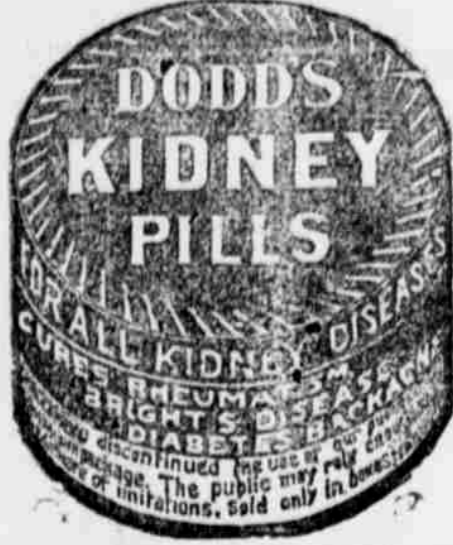


Immigrants from Italy outnumber those from Ireland four to one.

The principal article of food for about one-third of the human race is rice.

The "School for the sons of the Empire" located at Peking, China, is the oldest university in the world. It has a granite register, consisting of 320 stone columns, on which are inscribed the names of 60,000 graduates.

There are only ten persons in France whose fortunes aggregate more than \$2,000,000; there are 100 who have \$2,000,000 or over; 6,000 who possess \$350,000 and less than 20,000 who own property valued at \$20,000.



A kiss in time causes ninety-nine—and then some.

The favorite girl of the family is the one who can get the most money out of the rich uncle.

Some women save up all their knowledge for exhibition at the sewing circles.

It sometimes takes a woman a long time to discover that a cheap man is the dearest thing on earth.

No Thanksgiving dinner will be a complete success unless Nora, the hired girl, breaks a few dishes.

Some girls think that the principal purpose of the theatrical season is to prove how popular they are.

The latest weapon used by burglars is an ammonia pistol. It is reported from London that such a pistol was discharged in the face of a landlord there and that the fluid badly injured his eyes.

An inability to distinguish red is the most common form of color blindness.

There are more hunchbacks in Spain than in any other country in the world.

A bachelor is forced to wear skirts in Korea and cannot don trousers until he marries.

No goods that bear trademarks in any way resembling a crescent can be landed in Turkey.

The Convent of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai, has not been entered by a woman for 1,400 years.

As an inducement for men to marry ugly and crippled women, prizes are offered yearly in the town of Haschmann, Germany. The money was left by a big financier, who provided in his will that not less than \$50 shall go with the ugliest girl and the cripple shall receive \$60.

COFFEE IMPORTERS

Publish a Book About Coffee.

There has been much discussion as to Coffee and Postum lately, so much in fact that some of the coffee importers and roasters have taken to type to promote the sale of their wares and check if possible the rapid growth of the use of Postum Food Coffee.

In the coffee importers' book a chapter is headed "Coffee as a Medicine," and advocates its use as such.

Here is an admission of the truth, most important to all interested.

Every physician knows, and every thoughtful person should know, that habitual use of any "medicine" of the drug-stimulant type of coffee or whisky quickly causes irritation of the tissues and organs stimulated and finally sets up disease in the great majority of cases if persisted in. It may show in any one of the many organs of the body and in the great majority of cases can be directly traced to coffee in a most unmistakable way by leaving off the active irritant—coffee—and using Postum Food Coffee for a matter of 10 days. If the result is relief from nervous trouble, dyspepsia, bowel complaint, heart failure, weak eyes, or any other malady set up by a poisoned nervous system, you have your answer with the accuracy of a demonstration in mathematics.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

In 1631 the United States was a tiny babe in English long clothes; and it happened that there was a great scarcity of food in that little colony that had settled on Massachusetts bay—they were threatened with famine. The prospect grew dark and ominous; the people were brave; but their anxiety grew very keen for all that, and they knew not where to turn for earthly aid. It was the wont of those early pilgrims to turn to God in times of need and the elders decided that a special day be set aside for fasting and prayer. Before the day arrived, however, their long expected boat came in sight and the day set aside for fasting and praying was transformed into one of cheer; good dinners and hearty thanksgivings prevailed. This was the first general Thanksgiving of which we have any record; it was by no means the last; from that day to this successive Governors and Presidents have set apart many different days for special Thanksgiving for some propitious event in State or county.

After the Revolutionary War was successfully ended Washington appointed a Thanksgiving day that was universally observed with the greatest rejoicing, as we may well believe, and after our own sad Civil War was almost ended President Lincoln proclaimed another of similar sort. Many hearts were full of grief then, yet there was much to be thankful for.

For over a century now the States of New England have set apart a day in the autumn for giving thanks to God for the many blessings of the year. It gradually came to seem a very pleasant, appropriate custom, and one State after another adopted it, until now, for many years past, the President has issued a proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving throughout the Union. This day is one of our legal holidays, a day that rich and poor alike can spend as they will. We all welcome it with delight, and it is a day peculiar to America only.



Peter had scarcely closed his eyes before his hair began to rise. For who should be perched on his bed but Barnyard Turkey, here and red! "Peter," he roared, "I saw to-day you looked at me as if to say: 'Aha! You are so fat and fine—on Thanksgiving I'll make you mine!' Don't say you didn't, for I know your greedy nature makes you so." "Oh, sir," cried Peter, "that must be some other lad that looks like me; I am not greedy, sir, at all!" "Fibber!" cried Barnyard Turkey. "What! Shall I destroy you on the spot? Did I not see you do your best to eat my brother, legs and breast. Till you were stuffed so full with him it almost made my senses swim? There'll be no more Thanksgiving Day. We gobblers have it in our view to turn about and gobble you." With that he snuffed and snuffed until he grew as big as any hill—so big the walls just burst apart. And Peter woke up with a start. With trembling voice he sighed: "Oh, dear! Turkey is bad for me, I fear!"



A Country Girl's Thanksgiving.

By Antonia J. Stemple.

"Great Thanksgiving weather we'll be having, I'm thinking," remarked Mr. Wheeler as he came in to supper. "It's snowing hard, and the wind is coming up."

"Oh, goody," exclaimed Martha in high glee. "What's Thanksgiving without snow?"

The next morning it was still snowing, and the wind was busily piling up great white drifts. "Twon't be a pleasure trip to go to the village with the milk," said Mr. Wheeler, as he prepared to start, "but I s'pose I've got to." He found the traveling even worse than he expected; it was very late when he reached the village, and he did not return home till nearly dark. Not being a robust man, he was completely exhausted from his exertions, and during the night became ill.

"Whatever shall we do?" Mrs. Wheeler asked Martha despairingly. "We must have the doctor, and how to get the milk to town is a problem. And Thanksgiving Day, too!"

"Oh, I'll go," volunteered Martha, cheerfully. "I'll tell Dr. Brown to come right up, and then I'll peddle the milk. I've been with father so many times that I know all the customers."

Martha bundled herself up, put on her mother's rubber boots, and two pairs of mittens, and set out. "Old Billy must think I'm pretty heavy," she laughed, as she drove out of the yard with the milk cart.

Getting to the village, two miles away, was not an easy matter for a girl not yet sixteen. The roads were not broken out, and badly drifted. The milk cans bumped into each other with great force, and Martha had several narrow escapes from an upsetting. But finally, Grafton was reached, and Martha drove through the almost deserted streets to Dr. Brown's house.

When she had stated her errand, the doctor promised to go to her father immediately, and urged her to come in and rest.

"Oh, no, I can't," exclaimed Martha. "I've got all the milk to peddle, and I'm very late already. People need their milk for dinner, and the babies will be crying for it, too."

Martha set out on her rounds. When she opened the door of Mrs. Judson, her first customer, that lady started as though she saw a ghost.

"Mercy sakes, child," she cried, catching her by the arm and seating her in a chair by the stove. "How on earth did you get here? I'm mighty glad to see you. There ain't a milkman been around yet. Where's your pa?"

"He's sick and couldn't come, and I thought folks couldn't get along without

milk on Thanksgiving Day, anyway. How much do you want?"

"I'll take five quarts," answered Mrs. Judson, her heart aching for tired Martha. "I'm going to pay you double price for it, too, for you've earned it. You're the only milkman's had gumption enough to get around, so far."

Everywhere Martha went she was greeted with exclamations of surprise and delight. In nearly every instance she was voluntarily paid extra for the milk.

"I'll bless you to the last day I live," cried Mrs. Morton, when Martha clumped into her kitchen with the milk can. "The baby's been crying for milk all morning and I didn't have a mile to give him."

When Martha came to the house where her last customer, Miss Webster, a maiden lady, lived alone on a side street, she was surprised to see that snow had not yet been removed from the doorstep. All was very quiet, and Miss Webster could be neither seen nor heard. Martha banged the door, stamped her feet and rattled the milk can to attract attention. Then she felt sure something must be wrong, and set out to investigate. She opened the door leading from the sitting room into the hall. There lay Miss Webster unconscious, with a look of agony on her face. Martha felt a strong impulse to run. She conquered the feeling, got her milk can and dashed some of the icy cold liquid over Miss Webster's face, and at length she opened her eyes. The poor lady was too dazed to talk, but only moaned about her foot. Martha tried her best to assist her up, but found it impossible. So she made her as comfortable as she could, and started for help.

In the next house an Irish family lived. Mrs. Mulcahy caught sight of the milk cart.

"And is it milk ye've got?" she asked joyously. "The saints be good to ye, child, for bringing it. I'll take three quarts, if ye please."

"She's a fine lady," said Mrs. Mulcahy when Martha stated her errand, "and faith, darling, it's meself would be glad to do something, but Timmy's got the measles, and my man ain't home, neither, so what kin I do, at all, at all?"

Martha concluded to go directly for the doctor. Fortunately Dr. Brown had just returned from the Wheeler farm. Leaving the milk cart at the barn, Martha got into the doctor's sleigh, and they drove back to Miss Webster's. Her ankle was broken, as Martha had guessed, and she assisted the doctor while he set the fracture. When he had finished, he said: "Now, little girl, just stay here a while longer till I can get somebody to come

and take care of our patient, and then we'll go home and thankfully eat our dinner."

No Thanksgiving dinner had ever tasted so good to Martha before, though she missed her parents. The doctor insisted upon keeping her plate at every opportunity.

Late in the afternoon Martha drove home, tired but happy. Her father was comfortable, and was quite as much interested as her mother in listening to the narrative of her experience.

But Martha's Thanksgiving surprises were not all ended. A few days later her father, who had nearly recovered, came home one morning and gave her a huge bundle.

"Miss Webster told me to give that to you," he said. "It's good and heavy, whatever it is." The bundle proved to contain a mammoth turkey. Around its neck was tied a blue ribbon to which a card was attached bearing the words: "For Miss Martha Wheeler, with the compliments of those whom she made happy on Thanksgiving. Look at my heart."

Martha was nearly overcome by this gift, but she proceeded to investigate the meaning of the card's last sentence. The inside of the turkey proved to be neatly lined with white paper and contained a dainty box, inside which reposed a beautiful watch, suitably inscribed.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Martha, "we'll have a second Thanksgiving day now, won't we? That wind and snow brought me good fortune, though I didn't think it was very nice then."—Farm Life.

Not Sent in Vain.



Widow Gobbler—Yes, Dr. Quack, my dear husband devoted his life to charitable purposes; he was served at a Thanksgiving dinner for the poor!

Filling for a Turkey.

Plain bread filling is always nice. It would require at least one loaf of stale bread and one-fourth pound of butter. It should be three days old at the very least. Reduce it to fine crumbs, salt and pepper to the taste. Use no water, milk or baking powder. There is moisture enough from the turkey. If you wish to add oysters drain all the liquor off them, see there are no shells, roll in bread crumbs and drop them in through the dressing. There should be about one and one-half pints of large oysters.

Before putting the turkey in the oven, brush it all over with soft butter and put it in breast down. Place the turkey on a rack over a pan containing two cups of hot water. It is well to have for basting also a pint of hot water on the stove in which are three level table-spoons of butter. At first turn on full heat, then reduce the heat roasting the last hour and a half with slow heat.

Lacking in Respect

"I have a great respect for gray hair," said the humorous boarder as he raised his eyes from his plate.

"That's very creditable of you, Mr. Jellaby," said the landlady.

"But I have no respect," said the humorous boarder, "for gray feathers!" And he tapped viciously on the tough fragment of turkey that lay before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark, U. S. N., Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

A cork model of the Colosseum in Rome is in the Soane Museum, England. This was probably acquired by Sir John Soane chiefly because cork is difficult to cut. A droll story is told of this model. The late keeper Mr. Birch, was showing a party of American visitors over the museum, and mentioned that this was "made in cork." "That is curious," said one of the ladies "we are just going to visit some friends there." "I mean, madam" he explained "that this model was made out of cork." "That is still more curious," she replied; "our friends live just a little way out of Cork."

MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.

Mrs. J. B. Johnson of 603 West Hickman St., Columbia, Mo., says:



"Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

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

By naming his ten children after as many states, a South Carolina Valley farmer has proved his patriotism. His six daughters are named Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Jersey and Idaho, while the boys are known as Texas, Tennessee, Ohio, and Missouri.

In Sweden the depot waiting rooms are provided with beds for passengers and porters call the travelers ten-minutes before the arrival of trains.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey has a kodak that cost approximately \$8,000. It was made by an American firm and the metal work is of gold, the framework ivory, while the whole is enclosed in a case of white morocco with a gold lock and key.

INSOMNIA CURED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Wrecked Nerves to Normal Condition and Good Health Followed.

The sufferer from sleeplessness too often resorts to habit-forming drugs in order to secure the coveted rest. But sleep obtained by the use of opiates is not refreshing and the benefit is but temporary at best.

Mrs. H. A. Fletcher, of 59 Blodgett street, Manchester, N. H., is living evidence of the truth of this statement. She says: "I received a shock of an apoplectic character. It was so severe that the sight of my right eye was affected, causing me to see objects double. I was confined to my bed about four weeks, at one time being told by the doctor that I could not get well. When I could leave my bed I was in such a nervous state that I could not sleep at night. I would get up and sit on a chair until completely tired out and then go back to bed and sleep from exhaustion."

"I had been under the doctor's care for six weeks when my sister, Mrs. Loveland, of Everett, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began taking the pills with the result that I soon experienced relief. One night soon after taking them I lay awake only a short time and the next night I rested well. From that time I slept well every night and soon got well and strong. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a number of times, and my niece has taken them for weak nerves and poor blood and found them very beneficial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many severe nervous troubles, headache, neuralgia and sciatica as well as diseases of the blood such as anæmia, rheumatism, pale and sallow complexions and many forms of weakness. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

UNCLE SAM'S BOUNTIFUL THANKSGIVING.



If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water