

### WASTED TO A SHADOW.

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering.

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says:

"For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then wasted away in bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 185 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

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

Isn't it awful when a woman keeps fixing her back hair at the theater and then when the performance is over finds that she has left her diamond ring on her dresser at home!—Cleveland Leader.

### TEA

The best "cheap" tea is hot water; don't spoil good water with trash tea.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Tea.

Show Lack of Intelligence. It is astonishing how interested some folks can get in the announcement that a new satellite has been discovered near Jupiter, and how little they care when you try to tell them about your new baby.

### TEA

Are you acquainted with tea? Is it tea that you know? Are you sure you know tea?

Celebrates 104th Birthday. James Bellows McGregor of North Newport, N. H., believed to be the oldest Free Mason in America, celebrated his 104th birthday recently. He has voted the Democratic ticket since he was of age.

DON'T FORGET A large 5-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Advertiser Her Financial Value. The true worth of a girl in Albania is sometimes readily estimated. When she desires to marry she collects all her money and mounts it on her head, so that observers may note her financial value.

SIX MONTHS' CIRCLE TOUR, \$62.

Still Another Move by the New Salt Lake Route.

The Salt Lake Route will sell round trip tickets to Los Angeles, returning through San Francisco and Ogden, for \$62.00, good six months. Tickets on sale by agents Salt Lake, Stockton, Eureka, Mammoth, Spanish Fork, Provo, American Fork and Lehi.

Effect of Lightning on Trees. The shattering effects of lightning upon trees may be accounted for, in some degree, by the sudden evolution of heat and expansion of gases in the wood and the vaporizing of the water in the sap. A veritable explosion may thus be caused.

### TEA

Gossips' are not the only tongues tea loosens.

Finding Hades on Earth. When a man has become utterly selfish and regardful only of himself in the world, the devil may well afford to spare him any of the comparatively milder discomforts of a hereafter.—John A. Howland.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Easy to Tell the Difference. As near as the layman can make out from the elaborate account of the distinction made by the experts, the best way to tell the difference between a cyclone and a tornado is to look at the wreckage afterward.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brian, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1909.

Breathe Through Nose. The mouth is not the right entrance for air which is to enter those delicate and wonderful organisms—our lungs. A little filtration must be beneficial before it is allowed to enter the lungs. The nasal passage affords this filtration, and so saves a tremendous amount of wear and tear of the lungs.

### TEA

What did they do for tea two hundred and fifty years ago!

Douglas Jerrold's Pun. Jerrold once went to a party at which Mr. Pepper had assembled his friends, and said to his host on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see your friends mustered."

### Turkey Talk.

With gobble loud and stirring The king of turkey-flock Called all his subjects to him, And made this little talk:

"This is our year, my brethren, We've waited for it long; Revenge is sweet as turkey meat, Let's hail it with a song."

"The pound of flesh they're after— With it they may be fed; But 'tis a fact, their Shylock act Will bleed them all, instead."



"And as for being roasted, We'll see them take their turn, When they have found to get us browned That money has to burn."

"So gobble, gobble, gobble! And gaily fling the dust; For while they fear, we'll take good cheer, All hail the turkey trust!" —Carolyn Wood.



After dinner there are many games to be played in which old and young may join. To a drawing-board on an easel fasten a number of large sheets of blank paper. Whisper the name of an animal to each guest. Give each a slip of paper and a pencil. Now let each in turn draw a picture on the large papers, representing the animal designated. The others must guess what animal it is and write the name on their lists. The greatest aggregate of correct guesses may receive a prize. A blackboard may be used instead of papers, and this game is interesting to all, as often the children outstrip their elders in drawing animals.

Another merry game is tossing bean bags through a hoop. Suspend a gaily decorated hoop in a doorway, and the party being evenly divided, let those on one side throw bean bags through the hoop to those on the other side, who must catch them. Have bells on the hoop, and let a careful score be kept—if the bell rings, it counts less than a clean throw. After the smallest children have retired, the other members of the family will enjoy games of a mental order.

A good one is called "The Music Lesson." On a table arrange the following articles, let each be numbered, and on prepared cards let the guessers write what musical term each article represents. A door key (key), a clock (time), a tape measure



Through a Hoop. (measure), a knife (sharp), a low, broad-brimmed straw hat (flat), a natural flower (natural), an autograph (signature), a few fish-scales (scales), six beads in a wooden measure (six beads to a measure), a bow of ribbon (tie), a promissory note (note), a card on which is written "To Sell (pedal), a cane (staff), forty beans or buttons (forte), picture of cat's paws (pause), a wooden or iron bracket (bracket), the lower part of a broken vase (bass), a bit of string (chord), bar of soap (bar).

Another good game is the guessing of book titles. Cards for this game may be bought, but better ones may be made with little trouble or expense. On a blank card paste a picture of Napoleon. This represents "A Gentleman of France." The letter B in red ink is "The Scarlet Letter." A small figure 2 is "We Two." Pictures of Washington, Dewey, George W. Cable and George Elliot, all pasted on one card, represent "The Four Georges." "Three Men in a Boat," "The Woman in White," "Little Women" and many others may be easily represented by pictures cut from papers or magazines. Two capital I's painted blue are "A Pair of Blue Eyes." "As" written backward is "As in a Looking-Glass," while the word Gnokool printed on a card is "Looking Backward." A glance through any library catalogue or publisher's list will supply plenty of suggestions.

Another merry game is "Advertisements." Cut from the magazines popular pictorial advertisements, and carefully removing all printed words, paste each on a card. Number the cards and let the guessers determine the articles advertised. Similar to this is the selection of portraits of faintly well-known authors or other celebrities or public characters whose names are to be guessed.—The Sunday Magazine.

### A Prayer for the Day.



ET me be thankful. Yes, Let me know thankfulness For things that help and bless Along the way; Let me be brave and glad For all the good I had But yesterday.

Let me set down the sum Of blessings that have come; Let me hear echoes from My laughter Till I care not to see What fate may hap to me Hereafter.

O, let To-day be such— Nor little, nor too much— That I need not to touch Or borrow The good that now is Thine But which is to be mine To-morrow.

Aye, each day let me find Contentment in my mind; Some word or action kind My life to bless; And thus let me, I pray, Make every day a day Of thankfulness. —W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.



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A great grey wave like a great grey beast all foam with rage as to its mouth, rearing, it seemed, hundreds of feet in the air, bore down from windward on the Martha Dawes. Holtzen at the wheel swore or prayed in Danish—I don't know which—and gripped the spokes and spread his feet to withstand the coming shock. Two men in the waist ran panic-stricken for the first lines they could grab and I swung myself into the lee rigging. It came, the blow, a thunderous avalanche of water, and the schooner, shaking and quivering as if her timbers would rend asunder, listed over to leeward. The staunchest iron steamship that ever carried funnels might have foundered under that crush of sea water, but the Martha



"Twenty-five minutes," he said. Dawes, thirty years old, weak in her upper works and scorched by a thousand suns and buffeted by many a hurricane, came slowly up again, drenched, quivering and yet on even keel, and hurling water from her decks through the hawseholes in thick streams.

"Hard up!" spat the captain in the face of the shrieking spindrift to the man at the wheel, and Holtzen, still swearing, or praying, in Danish, did as he was commanded.

"Two men gone," groaned the captain, his eyes sweeping the decks and then wandering out to that heaving mass of sea mountains as if wondering under what particular wave two brave seamen smothered to death. On the schooner Martha Dawes, struggling for her life against the awful power that shoved her steadily toward the deadliest spot in the world—the Diamond shoals—there were four men left for the storm to kill.

The whole of that Thanksgiving day we had striven against the storm, played our weak cards against a player who only laughed derisively at every effort and went us better, and the stakes on the table—four human lives—seemed already in his hands. The fore topmast had gone over early in the morning, and the main followed suit about noon. There was no such thing left as a starboard rail on the fore-castle, and the galleys was turned upside down and jammed itself with the water butt between the stump of the foremast and the lee rail.

And yet the Martha Dawes made no water. With all that terrible pounding not a seam had opened. The old schooner meant to die game. But die she must. The drift had us, and the wind and sea helped the drift, straight for the Diamond shoals. Against the nor-east gale and rushing sea there was only one thing to do—die game, as the schooner meant to.

I don't believe there ever was a more terrifying sky than I gazed upon from the deck that afternoon. I had seen great thunder-heads arise in the tropical ocean—purplish black and copper-tinged as to the edges. I had beheld a mass of clouds writhing and twisting in a wind straight from the south pole as the ship rolled and tossed, trying to pass Cape Horn, but that drear expanse of drab heaven

across which ragged patches of dusky hued cloud were flying with such furious velocity that they looked like smoke—the utter dreariness of that dark brown sky, the desolation of the scene terrified me as no combination of sea and sky had done before. Holtzen had left the wheel and Bobbitt had taken his place. The Dane stood holding the lee rigging to keep his feet, and his flat, expressionless face turned toward the wind. "My fader in de storm was drowned," he said to me. Perhaps he felt a grim satisfaction in dying as his father did.

The captain glanced to leeward, then he shifted an utterly hopeless gaze to the wheel. "Lash it and come below," he said in a sharp voice.

"Sir?" bawled Bobbitt, not trusting his ears. The captain strode over and with a line lashed down the wheel. "All hands come down in the cabin," he said; "we've fought the storm together, and we'll die together. We'll strike in a half hour at most." We trooped down the companion after the captain. Leaving the wind-swept deck, that small cabin seemed stuffy. It caught my lungs and I felt it difficult to breathe. Besides, I didn't care to die that way, like a rat in a trap.

The captain drew a piece of plug tobacco from his trousers pocket and began chipping it on the cabin table. "Twenty-five minutes," he said, as if talking to himself, "just enough time for a pipeful." He crammed the tobacco into his pipe and lit it; then he offered the plug to Bobbitt, who shook his head. "Curse the luck," growled Bobbitt, stamping his foot viciously, "if I'd shipped on that bark for Buenos Ayres I'd 'a' missed this."

"I'd die a heap harder," remarked the skipper, blowing a cloud of smoke, "if it wasn't for a snug insurance on my life, and knowing the old woman and the little one 'I have enough to pull along with."

"Well," said Bobbitt, recklessly, "the whole Bobbitt family goes down when I go, thank God. I leave nobody to cry and nobody to starve." I remember my own sensations. I was simply inert. I looked forward to nothing but an end, and vaguely wished it was over. I was sorry for nothing. I expected nothing but death, and yet I had been carefully brought up and well catechised as to the future state of man.

"The old woman and the little one are eatin' turkey and mince pie to-day." A sharp twang coming above the hurly burly on deck interrupted the skipper. He started and laid his pipe on the table. It rolled to starboard instead of to port, as it should have rolled for the list of the schooner was changing. "On deck!" screamed the captain, as he rushed for the ladder. We piled on his heels. It was dark as a pocket on deck and there was a wind—the most welcome wind that ever blowed, sweeter than a zephyr to a parched traveler on a desert, for it was coming from the southwest.

Then four men who were ready to die, sluggish and hopeless, worked like beavers for the life they had felt was practically ended. The old schooner, as encouraged as the men who fought with her, answered her helm, and with the wind growing in force and slipping toward west, we got her nose away from the Diamond shoals straight for the open sea.

The wind did not stay west. It shifted to nor-west and came as great gusts. A friend that wind was, though a rough one. He had an edge to him that bit and he flung snow spits into one's eyes which made the eyeballs smart, but he was a friend, and we hailed him joyously.

We ate our Thanksgiving dinner of bread and water thankfully, the best we could have had to eat with an overturned galley and a drowned cook, but what mattered it with a nor-west wind and the Martha Dawes headed for the open sea?



Two Presidential Proclamations. Railroad development seems greatly to have impressed President Johnson, for in his third proclamation for the last Thursday of November, he said: "He has permitted us to multiply our ships upon our lakes and rivers and upon the high seas, and at the same time to extend our iron roads so far into the secluded places of the continent as to guarantee speedy overland intercourse between the two oceans." President Grant's proclamations contained nothing out of the ordinary, except that in one year, Nov. 18—not the last Thursday—was made the holiday, and he also issued a proclamation calling for special thanksgiving on July 4, 1876, on the one hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth.

Time for Nothing but Joy. Thanksgiving is a day of general rejoicing and feasting. It is a day when the families reunite, when the wanderer returns and gathers with his kith around the festal board. All gloom is dispelled and in the joyous anticipation of what another year may bring forth hearts are gladdened and the future wears a more roseate tint for all.

If you have had misfortunes forget them and start to work anew for future glories. If you have been blessed with a preponderance of good things—extend a smile to those of your fellows who have been less fortunate than you.

### BALLAD OF THE WISE TURKEY.

Ordered His Life as His Days Were Long in the Land.

Yes, I'm the same old turkey Of some years ago, and I Possess to-day the plumage gay And eke the manner shy. Once I was vain and haughty Same as other birds I know— Or did—they all have passed the board. Ah! years and years ago.



"My form in days ago it was A dream of bliss, so said The master of the pouterers— The dream, you see, has fled. For now I am a rack of bones, My wattles they are pale, And why this change? there's method in The subject of my tale.



"I watched the market, and I kept Close tabs upon the list; When turkey meat was low in price No meal I ever missed. But when the price uplifted, why, I took to gravel stones. Until I grew attenuate— A walking rack of bones.



"I had some haughty friends, alas! 'Twas years and years ago; They took to glutton ways, and now There's nothing left to show They ever trod the barnyard; ah! They're gathered to the hosts Of things that were; ah! but now They're phantom forms and ghosts.



"'Twas in the year of '69, A goose sagacious told To me the points I now relate— He then was forty old. He practiced what he preached—alas! But quite forgot this year, He fattened up, and now he's passed— Forgive this falling tear." —Horace Seymour Keller.

### Typical "Home" Day.

It is a far cry from that first Thanksgiving of the forefathers on the bleak coast of New England to the present elaborate and sumptuous annual feasting that marks the end of the harvest in this country.

Many a man will go hundreds, even thousands, of miles to sit at the old home table, and partake once more of the old home cooking—the mince pies and the turkey "dressing," just the same r at least just like what "mother used to make." It is a day when the home is supreme. Lonely men in the big cities dine at the big hotels, it is true, and they may have every luxury that the mind of man can conceive and the money of men can buy, but they would give it all gladly for a place even at an humble table if it only were at the old home

A Small Portion. The hippo on his native heath Is an herbivorous beast.



But here, this month, he lets his teeth Sink in a grassless feast. A roasted turkey, I have heard, Will tempt his appetite; His chief regret is that the bird Is merely half a bite.

### DISTRESS AFTER MEALS.

Sure Sign That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Needed to Tone Up the Digestive Organs.

Loss of appetite, distress after eating, shortness of breath, a feeling of utter weakness—these are symptoms that are familiar to most sufferers from stomach trouble. Too often the ordinary doctor's treatment serves but to weaken the diseased organs.

The new tonic method of treating disorders of this kind does not aim to do the work of the stomach, but to demand that the food be pre-digested, but builds up the weakened organs, so that they can do the work that nature intended.

Mrs. L. O. Law, of No. 324 North street, Horton, Kansas, says: "In 1897, while we were living on a farm in this neighborhood, I became generally debilitated as the result of overwork. I had serious indigestion, lost my appetite, suffered from a sense of suffocation and from obstruction of the circulation, so that artificial means had to be used to restore it. After suffering for months without finding any relief, I tried a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of which I had read in a newspaper. The first few boxes made me lots better, and after using the third box I felt entirely well. "I am now in excellent health and am able not only to take care of my house but also to assist my husband in a store which he has lately taken. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I can recommend them. They are so simple, so easily taken and so prompt in their action."

Remember Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They make new blood and restore shattered nerves. In this way they carry health and vigor to every organ and fiber of the body. They are sold by all druggists and will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Flays Free Use of Water. Dr. K. Beerwald of Berlin is opposed to the free drinking of water, so often advised. He says: "Excessive water drinking not only produces temporary disturbance, it also creates direct organic disorders; the heart and kidneys are particularly affected by the excess, and in these cases the vascular system is overcharged and the heart and kidneys overworked."

### TEA

How can Schilling's Best be better than other good tea?

Same as with everything else. Men differ; men's things differ.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

True Refinement. Refinement does not necessarily accompany the acquisition of wealth, a fine house, an extensive library and an automobile. It lies rather in the individual's mastery of himself, inability to withstand the temptations of life, in being innocent and lofty in his secret thoughts. Every man will be impure and vicious unless he obtains this mastery. His gain in knowledge, breadth of information and view, intimate acquaintance with men and affairs—all these will avail him little in the final struggle with that mastery.—New York Times.

Ever Hear of "Scotty" and His Record Breaking Ride?

The story, briefly told, is this: Walter Scott, the Death Valley gold miner, made the trip from Los Angeles to Chicago last summer on a special train over the "Santa Fe" in less than 45 hours. That whirlwind train cost him more than \$6,000. It was the fastest long distance run over mountains and plains ever made on any American railway. It demonstrated beyond dispute that the Santa Fe track, equipment and employees are of the dependable kind. Probably you wouldn't care to ride so fast. You prefer the luxury of our three trains from Utah and Colorado to Everywhere East and Southwest. Ask me for ticket rates and literature.

C. F. WARREN, G. A. A. T. & S. F. Ry., 411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

See Beauty Only in Utility. The idea of beauty is peculiarly developed in the heathen Esquimaux. He regards beauty solely from the standpoint of utility. For instance, a rock projecting out of water only appears beautiful to him when it is visited in summer by water birds who breed there. A foaming torrent is only beautiful if it contains many salmon. Clothes are not put together with any idea of regularity of color, only their practical utility being considered. Huts are made of snow and stones, with domed tops, but without any architectural design.

### TEA

We don't know, in this country, how good tea is—the most of us—some of us do.

It isn't the tea's fault.

Latest Type of Wife.

Type after type of wildly eccentricity races across the horizon, says a writer. At the present moment the intelligent wife threatens to exceed them in permanency and importance. Two things, it seems, she has been sent to teach us—that it is possible to do justice at once to one's husband and one's intellect; that it is practicable to have a family and still remain interesting. She dabbles in all the arts and half the sciences and is always ready to go out to tea.