

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS,

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary

Cutter's Efficiency 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 sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cutter's Soap, Ointment and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cutter's Ointment with a Cutter's Suppository Syringe. 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 Cutter's. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Author in "White Wing" Role.

Down in Marlboro, Mass., Richard Harding Davis, the author, has begun his new job of keeping the streets of that town clean. Three boys with a new push cart and a prod apiece, made out of curtain rollers, with screws on one end, the heads tilted down to a point, with which they pierce 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 send them \$3 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. Merrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and cost me my kidney."

My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was probably dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills, and began using them. One box made me well, and free from pain. I kept 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 completely cured."

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

A Sharp Voice.

"Mrs. Bomong has a rather sharp voice, but she's sharp."

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

"What did Mrs. Bomong 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 application, as the cause reaches the disease portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness can be an inheritance, and the famousious *House of the Deaf* at the Hague. When this rule is infested you have a running source of importunate hearings, and when it is entirely cured, Deafness is the result, unless the inflammation can be taken out and this rule restored to its normal condition. Inflammation of the ear canes out of ten are caused by *Cataract* which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the eye.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by *Cataract*) which can be cured by *Hall's Cataract Cure*. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHINNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Against Adverse Conditions.

Interviewer—May I ask how you acquired your clear and luminous 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 back attic.

PILLS CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blistering or Prolonged Piles in 6 to 14 days money refunded.

Extremely Unfashionable.

Who are those people in that private box?

"I don't know; more 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 Groceries.

State Cures 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 lepers' 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 sisters 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 speech on "The High Mission of Women. Our Modern Civilization." "Please answer my question that must be asked."

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

His Experience.

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

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

The fruits are stored, the fields are bare. 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 filled with warmth and cheer; Its eaves shine out with friendly look To welcome all who enter here.

For four years have come, and gone; From year to year how short it grew! Read out the old, familiar names The words here when this house was new.

Grandmother's age, she went the first; Grandfather's?—by her side he rests; The shade and sunlight, interspersed, Have fallen long above their breasts.

Our aunts and uncles—sundered wide, Their graves lie east, their graves lie west.

As veteran soldiers scarred and tried, They fought their fight, they died.

Our father?—dear and gentle heart! A nation's crest, belov'd by all; How bravely turned his steps apart!

To pass from human ken and call:

Our mother?—brisk and kindly soul! How brave she have fare's every round, Nor rested till she reached the goal Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother?—ward the smiling sun, His spirit gentle, honest, kind; And many a year its course was sped Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book! My heart is gone The night winds up the chimney tree, The fire within gleams as before, But none are here save you and me!

Put, sister, you and I again And serve our kindred, now as then, With all that home and hearts afford!

The scattered remnants of our life, Well known 'neath this roof once more, And gleaming, after a few years, 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 becomes the New, Forever, in His Mansions Fair: Youth's Companion.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY HERO.



THE MINCE PIE.

These are the apples so round and so red, that grew on the tree y' old woodshed. This is the beef that was boiled all 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 mince 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 camp 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. But, if he detected, he would be dead shortly after, 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 activity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps 100 yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging southward 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; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which a hundred men in possession of the ex-

Its 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 unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope 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 bough of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, 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 soldier has permitted his horse to water down, as from the stream in view of the cliff, was in the rear of the house. He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still."

At that moment an officer of the Federal force, who in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and with alacrity feet had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. As a distance of one mile and a half, and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope 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.

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