

# 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 alternative and tonic Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

**Cornmeal in Heating.**  
Corn meal prepared 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 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 demonstration is particularly interesting, based upon the expenditure of 10 cents at the market prices of the commodities. This 10 cents value, with corn meal at the top, is as follows:

	Pounds for 10 cents.	Heat Units.
Corn meal	5	4,000
Entire wheat flour	4	3,500
High grade patent flour	4	3,500
Beans	4	2,500
Potatoes	10	4,000
Sugar	2	3,500
Butter	1	3,500
Milk	1	3,500
Round steak	1	3,500
Beef ribs	1	3,500
Sirloin steak	1	3,500

**Doing Great Work.**  
Florisant, Mo., Dec. 19.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in curing the more terrible forms of Kidney Disease, such as Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes, everybody knows. But it must also be known that they are doing still greater work in wiping out the thousands of cases of the earlier stages of Kidney Disease. Take for instance Mrs. Peter Barreau, 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 Dodd'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 Dodd'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 sufferings.

**Spitting 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: "Bear'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, or 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 moving the lawn in summer and shoveling snow 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-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and after taking seven or eight bottles my system was cleared of all eruptions and took on a healthy glow that assured me that my blood had been restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite was restored, as I could eat anything put before me, and as I regained my appetite I increased in weight, and that "tired feeling" which worried me so much disappeared, and I was once again my old self. I heartily recommend 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 STUBBS, Cor. Barthman 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 that 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. JOHN C. STERN.

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**  
Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, etc.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Last night they had a Christmas-tree down at the new church; and a lot of things they did, somehow. I could not understand it. A lot of things new-fangled that we never used to know. 'Way back among those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

The preacher rode to meet us in a new steam wagon which made such a racket that it high scored the organ. The sermon fairly roared with words no one could hear.

From good old Brother Dan's Wigwag, fifty years ago.

The organ was most wonderful; but then it didn't sound as reverent as it somehow ought to be.

But when they sang "Joy to the World,"—ah, then I felt the glow that thrilled my soul those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

And though that good old anthem I seemed to know, it sounded new.

To where my soul could see across, clear to the golden shore, the Lord is Come! Let Earth Receive Her King!

Let us sing, "Prepare Him Room, and Heaven and Nature Sing!"

Ah, 'twas a song to swell the heart! The organ thundered loud and carried grandly heavenward the voices of the choir.

My soul looked out beyond the earth and saw the gleam and glow across the waters flow.

And over all I heard a voice rise high, and ever higher—

A girl's sweet voice angelic floating down from the choir; its melody swift tangled in my tender heart's long ago.

Ah, they were blue as summer skies—these tender eyes I knew; and ever from their depths I saw love's bright sun shining through.

Love's sun that shone for me alone straight out of paradise—

The paradise that lay within my little sweetheart's eyes.

And as the sweet-voiced singer sang, again there came to me a vision of the old log church, the little city of the old log church.

Abaze with tiny lights; I heard a voice I used to know.

And love those old Christmas times of fifty years ago.

I felt her hand upon my arm; I heard the sleigh-bells ring; and though my mind the echoes ran, "Let Heaven and Nature Sing!"

I saw again the cedars bend beneath the weight of snow.

Again I felt my sweetheart's kiss of fifty years ago.

Sing on for aye, O triumph song! My spirit soars above.

And defies all anthem all-divine, a song of purest love.

I've cast away the thrills of age, sung off the song of time; the mistletoe and holly brought above us wreaths and clime.

The song was done. The lights were out. The echoes all were still.

The blue eyes once more sleeping on the snow-bent boughs.

And I am old—ah, very old and yet my dimming eyes

Have caught a gleam prophetic from the gates of paradise.

"Joy to the World!" I quaver o'er the haunting old refrain.

And dwell through lonely tears that fall like summer rain.

For every year that bows my head but makes me bringer of love.

My love of those old Christmas times of fifty years ago.

—Lovelitt Olla Secord, in Leslie's Weekly.

viola. "Ah, I have sighed to rest me, deep in a silent grave," gently trembled the melody while in a minor key the obligato sent forth its wail. Wonderfully and sweetly the music from the old viola. Then, as the cathedral chimes rang out the tidings that a Christmas day was born, the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" rushed forth in one magnificent outburst from the strings of the viola. The sound was firm and supple now; inspiration shone from the aged face.

"Gloria to God on high"—the tones seemed to soar beyond the sad old world—upward, upward until it seemed to touch the star-studded dome and beyond to the throne most high.

"Pence on earth"—the benediction seemed to strike into every soul. The battle for earthly gain—the selfish passions, the heartaches and sins—all, all were forgotten—peace, peace on earth. Painter and fainter trembled the last glad notes.

The snowy old face rested against the loved Amati. The head was as white as the Christmas snow without—but the lips smiled. Peace on earth—peace, peace to the soul that slumbers—New York Herald.

**MUSIC OF THE YULETIDE.**  
Best Talents of Composers Devoted to Hymns for the Occasions.

ORE than any other season, Christmas has its own distinctive music. Composers for centuries have devoted their best talents to the production of hymns, odes, cantatas and oratorios that breathe the Christmas spirit.

In England, the Christmas carol has long held the first place. Some of the old carols date back as far as the twelfth century. Like much that is artistic, they appear to have had their origin in France. One of the most ancient of these carols is the "Prose de l'Ane," and it was sung as part of a popular festival called the "Fete de l'Ane," in which ceremonial a richly caparisoned ass, bearing on its back a young maiden with a child in her arms, was led through the cities of Beauvais and Sens, in commemoration of the flight into Egypt.

Both in Germany and in England the custom prevails among young chorists of going through the streets in bands early on Christmas morning, harmonized Christmas hymns and carols for the benefit of the homes of the rich. A familiar picture is that of Martin Luther, when a boy, singing in the streets at Christmas dawn. Several of the most familiar German Christmas hymns were composed in the early in the seventeenth century by Jacob Praetorius to melodies composed about the middle of the sixteenth by Luther. One of the greatest masters of German music, Johann Sebastian Bach, whom a pupil at the choir and grammar school of St. Michael's, in Lüneburg, called the "waits," as they were called in England, with his fellow chorists, between whom and those of another school the musical rivalry was so intense that the authorities were obliged to separate the routes for them in order to prevent their meeting and coming to blows.

Modern Christmas compositions the most widely known undoubtedly is the "Cantique de Noel" (Christmas song) by Adolph Adam. Adam is a French composer of the nineteenth century. The "Cantique de Noel" is as famous outside of France as within its borders. It is most widely used at the midnight services and is the subject of a famous ceremonial at the Paris Opera House. On the eve of midnight, every Dec. 24 the performance of the opera, at whatever point it may be in the representation, immediately is interrupted, the baritone steps to the footlights and, while the audience reverently stand or kneel, intones the words of the carol.

**FEEDING THE BIRDS.**  
A Happy Christmas Custom Among Swedish Peasants.

Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to an extent unknown in our country, and the celebration is not over until Jan. 13, or "twentieth day Yule." A very pretty feature of the festivities is thus described by a writer who has visited that country: One wintry afternoon, at Jultide (as the season is called), I had been skating on a pretty lake, three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected, in the middle of the yard, a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain. "Why is this?" I asked my comrade. "Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know." And so it is; not a peasant in Sweden will sit down to a Christmas dinner without doors until he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the birds in the cold and snow without—Widburg Dispatch.

**A Good Riddance.**  
When the New Year is at the front door, people, and out at the back door the Old Year creeps.

I hope I'll carry away on my back A load as big as a peddler's pack; And we'll stow away in his baggage then Some things that he never shall want again.

We will put in the pocket little post That drives all the merry dimples out. And the creamy scowls that up and down Fold down the little foreheads right into the snow.

And the little quavrels that spoil the plays, And the benton-gins, and the teasing looks That never seem funny to other folks; And the stonies that are tossed—be sure of that—

At robin redbreast and pussy cat. And we'll throw in the lot some cross little "don'ts," And most of the "can'ts" and all of the "won'ts."

And the grumpy moods that should not be And when mamma calls, "It is time for bed." If we get all these in the Old Year's pack, And shut it so tight that they can't come back—

To-morrow morning we'll surely see A Happy New Year for us and for thee.

—Youth's Companion.

**Inherited Mistrust.**  
"Beside, have you written your letter to Santa Claus?"

"Yes, ma; but don't you go an' give it to pa to mail."

**Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.**

Pat—Why is th' old year loike a whet towel, Nora, darlint?

Nora—Why?

Pat—Because they always ring it out.

## HOPE FOR THE SICK



A VICTIM OF LA GRIPPE.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, 769 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., President Woman's Benevolent Ass'n, writes:

"I suffered with la grippe for seven weeks, and nothing I could do or take helped me until I tried Peruna."

"I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and I kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored, and I am glad that I gave that truly great remedy a trial. I will never be without it again."

In a letter dated August 31, 1904, Mrs. Marsh says: "I have never yet had the efficacy of Peruna questioned. We will use it. I traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee three years ago, where I found Peruna doing its good work. Much of it is being used here also."

—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.  
Address Dr. Hartman, President of Dr. Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**Students Broke Them Up.**  
There are very few things that escape the notice of college students when they appear en masse. This was demonstrated at an uptown theater the other evening when a stirring melodrama was being enacted, says the Philadelphia Record. A group of ten students occupied the front row of the balcony. Just below them sat a party of young women. It was when the beautiful heroine was about to be thrust out on the mercy of a pitiless world that tragedy was turned into comedy. True to feminine emotional nature, the feelings of the group of women aforesaid were so wrought up that tears began to flow. There was a hasty struggle for handkerchiefs, a deep dive into pockets and bags and then a pause. Only one of the six girls had had the foresight to provide herself with a handkerchief.

With a sympathetic glance of comprehension she wiped the tears from her own eyes and then passed the bit of linen along. One by one the weeping maidens dabbed their eyes with the handkerchief and then it was smuggled back to the owner and the game of progressive handkerchief was begun again. The students saw all this, and one of them took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away imaginary tears and passed it along the line. Loud "sobbs" drew attention to them. In a moment the house was convulsed with laughter, and it was only after managerial interference that the by-play was stopped and the six maidens with the one handkerchief were spared further mortification.

**Similar but Different.**  
"Did you ever attend a cooking school?" asked the Chicago girl.

"No," replied her Boston cousin, "but I graduated from a college of gastronomy."

**Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—Mrs. ELIZABETH BRYAN, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn. —\$2.00 per bottle. If original of letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

**FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMAN.**  
Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Old Year goes away; her eyes are sad—The eyes of one who hopes or fears no more.

Snow is upon her hair; gray mists have veiled the vision of her life.

A form the vestiture of the spring which wore the buds quicken now beneath the clay.

But not for her—the Old Year goes away.

The New Year enters in; a happy child, Who looks for flowers to do her outstretched hand.

And knows not fear, although the winds be wild. Soon shall the birds be singing in the yard.

On the young leaves the patter of soft rain. And violets ope—the New Year comes again.

So with this mortal life; now young, now old. A spring which never dreams of frost and snow.

Summer and autumn—then the tale is told; With tired limbs and weary eyes we go. Grant a waking on some happier shore.

Where the lost youth and joy comes back once more.

—Mary Gorges.

## FATE OF TWO PRESENTS.

THERE, now, we are all ready for Christmas," said Mrs. Slickerby, as she climbed stiffly down from the chair on which she had been standing to look the chandelier with holly. "How surprised Josiah will be when he comes in, cold and tired, to find the place looking so like holiday time. I declare, I have a good mind to make a fire in the stove just to please him. He kept asking me to hang the holly, come to think of it, he hasn't mentioned it lately, though I always told him it only made a dirt for me to clean up and the furnace heated the whole place anyhow. He said his mother used to have a nice fire in the stove when they came in evenings. Of course, she did; his mother never saw a furnace in her life, and wouldn't have known it from a telephone if she had."

She paused, with her hands on her hips, to admire the result of her labors. "Yes, I guess I will light a fire in that stove, anyhow, it will serve as a text for some remarks about the cold and a few more hints as to how I do need a new set of furs this Christmas. Josiah is a good man, but he is as close when it comes to a question of money as a potato is to its skin."

She was bustling about as she talked, making her preparations to light a fire in the brilliantly polished stove. "There, I declare," she cried, as she opened the door, "if Josiah hasn't got this stove all filled up with papers and trash, after all my talking; it does seem as if you can't teach a man to be careful about a house any more than you can teach a hen to play checkers. Never mind, I'll just lay my handings on top of the trash and not scold—Christmas is not the time for scolding, anyhow—though when you've got to live with a man it's best to take every opportunity to teach him what's right."

As the fire began to crackle cheerfully, she left it and went over to the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner, reached carefully to the top shelf and took down a bundle.

"I'll just take a last peep at Josiah's present," she said. "I tell you, there was a lot of work in the knitting of that afghan, and if he doesn't give me those furs he'll feel a good deal ashamed every time he puts it over his knees in the buggy this winter—and the furs are not in the house, I know that, for I've been over every square inch of it in hopes to find 'em hid somewhere."

She had unfolded a wonderful combination of colors in wool which would have made Joseph's coat a sadder garment by comparison, and looked at it with great admiration. Then she carefully replaced it. "I don't know as it's just necessary to keep it away up there—he wouldn't see it if it was right under his nose. Dear me, I certainly smell something burning. I wonder if it can be my cake in the oven. I had almost forgotten it, with all these other things on my mind."

"The oven Josiah gives me," she cried ten minutes later, as she heard the door of the sitting room open. "I'll stay out here and see what he does. Well, surely he must be pleased with the decorations and the fire in the stove. It sounds as if he was doing a jigger over the room—and him a professing Christian, too!"

Five minutes later she opened the sitting room door and stood transfixed on the threshold. "Why, Josiah Slickerby, what on earth is this?" she shrieked, as she saw as black as a sweep and her beard is all singed, and what is that awful smell in here, and w-what is that you have in your hand?"

"It's your new set of furs, that's what it is," retorted Josiah, grinning. "A good set of furs that cost a lot of money, too, and looking like a cat that had been sitting on a can of firecrackers when they went off!"

"But how on earth could—"

"I had 'em in the stove, that's how! you said you'd never make another fire in it now we've got a furnace, and I hid 'em in it, so's I could surprise you for Christmas!"

"Well, goodness knows you have surprised me!"

"Yes, and when I came into this room it was all full of smoke, and flames were bursting out of the stove door. It was so full, and if I hadn't kept my presence of mind and hunted out that old thing to smother the flames with, the whole place might have been burned!" And he held up the afghan, which was scarcely in better condition than the furs!

**What Willie Wants.**  
Dear lovely Miss Santa Claus, I don't want you to give me a satin bank with money in it. The kind word has a key: I want a train ticket, too. I don't want you to give me a pair of rubber boots. To waste out in the snow. An' den I want a train car; A kite with flies with wings; I want a ark with Noah in it, An' anythings an' things; A jumpin' jack, a gallop gallop, An' a rubber snake; I want a rubber snake to keep Our hired girl awake; I want a airgun won't shoot; A pair of skates an' sled; She's just a blue snow cap To wear upon my head; I want lots of oranges, an' win him popcorn ball, I want a lot of candy, too, An'—I guess that is all.

Yours truly, WILLIE.  
—Ohio State Journal.

**A Christmas Love Story.**  
The prettiest Christmas tale of all is that of the blessed Hermann Joseph, the little clockmaker of Germany. He was a very poor lad, who loved to go to church better than anything else in the world. One Christmas eve he entered the cathedral with a little gift for the Christ Child. It was all he had—a rosy apple which someone had given him. He went up to the image of Mary and the Child, and he held out the apple to the little one, placing it at last in the chubby hand. Instantly the little marble fingers closed upon the apple and the child smiled with pleasure upon the poor boy's gift. Which goes to show that the tribute of the wine men is the only acceptable offering to Christmas love.—Abbie Farwell Brown in Lippincott's.

## Eagle Caught by a Dog.

A remarkable capture of an eagle by a dog named Romans is reported here.

The dog belonged to a farmer named Angelin Descombes, at the village of Chatouzades. The eagle swooped down on the dog to carry it off, but the animal, on feeling the bird's claws in its back, turned sharply and bit the eagle's claws. The bird rolled over on the ground, and the dog immediately pounced on it, and held it down until the arrival of his master, who captured the bird alive.

From wing point to wing point the eagle measured four feet nine inches—London Express.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

**Nothing But the Truth.**  
"Yes," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."

"Say, what are you giving me?" queried Mr. Walker Ties.

"Facts," answered the great footsore tragedian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."

**A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.**  
Hemorrhoids, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 30c.

**She'd Looked It Up All Right.**  
Teacher—Have you looked up the meaning of the word "imilities," Fanny?

Fanny—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what does it mean?

Fanny—To take in.

Teacher—Yes. Now give a sentence using the word.

Fanny—My aunt imilities boarders—Woman's Home Companion.

**Clerical Jolt.**  
She was wealthy and consequently a target for much flattery.

"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"

"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

**Permanently Cured.** No other nervousness. Doctor's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatment. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**His Sphere.**  
Friend—Do you never take a vacation, doctor?

Doctor—Very seldom. I'm kept busy all summer doctoring people who have been taking vacations.—Puck.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. J. C. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

**No Flowers.**  
A Ray County, Missouri, man bet \$2 that he could twist the tail of a dun-colored mule and escape unscathed. In reply to a telegram from the corner his father, in the East, wired: "Bury the fool where he lit."—Denver Post.

**CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. It is the only one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations, and "Just-as-goods" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**  
Bears the Signature of

**Chas. H. Fletcher.**  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

**RUSSELL ENGINES BOILERS**  
SAW MILLS High Grade  
THRESHERS  
STACKERS Machinery  
Write for Catalog