

Gen. Miles says the Spanish war was without a defeat for the American side. Not a prisoner, a flag or a rifle was lost. The record of success is extraordinary.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend on the words on the back: "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

Two little steamers to be built by an English firm are to have a speed of 40 statute miles an hour. Crossing the Atlantic in three days has reached the stage of possibility.

An English newspaper having offered a prize of £5 for the best reply to the question, "Who makes the best wife?" should have given it to that loyal soul who wrote: "Dear Sir: Mine. Yours truly, Bertram Boggs."

A German biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right eye is generally higher than the left.

A ship building firm in Belfast, Ireland, has received instructions from a Liverpool company for the construction of a cargo steamer to be 650 feet long and 75 feet of beam. She will be the largest cargo steamer in the world, and will be able to carry more than the once famous Great Eastern.

It is said that Saturday has been a fatal day to the royal family of Britain for the last 185 years. William III., Queen Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., the Duchess of Kent, the prince Consort, the duke of Clarence, the duke of Albany, and Princess Alice all died on that day.

It has been less than two years since the law making life imprisonment instead of death penalty for murder in Colorado went into effect and yet agitation has already begun looking to a revival of the death penalty. It is asserted by those who wish a reestablishment of the gallows that the life-imprisonment law has resulted in an epidemic of crime.

The Siamese government has informed our government that it is about to reestablish its legation in Washington after a lapse of many years, during which all of its diplomatic correspondence has been carried on through its legation at London. The new Siamese minister has arrived and has presented his credentials at Washington. His name is Phya Viedha Suriyasakti.

A company with a capital stock of \$800,000, in which several wealthy Mexican capitalists of Monterey are interested, has been organized for the purpose of developing the oil fields of Mexico, and to place the product on the market in that and other countries. There are several productive oil fields in Mexico, one of the richest of them being located in the state of Tamaulipas.

Adj. Gen. Corbin's annual report shows that the total strength of the regular and volunteer armies during the war with Spain was 11,108 officers and 263,908 enlisted men—a total of 275,016 men. That report also states that the total deaths from wounds and disease up to October 3 were 107 officers and 2,802 enlisted men—a total death list of 2,910 men, and a death percentage of less than 1.06.

Yankee girls at Bridgeport, Conn., have formed a matrimonial trust to regulate the market on a better basis. The girls have organized what they have named "The Anti-Chair Warming Society of Marriageable Maidens." It will limit the supply of entertainers for the frivolous young men by forcing them to a declaration of intentions on the third visit. This will tend to kill off some of those old ten-year "steadies" that are the despair of every unmarried girl.

The railway system in the United States employ 36,000 locomotives, 26,000 passenger cars and 9,000 mail and baggage cars. These figures seem large till the number of freight cars is stated, which is 1,250,000. The system, with its gigantic equipment, is practically the growth of a single generation. With the additions of another quarter or half a century posterity ought to stand and gaze at its stupendous proportions. But it will probably be gradually educated out of all its capacities of wonder, as we have been out of many of our own.

The duchess of Madrid, the wife of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, recently declared before leaving Lucerne that her husband was perfecting arrangements for the seizure of the throne and that within one year he would be the reigning sovereign in Spain. She expressed it as her opinion that the queen regent will abdicate in favor of her son, and will then allow Carlos to take the throne in order to avoid civil strife and bloodshed, which she says will surely follow in case he is refused his rights when next he makes his demands.

Capt. Sigbee, who commanded the battleship Maine and later the big auxiliary cruiser the St. Paul, will be the first officer in the navy to secure an allotment of prize money. Capt. Sigbee has been awarded \$975 and his crew \$5,523 to be divided according to their pay, for the capture of the collier Restormel off Santiago, to which port the collier was bound in an attempt to deliver coal to Cervera's fleet. Had Sigbee not stopped the Restormel Cervera would have received his coal and more probably have been out of the harbor before he could have been blockaded.

The old Bradlee house at the corner of Tremont and Hollis streets in Boston is being torn down to make way for a modern one. It is one of the most interesting historic landmarks in Boston. In its wide old kitchen the leaders of the Boston tea party distinguished themselves as Indians on the evening of December 16, 1773, before going to the wharf where the cargo of tea was thrown into the waters of Boston harbor. The old South church and Faneuil hall are the only two buildings beside the Bradlee house now left which sheltered the patriots on that eventful day.

MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

For Better Rural Schools. State Superintendent of Schools John R. Kirk speaks of his recommendations to the general assembly as follows:

We should cease our wasteful experimentation and profit by the example of older states, whose school organization is more perfect than ours. I shall recommend legislation providing for the abandonment of existing isolated, and often impoverished, independent small school districts and their consolidation into larger ones, at least five or six miles square, with authority to furnish transportation for pupils to and from school. The plan of having two, three and four-room buildings at the center of a large district and hauling the children to and from, on reduced or even increased attendance, involves enormous and greatly increased expenses.

I shall also recommend state aid of from \$300 to \$1000 to each school organization according to the approved standards and admitting, without tuition fees, all students of high-school grade who wish to enter from surrounding rural schools. I shall also recommend legislation looking to the earliest possible adoption of a free text-book law.

Congressman Bland's official majority over Robertson in the Eighth district is 2,870.

Jacob Samuels, of Columbia, was sentenced to five years imprisonment for forgery a check for only \$2.50.

Incentives set first to the buildings of the Bousie milk dairy at Dog Hill, near St. Joseph, and in 1908 perished.

Scarlet fever developed near Little Rock, Saline county, but every precaution was taken to prevent an epidemic.

A St. Louis dispatch said Col. R. C. Kerens would again ask the republic an legislative indorsement for United States senator.

President Luckey, of the Missouri State Teachers' Association, has issued a circular letter requesting a large attendance of teachers at the next meeting of the association at Jefferson City December 23.

At Carthage the other night Charles Carroll, the "cowboy evangelist," was assaulted on his way home from church by a mob of men, who alleged that the evangelist was interfering in Northrup's love affairs.

Gov. Stephens appointed delegates to represent Missouri at the good roads and public improvement convention, which is to be held in St. Louis, November 21 to 23. Every part of the state is represented.

E. W. Stephens, of the Columbia Herald, has purchased the controlling interest in the Daily and Weekly Tribunes at Jefferson City, and will take charge immediately, still retaining his Columbia paper.

While Rev. W. B. Hanna and wife, of the Promenade street M. E. church at Mexico, were absent from the pastoral residence, thieves entered in daylight and carried away some cash, a gold watch and other jewelry.

Miss Minnie Muir, of Bunceon, a month ago married George A. Barker, salesman at a St. Louis dry goods store.

A few days later a woman arrived on the scene from Indianapolis, Ill., and claimed Barker as her husband.

V. L. Penland, ex-representative from Howell county, shot and killed his brother-in-law, James Kelly, in the public square at West Plains. The tragedy grew out of a divorce suit now pending between Penland and his wife, Kelly's sister.

A candidate for office in Greene county filed the following statement of election expenses: "Blank paper, 10 cents; cigars, 10 cents; bananas, 20 cents; loaned money, 5 cents; certificate of nomination, 25 cents; cigars, 25 cents; chewing gum, 20 cents. Total, \$1.15."

Martin Baldwin, an aeronaut, was sent to the insane asylum at St. Joseph recently. Last September Baldwin made an ascension from the fair grounds at St. Joseph, and in descending alighted on the roof of a six-story building, receiving injuries which afterward made him insane.

C. N. Mayers, a pioneer and wealthy resident of St. Joseph, is dead from a broken heart. When his wife passed away three months ago he told a physician he could never survive the blow. Just before his death he gave away valuable business property and several residences in the city to old friends.

A telegram from Savannah, Ga., where the Sixth Missouri regiment is camped, said Col. Hardean would ask the war department for permission to recruit the regiment up to a point near the maximum. About 40 men from the Third and Fifth Missouri regiments had arrived in Savannah and were divided among the eight companies.

A. J. Hamill, of Lincoln county, aged 75 years, had his first ride on a train last week. He boarded a train to go to Winfield, and his acting as if he were not used to it caused inquiry which led to his admission that it was his first experience. He was born and reared in Hurricane township, in Lincoln county, and has lived within three miles of the Burlington railroad ever since it was built.

The recent annual convention of the Missouri Federation of Women's clubs was held at Springfield last week, the sessions being largely attended. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Mrs. Ellen D. Lee, St. Louis, president; Mrs. Homer Fuller, Springfield and Mrs. W. P. Wallace, Lebanon, vice presidents; Mrs. L. T. McClelland, Sedalia, recording secretary; M. Defoe, Columbia, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Emma Tansiz, St. Louis, treasurer. The next meeting will be at Columbia.

Several stockmen in Audrain county who bought big herds of cattle in a southwest Missouri learned that a great number of the cattle had been stolen.

I. H. Barber hung himself in a woodshed at Cahoon. This was his third attempt at suicide. He was despondent because of the conduct of his son who is serving a jail sentence in Springfield.

Preston Roberts, Sr., who died at Independence recently, was a Jackson county pioneer and was identified with mail contracts, freighting, and river transportation in the early days of Kansas City.

At Chillicothe, a 5-year-old child of Sherman Peters died from concentrated lead that was given him by his small sister, who thought it water.

Louis E. Norton, the world famous steepie climber, is in jail at St. Joseph charged with burglary.

THE REUNION.

HERE are forty of us Robinsons, all thriving, hale and hearty, and we always get together when Thanksgiving is around.

It takes a week for some of us to make the journey here; but we wouldn't miss Thanksgiving if we traveled all the year!

We all the dear old homestead to the attic rafters could. And the bees could scarce hive closer than to us, Thanksgiving night.

We bring a host of children, but there's no distinction found; We're all a pack of children when Thanksgiving comes around.

You ought to see us playing tag behind the old red barn. All running, twisting, tangled, like a living skein of yarn.

And then we all go coasting on the slope of Mutton hill. And, like as not, get "sawing" round and take a jolly spill.

Oh, what an appetite we have when mother gives us the horn! How good the crisp, brown turkeys smell, all fattened up with corn!

The puddings and the pumpkin pies, the jellies white and red. Ah! mother's cooking is a boast from Maine to Maribeach!

When dinners over, all round the wide old hearth we sit. And live our youthful pleasures o'er, and crowd and visit.

O happiest day of all the time that through the hour-glass runs. Thanksgiving in the old-time was at Grandpa Robinson's!

—Paul Pastner, in N. Y. Independent.



IT BEGAN with the rain. She was too small. Never then spread herself as she did this one, but it was of no use; she wasn't equal to it.

"Melvira," remarked Mr. Dassy to his wife, as he looked into the coop, "Melvira, if I didn't know different, I should say you was a natural-born fool."

"William Henry," snapped Mrs. Dassy, "I am a natural-born fool, or I'd never married you."

"Mebby you're right, Melvira," he said, uneasily. "But I wish you'd explain why you didn't pick out a bigger hen."

"That hen was the biggest one on the place that I wanted to set," returned Mrs. Dassy. "I suppose you'd have set those eggs under a hen that didn't want to set, wouldn't you?"

"Well, not exactly that, Melvira. A hen that hasn't fully and thoroughly made up her mind to set isn't a very stationary critter. But why didn't you keep the eggs till a more sizable hen got the setting notion into her head?"

"Would you have kept those eggs on ice, or would you have boiled them, William Henry?" inquired Mrs. Dassy, with vigor.

"Well, I dunno what I'd have done," sighed Mr. Dassy. "But I'd have done something 'fore I'd set nine turkey eggs under a little speckled hen like that. You'd better sew a fringe on that hen so she can cover the outside eggs. Though what do we want a lot of turkey gawking round for anyhow?"

"Well, you'll see what we want of them about next Thanksgiving. William Henry, if you don't eat your share of those turkeys, then lose my guess."

"All right, Melvira, all right," assented Mr. Dassy, cheerfully, as he went back to the pump. "Only I don't like the gobbler of the pesky things. Makes me want to choke them."

The Dassyss lived on the northern edge of Nebraska. Their farm lay on the open prairie, but right at the head of Lone Tree canyon, an abrupt crack on the ground which ran down to the Niobrara river. The lone tree which gave the name to the canyon was a high and spectral pine standing a dozen yards from their barn.

Never was tree so deserted by its kind before. There was not another in sight anywhere, although there were others down the canyon and along the river; but as you stood on the prairie you looked over them, and over the river and canyon as well, so that in whatever way you turned your eyes from the Dassy ranch you saw nothing but treeless prairie; though of an evening the wind sighed through the top of the lone tree quite industriously, and did what it could to suggest a forest. The Dassy boys, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and George Washington, often talked about climbing the lone tree, but they never did so.

One day a month later Mrs. Dassy came out of the coop and said: "Well, she didn't do so bad, I think."

"How many?" inquired Mr. Dassy. "Seven."

"No, that isn't bad, considering. Are they likely-looking critters?"

"Well, they don't handsome much now, of course. Young turkeys never do. But I'm reckoning that next Thanksgiving the biggest one of 'em, baked to a turn, on the blue platter, with his legs sticking up in the air, will be just about as pretty a sight as you'll see, William Henry!"

Her husband smiled and rubbed his hands. "Oh, I'm not saying a word against juicy young turkeys on platters 'bout Thanksgiving time. What I object to is their gobbler and strutting around and feeling so big."

"Don't say anything, William Henry," replied his wife. "I've known you to gobble and strut around and feel big."

It was still early in the spring, and the weather was cold. Perhaps it was from this cause that the next day one of the young turkeys died. But the careful nursing of Mrs. Dassy, to-

gether with the good care of her foster mother, the little speckled hen, brought the other six through to warm weather. By this time they were able to make excursions about the near-by prairie.

But their troubles were not over. At the first rain the whole flock crowded under a haystack, and they pressed forward so hard that one of them was smothered to death. A fortnight later a chicken-hawk swooped down and carried off another, although the little hen fought desperately and lost half her feathers in the struggle. There were but four left now.

But the worst was yet to come. A week later there was a great rain-storm. Shortly before its coming Mrs. Dassy had seen the turkeys under the barn, so she supposed them safe; but, in point of fact, when it began they were twenty rods out on the prairie. At the first drops the hen began to flutter and chuck wildly in an attempt to lead them back, but they refused to budge. There on the open prairie they weathered it out, and when the rain ceased and Mrs. Dassy discovered them and scattered out through the puddles she found three of them drowned.

"There the fools were," she cried, coming back, carrying the only living one left, all drowned standing up, with their mouths open so's to get the most of it. There never was such fools as young turkeys!"

"I always said it, Melvira," replied Mr. Dassy, gloomily. "They're the biggest fools in all creation. That ends our plans for Thanksgiving."

"No, it don't, William Henry," returned his wife, vigorously. "This one's alive, and he's going to stay alive!" And she rolled him in a flannel cloth and put him in the oven to dry. Mr. Dassy shook his head.

"No hope, Melvira, no hope," he answered. "He'll turn up his toes inside of a week. It's bound to come! I've felt it in my bones all along. Why, if that turkey can't die any other way, he'll up and go off and commit suicide!"

"Stop your croaking, William Henry," said Mrs. Dassy, sharply. "This turkey is going to live till Thanksgiving, and then he'll die a natural death—for turkeys."

"Oh, well, I hope so, of course. He did pull through the flood first-rate, there's no denying that. Almost as well as Noah did through his flood. That's what we'll call him, Melvira—Noah."

"All right, William Henry; his name is Noah."

Mrs. Dassy was right about Noah's chances for living; a half-hour in the oven made him as sprightly as ever. In fact, he wriggled out of the oven himself and went plaintively peeping away out of the open door to the speckled hen, who was delirious with joy at the sight of him.

The storm seemed to mark a turning-point in Noah's life. There was no more trouble. The rains either ceased or he defied them. The chicken-hawk never made any more at-tempts. Indeed they would shortly have had trouble in carrying him off, since he grew with the most astonishing rapidity. The speckled hen was soon the smaller of the two, and found herself following behind as he wandered here and there. Then he began to ignore her entirely, and at night took to roosting on the ridge-pole of the barn.

This was too much for the hen; she gave him up, and he went his own way in the world. The grasshopper season came on, and he developed wonderful skill in catching these insects, to the great delight of Mr. Dassy.

"I tell you what, Melvira," he one day remarked, "there isn't another turkey in Nebraska that can gather in a hopper like that Noah of ours! You ought to watch him. He sees a hopper sitting on a blade of grass and he just up and points him like a pointer dog, and creeps closer and closer, steady, never saying a word, his head getting a little lower all the time, till he's just right; then he makes one shoot and puts up his head sort of like this, and swallows the hopper," and Mr. Dassy twisted his neck about in a ludicrous attempt to look like Noah.

"Well, I've got something else to do besides watch a turkey catch hopper!" answered Mrs. Dassy. "Though I hope he'll get a right smart lot of them, because we don't need the hoppers, and they do say there's nothing like a hopper-fattened turkey for tender eating and flavor."

"That's so, Melvira. But you ought to watch him snatch them. I've lived in five states and two territories, and I've never seen anything like it! Never knowed him to miss. I calculate he gobbles 400 of them every day."

The hot, dry Nebraska summer wore away, and Noah continued to thrive. The grasshopper crop was good—better than any other crop—and Noah never failed to get his daily share of it. Each week Mr. Dassy grew more enthusiastic in his praises of Noah. He finally came to boast that Noah was the finest turkey in the United States

like, once or twice, and then you'll see—slap!—head's off and we've got him on the blue platter!"

From this time on Noah roosted each night in the lone tree. The flight seemed in no way to disagree with him, for he waxed bigger and bigger and fatter and fatter. He gobbled occasionally, but no more than was necessary to keep him in good voice.

Through the fall he continued to range the prairie and gather belated grasshoppers. Nothing ever ruffled his dignity, and only once did he become excited, and that was when Mr. Dassy and his sons one afternoon burned a circular firebreak a quarter of a mile out from the buildings. When Noah saw the flames and heard the crackling of the dry grass, he uttered an alarmed gobble and flew into the pine, where he gobbled some more and stayed till the next morning.

The season advanced and the weather became wintry, but all efforts to induce him to enter the coop with the other fowls were useless. Even the cold winds of November did not seem to disturb him. To be sure there was no snow, or only a few flakes, even up to Thanksgiving week, but the winds blew chill, and tossed the top of the pine about and threatened sometimes to sweep him off; but he clung to his perch.

It was late Tuesday afternoon before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Dassy had been bustling about with the work since dinner time, but her husband had sat by the fire and scarcely spoken. She knew that he was thinking of Noah, but she said nothing. She had her own private feelings about Noah, but she knew that he had got to die.

After some time she said: "Well, William Henry, I'm waiting for that turkey now."

"You are, are you?" snapped the man, impatiently. "Well, why didn't you say so? What am I here for? What have I been setting around all the afternoon for? Andrew Jackson, you and George Washington got out and catch the critter."

The boys started out, and Mr. Dassy went on: "Melvira, when you want a turkey killed you want to speak about it, not go around thinking I can read your pesky thoughts. I'm ready to

kill that turkey any time you want it killed."

"He turned to the other boy and said: 'Thomas Jefferson, you go out and chop live oak off when you get him. You'll find the ax by the grindstone. It's time you boys learned to do such things.'"

Thomas Jefferson disappeared, and Mr. Dassy peeped cautiously out of the window. Mrs. Dassy said not a word. Andrew Jackson and George Washington were having a good deal of difficulty in capturing the turkey. They had at first tried to approach him and pick him up as they had often done, but something unusual in their manner alarmed him and he walked off.

After several attempts they gave up and Andrew Jackson said: "We're got to run him down, George," and they both started after him. They were good runners; but Noah was also a good runner.

Around and around the barn they went twenty times, the boys two steps behind the turkey, who had his head lowered, his wings tight folded, and was taking steps quite as long as they were. At last, however, the boys gained a little upon him.

"Fall on him, fall on him!" shouted Thomas Jefferson, from the grindstone. Andrew Jackson fell forward on his face, with George Washington on top of him.

But they counted without their host—Noah was not there; with a fierce beat of his wings he shot out, and then sailed away to the top of the lone tree. There he stood up and uttered a defiant gobble.

"Hear that!" cried Mr. Dassy, in a rage. "I'll fix him now!" and he snatched down his rifle from the wall.

"Now you put that gun right back," said his wife, firmly. "You know perfectly well if you shoot at him so far off that you are liable to wound him, and I won't have him suffering. Wait till morning, when you can get up close to him and shoot him right and so he'll never know what hits him."

Mr. Dassy snorted once or twice and put up the rifle.

It was just before the first sign of dawn next morning. The house was dark, and the only sound to be heard was the sharp rush of the wind through the pine.

Suddenly there came in the morning stillness the jangling gobble of Noah. No one heard it. Then it came again, louder.

Mr. Dassy half awoke and said: "Consain that turkey!" and turned over. There was another gobble; Mr. Dassy half opened his eyes and saw a strange light playing on the ceiling, and then one of the boys began pounding furiously on the stovepipe, and shouted excitedly from above:

"Fire! Fire! There's a prairie fire coming! It's right on us; it's got inside the firebreak!"

In two minutes the entire Dassy family were out fighting the approaching fire. It was a long hour's work. But the grass had been grazed on and trampled down, and at last with much beating of brooms, shovels, pieces of boards and old blankets they subdued the flames and saved their stacks and buildings. Then, tired but happy, they returned to the house.

It was then too late to return to bed and Mrs. Dassy got breakfast. After they had eaten they sat around the stove for an hour. The sun was well up. Noah was walking about cautiously outside, carrying his head high and still somewhat alarmed. After awhile he gobbled. Mr. Dassy arose and took down his rifle.

"William Henry," said his wife sharply, "what are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do? Well, I reckoned I'd take a turn along the edge of the canyon and see if I couldn't knock over a jack-rabbit. To-morrow's Thanksgiving. Do you think we can have a Thanksgiving without any fresh meat?"

"Then he went out. It was the next day and they were all gathered round the table. Mrs. Dassy's brother from Sand Lake was with them. He looked at the blue platter and said: "Pears to me, William Henry, that's a powerful queer-looking Thanksgiving turkey you've got. I'll bet a dollar there ain't any wishbone in it."

"You've hit it right, Hiram," returned Mr. Dassy. "Our Thanksgiving turkey ain't much to brag of, but we've got a right smart heap of Thanksgiving. Hear that rascal Noah gobbling out there! I tell you he's got the clearest and the musiciest gobble of any turkey in the whole pesky world!"—Hayden Carruth, in Youth's Companion.

THAT TERRIBLE KID.



Mrs. Smith—Did you give your mother the invitation to take Thanksgiving dinner at our house?

Tommy Jones—Yes, ma'am. "And what did she say?" "She said she supposed we'd have to go, but she'd rather stay at home and get a square meal."—N. Y. Journal.

A Heavenly Foretaste. If there is one work in the year more than another, when our burdens and cares, and vexations, and complaints ought to be forgotten, and our mercies counted, and talked, as sung, and prayed over, it is this Thanksgiving week. In Heaven every day will be Thanksgiving day; but there ought to be for us, at this season of the year, at least, a foretaste of the Heavenly joy.—United Presbyterian.

Extent of a Single Tree. A single banyan tree has been known to shelter 7,000 men at one time.

Catarrh

In the head, with its ringing noises in the ears, buzzing, snapping sounds, sore throats and disagreeable discharges, is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not dally with local applications. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and make a thorough and complete cure by eradicating from the blood all scrofulous taints and giving health and vigor to the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

No Chance for a Conflict. "A conflict of arms," he said, "is a terrible thing."

Go South This Winter. For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connection will be made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau and West Indian ports. Tourist and Home-Secures excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. H. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Reflected Grievance. "Pa, what is a lineal descendant?" "A lineal descendant is a person who has to fall back on some praiseworthy ancestor for his own importance."—Detroit Free Press.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich glow of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 14 the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Off Her Mind. "There's a load on my mind," said the Italian lady, as she descended the seven bushes of coal that she had picked up along the railroad tracks.—Chicago Evening News.

Hot or Cold, Neuralgia will come. Use St. Jacobs Oil; it will go.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Iazative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Our enemies point out our faults, else we might never improve sufficiently to retain our friends.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Winter set in with Rheumatism. Set out with St. Jacobs Oil and cure.

Less than one-half the things one hears are true.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along. First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is less. That feeling of suffocation is removed. Cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free. It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Free. If you have any complaint whatever in the throat or lungs, we will send you a copy of our book free. You will receive a prompt reply, without charge. DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Have you written to tell us how much you can afford to pay for an Organ