

## CONTAGION A QUESTION OF PREVENTION.

Sinks, drains, eating and cooking utensils, sick room linen and clothing frequently carry the dreaded disease germ unnoticed by the household.

Thorough and hygienic cleansing is the best safeguard against infection, and such a safeguard is found in the universal household necessity—Borax.

This simple preventive carries in itself, disinfecting qualities which enter the fabric or act upon the article to be cleansed in a hygienic manner, eliminating every unwholesome property, rendering it contagion-proof, while at the same time Borax is of itself as harmless as salt.

Unlike most disinfectants which depend upon their strength of odor or harmful-to-the-system qualities, to arrest or prevent contagion, Borax is Nature's remedy, being easy to obtain and easy to apply, a simple solution in hot water being all the application necessary and requiring no prescription, it can be obtained from any grocer or druggist in convenient, economical household packages.

In addition to its disinfecting qualities, Borax is especially a household necessity, and can be used for softening water, cleansing and whitening clothes, clearing the skin, whitening hands, makes an excellent dandruff remover and can be used on the finest laces or most delicate fabrics without injury, while as an adjunct to the bath it removes all odor of perspiration and leaves the skin soft and velvety.

### Had an Even Temper.

"When I hear you talk about havin' an even temper," said the Kentucky colonel, "I can't help thinkin' of Jack Chinn and what ole man Hutchins used to say of him back theh in Harrodsburg. Ole man Hutchins used to say: 'Jack Chinn, he's jes' about the mos even tempered man evah wun in the wuld, he is. Mad all the time.'" 48

### ECZEMA COVERED BABY.

Worst Case Doctors Ever Saw—Suffered Untold Misery—Perfect Cure by Cuticura Remedies.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I used many kinds of patent medicines to no avail. At last I decided to try Cuticura, when my boy was three years and four months old, having had eczema all that time and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

### Why His Dress Seemed Odd.

One of the wittiest of English peers, is Lord Longford, and he has also earned the reputation of being one of the worst-dressed, in spite of the fact that for twenty years he has been in the Second Life Guards. The story goes that a friend once met him in Ireland parbed in a pair of continuations which were not on speaking terms with his boots, and chaffed him mercilessly about the "lucid interval" that occurred between them. But "Tommy," as Lord Longford is known to his intimates, in no wise disconcerted, blandly explained that it was really a matter of high politics. "You see, my dear fellow, the breeches were made by a tailor who is a rampant Orangeman, while the boots are the achievement of a Fenian cobbler, so how can you expect 'em to meet?"

### Changes in the Senate.

When Congress meets in Washington next month the Senate will have seventeen new members. Fifteen of the old members will be missing by reason of death, resignation or failure to secure re-election, and there will be two new members from the state of Oklahoma. If Rhode Island ends its deadlock and sends some one else in place of Wetmore that will mean 18 new faces.

Four seats that were filled by Democrats in the last Congress will be filled by Republicans in the coming Congress, and the political complexion of the Senate, counting in two Democrats from Oklahoma and a Republican from Rhode Island, will be 61 Republicans and 31 Democrats.

### WHAT WAS IT The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says: "I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared."

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts, I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared, but was still bad enough. However, I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts."

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying. "But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."



**A Mother's Meeting.**  
"I beg your pardon," said the cow. "But it would make you laugh Could you but hear the cunning things Said by my little calf. She's only three days old; you'd scarce Believe the thing was true; That darling child has called me 'Ma-a-a-a'!"  
And once she murmured 'Moo!'"

"I beg your pardon," said the hen, A bird of lofty mien; "But when my chickens tried to eat A large pebican bean They turned their little noses up— The insult made them weep— They looked with scorn upon that seed And loudly cried: 'Cheap—cheap!'"

"I beg your pardon," said the mare, Whose colt was six days old. "About this little son of mine I could a tale unfold. I asked him if he thought 'twould rain— It was but yesterday— He looked me in the eye and smiled, And said, distinctly, 'Neigh!'"

"I beg your pardon," said the dame, Whose child had lived a year, "Than mine your babe are younger far, Much smarter, too, I fear. I hate to tell the horrid truth— Yet 'tis the thing to do— My great big baby never said A single thing but 'Goo!'"  
—Carroll Watson Rankin in Mothers' Magazine.

### Indian Blow Gun.

The Indians who live by the Amazon river use a long blow pipe to shoot birds. The pipe is a piece of palm cane with the pith pushed out of its center. The blowers develop extraordinary lung power and are able to bring down their victims from great heights.—Indianapolis News.

### A Formidable Club.

The Canaques of New Guinea prefer for defense clubs made of hard wood, highly polished, and ending in curious or artistic forms. Sometimes these bludgeons are made of stone strengthened with wood in an ingenious way. A hole is drilled in the stone shaft and through it is pushed a small branch of a growing banyan tree. In a year or two this branch is cut off. By this time the wood has grown until it is a tight fit for its stone case, and the club has become a formidable head-breaker.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Observation Game.

During this out-of-door time of the year children and grown people also can derive pleasure and profit from this old game. When starting out for a drive, sail or walk, provide pencil and paper, or—if you have a good memory, rely on that—and observe all that takes place; bright things that are said, etc., then during the evening hours have prepared either a written or verbal account of the happenings. Let a committee of three—persons who were not present on the trip—be judges, and a prize for the winner adds to the fun.—Washington Star.

### Dog Caught a Turtle.

Guests of the Mill River hotel at Ridgetfield, Conn., yesterday were treated to a novel sight when a dog, after a battle of half an hour, dragged a 33-pound snapping turtle from the water.

Nero, who is owned by the proprietor of the hotel, is no lap dog. He is a cross between a Newfoundland and a St. Bernard, and weighs 165 pounds. He was taking a swim in the water near the hotel, bringing in sticks and bits of wood thrown by one of the woman patrons, when the turtle seized him by the tip of the tail. The dog turned and all the visitors saw was a churning of the waters. Then it was seen that while Nero had a turtle, the turtle also had him. Encouraged by the shouts from the veranda the dog fought his way slowly to land.

He came in circles, his teeth fastened in one of the turtle's flappers, and the turtle with its jaws in a death grip on the dog's tail.

It was necessary to cut off the turtle's head to release the dog. Aside from the wound in his tail and scratches made by the fins of the turtle, Nero was unhurt, but a very exhausted dog.—New York American.

### Mare Saved Her Colt.

One of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity that ever came to light in this section is related by Engineer James Parrott and Conductor Frank King.

When the southbound passenger train was near Hallsburg a mare suddenly dashed up the track toward the train, running swiftly. It looked as if she would run right into the engine, and the air brakes were quickly applied, slowing the train down to six or seven miles an hour. Engineer Parrott thought the mare was blinded by the headlight, but the train was no sooner slowed down than the mare turned about and went from the train, keeping right down to the tracks, and making it impossible to run fast lest the animal be struck.

The mare went straight to a bridge over a creek, and when within a short distance of the bridge of the railway it was discovered that the colt of the mare had fallen with all of its feet through the bridge, placing it where it would have been killed had not the mare literally flagged the train. The mare stopped and began whinnying, and the train stopped also. Engineer Parrott, the fireman, and some of the passengers got off and, relieving the colt, left the mare to trot off with her young as proud as

a peacock. Those who witnessed the occurrence say it was wonderful. —Houston Chronicle.

### Miss Hartley's Birthday Gift.

Miss Hartley sat by her sunny window, her lap full of pretty girlish notes. Her dim eyes were full of tears as she looked wistfully out on the old-fashioned garden, which had marked so many springtimes for her. It might be the last spring she would ever see it in bloom. She was growing feeble, and was no longer able to teach, as she had done for so many years. There was nothing to live upon if her hands and brain were idle, so the house had been sold the day before.

She was quite alone in the world, without kin or kin, but the dear, quaint old lady was beloved by generations of pupils whom she had taught in the little town.

The piles of notes in her lap were birthday greetings, a day ahead of time, to be sure. Her girls had invited themselves to luncheon, and a day was scarcely long enough notice. In spite of the pleasure their coming would give her, Miss Hartley could not help some anxious speculation as to ways and means to provide for twelve hearty, happy, hungry girls, whose delight had always been "a spread at Miss Hartley's."

She could no longer afford "spreads," but she would do the best she could, trusting to the girls' offering to eke out her scanty supply. Meantime, the girls were in quite a flutter of excitement, and their mammas, who had also been "girls" once, were almost as excited.

By half-past twelve, on Miss Hartley's birthday, a flock of bright-faced, sweetly dressed little maidens presented themselves at the well known front door to be welcomed by an eager, smiling hostess, who looked quainter than ever in her gray silk gown and cap. The girls' offerings proved substantial indeed, so that when they sat down to luncheon it was at a groning table, and laughter and talk flowed merrily, while the dear old lady forgot her worries and joined in the fun.

"Now tell us all about the house," said Alice Dent, who, being the oldest of the dozen, was naturally the spokesman.

"There's nothing much to tell, my dear," said Miss Hartley, with a little quiver in her voice, "it was sold yesterday."

"Sold!" they echoed, incredulously. "Yes, the business was concluded yesterday, and the sum paid for it will make me comfortable for the rest of my life. I ought to be very happy, but—but it's hard to get used to a new place at my age. I'm sixty-five today."

"A health to sixty-five!" cried Alice, raising her glass of water. Every girl enthusiastically followed her example, and the old lady's eyes filled with tears.

"And now," said Alice, "I'm going to make a speech."

"Hear—hear!" cried the others, and they settled themselves to listen.

"Once there was a dear, sweet lady, whom everybody loved," here Alice bowed to Miss Hartley. "She had spent long years in teaching, and at the close of every school year there had been a great time, for diplomas and medals and prizes of books were awarded for excellence in standing. All the graduates, of course, received diplomas, and though they drifted away, and married—and had daughters of their own—they kept their diplomas carefully, for they loved their dear school teacher and remembered her gentle influence, and sent their daughters to her in after years. But one day a queer thing happened; the tables were turned—for the teacher decided to graduate. So, at the time she appointed there was a grand luncheon, and her twelve pupils who were invited (or, rather, who invited themselves), decided to present her with a diploma. Elsie, bring it in."

Elsie, who was the youngest, and therefore the messenger, ran out, returning in a few moments with a long, interesting looking box. Alice took off the cover—and there lay the "diploma"—rolled as all diplomas are, and tied with a huge white bow, with twelve long ends—one for each girl.

At a signal from Alice they all rose, and each taking her end, carried it in state to Miss Hartley and placed it in her hands.

"You are to open it," said Alice. "There may be some mistakes; you know, we never made out a diploma before."

Miss Hartley smiled and obeyed, drawing off the complicated bow with old-maid precision.

But as her eyes fell upon the contents of the paper she gave a cry, which was as girlish as any cry of her pupils, and stretched out her hands.

"Oh—my girls—my girls!" she cried; "what have I done to deserve this!"

They could not answer, because of such a queer feeling in their throats; they could only cling to her as one by one she held them close—for the "diploma" was the deed to the dear old home, and the names of every pupil she had ever taught were signed to the gift.—Newark Call.

## GOOD WAYS TO COOK VENISON.

Here Are Recipes For Preparing Steaks, Cutlets and Stews—Every Part Edible.

This is the venison season, and as the days are all too few in which we can buy and eat the deer flesh without violating the game laws, it behooves us now to partake of this meat as freely and as frequently as opportunity offers. As there is practically no part of a deer that is not good to eat, if properly cooked, the choice of the diner ranges from steak to cutlet and from roast to stew. For a venison stew take three or four pounds of venison and cut it into pieces that are not too small. Melt some butter in a saucepan and fry the meat for a few minutes, or until it has browned slightly on all sides; then put it into the stewpot with a little more than enough cold water to cover it. Add eight or ten onions, halving or quartering them if they are too large, and season with both salt and celery salt. Don't let the meat cook too quickly, but when it is tender—it should take a couple of hours—add half a dozen pickled walnuts that have already been mashed to a pulp and about two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catsup. Thicken with flour and serve.

In preparing venison steak for the table have the meat cut thick—an inch and a half is not too thick, and some like it thicker. Let it lie in a cool place, but not actually on ice, for twenty-four hours. When ready to cook heat an iron skillet until it is almost red hot, put the steak upon it, and after it has broiled for two minutes on one side turn it and cook it on the other side. At the expiration of the four minutes reduce the heat, grease the skillet liberally with butter, and let the steak cook slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes, according to its thickness. In serving use no seasoning but ordinary pepper and salt, unless a little more butter should be needed.

Although venison cutlets are also good when cooked in this way, Wallace Irwin recommends another method of preparing them. He trims the cutlets, puts them in an earthen dish, and covers them with a specially prepared marinade. After they have been in this for twenty-four hours they are wiped dry, larded and broiled over a brisk fire. To prepare the marinade Mr. Irwin takes four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, same quantity of grape juice, one small chopped onion, two bayleaves, four cloves, a blade of mace and two sprigs of parsley to each pound of meat. This mixture is then put over the fire, and as soon as it comes to the boiling point is poured over the venison.—New York Times.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

A contented workman earns his wages.

Sanctification does not mean exclusiveness.

Any work is honest when honestly performed.

A church letter is small recommendation.

A yawn from the pew may mean somnolency in the pulpit.

When it means sacrifice to give we can set it down as charity.

The richest man is the one who is satisfied with what he has.

Some men give; some men amputate themselves from their money.

A boy's first ambition is to play the snare drum in the village band.

Better to be riding a hobby than to sit grumbling by the side of the road.

Honesty is the best policy only when it is not honesty for policy's sake.

Men who never work are prone to grow eloquent on the subject of "the dignity of labor."

When a man's children run to meet him it is a pretty good sign that he is all right.

The average man is surprised that the world does not stop whirling when he gets into trouble.

A whole lot of men are in a hurry to get nowhere to do something that does not need to be done.

Automobile jokes are growing scarce. The automobile has grown altogether too serious for jokes.

After all it is enlightened selfishness to reach down and lift up. The man lifted up can not drag you down.

The candidate who is so glad to shake your hand before election is very apt to shake you entirely after election.

When a man wants to turn a dishonest trick he has no trouble in finding an excuse that will satisfy his conscience.

Next to the man with a grievance the greatest bore is the man who will not sympathize with you when you tell yours.

The man who can see nothing but fun in life never amounts to much; the man who can see no fun at all in life never amounts to anything.

Some of these days we are going to meet up with a defeated candidate who is just as glad to see us as he was before his defeat, and then we will know who our preferred candidate for something better is.

Just as we begin to think that we really know something really worth while, then something happens to show us that we really know so little of all there is to know that it isn't worth while to feel puffed up on account of our knowledge.—Will M. Maupin, in The Commoner.

### Central America.

The story of Central America is a story of broken peace pacts and dissolved unions. Beginning as one kingdom under Spain, the five provinces became separated in their act of independence, but immediately thereafter sought reunion and incorporation with Mexico. Separation from Mexico and dissolution of the union followed, and then wars, truces, federations and secessions came in swift succession. Salvador's appeal for a United States protectorate, Guatemala's pretensions to hegemony, the rise and fall of the sixth state of Los Altos, the patriotic statesmanship of Morazan, the atrocities of Carrera, the United Provinces of the Center of America, the Panama Congress, the Central American Federation, the strenuous campaign of Barrios, the Greater Republic of Central America, and the United States of Central America together with innumerable other incidents, names and essays, have passed into history, leaving the states no better off than before, excepting on the ground that the logest lane must have a turning, and that therefore the further those states proceed in their unhappy way the nearer they come to the inevitable turning point.

### Impossible Work.

He went down, and bravely. He remained on the bottom some minutes, then he signaled impatiently to be drawn up. They drew him up and he motioned for them to remove his helmet. As they started to do this the foreman said, "What's the matter, Mike?" "Take the darn lid off me," he replied. "I'm done wid divin'." "Why?" said the foreman. "I's never wurruk," was the excited answer, "at enny job where I can't spit on me hands."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

hyocal applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Not to Be Hocked.

Walter S. Hale's compliment to Rear Admiral Coghlan (retired), at the dinner of the Schley Camp of Spanish War Veterans, may not have been in perfect taste, but it was very witty. "You hocked der Kaiser," he said, "but you must never hock this," and pinned the gold badge of the veterans on the admiral's broad breast.

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THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

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A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used, no family will be without it. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.

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CAUTION.—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

### Chickens Earn Money!

If You Know How to Handle Them Properly.

Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The way to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know on the subject—a book written by a man who made his living for 25 years in raising Poultry, and in that time necessarily had to experiment and spent much money to learn the best way to conduct the business—for the small sum of 25 cents in postage stamps.

It tells you how to Detect and Cure Disease, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Market, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and indeed about everything you must know on the subject to make a success.

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### BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE,

134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. CITY.

### Teaching Mandarin.

The college of Eastern Languages in Berlin has engaged four educated Chinese to teach Mandarin. For six hours a week each gets a monthly salary of \$357.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. H. R. Kline, La. 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Every renter of flats in Des Moines, Iowa, is required to sign an agreement not to cook onions or cabbage in the rooms.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

According to statistics issued at Tokio 65 per cent of the Japanese are teetotalers.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Joy of Living in Metropolis. New York has a new record. The Public Service Commission reports that one person is killed every fifteen hours by her trolley cars, elevated and subway lines included.—Boston Globe.

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in winter? Better turn your extra time into cash. I pay \$3.00 per day, in cash, for good work, and supply all the capital besides. Write for details to-day. This offer will not appear again.

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cleanses and heals mucous membrane of nose, throat, and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

THE E. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 48, 1907.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water