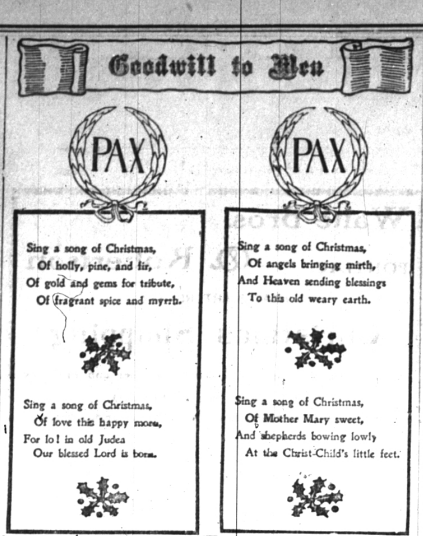
Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—Mrs. FRANK BEYER, 23 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn. — *$1000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMAN.

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.

Goodwill to Men



Sing a song of Christmas,
Of holly, pine, and fir,
Of gold and gems for tribute,
Of fragrant spice and myrrh.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Of love this happy morn,
For lo! in old Judea
Our blessed Lord is born.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Of angels bringing mirth,
And Heaven sending blessings
To this old weary earth.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Of Mother Mary sweet,
And shepherds bowing lowly
At the Christ-Child's little feet.

ONE KIND ACTION A DAY.

Happiness That Comes as Result of Making Others Happy.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature, says Sydney Smith. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving. Trifles in themselves as light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours, and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Try the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result—you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is 365 during the course of the year. And suppose you live only forty years after you commence that kind of medicine; you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

Woman is Home Body.

"Mrs. Jason Gause, a demure little Quaker lady of Lyon county," says the Kansas City Journal, "certainly is unrivaled in her record for staying at home. She has just returned from a visit to a daughter in Texas. It was her first ride on a railroad train. It was the first time in nearly fifty years she had been outside of Lyon county. For twenty-three years she had passed but one night away from home. She is the mother of Prof. Gause, of the State Normal school."

Sum Value of Happiness.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could, only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough sunshine was what ailed the world. Make the people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—Lydia Maria Child.

Free Instructions How to Use CEMENT on the FARM

Send for year's subscription to THE CEMENT ERA. Tells how to make troughs, walks, floors, walls, foundations, hornes, silos, cisterns, etc. Every farmer should have this paper. Send 25 cents at once to THE CEMENT ERA, Box A. Marlborough, Michigan.

Have Smaller Faces.

The chief difference in the heads of men and of the lower animals is in the size of the face. Man has a very large head and a very small face, and animals are more fierce and brutal exactly as the face is found large and the rest of the head small.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Some women are highly secretive. I knew of one who used to put sealing wax on a postal card.

A mobile countenance in woman may hide a wealth of feature play.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

A Montana Buffalo Robe $35.00
A Montana Buffalo Coat 11.00
A High Grade Portland Cutter..... 16.95
A 40-gallon Steel Cooker 7.50
A Plow complete..... 3.50

Cut this ad. out and send the list with names of 10 prosperous farmers and receive 10 packages assorted garden seeds. Send to-day to
S. F. Foster, Allegan, Mich.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

CHRISTMAS JINKS on the HIGH SEAS

Jack Tar is notoriously a "merry soul," whether afloat or on shore; but once a year he lays himself out to eclipse even himself, and that is on Christmas day. It matters nothing where he may find himself—dodging icebergs in the northern seas, cruising among palm-fringed Pacific islands, or in port 3,000 leagues from the lass he loves—it's all the same to Jack; he means to have what he expressively calls a "high old time"—and he has it.

And he sets about it thoroughly and systematically, as becomes a sailor. Long before he flings himself into his hammock on Christmas eve to dream, it may be, of the "old folk at home," everything is practically ready for the morrow's feasting and revelry. All day long busy hands have been engaged in converting the mess deck into a veritable fairy scene of color and gaiety. Roses there are in thousands, of all colors of the rainbow, and all fashioned by clever fingers; furlongs of gay paper festoons; devices and mottoes of all kinds glitter from the walls, and all so skilfully arranged and blended that one is tempted to think that, after all, Jack has missed his vocation and should have been an artist.

Now all is ready for Father Christmas. First comes an impressive ceremony, when the men, in immaculate duck, are paraded for service; the flag is hauled down, and in its place the red cross pennon of the church unfolds in the breeze, and four or five hundred lusty voices join with the band in sending one good old Christmas hymn after another rolling up in majestic volume of sound to the blue of heaven. There is no sermon, just a few hymns and prayers; but you won't find a more impressive Christmas service the big world through.

Then come the finishing touches to the mess deck fairyland, each mess trying its hardest to eclipse all the others in wealth and skill of decoration. As the hour of noon draws near the petty officers of the watch give place to the smallest lads aboard, who strut about in their mimic dignity and send officers and crew into convulsions of laughter. And then, at the first stroke of eight bells the captain and his officers pay their state visit of inspection to the mess deck.

The plum puddings are sampled amid deafening cheers, the decorations are duly admired and praised, and after a few seasonable remarks and good wishes the skipper withdraws himself and his suite, and the "feeding and fun" begin. Such feeding and such fun it is, too; but, in delicacy, let us leave Jack to it and join him again when the last mouthful of plum pudding has vanished and, seated and happy, he produces his pipe—the crown of the feast.

A diversion may take the form of a raid on a popular officer and a chairing and ovation, to which he submits like a well pleased, if embarrassed, martyr. And thus the hours fly in a jollity which will brighten by its memory many a long day to come. But the longest and gladdest day has its ending. "Out pipes" is sounded, and when Jack at last tumbles into his hammock, weary and happy, we may be sure he needs no rocking.

CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH ROMANTIC HISTORIES

It is safe to affirm that no Christmas card played so important a part in a man's life as one which hangs in a frame over the writing desk of a certain well known journalist.

About twelve years since, the journalist to whom the card belongs went to a large city with great literary aspirations. Against the advice of his parents, he threw up a situation which would have brought him in a steady if not large income, so long as he cared to do the work. But he considered literary work was his forte, and he came to the great metropolis to earn fame and fortune with his pen as a free lance. To be brief, the result appeared to be dismal failure.

Too proud to admit his failure after going against the advice of his parents he began to think seriously of destroying all traces of his identity and committing suicide. While sitting in his lodgings with this idea running through his mind, however, the post man brought a letter which contained a small Christmas card sent by a five-year-old niece to whom he was greatly attached. The words on the front of the card were simple: "Wishing you a merry Christmas and prosperity"; but on the back was written, in the child's scrawling handwriting, "From your little sweetheart, Nell."

The thought that the little girl was looking forward to seeing him quickly dispelled all thoughts of suicide from the journalist's mind, and putting his pride in his pocket, he borrowed sufficient money to take him home. It was the turning point in his career; for he determined to try again after the holiday, with the result that he was able to go home the following Christmas and tell those who were dear to him that his work had won for him a lucrative post.

Maybe there are some readers who still remember the pathetic story attached to a Christmas card received by the German emperor two years ago from a little girl whose father had been imprisoned for lese majeste.

The card was but a cheap one, bearing the very appropriate words, "Good will toward men"; while on the back the child had written in German, "Please, Your Majesty, let my father come out of prison for Christmas day." The appeal interested the kaiser to such an extent that he caused inquiries to be made, and, finding that the man had not committed a very serious offense, ordered his immediate release.

A gentleman living in Wales still preserves a Christmas card which cost him one penny and brought him a fortune of £40,000. He was once a doctor at Sheffield, and one Christmas bought a shilling box of a dozen Christmas cards to send to his friends. After dispatching eleven he found that his list of friends was exhausted, and at first thought of keeping the twelfth card. He suddenly remembered an old aunt, however, living in Wales whom he had never seen, and to her he posted the remaining card.

A little later the old lady died, and the doctor found that she had left him her entire fortune. Her lawyer declared that the date of the alteration of her will was the day after that on which she received the card.

GOUGH IN HIS PRIME

MADE FRIENDS OF BOISTEROUS STUDENT AUDIENCE.

Men of Oxford University Recognized Manly Attitude of Famous Temperance Advocate and Enjoyed His Witty Remarks.

John B. Gough, the famous advocate of temperance, went to Great Britain in compliance with numerous demands from press and public. When he appeared at Oxford the college students undertook to hiss him off the stage, so determined were they that temperance should not be preached there. After enduring their hisses and cat-calls for about ten minutes, he startled them all by saying: "I can whip every one of you, one at a time."

This statement was cheered, and then the young men began calling one of their chums to go up on the stage. Soon Gough saw a young giant coming toward him. As soon as he was in the center of the stage Gough shouted: "This is to be an intellectual battle, and not a physical one. Go on with your speech."

This suited the college men, and they began calling on their big fellow for a speech. He responded by quoting the epistle to Timothy, in which Paul recommends "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"; and from this he deduced an argument in favor of the use of wine. When he had finished, Gough faced the audience and said: "This is not an argument, but a farce. Here is a young English giant, weighing almost two hundred pounds, who has never been sick in his life, who eats five pounds of meat every day, and who can knock down a bullock with a blow of his fist, standing here and talking about the need of wine for his stomach's sake. You'll have to send me another man."

The boys cheered Gough and then yelled for another man—this time a senior and their ablest debater. He went to the platform and called attention to the fact that Jesus turned water into wine and advocated the use of it. He delivered a speech which met with the approval of his fellow collegians, and they cheered him repeatedly. When he had finished, Gough said:

"This is just the kind of argument that I came here to deliver, and was delivering when you interrupted me. You may drink all the wine you can hold, provided it is made out of water, as that wine was."

Cheer after cheer greeted Gough, and he was permitted to go on with his lecture. He said afterward that they gave him greater applause than he had ever received from an audience of young men.—Chicago Record-Herald Sunday Magazine.

A Routine Session.

A prominent Missourian in Washington is fond of telling anecdotes about James Stephen Green, once a senator from Missouri, and the leader in the aggressive war made on Benton by the slavery advocates in ante-bellum Missouri. The one he enjoys the most and considers the best of all illustrates Green's ready wit.

One Sunday, shortly after Green's arrival in Washington, he was asked by a friend of his to attend services at an Episcopal church near by. Green had never attended a service characterized by much formalism, so he was naturally deeply impressed. After he had returned an acquaintance asked him, "Senator, what did you think of the service?"

"Well, sir," Green replied, "it struck me that there was altogether too much reading of the journal and not enough debate."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Jolted" the Lawyer.

A well-known lawyer of this city, whose office is located close to the city hall, received a tremendous shock the other day. He was counsel for a man charged with larceny, and, as the evidence was conclusive, he advised his client to plead guilty.

"You know that you have a bad record and you have practically confessed your guilt," said the lawyer in a soothing manner, "and you will be sentenced to about three years in jail."

This last sentence completely dumfounded the prisoner, but after he had looked about his cell for several minutes he turned to his attorney and in a very serious manner said: "Will you kindly go out and get me a good lawyer?"

As soon as the lawyer recovered from the shock he told the prisoner he would argue the case for him.—Philadelphia Press.

Another Use for Alcohol.

As a competitor in some way of electricity, alcohol is now engaging much attention as an illuminating and industrial agent in Brazil. Its employment is already executed in the interest of the sugar industry of the country, which has fallen into a very precarious condition. An exhibition of apparatus used in the production of alcohol and its application did much to show the public the possibilities of the article, and it is expected that an increased demand for commodities connected with this branch of trade will result.—London Engineer.

Had Lots of News.

"Do you know anything new?" was asked of a farmer by a newspaper man the other day. "No, guess not," was the reply. Then he added, "I just came to town to send a doctor out to my place." "What's wrong there?" was asked. "Well," the farmer replied, "two of the triplets are sick; my oldest boy is down with malaria; my hired man broke his collar bone and my nearest neighbor fell off a load of hay and fractured his right leg. You see we need a doctor pretty badly. Sorry I haven't any news for you." "Wait a minute," said the newspaper man, "I'll go with you. You're full of news."

Looking After German Title.

The Prussian authorities are taking steps to prevent the unlawful use of the prefix "von." The police have been ordered to send in lists of all persons who prefix "von" to their names. These will be carefully gone over by the heralds, and all persons found using this highly-prized addition, but not entitled to do so, will be notified that unless they discontinue its use they will be punished.

Hail, Christmas Time!

All hail, thy coming! In the mighty tide
Of love with which thy advent floods the earth,
How many souls with pain and sorrow chilled,
Once more with hope and sunshine shall be filled!
How many tear-dimmed eyes shall shine with mirth
Where e'er thy gentle spirit may abide!
How many hearts, worn with the world's unrest,
Shall in thy peace and harmony be blest!
Wherever infancy and childhood smile,
Wherever youth breathes,
Where age still revels in the memories
Of faded hopes and vanished fantasies,
Thy all-embracing charm each home enwreathes.
Thy holy joys each fleeting hour beguile.
Then come and cheer all humankind again,
As when thy dawn did first appear to men.

Artists of All Centuries Have Struggled to Portray the Ideal Face of the Son of Man.

In nothing have men more revealed their ideals of what religion should make humanity become than in the paintings of the scenes of the Nativity. What they felt should have been men have tried to express upon canvas, or chisel in stone. What has appealed to the multitude has become known to fame, and the record of man's ideals of Christianity is painted and carved in the Christian art of the centuries.

The artists of long ago saw nothing strange in the legends which gathered around the birth of Christ, but they were intent on producing a record of the principal scenes chronicled in the New Testament, and to this end they worked only to produce representations of the more important events, and often with as little of the artistic sense as some sign painters exhibit now.

Some of the early representations of the Virgin Mary were more like Greek divinities, seated upon thrones with a multitude acknowledging their sway. The influence of Aristotle and the Greek philosophy upon the discussions of theology undoubtedly helped to emphasize this tendency.

The effort to make all the characters carry an air of rapture and devotion overshadowed the thought of them as examples of beautiful and God-inspired humanity in almost every form in which religious art sought expression.

The allegorical school became less dominant with the revival of learning, and most of the Madonnas painted in the present day have strong, sweet human faces, while the infant Jesus is more commonly pictured with a face full of the strength and kindliness that is in some measure to be found in childhood at its best everywhere.

There is a well-known Virgin of Murillo about which there is a curious story. As he was about to leave a monastery where he had been executing an altar piece, the cook, a fervent brother, begged the artist to paint him a little Madonna.

The prayer was such an earnest one that Murillo could not refuse. There was no canvas on hand, so seizing a napkin he painted on it a rough sketch of the Virgin. The features were of such beauty that it was carefully preserved and is to this day known as the "Madonna of the Napkin."

The painting of the Madonna was the life work of the painters of the olden time. In the fourteenth century a painter chose his vocation, not because of his talent or special aptitude for the work, but because of his religious tendencies. A studious boy, one who loved to go to church, one whose mind turned toward serious matters, was the predestined painter of the family.

Only wealthy families could afford to have a painter among their members; and so it happened that the painters of the early days were refined, wealthy, quiet, study-loving gentlemen.

Not a trace of later day Bohemianism afflicted the artists of that time; and as late as the seventeenth century to be an artist of any description was to boast a badge of respectability not afforded by any other profession.

And in front of the pictures of the Madonna the young artists sat and painted. To get to Rome was the aspiration of them all, and from every hamlet and village there came a youth to Rome eager to paint his canvas—his Madonna!

No competitive examination of today, no great stake, could bring together all the artists of the earth as the simple tapestries that hung in the churches of Rome brought together all the artists of Italy. Easels were set up in the churches and in front of the easels the young men sat, eyer gazing upward and—painting.

It is little wonder that, with so much talent spent upon the tranquil face of the Lady of Heaven, she gradually should have been painted in more and more beauty. Little by little the poor artists dropped out, discouraged at their lack of progress, and the better ones remained.

The Flight Into Egypt.

Murillo's Holy Family.

HOPE FOR THE SICK.

MRS. HENRIETTA MARSH.

A VICTIM OF LA GRIPPE.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, 769 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., President Woman's Benevolent Ass'n, writes:

"I suffered with la grippe for seven weeks, and nothing I could do or take helped me until I tried Peruna.

"I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and I kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored, and I am glad that I gave that truly great remedy a trial. I will never be without it again."

In a letter dated August 31, 1904, Mrs. Marsh says: "I have never yet heard the efficacy of Peruna questioned. We still use it. I traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee three years ago, where I found Peruna doing its good work. Much of it is being used here, also."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Ask your Druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1905.

The Small Boy's Question.

The other day a Kirksville small boy went over to a neighbor's house, and, entering the kitchen, said to the woman of the house: "Mrs. Pickens, lemme look in your face a minute." The woman picked him up and asked, "What do you want, Willie?" The boy looked at her a moment and then replied, "Geo. ol' yer eat ugly as the devil, he ain't so bad." The woman has decided that she won't speak to the boy's mother any more.—Kansas City Journal

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

The Best Cure

Don't believe rheumatism can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be taken out of the system. Celery King cures rheumatism. 25c.

Mapl-Flake

is a welcomed change for a tired stomach.

UNITED STATES

READERS FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Importing Canadian wheat is now a fact.

Get a Free Homestead in Western Canada, or buy some of the best wheat lands in the continent, and become a producer.

The average yield of wheat this year will be about twenty bushels to the acre. The oat and barley crop will also yield abundantly. Splendid climate, good schools and churches, excellent marketing facilities.

Apply for information to Superintendents of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—W. H. Rogers, 801 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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BETWEEN
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ST. LOUIS
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AND
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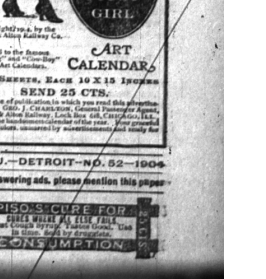
Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock-ballasted roadbed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.



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ART CALENDARS

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES

SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication to which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Loch Box 68, CHICAGO, ILL. and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Size of prints in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 52—1904.

When answering ads. please mention this paper.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25c.
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