindly and said cheer-

She pushed open the gate before her tiny

"Good old dog! Glad to see me, aren"

She looked up to see a tall, broad-shoul-

And they walked up the path with their

And later Margaret Hudson went softly

A THANKSGIVING BANQUET.

dian Chiefe.

"The state dinner of the occasion-the

"Mother!" he said.

"Why, Jim!"

ing me. Make this my heart's desire."

ped slowly to her knees with her head

think of him-her heart's desire.

Thanksgiving morning.

slowly in praper:

tears.

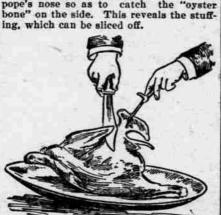
lel to the breast bone. This makes a slice maining on the trees. It had been twenty years since she had seen Jim. He was then a handsome, headstrong boy of 18, little country church and the only child that had come to her. She had layished upon him the warmest, tenderest affections of her life, and yet she



The third move of the carver is to slice

off the breast, removing it in layers paral-

The fourth stroke is upward from the pope's nose so as to catch the "oyster one" on the side. This reveals the stuffing, which can be sliced off.



The wishbone is next removed. This is ne by slipping the knife under the point of the bone, after the breast is sliced off brown house and when old Hero, the dog, came bounding forward with noisy greet and sweeping it downward toward the neck. A very nice portion of the meat comes with it. Follow these directions and carving a fowl will not be difficult.

We Thank Thee, Lord. For evil things which make us love th For all temptations which we For sins abhorred; For bitter pains that gave us sweet sur

cease; For life, for death, and Death's great daughter—Peace— We thank Thee, Lord!—Chicago Times-Herald.



St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago. St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica. St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains. St. Jacobs Oil cures Brusses. St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.

came rare venison pastles, savory meat stews with dumpilings of barley flour; de licious oysters (the gift of the Indians, and

the first ever tasted by the white men) great bowls of clam chowder with ser

biscuit floating on the steaming broth

roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, salads

cakes and plum porridge; while the cen-ter of each of the long tables was adorned

with a large basket overflowing with wild

"It was the time of the Indian summer

came as a lingering dream of summer to

feast that the Provider of all things had

The Farmers' Hoard.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden coru!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The clusters from the vine.

All through the long bright days of Ja
Its leaves grew green an' fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair,
And now with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And hear the tressure home.

CARVING THE, TURKEY.

Adepts Have Reduced the Art to a

Exact Science.

Something more than a sharp knife and

tender turkey is necessary to be master

before you. The adept carver has the art

of the situation, when a turkey is placed

of separating the joints of the bird down

to such an exact science that in one min-

into pieces each a good size for a plate.

ute they can cut the most gigantic turkey

Plant the fork into the turkey's breast

nd cut off the left wing. This is done

with a downward swing that catches the joint. The fork meanwhile, with a prong

on each side of the breastbone, is held

Now press the blade of the knife down-

lifted to a small platter to be out of the

carver's way. There should always be a

stiff and firm in the left hand.

warm platter near the carver.

And bear the treasure home

given them."

grapes and plums and nuts of every va-

St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache. St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Did'nt Get Her Share. The soft, mellow sunlight shone warmly through the drowsy haze, illumining the Mrs. Newcombe (as she puts down the family paper, fondly to her hussomber woodland with a rich golden light, band)-Oh, Herbert, if I could only while the gentle winds of the south, laden read such a lovely obituary notice in with the sweet perfumes of the forest, the paper about you as I've just read about a man down in Pittston. Someadd to the joy and brightness of this Thanksgiving feast. Upon the balmy alr how, blessings seem to me to be awfully unevenly divided nowadays. - Judge. arose the hum of many voices and tha merry music of hughter, as the pilgrims, with their Indian guests, partook of the

### Scrofula In the Blood

Scrofula lurks in the blood of almost every one and unless its poisonous taints are thoroughly expelled from the system, it is liable to break out at any time in sores, eruptions, hip disease or some other painful form. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula promptly and permanently.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

As a Brother. A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and, in conse quence, was constantly making awkward remarks-intended as compliments-to the bishop and others. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during the gathering of clergy to an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here, Bruce," said the senior, decidedly, "you are a donkey! Why cannot you keep quiet, instead of making your asinine remarks? I am speaking to you now as a brother-" Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for the moment he wondered why .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Pure Tea

in packages at grocers'

# Schillings

A monster sewing machine, weighing three and one-quarter tons, is in use in | she used her charms with a fascinating Leeds, Enlgand. It sews cotton belt-

No household is complete without a bot-tle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant rec-ommended by all physicians. Don't ne-glect this necessity.

The bitterness of a grain of strychnine can be tasted in 1600,000 grains To Cure a Cold in One Day

ward, and remove the leg and second joint. As these fall upon the dish they must be cure. 25c A cubic foot of new fallen snow ighs five and a half pounds, and has

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison this direction that savored of profanity,

In India the average duration of life of the natives is 24 years as against 44

One Method of Treatment. ble of the prodigal son.

o say anything new about that. Jones-You can't tell. He may make his sermon an expression of sym- Mims, and though the landlord was pathy for the fatted calf. - New York Journal.

The Kaiser's Tour. The Kaiser's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land has a prominent place in the issue of Collier's Weekly for November 5. There are interesting pictures of the scenes of the emperor's tour, including one representing the women gathering stones to repair the roads before the

emperor's arrival. A Forced Loan. Sympathetic Visitor (to prisoner)-My good man, what brought you herei Facetious Prisoner - Borrowing

"But they don't put people in prison for borrowing money!' "Yes, I know; but I had to knock he man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."-Tit-

Since the first railway was built, 70 rears ago, 400,000 miles of road have been constructed.

The drill of the Roman soldier was exceedingly severe. It comprised not only the use of weapons, but running, jumping, climbing, wrestling, swim-ming, both naked and in full armor. An iron-mil! company in Ohio has

succeeded in making a fine quality of ask her hand for the next set she was ement from furnace slag. engaged. Tom Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims and pretending not to see her

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture.

## Walter Baker & Co.'s



Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup Be sure that you get the Genuine Article

made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Bust Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

# A SAGE BRUSH : : : NIGHTINGALE.

Real Real Control of the Control of

excited

TITY MIMS is not a common | that encircled her smooth, white throat. name, nor can it truthfully affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this He could not define his feelings, could was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal | for the tumultous joy at his heart. He charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the cited for rest. landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experiinto a doze, but in his dreams he still ence, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter. Simon Mims was known far and near

as "the doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graddyated, as ye mout say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but thar's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings-they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?" The population of Experience was

mostly transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cotillons exhausted the supply.

But had the ladles been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three Rs. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims could give the odds to Nellson, Patti and the hull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."

Judged by the effect of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang "The lone starry hours give me, love," which was always followed by a storm of

But she came out the strongest in "'Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber" and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of coughing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs -just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heartburning among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she tyranny against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora Hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed hav ing "darling Kitty Mims" at the end of Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. every stanza. He falled miserably in All druggists refund money if it fails to the effort, as a more practiced rhymer every stanza. He failed miserably in might have done.

"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it. 12 times the bulk of an equal weight There's 'adored' and 'floored' and blistered form that was snatched from 'gored' and-and-" "And 'swored,' " sald Tom Reed, com-

and it may be added that he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.

Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man of six and twenty, "bashful as a gal," Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895. nor gambled.

It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit Jones-Our minister is apt to take at the table on which Kitty Mims waitan original view of any subject. He ed. He was always Kitty's first partis to preach next Sunday on the para- ner at the dances, and the very first face. time a buggy drove down the one street Smith-I don't see how he is going of Experience Kitty sat in it beside the

young superintendent. The older men joked with Simon non-committal, he gave the impression that he would not object to Rufus Ford as a son-in-law.

The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tom Reed. It might be said, however, that Tom

SANG THE FAVORITE SONGS.

On her 19th birthday Tom sent her

himself rudely fashloned from a nugget

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had

sent to 'Frisco for a "dime-ant ring,"

and that Kitty would wear it at the

As often before, the dining-room of

the Aurora Hotel did service as a ball-

room that night, and from the crowded

doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel

After the dancing had progressed

some time the men about the walls be-

as an excuse, and being as willing to

oblige them as they were anxious to

amid great applause and sang the fa-

During the evening Kitty managed

His eyes did not deceive him. Some

standing, and she whispered:

"Thank you, Tom."

when she came in sight.

he had long kept by him.

dance that evening.

on Kitty's hand

gan shouting:

vorite songs.

Reed was never really in the field. He did not board at the Aurora Hotel,

## Danger Lurks in Many of the So Called Headache Remedies.

RITTY MIMS MOUNTED A CHAIR AND Kitty had never "sweetened his coffee by looking into it"-a plan that was para-acet-phenetidin. Their properties thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to Recent Synthetic Analgesics; Their that these drugs required to be bandled bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning-in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday-and in the center of the flowers he hid a golden heart which he had

> An Outrageous Slander. made the following astounding stateafternoon; if she does not lie, then she

fanciful-name.-British Medical Jour-

All women are pleased with the judg-ment of Paris—when it comes to fashof his flowers were in her dark hair, ment and the golden heart hung from a chain ions.

Connubialities A Missouri man filed as an answer to his wife's suit for divorce an agreement signed by both "to disband."

Mr. Woodruff, the New York man who has accumulated 50 wives, simply makes Chicago's Bates-Gates, of seven-

wife notoriety, look small. "I have always had a desire to go on the stage," says the St. Louis young woman who was married last Saturday, Tom Reed did not wait longer, but and is now seeking a divorce. She not one of Rochdale, where there are 145

### PERIODS OF PAIN.

wants to begin as a star.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of ence to many because it means a time of

done for me? When I wrote to you I

was suffering untold pain at time of

menstruation; was nervous, had head-

ache all the time, no appetite, that tired

feeling, and did not care for anything.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one

of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver

Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I

would like to have those who suffer

know that I am one of the many who

-MISS JENNIE R MILES, Leon. Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write

A canal connecting the Mediterranean

Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe

soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves

From China \$450,000 worth

factors, paupers and dead people.

Oil, the best known cure.

and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs

great suffering. saw the blossoms in her hair and the While no woman is entirely free from heart of gold upon her breast. periodical pain, it does not seem to have She was calling his name-louderbeen nalouder. She was beating on the door. ture's plan "Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's

that women sake come out! The mine is on fire!" otherwise He sprang up and threw open the healthy should suffer There stood Kitty, white-faced and so severely. Lydia E. Pink-"See, Tom! see! There are eight men ham's Vegetable Com. 6

tor known to

medical sci-

in the shaft and all of them marpound is the most thorough female regula-

ried--' Tom Reed did not walt to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest

and lay down, but it was not to sleep.

give, if questioned, no adequate cause

was too happy for reason, too much ex-

It was near daylight when he fell



THERE STOOD KITTY, WHITE-FACED AND EXCITED.

not daring to descend the fatal opening. Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and offers free of charge to all women. seemed paralyzed. "What are you about, Tom Reed!

with the Red sea existed as early as Don't go down, man! Don't!" shouted 600 years before the Christian era. Its the people length is 92 miles. "Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up-usual signal!" That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He autumn, and that is neuralgia. To

hand." After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationwas not ignorant of her charms, and ary engine was started, and the bucket rose, holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.

had gone down the chain, "hand over

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away! quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"

The bucket flew down the shaft, from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke. An awful lapse of agonizing seconds,

then came a faint signal to "Haul up!" The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame. A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell, fainting, beside the blackened.

the mouth of the pit. "Any other man but brave Tom Reed would have died," was the general comment weeks afterward, when it was found Tom would live-live, but never again to look up at the sky and

the hills that he loved. "Why-why did you go down?" asked Kitty, as she sat feeling her fingersthey had no jeweled ring now. "I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What

mattered it so that I saved them." "Hush, Tom!" He felt a tear on his hand and he knew her lips were near his sightless

"You will want a wife now, Tom. Let my eyes do for both. Father is will-

It is the privilege of queens to propose, but then Kitty was a queen, and she is none the less one now that she is Mrs. Reed and the landlady of the

Aurora Hotel. If Tom Reed ever bemoaned his calamity no one knew it-not even the wife, from whom he could have no secrets.-Utica Globe.

### FANCY NAMES FOR POISONS.

In his quarterly report on the health of the borough of Chorley, Lancashire, Dr. J. A. Harris, the medical officer for the district, calls attention to the indiscriminate sale and purchase of the various so-called headache powders. He states that under his direction the county police obtained six or seven samples from different shops in the town and had them submitted to analysis. In every case the quantity of the active ingredient was found to be in excess of the maximum dose of the drug allowed in the British pharmacopoela. These remedles belong to the class of the analgesics, the members of the group in common use for this purpose being acetanalide or phenylacetamide, phanazone, and phenacetin or were fully considered in the section of pharmacology and therapeutics at the neeting at Edinburgh, where Professor Stockman (Glasgow) opened a discussion on the "Therapeutic Value of Benefits and Attendant Risks." There was a general expression of opinion with the greatest possible care, and that a slight error of judgment with regard to dosage might be followed by disastrous results. All these substances depress the heart's action, and in toxic doses diminish the force of the respiratory act, The danger is not obviated by selling a polsonous drug under a

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife, in broken English, of conduct the reverse of admirable (to put it mildly). He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon "A song! A song from the sage brush nightingale?" Having no cold to urge party for her on the plea of her delicate health; but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair ment, which was news, indeed, to the world in general: "My wife lies in the swindles!" N. B .- "Schwindeln" is the to get near to where Tom Reed was equivalent in German for "feeling glddy."

Every American hopes our school boys will succeed in their efforts to raise \$3,000,-000 to be used in building a battleship. It costs great sums to build a warship, but you can build up your health with Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters at small expense, This remedy is for all stomach, liver and

Rochdale's Many Churches. The town in England best provided with places of worship is the ancient

The "American Boy" Battleship.

went to his cabin up the mountain side only wants to go on the stage, but she churches and cahpels. Fifty belong to the Church of England and 95 to the Nonconformists. Follow It Up. Sit down and cool off suddenly, and

then regret it, for stiffness and soreness woman's life, is also the bane of exist- is bound to follow. Follow it up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

The New Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November is the initial number in the new and improved form of this longtime favorite illustrated family magazine, with a handsome cover in colors and gold. Its price is reduced to ten cents, one dollar per annum. This is unquestionably a wise and popular move on the part of a the publishers; and the return of Mrs. Frank Leslie to the editorship of the magazine assures for it a future as brilliant as its past has been prosperous.

Bicycles are taxed in Shoreham, Mass., the average assement this year

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to searn 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 internelly, seefing 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.

Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. Stockings were first used in the 11th century. Before that cloth bandages as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at

were used on the feet. When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

Some scientists assert that the purest air in cities is found about 25 feet above the street surface.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousnes after first day's use of Dr. Kiline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 52.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Aeolian harp was the invention, it is believed, of Athanasius Kircher. human hair is exported annually. It who lived in the seventeenth century, comes mostly from the heads of male- and it is so called from Acolius, the god or ruler of the winds.

A system which has become run down of the bast summer is not in a condition to meet the severe winter of this climate and will easily fall a prey to disease unless a proper tonic is used.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best medicine in the world for building up and strengthening an enervated system. Do not confuse

these bills with ordinary purgative pills. They do NOT act on the bowels, thereby further weakening the body. They build up the blood and strenothen the nerves.

Continue of the second

Major A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich., is a well-known civil engineer. He says: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not regain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks. I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and I bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."—Detroit Free Press.

DECEMBER OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

Willamet Iron Works

American

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER ....

.....PORTLAND, OREGON

We lead and originate

Buy Direct

ers have same right. I will buy it. Do no

for a free sample. RICE & CO., 181½ First St., rooms 1 and 18, Portland, Or. **BUY THE CENUINE** 

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. EF NOTE THE NAME.

WILL & FINOK CO. See Francisco. WHEN writing to advertisers please

OUR LIVER Get it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy willdoit, Three

doses will make you feel better. Get it from

our druggist or any wholesale drug house, or

rom Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

At all druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medi-cine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

Front and Everett Sts. PORTLAND, OR.

Founders

Company Cor. Second and Stark Sts.

WOOLEN MILLS And save middleman's profits. Men's fine tall-or-made suits,\$3.95 to \$14. Fit guaranteed. Cata-logue, samples, self-measurement blanks, etc., mailed free. Address J. Landlogan, McKay building, Portland, Or. Mention this paper



BASEBALL, FOOTBAL

ATHLETIC AND GYMNASIUM SUPPLIES.

ence. It relieves the condition that probeing \$50. duces so much discomfort and robs menstruction of its terrors. Here is proof: DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-How can I thank you enough for what you have