AIL ORDER HOUSES WHAT THEY DON'T DO

hen you are in need and deserve r home merchant will help you He helps to keep up the schools churches. He contributes a to roads, etc. Where there is for a special fund he usually the list. When there is a or fair for the church or so- he is usually there. That is we say you get more than the goods from your home mer- Another thing—you proba- have a family, sometimes one of ons may think of going into for himself. Where is the for a young man of limited to ever become a merchant if ople send their money to build se gigantic mail order houses mpete with your son or your

e citizenship is not all in rally the "Star Spangled Banner" country and singing "Hail bia." The spirit of true pa- m is shown by the men who home industry first, last ways.

quite interesting to read the talk in their mail order cata- to deceive the readers who their orders. They say the are sent in plain packages, be- many merchants who buy of sell again object to having names appear on the packages. We want to tell you that we believe that not a single in the United States has ordered any goods from these The statement is made you, Mr. Reader to make believe that you can buy as as your merchant.

Mr. Mail Order ever offer to your butter, eggs, potatoes, or products, and give you a cent more than the market affords? All he asks for is your cash; else. Now be honest your- at home; help support your own. Make your own home valuable. Put dollars in your Let Mr. Humbug sell in his own. In stead of him fooling you fool him by trading at

mail order business is the factor of commerce. It prom- and guarantees nothing. patent medicine, the directions ways on the inside, and you to buy a non,returnable pack- fore you find out what is on side.

mail order house helped to a little school house in your or helped make the good past your door No mail order ever took you by the hand you were in distress, and told let that little account go un- harvest, or until you were able to pay it. No mail order ever sold you a vehicle and every cent of its profit in your community where you and your ors could get it back again. mail order house ever shoved its leather shoes under your and rejoiced with you when were glad, nor spoke encourag- words in affliction, or stood with bared head beside the graves your children died.

The mail order house is after Every dollar it can get its hands on will be jerked out of your neighborhood forever. The mail order house may bear upon its face the semblance of friendship but no human heart beats under its cloak of hypocracy. Sentiment to it is unknown. The whole institution is as cold and bloodles sas a corpse.

All the mail order houses in Christiandom would not increase the value of your farm or city property a cent. They are parasites to whom life is only possible as long as they suck blood out of the communities, to the upbuilding of which they contribute nothing, they create no local market for the products you have for sale. They have no property in your county which can be assessed to help bear your burden of taxation. Your local dealer needs neither advocate or defense. His methods rests upon principles that have built up in this country a system of internal commerce which is the marvel and admiration of the world. His business is ligitimate because its success contributes to the general properity of the community that built it up.

Your local dealer stands ready to duplicate every offer so seductively set forth in the mail order catalogues and even more. He will trump the best trick the mail order house ever played, if you put down spot cash and accept from him a class of goods devoid of respectable ancestry, and upon which no reputable manufacturer will place his name. He can sell cheap goods, too, if you will buy them from him with your eyes shut. He can meet the best price ever made by a mail order house, if you will plank down the cash and accept what he gives you without question or recourse; but you must not expect him to be in his place of business every day in the year, ready and willing to make good any defect; ready and willing to stand back of any article he sells with his own reputation and warranty of a responsible company.

Honestly now, don't you pat yourself on the back when you spend money in such a way that in supplying your own wants you help to build up the neighborhood in which you live? Of course you do, and you act on that idea yourself, but the trouble is you don't talk it enough to your friends.

Stand by your local dealer as he stands by you with his time, his skill, and his money. He helps to build up the community and make it a better place for you both to live. His success depends upon your own prosperity. He has no use for mavericks—unbranded junk. He swears by the goods he sells and has an abiding faith in the theory that the best goods in the world is none too good for the major general of all industry—the American citizen.

The Minister's Dream.

Impelled against his will, the minister made ready and accompanied his guide, who strangely enough, led him to a large livery stable. With supernatural sight he beheld, as he passed from stall to stall, the diseases that made life a torture for many of the horses there. Some were troubled by toothache, exaggerated by having a bit in the mouth all day, some could not eat well, on account of torn and bleeding mouths, irregular teeth and other ills. Others held up their feet and moaned with pain. Shoes put on haphazard—in most cases their feet cut down to fit the shoe.

"Nobody to speak a word for us, and we can't speak a word for ourselves," wailed one whose neck was swollen in knots from the use of the overdraw check-rein.

"And yet there is a class of people calling themselves Christians, who pretend to give their lives to helping the helpless and doing good," said another, who shivered so he could hardly make himself heard. "Here I endured from insects untold tortures all summer because my master cut off my tail and mane, and now they have clipped close all the hair on my body, and I'm so cold!"

"What did he clip you for?" asked another.

"I don't know. My mistress is a very devout woman, and they've been decorating the church for Thanksgiving services to-morrow and I had to stand in the wind—my head drawn clear back and every bone in me aching—for three long hours."

"Is she a Christian?"

"Yes; they say so."

What the minister saw was both astonishing and painful. But the angel hurried him on, showing him horses, cattle, dogs, cats and birds, suffering every species of pain and privation. A great many were being starved, or in some way tortured, through merely thoughtlessness.

It was broad daylight and midsummmer weather when they paused at the stock yards. Long lines of cars, packed with their living freight stood everywhere. Hundreds of miles some of them had come without one drop of water—a wild-eyed, bellowing, piteous throng, the weaker ones trampled beneath the feet of the stronger, the whole suffering indescribable torture. To the right were the yards, acres of shadeless dust. Presently they began unloading the cars, and then the minister turned away. It seemed to him that every bloodshot eyeball was fixed on him in mute reproach and though he had oft-times watched the "unloading of stock cars"—never before had it come to him that those swollen, lolling tongues could form no word to plead for themselves.

"What a terrible thing!" he cried.

"Even so," said the angel. "Come."

If the minister's overcoat had been burdensome at the stock yards, it was not on the icy, wind-swept western plains, where next he found himself; and if the misery of the shipped stock was indescribable, the suffering of the starving herds here was more so.

"Do they never feed them?" he asked.

"No; thousands upon thousands roam through the snow for months, with no food save the dry grass that they paw from under the snow. See, their hoofs are worn until blood marks every step! These represent the wealth of cattle kings who are rolling in splendor in their eastern homes today. When the sleet storms come the herd will be one writhing mass of ice, driven desperately before the gale. Thousands will die before spring."

The minister remembered two rich men in his church whose wealth was said to consist in "cattle out west"; he had been very courteous to them, for they paid well into the church fund.

Along the Pacific slope they went, pausing to view long lines of mules engaged in the heaviest drafting, with shoulders one mass of sores and sides laid open with the pitiless—through the south it was even worse—hundreds of sights so shocking that the good man begged to go home.

"Ah, no," said the angel; "we must visit some of our institutions of learning."

Thither they went, and despite his entreaties the angel conducted him from one vivisecting table to another, where every species of torture that science or curiosity could invent he saw applied to the helpless, dumb creatures, who cries seemed to pierce his very soul. Others were mute, but conscious of their suffering.

"Is this Inferno?" he cried.

"No; these are the schools where our rising generations are taught."

"But why tear living creatures asunder; why flay and burn; why—?" but he could get no further and the angel simply answered:

"They call this scientific research."

"Let me go home," wailed the divine.

"No; we must cross the ocean and visit Pasteur's institute, and—"

"Is it worse than this?" he groaned.

"O yes, a great deal. Thousands upon thousands of living creatures have been sacrificed there."

"Don't," cried the poor minister; "don't tell me any more. What will you have me do? Is there no help for all this?"

"Noble men and women are at work," said the angel, "but only a few. The press, too, is coming to the front; but we need most of all is the pulpit: If only ministers would wake to their responsibility along this line; if only they could see that humanity is essential to godliness, what a change there would be. The people must be aroused."

"I will do my part!" cried the reverend gentleman, so loudly and emphatically that he awoke.

The congregation of the First — church listened in mute wonder to the stream of impassioned eloquence that pored from their pastor's lips the next morning. His text was "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." It was not the last of the kind they listened to, and in time the pastor and people came to see how utterly lacking is the religion that takes no account of the rights of the helpless and dumb.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowning sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuraliga pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box R, Notre Dame, Ind.

Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

is a disease prevailing in this most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack vital organs, causing catarrh of bladder, or the kidneys themselves to clog and waste away cell by cell. Other troubles almost always result from disarrangement of the kidneys and bladder and are obviated quickest by a proper use of the kidneys. If you are feeling ill you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. Its wonderful power to hold urine and cure pain in passing it, and overcome the unpleasant necessity of being obliged to go often through the day, and get up many times during the night, is soon realized. The mild and the extraordinary effects of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale by all druggists in fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When you read this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The
White Indian

A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument. "Pale-face" is the name they gave us.

Pale faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a rich blood food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from which the red blood springs.

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Any unpleasant after effects from a late supper may be quickly dispelled, and restful sleep assured by taking a dose of the world-famed correctives

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Persistent Eczema—Druggist Advised Proper Medicine—Another Complete Cure.

It makes no difference how severe or long-seated a case of bad blood, humors, eczema or scrofula may be, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures just the same.

It has the greatest record of any medicine ever made. Has received the largest number of testimonials —40,366 in two years.

It is the one above all others for you to take if you need a thoroughly good medicine for your blood.

C. C. BAILEY.

Read the following from Mr. C. C. Bailey, a well-known pump manufacturer, of Champaign, Ill.

"When I asked my doctor what that eruption was which came under my right ear, and which had refused to yield to home treatment, he said it was a bad case of eczema and that it would take a long time to cure it. Another doctor said it was about the worst case he ever saw. I followed their advice for 16 months, and still the eruption would not heal.

"One day I asked the druggist if he had anything he thought would do me good. He said if anything would cure me it was Hood's Sarsaparilla, and advised that I buy three bottles, watch the results, and be governed accordingly. There was such decided improvement at the end of that time that another bottle effected a complete cure." C. C. Bailey, 46 E. University avenue, Champaign, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will convince and cure where given a fair trial. Buy a bottle today

BEER PROMOTES
TEMPERANCE

Recognized as a Food Product, and So Dealt With by the Government

It is being recognized the world over that the drinking of beer promotes temperance and sobriety to a far greater extent than all the prohibition laws on the statute books.

All enlightened European nations are encouraging the manufacture and consumption of light beers containing about three and one-half per cent alcohol, and the result has been most gratifying to all sincere lovers of temperance.

The United States government has taken a positive stand in this direction, the war department holding that the re-establishing of the army canteen for the sale of beer being an absolute necessity in the interest of temperance and sobriety.

Beer is today recognized as a "Food Product," and is so dealt with by the government.

All the great insurance companies have contradicted the lies that have been given currency through prohibition sources that the drinking of beer was a bar to securing insurance, and have lately published to the world at large the statement that those drinking beer moderately (not more than two quarts during twenty-four hours) were the very best of risks. The latest British life insurance reports show that the ratio of death rate among abstainers is thirty per cent greater than among moderate drinkers.

Beer is pure and wholesome, and the day is not far distant when it will be as much a part of the daily subsistence of every family as are milk, bread and other food necessities.

The beer brewed by the Salem Brewery Association is in every sense the very best that modern enterprise can produce. It speaks for itself and is its own best advertisement.

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