

## FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

but by firmly compelling a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

*Wentwood*

Pettit's Eye Salve TONIC FOR EYES

Eye to Business.

A young suburban doctor whose practice was not very great sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His manservant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then leveled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said—Lippincott's.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Pettit's Eye Salve for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging, It's Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Pettit's Eye Salve Co., Chicago.

Queer Talk.

"So poor old Bill has gone under."

"Yes, they say his business is going up."

It is well to be able to talk, but there are times when silence is more valuable.

## CARE FOR YOUR HAIR



With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They cleanse the scalp, remove dandruff, arrest falling hair and promote hair health.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25-cent book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 93, Boston.

## THE CRAZE FOR MORE

By GERTRUDE MORRISON.

(Copyright.)

The door opened and slammed.

"Mornin', boss."

The loud voice heralded swaggering steps. The jaunty tone, the turnip-like odor of bad whisky, caused his employer to wheel from his desk and glance sharply at the face toughened and inflamed by recent hard drinking.

"So it's you."

"Yep! I've come back." His forced air belied his bravado. "Mr. Jackson, I've come back to draw what's comin' to me."

His eyes fell before his employer's steady gaze.

"Bar'bry," he began, not unkindly, "this won't do."

He toyed with his morning's mail, his habit when pondering what to say. The workman jerked off his hat.

"I want you to go home now and straighten up. Get yourself ready to come out Monday."

"It's no use. We can't." The doggedness of the answer went home to Jackson with a strange hurt. He turned from the look in Bar'bry's face. It is never easy to face failure in human guise. This time the strength of his "we" prevailed to pull him down a little in the other's fall.

"I can't. I've tried to make a man of myself, and can't. You'd best let me go."

"No. Go home now. You're in no condition for work. But I want to see you out Monday. I'll have John put you on those flange-fires again." The thought of delayed work wrinkled the business man's brow into a frown.

"Why can't you let the stuff alone?"

"I can't. I've tried it and failed."

The knuckles of his huge hand stood out white as he gripped his rusty slouch hat.

"You can, if you fight for it. You will never find a better place to try, Bar'bry. My boys are as clean a set of fellows as you'll find in the country."

"Yes, the fellers are all right. I ain't got anything again! Johnnie, neither, nor you, Mr. Jackson. You've used me square."

"Then use me square now, Bar'bry. You know I need you. We're back on our orders."

The distant clatter of a steam-riveter broke the monotonous creak of machinery.

"Come! Brace up, Pat! Don't give up yet. You work along pretty steadily for three or four months. You get yourself into good clothes. You must try again."

"If things was different at home," he muttered.

Jackson knew about that quick-tempered, shrill-tongued wife whose overtrying to manage well resulted in a pitiful nagging. He knew, too, that some things go unsaid.

"Bar'bry, be a man."

"I'll try, sir."

The man rose in favor with his fellows; leaned on the handle of his sledge, and shook in a deep-chested laugh as he joked with young Dick, his helper, and the others. They yielded him the precedence physical prowess commands among the unlettered. To the men of neighboring works they boasted of his biceps.

Perhaps, too, the prize ring, from which he came, was reflected in a certain halo around his head. Somehow, they never cared to question him about his skill with the gloves. Once Johnnie, by virtue of his superior position as foreman and his meager size, dared to probe ever so little. The fellow shook his head, said the ring was rough on a man, and brought his sledge down with bangs that drove even Johnnie into retreat.

When bits of his roaring laughter no longer accented the rhythm of the machines, when his face grew stern, drawn, a hunted look creeping into his eyes, the fight was on. His blows rose and fell in new fierceness; could he have beaten out under them the thirst that raged within, he would have conquered.

His creed embraced only one way to meet an enemy—to stand up to him in the ring. He shook off the little woman who showed a suspicious desire to go down town with him every evening. He stood his treat as of old, but his tongue wetted his lips unceasingly.

"It's like you and I wanting a drink of water ever so often," explained the junior partner to the stenographer, giving the back of her chair a friendly shake. "Nothing so bad as a tramp boiler-maker. We know, don't we, little girl?"

He strode across the floor and twirled out from the wall the chair beside her desk.

"And say," leaning confidentially toward her—"say, Thanksgiving's coming, and mince pies, with something in them that warms the cockles of my heart. Watch your birdie out there fly if he tastes those pies."

The bookkeeper opined that the fellow ought to keep away altogether from the saloon. That was not Bar'bry's creed. He knew only one way—to stand up in the ring.

A new turn developed. Johnnie gathered it on the streets that sometimes he interfered to save others from his fate—not those hardened, seasoned ones who, for the sake of fellowship, drank a few glasses every night and a bit too much on holidays. That was sport, and Bar'bry was not the man to stop it.

## MISS HELEN SCOTT HAY

But sometimes, when a lad was being drawn in too far, it was as if he detected unfair play in the combination of good cheer and light warmth that the saloon pitted against a dingy, fifth-rate room, lonesomeness, and only a lad's power of resistance.

He undertook to restrain young Dick Piny, his helper; to reinforce his faint refusal to that most successful "continuous chain" ever devised, "My treat now," Bar'bry himself revived under that more tangible aspect of the fight.

One cold, crisp night he arrived late to find, off in a corner of the saloon, the lad a slumpy heap, muttering over and over:

"See dem lights in the tubes."

The firm heard afterward how Bar'bry shook him into partial rousing. The barkeeper, noting his huge, gesticulating fists, had not cared to interfere when he started down the track toward the boy's lodgings.

Dick, white and sick, stumbled along, begged with returning consciousness to be allowed to sink down, but held fast to a bottle still nearly full. They know that Bar'bry must have walked him up and down the track until there was no more danger from the heavy stupor.

The boy himself remembered that finally the bottle dropped from his fingers; and he recalled that the man, bending over him in his barren room, turned away with a fierce, "Lord, boy, it's hell." The tight-leashed snarl in the last word partially sobered him, and came back to him in critical hours.

As for Bar'bry, they know only that he fled with that cry on his lips wrung in torture by the fumes of liquor with which the boy's hot breath filled the stuffy little room; that he appeared at the saloon with an empty bottle in his hand and a craze for more.

They think they know how, retracing his steps, he must have come upon the bottle dropped from the boy's limp hand. There, as he stood alone, in the waste of snow, mocked by the lines of steel that rushed past him in chill indifference, lured by the lights of the saloon up the track, his enemy dealt him a deadly blow for whose insidiousness he had no parry.

You have noticed some spot where machines stand motionless and the boards are strewn with saws, chisels, hammers, gloves stiff to the shape of the hands from which they fell when the whistle blew "time up?"

You have found, perhaps, that a slender rope still swayed with an echo of their activity?

It was so with Bar'bry. He never came back. His wife disappeared in search of him. The firm, Mary's own, understood it as man for man, and challenged not the divine balance; but in the vineyard of Martha they have evolved that curiously writhed reflected in Bar'bry's ring, which reads "man to man." Dick rejected the sacrifice. In less than a year he left, saying, "No man is my price. I'll git him, or I'll—"

Long after the junior partner stood at the grimy window that overlooked the flange-fires and listened to the din of the shop. The peal of labor was a mechanical orchestra—its high chatter of riveters for the woodwind; the creak and clank of gearing, the strings; and for the brass, the rumble of crane and blows of sledge. In the full, humdrum roar one marked unconsciously the part of each machine.

The junior partner felt an instinctive, troubled calling for a note that was lacking—Bar'bry's deep-chested laugh.

"It's a hard world, little girl, and don't you wish you had as few years left in which to get knocked out as I have?"

Out of the silent past a slender cord still quivered, for he was thinking of that lump of sodden and breaking manhood, and wondered if the forces that made his "ring" had been "rough on a man?"

## A KINDNESS MADE HAPSBURGS

Founder of the Family Was Rewarded With the Crown of Grateful Monk.

The origin of the Hapsburgs, the royal house of Austria, is more wonderful than a romance. The founder, so goes the story, was Rudolph of Hapsburg, a young Swiss count, poor and obscure. One day while riding in the chase he came to a stream, beside which was a monk who was in great distress at not being able to cross over. He told the young count that he had been summoned to give the last sacraments to a dying person, but was unable to perform that duty. The count leaped from his horse, helped the monk to the saddle, who crossed the stream and hurried to his destination. The next day the monk sent the horse back with the warmest thanks.

"God forbid," said the count, "that I should ever ride a horse that has carried the Savior to a dying man," and sent the horse to the monk as a gift to the church. In course of time the monk became chaplain to the prince elector of Mentz. A new emperor was to be chosen. The monk persuaded his patron to present the name of Count Rudolph to the assembled electors, and the poor count of Hapsburg was ascended one day to find that he had been chosen to wear the crown of the Holy Roman empire.

## Just One Thing After Another.

Hub—I've given up drinking, smoking and golf to please you, still you're not satisfied. Now what else do you want me to give up?

Wife—Well, you might give up \$50. I need a new gown.—Boston Evening Transcript.

## ARRANGE FOR WINTER

It is claimed by some beekeepers that if a few tablespoonfuls of extracted honey are added to the sugar sirup it will prevent it granulating in the comb, but there is little danger of this anyway. If there are weak lots just unite two or more together, removing the least valuable queen.

The bees of two lots may be united peacefully by sprinkling them thinly with sugar sirup flavored with peppermint, and then placing the frames with adhering bees alternately in a fresh hive. The stronger the colony and the bees the less is the honey consumed.

This appears strange, but it is quite true; a small lot of bees in a hive containing several combs are restless, with the consequence that they consume honey to raise the temperature lowered by the cool air surrounding them.

The food supply may be ample owing to a particularly favorable season after the supers have been removed, but even if feeding has to be resorted to, very little time will be needed to perform this part of the work.

In order to obtain young bees for wintering, a supply of sugar, given at the close of the honey flow, will probably be all that is necessary to continue breeding up to the middle of September, when whatever further supply is needed to make the colony safe for winter can be given in the form of sirup.

## VETCH IS IMPORTANT CROP

Its More General Growth Would Aid Materially in Live Stock Industry—Also Improves Soil.

(By A. SMITH.)

Vetch should occupy an important place in the agriculture of those states where it can be raised with success. In four years' comparisons on over 800 fields, vetch has consistently made heavier growths and greater yields than crimson clover, red clover, or bur clover, although under favorable conditions these have done well.

Vetch is high in protein content, is a good hay, pasture, and soiling crop, and its more general growth would aid in the development of the live stock industry and remove much of the existing necessity for buying hay.

Vetch is used as a cover crop to prevent the leaching and washing of soils. Like all legumes, it improves land by

adding nitrogen and organic matter to the soils. As it grows through the winter and spring and may be harvested in time to plant corn or cowpeas on the same land, it should be used in building up impoverished soils and in maintaining the productivity of the land. The vetch crop does not require horse or man labor at any time when this is needed for the cowpea crop, except possibly at the harvest time of cowpea hay.

## Mulch the Celery.

Do not delay applying the manure mulch to the celery. It conserves moisture better than any kind or amount of tillage. Use three to four inches of manure.

## SWAMPING A HIVE.

There is only one certain way to do, and that is to open the hives and take out each frame.

If, after going over a hive and weighing each comb, I find that there is 25 pounds of actual stores, I call that hive or colony all right for winter. If less it must be fed the deficiency; if more, it can spare some to help another colony which is lacking in the amount. In this way the whole apiary should be gone over.

Colonies left on the summer stand require anywhere from 20 to 30 pounds of good food for successful wintering. A little in excess of this will do no harm, but on the contrary will stimulate the colony in building up faster in the following spring.

If one has on hand some sealed combs of honey, a few of them can be distributed among the light colonies, but in the absence of these it will be necessary to feed liquid honey or a sirup made of sugar and water.

Do not think of using anything but the best granulated sugar. When bees can fly all the time, you can safely feed them anything. But when they cannot fly, there is nothing better than sealed honey. When you cannot have that use a sirup of granulated sugar.

If the feeding can be attended to while the weather is still warm, the sirup may not be quite so thick, say about 2 pounds of sugar to one pint of water, which will make 3 pounds of sirup.

If the feeding is deferred until cool weather has set in, the sirup will, of necessity, have to be a somewhat thicker consistency, for the bees will not be able to evaporate the superfluous water out of it.

In making the sugar-sirup be careful not to burn it while boiling. In fact it need not be boiled at all; just pour the boiling water over the sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved; when cool it is ready to give to the bees.

## Turks' Order on Dardanelles.

Constantinople.—The authorities have issued an order that no vessel can pass the Dardanelles unless a Turkish officer and six Turkish soldiers are aboard.

## Locks Cashier in Vault, Gets \$1,300.

Kansas City, Mo.—Armed with a pistol, but unmasked, a bandit entered the People's State Bank, at Dodson, a suburb, locked Hugh Moore, assistant cashier, in a vault, and escaped in a motor car with \$1,300.

## British Boat Sinks; 22 Lost.

Trebizond, Asia Minor.—Twenty-two persons lost their lives by drowning as a result of the sinking of the British steamer Belgian King, near Cape Kureli.

## Large Sums Deposited in Postoffices.

Washington, D. C.—Postmaster General Burleson, in a report made public indicates that a preliminary examination of reports from the 9,653 postoffices in operation as postal saving depositories shows total deposits of \$43,444,271 at the close of business last August. The increase in that month was approximately \$4,200,000, which is the largest since the system began operation in January, 1911.

## 12 Men Buried in Mine Are Doomed.

Sale Lake City, Utah.—Twelve miners are sealed in the Centennial-Eureka mine, on the Wasatch division, and there is little hope of their getting out alive. The roof of the mine caved in and sealed up the entrance to the steps on which they were working. They began digging hard to free themselves when a second cave-in, carrying thousands of tons of earth and rock, crashed down on top of the first.

## Three Ships Sunk.

The silence of the British authorities regarding naval operations in the North Sea was suddenly broken by announcement of a disaster to the British navy which, according to official information, has suffered the loss of three armored cruisers, sunk by German submarines. The victims of this brilliant stroke on the part of the German fleet are the Cressy, the Aboukir and the Hogue, sister ships. All three were torpedoed.

## Swamped by Cloudburst.

Ray, Ariz.—Wayne Dengler lost his life in a cloudburst, which swept through the main street. Half a mile of the Gila Valley Railroad and two bridges were destroyed. A store and seven houses were washed down Mineral Creek into the Gila River, and the houses of the Hercules Mining Company were demolished. Nineteen 60-ton ore cars were hurled into the creek.

## Auditor General Will Attempt to Gain Unclaimed Money.

Harrisburg, Pa.—People connected with the fiscal department of the state government are much interested in the approaching test of the right interest of the auditor general's department to sue for unclaimed bank deposits, which has been brought about through the determination of the Dollar Savings Bank of Pittsburgh to fight the case through the courts. The trial will bring up the question squarely for determination and will be followed with interest. The bank contends that the auditor general has no authority to bring the action as was done, and that much of the money claimed was, in reality, drawn from the bank some years ago, before the lapse of 30 years. It is declared that there is no law on the subject which will stand the test and that the statute conflicts with the constitution of the state. It is likely that the case will be tried during the autumn terms of Dauphin county court.

## Each Hive Should Be Examined to Ascertain if Required Stores Are on Hand—There is Nothing Better Than Sealed Honey.

(By F. G. HERMAN.)

If there is one item above another having great importance in the wintering problem, it is the securing of the winter stores near and about the cluster of bees in time for them to settle down into that quiescent state so conducive to good wintering, prior to the middle of October, in the more northern localities.

To arrange these stores properly and seal them, requires warm weather hence all will see the fallacy of putting off caring for them until cold weather arrives. To be sure that all have the desired amount of stores

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## The Citizens National Bank

Meyersdale, Pa.

Statement, September 12, 1914

(Comptroller's Call)

## Resources:

Loans and Investments	\$725,836.75
United States Bonds	77,000.00
Banking House	29,300.00
Due from Banks and Reserve Agents	114,771.52
Cash	61,260.14
	\$1,008,168.41

## Liabilities:

Capital Stock	\$ 65,000.00
Surplus Fund	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	25,800.02
Circulation	65,000.00
Deposits	752,368.39
	\$1,008,168.41

## Officers and Directors:

S. B. PHILSON, President  
S. A. KENDALL, Vice Pres., R. H. PHILSON, Cashier  
CLARENCE MOORE, Asst. Cashier  
S. C. Hartley, W. T. Hoblitzell, F. B. Black,  
W. N. Moser, H. Bunn Philson

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