

The Three Great Channels.

Every human being—man, woman and child, hero and convict, neurasthenic and deep sea fisherman, athlete and invalid—needs the blessing of God through three, and only three, great channels—responsibility, recreation and affection; work, play and love. With these any life is happy in spite of the bitterest failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself you try to give him responsibility, recreation and affection. If you want to put courage and aspiration into the gelatinous character of a street walker or the flickering mentality of a hysterical you labor to furnish just the same trio—work, recreation and affection. In every case the healing power which you want to give is real life, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us and the same all suffering bounty in the supply if we can get and keep in touch with it—Atlantic.

Mice For Whooping Cough.

A fairly alarming relic of medieval nostrums came to my notice recently. A mother was discussing with her housekeeper the probability of her children taking whooping cough, which was then prevalent in the community. The housekeeper, a most dependable, valuable helper, of more than average good sense and judgment, said: "Mrs. Black, if you'll let me I can keep your children from having whooping cough. I've kept lots of children from having it, but I wouldn't do it without telling you first."

"Well, Martha, what is it?" "You catch a live mouse and kill and dress it and stuff it and bake it and feed it to the children. It isn't bad to take, and of course they don't know what it is. That would spoil the charm."

To my friend's exclamation of horror she replied with conviction, "I've given it to lots of children, and never one of them had whooping cough."—Mary Newell Youtz in Designer.

When Wagner Died.

"Nearly all the visitors to Venice," says a letter from that city, "go to the Vendramin palace to see the place where Wagner lived nearly a year and where he died in February, 1883. We who were here on that glorious spring day when they bore the master away, who remember the long line of mourning barges, wish that the palace could have among other mementos a picture of that occasion. The great state barge contained Anton Seidl's orchestra, and after it came barges with singers, nobles, great men and women, all in deepest mourning. This is the scene which some artist should fix on canvas. But, alas, he who saw it could never know what it represented unless he had been here at the time. The music, under Seidl and Neumann, and its effect on the mourning throng no brush could portray."

Thoughtful Girl.

The young man was calling on the girl. He didn't know her very well, but she looked good to him. He wanted to call again the next night, but hardly had the nerve to ask permission to do so. "I'd like to come up again," he said when he was ready to go home. "How about next week, some time?" A look of disappointment came over her face. "Next week?" she said. "Why, isn't that—er—well, I'll tell you what to do; you come up tomorrow night and we'll decide which night next week you may call."—Detroit Times.

The Soul of the House.

There are big houses and small, handsome and plain, dear and cheap, but every house is like a suit of clothes in that it makes such a lot of difference who is walking around in it.—Life. True enough. If she's there, it seems like home; if she isn't, it doesn't. No amount of elegance of edifice or furnishings can compensate for her absence. She is the indispensable factor to any home life worthy of the name.—Troy Press.

Look About You.

It is wonderful how much one can learn by cultivating the habit of observation. As you walk in the street or ride in the car you pick up a surprising amount of information. Our fellow beings are intensely interesting, and they are constantly teaching us something or other. Do not let your knowledge stagnate. Put it to some practical use.

No One to Do It.

"You say you have three small children. Can't you find work?" "The man with the three days' beard and the ragged trousers wiped away a tear. "Alas, mum," he said, "it wouldn't be any good. They ain't old enough to work yet."

Raving.

"John, the cook has been drinking again." "Is she very drunk?" "Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

In the Toils.

"I understand your cousin married a struggling young man." "Yes, he struggled all right, but he couldn't get away from her."—Pittsburg Press.

"Which Carlyle?"

There is nothing to mark the Arch House, where Carlyle was born, in the Scottish village of Ecclefechan, from the other lowly dwellings that line the village street, and a native guide will be needed if the pilgrim desires to find his way to Carlyle's grave; hence the story of the great writer's brother, James, who was met one day in the village by a band of Americans. Ignorant of his identity, they asked him the whereabouts of Carlyle's grave. "Which Carlyle?" "Oh, the great Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle." With unmoved face he gave the information asked and was rewarded with a fine outburst of hero worship. "We have come all the way from America," said the spokesman of the pilgrims, "to lay this wreath on our great teacher's grave." "Ha!" rejoined James, still unmoved. "It's a very harmless occupation." All of which, and especially that "Which Carlyle?" goes to show how vain is the search of the man who visits Ecclefechan on the lookout for worshippers of Carlyle.—Argonaut.

The Czar's Snuffbox.

Czar Paul's snuffbox was as sacred as the imperial crown itself. No one was allowed to touch it. Kaploff wagered that he would take a pinch out of it. One morning he walked up to the table which stood near the bed on which the czar still reclined and boldly took from it the majestic snuffbox. Opening it noisily, he inserted his fingers, and, while Paul I. was watching him in stupefaction at such audacity, he sniffed up the fragrant powder with evident satisfaction. "What are you doing there, you rogue?" exclaimed the czar excitedly. "Having a pinch of snuff, sire. I have now been on duty for eight hours and, feeling drowsy, I thought it would keep me awake, for I would rather break the rules of etiquette than neglect my duty."

Paul burst out laughing and merely replied: "That's right enough, my lad, but as the snuffbox is not large enough for both of us you can keep it for yourself."

Juvenile Wisdom.

From some examination papers in a Massachusetts—we repeat, Massachusetts—town: "Capillarity is when milk rises up around the edge of the bottle and shows good measure."

"The settlers gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians for their kindness and to the Lord for fair weather. They kept up their festivities for three days, eating all the time. A party of sixty Indian warriors came, rolling their warwhoops down the hill."

"Henry VIII, by his own efforts increased the population of England 40,000."

"Esau wrote fables and sold them for potash."

"The Laperchal was the wolf who suckled Romeo and Juliet at Rome."

"Lincoln has a high forehead, which is a sign of many brains."—Everybody's.

Nelson as a Courtier.

Nelson was the hero of England even in his own time, but not apparently of the court. Samuel Rogers recounts a conversation with him which appears in the life of the poet by R. Ellis Roberts. "I heard him once during dinner," says Rogers, "utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at court that forenoon—the queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at court; they were jealous of him." But then it must be remembered that Rogers was renowned as a particularly ill-natured gossip.

The Ruling Passion.

It is related of a certain German savant, to show how strong the ruling passion is in death, that as he was dying he exclaimed in French, in which language he was deeply learned, "Je meurs" (I die). Pretty soon he opened his eyes before passing away and added: "Man kann auch sagen, Je me meurs" (One can also in French use the reflexive form of the verb "to die.") His last flicker of interest was in the word more than in the fact of death.

Disraeli's Humor.

I was introduced by particular request to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle-indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered that I had no doubt of it.—Letter of Benjamin Disraeli to His Sister.

An Optimist.

"Pa, what is an optimist?" "An optimist, my son, is a man with 11 cents in his pocket who doesn't grow sarcastic when he reads that his country's per capita wealth is \$37."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Worth Trying.

"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrank so dat de po' chile kin ha'dly walk in 'um. Won'er how I gwan fix um?" "Try washin' de chile. Maybe he shrink too."

A Spoiled Evening.

"Did she have a good time at the dance?" "Not very. You see, nobody raised any fuss because her partner took more than five dances with her."—Detroit Free Press.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Prentice.

His Brother Was Different.

A noted Philadelphia attorney tells one on himself. He left his native town in Tennessee years ago and located in Philadelphia to practice law. He has been uniformly successful. His brother, on the other hand, remained behind at the family homestead. Returning to his native town some time ago, the attorney met an old dorky in the road.

"Hello, uncle," he said. But the old man did not recognize the boy he used to know in the prosperous looking citizen who addressed him.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "how are the Blank family?" "Oh, they're all right," said the old dorky. "Jim Blank has gone to Philadelphia and done made a lot of money. He's a lawyer, sah."

"Is that so?" answered the attorney. "And his brother Tom, how is he? Has he made a fortune too?"

"Lawdy, no!" answered the old dorky, shaking his head. "He ain't no lawyer, Marse Tom wouldn't take a dishonest penny from nobody."—Philadelphia Times.

A Russian Railroad.

Nicholas I. of Russia had quite an original way of transacting business. He sent one day for his engineers and gave them eight days to bring him the route of a railroad to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow. At the end of the allotted time the plan was prepared.

"What," said he, looking at it, "what is all this—these twists and turns, this serpentine track? You must have misunderstood me."

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have drafted the shortest route which would embrace on the line the leading towns and villages."

"Give me the pencil and rule," he said, and he struck a bee line from one city to another. "Here—you understand me?"

"But, sire, you leave the large towns entirely out of sight!"

"That is their affair. Let them come within sight."

And so the road was made as straight as an I.

Her Joke.

"Madam, your account is overdrawn, and we have had to send a number of your checks back."

"How perfectly funny!"—New York Press.

Made It Lean.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean? Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.—Exchange.

By Contraries.

Things go by contraries in this world. People who have nothing to say are always talking.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shoes.

Yeagers Shoe Store

Are Children Worth Bringing Up?

It can't be done without RUBBERS.

This is what appeared in a recent number of the American Journal of Health:

The family doctor should din it into the mother's head all the time, that the health of their children lies in the feet. Keep the feet dry. Never let them get wet. No child should be allowed to go out in snow or rain, or when walking is wet, without Rubbers.

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Every mother owes her child a good constitution. It is better to be born healthy than rich. With health all things are possible, fame, riches, success. Without health riches are only a mockery.

opening the way to pleasures which cannot be enjoyed. The health of the child depends upon the health of the mother. The health of the mother depends upon herself. Healthy motherhood is enjoyed by those who keep the delicate feminine organs in a healthy condition by the use

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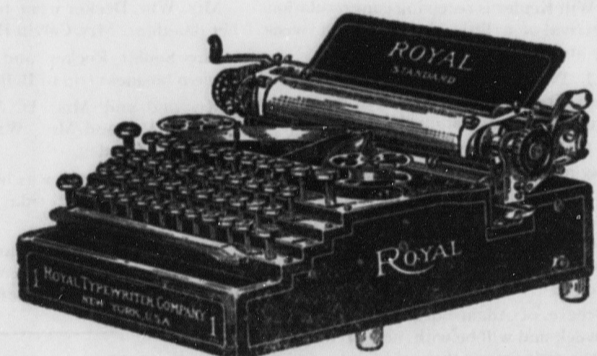
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