

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS,

Sore, and itching Eczema—Doctor thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 50 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months, but did not get much help. During this time some one suggested which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository. I took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Author in "White Wing" Role.

Down in Marion, Mass., Richard Harding Davis, the author, has begun a new job of keeping the streets of that town clean. Three boys with a new push cart and a prod apple, made out of certain rollers, with screws on one end, the heads filed down to a point, with which they place scattering paper, directed by the novelist, have started in to make a record as the working force of the new department of street cleaning. Mr. Davis and Mrs. Webb Dexter offered to share the cost of the cleaning, and at an improvement association meeting recently the members elected Mr. Davis to take charge and carry out his own ideas. He hired the boys and will pay them \$8 apiece for one month. The next month Mrs. Dexter will settle with them.

ONE KIDNEY GONE,

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and free from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon on my feet again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Sharp Voice,

"Mrs. Bonning has a rather sharp voice, hasn't she?"

"Sharp? Well, it's a voice that never needs any hoarse, she was at the theater one night in a party and talked as usual all through the play, and finally the manager got so mad—the place wasn't drawing very well—another—that he came out before the curtain and said that if the show filling in one of the boxes didn't cease the play couldn't go on, and the audience applauded wildly."

What Did Mrs. Bonning do?

"She was so mad that she cut out the last two acts and then cut for home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear, or it may be completely closed, and the hearing is lost. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also caused by colds, catarrhs, and other diseases of the throat, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by local Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Against Adverse Conditions.

Interviewer—May I ask how you acquired your clear and handsome style of writing?

Successful author—Do you think it's a luminous style, young man? Well, I acquired it by long and painful labor in a dimly lighted attic.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAIN OINTMENT. Guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Extremely Unfashionable.

"Who are those people in that private box?"

"I don't know; mere nobodies, I guess. They are devoting their whole attention to the play."

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes the clothes clean and sweet as when new. All Grocers.

State Census Lepers.

A remarkable medical report touching the cure of leprosy was presented to the Louisiana Assembly by the leper house of the State of Louisiana. Out of 61 lepers in the Louisiana institution in the past two years six have been practically cured. A row of modern cottages constitute the leper's quarters. A surgical building and a small Catholic church complete this group of leper buildings. For thirteen years four to six sisters of charity, practically alone, have cared for all the wants of the lepers. None of these doctors has ever become infected with the disease, and apparently none of them fears it.

Thirst for Knowledge.

"I will wait a few moments," said the lecturer, who had delivered an eloquent and instructive address on "The High Mission of Women. Our Modern Civilization," "to answer any question that may be asked."

"There's one thing I'd like to know, Mr. Croton," spoke up a dyspeptic-looking man with a thin, straggling beard. "Where do they get the names for all these breakfast foods?"

His Experience.

"If it be true that all the world loves a lover," sighed the elderly Lohrman, because the world has so much fun with him."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
URIC ACID
GRAVEL
DIABETES

375 "Guaranteed"

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

The fruits are stored, the birds are gone. The ground is hard, the skies are gray; November's chill is in the air; To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

The farmhouse stands in sheltered nook. Its walls are lined with warmth and cheer; Its fire shines out with friendly look To welcome all who enter here.

Full forty years have come and gone. Since that first heart-thrilling sunny glow, From year to year how short it grew! Read out the old, familiar names They hang here where this house was new.

Grandmother—aye, she went the first; Grandfather—by her side he roared; The shade and sunlight, interspersed, Have fallen long above their heads.

Our aunts and uncles—sundered wide, Their graves lie east, their graves lie west; As veteran soldiers fought, and tried, They fought their battle here, and died.

Our father—dear and gentle heart! A nature sweet, beloved by all; He loved the old, the new, the great, The best that earth and heaven could call.

Our mother—blessed and kindly soul! How brave she bore fate's every frown, And pledged, in rare affection's glow, Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother—toward the setting sun, From so remote, his home is made, And many a year his country home, Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book? My heart is sore. The night winds whine the chimney free, The firelight gleams on the hearth, But none are here to leave you and me!

But, sister, you and I again, Will hear the heart and spread the cheer, And serve our kindred, now as then, With all that home and hearts afford.

The scattered remnants of our line, We'll remember "neath this roof once more, The memory of those days of yore.

God bless them all—the fond and true! God keep them all—both here and there, Until the Old Man comes New Year, Forever, in His Mansion Fair!—Youth's Companion.

John Warren's Thanksgiving.

John Warren dropped his newspaper on the floor of the car and stared out of the window. Strongly built and handsome, he was just now wearing on his face a look of utter weariness, resulting from a long trip in the West, where he had been looking after some interests of the firm of which he was a junior partner.

Nine years before, in a fit of anger, he had left his home in the country, and proud to return, had, by dint of dogged persistence, secured a humble place in the packing rooms of Brace & Brown's wholesale dry goods store. Fortune favored him, and this same quality of resolution, together with application, had raised him to the position he now occupied. A group of traveling men were making ready to leave the train. It was a jocular set, and they had cultivated deep acquaintance with the old hardware drummer said, "Boys, where are you going to be Thanksgiving day?"

"I'm going back to the fastnesses of Egypt and eat my turkey in the country," said one.

"Yes," said another, "I'm going to be in an old place at an old table with a white-haired little mother smiling at me from behind the coffee pot and my dear old dad piling enough on my plate to feed a regiment."

"And, those home-made pies!" said another, "those fat morsels of apple, pumpkin, mince and cranberry. Say, no restaurant bottom-crust about them."

"And," said the boot and shoe man, "at round the old fireplace and watch a row of jolly apples roasting in front of that roaring, heart-beating fire. Boys, you couldn't fence me away from home on that day."

And so each one, with a home picture in his head, hurried out of the car and up the long flight of station stairs away to his destination, while slowly behind them came John Warren with a surging tumult of feelings in his breast, and as he slowly mounted the last step a tear dropped on his brown beard and a sudden resolution filled his heart. He almost shouted, "John Warren, home!"

John hurried to his hotel, and taking a very shabby suit from his wardrobe packed it with some other things in a large satchel, and then hastening to the station climbed into the sleeper just as the long train pulled out for the coast. Arriving at a point twenty miles west of his old home, he went to an obscure hotel and changed his clothing for the old suit in his satchel.

When the "Evening" pulled into the town of "M"—two days before Thanksgiving the usual crowd of loungers gathered about the station, and among those whose clothes seemed the worse for wear, step off the rear platform, and without looking at anyone strike toward the farm of Richard Warren. Much curiosity was centered on this event until the nearest looking loiterer present said:

"That was John Warren, or I'll eat my hat! He's come home to live on the old place. It's a long, long, though, cause Squire Cook has given notice that he's going to foreclose the mortgage he has on the old man's place."

If he had followed the stranger for half a mile they might have seen the strong young man who had heartless tears as he leaned against the old oak tree by the little gate and gaze earnestly on the brown house at the edge of the woods. Crashing the snow with hasty steps, he was soon at the woodpile at the side of the house. Flinging down his satchel and reaching up the ax, he split an armful of wood and opening the kitchen door said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Mother, is this enough wood to get dinner with?"

A cry of wonderful joy and the mother went on her son's shoulder while his father patted the floor shouting, "Praise God! Praise God!" stopping often to clasp his son's hand and murmur, "My boy, my boy!"

Then they drew up to the fire and John said: "Father, mother, will you forgive me for my anger nine years ago and my cruel silence ever since?" And his mother said, "My boy, not a day has passed by that we haven't prayed for your return, and now that you are with us, we can take a new lease on life, and," she glanced at his shabby clothing—"we will share our little possessions with you, my dear, long-lost son."

As the afternoon wore away John helped his father about the chores and, with skillfully planned questions learned all about his financial troubles. He had taken on his satchel up to his old room and was washing his hands before supper when he heard a light step on the porch and a bright-faced young woman walked into the kitchen and seeing him stood, embarrassed until he, coming forward, said:

"This is Anna Scott, isn't it?"

"Why, John Warren, where have you kept yourself all these years? Oh, how happy your mother must be!"

And dropping his hand, which she had been shaking with greatest enthusiasm, she flew down into the cellar and threw both arms around his mother's neck, and that good lady embraced her, weeping and patting her shoulder with the empty cream pitcher which she had taken there to fill.

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"Anna, my parents think just as you do, that I have made a failure of life. Well, I haven't. I am a junior member of a very prosperous firm, and I will keep to the secret a little while longer and I want you to help me give them a kind surprise."

Then he unfolded his plan to her and his voice rang with delight as he said: "Oh, John, how lovely that will be!"

The next morning, after the old family Bible was read and a heartfelt prayer offered, John asked the loan of his father's horse and drove straight to Squire Cobb's office and that worthy being, in John said:

"Squire, I came to see you about that mortgage you have on my father's farm."

With that he drew from his pocket a large roll of bank notes and counted down the \$500 which would release his father from worry and misery. John drove at once to the farm of Mr. Scott and called "Whoo!" just as Anna, his father, mother and brother came to the gate.

There were hearty greetings, and then Anna, all rapt for a long drive, came in beside him. How bright the morning was! How happy were they as the bells jingled and the sleigh moved over the wilderness of snow and through the deep woods. What mysterious bundles they brought out of the stores in town until, when, at last they arrived at Anna's home, the sleigh was loaded with enough to stock a store," as Harry Scott remarked.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and glorious with sun and snow, and early in the morning Anna appeared and she "wanted to help get dinner." Soon John brought the horse and cutter around and asked his mother to take a ride with him, and finally, after much urging from Anna, Mrs. Warren put on her shabby cloak and hood and with a warm suppers at her feet was tucked into the sleigh beside John. He noticed the cloak and gave a little look of entreaty to Anna, who only smiled and said, "I wish you would call at mother's before you come back." Away they drove toward the mill and down by the river, then stopped at Farmer Scott's. Soon Mrs. Scott was showing Mrs. Warren her "a quilt," just taken out of the frames, "a de picture of 'Cousin William, who is on the board of trade,' and those two good women talked over a hundred harmless things which constituted their every-day life. John finally suggested that it was time they were going if he could believe the clock of appetite. Anna met them at the door, her eyes dancing as she said: "Uncle Warren is almost ready. You lay off your things and sit down at the table."

When Mr. Warren had finished the tenderly thankful grace, John's eye as well as Anna's were filled with tears. Mr. Warren turned over his plate and there lay the canceled mortgage. Slowly he lifted it. "What does this mean, John? The kind voice of the old man trembled with emotion as he glanced first at the mortgage, then at the son. And John's mother, who had been peering through her

"THURSDAY ALWAYS WAS MY JONAH DAY"

A young Goliath, seeing how Melancholy the Turkeys were, pronounced a Conundrum:

"Why are Turkeys the Drum Corps of the Fowl Creation? Give it up! Because they all march in Drumsicks. O-u-u-u!" He dodged a blow from the Patriarch of the Flock, who Overheard him.

"Spare Me," said the young Fellow, asuming the defensive. "I can give you A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. Why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

The Patriarch blustered Around and dragged his Wings, looking very Fierce. He knew he ought to know, but couldn't for the Life of Him remember. So he Glowered at the Culprit and asked Severely:

"Well, Sir, why do Turkeys have No Hereafter?"

"Because they have their Necks Twirled in This."

"Pooh!" said the Patriarch, Contemptuously. "That was around on Crutches when Adam wore Kilts. Now, here is Something new that I Caught on the Wing. We are All to be Dry Friced this Year."

"What!" Shrieked a Giddy Bird with a pink Crest. "Not on Your Life!"

"No, Silly, but as Soon as it is Over. It is the Old Way of Turkey Undertaking and the Only Way. In Philadelphia, where I Clipped into the World, Dry Friced was the Correct Thing. All the Gourmets hold it. That gives Turkey Feathers the chance of their Lives. Turkey Tails for Fans—I am told the Aborigines quite Dote on Them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY HERO.



—Chicago Tribune.

boy, my boy!" Then they drew up to the fire and John said: "Father, mother, will you forgive me for my anger nine years ago and my cruel silence ever since?"

Then the old couple saw it all and soon the three were clasping hands and no one could say a word until John managed to murmur: "Father, mother, it's a part of my repentance."

The dishes cleaned and put away, Anna took the martyred Mrs. Warren into the little "spare room" and John asked his father to walk up to his room, and there, spread out on the bed, was a splendid new, warm suit of clothing and shoes and a fur cap and a handsome great coat.

The old man melted down by the bed and murmured, "I thank Thee, Lord, for my son." Then arising, clothed himself in the first well-fitting suit he had ever worn. John, too, arrayed himself in his best, and soon they walked down into the parlor, where John saw a sweet, matronly woman and a pretty young woman, both smiling and both having evidences of recent tears.

During the week that followed John engaged a hired man to ease his father's work and a trusty girl to relieve his mother. He also hired a carpenter to do some needed repairing and set in motion many plans for the future comfort of his parents.

One day he and Harry Scott hunted through the woods, and when tired and loaded with trophies of the day's hunt, they came to Mr. Warren's farm. There, Nellie and Anna seated before the fire, and John, with a merry smile, told them of his adventures.

They then roasted apples and told stories, and John felt that he had fully carried out the program of the traveling men.

When he left for the West he carried in his memory not only the dear faces of his parents, but the gentle voice of Anna as she said:

"Yes, but not until June, John."—Chicago Post.

AN UNFORTUNATE.

IT WAS ON A DREARY THURSDAY, A DREARY THURSDAY, THAT THE TURKEY RAN AWAY WITH THE BUTTER.

And so each one, with a home picture in his head, hurried out of the car and up the long flight of station stairs away to his destination, while slowly behind them came John Warren with a surging tumult of feelings in his breast, and as he slowly mounted the last step a tear dropped on his brown beard and a sudden resolution filled his heart. He almost shouted, "John Warren, home!"

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glances at something which wouldn't point out of the cream pitcher, turned the plate upside down and a bunch of bank notes dropped upon the table.

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THE MINCE PIE.

These are the apples 'o' the pond, and so red, that grew on the tree 'o' the old woodshed.

This is the beef that was boiled all the day to make a mince pie in the good old way.

This is the tray in which they were laid. While the chopper so sharp of them both takes has made.

These are the raisins and currants and dates. The sugar and spices—both nutmeg and mace.

The Sergeant's Shot.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length on his stomach, his feet resting upon his toes, his head upon his left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But, it detected, he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps 100 yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock jutting from the river to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff. A stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward 1,000 feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war. In the forest at the bottom of that military trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the rifle might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their faithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other side of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure their position would be perilous in the extreme.

The sleeping sentinel in the burlap of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of a wealthy parent, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said quietly: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his lineage head, looked up at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Go, Carter, and whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us much longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conviction and courage, by deeds of discipline and daring, he soon commanded the respect of his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came to dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? About a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unerring finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively feeling his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen, artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose and the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume bore proof with its aerial balance; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly unobtrusively, lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip," the left hand holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline tenebrous and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidable ableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past, of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the statue, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip," the left hand holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline tenebrous and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidable ableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

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