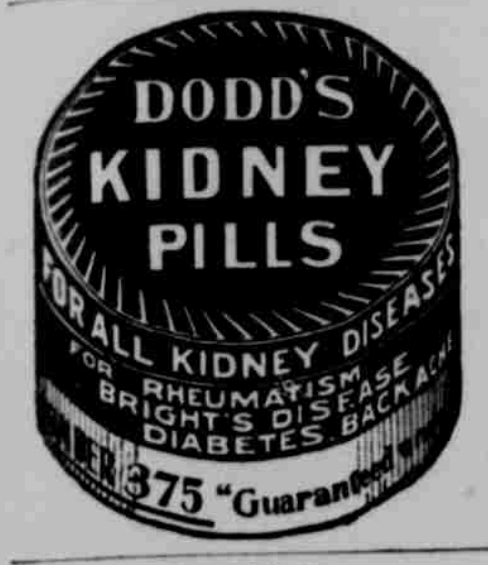


Suspicious.
A man entered a Tenderloin drug store the other day and asked for a telephone. Says the New York Tribune, "He was evidently from out of town. He was paying for the telephone?" he asked the clerk when the instrument in question was pointed out to him. "You call your number and then put your dime into the slot," snapped the clerk. The stranger was suspicious. "In that hole there?" he asked, looking all around the telephone and fingering the slot dubiously. "Yes." "I guess not," said he, turning away, with decision. "I ain't lookin' fer no savin' bank."



More Libel.
"Ever notice two women comparing notes?"
"Not particularly. What do they say?"
"One always says she's a bundle of nerves and the other announces herself as a perfect wreck."—Kansas City Journal.

Comparison.
Young Mr. McNag.
Is a terrible jagger.
He goes to a stag.
And comes back with a stagger.
—Cleveland Leader.

Whiskey and Drugs.
The Stewart Sanitarium of 1114 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, has been investigated and found legitimate and successful in the treatment of whiskey and drug habits by physicians and ministers from all over the state.

Dinner Assured.
"Rastus, what are you going to do for Christmas dinner. They say turkey will be high."
"I'm not worryin' 'bout mah'ket re- sults," returned Rastus. "De roos' what I mostly gits mah supply ain't no higher dan las' yeah, no suh."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Another Authority.
Mr. Howe—I suppose you have studied all the authorities on social and economic questions?
Mr. Wise—Not quite all. My daughter's graduation essay is not out yet. —Life.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that he is a partner in the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of the Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Health Unfailing Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial book free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Comfort For Achilles.
Achilles was bemoaning his vulnerable heel.
"It isn't as bad as though your Christmas stocking had a hole in it," they assured him.
Here with he cheered up.—New York Sun.

Too Severe.
"What's your test?" they asked of Hogenes.
"One who will not steal an umbrella," answered he.
"Then no wonder you can't find an honest man."—Kansas City Journal.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That's LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.—Rochefoucauld.

The foolish girl sighs to be the first in a man's life; the wise one seeks to be the last.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Blue. Large 2oz. package, 5 cents.

When a man is known as a "good fellow" that is about all he is good for.

Mr. Watson's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. in a bottle.

There is a real cure for the whiskey habit. Stewart Sanitarium, 1114 North Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A girl can love almost any man that her parents are willing to object to.

If You Want the BEST COUGH CURE you will ask for Kemp's Balsam

and if you get it you will have a remedy for coughs that will be satisfactory in every respect. If you accept something else we do not know what you will get, but it will not be the Best Cough Cure.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.
Don't accept anything else.

The Message of the Bells

—A Christmas Sketch—

Dun clouds scudded gustily across the sky, hiding the peaceful face of the moon, whose radiance touched the edges of her somber veil with a fringe of silver. The great gray tower lifted its head far aloft in the midnight stillness, and the wind moaned around its rough-hewn corners a requiem for the dying year. Within the tower sat the old bell-ringer, waiting for the stroke of 12 from the clock, and, as he waited, his thoughts drifted back to the years long buried in the dimness of the past—the years when his floating white hair had been crisp and black, when his long, slender fingers were strong and supple, and struck from the midnight chimes music of entrancing beauty.

Oh, happy memory! Oh, long ago! It was on another night like that that Ruprecht was born, and the joy which beamed from the pale young mother's face was reflected in his own as he left her with her baby on her bosom and rushed to the bell-tower to make of his chimes a pean of praise to the Father who had filled his life with blessing. How they loved him—that baby—their only one—their all! How he and Elspeth had watched each new development—how proudly guided the first tottering step; how carefully repeated the first hissing word.

The boy studied, improving every opportunity with untiring zeal, until at last the great organ in the Cathedral below thundered its glorious music responsive to the touch of the boyish fingers. People thronged to hear. Ruprecht's services were demanded elsewhere—brilliant prospects opened before him, and the inevitable separation drew near.

New Year's eve! How many anniversaries this shadowy hour held! The boy bade them good-bye while Elspeth clung to him and sobbed, and her husband rushed away to tell the chimes his agony as he had poured into them his joy. As he sat waiting, even as now, a step came up the stair and some one entered the belfry chamber, and the voice he loved said tenderly: "Mein Vater, let me play the chimes to-night. I will leave with them a message to comfort you when you are sad—a message for you and the mother, too. When I hear it in the far-off land it will be my mother's voice that sings to me, and when you play it, mein Vater, it will say to you, 'Ruprecht loves me.' Then you will pray 'God watch over my boy and keep him safe for me,' and the All-Father will hear."

When Ruprecht struck the massive keys it was the simple old Pleyel's hymn he played, but he lent his beautiful voice to the clangor of the bells and sang his mother's favorite words:

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways."

A moment later he was gone. The years had been many and long since then, but no tidings ever came, and Elspeth's hair grew white before the look of expectancy in her dear eyes changed to the calmness of resignation. He was dead, of course. They had heard of the wrecked ship. They had moved to a new home. They were only waiting now—he and Elspeth—for the summons which should call them to the happy reunion where there would be no sad good-byes and hearts forget how to ache.

The first stroke of midnight sounded and an instant later the bells pealed forth, while the old man sang with trembling lips and voice that no one heard but God—as he had sung every New Year since that one:

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways."

Then, as the last reluctant echo died away, he stumbled down the narrow stairs toward home and Elspeth.

Not far from the tower stood a mansion, where a great throng had assembled to watch the old year out and the new year in. Silken draperies rustled, jewels gleamed, music rippled on the perfumed air, and happy voices rang sweet and high. But every sound was silenced, and bright eyes grew dim in the flood of melody which suddenly poured about the gay throng. They crowded toward the music room, trying to catch a glimpse of the player. Those who were near saw a slender man, with fair, curling hair brushed back from a brow as pure as a woman's. Quietly he sat before the grand piano, playing without the slightest effort such masterful music as had hushed the listeners to awe-struck silence.

"Who is he?" was the question passed from one to another.

"He is a friend of father's," the hostess told them. "Father met him abroad some years ago, and by helping him in a search for some missing friends won his heart. Father invited him here for the holidays this year, but he declined the invitation, then this evening suddenly and unexpectedly appeared. These great musicians are always eccentric, you know. I heard him tell father that this is an anniversary he does not like to spend alone."

At 11 o'clock the hostess seated her guests in a circle, saying: "Now we will turn down the light and tell ghost stories till midnight." The young people fell in with the spirit of fun, and ghosts walked, hobgoblins shrieked and ghouls moaned, till the more timid begged for mercy.

It was almost 12 o'clock when a new voice suddenly broke into a momentary pause. Everyone looked up to see the musician standing in the door.

"My friends," he said, "my story is not of the spirits of the unseen world—it is of a lad who once, on a night like this, left home and friends and went out into the wide world, with music as the priestess who presided at the altar, where burned the fires of his ambition. Shipwreck, a weary sickness and deliverance, a miscarried letter returned to its writer long afterward—all these came to the lad, and when at last, overcome by the deadly 'heimweh,' he turned toward his home, he found it empty—the loved ones gone. The years

have passed and the lad is a man, but the father and the mother he has not found, nor does he expect to greet them again until the New Year of heaven dawns for him, as he believes it has already dawned for them. So, when the midnight comes I play each New Year's eve as I—as the lad played on that last night long ago—my message to my dear ones."

The clock on the mantel warned for 12, and the musician turned to the piano and played again, simply and lovingly, Pleyel's hymn, singing as in the long ago, the beautiful words his mother loved.

As the last note died away in the quiet room the tower clock began to strike, but was drowned by the music of the chimes. A thrill ran through the hushed circle as they recognized the strain they had just heard, but the musician arose with a mighty cry, "Mein Vater!" and ran out into the night, guided by the music of the bells.

When the old bell-ringer shut the door he could not see, for the tears that blinded him, the hurrying figure on the pavement. A moment later he was gathered close to the heart that yearned for him, and together, in the opening of the glad New Year, they went out from the shadow of the old bell tower, home to Elspeth, whose mother-heart came near to bursting with the joy of a son's home-coming. —The Housekeeper.

ORIGIN OF X-MAS TREE.

Emblem of Joyous Season Is No Modern Institution.

Most of us know that the Christmas tree comes direct to us from Germany. And we know of the tree worship of the Druids which obtained in England and France, and which probably had some influence on the later use of the tree in the Christian festival. But we do not all know that a similar festival with the tree as a crowning feature is observed among many heathen nations, and that it comes from sun worship, which is older than history. The revival of the sun after the winter solstice has ever been the subject of rejoicing and celebration by ceremonies which represent the new light brought back to the world. Our tree, with its small candles, its gilded knickknacks and toys for the children, is a direct descendant of this old festival in honor of the sun.

Traces of it exist in Ireland, where the "service tree" is found adorned with burning lights during Christmas night. The English yule log is a faint survival of this festival. But it is beyond these that I wish to draw your attention, back further even than the Druid mysteries of the Gallic forests. It is to China, that home of all wonders and of all history. It has been shown that as long ago as 247 B. C. a tree with a hundred lamps and flowers was placed on the steps of the audience hall. This appears again in the records of Princess Yang, who lived 713-755 A. D. and who caused a hundred-lamp tree eighty feet high to be erected on a mountain. It was lighted during New Year's night and the illumination was seen for hundreds of miles, eclipsing the light of the moon. This candle tree is no longer lighted in China, being replaced by an unusual number of lanterns, which are hung everywhere. A suggestion of the tree, however, still survives in Japan. At the new year two evergreen trees are placed without on either side of the door. Their tops are tied together with the sacred band of straw and various objects, dried lobsters and oranges are fastened to their branches.—Woman's Home Companion.

Late Christmas Afternoon.
The glad, glad bells of morning, the laughter at the dawn!
The lustre of the children's eyes is fine to look upon—
But, oh, the best of Christmas—the best day of them all—
Is when the lazy firelight makes pictures on the wall,
And I may sit in silence and give myself the boon
Of going back to boyhood, late Christmas afternoon.

Here I shall fall to musing of pictures in the grate—
There, eager for my summons the host of boy days wait,
And in and out a-marching I'll see them come and go
With hands waved high in welcome—the boys I used to know;
And there, if I am patient, 'twill be for me to see,
As one sees in a mirror, the boy I used to be!

Out of the swaying shadows will rise the long ago
The sleigh bells' tinkle-tinkle, the soft kiss of the snow,
The white sea of the meadow, where the pranking winds will lift
The long sweep of the billow foamed up in drift on drift,
And crisp across the valley will come a bell-sweet tune
To set me nodding, nodding, late Christmas afternoon.

Late afternoon, in Christmas! The twilight soothing in,
And me with these my visions of glad days that have been!
For I shall dream and wander down forgotten ways,
My eager arms enfolding all of my yesterdays.
Without, the mellow echoes of blended chime and hymn;
Within, the bygone voices in murmurs far and dim.

Oh, mine the gift of fancy, and mine this magic chair,
And mine the dim procession of Christ-masses that were!
I ask no richer token of love on Christmas day
Than this which comes unbidden, than this which will not stay—
This wealth of recollections that vanish over soon,
The dreamland of the shadows, late Christmas afternoon.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Harper's Weekly.

A Perpetual Christmas Present.
Mrs. Caller—You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas?
Mrs. Athome—Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it is the same one!

DIGESTIVE APPARATUS

Of the Alligator Enables Saurian to Enjoy Bricks and Old Shoes.

"Dogs may be able to digest a great many very hard substances," said a man from one of the lower parishes, "but they are not in it with the alligator. I am inclined to believe the alligator has about the best digestive apparatus nature has yet contrived. It is really wonderful how they can grind up hard things which they allow to pass into their stomachs. It is a very common saying among the men down on the lower coast of the State that an alligator would not starve to death in a brickyard, and from what I know of the member I am certain he would not starve under the conditions mentioned. As a matter of fact, I have seen alligators eat bricks, pine knots, old shoes, and a few other things that are supposed to be a little hard on the digestive system. Pine knots, as a food, are a sort of favorite with alligators. I have seen them eat just for pastime, as they did not seem to be eating for the purpose of satisfying a feeling of hunger. Up to the time that I invaded the marshes of this State I thought the log had the best digestive system in the world, and as a matter of fact the log has a very fine apparatus for grinding his food. The goat has somewhat of a reputation in this respect, too. But the goat, with his fondness for tin cans, and the dog with his fondness for bones, and all other creatures that are given good digestive systems may make room for the alligator, for he is the star of the bunch. I do not know why nature should have given the saurian such a powerful digestive apparatus, for it would seem that he would not need it because of the character of the food he lives on. As a rule, the food substances found in marshes are of a soft kind, and are easily handled. But whatever the reason for it nature has provided the alligator with a good, strong food grinder, and I guess he needs it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A WILY OLD MERCHANT.

One Man Has Things Fixed Up for Glib Talkers.

It is a common and commercial trick to place a visitor in your office in a chair facing a window, while you sit in a chair with its back to the window. Your eyes are in the dark; his eyes are in the glare. You can read him through and through, while he cannot even catch the color of your optics. This is supposed to be a square deal. The stranger must not be allowed to take any undue advantage. There is one wily old gentleman, the very salt of the earth, who has been "done" many times by smart promoters. At last he is grown suspicious. He not only throws the limelight into the visitor's face, but places him in a creaky chair with an unsteady foundation. This is a dream of a nerve upsetter. When the visitor gets overheated in argument the chair creaks and he is distracted. As he collects himself and proceeds further the chair creaks again and he is "rattled." There is a clock in the office that has not moved from the hour of 2:10 in seven years, and when the poor fellow glues his eyes to its face he is completely done up, or undone. It is simply, the merchant says, fighting the devil with fire.

His "Man for Breakfast."

During the last years of the life of W. F. Storey, the famous editor of the old Chicago Times, he was irritable and nervous. Each morning when he arrived at the office he thought it his duty to discharge somebody. That done, he would go to luncheon, and forget all about it.

The staff of the Times held many conferences. Clearly, it was incumbent on them to appease in some way the appetite of Mr. Storey for sudden removals.

Some genius suggested that they feed their employer's wrath with elevator boys. They collected a large assortment of inexperienced lads. Each morning one was put in charge of the elevator. When Mr. Storey came in the awkward boy would jolt him, stop at the wrong floor and commit all sorts of elevator sins.

"Who's that idiot running the elevator?" Storey roared, morning after morning, when he finally reached his office.

"So-and-so," an editor replied.

"Discharge him," commanded Storey. That saved some member of the staff, and satisfied Mr. Storey, although it was rather rough on the boys.—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Up to the Part.

Except in times of war the soldier is popularly supposed to lead an idle life, barring a bit of drill. Really he must be an actor in addition to his more martial qualifications. How many persons could stand for hours and hours immovable as the guards did who watch Queen Victoria's coffin?

The requisite of a "brave soldier" appear in a story of a raw company through the exercises of a funeral service. He had them drawn up with their arms reversed, and then he said: "Now, I'll be the corpse."

So he marched solemnly down the line at a slow pace. Turning his eyes to the side to see how his men were behaving, he stopped suddenly and roared:

"Can't you men put on an expression of regret?"

Freddy and the Fire.

In a New York suburb lives a lawyer who has an eight-year-old son. Last Saturday there was an alarm of fire, and the lawyer sent the boy to find out where it was.

The lad came back in a few minutes, out of breath and angry.

"What's the matter, Freddy?" asked his father.

"Matter!" exclaimed the boy. "Why, the Episcopal Church was on fire and a lot of slobes came along and put it out before the fire department got there. What's the use of a fire department if other folks is goin' to interfere?"

A Change of Tune.

"Mamma, I'm tired of going to school."
"What's the matter, Willie?"
"Th' teacher—"
"Now, don't you say a word against your teacher, Willie. I've no doubt you annoy her dreadfully, and she seems like a very nice sort of person."
"Well, she said this mornin' that she didn't think I had much of a bringin' up at home, an'—"
"Wait! Did she say that? Well, of all the coarse insinuations! You shan't go back there another day!"
Exit Willie, grinning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On a Summer's Day.

The Judge decided not to pop the question to Maud Muller.

"I am lacking in the social philosophy of the twentieth century," he explained.

Wotting little of such things Whittier fixed up a different version.—New York Sun.

Cheer.

The Man who falls, 'tis wrong to jeer,
Or yet deride.
Far rather him we ought to cheer
For having tried
—Detroit Free Press.

ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

Unlike Some.

"Be careful what you say, son," cautioned the Plunkville Polonius.

"Yes, pop."

"Remember that you ain't prominent enough to claim that you was misquoted."—Puck.

Cures Whiskey Habit.

The Stewart Sanitarium of 1114 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis, has been so successful in treating the whiskey habit that it doesn't exact ANY money till the cure is effected.

A Failure.

He wrote a melodrama, but
It was a failure quite;
There were no railroad trains to wreck,
No cliff on which to fight.
—Detroit Free Press.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 60c.

Shrewd Inference.

Mr. Volgarheim (after the hall)—See, Josephine, a spoon. One of the guests must have had a hole in his pocket.—Meggsendorfer Blatter.

Are Your Clothes Faded?

Use Red Cross Blue and make them white again. Large 2oz. package, 5 cents.

No one was ever left sad by giving happiness away.

"Pay when cured." Is what Dr. Stewart says to sufferers from whiskey or drug habits, when they come to his great Sanitarium at 1114 North Illinois St., Indianapolis.

No man ever overshoots his own moral aim.

Holiday Fun and Folly



Too much of a good thing! That's what we are all liable to take during a holiday season. Healthy, jolly people will do it and make themselves sick. "In time of peace prepare for war," and have about the house a pleasant, perfect, palatable, positive medicine for sour stomach, sick headache, colic, winds, belching, biliousness, furred tongue, lazy liver, constipation, bad breath, bad taste, all liable to result from holiday over-indulgence. Cascarets Candy Cathartic is what you want; a tablet after a big meal will prevent sickness, or a tablet at night before going to bed, after a good time, will fix you all right for morning, and let you get up clear as a bell, ready for business or pleasure.

Cascarets Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

PISO'S CURE

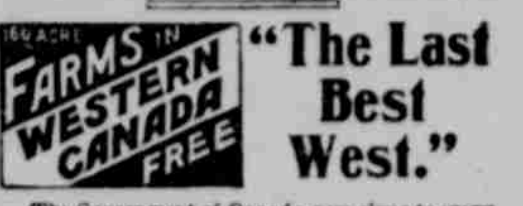
A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH

bespeaks impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, inviting the ravaging attacks of deadly disease. PISO's Cure soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. PISO's Cure has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cold, or how many remedies have failed, you can be convinced by a fair trial that the ideal remedy for such conditions is PISO'S CURE.

PISO'S CURE

25 CENTS

WESTERN CANADA THE PENNANT WINNER



The Government of Canada now gives to every Actual Settler 160 acres of wheat-growing land free and an additional 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre.

The 300,000 contented American Settlers making their homes in Western Canada is the best evidence of the superiority of that country. They are becoming rich, growing from 25 to 50 bushels wheat to the acre; 50 to 115 bushels oats and 45 to 60 bushels barley, besides having splendid herds of cattle raised on the prairie grass. Dairying is an important industry.

The crop of 1906 still keeps Western Canada in the lead. The world will soon look to it as its food-produce.

The thing which most impressed us was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes.—National Editorial Correspondence, 19 8.

Low Railway Rates, good schools and churches, markets convenient, Prices the Highest, climate perfect.

Lands are for sale by Railway and Land Companies. Descriptive pamphlets and maps sent free. For Railway Rates and other information apply to N. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or W. H. Rogers, 31 Floor, Traction Terminal Building, Indianapolis, Ind., Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

In the game of hearts when in doubt always lead diamonds.
A wise man should not refuse a kindness.—Herodotus.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid. Large Trial Sample.

WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

THE PAXTONE TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

HELP FOR WOMEN Dr. Mariel's Preparation

INSIST ON HAVING THE Standard Remedy. (Illustration of a bottle of Dr. Mariel's Preparation.)

Send for booklet, "Cure for Women." E. D. Morgan, 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Columbus, O.

YOU CAN secure an estate worth \$150,000 for yourself by assisting to avert one of the most disastrous and gravest calamities in the history of the commercial world. If interested, write at once and we will submit a plan with evidence which you will find absolutely convincing. Sacramento Valley Improvement Co., St. Louis, Mo.

L. N. U. INDIANAPOLIS NO. 52, 1908.