

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.

Cornmeal Is Heating

Corn meal, in any one of a half dozen palatable and digestible ways has been demonstrated to be richer in heat units than almost any other food that comes to the ordinary table. In a bulletin issued by the Michigan Agricultural College the fuel value of corn meal scarcely can find space on a page of the pamphlet for its expression in a long black line that has to double back upon itself twice in order to show the 9,000 calories that are in five pounds of the substance. Eggs, sirloin steak, beef ribs, milk, cheese, and even the vaunted bean take place far back from the side of corn meal in nutritive value when the cost is considered. A table from this document is particularly interesting, based upon the expenditure of 10 cents at the market prices of the commodities at the top 10 cents, with corn meal at the top, is as follows:

Food	Calories
Corn meal	9,000
Butter	8,000
High grade patent flour	7,500
Beans	7,000
Potatoes	6,500
Sugar	6,000
Wheat flour	5,500
Milk	5,000
Beef ribs	4,500
Beef steak	4,000
Beef ribs	3,500
Beef steak	3,000

Doing Great Work

Florian, Mo., Dec. 19.—(Special)—That Dood's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in curing the most terrible forms of kidney disease, such as Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes, everybody knows. But it must also be noted that they are doing a still greater work in curing the earlier stages of kidney disease. Take for instance Mrs. Peter Barton, of this place. She says:

"I have been subject to pains in my back and knees for about three years, but since I have been taking Dood's Kidney Pills I have been entirely cured."

Others here tell similar stories. In fact, in this part of Missouri there are scores of people who have cured the early symptoms of kidney disease with Dood's Kidney Pills. The use of the Great American Kidney Remedy thus saved not only the lives of kidney disease victims, but thousands of other Americans from years of suffering.

Splitting Hairs

A somewhat elderly gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, went into a hairdresser's the other day to have his hair cut.

"Excuse me, sir," said the hairdresser, as he began operations, "but your hair is very coarse."

"Of course," ejaculated the gentleman.

The hairdresser looked rather puzzled, and said: "I mean it won't lie straight, sir."

"No, you see it can't lie straight, or even tell the truth, because it can't talk," smiled the gentleman.

The hairdresser, who began to suspect that he was being played with, felt mad, and said abruptly: "Here's grease!"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the gentleman; "it bears grease, or oil, or fat of any description; in fact, I should say it would bear anything, for it wouldn't have borne your remarks about it!"

New Uses for Roller Skates

Little Johnny—Say, pa, will you buy me a pair of roller skates?

Pa—What in the name of common sense do you want with a pair of roller skates?

Little Johnny—Why, pa, I want to use them for mowing the lawn in summer and shoveling the driveway in winter. What else could I use them for, pa—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TAINTED BLOOD

Columbus, Ohio, May 19, 1903.

Some four years ago I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and had an all-over tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. as the best blood purifier and tonic made, and strongly advise its use to all those in need of such medicine.

Victor S. Brown, Cor. Barham and Washington Aves.

Wheeling, W. V., May 28, 1903.

My system was run down and my joints ached and pained me considerably. I had used S. S. S. before and knew what it was, so I purchased a bottle of it and have taken several bottles and the aches and pains are gone, my blood has been cleared and my general health built up. I can testify to it as a blood purifier and tonic.

1531 Market St. JOHN C. SMITH.

If you have any symptoms of disordered blood—write us and our physicians will advise you free.

Our book on blood and skin diseases sent free.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

THE STAR IN THE EAST

They followed the star the whole night through. As it moved with the midnight, they moved too. And could not whether it led, nor knew. Till Christmas day in the morning.

And just at the dawn in the twilight shade, They came to the stable, and, unafraid, Saw the blessed Babe in the manger laid, On Christmas day in the morning.

We have followed the star a whole long year, And gazed its beam, now faint, now clear, And it now stands still as we draw near, To Christmas day in the morning.

And just as the wise men did of old, In the hush of the winter dawning cold, Now comes the star to the manger fold, On Christmas day in the morning.

The Child on the Christmas morning.

And just as the wise men deemed it meet To offer him gifts and perfume, sweet, Now lay our gifts at his holy feet—Our gifts on the Christmas morning.

O Babe, once laid in the manger bed, With scarce a place for thy head, Now through the highest heavens in tread—O Lord of the Christmas morning!

Because we have known and have loved that star, And have followed it long, and have loved it far, From the land where the shadows and darkness are, To find thee on Christmas morning.

Accept the gifts that we dare to bring, Though worthless and poor the offering, And help our souls to rise and sing, In the joy of thy Christmas morning.

—Susan Coolidge.

SAVED BY CHRISTMAS

I was very close to the end of the year 1860 that the last of the Filipino Insurgent army was effectually defeated, and the battalions that formed its strength were scattered among the mountains of Northern Luzon as guerrilla bands.

American soldiers garrisoned the principal towns along the coast, but the distance from the coast to the interior was so great that the danger of the road had sometimes to pass the night in some ungarmented down, miles away from the nearest American post.

I was at Vigan at that time, and went badly to get to Manila before New Year's day. No steamer was scheduled to sail in the interval, so I was forced to go down to Dagupan, the railroad terminus, by horseback, a distance of more than a hundred miles.

Natives and Americans alike warned me of the dangers of capture from the hands of the rebels, but no steamer was scheduled to sail in the interval, so I was forced to go down to Dagupan, the railroad terminus, by horseback, a distance of more than a hundred miles.

Leaving Vigan early on the morning of December 28, I reached a village called San Esteban that night, ungarmented, but in a peaceful district. When morning came and nothing had occurred to disturb my sleep, danger from the rebels seemed very vague, and I set out on my second day's travel with an easy mind.

At noon I struck the first American post, Candian, and the post commander tried to persuade me from continuing, as the next post could be reached in one day by starting early in the morning.

But, as I have said, my hurry was great, and so at 2 o'clock I was once more on the road.

As I had a fair knowledge of the country I knew that evening must bring me near a small village called Sevilla, and there in the house of the municipal president, I expected to pass the night, Christmas Eve.

I kept looking for the town, but it was almost dark and still no sign of houses.

Finally I met a passing native, and asked him: "Where is Sevilla?"

"There," he answered, pointing. "I saw nothing but a big mango tree. Where?" I asked again.

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HOPE FOR THE SICK

"Christmas greeting, friend," he said, calmly. "What is the matter with your head?"

I raised my hand to my forehead, and found it bleeding. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. This he gave to me and even knotted it after I had passed it around my head. I now felt fairly convinced that I was a prisoner.

The officer and I fell into conversation, but apparently by mutual consent made no mention of the war, nor my present situation.

To my surprise he did not ask me for my revolver, but I thought it prudent to lay it down, replied the latter.

"Let us retire," he proposed at last.

Of course I must ask you to let me share your rest with you—some of my soldiers must sleep on the floor."

Both of us stretched out on the cot, and later a dozen soldiers came in and occupied the floor.

The boy officer was soon asleep, and so innocent was his innocent face that I felt no worry over my personal safety at last.

A thrill of hope passed through me as I got down the stairs and found my horse tethered beside the house.

I was sitting down when a voice from a window above arrested me.

"Good morning. Are you leaving us?" was the inquiring officer.

"Yes," I replied. "Well, good-bye, then," and his face disappeared.

A house of shame overcame me. Then, too, I disliked leaving my saddlebags behind.

So I tied my horse to a post again and returned to the stairs.

The boy officer seemed surprised to see me. To his questioning I replied:

"I think I shall wait till breakfast."

Then I lay down on the cot again, and strange to say, fell asleep.

The sun was high up when again I awoke. The instant I opened my eyes, a native was setting the table with cooked rice, eggs, and coffee.

The president, the youngest lieutenant, and I breakfasted together. Afterward, looking out of the window, I saw that he had saddled my horse.

I determined to go, as I was really a prisoner, or, at least, I had the lieutenant's good-bye.

"Adieu," he said, reaching out his hand.

"One thing," I said. "Tell me, why don't you make me a prisoner?"

The officer looked at me; his eyebrows rose in astonishment.

"What, on Christmas Eve?"

That evening I was safely brought to a garrisoned town—Washington Post.

MYTH OF THE MISTLETOE

Customs Surrounding the Plant Are Relics from the Druids.

The custom connected with the mistletoe at the Christmas holidays is a relic of the days of Druidism, handed down through a long course of centuries.

In the religion of the Druids the mistletoe was regarded with the utmost veneration, though the reverence which they paid to it seems to have been restricted to the plant when growing on the oak tree.

When the oak was reached on which the mistletoe grew two white bulls were bound to the tree and the Druids of the Druids, clothed in pure white, ascended, and, with a golden knife, cut the sacred plant, which, as it fell, was caught by another priest in the folds of his spotless white mantle. The bulls, and sometimes human beings, were sacrificed to the gods.

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