For Mothers!

THE discom forts and dangers of child-birth can be almost en-tirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves ex. pectant mothers. It gives toneto the genitalorgans, and puts them in

condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

ME ELREE'S

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tean.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardul we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

California Excursions

Via Burlington Route. Cheap; quick: comfortable. Leave Omaha 4:35 pm. Lincoln 6:10 p. m., Hastings 8:50 p. m. McCook at 11:40 p. m., evand erv Thursday, in clean, modern, not crowded tourist sleepers. No transfers; cars run right through to San Francisco and Los Angeles over the Scenic Route --through Denver and Salt .Lake City. perienced conductors accompany each the end of ten years unless something is excursion, relieving passengers of all bother about baggage, pointing out objects of interest and in many other ways helding to make the overland trip a delightful experience. Second class tickets are honored. Berths \$5. For folder giving full information, call at nearest Burhington Route ticket office, or write to J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Oma- court. ha, Nebraska. 4-25-98.

The Almost Inconceivable Amount of Lum ber Cut In Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"The Story of a Pine Board" is the title of an article by W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says of the lumbering in Wisconsin and Minnesota: About 4,160,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the season of 1895-that is to say, what is equivalent to 4, 160,000, -000 pieces of board 12 inches square and 1 inch think. I wonder if even the lumber men themselves, and the log cutters, and the manufacturers of lumber in the great mills, realize what an enormous amount of lumber this is. Why, it would build a house around the globe, with a main room ten feet high and a large attic, ceiling up the inside walls and roof with sweet, fragrant pine. It would put down a matched floor, and then, when the house was all completed, there would be left enough lumber to build tight board fences on either side of the house 31/2 feet high the whole distance around the globe. Besides all this there would be shingles enough for a good portion of the house, and then, if the mighty builder of such a globe girdling house wanted to fit it up a little more neatly, there would be a large supply of laths, and, I suppose, the plasterers could furnish him enough stucco and lime. Or if he wanted to construct a roof

OUTPUT OF TWO FORESTS.

shelter for all the people on the globe our mighty builder could accommodate them all, allowing to each man, woman and child a clear space of two square feet in which to stand, and still have room left over for 500,000,000 men with the same room in which to stand. And, to look at it in still another way, this same builder would have material to construct a bicycle path of pine, a little over two feet wide, from the earth to the moon, for there would be nearly 800,000 miles of board a foot wide and an inch thick. In sawing this lumber up into the required length and thickness there was a great waste in sawdust-so

great, indeed, that the sawdust pile would stand 112 feet high on a city square and 500 feet square at the base, and this is saying nothing about the vast amount of pieces of slabs which are split up into kindlings.

This enormous quantity of lumber represents merely the output of two forests-one in the northwestern part of the state of Wisconsin, and the other in Cars are carpeted; upholstered in ratau; the northern part of the state of Minnehave spring seats and backs and are sota, and at the rate the logs are being provided with curtains, bedding, towels, cut up there will not be a piece of pine soap, etc. Uniformed porters and ex- forest standing in all this vast region at

SCENES THAT WERE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MEMORY.

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

The Professor Heard Governor Brough Make His Last Speech With Head Bared. General Buell and the Sergeant Crazed With Thirst at the Spring.

"Some of you youngsters," said the professor, "wonder how we old fellows remember the prominent men of 20 or 30 or 40 years ago so well. Because we associate them with some particular event, not necessarily of any importance, but serving to bring the men associated with it vividly before the mind. For example, I saw old Governor Brough of Ohio scores of times, but whenever I think of him I do not see him as he walked in his unwieldy way along the streets nor as he sat in his office, a dominating presence, nor as he appeared on state occasions, nor when he raged in controversy with the strongest men in the nation over the conduct of the war, but I see him as he stood one night on a pile of bricks, just outside Capitol square in Columbus.

"The fall of Richmond had been announced. The people were wild with excitement and enthusiasm. The understanding was that the governor would speak to them that night, and, standing on a pile of bricks at the corner of High and State streets, he talked to the people of the great news and what it meant to the nation. While he was speaking it began to rain, and still he spoke on. Those in the crowd who had umbrellas raised them, and there was a general shout for the governor to put on his hat. As he stood there that minute, with the raindrops pattering down on his bald head and splattering and sparkling in the light of the street lamp near, Governor Brough always comes to me.

"He paid no heed to the rain, and in his deep, resonant voice he said to the calls of the crowd: 'I will not put on my hat. A man must stand uncovered in the presence of an event that means so much to this people.' And he talked on, the people standing in the rain and glorying in every word he said. That was the last speech made by Governor Brough, because the cold that resulted from the exposure took him down to death.

"Brough was one of the very strongest men of that period in public life. but do you know that I heard one of the most prominent ladies in Ohio urge that he be not renominated because he was so reckless in his use of tobacco?

She forgot the ability, honesty, earnest-

ness and zeal of the man who had re-

We Have Many Causes to Be Thankful if We Try to See Them.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Another Thanksgiving day has dawned, and we are perhaps questioning ourselves as to whether we have any cause for gratitude in the way our lives have been ordered. The pessimist, looking always on the dark side, save, "Well, I may be fairly happy today, but that doesn't argue that I may not be utterly miserable tomorrow," and in consequence he or she, instead of being thankful for the present good, frets over the future evil which perhaps-who knows?

-may never come. Every one of us has something for which to give thanks today. Now begin and analyze our possessions and see if the blessings do not outweigh the miseries. If we have health, we should rejoice: that is a rare gift that cannot be too warmly appreciated. If a dear one who has been at death's door is restored to us, that is another cause for jubilation. Even if we are pressed hard financially, there are compensating sides it could be worse, and though we may not feel privileged to shout over a posithat it is not a positive evil. Every one of us has the power to make sunshine in our own and in the lives of others. Burdens there are to bear for every pair of shoulders, but in helping others, in self sacrifice, in a desire to be sweet, womanly and lovable, our own trials slip away and when Thanksgiving day comes around we can, with a joyous

grateful for. side; they are reminiscent of other occasions when the family in perfect, unbroken numbers sat around the table and reveled in the spirit of the occasion. | tive qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, qu-urck, Now they are scattered here and there. alone and are obliged to sit down to your solitary meal with no companions save your own thoughts, you still have find it if you only make it your busi- some delicious sensations. Nay, it may ness to look for it instead of moping even come nearer and lead you to mad-

Thanksgiving Brings Reunions.

glory, "but I tell you when Thanksgiv-

Maine's First Thanksgiving.

ica was appointed not by the pilgrims,

Time For Thanksgiving.

The end of harvest time is universal

The first Thanksgiving day in Amer-

joyous.

HOW THE TRUE SPORTSMAN HUNTS THIS NOBLE GAME.

ROYAL WILD TURKEY

Glorious Sport Seeking Him In His Wild Mountain Glades-His Flesh Far Superior to His Domestic Brother-Old Gobblers Are Very Knowing Birds.

Taking him "by and large," an old turkey gobbler is the quickest, swiftest, shiest and most knowing animal with wings or without. He can run like a greyhound, smell like a deer, see like an eagle and fly like a wild turkey.

You may have spent two hours in crawling on your hands and knees over a mountain open or in moving with noiseless footsteps, each one of which is considered with careful deliberation, and a single, sudden turn of your head, snap of a twig or gleam of sunshine on your gun will send a whole gang a mile away and up the mountain. Upward it always is. When a wild turkey does to that situation. Nothing is so had but not like the looks of things, he wants the rockiest and roughest summit of the particularly highest headland of the tive good we can be happy in the fact topmost ridge of a whole range, and he generally gets it. If it is steep, he runs, and he can run up faster than you can fall down. If it is a gentle rise, he thrashes the air with his mighty wings clear up obstructing tree tops, and then to a 20 pound feathered cannon ball.

when the gang is busy feeding your besides the anxiety always occasioned by seheart, declare that we have much to be cur may surprise them so quickly as to rious illness. When it is given as soon as the make a flush. Off they will fly, scatter- croupy cough appears, it will prevent the at-All holidays have their sorrowful ing in every direction, no two birds to-in their house. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for gether. If it is afternoon, they will want to get together for the night, and in a few hours you hear far off a plainqu-urck, qu-urck-seven notes, the last Death, perhaps, has claimed some, and three coming shorter and sharper. Now, the feast of today is but a mere shadow if you are one of the rare individuals Remedy in my family for the past year, and of the functions of other seasons long who can make and manipulate a turkey that I have ever tried. Its effects are instangone by. But if you are left entirely call, take from your pocket the well taneous and satisfactory, and I cheerfully recworn hollow bones of a wild gobbler's ommend it, especially for cramp colic and di wings, be still as death and imitate that arrhoea. Indeed, we shall try and keep a botqueer invitation. You will probably be the of it on our medicine shelf as long as we keep house." For sale by L. W. McConnell. cause for thankfulness, and you will conscious that it is answered and have and repining over what cannot be helped | ly strain your eye nerves trying to see | water, scalding itself so severely that the skin and what is only made worse by brood- through entirely opaque underbrush. came off its breast and limbs. The distressed ing upon. Awake in touch with the But unless those turkeys are very young spirit of the day, and you will find and foolish or are hens this will be that, despite all past troubles or present all. An old gobbler will have thought suffering intensely, but was relieved by a annoyances, you can cause the 24 hours it all out long before he steps within single application of Pain Balm, Another to brim over with gratefulness that may range and silently fly away, leaving application or two made it sound and well. For sale by L. W. McConnell. do much to make other ones equally you to wonder why the answer doesn't

BACKACHE

makes the young feel old, and the old feel that life is not worth the living. It's a dan-ger signal of Kidney Disease—the unerring evidence of weak, inactive and sore Kidneys. Any person cured of Kidney weakness will tell you that when the back ceased to ache, all troubles ended. Neither liniments, nor plasters, nor electricity can cure it. The seat of the trouble is not in the skin, flesh or muscles. It's in the Kidneys.

It can be CURED

"Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills relieved my wife of a great pain in her back, and alleviated severe trouble in her kidneys." PATRICK MURRAY,

1839 N. 17th St., Omaha, Neb.

"I am glad to say that Dr. Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills have had a satisfactory effect in my case. They have done all that I could ex-pect and what you claim they do. They cured me of a terrible backache which I had for several months, and after I had used two boxes was well.".

AUGUST STEYAERT, Cedar Rapids, Neb.



It often happens that the doctor is out of town when most needed. The two year old daughter of J. Y. Schenck, of Caddo, Indian Territory, was threatened with croup. He writes: "My wife insisted that I go for the clear up obstructing tree tops, and then away he sails with a velocity that belongs purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved the child immediate-Take a dog along, if you will, and ly." A bottle of that remedy in the house will often save the expense of a doctor's bill, sale by L. W. McConnell.

> From the Lone Star State comes the follow ng letter, written by W. F. Gass, editor of the Mount Vernon (Tex.) Herald : "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea find it the best remedy for colic and diarrheea

A little child of J. R. Hays, living near Colquitt, Georgia, overturned a pot of boiling parents sent to Mr. Bush, a merchant of Col quitt, for a remedy, and he promptly forward ed Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The child was

A full line of bill books and purses at the BEE HIVE.

McCook Markets.

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the BEE HIVE.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Baby Mine!

feels an inde-

of the pain and

danger attend-

ant upon the

most critical pe-

riod of her life.

Becoming a

a source of joy

to all, but the



suffering and danger of the ordeal make its anticipation one of misery.

THER'S FRIEND

is the remedy which relieves women of the great pain and suffering incident to maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made ed to. He's never at home when he's painless, but all the danger is removed by its use. Those who use tired or busy or something or other, and this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness nausea and other distressing conditions are avoided, the system is wanted."-Boston Transcript. made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of Mother's Friend. It is a blessing to woman.

done by the government to put a stop to the ravages.

MR. LAMAR PAID TWICE.

General Lee Tells a Story of the Justice's Absentmindedness.

General Lee tells this story of ex-Senator Lamar, while the latter was a member of the United States supreme

"He was in a herdic one day," said General Lee, "and, as was not unusual with him when not actively employed, was almost entirely oblivious of his surroundings. He was a deep thinker, you know. Well, he forgot to pay his fare. The driver rang his bell, and finally another passenger called his attention to it.

"'They're ringing for your fare, I think,' said the man to Judge Lamar, touching him on the knee.

"' 'Is that so?' asked the judge, starting up. 'I had forgotten all about it.' He then pulled some silver pieces from his pocket and selecting a dime dropped a straw hat. The man and the horse, it into the box.

sumed his seat: 'Didn't you make a mistake? The fare is 5 cents.'

"Why, so it is. Excuse me, 'replied Buy your gloves at the jurist, and again making his way to the cash box he put in a nickel, after which he took his seat, confident that he had discharged all his obligations, as he had, indeed, and more.

"And so far as I know," continued General Lee, "he never realized his that it is true. Goodby I get off here.' -Washington Star.

A Quaint Scotch Wedding Custom. A quaint wedding custom still prevails in many of the little country towns and mining villages in Scotland. Every mother When a wedding is held, the contracting parties make their guests pay in scribable dread full for the eating, drinking and dancing facilities which are usually provided on such occasions. The practice still seems to survive even in Glasgow. A correspondent observed a notice posted up in the Cowcaddens-a low class Glasgow thoroughfare-informing the public that a soldier would shortly enmother should be | ter into the bonds of wedlock, and that twopence would be charged for admission to the ceremony and an additional sixpence imposed for attendance at the mudhole a thousand men make of a wedding feast. The practice seems to be peculiarly Scotch, but sixpence certainly seems moderate enough for a marriage

supper. - Westminster Gazette.

The Useless Men.

up to be," remarked Mrs. Grimesleigh.

"When I married Daniel, I thought it

"Married life isn't what it is cracked

ceived the largest majority ever given a candidate for any office in Ohio and made a violent campaign against him because he had a rough way and because he was such an inveterate tobacco chewer." "I, remember General Buell," said

the sergeant, "not as he appearaed in the battle of Shiloh, not as he appeared in full uniform at grand review, but as I saw him on a forced march, when he wore the negligee or fatigue dress. Our company had come, with dry throats and empty canteens, to a large spring that burst from the earth with force enough to turn the wheels of a mill. The men proceeded to fill their canteens and drink their fill. An orderly sat on ing comes I'm a boy again, for my chilhis horse near and advised the men to dren and their families all come back to be very careful in filling their canteens keep the day with me."-Christian Herso as to leave the water clear for those ald who came after. A little apart from him on a splendid horse sat an officer in even though the man was in so simple "The passenger who had observed a dress, made a fine picture, but the as many persons mistakenly believe, but his action, said to the judge as he re- boys did not look carefully enough at by members of the church of England. either to recognize the officer or the

horse. "One of the sergeants, crazed by Kennebec river, as far back as 1607-13 thirst, plunging forward to the spring, years prior to the arrival of the Mayintent only on getting the clear water flower in Plymouth harbor-and Chapto his parched throat, put one foot into lain Seymour preached a sermon "gyvthe shallow edge of the spring. Instanting God thanks for our happy metynge ly there came from the man in the straw and saffe aryvail into the country."hat the quiet and imperious order, 'Take Selected. your foot out.' The sergeant, irritated mistake. The best part of the story is beyond endurance by what he regarded a trifling matter, turned and said insolently: 'Mind your own business, sir. ly set apart for thanksgiving. Whether I will have no quartermaster's clerk in the form of the American Thanksgivgiving orders to me.'

"As though he had been a part of the man the splendid horse made one jump toward the spring and toward the sergeant, and the man in the straw hat said, with increased emphasis and imperiousness, 'Take your foot out,' and the bewildered sergeant recognized the commander in chief of the army. He stepped back and saluted, and then General Buell said quietly, looking down with a sort of sympathy into the dismayed face: 'Fill your canteens, but be careful. Thirty thousand men must take water from this spring before night.'

"Those who remembered what a spring understood why General Buell stood guard on that day."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Use For It.

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?"

would be so handy to have a man about The sinister looking stranger drew the house; but, Lor', that's all it amountfrom his pocket a glass vessel securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid. wanted for anything, and if he is he's "I want money," he said, "and I must have it. If I were to drop this so I have to go to work and do the thing glass on the floor and break it, both of myself. 'S far as I can see, men are us would be blown into a thousand only in the way when they are in the pieces." house and out of the way when they're

The banker scribbled an address upon

keep on coming.

The thoroughbred and glorious way No other gala season of the year, not the mountains with your winchester of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He had been even Christmas, sets in motion so many forces, sees cars and boats so packed look for the noble old fellow. Not that look for the noble old fellow. Not that even Christmas, sets in motion so many and a half dozen cartridges and just troubled with piles for over thirty years and with children and grandchildren going just looking will do. To make much of a work and he will verify this statement if any back to the old home, sees old people success you must listen for him, feel for one wishes to write him. A. McMillen. so forgetting their age and young peo- him, taste for him and smell for him, too, ple so honoring the old, and altogether and above everything else wait for him. witnesses such beautiful reunions as we Get into just the wildest and most sefind at Thanksgiving. Men immersed in cluded glade you can climb to, where business cares take time now to run up

to the rocky farm in Massachusetts, or hickory nuts are the squirrels, where the prairie home in Wisconsin, or the the tea berries, huckleberries and wild wheatfield of Dakota, to be boys again grapes grow only for the pheasants and beside their parents. "I'm growing to turkeys, where the wildcat screams at be quite an old gentleman," said my night, the fox pounces on the rabbit, friend, whose 88 years are his crown of the black bear hunts for bee trees and the big horned owl is the villain in many nocturnal tragedies. Keep in the underbrush, but look out into every open glade. Take note of what there is for a turkey to eat and see if the dry leaves are scratched up.

Walk about a mile an hour and don't put your foot down unless you know what kind of a noise it is going to make. Don't be sure it is a squirrel you hear scampering over the leaves until you It was celebrated at Monhegan, off the see him or hear his chatter. See every-Maine coast, near the mouth of the thing that your eyes can take in and keep them looking steadily on points in distant leaf colored slopes until they see many things that did not appear at first. Stop sometimes and don't move anything but your eyeballs for five full, silent minutes. Never make any sudden move, consider whether the last night's frost has fallen on this area of ruffled

and torn up leaves, where plainly strong toes have been laying there the rich, dark earth or the sweet remains of the chestnut crop.

ing day, the English harvest home, When you decide that the scratching has been done this morning, see where it began and remember what ground lies in the direction to which it tends. Then follow, moving more slowly and carefully. Come to a steep mountain Receiver at his office in McCook, Nebraska, side, sheering to the sycamore fringed river. Do not dare to go directly down. Sidle quickly off on a better grade and then, having circled over a swift, breathless half mile, work back to where the trail should meet the river meadow. Take care. Drop at full length, a little cautious because of the haste. There they are, strutting forth from the undergrowth by the stream after washing down the chestnut breakfast with cold, clear mountain water. They come up the hill toward you, and you lie like a stricken man, with your rifle following every movement of a great black gobbler, father of the flock, though he is still 300 yards away.

Motherly, mild mannered hens and young gobblers are in his train, sipping dewdrops from the grass, picking at ragweed, chasing a grasshopper with half open wings or ruffling into make believe combats. But never for a moment are all off their guard. One, two or three of their tall necks are always stretched aloft, full of eves and ears, in statuesque suspicion. Now the old gobbler straightens up his head, poised four feet from the ground, trim, graceful, powerful, the sun glinting on the dark iridescent feathers of his back and low er neck. Now you decide he is in range. Your 38 caliber bullet strikes his noble breast with a muffled thump, and the giant wings wildly beat down the dry lagweed, while your magazine is emptied vainly at the dark forms shooting off toward the wooded mountain side. He is a royal creature, this wild turkey, and you may hope to see an old gobbler tip the scales at 20 or 25 pounds -- Washington Star.

J. C. Berry, one of the best known citizens of Spencer, Mo., testifies that he cured himself to kill a turkey is to go out alone in of the worst kind of piles by using a few boxes

WARNING-Persons who suffer from coughs and colds should heed the warnings of danger and save themselves suffering and fatal results by using One Minute Cough Cure. It is an the only harvesters of the chestnuts and infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. A. McMillen.

> J. M. Thirswend of Grosbeck, Tex., says that when he has a spell of indigestion and feels bad and sluggish, he takes two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers at night, and he is all right the next morning. May thousands of others do the same thing. Do you? A. McMillen.

You can't afford to risk your life by allow ing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. A. McMillen.

Disfigurement for life by burns or scalds may be avoided by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles. A. McMillen.

There is no need of little children being for tured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives in stant relief and cures permanently. A. Mc Millen.

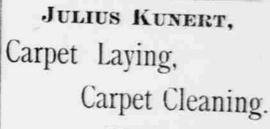
You can't cure consumption but you can void it and cure every other form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. A. McMillen.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipa tion, sick headache. A. McMillen.

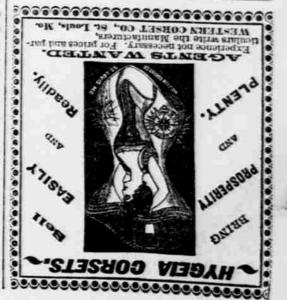
TIMBER CULTURE FINAL PROOF-NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, McCook, Neb. October 14th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that Abraham Peters has filed notice of inten tion to make final proof before Register or on Saturday, the 27th day of November, 1897. on timber culture application No. 5,283, for the southeast quarter of section No. 21, in township No. 1, north of range No. 30, west. He names as witnesses: William H. Benjamin, Albert Weeks, August Wesch, Charles F. Elliott, all of Banksville, Nebraska. 10-15-6t.

A. S. CAMPBELL, Register.



1 am still doing carpet laying, carpet leaning lawn cutting and similar work. See or write me before giving such work. My harges are very reasonable. Leave orders at FRIBUNE office. IULIUS KUNERT. TRIBUNE office



been seedtime and harvest.-New York Sun. A Home Day.

It is a day for the dreams and the ideals of youth and maiden. It is a day for youth away from home to freshen their hopes and kindle anew their aspirations. -Chicago Tribune.

Are afloat in the frosty air, But the sparks fly up from the hickory log On the homestead's broad stone hearth, And the windows shake, and the rafters ring, To the lads' and the lasses' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn, And his locks are thin and white, But his hand is steady, his voice is clear, And his eye is blue and bright As he turns to look at his sweet old wife, Who sits in her gown of grav. With the cobweb kerchief and creamy frills She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board And the guests they are silent all. "Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain, And the fruit on the orchard wall.

the Scotch Halloween, the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles, the Roman festival in honor of the goddess Ceres or the Greek festival in honor of Demeter, the instinct prompting it is the same. Since

> men first became tillers of the ground their two greatest annual events have

Thanksgiving is the home day. It is the day for the heart and its affections.

The Farmer's Thanksgiving. The earth is brown and skies are gray.

And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming snow

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by express on receipt of price.

The BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlants, Ga. | It connects two mines.

The sciara, a wormlike insect of forests of Hungary and Norway, is only a tenth of an inch long, yet in migrating, in July or early August, the creatures are said to stick themselves together in a serpentlike mass often 40 to 50 feet

long and several inches thick.

BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address, upon application, by is a subterranean road seven miles long.

a cara. "Take that thing up to my house,' he said. "and turn it over to our new servant girl, and then name your price.' -Strand Magazine.

Theater Chat. He-In China a play is six months long.

She-Dear me, what a lot of good hoe leather you save in not being there e go out between acts!-Exchange.

For the silver wheat, and the golden corn, And the crown of a peaceful life-The greatest blessing that thou canst give-A true and a loving wife!"

This white haired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace And the faded rose on her wrinkled check With a proud and a courtly grace, And the snowflakes click on the window pane, And the rafters ring above, And the angels sing at the gates of God The words of the farmer's love. -Independent.