

The total missionary gifts of Christendom for 1893 are estimated at \$14,713,627.

The Burden Bearer.
There is a big insulated wire in telegraph which transmits the bulk of daily intelligence; there is a big insulated nerve in the human system which can bear the burden of more pain than all the rest of the nerves combined, and is known as the sciatic nerve. Sometimes the wire is out to cut off its current; sometimes the surgeon's knife is used to cut the nerve to relieve excruciating pain. But there is one thing which avoids this radical treatment; one cure which penetrates to the pain-spot, and sciatica has been cured almost without fail by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It reaches misery's seat and dethrones it. Thus attacked and routed in his hidden ambulance, pain seldom returns to annoy. The great remedy does its work well.

America is a great field for diamond dealers.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

In Corinth, about the time of Christ twenty figs brought two cents.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE DOLLAR PER DOZENS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1893.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was troubled with that tired and all gone feeling, had no appetite, had a cough and asthmatic symptoms. I have been troubled thus some thirteen years and had to

Give Up All Work three years ago. Last spring I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better from the first. My appetite returned.

Mr. Frank Charon and my cough left me. I have used half a dozen bottles and am a well man. I should have written this statement before but wanted to wait until after cold weather had settled with us and see if any symptoms of my trouble returned. But not so, for I am now in the best of health. I am 64 years of age, and doing a full day's work at blacksmithing. Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla cured my complaint and gave me renewed health." FRANK CHARON, Clermont, N. H. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

HIGHEST AWARD!

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being

The Savior for

Invalids

of The-Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the

GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and

CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers,

And a reliable remedial agent

in all gastric and enteric diseases;

often in instances of consultation over

patients whose digestive organs were

reduced to such a low and sensitive condition

that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was

the only nourishment the stomach

would tolerate when LIFE seemed

depending on its retention;—

And as a FOOD it would be difficult to

conceive of anything more palatable.

Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot,

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Your Poor

Tired

Husband.

He has worked hard

all week.

Let him sleep late

Sunday morning,

then treat him to a

breakfast of

Hecker's

Buckwheat

Cakes.

NY 3 U-47

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,

Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

1776-1864 last war, 18 additional claims, 475 cases.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving! Of yore,

In the youth of the Nation,

When the harvest had yielded its store

There was feast and oblation.

Or when danger had lifted his hand,

From the lips of the living

There rang through the length of the land

A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Our home was a wilderness then

With the floods to enfold it,

To-day with its millions of men,

We rejoice to behold it.

From the sea to surge of the sea,

We have all for a treasure

We are trest in the promised To-be

In a manifold measure.

War flaunts not a red pennon now,

For the olive is regal.

Like birds that are twin, on one bough

Sit the dove and the eagle.

The clash of the conflict that cleft

We in sorrow remember,

But the fire of the great fuel has left

In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil

For what'er we have fought for

Whether born of the brain or the soil

Be the need we have sought for

For the gifts we have had from His hand

Who is Lord of all living,

Let there ring through the length of the

land!

A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Clinton Scollard.

BRAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY W. BERT FOSTER

ELL, as long as

you won't go with

us, I s'pose you'll

look after things,"

said Farmer Brand

halting beside the

woodpile where his

eldest son was

at work.

Farmer Brand

was a man of sixty

and much broken

in health, as his stooping shoulders

and attenuated frame showed. John

Brand was a young giant of twenty-

eight, handsome, with a certain savage

kind of beauty, for his straight

black hair, heavy brows and piercing

eyes made him look more like an

Indian than a white man. There was

a savage scowl on his face this morn-

ing, too, as he swung his axe, sending

its keen blade deep into the wood at

every blow.

"I wish ye would go with us, John,"

said his father, after hesitating a mo-

ment, gently laying his hand on his

son's shoulder. "Brother Eben will

be right glad to see ye, an' ye know

we never get over there 'cepting at

Thanksgiving."

"I hate holidays," growled John,

throwing off his father's hand roughly

and continuing his attack on the

wood.

Mr. Brand walked slowly away and

climbed into the two-seated

wagon beside his wife and little Billy.

His appearance contrasted greatly

with that of his wife. She was not

more than thirty-five and was plump

and good looking. The little boy,

nearly five years old, sat between

them.

"Here are the reins, father, she

said, and smiled up at him, brightly.

She knew that he was greatly disap-

pointed by John's refusal, although

she was rather glad herself to get

away for one day from the surly

fellow.

The back seat of the wagon was

filled with extra wraps and hampers

of pies and cakes to "piece out" at

seemed, in fact, to have made him

dumb. He only looked his scorn,

anger and contempt, and from that

day was a changed being.

His sociability and wit had enliven-

ed almost every gathering of young

people in the region since his arrival

at manhood. These gatherings knew

him no more. He refused every invita-

tion, retired within himself and

brooded over the wrong which he

fancied had been done his mother's

memory and himself.

He would not even attend his father's

wedding and when Mr. Brand

brought his bride home all traces of

his former wife—those little things

which had become as familiar to him

as the old house itself—had disap-

peared. Her picture which had been

taken in her bridal dress and had hung

over the high mantel in the parlor,

her work table, the "cricket," on

which her feet had rested during the

long evenings when she sat and sewed

or mended—all were gone and nothing

but a heap of ashes and charred wood

in the great open fireplace was left.

Mr. Brand had never taken John to

task for this. He felt somehow as

though he had no right to complain.

The things had been more John's than

his, for John was the one who had re-

mained entirely faithful to the dead.

At first this new wife tried her best

to gain John's favor; but the young

man repelled all her advances and

never spoke to her unless he was ab-

solutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to

no one unless forced to. He even

carried his clothing to an old lady in

the neighborhood to be mended,

rather than have Mrs. Brand touch his

garments.

seene of John's labors and watched the

chips fly from the sticks with delight.

They seemed to fly all the faster the

longer he watched them; but John

paid no attention to his childish prattle

and his dark, scowling face soon drove

him away.

It was quite a fortnight after

Thanksgiving Day. The weather had

been threatening for several days and

the wisecracks declared a heavy storm

brewing. John loaded up the wood-

team during the forenoon with stove

wood for the old lady who did his

mending and washing. This was how

he partly paid her for the work. As

he climbed aboard and gathered up

the reins Billy came round the corner

of the house.

"Can I go to ride with you, please?"

he asked, doubtfully. "I want to go

to Mrs. Peckham's."

"Not on top of this load. You

weigh so much that the horse couldn't

draw it," growled John sarcastically.

But Billy took the reply in perfect

good faith.

"Can I ride back when the team's

empty?" he asked.

John growled something which

might have meant yes, or nothing,

and drove out of the yard. Billy

started bravely in the rear, although

it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peck-

ham's. It was terribly cold and John

turned up the collar of his rough coat

and chirruped to the horses. The

wheels creaked most musically over

the hard snow and the little figure

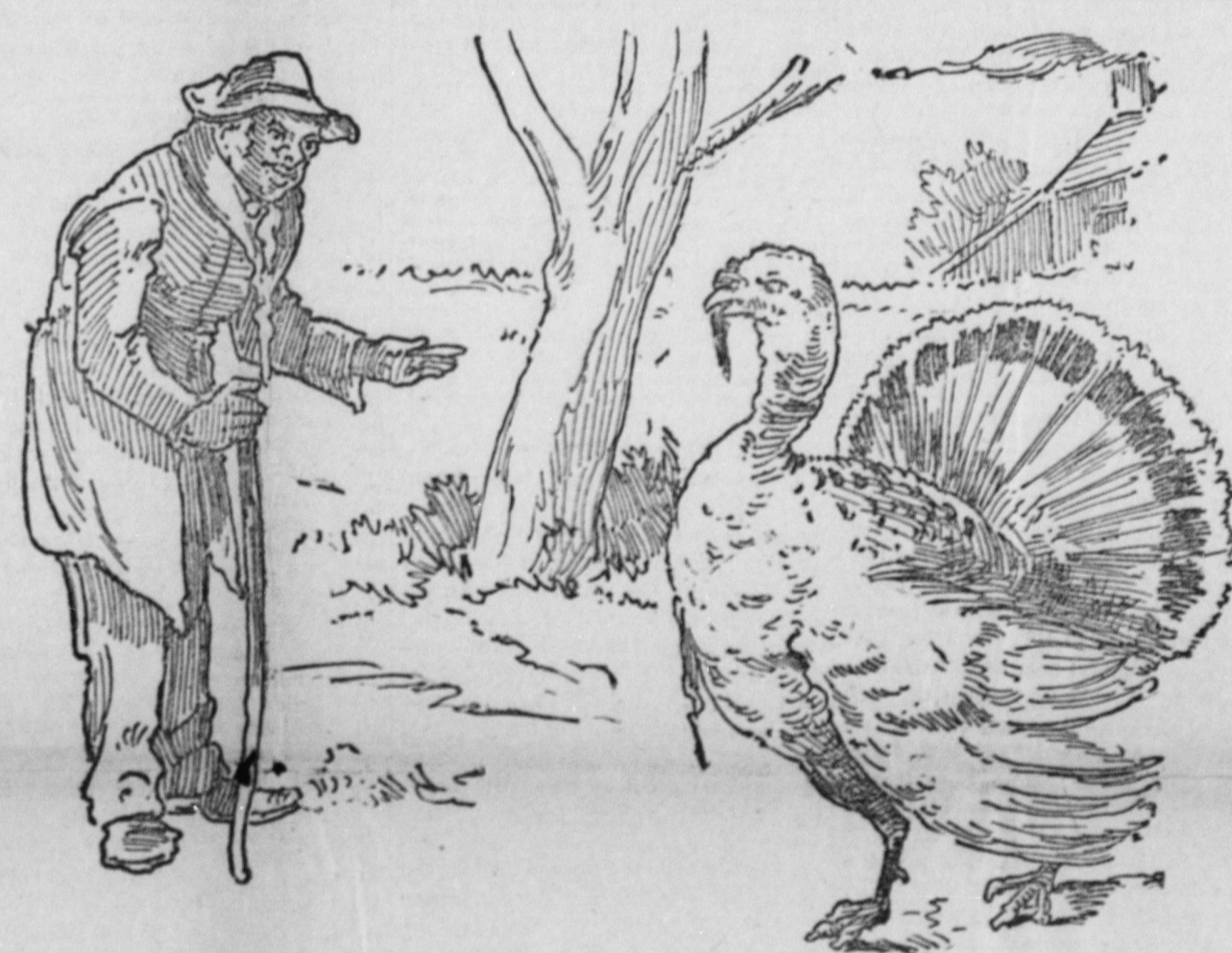
trudged sturdily along in the rear.

Billy's short legs could not keep pace

with the strides of the farmhorses and

he gradually fell behind. John looked

back at him with a scowl and started



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The young wife did all she could to

win his love, but to no avail, and be-

fore a year of her married life had

passed she had something else to think

of. A little baby came to the Brand

house that John foresaw would eventu-

ally fill his place and possess his

rights. John had passively endured

the coming of the wife; he hated the

baby with an almost murderous

hated.

He hoped that it would die, but

little Billy grew up a strong, healthy

boy, never having seen an ill day in

his short life. He was the child of

Farmer Brand's old age and before he

was two years old completely owned

the entire house and its contents—

except John Brand. No amount of

coaxing baby ways won his heart.

John simply hated him the more for

being so pretty and sweet-tempered.

He would not even touch the child.

All the bitterness he had cherished

for these six long years filled his heart

on this Thanksgiving morning as he