



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ills peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, Mrs. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky." —\$5.00 per bottle. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

Wet Weather

See no hindrance to the rider who wears

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND POMMEL SLICKERS

Man or saddle can not get wet.

EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING

For all kinds of work. Warranted Waterproof. Look for trade-mark. If not at dealers, write H. B. Sawyer & Son, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

Much Consumption Among Negroes.

Consumption occurred rarely, if at all, among negroes in slavery, but now, after a little more than a quarter of a century of freedom, it causes more deaths among them than all the other contagious diseases combined. The negro rate from consumption is more than three times that of the whites.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

Don't treat your family like a lot of paupers, even if charity does begin at home.

The commuter who runs may read— if he succeeds in catching his train.

Confidence is seldom lost, but often sadly misplaced.

VASELINE.

Everybody knows the great value of this remedy in the household, but everybody does not know that the imitations of it, which some second class druggists dishonestly palm off on their customers, have little or no value. What should be understood by the public is, that it is not a mere question of comparative value between "Vaseline" and the imitations, but that the imitations do not effect the wonderful healing results of the world renowned "Vaseline," and that they are not the same thing nor made in the same way. Besides this, many of the imitations are harmful, irritant and not safe to use, while true Vaseline is perfectly harmless.

Perfect safety therefore lies in buying only original bottles and other packages put up by the Chesbrough Manufacturing Co. Attention is called to their Capsicum Vaseline advertised in another column.

A brave man's honor and a true woman's love have no decline on the stock exchange of life.

It isn't always the most palatable medicine that cures the quickest.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. The highest price 5c cigar to the dealer and the highest quality for the smoker. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Nervous prostration has a pretty hard job when it tackles a man whose wife supports the family.

A paper dollar is said to last about five years—unless it visits a church fair.

Distance prolongs the life of many friendships.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A baby isn't necessarily afflicted with jaundice because it's a little yellow.

Don't make the mistake of giving a man advice which doesn't confirm his own opinion.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When the proverbial rainy day comes lots of men use borrowed umbrellas.

Babies cry most when they realize that they look like some of their relations.

Thanksgiving

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy, And Thanksgiving laden with cheer, Where the children are dreaming already Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you And tell them the "story of old," Remember the homes that are dreary, Remember the homes that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you With all that is dearest and best, Give freely, that from your abundance Some rare little life may be blessed.

NATHAN MARTIN'S THANKSGIVING

"Fire—Fan—faster!" These were words of Nathan Martin to his horse, Fan. He was urging her forward over the freshly fallen November snow. In contrast with the whiteness of the snow was the road.

Through the break in the firs at the right could be seen a building. From its roof was rolling a cloud of smoke. It was not Nathan Martin's mill as owner, but he had hired it, had put new machinery into it, and was expecting to run it. The owner was Mrs. Paulina Gregory, the widow of Solomon Gregory.

"Oh, Fan, faster!" he yelled. "Nobody in sight, and there's my mill burning! I can see the flames all over the roof. Nobody round, and it's just a bonfire that nobody cares about. Nathan Martin's hopes all turning into ashes. To-morrow's Thanksgiving day. Don't believe I'll play my violin in the choir. Oh, dear!"

Fan had now arrived at the mill. Nathan jumped out of his pugnacious and walked around the crimson, smoldering heap. He could not enter the building, for there was no building to be entered.

Luckily, no corn had been stored there, and he had not brought any account books as yet. In anticipation, though, of business coming, there was \$100 worth of new machinery that Nathan had put in.

He waited until the ashes sank lower, then he turned, and this thought was in his heart: "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to step up and tell the bad news to the widow. Guess her seat will be empty, too, in the meeting house to-morrow."

The widow Gregory, as it was the day before Thanksgiving, had gone to her table and was making preparation for the cooking of an extensive batch of pies.

She was a very good-looking woman, but her daughter Kitty's good looks threw her mother's quite into the shade.

Kitty Gregory had made this confession to herself: "Poor fellow! He's going to have a dreadfully lonely time down in that old mill. He is too fine a fellow to be shut up there. If a young woman had ever an idea of marrying anyone it would be safe to accept him. If that young man is really going to that lonely, old mill, I wonder if I could do anything to cheer him up."

She thought a moment—then she smiled—then she burst out laughing. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed. "I'll get one of mother's mince pies and take it down there to-night, Tuesday. I know how to get into the mill and I'll leave the pie in what he calls his office. There, won't that make him happy! I'll get mother to let me have a pie before it is baked and I'll mark a K on the cover—that will set him to wondering—there are lots of Kitties in town."

That evening a solitary figure stole up to a little side door of the mill. Nathan had often said he must have



"I'll put the pie on the chair," a lock put on that door; it had never been done. Kitty Gregory stole through that unfastened door. In one hand was a very palatable mince pie, marked with candle and matches. She scratched her matches and lighted the candle.

"I'll drop these matches down that crack in the floor, said Kitty; 'the water must be running down below there, and the matches can't set the water on fire.' The matches, though, fell into a heap of refuse lumber that had accumulated during recent repairs

beside the channel along which sped the water to the sea.

If Kitty had thrown her matches a foot farther away they would have fallen where she expected them to fall—into a batch of cold, smothering sea water.

Kitty, though, was not thinking of anything under the mill floor, but of that nook up stairs that Nathan laughingly had told her would be his office. "He hasn't any desk in it," thought Kitty, "for he didn't want to run in debt, which mother thought showed a very good quality in a young man; but he has one chair, for he said he might have a customer and he would like to give him a seat, and I'll put the pie in the chair."

She left her pie and went down through the mill to the side door.

"Phew! do I smell smoke?" thought Kitty. She finally decided it was nothing.

Next morning the fire in the rubbish heap, after smoldering all night, broke



"I am very sorry to be the bearer of bad news," out into the most lively and fatal activity.

And to think that the widow Gregory, up to the middle of the forenoon, had not seen that fire from her window by the cooking table! But her mind, like that of any good worker, was on the work in hand, not on scenery half a mile away. She was thinking of that subject so absorbing to housekeepers the day before Thanksgiving—pie-making. She did finally glance down the road leading to the mill.

"Why," she said, "what makes it so smoky down by the mill, and who is this man—looks like a tramp—coming up to the door?" Kitty ran to the window which was close by the outside door.

"That old mill!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I don't think I'd be willing to marry the man that ran our mill," she added in her thoughts, "unless, perhaps, it were—Nathan Martin."

Her sentence was interrupted by the opening of the outside door. The man that entered heard a cheerful, vigorous voice saying: "Oh, I don't think I'd be willing to marry the man that ran our mill." The man groaned, but said to himself: "I suppose I must face the music."

In the miserable, tramp-like being that stood before them, Kitty and her mother saw Nathan Martin—he was opening a package.

"I am very very sorry, Mrs. Gregory and Kitty, to be the bearer of bad news. I'd have given anything if I could have helped it, but I did not know anything about it till a boy came and told me your mill was afire. I think I know how it started. I found, near the door, the fragment of a chair that stood in which I called my 'office.' I think a tramp got in there, stayed all night and started a fire. Here, I think, is a part of what he had for breakfast. Mrs. Gregory, I am very sorry. I don't suppose you will feel like going to Thanksgiving tomorrow morning, I don't."

"Why not? Why shouldn't I go?" asked Mrs. Gregory. "I have something left, and haven't you?" "Well," said he, "I shall think it over. How much is left to me?"

"We'll leave it this way, Nathan. If you'll come along in your pung tomorrow morning, I shall see you, and you let me and Kitty get in."

Kitty Gregory was overwhelmed with confusion, and was unable to say a word, but she had been thinking at express-train speed.

The moment Nathan had gone, she ran up to the package he had left and began to examine it. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed. "I must tell you, I'm not going to keep anything from you.

I thought it might please Nathan, and I took up a pie to the mill that he might have a pleasant surprise finding it. Now, this will prove it. What is that letter on the pie?"

"S," said her mother. "No," said Kitty, "it is K. You know what K stands for, I hope? K is for Kitty, and it was dreadfully silly in me," said the girl, whose sorrowful eyes were like violets in the dew. "I am afraid my matches, dropped through a crack where I thought they would fall into the water, must have lighted on something else! Oh, I am sorry, mother! You have lost your mill!"

"But I haven't lost you, dear. You are left," said the mother, giving Kitty a warm embrace. "I told Nathan Martin to think of what was left, and I'm going to do it."

Poor Nathan Martin! He went down the road saying, "Mrs. Gregory told me to think of what I had left. Now, she has Kitty! But what did I hear Kitty say when I opened the door—I won't marry the man—it was something like that, that runs our mill."

Looking out of the kitchen window a little before meeting time, Kitty's mother saw a horse and sleigh in the yard. The occupant of the sleigh had left it. Mrs. Gregory could hear his coming footsteps. She knew who it was, for she could see a violin box projecting from the sleigh.

"I have called for you and Kitty," said Nathan. "If you say so, we'll all go to meeting. I have been thinking it over, and I feel that there is much left."

"Nathan," said Kitty's mother, laying her hand on the young man's shoulder, "there is much left. You've got a friend in me. You've got a friend in yourself. You've got a friend in God."

It was a wonderful service that day, so Nathan Martin always thought. The service over, the people separated to their homes and their bountiful dinners.

"We want you to take dinner with us, Nathan," said Mrs. Gregory, and of course there could be no resistance to that invitation.

Kitty was busy with preparations for the feast, but she told Nathan she wanted to see him in the fore room just as soon as she had a spare moment.

There, in a frank and pitiful way, she held out the supposed tramp's breakfast and told Nathan she was the incendiary.

Nathan wouldn't hear of it, but Kitty seemed to take satisfaction in insisting upon her explanation, and then Nathan's power as a comforter was called in play.

"I don't think you did it, Kitty, I'm afraid you don't have confidence in my opinion."

"But I do," said Kitty, "I think a great deal of you."

When Kitty opened such a door what wonder that Nathan entered. He recalled what he heard her say the day before, and then Kitty had to confess what he did not hear—her un-



"You know I am your friend, and you have my blessing."

spoken admission that he was the exceptional miller.

"Where are those young people!" wondered the Widow Gregory. She went to different rooms. A knock at the fore room door was successful. "Come right in," said Nathan. "We want your blessing, mother."

"What?" she asked, wondering. "You know I am your friend and you have my blessing."

"Yes, I knew I had the mother. Now I have the daughter."

HAPPY WOMEN.

Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides a bad back I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly 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 sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

QUANTITIES RAW FURS wanted

For London, January Sales, Oronovo, Muskrat, Mink, Sable, Badger and other. Highest cash prices paid. Write A. E. Burkhardt, Main & 2nd, Cincinnati, O.

THRIFTY FARMERS

are invited to settle in the state of Maryland, where they will find a delightful and healthy climate, first-class markets for their products and plenty of land at reasonable prices. Map and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free on application to H. BADENHOOP, Sec'y State Board of Immigration, BALTIMORE, MD.

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

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells.

It's not sentiment—it's not the price—that makes the most intelligent and successful shots shoot Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells. It's the results they give. It's their entire reliability, evenness of pattern and uniform shooting. Winchester "Leader" shells, loaded with smokeless powder, are the best loaded shells on the market. Winchester "Respector" shells loaded with smokeless powder are cheap in price but not in quality. Try either of these brands and you will be well pleased. 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.

Andrew Beard, a negro who has worked in the machine shops of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, in Birmingham, Ala., for twenty years, has just sold a patent for a car coupler of his own invention for \$100,000. In addition he is to get a royalty on every coupler made on his model for 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 tobacco. Literature is filled with peans in its praise and maledictions in equal measure. Some things, however, 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 consumption is nearly 600,000,000. Smokers use 3,000,000,000 cigarettes 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 \$65,000,000 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 death and when the fever left him he was semi-paralyzed in the right leg and right arm. He also lost hearing in his right ear, and his mind was much affected."

"His parents tried another treatment for a time and when I was recalled I found that he was having spells very like Epilepsy and was very bad and gradually growing worse. I advised the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in a short time the child began to improve. Inside of a week the nervous spasms or epileptic seizures ceased altogether."

Mr. and Mrs. McBride have made a sworn statement of the facts and Dr. Jesse L. Limes has added his sworn statement saying that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured the fits.

The man who marries for money has no kick coming if there isn't any love in the home.

Put your finger on our trade mark. Tell your dealer you want the best starch your money can buy.

Insist on having the best, DEFIANCE.

It is 16 ounces for 10 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 DEFIANCE STARCH CO. Omaha, Neb.

The man whose wife makes it hot for him never speaks of her as the sunshine of his existence.

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

Lamb with green peas suits some men, but the wall street broker prefers lamb with greenbacks.

Try One Package. If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

The soul can be horribly cold-blooded.

EVERY SHOOTER WHO SHOOTS

U.M.C.

AMMUNITION

has a feeling of confidence in his cartridges. They don't misfire and always shoot where you aim.

Tell your dealer U. M. C. when he asks "What kind?"

Send for catalog. The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Bridgeport, Conn.

OUR HOLIDAY PRICES

on Jewelry and Watches save you 25%. Send for FREE Catalogue and secure a bargain for yourself and friends. CARBON DIAMOND CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

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Send for our 42nd Anniversary Book on Patents, containing nearly 100 illustrations of mechanical movements, and valuable law points for inventors and manufacturers; also an interesting list of inventions FREE. Don't wait, write TO-DAY. MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

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