Democratic Watchman.

one!

from the

Come on.'

affray.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 12, 1912.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the average man; Not built on any particular plan, Not blessed with any particular luck; Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"-He knows, and answers, "No" or "Yes;" When set a task that the rest can't do, He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three times he learned: that the man tries Finds favor in his employer's eyes,

That it pays to know more than one thing well; And it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and works till one fine day There's a better job with better pay, And the men who shirked whenever they could Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works Who neither trouble nor labor shirks. Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes; The man who wins is the man who tries. -Charles R. Bartlett.

FAIR'S FAIR.

Turpin was not due in the lightroom till nine. He was sleeping in his clothes, when his mate, Reece, roused him two hours before time. He had to shout in the sleeper's ear, for the wind howled and to the door and user as a man migh stick in his hand, and he starte to the sleeper's ear, for the wind howled and stick in his hand, and he started hastily rattled the double windows, and icy spray clattered upon them from the waves that treated. crashed at the foot of the lighthouse, thirty feet beneath, and the aged timbers shook and groaned.

"The tower won't stand it," Reece and round, like a rat in a wheel for a shouted. "It's rocking. The foundations time. At first he took twenty-four steps are going. I said they would."

Turpin stretched his huge limbs and rubbed his eyes.

"They ought to have filled them up with concrete," he muttered. "It 'ud be a bad lookout for ships tonight if it wasn't for this light. I ain't seen such a whether it was the tower that reeled or gale since I was a lad." le since I was a lad." "The light's no use," Reece stated. himself.... He rolled upon the floor at last, and the floor was swaying like

"The revolving-gear's gone wrong again." the deck of a ship. Turpin sat up, shaking his head. The light on Devil's Rock revolved in thirty these covering his eyes with his hand to the lay motionless for a couple of min-utes, covering his eyes with his hand to

seconds, to distriguish it from the sta-tionary light on Saw Ridge. With that distinction removed it would be a danger rather than a help to homeward ships. They would think they had missed it in the dark November grade and had come the dark November gale and had come oiled the bearings on which the light reto the Ridge. So they would turn west; and Riddle Shoals would end them. volved; looked at the broken crank, and shook his head again at a heavy shud-

"We'll have to work it by hand," he der of the tower. "They ought to have put concrete do it." Resea reminded him "You" pronounced, "like we did last year."

to do it," Reece reminded him. "You and me can't. And there won't be no light to work, I tell you. Feel that?" down," he muttered. "The foundations were good enough with a little binding. The surveyor was a fool! . . . I wish I had him here!" The lofty tower seemed to totter on its

base for a moment. Turpin nodded slowly.

Turpin nodded slowly. "She moves more'n I like," he confess-ed. "Tain't the rocking I mind. It's the sort of side slip. I told the surveyor the foundations were shifting; but he thought he knew best. I doubt if she'll -yourself-together." He toiled on with the value when there's no last through it. Well, when there's no the veins standing out on his face and light there won't be no duty. Meantime hands, leaning well forward. . . . Twenwe'd best go up-stairs."

"I ain't going up," Reece said. "I'm

r, He'll set that off against "Fair's fair," Turpin said, as the sec-I'd rather trust Him to do ond round finished. "It's got to be death NO HANDCUFFS IN FRANCE the Lord's fair, He'll set that off against the fair thing by me than the folk ashore for you or death for me, now we've met. anyway; and if He won't, I'd sooner drown Fair's fair." than hang!"

The gasping officer motioned with his head to the S. E. whence the mail would There was blood upon Turpin's hands; come. Turpin went and looked out. "Her lights," he pronounced. "I'll and if the tower went down, he knew of no refuge from those who were on his track. He used to wonder that they had take on."

never searched the lighthouse for him; but now that he had lived there for two He seized the bar, and the little man sank into the chair, so exhausted that he years, he had come to regard it as a almost fell off it. Turpin made several tion by a policeman and the descrip-sanctuary, where he would end his days. rounds before either spoke again. If the lighthouse went, it seemed to him that he might as well go. He could not last. "I swore to take you, when you face another period of hiding in thickets shot Askhurst; and you swore to kill me and marshes; and though the country- first. ... Five minutes' rest after the out out of men ashore, or even the police, might mail's past. That's all I ask. Fair's used.

Good Lord!" The tower shook to and fro. He was walking round with his breast

against the bar, when Reece came up, hurrying excitedly. "Mate!" he shouted above the clamor terms!"

"For God's sake, mate, come,!" he en-

"No!" said Turpin.

down below. You can't keep the light by his early efforts. "I can't-go onmoving for a quarter of an hour, not by yourself; and she'll go before then. I've "Best try pushing together," his com-panion suggested. "We'd last longer rigged up the jib for a storm-sail, and the

boat will fetch the harbor all right. that way." He joined Turpin at the bar, and they Turpin merely shook his head and

pushed side by side for a few turns. "Put in another bar," Turpin said, presently. "We'll both get full leverage went on pushing, He had no breath to spare for words. Reece looked from him to the door and wavered. Then the storm then.' The customs officer fetched the secshook the tower as a man might shake a

ond bar. He was behind Turpin and might have struck him over the head. It did not occur to him to do so, however. The second bar was fixed at last, and they went round and round more smooth-

He went on pushing; and Reece ran down the stairs. Turpin toiled round "See her lights!" the customs officer to the circuit. He counted them mechanically. . . Presently he counted again. Twenty-six. . . He began to hear him-

"For God's sake keep on!" his com-panion entreated. "I can't do it alone." They took turns once more. "I'm-done!" Turpin mutte

-done!" Turpin muttered, and stumbled. "A little longer!" the customs officer

They went round again.

"She's-near-past!" Turpin groaned, almost falling as he pushed. "Seen-the

light-anyhow-and-He fell suddenly. The customs officer went on for two rounds more, stumbling over Turpin. The third time he fell across him. The tower seemed to reel.

"It's going," he thought. "We're both done together. . . Fair's fair!" The tower had not gone when he came

He was still in a swoon when the life-He went back to the capstan bar and set the light revolving again. Twenty-five steps and once round. . . . Twenty-five. The gale was abating rapidly, and, since the tower had stood so long, half a dozen men had volunteered to risk their lives

> tor. ir girl's life," he said, e owe nim

Some Ingenious Methods by Which the Police There Keep Prisoners From Escaping.

Scarcely a day passes without a picture appearing in the French press of a prisoner being led off to the sta-"Fair's fair," the customs officer said at handcuffed by the agents." As a matout of date in France and are never

not know him, there would be plenty of the coast-guards who would. They came "I'll push last," said Turpin, when he liceman carries a "cabriolet," which headquarters at Seaby, where returned. "I can afford that. Then we'll is a very rough and massively made he had shot one of them in a smuggling rest for five minutes, and settle it. . . . article resembling a huge watch chain some ten inches long with a

"Like enough," the customs officer said, "it "Il be settled for us on even An expert can slip this over the wrist of an offender in a twinkling "Like enough," Turpin panted. His and with both the crossbars in his of the gale, "I'm risking my life to come "Like enough," Turpin panted. His and with both the crossbars in his back and give you another chance. The strength seemed falling quickly this time. hand has only to give it a twist to inflict the most excruciating pain

and compel instant and lamblike submission. Another common method of preventing escape is to make the prisoner place both his hands in his side trouser pockets and then pass a string round his wrists and round his waist and bid him march. He can walk at a very smart pace, but any attempt to run out of a shambling

trot immediately brings him down. nose to the pavement. If no string is handy all the brace buttons of the trousers are cut off tact with the brim, then flares out from methods, even though they may tell the

and the culprit is made again to put his hands in his pockets. As in the called presently, nodding at the misty former case, he can only walk, since window. The great liner was not half a so soon as he frees his hands his "Aye!" said Turpin. "I'm near spent." nether garments fall about his legs and he is "entrave" in the latest fashion.

Few of these devices are apparent to the casual passerby, who often wonders at the passive docility with gasped. "My daughter. . . ." He, too, vidual under arrest follows his captor to the station. Sometimes on a coun-

try road one may meet a couple of gendarmes on foot or on horseback, leading a prisoner between them.

This is in obedience to a quaint regulation whereby prisoners are never sent by train from place to place, as there are no funds set apart for railway fares. Consequently four

or five times as much is spent in to from his faint. Turpin was still un. food, drink and lodging for the escort conscious. He remained so, when the as would be for the ticket; but the customs officer was able to stand, and regulations are observed. In such fetched water and bathed his forehead. cases the police often use the "poucettes," though strictly speaking boat came back to fetch them ashore. this instrument is not legal.

It is a sort of loose thumbscrew which is fixed so as to keep the two for the rest of the night, and to work the thumbs comfortably together so long light. The others carried Turpin to the as the man does not struggle, but life-boat, and rowed him and his com- a twist of the string held by one of panion ashore. He woke on a sofa in his the police is enough to destroy any enemy's parlor. The enemy was speak-ing about him to his wife and the doc-

Japanese Custom.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

horse Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully .- Phillips Brooks.

It has leaked out that stripes are to have

a finger in the pie of the coming tailor-mades, and already an advance model or two have been seen. To judge by these, tomorrow's stripes bear no resemblance at all to the thing of yesterday, for it neither evenly spaced nor discreet coloring. The new idea is developed on a somber surface, enlivened at wide intervals with a fine line in the most vivid

ellow, the crudest green and the most downright thing in blues. A little of this sort of enlivening goes a ng way; so, fortunately, the striped material is used sparingly. The coat of a suit, for instance, would be built of the stripe, whereas the skirt might be mercitulty plain, and vice versa. A few bold -Young pigs must have unbounded spirits, later on, will probably face their freedom in direct sunlight and pure air coat revers and collars with satin matching the brilliant lines of the stripe, thus be able and induced to run and play at adding to the gayety of the outlook, if large, for upon a strong physical consti-not to the beauty of their complexions. tution depends the future health and not to the beauty of their complexions.

Hemp is the straw of the moment. It hog. is pretty, unusual, and should have great popularity. It can be scrubbed with soap and water when soiled and blocks again easily into shape, says the Indianapolis News

A handsome spring hat in this straw is of pure white. It has a broad upturned brim which is faced with black velvet. This facing goes to within an inch and a half of the edge of the hat.

The only decoration upon this hemp hat is a small ornament of white. This is held close together at its point of conthe hat. The crown is untrimmed.

In the final summing-up of what the prevailing fashions for Spring are to be, one may feel sure that the general lines to be observed are long and straight. Next one sees that the kimono sleeves, which have won for themselves popularity because of their simplicity, cannot leave us without a difficult struggle, though it is true that in many of the new models sleeves are put in at the shoulder line or a few inches below with a fine French cord. This method enables us to have a long satin or chiffon sleeve, which we have not been able to indulgo in lately. -Harper's Bazar.

An extremely narrow white enameled leather belt is worn with the white serge suits.

In making a skirt in which one gore has a selvage which joins on the bias, notch the selvage edge to prevent its shrinking says Suburban Life. If the material does not ravel, it is best to cut the selvage edge off entirely; but, as most cotton goods will ravel, the notches up of the seam.

wise in silks, this year is the tendency given with clover hay or cooked potatoes. toward vivid and sometimes almost crude

Vork Times wri ter.

FARM NOTES.

-Gentleness pays best with the colt or

-There is a great deal of humanity in axle grease.

-The boar should be well fed but not allowed to get too fat.

-Hogs should have clean pastures, beds and water, and a variety of food.

-Driving a tired horse to town after supper is one way to make a young horse They get old quick enough without old. the abuse of too much work.

-Good implements are as essential in progressive gardening as good fertilizer or good seed. One can not do work with inadequate implements nor is it economical to dispense with those that are needed. If you want to make good as a gardener, get improved implements.

-Young pigs must have unbounded for healthy, normal growth. They must growing and fattening power of the older

-Lime may sometimes be used to good advantage in the orchards. Where green crops have been turned under the soil is apt to become acid, too porous and plant food become unavailable. When this is the case use hydrated lime, from 600 pounds to a ton per acre, according to the needs of your soil.

-For anyone to claim that they have cows in their herd that will give a "pail-ful of milk with no other feed than just hay" is to show their ignorance of dairy truth. A good cow will milk quite well for a while after calving with very little feed, but no one but a fool will imagine she can do this for any length of time without material to make the milk from.

-Oats and peas may be pastured by sheep after the crop is six or seven inches high, but care should be exercised in not allowing the sheep to graze down too closely. If hay is to be made, the crop must not be grazed after the oats joint or after the peas blossom. Peas and oats make a good pasture for sheep, because it comes on just at the seasor when succulent food is most needed. As a soiling crop there is nothing else better for sheep.

-Bran is one of the very best foods for chickens. It may be placed before them all the time, and they will not eat too much of it. One of the main advantages in feeding bran is that it contains more mineral matter than ordinary ground grain, and supplies that which may not be abundant in the ration. It is customary to add one pint of linseed meal to two quarts of bran, mixing this with four quarts of ground grain. should be made, to prevent the drawing made into a mash, bran need not be fed over once a day, and it is good when

-Just how thick to plant corn depends Combinations of color strongly marked. When asked the reason the head buyer during the season, so that it is practically of a large silk store answered that it was a guess whether to plant thin, thick or the effect of the Indian durbar. The de- just right. The common belief that three signers for the great French silk manu- in a hill is the proper number, the hills facturers are still working out their ideas inspired by that event, and the effects equivalent number if drilled, does not albe noticed for some time, says a ways hold good. While three in the hill is in many cases, the proper number, it is not always so On rich land, such as river bottoms, Three of the most fashionable styles rich pastures or lots, in many cases five of new wall papers are imitations of hand to a hill are none too many and four to er prices than the natives are charged; air-brush work in aerochrome effects, the hill is a very satisfactory number on many fields in a high state of cultivation. sent silk and velvet brocades. In the lat- On worn land from two to three plants ter class come shadow stripes, with their to the hill might be the thick planting. The locality is a large factor in determining the number of plants to the acre. The dried parts of the corn belt require cades, with the figure thrown into relief thinner planting than in the more humid merely by a surface that concentrates sections. The northern localities that cannot produce large corn on account of shortness of the season can advantageously plant thick to secure large yields with their small corn. -Muskmelon a delicious vegetable can be grown in any locality where corn will ripen and no garden is complete without them. One of the first steps to success is to get good seed; never use seed which was grown in the home garden, as the chances are that cucumbers or squash were growing nearby, in which case the seed would be sure to be crossed and the product therefrom would be of poor flavor or enfirely worthless. Although they do best on rich, sandy soil, they may also be grown on heavy soil by adding some sand and fine, rotten manure to the soil of each hill. Have the ground deeply plowed and finely harrowed. Prepare your hills by removing the soil to a depth of about eight inches and twelve inches in diameter. To this soil add a shovelful of fine, rotted manure (and sand if necessary) and after mixing the whole well together it should be replaced in the hole again. You will now have a hill twelve inches in diameter and about three inches high, on which plant from fifteen to twenty seeds, covering about one-half inch. As the plants are very tender the seed should not be planted before the nights are quite warm and danger from frost is past. As soon as the plants are up they should be dusted with wood ashes, soot, or air-slaked lime; the latter seems to be the most effective. These preventives should be applied even if there are no bugs present, for if they are allowed to go a few days undisturbed the whole crop may be ruined. These remedies should be applied early in the morning while the dew is still on, so that it will stick to the leaves; dust it well over and under the leaves. As the hills should be from four to five feet apart each way, it is not necessary to waste all of this room, but between the hills some early crop like lettuce, radishes or peas may be planted, as generally they will be matured before the vines commence to run. Commence to stir the soil as soon as the plants are up, not only to kill weeds, but also to disturb the bugs, if they are present. After the plants are well started and danger from insects is past, thin out to the three best plants to each hill. Keep the soil fine and loose at all times until the vines begin to run; if we are to expect a crop of melons, no grass or weeds should be lowed to grow in or near the hills. After the vines have attained a length of about three feet the tips should be pinched off. This will encourage the setting of fruits and will make them ripen earlier. When the stem cracks away from the fruit easily they are ripe. They should then be picked, for if allowed to remain on the vine too long they will be-come soft and mushy. New Fordhook, Rocky Ford or Netted Gem, Extra Early suple and pliable plush; the gloss and texture of this new material in a dark Hackensack and Early Model are varieties which have proved to be very good.

joing down. I've got a wife and family. old tower won't last half an hour. The boat *might* make the shore with the Lord! that was a shaking!

The lighthouse seemed to stagger.

"We might make the harbor," Reece a sharp voice called. reasserted. Turpin rose, towering a head above his

mate-who was not a small man.

"We might make harbor," he stated, "and we might not; but one thing's certain-there's plenty as won't if we don't work the light tonight.

"I tell you she won't stand it," Reece protested; "not for half an hour, most like. It's death to stay, mate: and that's a fact.

"The Indian mail's due," Turpin re-minded him. "She's five hundred people, and we're two. Stay till she's by, anyhow, mate.'

"If there was a dog's chance, I'd stay," Reece said, "half a dog's chance. There ain't. Nor a quarter. I'm not the sort to run from my job; but I've got my family to think of. . . . There she goes again. Best come, mate. You can't work the light alone. It took three men; and two spells of them."

"If you won't help," Turpin answered in his dull, monotonous way, "I'll have to capstan. . . The man who was pushing try. There'll be five hundred lives on it let go and staggered back. Turpin the mail-the Seamew it is. What's yours and mine to that?"

"Mine's-mine," Reece rejoined. "And there's my wife and children, what would they do? beg their bread; or take in washing. My gal, Alice, with her little hands. You can't reckon up lives by numbers, like a sum. They're what count to me. . . And it's no use staying. She'll go. . . . Feel her rock then? She'll be down in five Come on, mate." minutes. Turpin shrugged his great shoulders and walked to the steps that led to the light-room. S'help me, Turpin, it's no good. The tower won't see this gale out, and you know. I've got my family. . ." "I ain't," Turpin Itold him. "You can

go, mate. I don't blame you. So long!" 'It's suicide to stay," Reece protested. "Don't do it, mate. It's no-no blooming use." He clutched at his comrade's arm; but the giant shook him off.

never was one for argument. I'm here to work the light; and I'm going to work it—till the mail's past anyway." He went up the stairs; and Reece went

down to the little boat that lay in a round?' sheltered cleft on the lee side of the tower. They had moved it round there it could not sink. The gale would carry it shoreward, and it was possible that it could h steered into the harbor mouth.

When Turpin reached the upper room, he examined the machinery which worked the antiquated light, and found that the crank had snapped. He disconnected it, and fitted one of the capstan bars with which they had man-worked the light when the steam-gear broke down a year previously. They had used three bars and three men then, as Reece had said; but Turpin was a very big, strong man, and he believed that he could push the light round for a time; perhaps as long as there was a light to push round, he told himself. For he agreed with Reece's opinion that the lighthouse was doomed.

ty-seven. . . . Twenty-nine. . . . Thirt . . . He sank suddenly upon the floor. Three times more he set the light going and pushed it round until he sank from exhaustion. As he lay panting after little jib to keep her head to wind. It's the third fall he seemed to feel footsteps blowing dead on land. It's a dog's chance; on the floor. . . Unless his eyes de-but staying here's none. It's going. . . . ceived him, the light was beginning -very slowly-to move round.

Thirty.

"Roll out of the way, so as I can pass," Turpin rolled aside.

"They put me off in the life-boat," the metallic voice snapped. "But I couldn't get a volunteer to board the tower."

Two legs in navy-blue serge struggled by. Turpin did not raise his eyes to look above them. They came round again, heralded by the sharp voice.

"Suppose you'll be able to take another turn," it said. "I can't go on long alone. I'm four or five stone lighter than you." 'Aye," said Turpin.

The legs passed several times without the voice.

"I can do about three more rounds," it said presently. It was panting, and the Harper's Weekly. they were the legs of a small man, legs-Turpin noticed—had become unsteady. "Right!" said he. "I'll take on." "Look out for the mail first," the small man gasped, the next time he came. Turpin got up, wiped a window, and

looked out. There were no lights. "No sign," he called, and turned to the staggered too, held to a rail. They stoo

staring at eack other, wide-eyed, and their lips drawn back a little and showing their teeth-a giant in a blue sweater with a sailor's cap lettered D. R. L. (for Devil's Rock Lighthouse), and a dapper, ferrety, little man in the uniform of a customs officer. Turpin had seen him last behind the flash of a revolver, and bore the mark of his bullet on his arm. "It's no use pretending you don't know me," said Turpin at last. "I know you right enough," said the custom-house officer. He glanced at the

door as if he would run. He was the more active man, and he could have got

down-stairs to the dinghy-they had brought it back-and away. But he realized that Turpin could not work the light alone. So he shrugged his shoulders

We'll see the mail by first," and settle "It's no use talking," he stated. "I things afterward-if they aren't settled for us. She rocks pretty much."

"Pretty much," Turpin agreed. "I suppose you've got a pistol in your pocket, and think you'll shoot me, as I go "No," the little man denied. "You can

feel my pockets, if you like. I was never when the gale was starting. It was only a liar." a fourteen foot dinghy, but it was cased like a life-boat, and though it might upset, "I'll take a turn." He seized the bar and pushed. The

little man sat down on a stool and wiped his torehead and watched him. He spoke a few words each time Turpin passed. "Fair's fair," he said. "Swear to leave it till the mail's by, and I swear I won't

bolt then. Fair's fair. . ." "Fair's fair!" Turpin agreed the next time round. "I'll leave it till she's past."

He went on. "I'll kill you then," he jerked out as he passed again. "So long as the mail's saved," the

custom-house officer said, when Turpin returned the next time, "you can kill me and weleome. My daughter's aboard." He rose and looked out of the window.

"Might be her lights," he called. Then he waited for Turpin's turn to

"If the nord gets by," he reflected, "I'll finish, and took his place. Turpin sat on a ve saved live hundred lives; and, i the stool and watched him struggle.

"and that means I owe him mine. . . A common complaint made by No. I don't know him from Adam. Sailor tourists in Japan is that they are chap from the west coast, I fancy, not obliged to pay for everything far highfrom round here. Never seen him before. The owners of the Seamew ought to do something handsome for him; and the or, in other words, that because they passengers too. Fair's fair!"

Turpin opened his eyes slowly, and smiled at his old enemy. If Harrison— that was the customs officer's name—did would reveal the curious fact that not mean to identify him, he was not

afraid that any one else would. "We'll share," he said, "Two hundred and fifty lives apiece, or thereabouts. . . . We can give each other a life apiece; and poor, and prices have always been to spare. . .'

"He is wandering a little," the customs society or upon his presumed ability officer told his wife and the doctor. 'Rouse yourself, old pal." largely in force today, being fully rec-He touched Turpin's rough hand; and

it closed on his. "A life for a life," he whispered, too softly for his wife and the doctor to hear.

"Fair's fair, mate!"-By Owen Oliver, in

rich-naturally complaints of being Nervousness is a common feminine disrobbed, as from his point of view he ease. Women try all kinds of nerve quieting potions which are offered as a really is; but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourcure for nervousness, in the form of "compounds" or "nervines." And yet no ist, he is presumably wealthy, and cure is effected. The relief is only tem- must, therefore, conform to the custom ist, he is presumably wealthy, and porary. The reason is that these potions of the country which permits the poor are opiates and narcoties. They put the to levy a tax upon the rich without nerves to sleep for a time, but when they thereby incurring the slightest imputawake again their condition is worse than tion of dishonesty. - Arthur May before. Modern medicine recognizes the Knapp, in December Atlantic. relation of this nervous condition in women to the forms of disease which affect the sensitive womanly organs. To cure George Junior Republic.

the nervousness the cause must be re-The George Junior Republic is a moved. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite community established in 1895, near Prescription will result in the cure of weakening drains, inflammation, ulcera-Freeville, New York, by W. R. George as a method of reform in the treattion and bearing-down pains, the common causes of nervousness in women. Nothing is just as good as "Favorite Prement of dependent and deliquent children. The organization is similar scription," because nothing else is as to that of a miniature republic. It harmless or as sure. It contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from the united States and the government the United States, and the government opium, cocaine and other narcotics. of the community is carried on in the

same way. At first the founder was The old fable of the grasshopper who sang and danced through the summer and starved in the winter is only a parpresident with other adults holding the most important offices, but from 1896 able of life. If we would have strength all offices have been held by citizens. in old age we must store it in the sum-Each citizen may work for the founder mer of life. It is important that men in or for other citizens who contract for niddle age should not allow the vital labor. All purchases are made with powers to run low. To prevent this rethe republic's aluminum coin, later uires something more than a stimulant. It requires a medicine which will increase redeemed by United States currency. the appetite, give the stomach power to School is held and farming, carpentry, convert the food eaten into nourishment, printing, care of the establishment, and increase the quantity and quality of the blood. Such a medicine is Dr. dressmaking, domestic service and cookery are the other activities fol-Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It lowed. The entrance age is from strengthens the stomach and organs twelve to eighteen. digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and increases the action of the bloodmaking glands. It is a strength-giving, body-building medicine without an equal. John D. Rockefeler, Jr., at a recent

dinner in New York, said of success: How much do I know about myself? 'Success depends a good deal on the Such a question honestly asked and ansrecognition of values. The successful wered would show at once the need of a man knows what is important and edical work such as Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It is a book dealing with the plain facts of physiology, hygiene and reproduction, in plain English, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one rytown girl's course. cent stamps for paper covered books, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

this postscript whether he is sending -Old ewes and poor breeders should this postscript whether he is me 10,000 or 100,000 kisses."

Futile Worry.

grass-cloth and "flock" papers that reprevelvety surface, which are more in demand than ever; and the self-toned Louis XVI designs, that depict rich satin brolight upon it and throws the background into shadow.

Not less charming and adapted to wide variety of purposes are the grasscloth papers, that appear to differ from grass-cloth only in price. The paper can be had as low as 18 cents a roll, with cut-

ognized and acted upon by all favored out borders at the same price, and comes classes throughout the empire. The in the similitude of various grass-cloth occidental, coming from lands where weaves, one of which is new, and exhibits a much rougher surface than one is familthe reverse practically holds goodiar with in grass weaves and which wears the poor living for the sake of the much the appearance of heavy raw silk with the soft luster inherent to silk, and all the appealing light and shadow effects common to uneven threads in raw silk. Particularly lovely are grays, mauves, and other pale tints, in which a silvery light seems to play over the surface.

In that grass-cloth papers are about twice as wide as the majority of other varieties, their economy is manifest, and besides the sorts that emphasize grass weaves, one finds grass-cloth stripes ex-tremely popular, says Suburban Life.

Decorators use with this paper any attractive frieze or panel paper that suits their fancy, without respect to similarity of surface and where money is no object real grass-cloths are more in demand than ever.

Noticeably beautiful among the new wall coverings are the pressed crowns that make so graceful a finish to panel papers, and which may be so effectively disposed among wall and ceiling decorations. Indeed, crown and panel treatments are the newest upon walls; but their loveliness carries with it two restrictions, one of which is that the center panel of three should be wider than the other two, in order to appear equal in size, and also that the presence of upright division lines upon walls in small rooms tends to make the rooms seem

more restricted in size. Now that browns, golds and yellows are so fashionable, halls, dens, libraries, dining and living rooms are likely to have Egyptian tendencies in decorations that sess the charm of novelty, together with quiet, rich effects.

All the cheaper classes of wall papers find harmonious complements in draperies of cretonne, chintz and oriental textiles that sell for from 17 to 50 cents a yard, and upward, for the best handblocked varieties; but fine wall coverings, like fine draperies, are not so easily matched, and it is well to purchase tapestries and hangings of brocades and velvets first, then have the wall paneled to ccommodate these, and, last of all, seek the fabric or paper with which the wall is to be covered. In this connection, important thing to remember is that the present season ushers in emancipation from rooms where walls, upholstery and hangings show weak repetitions of colors

"I do wish Joe would learn to Cloaks, scarfs and stoles are made of write more clearly. I can't tell from brown shade give impression of seal.

what is unimportant. He doesn't waste time over trifles. That, he knows, would be as silly as the Tar-"A Tarrytown girl, after reading a and designs. letter from her fiance, said pettishly:

are foreigners, they are fleeced. But

would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isotion it was an accepted principle that the rich must live for the sake of the based upon the purchaser's rank in to pay. This understanding remains