

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS RUIN SKIN

SKIN DISFIGURED FOR LIFE.

Make Your Skin Clear, Smooth and Free From Impurities As Soon As Possible, Because If You Allow Eruptions To Continue Your Face May Become Diseased and Disfigured For Life.

Send For Free Sample Package To-day.

The continued eruptions of the impurities of the blood through the skin of the face and other parts of the body in the form of pimples, blackheads, boils, fleshworms, eczema, blotches, bleached, scabby crusts, scrofula, salt rheum, simple and chronic acne, poisoned skin, red skin or rash or spots, ulcers, carbuncles, etc., if allowed to continue indefinitely, will eventually destroy the skin so as to permanently disfigure your face and body. The glands in the skin, containing fluids and fatty secretions necessary for the nourishment of the skin, are often destroyed by continued eruptions, thus causing fissures, cracks and scars, and leaving the skin in a dried and shrunken condition.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have made a sure and rapid cure for all skin diseases possible. They do not contain any poison, mercury, drug, opiate or cheap alcohol so common in most skin and blood treatments. Calcium Wafers contain in concentrated form the most effective working power of any purifier ever discovered—Calcium Sulphide. They also contain golden seal, quassa, euclalyptus, belladonna, and the vegetable alternatives and laxatives, all of which are essential to make rich, red, healthy blood.

Calcium Wafers are in dry, compressed form—little tablets—easy to carry around and they cannot lose their medicinal power by evaporation as so many liquid medicines do. They are coated with chocolate, are easy and pleasant to take, will cure any form of skin or blood disease and will leave your skin in a perfectly smooth and healthy condition.

Why should you go around any longer with a disgusting looking face and have strangers stare at you and your friends avoid you, when you might just as well have a nice, smooth, attractive face. Stuart's Calcium Wafers have in many cases cured boils and pimples in five days. Ask your druggist for Stuart's Calcium Wafers to-day. They cost only 50 cents a box.

Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you a sample package of Calcium Wafers free. Address the postal to F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

YOU EXERCISE YOUR OWN MIND WHEN YOU ASK FOR AN ADVERTISED ARTICLE

Therefore, insist on getting what you ask for when making a purchase.

The dealer who substitutes relies on his ability to make you change your mind. He will give you what you ask for if you refuse a substitute. Substitute articles pay him a larger profit. That's why he tries to change your mind. When your mind is made up, keep it so by insisting on getting what you want.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

A Weather Philosopher.

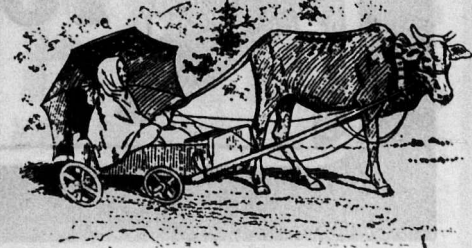
The flowers are sorter wiltin', like they missed the fresh'nin' dew; But—thar's wisdom in all weathers, an' jes any kind 'll do! Though the winter blights the blossoms, in a dream a feller sees The lilies leanin' over with the weight o' honey-bees!

We sorter miss the mookin'-birds that made the woodlan's ring; But—ain't the wind a-whistlin'—don't the winter fires sing? Don't the mistletoe look temptin', when it's Love a feller seeks? Ain't the holly berries redder than yer sweetheart's rosy cheeks?

Oh, thar's life an' love amazin' in this worl' fer one an' all; Warm yer souls up in the sunshine—ketch the blossoms as they fall! From the gray, frost-sprinkled meadows feel yer way to skies o' blue! Thar's wisdom in all weathers, an' jes any kind 'll do!

A Calcutta Beggar.

One of the most picturesque characters in Calcutta is the typical city beggar when he is pursuing his daily vocation. He narrowly escapes being a "beggar on horseback," and doubtless would be one in reality were it not for the fact that his low, primitive cart



drawn by a steer is much more comfortable than the back of a horse. Since 1773, when Calcutta became the seat of British government for the whole of India, the city has been favored with an almost unbroken record of progress and prosperity in which the beggars of the place have shared.

Eight Millions for Toys.

The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of 5 to 12-year old children. The children of no other country on the globe have anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toy-making and toy-giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain.

The Christmas Pie.

To the Yule-log, with the legends that cluster about it, the Christmas tree, and the Twelfth Night cake, which have for centuries lent their merriment to the Christmas festival, may be added the "strictly up-to-date" Christmas pie. This dainty dessert is inexpensive, and may be served in the parlor or in the dining-room. A suitable time is the afternoon of Christmas Day, when friends are gathered together in a social way, or immediately after the usual Christmas dinner. Line a large dishpan with soft shaded brown paper. Within this "crust" put any number of small gifts that may cost from 3 to 25 cents each. Automatic toys such as mice, flies, toads or turtles may be used for the filling of the pie. Something that is entirely appropriate, peculiarly significant, or very absurd, should be chosen for each guest. For instance, a pair of miniature dancing shoes for the minister; a butcher knife for the young surgeon; a toy sword for the soldier boy, etc. Each article is tied with a dainty bit of ribbon to which is attached a card bearing the name of the one for whom it is intended. When the pan has been filled with the little gifts the cover, or "top crust," is then cut round and tied down securely over all, and the rim decorated with holly leaves and berries.

The one who serves should be quick-witted and jovial, so as to make as much of the office of serving as possible. Before serving cut the pie through the paper crust in the usual way with a knife, or perhaps better, with a pair of scissors. Lay the sections back from the centre and take out the articles one by one, from the opening made. The decorations of the pie are thus preserved throughout the ceremony of serving.

Etiquette of the Indian Teepee.

"If you should ever go into an Indian teepee," said a westerner, "remember they have rules of etiquette that are more rigidly adhered to than in our parlors."

"Do not think they are not sensitive for they are more so than the Japs. If you make fun of his layout the whole family will remember the insult for a lifetime. The seat of honor is just opposite the door, across the fire pit. Wait until you are invited before you take that seat. If you go bolting into an Indian's teepee and rush over and take this vacant seat he may not take you by the nape of the neck and throw you out, but he would like to if he thought it could be done without cutting off his rations."

"In leaving the teepee never pass between any one and the fire. An old chivalric warrior will crawl around the side of the tent and kick a hole in the wall on the north side in a blizzard before he would violate this rule of etiquette and pass between his guests and the smoking embers."

The Economy of the Bee.

At one time the bees were male and female in equal numbers. The irresponsible male buzzed about, simply getting his own living, marrying and dying. The responsible female not only got her own living, but that of her children.

Somewhat, by and by, they came to see the advantage of communal effort, and, just as women say to one another, now, "if you'll wash the dishes I'll wipe 'em," one feminine bee said to the other, "I'll be the mother if you'll get the living." It was a bargain, and the accommodating females took drones in to board.

The queen of a beehive does not rule; she lays eggs. She does not mind the babies. She does not even do her own digesting, let alone getting the food. The attendants that surround her feed her with bee milk, secreted by glands in their heads. She has to be fed continually, for at certain periods she has the power of producing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day, twice her own weight—four times, indeed, for more than half her weight is eggs. In her lifetime a prolific queen will lay 1,500,000 eggs. No man has ever been able to figure the loss which comes by not being able to have bees enough to gather the nectar of flowers in his immediate vicinity.

The Cheer of Letters.

We should not allow our everyday cares to so completely occupy us as to lead us to forget or neglect to write frequent letters to those who are away from home. Those who are "in a far country" are immeasurably cheered and strengthened by letters from home friends and cherish them with love and longing. Send them a message from your heart today.

"The Other Fellow."

Most men think that the "other fellow" has a better job than they themselves have. Very likely, when two men meet, the thought is often mutual, as men generally exaggerate one another's prosperity, and while a man may have a difficult time to make both ends meet, other people may be carried away by his outward appearance when they ought to be congratulating themselves that they are not in his position. There is a wholesome lesson in this. Don't judge too much by appearances and "style." Don't envy other people. "Hold up your own end." You stand in your own shoes, and more than likely if you got into the other man's, you would find them anything but well fitting and comfortable.

Satisfactory Conference.

Hearing voices inside the room, the wife of the eminent financier paused at the door of his office and heard this conversation:

"Yes, we have several hundred thousand dollars over and above any possible amount we shall need this year for taking up matured endowment policies or paying death claims, which we should like to invest in good securities."

"You have full power to invest this fund?"

"Absolutely."

"H'm! I'm glad to meet you, indeed. It happens most opportunely that our firm is about to organize a syndicate for the exploitation of certain suburban properties. The security is gilt edged, and the profits are sure to be large. We can use a considerable amount of money in financing this enterprise."

"Do you consider it personally, a desirable investment?"

"I consider it away up in G. It's the best thing now on the market."

"Well, I'll see you again tomorrow, and we will arrange for the deal."

Here the conversation ceased.

The wife of the eminent financier waited a moment longer, then knocked lightly on the door, and went in.

"Why, Jasper," she said, surprised at finding him alone, "I thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"Quite likely, my dear," he answered, with a large and genial smile. "I was talking to myself."

Unequal to It.

"I have here," said the man with the square jaw, "the positive proof, backed up by expert analysis, ample details, and a score of affidavits, that the Bonanza Gas company, which furnishes this town with alleged gas and charges us a dollar and a half a thousand feet for it, makes a clear profit of over a dollar on every thousand, and mixes 40 per cent. of air with the gas, at that. I want this published in the interests of a plundered people and for the purpose of showing up a heartless, conscienceless, greedy corporation."

"Why—h'm—I am sorry to say," responded the editor of the Sokauld Independent, "that we shall not have room for it. It would require at least a column, and—aw—we haven't the column."

"I see," said the caller, rising and putting the documents back in his pocket. "see. You haven't the spinal column. Good day, sir."

A Weakness Only.

Sin is the only evidence of weakness—weakness of character. If we would turn men from the error of their ways we must supplement our efforts to shield them from temptation by helping them to gain strength to resist it.

Her Prophetic Soul.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was showing the manuscript of her immortal story to one of her most intimate friends. "Don't publish it," pleaded the friend. "It will rouse a slumbering volcano. Its effect will be to plunge the country into the most terrible war in history!" "I think not," she answered. "The war is bound to come, anyhow. Nothing I can do will either hasten it or hinder it. But think,"—here her voice faltered—"of the never-ending Uncle Tom's Cabin troupes it will inflict upon the coming generations!"

Yet she suffered her scruples to be overcome by other and less disinterested advisers—and behold the result!

A Peak of Snowy Beauty.

While there are among the Rocky Mountains scores of peaks whose cloud-capped summits rise to a height of from ten to fourteen thousand feet, many of these are disappointing in appearance from the fact that they rise from tablelands in themselves of great altitude, and are surrounded by numerous lesser peaks, which have a tendency to dwarf their loftier neighbor. Not so, however, with Mt. Shasta, one of the giants of the California coast. Shasta is a mountain of peculiarly imposing appearance, because its great bulk rises in one vast mass from a broad, treeless plain, and there is nothing to rob the monarch of the majesty that is rightfully his.

From Sisson's, the nearest settlement, Mt. Shasta shows a sugar-loaf cone of purest white, as though chiseled from Carrara marble, and this snowy purity is intensified by the vast expanse of somber forest that forms the foreground of the picture. Two thousand feet below the rounded summit of the cone lies the crater, with its rougher, more irregular outline, for Mt. Shasta is a volcano, whose fires seemingly are quenched forever, save that a steam vent on the cone gives evidence of hidden life and activity.

Magnificent forests of oaks, pines and redwoods cover the slopes of the mountain, but from timber line to the summit of the cone, four thousand feet higher, stretches a dreary region of rough lava flows and ash fields, where prostrate fir trees bridge many a chasm between the jagged, angular blocks of lava. In this region there is little of the animal life to be found on most Alpine summits, and little vegetation save grasses and lichens and a few stunted trees.

In keeping with the wild and desolate appearance of this part of the mountain lying above timber line is the interior of the crater, where Nature's Titanic forces have evidently carried on a fierce struggle. Sharp, jagged pinnacles of rock form the edge of the crater, and down the inner slopes extend unbroken fields of snow, a thousand feet in extent, to where two frozen lakes lie like sheets of glass at the bottom.

Both fire and ice have contended for the mastery of Mt. Shasta, and there may still be seen short glaciers which have been splintered into innumerable crevices by the roughness of the rocky bed over which they make their slow way down the mountain side.

Though in themselves the cone and crater of Mt. Shasta offer to the eye a prospect of dreariness and desolation, instead of one of beauty, they afford a vantage ground from which it is possible to take in a panorama of wonderful loveliness, in which are included

sparkling lakes and rich colors lifting their blue of the distance with the low-lying glow of the picture to distant distance purple tint of the lower tinge of the cone. The savage face and in the like a huge veil is drawn outline looms

The

Rossetti, th visited by an to him:

"I wish to paint a portrait of you," said Rossetti.

"No, my friend," he answered.

"Have you or any portrait?"

"We have none."

"How can I then?" asked Rossetti.

"I could anything so I—"

"Why is it prince gravel of Julius (John the Baptist) never seen at not paint my

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