A Royal Wedding Cake.

The wedding cake of Princess Alice of Battenberg was six feet high. It was one of the largest cases ever mades for a royal bride, although that presented to Princess Beatrice by the ladies of Kent was about twenty inches taller. The latter masterpiece in confectionery cost 500 guineas. It is a rule at royal weddings to have four or five cakes, one of which is made by the bride's own cooks, and cut up for dispatch to her particular

Carpets can be colored on the floor WITH PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

About the only establishment that makes money without advertising is the mint.

Deflance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

#### The Century for 1904.

The Century for 1964 promises a wealth of reading and pictures that surpasses even the high standard achieved during 1903. Perhaps most notable of all the strong features of the volume will be Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography. It will be a daring and unique piece of historical work, written as if it were done by General Washington himself, sitting down in Mt. Vernon in his old age and recording. solely for his own eye, the story of his youthful life.

Then there will be a series of zetfcles on "Italian Villa: and Their Gar- up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems | thank you." dens," written by Edith Wharton and to me that you look tired, Milly. "Very well. I shall expect you illustrated, targely in color, by Max- Whar's the matter?" field Parrish. Ernest Thompson Seton has prepared "Fable and Woodmyth," brief papers in a new vein. the illustrations in the author's most fanisatic and amusing style.

The artists whose work will appear in the Century for 1994 include the best of the day. It is not a question for any cuitivated thinking man or woman today, Can I alford to take the Contary this year? The question is rather, Can I afford not to take the Century:

As a rule the man who isn't afraid to stand up for his rights imagines that he has a right to anything he

Ask You Druggist for Altan's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S Foot EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the bot, burning and itching co-sation in my feet which was almost unbearable and I would not be without it now — Mrs. W. J. Walker Camden. N. J." Sold by all Druggists, the.

Yes, Alonio, it is just as well to beware of the dog when courting a coy about the old man he won't bother you.-Chicago News.

Our phrases are but the garments

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Deflance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity,

#### An Actress' Valuable Jewels. An actress now playing in London

wears about \$73,000 worth of dlamonds every evening. She owns jewels worth \$250,000 altogether, including a five-rope pearl necklace said to be exceeded in value only by a simifur decoration possessed by Queen Alexandra. The jewels owned by the player in question are kept a a bank. a man from which brings them to the

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

## Coffee Unpopular in England.

All efforts to popularize coffee in England have failed, and the record shows a steady decrease in the importation of the beary. In 1876 the importation amounted to 1,361,642 cwt., and in 1896 this had decreased to 713, was cwt. In 1901 the value of the coffee imported was £3,321,254. In 1902 the value was £2,644,380. Up to 1876 the importations showed a steady in-

## Will Payne and Chicago.

If Chicago must be portrayed, probably no one is better fitted to do it than Will Payne, the well known novelist, whose stories of the life of the western metropolis are so full of knowledge and keen observation. His character study of the big town, pubbirthday, and gives a vivid picture of the great, overgrown, noisy, dirty, good-tempered hebble-iehoy among cities, ignorant of the value of urbanity, yet rampant with a vital energy that is to carry it on to a maturity of vast importance. No one is a native son of Chicago-everyone has come there: but through all the frankness of this adopted son, neither boastful nor deflant, but humorously just, runs the note of loyalty and sympathy that makes the westernor stand by his town, even though there may be better | if it's worth our while we may set up ones; and that is very healthy for the

# CAPSICUM VASELINE

erior to massard or sor placter, and will not blister the most makin. The pain allaying and certaine as of this acts in are wonderful. It will o the tombe he at once, and relieve head candicinie. Were unmenditas the bes and stome o and all the matter neutralize and gouts complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invalu-able in the homeshold. Many proplemy it is the best of all your preparations. Price 15 cents at all discusses or other dealers, or by nding this amount to us in postage stamps we Haend you a tube by mult. No article about CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, New York Cri-







ness strap beside the blazing hearth. pany for Thanksgiving." "I haven't the heart to get up a big

dinner for just us two." "I don't see what else we can do. being neighborly."

"And be furned away for our passed along. Where do you live?" pains," the woman laughed.

'highways and hedges' and gather in come over to-morrow?" stragglers like the ancient host of "Weit, being as you're so kind as to Bible fame. Maybe it is just as well | take the trouble to invite us we'll be not to have all the work of getting glad to accept your hospitality, and

Hollow and be back before suppor."



Heard the sound of chopping.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the natraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do for you, Milly Beanet. For Jim's sake you musta't give way to each foolish-

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping, which seemed to come from the Hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thicket. walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on. at the edge of a natural clearing, she theater and takes them back at each | came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unkempt lot in leathern jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with corn-

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the icy little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horsefeed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked

brusquely. "No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping, and

stopped out of curiosity." The man's insistent gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance fished in Everybody's Magazine for of the little group incited a little October, celebrates its hundredta throb of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth.

"I suppose you are simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts

of the camp. "Well, no." answered the blackbrowed man who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this claim, and for a week or two."

"Oh, then, you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to tentness which brought a flush to her have you all take dinner with us to- cheek and made her slightly uncom-

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half | for these diggings," said he presently, credulous. "it's rather unexpected," he remarked humorously. "Oh, we're all neighbors out here.

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat a | you know," Milly explained cordially. Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said "My husband would be very glad to Milly soberly, looking over at the have you with us. We are from the young fellow who sat mending a har- east, and we're used to having com-

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his No pelghbers to invite except old, Pete | health two years ago, when he was Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We all run down with overwork. We exmight send him something by way of pect to stay here until he's quite well." "We didn't notice any houses as we

"Two miles below here, on the Sun-"You can't even go out on the rise road, not on the trail. Will you

promptly at 12. There are eight of "Nothing, Jim. I guess I need a little you, aren't there? I want you all, reouting. I'll take a run across the member. Now, I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take

you directly to our shack, going west. Good night." Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts | as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously. "Not a bit. If it pleases you let's

have them by all means." "You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry-looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take seaps to satisfy eight hungry mea, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much clder as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and ice cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seeding raisins, and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing. while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by roon it was set with all the lascious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not rougher in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steaming board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to "act as if the company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the other addressed as Blaisedale, had the place of honor because he seemed to be the



"Lost!" he said, brusquely. leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious in-

fortable. "You're mighty comfortably fixed looking about the walls with their

I beg you'll go discreetly slow ere the deuce and all's to pay, homely prints and ornaments. Or else your plight may be like that of the folks of whom they sing. "Yes, we are rather comfortable, -Those chaps of old who tried to hold too much of a Real Good Thing. 

thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim an- | ly. "Why, it doesn't amount to that," swered, with a glow of affectionate said she with a snap of her brown "You're lucky to be able to afford | would be worthless to me if I didn't | well managed Freach laundry in one | will spend the winter at Cannes.

such luxuries, for all those fancy-fix- have Jim." ings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisedale remarked significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe everything to Milly, even my life. I was a

poor law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the ers, but which kept Jim breathlessly little bank at Sunrise, where she goes

A scrap of paper.

money bad enough, but if it hadn't | Thanking you for a pleasant hour, been for that the Lord only knows what would have become of me." Milly biushed deeply and becoming- | Times.

THE KING'S THANKSGIVING TART

By HOLMAN F. DAY

There once was a king, so minstrels sing, who ruled with a kindly sway,

And his subjects true were allowed to pursue their own sweet, easy way.

Now it chanced one time, so runs the rhyme, his subjects fancied tarts,

They are them early, they are them late-just tarts for all their meals,

Now, the goodly king had a war on hand and he wanted his men to fight,

That they'd tough meat and gore.

Now, the gracious king of whom they sing was a king who was very wise,

And as still their hearts were turned to tarts, their king vouchsafed a boon.

"Since all have shown," spoke he from the throne, "that tarts are all they wish,

And he issued decree that his folks should be indulged in their vagarles;

He wished to steer as his people dear preferred that he hold the helm,

And the count was made eftsoon,

My job as your king is nice, smooth thing-I've had a real good year,

And 'twill please me much to set 'em up, as Thanksgiving day is here,

So he issued commands and summoned his bands, and called a multitude

Of baker men, who there and then contrived and mixed and stewed,

And with skill and art they built a tart that was big as half-outdoor,

All the people sang one tune,

And he used to wish they would drop that dish that was making them thin and

But they hugged to their hearts their love for tarts, and ate them more and more.

Did he arrogate, but was wont to state from them was his power's source.

He guided them, of course.

But by no dsplay of force

Until they grew all cold and blue, anaemic from head to heels.

So he ordered a poll of every soul that occupied his realm,

I here proclaim that very same shall be the nation's dish,

So, r · subjects dear, I now and here do issue my decree,

And invite you all, both great and small, to have a tart on me.'

With crust so high that it hid the sky, amountain of jell its core.

They baked a day and night;

They built an oven tight,

He placed his royal lock

On granary bin and flock,

And he let them start on the public tart at exactly twelve o'clock,

They are one week, they are one month, as much as they did like,

And voted their king the smoothest thing that ever came down the pike.

They rendered praise and blessed his days, but the second month, alas!

They all agreed on a change of feed, if 'twas nothing else but grass,

So they sought the kindly king,

Allowed his tart just reached the heart, as he'd heard them often sing.

But they humbly begged he would lift the bar he had placed on things to eat,

To him explained the thing,

And grant each grace to stuff his face with 'taters, corn and meat,

With a twinkle in his eye.

Their good king made reply

That the tart had cost a lot of cash and could not be thrown by,

"So it's up to you, my subjects true; you know I've a kindly heart,

With sighs and sobs of woe

They asked if they might, oh,

And passed decree that the tart should be blown galley-west that night.

And they loudly swore that nevermore would they tackle a tart to eat.

Made a moral from the thing.

And the moral holds to-day:

As he used to do whenever he knew they felt contrition's sting.

And the good wise guy, their king,

If A Good Thing comes your way,

Please burn the part of the dratted tart they really couldn't "go."

With a kindly look their king he took compassion on their plight,

But so long's it's there I'll tell you fair, you just must eat that tart!"

They are for a week, but I must not speak of the scenes that did ensue.

So like the scenes on a storm-tossed ship on the breast of the ocean blue.

And at last they tore to the king once more, and beat their breasts and wept,

And groveled and grouned, and writhed and mouned, and en their stomachs crept,

Then his subjects carved some good, thick steaks, and chawnked on rare, red meat,

His subjects cheered till their throats were seared, then each backed up his cart

Then there it stood, all fresh and good, an appetizing sight.

That none might eat of fish or ment in all that loyal land,

And, gracious my! how all did vie in loading up with tart.

Then the king gave forth command, and thereto set his hand,

No other food seemed half as good-on tarts they set their hearts.

He frequently would implore

fingers, "All the money in the world

"I've heard a saying about a 'good wife being a treasure," Blaisedale remarked. "Your wife proves the truth of it."

The dinner was a great success. Blaisedale, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talkative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queerer people which savored of famfliarity with lawlessness and lawbreakinterested until the eight strange guests made their adieus. When the company had filed out of the little cabin door Blaisedale, who was last to go turned at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality, You won't regret your kindness, by the way."

"Queer fellow, that one," Jim remarked, as he watched the gang tocede down the wintry road, "You may be sure he has a strange history be sation. I can rest well, my back is hand him." That night when Jim and Milly sat

talking beside their cheerful hearth, a ly under the door. Jim rose hurrically | Fuffalo, N. Y. and threw back the door, but no one was in sight, and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the icy night. Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

Some curious whim prompts me to once a month to draw the necessary | tell you that it was our intention to sum for our provisions. Bet now that | break into and rifle the little eggshell I've got to work we're making our way | bank at Sunrise before quitting these along without much help from the diggings, but for the sake of Milly's bank. I tell you I hated to use that "bit of money" it shall go unharmed.

> BLAISEDALE. -Helen F. Huntington, in New York

English Nobility in Trade. From duchesses down, the haughty The duchess of Abercorn owns a his family, will suon take up his resiflourishing creamery at Barons court, dence for the winter and spring in Ireland; Lady Warwick has many the same two villas which were ocfrons in the fire; another countest cupied by this fifthe Boer colony last hire, and Lady Essex is, or was, part gradually falling into a state of senile proprietor of a flourishing laundry decay, is always surrounded by a business. London laundreases leave court, consisting of two secretaries, a much to be desired, and a few society chaplain, a dector, a surf of nursewomen, including Lady Essex and valet, and several of his children and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, have started a grandchildren. Ex-President Steyn of the nearer suburbs.

HAPPY WOMEN. Mrs. Pare wife of C. B. Pare, a promine n t resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Eesides a bad

back I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were excecdingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding senstrong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 scrap of white paper crept mysterleus | cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co.,

> DIMENSITIES RAW FURS Wanted Skunk, Euceson and others. Humost cash percess and Write A. E. Burkhardt, Mate & Rad, Cincinnath, G.

> THRIFTY FARMERS they will find a delightful and healthy coin H. BADENHOOP, Sec's State Board of Immigration, BALTIMORE, MD.

Hafflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

Oom Paul's "Court."

Ex-President Kruger, accompanied dames of England are going into trade. by his suite and several members of bought motors and let them out for year at Mentone. Mr. Kruger, who is



trade mark. Tell your dealer you want the best starch your money can buy.

Insist on having the best, DEFIANCE.

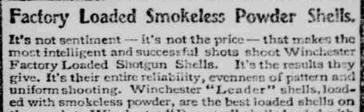
It is to ounces for to cents. No premiums, but one pound of the very best starch made. We put all our money in the starch.

It needs no cooking.

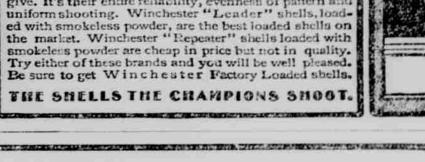
It is absolutely pure.

It gives satisfaction or money back. THE PARTY OF THE P

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO. Omaha, Neb.



Be sure to get Winchester Factory Loaded shells. THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT.



WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE

# WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE

TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

Negro Inventor's Good Fortune. worked in the machine shops of the sunshine of his existence. Louisville & Nasaville Railroad com pany, in Blemingham, Ala., for twenty Take Laxative Brome Commine Tablets. All years, has just sold a patent for a car druggists refund money if it fails to eare 22 coupler of his own invention for \$100,-000. In addition he is to get a royalty on every coupler made on his model men, but the wall screet broker profor seventeen years.

The Use of Tobacco.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to get any authoritative conclusion about the effects of using in equal measure. Some things, how- iron. ever, we do not know about tobacco: It costs a vast sum of money, is one of the most important industries in the world, and an important source of revenue to all nations. Americans consume 7,000,000,000 cigars annually and the yearly increase in the con sumption is nearly 600,000,000. Smokers use 3,000,000,000 eigarettes annually, and consume in other forms, as in snuff, plug and smoking tobacco 315,000,000 pounds, exclusive of the tobacco exported and that used in manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. The federal treasury receives \$65,000 600 annual revenue from the tobacco tax, the manufacturers alone pay in dividends \$10,000,000, and in wages \$50,000,000 a year, and the annual value of the manufactured product in this country is upward of \$200,000,000

The Doctor's Statement.

St. John. Kan., Nov. 16.-This town has a genuine sensation in the case of a little boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William McBride, Dr. Limes, the attending physician, says:

"Scarlet Fever of a very malignant type brought this child very near to anxious inquirers that he was going | Geath and when the fever left him he was semi-paralyzed in the right leg But bless you! when the pumpkin in his right ear, and his mind was -

"His parents tried another treatbut a rich, golden, tantalizing section ment for a time and whom I was recalled I found that he was having And the poor inventor was hungry, spells very like Epilopsy and was very bad and gradually growing worse. I advised the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in a short time the calld began to improve. Inside of a week the nervceased altogether.'

Mr. and Mrs. McBride have made a inv sworn statement of the facts and Dr. Having made several perpetual mo- them, but kept right on eating, saying, Jesse L. Limes has added his sworn Patent Lawyers. "Who cares f'r gold ? (Bite, bite, statement saying that Dodd's Kidney

> The man who marries for money has no kick coming if there isn't any love

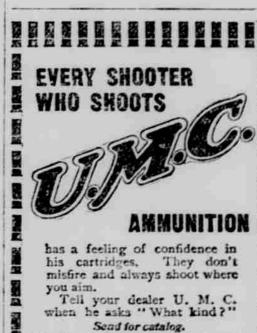
The man whose wife makes it hot Andrew Beard, a negro who has for him never speaks of her as the

> Lumb with green pear suits some fers lamb with greentacks.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for tobacco. Literature is filled with the same money. It will give you peans in its praise and maledictions satisfaction, and will not stick to the

The soul can be horrfbly cold-blood-



**OUR HOLIDAY PRICES** in Jewelry and Watches save you 25%. Send for

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

inventions FREE. Don't walt, write TO-DAY
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE,

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

Washington, D. C.

No. 47-1903

W. N. U., Omaha,

than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.

# A Song of Praise.

In all the work I find to do.
For all the world, O find, and You!
There's time this day to sing to Thee
My thanks for what Thou givst me! I'm thankful for the reddened leaf,

Thankful am I for garnered sheaf-p to the sky my praise I fling. And thank I Thee for everything. The closing year of 1902 Is fraught with gifts, O God, from You; My thanks for what Thou givest me!

# By the Late Dr. Talmage.

becomes a kaleidoscope, and every substance beneath. No brandy, for minute the scene changes. You give old folks were stout for temperance. to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn | Dear me! What a pie! You deluded and there they are, natural as life, New Englanders can talk till you are around the country hearth on a cold gray about your pumpkin pies for winter night. I see that old Thanks. Thanksgiving day; give me an oldgiving dinner. Father at one end, fashioned New Jersey mince pie. Of mother at the other end, the children | the ten at that table, all are gone save between, wondering if father will ever two-some in village churchyard, fields to avoid his creditors, when he I have discovered pumpkin pie!" get done carving the turkey. Oh, that some in city cemetery-but we shall proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, sit with them yet at a brighter ban-

minus his gobble. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The brown surface waiting for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fire-place ay bare the folds of white ment. Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, leavings from all rich ingredients, glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, ies of origin! But mother made them, chopped the meat for them, spiced them, sweetened them, flavored them and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through On Thanksgiving day the memory the light and flaky surface into the upside down, his plumes gone and quet.-Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

## The True Spirit.

Thy mercies are to us renewed and constant all day long.

-Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian of goodness.

## The First Pumpkin Pie

Once upon a time-a long while ago. who was always trying to see what he | ing to get for us?" could discover.

tion machines and one or two airships, he was walking through the O-o-o-oh!) Who cares f'r gold? Men, Pills and nothing else cured the fits. came upon a pumpkin.

down and feeling of the yellow orb, after.-Judge.

"is a vegetable growth; but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it ex-

it was not a solid sheet of gold at all.

so he bit into it.

A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying: "Look here! children, there lived a wise old man | Where is all that gold you were go- our spasms or epileptic seizures

"And he never even looked up at

And the creditors sat down also and "This," he said to himself, bending ate, and they, too, were happy ever in the home.