

POTOSI JOURNAL.

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POTOSI, MISSOURI.

On the 14th the president appointed Edward K. Lowrey, of Ohio, second secretary of the United States legation at Peking.

On the 17th the associated banks of New York City held \$2,274,450 in excess of the requirements of the 23-percent rule.

WARD of a thousand persons in Bath, England, were rendered homeless, on the 15th, by the overflowing of the River Avon.

ADVISES from Fusan, Corea, under date of the 16th, state that a battle had been fought between Japanese troops and rebellions Tong Haks, in which the former were victorious.

THE failures for the week ended on the 16th, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., were: For the United States 27, against 323 for the corresponding week last year; and for Canada 38, against 26 last year.

On the 16th of the president appointed John E. Jackson, of New Jersey, secretary of the United States embassy at Berlin, and Herbert Goldsmith Squires, of New York, second secretary of the same embassy.

ABOUT 10 o'clock on the night of the 15th, twelve members of the Cook gang rode into Muskogee, I. T., paraded the main street, laid in a supply of cigars and then rode leisurely out of town.

A DISASTER from Kansas, Cyprus, of the 15th, said twenty-one persons had been drowned by the floods, and that the number of domestic animals destroyed was far into the thousands.

The New South Wales assembly adopted a motion, on the 14th, offered by Sir Henry Parkes, setting forth that it is desirable that negotiations looking to Australian federation shall be resumed.

A DISASTER from Chempoo to a London news agency says that the officials of the Congo government, whose tendencies are pro-Japanese, are framing a constitution to be used at the beginning of 1905.

GARRETT VANINKEL, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Des Moines, Ia., who had been totally blind for the past two months from confusion of the brain, awoke at 2 a. m. on the 14th, with sight perfectly restored.

ADVISES from Rio Grande do Sul say that the Brazilian rebel chief Salgado was defeated, recently, at Lima in a battle lasting nine hours. The rebel loss is stated to be 1st killed and the rebel loss sixty-three.

The steamer Prince Rupert, recently built at Humboldt by Denny & Co. for the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. to ply between Vancouver, B. C., and Victoria, has been sold to the Chinese government to act as a transport ship.

On the 14th Capt. Joseph Craig, United States navy, recently relieved from the duties of president of the faculty at the naval academy, sailed for China on the steamer Belgic. He will take command of the United States steamer Concord, stationed in Asiatic waters.

Four scarlet-fever cases in Cedar Rapids, Ia., have been traced to affected milk from a retail dairyman, whose children contracted the disease from milk of the dairy farm, the daughter being afflicted. The state dairy commissioners will act.

REV. DR. JAMES McCOSH, the venerable president of Princeton college, died, on the evening of the 14th, of the institution he did so much to build up, aged 81 years. Dr. McCosh had been critically ill for two weeks, though not from any specific ailment.

A TERRIBLE wind, rain and hail storm prevailed in Bensenville, Ill., on the 14th, doing immense damage to property and involving considerable loss of life. Fifteen deaths were reported. During the storm the roof of a factory at 4th was carried away killing four persons.

EX-SERVE SENATOR JOHN O'MALLEY, who had been wanted by the Chicago police for over a week on the charge of shooting and wounding a hack driver and saloon-keeper on election night, surrendered himself to Chief Brennan, on the 15th, and gave bail to appear when called for trial.

An attorney for the 250 alleged fictitious patent medicine companies at South Bend, Ind., was at the post-office department in Washington, on the 14th, for the purpose of having the "brand" names and the companies recorded. No hearing in the case, however, was ordered.

REV. MAX MAGLE, during the past year rabbi of the Beth Emes Jewish congregation in Allentown, Pa., resigned his charge on the 14th. He resigned his charge on the 14th. He resigned his charge on the 14th.

From nearly every pulpit in Cleveland, O., on the 15th, the voice of an earnest woman was raised in a course of remembrance. The local ministers' stand without exception allowed their pulpits to be occupied by delegates or sisters to the convention of the W. C. T. U., in session in that city. The congregations were large.

It is announced that the firm of Brexel, Morgan & Co., of New York, under its present title, will expire by limitation on January 1, 1905. A new firm will then be organized, under the title of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. The change is due to the death of A. J. Brexel and J. Pierpont Morgan, who were partners in the firm.

THE Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, Md., publishes sixty letters from United States senators and representatives giving their views as to whether the government should afford financial aid to secure the early completion of the Nicaragua canal. The writers, about equally divided between the two great parties, take strong grounds, almost unanimously, in favor of the completion of the canal and its control by the United States government.

MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

BLOOMERS recently appeared upon the streets of Kansas City. HENRY KROGER, a farmer, was recently killed by being thrown from his wagon near West Plains.

BODY-SNATCHERS have recently been engaged in depredations upon St. Joseph graves.

FRANK Woods and Fred Thomas, negroes, engaged in a quarrel in Monroe county, and Woods shot and killed Thomas.

The president has refused a pardon to J. M. Greenwood, under sentence of two years for his counterfeiting money.

W. WYNNERS, a young man injured in the recent wreck on the Council Bluffs road, near Parkville, died from the effects of his injuries.

Two Cherokee Indians, Sam Sledge and Joe England, got into a fight, while intoxicated, at a dance at Noel the other night and Sledge fatally shot England.

The telephone line from Kansas City to Cameron has been completed for as Liberty. The line will also connect with a few points in southern Iowa and southeastern Nebraska.

The 3-year-old child of Selig Levine, a second-hand dealer, was killed by a cable car in front of his patient's place of business and at the presence of the parents at Kansas City the other day.

In accordance with the proclamation of the president Gov. Stone has proclaimed Thursday, November 23, as a day of thanksgiving, and recommends that the people of the state observe the same.

SEVEN school boys who, with others, had dug a cave on a vacant lot in the northern part of St. Louis, were recently buried by the roof caving in, and Henry Raebler, 8 years old, killed, while Herman Walkenford, aged 12, was badly hurt.

Fire at Sedalia recently destroyed the residence of Mrs. Lucas Atkinson. The flames spread across the street and destroyed the Andy Atkins barn, containing seventy head of stock and 500 bushels of corn. The loss was \$3,500, only partially insured.

The public school building at Windsor was recently destroyed by fire. It was an eight-room brick structure, valued at \$20,000 and insured for \$5,000. The building was filled with 300 pupils at the time, many of whom had narrow escapes.

A CONVENTION, representative of all the states and cities of the union, has been called to meet at St. Louis December 11 next, to discuss and formulate a plan for the care of the homeless and indigent children found in the cities of America. The call was prepared and signed by forty of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis.

FERN JOURNAL and FRIZZELL, charged with conspiring to rob a Rock Island train, pleaded guilty to the charge at St. Joseph and were sent to jail for thirty days, the conspiracy being held by the court to be a misdemeanor. The men, after being sentenced, admitted that they belonged to a gang organized to rob trains and said that if they had not been arrested at least one train would have been held up.

The Republicans of Jackson county captured two of the county judges and the recorder at the late election. Out of a total vote of 28,880 for recorder one republican led his democratic competitor by just 10 votes. The first report gave the offices of county marshal and prosecuting attorney to the republicans, but the official count gave the offices to the democrats both by small pluralities. There will probably be a contest.

The official returns of the late election have been received at Jefferson City. The canvass of the vote for supreme judge gave Black, democrat, 296,447; Robinson, republican, 229,641; Jones, populist, 42,463; Robinson, prohibitionist, 3,099; Sanderson, socialist, 1,572. The republican vote increased over that of two years ago 1,886, the populist vote increased 1,223, while the democratic vote was short 41,853.

The Missouri Valley conference of the Unitarian church was recently held at Kansas City. The conference embraces Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. During the exercises Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Carthage, spoke on "The Church of the Future." He dwelt on the religion of humanity—a pure religion that has science and ethics for its basis. He also spoke of how it should be made up of unity and fraternity, the spirit of equality, humanitarianism and sociology.

GERTRUDE STEWART, a girl employed in the family of W. C. Martin, at St. Joseph, was recently sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for poisoning the family of her employer. None of her victims died but several had a close call. She had been accused of taking a small amount of money from the room of a guest and was discharged. Prior to leaving the house she poured a quantity of corrosive sublimate into a coffee can and all members of the family were poisoned.

The new Baptist church at Independence and three fine homes just north in Pleasant place, belonging to A. E. Higginson, J. E. Godbey and Dr. G. T. Twyman, were burned at an early hour the other morning. The church was built four years ago at the expense of \$10,000. The fire was started by a child who was playing with a match in the church. The fire caught from the furnace in the Godley residence. There was a fair insurance upon the church and other property destroyed.

E. M. COLEMAN, of Newkirk, Ok., was recently arrested in Kansas City on a warrant charging him with embezzling \$700 from the Foster Lumber Co., of Kansas City, while acting as agent of the company in Oklahoma. The defendant denied the charge and declared his ability to establish his innocence at the trial.

Four of the notorious Howard county murderers, in jail at Huntsville under sentence of death, made a desperate effort to escape the other day. He knocked the sheriff down, seized his revolver, attempted to kill him and made a break for Liberty, but was recaptured after being filled with bullets.

The constitutional amendments were defeated at the late elections. The amount of money stolen by the robbers in the late hold-up of a train near Monett, is given as \$215.

The St. Louis & San Francisco passenger train was held up and the express car robbed near Monett the other evening by six masked men. How much they stole was not stated. WILLIAM HAYDEN, a judge of election in one of the precincts of Kansas City elected E. Norris, a republican witness from a voting booth on election day, for which he was arrested and fined \$200 in police court.

THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING.



HAT if the gold of the corn lands is to be used to honor the day of thanksgiving is here.

Is it down of the thistle? Is it up of the wheat? There's gold in the gathered harvest; There's a golden-brown and harvest cheer; And so we will be full of joy.

A sigh for the vanished splendor Of the autumn's purple and red— For the golden-rod that is withered, For the golden-brown that is faded; Then turn to the hearthstone cheer; Behold, 'tis the time of year To count our blessings and mercies— The day of thanksgiving is here.

Bare and brown in the shadows, The meadow meets the gaze, Where the bold blithe bird went seeking Its nest in the sunny days. The honey is stored in plenty, So what if the winter is near? The time is not one for repining— The day of thanksgiving is here.

The fruit has matured in its season, The sunshine has ripened the seed, Then sing to the Lord of the harvest A song of thanksgiving indeed. 'Tis the sweet afternoon of the year; So let our tribute be in kind— The day of thanksgiving is here.

—Hattie Whitely, in Good Housekeeping.



WAS IT JUDGE?

WHO were you talking with in the yard just now?" asked Mrs. James Todd.

"I strained the milk her husband had brought in."

"Judge (carpenter), he replied, as he hurried out in the deepening autumnal twilight to shut the barn door and to bring in the eggs—containing, as he returned, an agent to the sinkroom to wash up for supper."

"I talked with him so long that I am late about my chores. He said he should think you and I in this large house would be like two cannon balls rolling about in an empty barn."

"If he thinks the house is empty he would better use it and go over it."

"Oh, empty of people he meant. Of course he knows you well enough to be sure that the rooms are furnished and in spick and span order."

"Well, there's only you and me, I know, but I have always wanted a large house and I have got it. You have a great many relations, and it gives any housekeeper a comfortable feeling to know that a platoon of visitors may come in upon her without creating a feeling of dismay as to what she is to do with them. Unless I am greatly mistaken, you will find in less than a month from now that our new house is none too large."

"A month? Oh! that will bring Thanksgiving. Who have you invited?"

"Not anyone, but a large house-draws company; your friends have all a standing invitation and I are not likely to be alone. Your brother Francis and his family will all come as usual, as a matter of course."

"Thanksgiving always makes me think of Brother Jude," said the farmer, finishing the raised cake and cupping, drinking his tea, folding his napkin, and pushing back from the table.

"He always from a child thought so much of Thanksgiving if he ever comes back home it will be at that time."

"You have great faith, James; Jude has been away more than twenty years. Do you think it possible that he can be living?"

"More possible than to think he can be dead. He was always so very much alive, full of spring and dance and fun and common sense, too. I have expected him every Thanksgiving since he went away, and I shall expect him this year."

"If he thinks of coming I should suppose he would write."

"Oh, that would not be like Jude; he would want to come right in as if he had only been away over night. I remember as if it were yesterday when he went away. It was the morning after Thanksgiving, and I had to go to town with a load of corn and started before daylight. As I was getting ready what was my astonishment to have Jude, dressed as he had set out for the ball the night before, take his place on the load beside me, for Brother Jude never liked getting up early in the morning. As we started off he told me that he hadn't been to the ball; that Jane Bruce, the girl he expected to wait upon, had given him the slip and gone with the new school-master, and rather than face the music there would be about it, he was going away to teach school himself in New Jersey, and when he got over his mortification he should come back. I suppose he never has got over it, for we never have seen him from that day to this, nor has he ever written, but I can't help expecting him every Thanksgiving."

"Well, for your sake, I hope that he may come. If he does there is room enough, that is one consolation. He may be married and have a large family."

"No, Jude would never marry. Wherever he is, he is true to Jane Bruce."

face, and if she didn't like being here to wait upon her old lover she could go away."

"Well, you do beat all, James, for planning. I should as soon think of expecting your Aunt Susie Hammond from Boston as of expecting Jude. I have heard about as much of one as of the other and have never seen either."

Strangely enough a week later Aunt Susie Hammond appeared.

"I hear from you sometimes by the way of family friends," she said, "and when news came of your large new house, I said: 'They are sure to have room enough for me, and I am going for a long visit.'"

"I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Tolman. "James is very fond of company, particularly of family friends with whom he can talk over old times of which I know nothing, being a newcomer in the vicinity. I cannot give you the very best room, for that at Thanksgiving time, is to be kept for Brother Jude."

"You do not mean to say you have heard from him?"

"No, but husband expects him every year, and in the vicinity. I cannot give you the very best room, for that at Thanksgiving time, is to be kept for Brother Jude."

"I hope he will," said Aunt Susie; "there is no one whom I should be so glad to see as Jude—Jude, the brother of James, we used to call him," and the rest of the conversation was devoted to so many pleasant reminiscences of the wanderer's boyhood and indulged in so many suppositions as to his home coming, that even doubtful Mrs. James found herself planning for the coming of her youthful lover.

Several distant relations were invited to meet Aunt Susie, and the family party grew and grew, until, as all the women were helpful and entered with zest into the preparations, and Mrs. James was willing that each should experiment with her own favorite recipe, the house was alive with a social bustle delightful to social farmer Tolman, who hindered as he could, making sure that the many cooks had every thing at hand to make the feast perfect in its way.

"Where are my best slippers?" he

cried the night before the long anticipated day. "I must change my footgear. I stepped square into a hot pumpkin pie in the back pantry just now."

"Dear me, James," cried his wife, "what could you have been after in the back pantry? The shelves were all crowded full, and I told Jane she would have to set the last ovenful along the floor to cool."

"When there is food enough for a regiment one pie more or less does not matter. I thought I would find out how much I had made a sweetened chicken pie. I knew I could tell by the smell. Brother Jude was master fond of sweetened chicken pie."

"It's come, Jude has come!" exclaimed Jane, dropping an iron basin of rye and Indian bread she had just taken from the oven; "he's coming up the walk to the dining-room door this minute."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Susie, looking from the window, "that man is too old for Jude, the brother of James."

"Of course he's older," half sobbed Jane in excitement; "so be I. So be all of us."

"Jude? I guess not; in an old weather-beaten suit of clothes like that," said the farmer, gazing over the shoulders of the women, but he opened the door. The stranger came in, and looking about the large cheery room at the group of curious faces, exclaimed: "Why, Jane, Jane Bruce! You haven't changed a particle!"

"Neither have you, Jude," cried Jane, being the first to take his hand. "I knew you the moment I set my eyes on you."

"It is a witness of true love," whispered Mrs. James to Aunt Susie. "There was something in each face that could not be changed by the wear and tear of time."

After that no one doubted it was Jude, the brother of James; but one of the relations, not even talkative Aunt Susie, knew what to say to him. It was Mrs. James who came to rescue the well-known reputation for hospitality of the house.

"Dear Brother Jude," she said, "in the joyful surprise they have all forgotten to make us acquainted, but I am James' wife. You have been expected home every Thanksgiving since I married into the family, and this year we all seemed to have a prescience of your coming. You are very welcome."

"You are very kind, very kind," said the newcomer in a trembling voice, quite broken up by the cordiality of

his reception, and fumbling in vain in his pockets for a handkerchief, until a fresh one was adroitly slipped into his hand by Jane, as she came forward to replenish the fire.

"I've had hard luck and I'm pretty poor."

"So was the prodigal," said his sister-in-law, encouragingly.

"That was just grave me courage to come this year. I have been wanting to come every Thanksgiving, but hardly dared venture; but a few months ago I was converted. Yes, I was," as a murmur of interest ran through the little group.

"It came about this way. A colporteur came along to the poor little factory village where I lived, distributing Bibles and holding meetings, and he talked with me and wanted me to go to one of his meetings, and I said I would if he would preach from Jude, that being my name and a Bible name too—yes, it is!—and I went, and well—I was converted, and since then I have been preaching, yes, I have! I don't look much like it, perhaps, but I've been sick and had to sell my good clothes to get money to come home, for that was what I had made up my mind to do—and I came."

"That was quite right," said the mistress of the house, "and to-morrow you must speak at our church. We have no minister just now, but there was a Thanksgiving service appointed, and it will be an excellent opportunity for you to begin a work that I trust may continue among us."

"Oh, my clothes are not fit."

"But my brother has plenty of clothes that will be a good fit for you. In fact, he has a new black broadcloth suit he has never worn. I have been teasing him for more than a year to get it and have it ready in case I should die or he should be taken himself, or anything else in particular should happen; and that you should come home a preacher is something so very much in particular that you must wear that suit. But supper is ready; you must be hungry by this time."

"Well," he said, soon after supper, "if I am to preach to-morrow I must make preparations—so I will, if you please, go early to my room, and I should like a Bible, pen, ink and paper and if it is not too much trouble should like to try on the suit I am to wear to-morrow—so that I may not feel altogether awkward in them."

"You certainly do not intend to put him into that dainty best chamber!" said Aunt Susie to the hostess, as she was carrying the fine black suit up

stairs, with James' very best linen shirt and a white necktie.

"Oh, yes, indeed; it is so nice to have him come home a preacher. I shouldn't wonder if he should marry Jane, after all. How romantic that would be! He is a good natured man, and they could live here with us if it was necessary—their room enough."

"Well, you are a saint! you are, and no mistake," said Aunt Susie.

"The joy of my home-coming is so great, and the labor of preparing my sermon so onerous, that I can't sleep. I shall pass a sleepless night," said Jude, as he stood rubbing his hands before the glowing open fire in the best chamber; "and I hope no noise that I may make will disturb the family."

"Oh, certainly not, make yourself perfectly at home, and if you want something to eat go right down in the back pantry and help yourself," said James; and his wife added:

"And if you feel like sleeping in the morning do so. I can give you your breakfast as convenient as I can. I shall pass a sleepless night," said Jude, as he stood rubbing his hands before the glowing open fire in the best chamber; "and I hope no noise that I may make will disturb the family."

"The high feather bed had not been disturbed, the fire had not been replenished, the old weather-beaten garments lay on the hearth. On the table the Bible was open at Jude and the fourth verse was marked around heavily with ink.

"I think it was a judgment," said the farmer, "swiftly acted so about my getting that black suit. I'm glad they are gone. I feel as if I had taken a new lease of life."

"My carpet bag is gone out of the front hall," said one of the guests.

"The sweetened chicken pie and one of the pound cakes aren't nowhere," said Jane, coming in from the back pantry.

"My purse is gone out of the pocket of my cloak that hung upstairs in the hall closet," said Aunt Susie.

"Was it Jude?" said Mrs. James, without mentioning that she had just missed her own highly prized gold watch from the parlor lobby.

That was a question that has never been answered. One of the townspeople who drove five miles to meeting that morning, as was not uncommon in those days, told of seeing a stranger in black carrying a carpet bag about the time he left home, and the proprietor of the village store confessed that late in the afternoon before Thanksgiving a group of neighborhood

gossips had pretty thoroughly talked over the Tolman family from first to last—even to the curious fact of their always looking for Jude at Thanksgiving time, and that this year his old love, Jane Bruce, was helping about the housework. He remembered also that a poorly-dressed stranger was all the time warning himself at the box stove, and that as he went out he asked where the Tolmans lived. "But," said the saloon keeper, "I know Jude and I never thought of it being him."

"Could it have been?" repeated the farmer, and his wife replied:

"Whoever it was, we did our best by him, and if he took advantage of our hospitality it is not our fault. Had it been your brother and had we treated him coldly, it would have been much worse than this. The best rooms have all been used, and my maxim that a large house draws company has proved true. And now if you please, we will give Jude, the brother of James, a rest."

"All right," said her husband, "but—was it Jude?"—Annie Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican

MISSOURI UP.

Uncle Joshua Concludes It Is About Time He Remembers His Blessings.

It all began by Aunt Mandy asking Uncle Joshua, on Thanksgiving eve, what she should have for dinner on the morrow.

"Don't see why we should have anything different from any day," said Uncle Joshua. "It must be owned that he was feeling a little down, and not in a very thankful mood."

"Why, Joshua, it's Thanksgiving," said Aunt Mandy, reprovingly.

"Wall, all I can say is, then, that we ain't no cause to celebrate."

"Joshua Thornton," cried Aunt Mandy, "you ain't no call to talk like that just because your crops didn't turn out good on account of drought, an' because old Brindle got killed. I guess if you wuz laid up for months like Sam Higgins, or I wuz took away, or our house should burn down, you'd think that brin' dis'pointed in crops, wa'n't nothing. Now, I've been thinkin' o' an' I've a good mind to hev the Higgins children over here to dinner, an' send somethin' to the old folks. It kinder seems to me that we ought to do somethin' for somebody in remembrance of the things that's been done to us."

"Now, Mandy, I should really like to know what help we've ever had. I tell you, I've had to dig hard for the little I've got. Nobody's ever died an' left us any money, or give us any to help us out in our hard pinches. We've just had to hustle for ourselves. Let other people do the same."

"But money ain't the only way to help people," said Aunt Mandy. "I wonder where you'd be to-day if John Ellis didn't git you away from old Farmer Jewett when you was a bound boy, an' took you home with him, an' treated you like a man?"

"Gosh, that wuz the makin' of me," said Uncle Joshua, softening.

"Of course it wuz. But you ain't never done nothin' in remembrance of it yet."

"I know it," said Uncle Joshua. "An' come to think of it, there was Abner Wilson, who used to set up with me nights when I had that long spell of sickness, so's you could git some rest, an' wouldn't take no pay."

"Yes," said Aunt Mandy, approvingly, "an' at the time of the freshet, few year ago, the Taylor an' the Griswold turned in an' helped you set over your corn that the water had lain low. They worked hard an' wouldn't take no pay for it, an' you ain't never done nothin' in remembrance of that yet, either."

"I know it," said Uncle Joshua, with a sigh, "but I ain't got no money; an' I ain't got no time to do nothin' but to work. I'll do it when I can, but I ain't got no time to do nothin' but to work. I'll do it when I can, but I ain't got no time to do nothin' but to work."

ANTEDATED THE PILGRIMS.

Our Thanksgiving Day Really Had Its Origin in the Harvest Home of Merrie England.

It is sometimes claimed that Thanksgiving day is exclusively an American institution, and of which is not wholly true. Long before the Pilgrim Fathers braved the storms of the Atlantic in the memorable year 1620, the land from which they came had made much of the gathering of the harvest.

The Harvest Home celebrations of Merrie England were occasions not to be despised. The churches were crowded with worshippers, the finest specimens of the produce of the fields were heaped about the altar and the day began by the recognition of the Divine goodness that had made the land to bring forth abundantly, that had clothed the hills with flocks and made the valleys smile with golden corn.

Then came the feasting and the merry-making, the music and the dancing. All the land was glad and grateful. The spirit of the "Harvest Home" was in the fathers and founders of the great republic. They believed in God with a belief that was strong enough to inspire their motives and govern all their life. They wrote his name in broad bold characters on Plymouth Rock and laid the foundations of this great empire in the fear and faith of Him. Out of all this sprung our national institution. The Thanksgiving day; the form of which changes with other changing elements; but the spirit of which we may well hope will never die.—Saturday Evening Herald.

FORSAUGHT.

"That's the chap what was always a polkin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eatin' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I wuz 'bout, but I couldn't find me when Thanksgiving was a comin'."—Life.



Mr. Geo. H. Dieterich

The Plain Facts

Are that I have had Catarrh 10 Years. No Catarrh cure did me any good, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. That Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. That Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

What better way to spend the winter evenings than in following The Campaigns of Napoleon

General! First Consul! Emperor!



No matter how much you have read of Napoleon this New Life by Prof. Sloane of Princeton will interest you. Here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs, magnificently illustrated, accurate in every particular, absorbing in interest. The latest and best biography of "the man of destiny."

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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