

There Is No Opium
Nor anything injurious in

Hale's Honey
Of Horehound and Tar

There is nothing better for coughs, colds and sore throat. All Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops
Cure in One Minute

ADVICE TO THE AGED

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural action, and imparting vigor to the whole system.

A deaf mute in Ohio recently gave a minister a \$250 marriage fee. A wife ought to be worth to a deaf man.

ITCH Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Woolford's Sanitary Lotion for all kinds of contagious Itch. At Druggists. Adv.

Not the Same.

"You used to call you wife 'Kitten.'" "I know, but she has grown since then."—Judge.

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPSIDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Suiting Himself.

The modern small boy is painfully cautious.

"Would you like to come to our bonfire on the 5th of November?" one was asked.

Back came the answer worthy of a cabinet minister: "Well, if I haven't a bonfire of my own and if my father doesn't take me to Belle Vue, and if I'm not asked to a better bonfire, I'll be awfully glad to come."—Manchester Guardian.

Turkish Counting of Time.

Through the center of the mosque of St. Sophia runs the theoretical meridian, which gave the Turks true local time—one hour and fifty-six minutes fifty-two seconds fast on Greenwich—until, two years ago, the new government fell in with the standard system of time zones, and came into the eastern European zone, exactly two hours ahead of Greenwich time. For religious purposes, however, 12 o'clock always happens at sunset, and noon thus wanders with the seasons all round the clock.—Westminster Gazette.

Education and Larger Life.

It seems to me that the woman who cannot cut out a garment better because of her geometry and her drawing lessons, who cannot speak English more distinctly and with fuller vocabulary because of her study of French or German, who cannot find a hundred uses for her chemistry in the little everyday emergencies of her housekeeping, has not succeeded in getting from her studies all that they had to give her.—Home Progress Magazine.

Why He Wept.

At a reception one night, says the Woman's Home Companion, a loud-voiced young man was invited to sing. Desultory applause followed, and he responded with a vociferous rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess was passing among her guests, beaming at the success of her entertainment and sure that everybody was having a good time, when suddenly, to her surprise, she came upon a middle-aged man but slightly known to her, who was weeping silently, but bitterly in a secluded corner. Thinking that his heart had been touched by the old song, she asked sympathetically: "Why do you weep? Are you a Kentuckian?" "No, madam," he replied. "I am a musician."

A Treat Anytime
Crisp, delicately browned
Post Toasties

Ready to serve without further cooking by adding cream or milk.

Often used with fresh or canned fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE TURKEY THAT CAME TOO LATE

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

THEY stood together in the bare grayness of the November forest. "There's snow in the sky," said the man, and smiled down at the girl whose scarlet shawl was as red as her lips. "I want snow," she said, "for Thanksgiving. It seems as if the snow is as much a part of the day as a turkey dinner."

For a moment he hesitated, then he blurted out the truth, "I'm afraid there won't be any turkey, honey." "Oh," she looked up at him quickly, "but you said—you said that you would get one, Jed."

"I know, but there don't seem to be any wild turkeys in these woods; I've hunted and hunted," said her lover, with some dreariness. "It seems as if you couldn't have hunted very hard." She drew away from him, "Think how disappointed the children will be—Jed."

"I know. But if there ain't any turkeys, there ain't any—"

"But you promised."

"Yes, I said I'd get one if there was one to be got, but they don't grow on trees, you know."

But she did not smile. "Sometimes I think," she said, wearily, "that you are just like dad. All my life he has promised and promised that he'd do things, and he ain't ever done them. And when I promised to marry you, I thought that I'd found a man that was different, and I loved you because you were strong, and because you weren't lazy like dad—but sometimes lately—"

His lips were set in a straight line. "Well, what have you thought lately?" he demanded.

"That—that as you grew older you'd be like the rest of the men of

the mountain. You'd just let things slide and not care—"

"And all this because you won't have turkey for Thanksgiving," he flung out.

Her eyes met his squarely. "You know it isn't that," she said. "You know it's because I want you to show that you are different from the others before I marry you, Jed."

Her hand was on his arm, mutely asking his forgiveness for her criticism. But he jerked himself away.

"Before I'd make such a fuss about a turkey," he said, and was gone.

That afternoon he tramped the woods in futile search. He raged at her arraignment of his manhood. In the depths of his soul, however, he knew that she was right. He had led the days before Thanksgiving pass without worrying himself mightily about the turkey, and now, at the last moment, he would have to disappoint her.

And all her life little Mandy had met disappointment. Motherless, and with four small sisters, she had lived on the mountain, the household drudge for her shiftless father. When he had won her love Jed had, for the time, been inspired with a greater industry than that of the men about him. But gradually he had dropped back, and he knew, and Mandy knew, that before them both stretched the dull dreariness that was the common lot of the mountaineer of that section.

"You could get out of it if you would," Mandy had said. And when Jed had questioned her helplessly "How?" she had flung out, "Oh, if you were a man you would find a way," and that had been the first quarrel.

Since that, there had been many little quarrels, and Jed knew that Mandy was chafing under the thought of his incompetency. And she was right. By all the vigor of young manhood that was in him, he knew that he should be doing a man's work

somewhere, not stagnating among the hills.

He thought of it all as he tramped after the turkey. It seemed to him suddenly that his quest took on a sacred significance. He had promised Mandy a turkey. He must keep his promise or be less a man.

The blackness of the November night settled over the forest. As he came out upon a craggy turn of the path he could see, far up, the light in Mandy's cottage window. He knew that she was making her simple preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner. Without the turkey there would be only the usual fried meat and corn-bread, with perhaps a little festivity added in the way of a simple pudding with raisins in it. Jed had bought the raisins at the store in the city many miles away, on one of the rare and tedious trips when he laid in his stores for the winter.

With the thought of the city came a vision of the shops as he had seen them then. Men did not hunt for turkeys there—they bought them from the butcher, above whose stalls the big birds hung in plump rows.

He laughed a little as he thought of a vision of the shops as he had seen them then. Men did not hunt for turkeys there—they bought them from the butcher, above whose stalls the big birds hung in plump rows.

All that night the snow fell. By morning the road were almost impassable. Mandy, high up in the little cabin, looked out with anxious eyes. Suppose Jed had hunted all night, and had been lost in the forest? Such things had happened even to experienced woodsmen, when they were overcome by cold. She prepared a simple dinner, bearing patiently the complaints of her father and of the disappointed children.

"Jed ain't no good," said the old man as he stuck his fork into the fried meat. "I thought he said he'd bring a turkey."

"He did say so," Mandy responded, "but they ain't any wild turkeys left in the woods."

"They's plenty of turkeys for them as hunts them," sneered the old man. "Jed ain't no good."

"He's better than the rest of you," Mandy flared, and then apologized penitently. "I didn't mean to be hateful, father."

But the children's disappointment was harder to bear.

"I don't want to be thankful," little Annabel wailed, when Mandy tried to talk of the reason of the feast. "I want some turkey—and I want it before I can be thankful a bit."

Mandy felt, however, that if she only knew that Jed was safe she could raise her heart in thanksgiving. Nothing else mattered now. A neighbor had struggled through the snow to say that it was the worst storm in years, and that nothing had been seen of Jed since the night before.

Daylight died, and night darkened, and Mandy set a candle in the window. She knew that Jed would come straight to her if he came back alive. Indeed, she felt that even if he were dead his spirit might return to her over the snow.

The figure that staggered suddenly out of the darkness into the circle of light made by the candle might have been a ghost, so white was it with the flakes of the falling snow, so noiseless the footsteps on the covered ground.

"Jed!" Mandy shrieked, and ran to meet him.

He was worn out with the journey, and fell on his knees before the fire, but in his arms was a bundle which he held out to Mandy. "I—I brought your turkey, dear," he whispered, and fell over in a dead faint.

And when he waked, Mandy was bending over him. "Oh, Jed," she said, "and that ain't all I got in the city, sweetheart."

It was not until the next day when Mandy served the turkey all brown and crackling that he told the good news. "He had been promised a place in the butcher shop where they sold the turkeys, and Mandy and he would be married, and with dad and the children they would move to the house lower down on the mountain side. "I am going to keep a horse," Jed said, "and I can drive home every night, and some day I am going to have a business of my own, Mandy."

Mandy's eyes shone. "I always felt that you were different, Jed," she whispered with her cheek against the roughness of his coat, "and—and now I know it!"

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ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.



COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports

Bradstreet's says:

"Activity is unabated. Practically all avenues of trade are busy, and the post-election period has apparently witnessed an increased rather than a decreased volume of business."

"Secondary distributors report the receipt of large mail orders, while at some markets buyers in person have operated quite freely."

"Buying for next spring is expanding; industrial operations are as active as heretofore; railway tonnage is of large proportions; goods are not over plentiful anywhere; collections are improving; old debts are being liquidated; retail trade is enlarging; holiday business is growing; the railways continue to buy material in volume, and, except in a few lines of textiles, where tariff talk is in evidence, optimism is as notable as ever."

"Business failures in the United States for the week were 260, against 209 last week, 238 in the like week of 1911, 248 in 1910, 232 in 1909 and 273 in 1908."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot steady; No. 2 red, 108 elevator and 109 1/2 f o b, 107; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 97 1/2 f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot easy; export, 55c f o b, afloat.

Oats—Spot easy; standard white, 37 1/2; No. 3, 37 1/2; No. 4, 36 1/2; natural white, 36@38; white clipped, 37 1/2@40.

Butter—Firm; creamery extras, 34 1/2; firsts, 31 1/2@33 1/2; seconds, 28@30 1/2; thirds, 26@27 1/2; held extras, 32@32 1/2; do, seconds, 28@29 1/2; state dairies finest, 32@32 1/2; factory current make firsts, 24 1/2; seconds, 23 1/2@24.

Eggs—Refrigerator special marks fancy, 22 1/2@24; firsts, 22@23; seconds, 20 1/2@21 1/2.

Live Poultry—Weak; Western chickens, 12@13; fowls, 12@13; turkeys, 18. Dressed poultry dull; fresh killed Western chickens, 12@18; fowls, 13 1/2@16 1/2; turkeys, 16@24.

Potatoes—Steady; Southern sweets, 17 1/2@22.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat—Weak and 1/2c lower. No. 2 red winter in export elevators, 95 1/2@97c.

Butter—Firm; creamery, 1/2c higher. Western creamery, extra, 34 1/2; near-by prints, extras, 35@36; fancy, 37.

Potatoes—Firm; Pennsylvania higher. Pennsylvania, choice, bu, 70@75c.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red Western, 103 1/2; No. 2 red, 100 1/2; No. 3 red, 98 1/2; steamer No. 2 red, 95 1/2.

Corn—Spot, 62 nominal; year, 52 1/2; January, 52.

Oats—White—No. 2, 38 1/2@39c; standard, 37 1/2@37 1/2; No. 3, 35 1/2@36 1/2; No. 4, 34@34 1/2.

Rye—Western, domestic, No. 2, 79@80c; No. 3, 75@76; No. 4, 73; near-by, No. 2, car lots, 75@76; bag lots, as to quality, 65@75.

Hay—Timothy—No. 1, \$20.50@21; standard, \$19.50@20; No. 2, \$18.50@19; No. 3, \$17@17. Clover Mixed—Light, \$17@17.50; No. 1, \$16@16.50; No. 2, \$14@15; heavy, \$14@15. Clover—No. 1, \$13.50@14; No. 2, \$10@12.

Straw—Rye straw—No. 1 straight, \$18.50; No. 2, \$16@16.50; No. 1 tangled, \$11; No. 2, do, \$9@10. Wheat straw—No. 1, \$8; No. 2, \$6.50@7. oat straw—No. 1, \$9@10; No. 2, \$8@8.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 33 1/2@34; creamery, choice, 32@33; creamery, good, 29@31; creamery, prints, 37@38; creamery, blocks, 32@34; ladies, 21@23; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 21@22.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 19 1/2@20c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 34c; Western firsts, 24; West Virginia firsts, 33@34; Southern firsts, 32@33. Re-created and rehandled eggs 1/2 to 1c higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 14c; do, old hens, small to medium, 12@13; old roosters, 9; do, young, large, 15; do, young, small, 15. Ducks—White Pekings, 13@14; Muscovy, 12@13; do, muddle, 12@13. Geese—Nearby, 12@13; do, Western and Southern, 11@12. Turkeys—Young, choice, 8 lbs and over, 16@17; do, old toms, 15. Pigeons—Young per pr, 20c; do, old, 20. Guinea Fowl—Old, each, 25c; do, young, 14 lbs and over, 45; do, young, smaller, 30.

Live Stock

CHICAGO.—Cattle—Beeves, \$5.35@11; Texas steers, \$4.30@5.60; Western steers, \$5.50@9; stockers and feeders, \$4.10@7.15; cows and heifers, \$2.75@7.40; calves, \$6.50@10.60.

Hogs—Light, \$7.35@8; mixed, \$7.50@8.12 1/2; heavy, \$7.40@8.10; rough, \$7.40@7.60; pigs, \$5@7; bulk of sales, \$7.75@8.

Sheep—Native, \$3.35@4.65; Western, \$3.65@4.60; yearlings, \$4.80@6; lambs, native, \$5.50@7.50; Western, \$5.75@7.40.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Cattle—Dressed beef and export steers, \$7.85@10.75; fair to good, \$6.50@7.75; Southern steers, \$4.25@6.50; Southern cows, \$2.50@5.25; bulls, \$4.50@5.75; calves, \$5.50@10.

Hogs—Bulk of sales, \$7.60@7.80; heavy, \$7.75@7.87 1/2; packers and butchers, \$7.65@7.85; light, \$7.50@7.72 1/2; pigs, \$6.50@8.75.



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Every member of your family will appreciate the many handsome, useful presents you can get free with the coupons now packed in

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Duke's Mixture

Duke's Mixture is one of the big favorite brands for both pipe and cigarettes. Men everywhere prefer it because of its true natural tobacco taste. Duke's Mixture is simply the choice leaves of fine Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf—thoroughly aged, stemmed and crumbled. It's impossible to get a purer smoke or a more likeable one than this mild, rich, fragrant Liggett & Myers, Duke's Mixture.

One and a half ounces of this choice granulated tobacco cost only 5c—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

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Coupons from DUKE'S MIXTURE may be secured with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST and coupons from FOUR ROSES (10-15c daily), GLEN, PECK, PLUG CUT, FIDELITY CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags and coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.



She—And why are you afraid to ask papa?

He—Well, I've asked him for three of your sisters already.

Usual Kind of Office Seekers

"Well, how's every little thing, now that election is over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"'Bout as they are every place else. I reckon," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the Turgidtown tavern.

"The banker, the storekeepers, and lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the blacksmith, and all the rest of the business men who have always 'peared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triffin', one-gallused incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to get and manage the post office for the rest of us!"

Society.

Mrs Wayupp—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.

Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he?

Mrs Wayupp—He has gone out in-cog to pay a bill.—Puck

Chance.

"I always embrace an opportunity."

"But, then, you must be careful you are not hugging a delusion."

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Ominous.

"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people easily?"

"Not if they can run faster than he can."

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Gimenez, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Removed.

Crawford—I hear he was operated on. What did he have?

Crabshaw—Money.—New York Times.

Overheard in a Laundry.

"He must gotta raise, Bella. Here's two shirts in the wash the same week"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

A girl of ten hates to be kissed almost as much as a girl of twenty doesn't.

The first time a young man is in love he honestly believes he means what he says.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 40c.

A man sometimes sees things from a different point of view after his wife makes up her mind.

Dropper cured. Swelling quickly reduced. Shortness of breath relieved in a few hours. Sample treatment free. OLIVER BERRY CO., ALBANY, N. Y. Adv.

A man can have short legs and still carry his head high.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder
BECAUSE THEY ARE RICHEST IN CURATIVE QUALITIES
CONTAIN NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS
ARE SAFE, SURE, AND SAVE YOU MONEY

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