

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blessed it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Father Lamier's

New Cassock

"Jeanne, you will give nuts, red apples and dried plums to Gelyonette and Moreau to fill the saloons of the little cafe. Et in nomine amen," murmured M. le Cure, who then resumed the reading of his breviary, which had been interrupted by the numberless preparations for the fete of the following day. He bent his spectacles anew over the book, closing the ears in vain to the joyous outbursts which rang throughout the place on this the eve of the day so blessed. Joy filled the air and troubled his meditations. He could not prevent his paternal heart from sharing in the innocent pleasures of the flock over which he had ministered for more than 50 years.

This year, for the first time in his life, the cure was to celebrate the holy anniversary with a delight less intense, a heart less light, than usual. Care irritated and troubled his serene benevolence and checked his compassion for other men's forgiveness of wrongdoing. Play actors were installed opposite the rectory, at the Hotel du Dauphin, at the other side of the square. What a trial it had been for him! For ten days they had been there. Soubrius had seemed as though seized with a fever. At each corner of the street many colored posters were to be seen, and in front of them groups of people gathered, commenting upon the spectacle of the previous night or that heralded for the coming evening. The streets, when, as a rule, were deserted at 9 o'clock, were thronged until after midnight. From end to end of the little town the merits of the respective players were talked of.

A roll of drums was heard beneath the window, and M. Lamier sprang to his feet. The nasal voice of Father Onesime, the public crier and gamekeeper, was heard distinctly calling aloud in the same tone as the worthy man ordinarily invited the citizens to kill the white worms or to mingle their dogs.

"Hokeyky, Teoupe, Soulaire theater (Grain Market), this evening. For the first time the great success, 'The Abbe Constantin,' comedy by Ludovic Halevy of the Academie Francaise. M. Artemon of the Chatelet will fill the role of the Abbe Constantin. M. Valerie, from the theater of Brest and Algeria, will appear as Bettina. The usual price of admission."

A roll of wheels announced the arrival of the diligence, which halted at the hotel opposite, and the passengers alighted with a great deal of noise, the women precipitating themselves from the interior like a cloud of wasps, deafening the driver.

"Late as usual, Matthew. Where is my new muffs? M. the w, where is Totor's mechanical horse?"

Matthew, with his fat face flushed and framed in the ear laps of his cap, divided down into the hood of the imperial, which was inflated like a balloon, and withdrew packages and boxes.

"Come, Matthew, the abbe's new cassock!"

"Matthew, have you my cassock?" suddenly cried from a window in the Hotel du Dauphin a man who displayed a face covered with soap, a napkin around his neck and a shaving brush in his hand.

The driver introduced his arm anew into the hood and a careful search drew forth two parcels of unequal size.

"Here is something for you, Mlle Jeanne. And here, M. Artemon, is all that was given me for M. Hochary's company." And from the top of the diligence he held out a long, narrow card to the comedian, who leaned forward to receive it. In its aerial transit the cover, which had been badly torn, fell to the ground, and a wig of yellow hair was caught by Artemon on the wing, like a flag floating in the wind.

"The old priest exclaimed the excited actor, 'Bettina's wig and not my cassock, the cassock of the Abbe Constantin. Where the devil have you put it, rascal!'"

"On my word of honor, I have nothing to do with it," cried Matthew, displaying his empty hands.

"How annoying, fellow! There has been some mistake, mademoiselle, Mademoiselle," he called despairingly to Jeanne, who had turned away with a majestic air, "are you sure that you have not the cassock?"

"Scamp!" said the haughty housekeeper disdainfully.

Down the stairs M. Artemon flew, four steps at a time, and rushed into the greenroom, where the rest of the comedians were assembled. His hurried entrance filled them all with consternation.

"My friends," he exclaimed tragically, "the posters must be changed or the performance postponed. I cannot play the role of the Abbe Constantin tonight."

Artemon said a cavernous voice, "what is the meaning of this caprice? What of the box office money, the expenses of the programs and the advertisements? You know as well as I do that we are at the end of our resources and that our last venture was a failure. Don't you see, Mlle. Mars on us, my good fellow. We play tonight!"

"But can you not understand? I have not a cassock!" gasped the unhappy Artemon, letting his arms fall with dejection.

"I cannot a cassock be improvised with a black dress and a cloak of one of the ladies," hazarded Hochary.

"The ladies are much too short and slight," groaned Artemon, who rejoiced in an imposing copulancy.

"As for me, I have only the Plazaro costume, my blue pantaloons and the black coat for Pierrot and a flowered morning gown," said the manager pensively.

"For heaven's sake ladies, aid us with your suggestions! We must play the piece at any cost!"

The situation was critical for the poor artists, who were in a state of despair, when suddenly a knock was heard at the door. The leading man, then proposed to gallop at full speed to the neighboring city, but this suggestion was not deemed practicable.

"What is to be done? There is not one garment of the required kind among the properties of this accursed hall," repeated Hochary in an outburst of impatient rage.

Suddenly Artemon struck his forehead violently, and his entire bearing denoted a happy inspiration.

"Ah, my friends," he exclaimed in a voice full of emotion, "what a wild hope! So much the worse, I will attempt the adventure. It is our only hope of salvation."

A few words he explained.

"Come to my arms, my son," exclaimed M. Hochary, extending his legs with enthusiasm.

And Artemon ran off to finish his shaving, to don his black frock coat and then direct his steps to the cure's.

For the actor, Jeanne was absent putting the last touches to her church decorations, and it was one of the chorus children who innocently opened the door of the rectory and introduced the visitor into the room where the good cure was examining his devotional books, at the sight of this apparition M. Lamier became fixed upon his seat like a statue. His good, rosy visage, usually so calm, was now flushed to the roots of his thin, white hair, and instinctively he clasped his back to his breast.

Meanwhile Satan's instrument bowed feebly.

"No, M. le Cure," he said; "it is not

alms we ask. Lend us simply your cassock!"

"My cassock!" gasped the Abbe Lamier, astonished. "You wish my cassock?"

"The oldest and most wornout in your possession, one that you may have thrown aside," Artemon hastened to say. "I am to play tonight the role of the Abbe Constantin, and I cannot represent my character without conforming to its demands and carrying out its sacerdotal dignity."

M. Lamier, rising from his seat, said, "Do you think for a moment, monsieur," he said, overcome by surprise and anger, "to profane a gown that has served at worship and to make me the accomplice of these sinful amusements? Your ignorance respecting holy things and religion is your only excuse."

"Pardon me, M. le Cure," continued the actor, slightly embarrassed, but not the least determined. "It would not be the first time religion has lent its aid to the drama. Do you recall the celebrated mystery of the middle ages? Moreover, I could not do otherwise, for my part had at least been his. His heart could not, therefore be corroded throughout, and perhaps it would be possible to point out to him the error of his ways."

"How comes it," said the abbe, with bitterness, "that you play on Christmas eve?"

"Alas M. le Cure," replied Artemon, with simplicity, "we must eat on that night, as on any other."

M. Lamier was touched to the heart by this reply. "Poor fellow!" The soul of the good priest was filled with grief. He felt too unhappy to refuse the speaker anything.

"But," he groaned, looking plaintively at Artemon, "can you not choose another piece rather than expose a servant of God to the risk of such a sacrifice and also to the risk of such a sacrifice and also posed to be fervent?"

Artemon approached him confidentially.

"You see, M. le Cure, you have never attended the theater."

"But—well, certainly not," replied the abbe, stammering by a very idea.

"It is for that very reason that you regard it as a place of evil. Why, the theater is the school of morals which second those of the church. Our dramas are simply sermons put into action. There is no plea in a virtuous man, no laud and no hypocrisy scoured. Ah, it is a noble work, that of the comedian, in the eyes of those who understand it!"

"What a pity this Artemon is not a preacher!" thought M. Lamier, fascinated. "His large face, closely shaved, with its curls, his eyes, his nose, his look very well in a pulpit, and his insinuating voice and speaking gestures would be very effective for good."

"Among us, I dare to say, there are many good fellows," continued Artemon, "and his house, good mothers of families, good citizens, abound with us."

He proceeded to cite examples, Mlle. Valerie, a child of the stage, who was the support of her parents; M. and Mme. Hochary, models of conjugal tenderness—one and all held their hearts in their hands and never raised a service or kindness to their neighbors.

"Is an actor ever to be seen on the culprit's stool except for debt?" said the comedian, bringing his warm panegyric to a close. "It is true we are, for the most part, a poor, ragged, and shabby set. The washerwomen have not any more chance today than they had in La Fontaine's time."

The words were spoken with discouragement, owing to the immovability of the cure. As he spoke the actor arose and brushed his hat with gloomy energy.

"Well," he sighed, "we alone shall pass a sad Christmas while all the world besides will be blithe and happy. M. le Cure, pardon me for having taken up so much of your time."

The old priest gazed at the door.

"Jeanne," he called in a loud voice, full of the exaltation of triumphant charity, "bring me at once my new cassock!"

"Ah, M. le Cure!" exclaimed the actor, overcome by the unexpected success and pressing the priest's hands with effusion.

As Jeanne entered with the cassock upon her arm in great folds the priest rebuked her for loitering.

"Now bring me my shoes with the silver buckles. Run quickly! Why, a small wig will do as fast. Is it not so, M. Actor?"

And a hat also she brought him.

"What?" said Jeanne, shuddering, "are you going to lend your clothes to the theater, M. le Cure—your new cassock—your, who will hold mass at midnight?"

"Truly, I do not ask so much," protested the actor, confused. "I have laid out the cassock on my arm." "An old cassock would serve my purpose. I beg that you will not deprive yourself."

"What are you thinking?" replied M. Lamier. "Beneath the robes my cassock will be seen, while yours will be, so to speak, under fire, and if the rents viewed it would be a pity. The Abbe Constantin must not call forth ridicule."

"How can we ever prove our gratitude?" said the actor, his eyes actually filled with tears, and he reiterated his thanks until he had crossed the threshold of the door.

"My dear fellow," said the cure in a trembling voice, fearing to appear to place a price upon his kindness, "go as quickly as possible, accomplish what you have to do, and when the performance is over to attend the midnight mass. The good God will thus be satisfied with you, and I also."

On this evening Artemon fairly vibrated with emotions, surpassing himself in his acting.

Just before the gloriously illuminated altar, the good pastor extended his arms lovingly above the crowd kneeling before him, he trembled with joy to perceive, at the lower end of the lateral aisle, among the workmen and laborers, a group of men and women with weary faces and varied costumes, who bowed their heads respectfully under the benediction. The poor people had also arranged a little surprise for their benefactor, and the weak but expressive voice of Valerie sang with warmth the "Christmas of Adam," accompanied by a harmonium.

Whatever may have been their past, or whatsoever the future might have in store for them, for that hour at least a ray of God's grace had filled their souls, recalling the sweet and holy remembrances of the childhood.

"Peace on earth and good will toward men! Hosanna in the highest!"

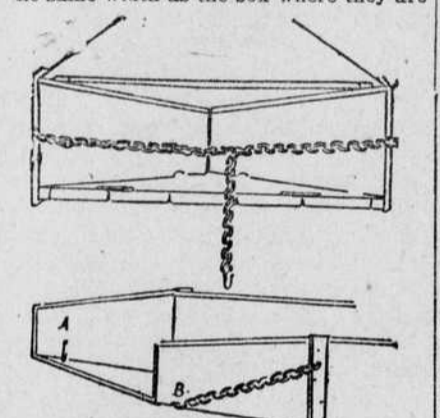
The Abbe Lamier, in an ecstasy of mercy and love, raised his dazzled eyes toward the vaulted roof and seemed to see the angels and the angels' choir quivering wings of the angels and the sparkle of the stars, the luminous smile of the Savior who walked upon the roads of Samaria and Galilee, surrounded by the miserable and worthless, and whose feet the sinful woman had wiped with her golden hair.—San Francisco Call.

TRAILER

ARM NOTES

A FARM WAGON ATTACHMENT.

A well constructed shoveling board attached to the wagon box is a great convenience when unloading ear corn, root crops or any similar thing. The illustration shows a simple, practical idea, the lower shoveling board lowered for use and the upper one showing how it can be closed. The shoveling board proper is about one inch narrower than the width of the inside of the wagon box and it attached to the latter with strong hinges; the board may be the same width as the sides of the wagon box, or wider, if desired. The sideboards A and B are slanted off at the back sides and the front ends are the same width as the box where they are



attached with strong hinges. Strong short hooks are placed in each side board as shown under letter A and an eye in the shoveling board just under the hook thus keeping the board in position. To make the board perfectly safe in the event of the side board snapping on it, and to prevent accidental dropping by misplaced hooks when shoveling, a light iron chain is fastened at each side of the box and hooked underneath. The chain also serves to close the rear of the box securely as indicated in the cut. The expense of this important attachment to the wagon box is very small for most of the work can be done by anyone who is handy with tools.

HAS THE LARGE FARM PAID?

In many years of close touch with farmers and farming interests it is doubtful if so many letters have reached the writer, filled with dissatisfaction, during the entire period as has been received during the last three months. The burden on the cry is "too hard work for too little money." I am asked to give advice in such cases a burden I would gladly shift if I could. It is admitted that I have made money in soil operations and most of the people who write me know it. The other side of the situation they do not see. They know nothing of the years of struggle with a hundred-acre farm and its burden of debt nor do they know of the actual necessities myself and family went without in order that the interest on the mortgage might be met. One day I awoke and found my farm mortgaged to the neck. My wife we agreed that the load was too heavy. A neighbor wanted the farm and we sold him all but twenty acres which enabled us to have the twenty acres free of debt. Then I went to a nearby city, in the late fall, and took an office position for which I received \$15 a week. My friends may be assured that the bulk of this went home even though I lived poorly. The next spring we set about making that twenty acres do something; a little money had been saved which went into small fruit plants, grapes, etc. In a week or two we gained, I still doing outside work whenever I could and wife and I scimping and saving. Then we turned the corner and by close, intelligent and hard work we forged ahead. Instead of advising my numerous correspondents what to do I'm about to try to show the Yankee an answer. "Think over the past and consider well if the bottom of your trouble is not a farm larger than you can handle. In other words is not your burden greater than you can bear? Think it out carefully for yourself."

HOW'S THE GRIT BOX?

While charity is better than nothing for the grit box and it is better in curing a case of indigestion, do not depend on it entirely, but lay in a supply of stones or broken crockery which may be broken into small sharp bits which are the kind the fowls like for grinding purposes. The contents of the grit box should be changed once a month and sift it over carefully throwing out all round smooth pieces. Then we take about one quart of charcoal broken into bits as large of a pea, a lot of broken crockery broken flower pots, sharp bits of tin cans and sharp iron wire with some sharp kernels of corn and mix them thoroughly before placing in the box. We put the corn in because some fowls are so stupid they will not always get grit enough so we tempt them with the corn. Considerable effort is made to keep the contents of the grit box clean for fowls do not like to mull over soiled grit. We have also found it a good plan to have a number of boxes of grit scattered about the house so that the birds may help themselves without quarreling over choice portions. Then, too, we think water clean and fresh is good to have, placing it where the fowls can help themselves after getting all the grit they need. As stated before, in this department, it pays to do some fursing about the poultry for they appreciate it and it helps fill the egg basket.

SODS FOR INDIGESTION.

An experienced swine raiser claims that most of the minor ills of swine can be cured by the use of old sods cut from the pasture and stored away for winter use; particularly are they valuable when the confined animals are those who have had a considerable range during the summer and hence free access to green food and to soil. Gather these sods, cutting them several inches thick, and store them away in places where they will not freeze; if there is danger of them drying cut too much water them from time to time so that they will be moist when turned over to the swine. Two or three sods each a foot square given once a week will be enough for each half dozen animals and they will eat them ravenously, showing that they are of value for their stomachs' sake. Clean out one corner of the yard so that the sods will not be covered with filth and cut them into pieces as large as a potato. Follow the sod with a light feed of corn on the cob and you'll see some happy hogs.

FREEDOM FOR BARN FED COWS

Years ago the old fashioned stanchion was considered the ideal fastening for the cow; that they were secure there was no doubt, but that they were comfortable is extremely doubtful. Then followed a number of odd devices all calculated to hold the cows securely, but none of them intended to give her any freedom of movement. Beyond a doubt the ideal fastening for a cow is the one which permits her to move her head in any direction at will, and with a fastening sufficiently long so that she may lie down or step around a little. Of course it will not do to give her rope enough so that she will get in trouble herself or get other cows in trouble. Arrange the feed, both the grain and the roughage, so that she can reach it readily, yet not so she can get at and trample it under her feet. Any sort of an arrangement which will enable the cow to live in the manner described is an ideal arrangement whether it be a box stall of black walnut or a fence stall such as recently described with a stout rope to tie the animal, a good manger and a feeding rack. Try and plan something of this nature and place the stalls, whatever they may be, so the cows will get a ray of sunlight through the window, at least occasionally.

INSIDE CURTAINS FOR POULTRY HOUSES.

No matter how comfortable the poultry house is ordinarily, if it has any glass in it some provision should be made for covering that glass during cold nights if the necessity arises. An excellent and a cheap way of doing this is to provide curtains of heavy unbleached muslin, bur-lap or a strip of carpet. Fasten the lower end to a roller, using an old broom handle if nothing better offers, and tacking the upper edge to the window frame. Then, by sewing a loop or tacking it to the roller and having a nail in the upper part of the window frame it is easy to pull the curtains up or down during the day. In the event of the poultry house having a considerable expanse of glass something of this kind is absolutely essential even in the middle sections of the country if the fowls have large combs and wattles. We have an arrangement similar to this in front of the roosts and have found that it has saved more than one comb from becoming frost-bitten. Another thing we do when a cold night is to be expected. The floor of the house is covered quite thickly with straw; this does not keep the fowls warm, but it keeps them warm to walk over and peck through in the house early on a cold morning and find a number of fowls cuddled down in the straw. Be assured that anything you do for the comfort of the birds pays well.

CLEAN FEEDING DISHES.

It is very much easier to care for poultry and have them bring one satisfactory result if the dishes they use for feed and water are kept clean. Manufacturers are now putting on the market a cheap dish, an imitation of the high price enamel ware, which can be used for a long time in the poultry houses and which are much better than those of wood or tin. As these dishes are made in several shapes it is easy to buy such a number of them as will have a number of dripping pans which, as the feeder probably knows, are shallow and fifteen inches long by seven or eight inches wide and having a baie at each end. These are ideal pans for soft foods and by using a number of them one avoids the over-crowding of the fowls which always takes place when a regulation trough is used. Water is given in smaller and deeper basins and all of the vessels are taken to the house daily and washed with scalding water then set in the sun, if possible, for a few hours. In this manner things are kept absolutely clean and the fowls eat with much more zest than would be possible if the dishes smelled musty or sour. The grain food is always scattered through the chaff on the floor which makes the fowls do the necessary amount of scratching ever for exercise. This grain food is never fed in any other way unless it is a part of the soft mash. Mixed dinners, as we call them, consisting of mixed grains in a mash warmed and mixed with bits of potatoes, cabbage, apples and any other green food are also fed in the clean dishes and hence none of it is wasted.

FEEDING COTTON SEED MEAL.

Many mistakes are made in the feeding of cottonseed meal, feeders forgetting for the moment that it is extremely concentrated food and needs a pretty strong stomach to handle it; hence it should be fed sparingly to young stock. As a food by itself it will not do for any considerable period, but as one of a mixture it has great value even at a price as high as \$25 a ton provided the other grains used are not too high in price. A fine mixture of cotton seed meal, the grinding of the corn and the cob together and the cotton for seed. Or, bran may be used when the corn is ground with the cob, but in the latter case the ratio should be two parts of the cottonseed meal to one part each of the corn meal and the wheat bran.

THE WALKER APPLE.

First shown in any quantity at the Pan American exposition at Buffalo, the Walker apple has since been tried in various sections and found all that was claimed for it. Its exceedingly attractive appearance makes it valuable as a market sort and it has the added merit of being of fair quality, though not as good as the best. It is much better than Ben Davis and quite as attractive. In size it is a little above the medium and in color is particularly attractive being striped with brilliant red. Under test it proves to be only a fair bearer but this may be approved as the trees grow older. Mention of the variety is made in this department only because the variety is a promising one and seems worthy of general test. Just here the editor wishes to say that when implements and varieties of fruits and vegetables and breeds of animals are mentioned favorably in this department it is when they may be obtained from any reliable dealer in such stock. In the event of the variety or stock being in the hands of a limited number of people in this department for it is then an article mentioned of which belongs in the advertising columns. This statement is made in fairness to all concerned including the editor who is paid to tell of the merits or demerits of a thing which he or his correspondents have tested and without fear or favor.

King Haakon VII. of Norway.

From the Review of Reviews.

Once more the ancient throne of Norway in the Dronthing cathedral, vacant for more than 500 years, will hold a sovereign. Prince Charles of Denmark has accepted the storking's proffer of the crown, the approval by popular vote took place on November 12 and 13, and the coronation will probably be celebrated on New Year's day, 1906.

Who is this man Charles, what can he do, and why was he chosen by a parliament which has always shown republican tendencies?

Prince Charles is a young man of thirty-three summers, of gentlemanly appearance, in excellent health, and of a very easy-going, liberal turn of mind. He is by nature well fitted to rule over the stubborn Norsemen, who do not mind the harness so long as they don't feel the whip. The very thing that is going to make Charles popular in Norway before he shows his face there is the fact that he is a typical "sailor prince," is considered a proper and natural connecting link between the old viking spirit of old Norway and her present day peaceful love of the sea. Another circumstance in favor of Charles is that he understands the language of the Norwegian people, and their traditions and history are part of those of his own country, Denmark, under the dominion of which Norway remained for four centuries. Charles is the second son of the crown prince of Denmark, whom he strongly resembles, and this also counts in his favor, for the crown prince is a scion of the house of Sonderburg-Gluckburg, whereas the crown princess is a daughter of the Bernadotte, King Carl XV. of Sweden—and the Bernadottes were never popular in Norway.

Words of Wisdom.

Westfield, Ill., Dec. 18th (Special)—All who are suffering with Bright's Disease, should read carefully the following letter from the Rev. G. L. Good of this place. He says:

"I feel it is my duty to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am a Minister of the Gospel, and in my work, I am frequently exposed to all weathers. Six years ago, I was laid up sick. I doctored with a number of physicians, and finally consulted a specialist, but without success. They all told me I had Bright's Disease. I was in a bad way and almost helpless when, thank God, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They saved my life. I took sixteen boxes and now I am cured. The first day I took them I felt relief. When I began I weighed only one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am the picture of health. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends who have Kidney Trouble and I pray to God that other sufferers will read these words and be helped by them."

Scopolamine, New Anesthetic, a Success

From the Chicago Tribune.

Scopolamine, the new anesthetic, made its debut into general medical practice Monday at Mercy hospital, where it was used with marked success in the case of John Nester, the wealthy Michigan lumberman, who was operated upon for peritonitis.

Nester's condition was so serious that Dr. John B. Murphy and the other surgeons in the case hesitated to use the ordinary anesthetics on account of the vomiting which frequently follows. They decided to use scopolamine, from the effects of which Nester woke up as quickly as from a sound sleep.

According to the hospital surgeons, the new anesthetic was discovered less than a year ago, and is made up of minute white tablets, containing one-fifth of a grain, for hypodermic injection.

A New Idea.

It was in Kansas City that a girl went into a bookstore and asked to see a copy of "The Pioneer." She looked at it for a few minutes and handed it back to the clerk. "Taint what I want," she said. "I want a book on piano playing." "Did you think 'The Pioneer' was such a book?" asked the proprietor. "Why, yes," she replied. "Wouldn't you, from that name?"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and it is this condition which frequently follows colds, catarrhs of the nose and throat, and is often accompanied by tinnitus or ringing in the ears. It is not a permanent condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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

A Fair Exchange.

A man who had purchased some currant tins at a bakery was distressed, on starting to eat one, to find that it contained a fly. Returning to the bakery, he made an indignant complaint, demanding another tin in place of the inhabited one.

"I am sorry, sir," said the saleswoman. "I can't give you another tin, but if you will bring back the fly I will give you a currant for it."

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The Jewish New Year.

New Year's day was not regarded as a Christian festival until the year 487, and there is little mention of it until 1530, when it was included in the liturgy. Most countries celebrate New Year's day on January 1, but the Hebrews celebrate theirs in September, for they arrange their calendar according to the new moon, and as their months are either 29 or 30 days long, New Year's with them is a movable holiday.

Have used Piso's Cure for Consumption

nearly two years, and find nothing to compare with it.—Mrs. Morgan, Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 2, 1901.

Couldn't Smell Anything Wrong.

James Whitcomb Riley, in company with the gentleman who used to manage his lecture tours, was once examining a hall in a town in Ohio where it was proposed Mr. Riley should give a reading.

The two men had as their guide a colored janitor who was quite talkative. Mr. Riley observed that the janitor made use of long words of whose meaning he was ignorant. So the poet determined to have a little fun with him. All at once Mr. Riley began to sniff the atmosphere critically. "It seems to me, Jim," he said sternly, "that the acoustics in this place are pretty bad."

"Why, boss," said the janitor reproachfully, "Yo' shore must be mistaken; I don't smell anything."

A Fraudulent Voting Machine.

From the Technical World.

Election frauds are rendered practically impossible by the use of an ingenious new voting machine that has been invented by a Kentuckian. Not only does the machine record and count every vote that is cast, but it automatically exhibits a china bust or photograph of the candidate as evidence that the desired candidate is voted for. Andrew H. Hart, a nephew of the renowned Joel T. Hart, is the inventor.

Names of all the candidates appear on top of the machine, conveniently arranged with indicators sliding on metal rods. When a voter wishes to vote for a certain candidate he moves the indicator corresponding to his candidate, and presses a lever. The vote is then registered within the box. The voter continues the operation until he has voted for all his favorite candidates. Then the clerk moves a lever and the machine is ready for the next voter. The machine is so arranged that no person can vote for the same candidate more than once, or vote for more than one candidate for the same office. An entire ticket, however, can be voted at one operation. The votes are registered consecutively on continuous strips of paper wound on cores, the last vote on each strip showing the total.

A Saxon New Year's Custom.

Many curious customs and associations cluster around New Year's day. The Saxons in "ye olden time" used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve, singing a song, to insure a good crop, and bells were rung to announce the death of the old year and usher in the birth of the new. In other parts of England at midnight the house door facing the west was opened to let out the old year, while the door facing the east was opened to welcome the little new year.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SUFFER

From Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble.

Q. What is the beginning of sickness?

A. Constipation.

Q. What is Constipation?

A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the entire system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel trouble at the present time.

Q. What causes Constipation?

A. Neglect to respond to the call of nature promptly. Lack of exercise. Excessive brain work. Mental emotion and improper diet.

Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?

A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, colds, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles, etc. It is the one disease that starts all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, loss of sleep and strength are its symptoms—piles, appendicitis and fistula, are caused by Constipation. Its consequences are known to all physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women become confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.

Q. Do physicians recognize this?

A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is "Are you constipated?" That is the secret.

Q. Can it be cured?

A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to physics, such as pills, salts, mineral water, castor oil, injections, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the malady. You know this by your own experience.

Q. What, then, should be done to cure it?

A. Get a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and Stomach Trouble in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.

Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?

A. It is a Compound with 40 per cent of the Juice of Concord Grapes. It exerts a peculiar strengthening, healing influence upon the intestines, so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual, but sure. It is not a physic, but it cures Constipation, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel Trouble. Having a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a tonic it is unequalled, insuring the system against disease. It strengthens and builds up waste tissue.

Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?

A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

FREE BOTTLE 1223-5

FREE. Send this coupon with your name and address, your druggist's name and the box postage and we will supply you a sample free. If you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, send this coupon with \$1.00 toward the purchase of more Tonic from your druggist.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC Co., 31 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly

Send coupon and \$1.00 to pay postage and we will supply you a sample free. If you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, send this coupon with \$1.00 toward the purchase of more Tonic from your druggist.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Wail From the Old Boy.

Don't offer costly gifts with which That Christmas tree is hung; Just give me back the appetite I had when I was young.

Chicago Record

Giving Him a Chance.

Chicago Record: "Harriet, you ought to give me my choice of a Christmas present once in awhile."

"Do you really mean willing; do you want a lampshade, a sofa pillow or new lace curtains?"