

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite and tone up the system, and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Health in Gunpowder Mills.

Apart from the danger of explosions, which, by the way, are less frequent than is generally supposed, gunpowder mills are exceedingly healthy places. Such a thing as a workman dying of consumption is unheard of, the explanation being that the constant breathing into the lungs of dust is beneficial to them. Even horses employed in gunpowder mills are found to be fatter and sleeker than their fellows from the same stable, worked elsewhere. As to the death rate in powder mills, the popular ideas are much exaggerated, the average freight yard being vastly more fatal than they. Statistics show that from the beginning of this century, when the Dupont powder mills were established, up to the present year, there has been an average of not quite one death a year from accidents or explosions.

As among the employers, so among the men. Fear is almost unknown, the black-faced fellows shoveling the gunpowder about as if it were coal, and walking through it knee-deep, as they would through so much flour. They are perfectly happy, these stolid Irishmen, who go on risking their lives year after year for about the same wages as are paid for less dangerous employments; that is, \$40 or \$50 a month. And yet they are exceedingly superstitious, it not being uncommon for a man to throw up his job because he has had warning or his wife has dreamed of a white horse. There are various dreams understood by powder men to foretell an accident or an explosion, and it is very difficult—often impossible—to get a man who has had one of these to get near the works.

Cigarettes and Crime.

A cigarette smoker need not necessarily be a criminal, but the experience of the police in charge of the station houses goes to show that nearly all criminals are cigarette smokers. As a rule the first thing that a criminal asks for after being locked up is a package of cigarettes.—Louisville Commercial.

Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are always below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition, you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The late Sir Andrew Clark estimated his working hours at little short of 16 per day.

Pure and Wholesome Quality.

Comments to public approval the California liquid laxative, Calumina. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually. It promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Ga., says:

"I have used your Calumina for several years, and it cured my little girl." Said by Druggists, 73c.

Great Britain has but six or seven species of owls, and some of them are nearly gone.

I use "Fido's Cure" for Consumption both in my family and practice.—G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1914.

Huxley's "Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews" have been printed no fewer than nine times.

Do You Know Its Cause?

Infection: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause? Buy your drugist for Ripon Tablets. One gives relief.

The capital for the building of the Jungfrau Railway is to consist of 9,000,000,000 francs.

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

Over \$250,000 worth of silk is annually distributed gratis in the English dispensaries.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.

pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Ceylon has 2,700,000 population and does an annual trade with Great Britain of \$40,000,000.

Inflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

And now it alleged that margarine contains fewer microbes than ordinary butter made of cream.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," he announced that after 650,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it. He would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. The recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little coupon with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 500 illustrations. The 1914 Edition is precisely the same as those sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

PN 31

HOW SHORT THE SPACE!

How short the space, how much to do, How few and brief the days of morn! So much to learn of falsehood and true— And only threescore years and ten! So little time to do things well, So much—so very much to know! And while we labor in our cell The years do not forget to go. So many things that we might learn If only time would stay its tide, And once again our youth return To keep the shadow from our side. But, ah! what cannot be cannot, We'll do the little that we may, And in some time-ignoring spot Perhaps find what we leave to-day. —Frank H. Sweet, in New York Observer.

HOW POLLY AND I MADE UP



OLLY and I had been quarrelling and we were both feeling rather blue and sorry about it, although both were equally determined not to make the first advances towards "making up," and, as I was saying, we were both regretting the quarrel not a little. Not that the mere fact of our quarrelling was at all surprising or unusual. We were always quarrelling. We quarrelled and differed with such frequency and ease that our wise friends were in the habit of advising us constantly and regularly to part before our wedding day made this course of action impossible or inconvenient. But this quarrel had been an exceptional one in several ways. To begin with, I usually quarrelled with Polly. This time she had quarrelled with me. Next, I generally began by pulling some of Polly's admirers to pieces; to-day she began by scolding about an old flame of mine. And, as a culmination, I regularly got the better of even Polly's quick tongue and sharp wit and secured the last word for myself, but this time Polly had delivered the final blow with such crushing effect that I was completely silenced and could do nothing but sit baring my cane into the gravel path and biting my mustache. We were at the park and Polly sat on one end of the painted iron seat, her head thrown back in the Gibson-girl fashion she never affects save when she is very angry, an unwonted color in her dainty oval cheek and a dangerous brightness in her large gray eyes, which were apparently studying the cloud formations in the blue sky above. Her little foot, clad in its dainty, narrow-toed shoes, was tapping the ground impatiently, and she was humming a little tune all out of tune with the beating of her foot. I knew that that tune was only being indulged in to keep herself from crying, and I was rather glad that she couldn't make her voice steady enough to hum "Comin' Through the Rye." I knew she wanted to do so, because that is the tune I especially dislike, but, as I said, she couldn't do it just then, and I was rather glad. So she went on humming a hymn tune, and her voice kept shaking more and more when she came to the high notes. Now she had just told me that she hated me, and I argued the contrary from the fact that she was so near to tears, so I coughed apologetically and drew a shade nearer to her. After all, she was so clearly wrong that I could afford to be generous and speak first. So presently I coughed again and moved up a little more. Then, as she did appear to be conscious of my existence, I coughed once more, cleared my throat and remarked: "Polly."

She made no answer, did not even turn her head, but I observed that her nostril was inflated dangerously, precisely like that of a well bred horse when much excited, and I knew that she was more angry and nearer to crying than ever. So my heart was glad and I said again: "Polly."

This time she tossed her head the least in the world, so I ventured to take her hand as I said: "Polly, won't you say you're sorry for what you said?"

She caught her hand away from mine with a pretty air of detestation and burst forth: "Say I'm sorry that I said Maria Jones was setting her cap for you again? No, I won't; I'm glad I said it." (Terrible emphasis upon the "glad.")

Now, I hadn't meant what she said about Maria, but about hating me, but Maria is a good girl and my friend, so I took up the cudgels in her defence. "That's a very unladylike remark," I said hotly, "and—"

"It is perfectly true," interrupted Polly, more angrily than before; "I don't care that," snapping her pretty gloved fingers, "about whether it's unladylike or not. I'll say it again. She is setting her cap at you."

She was white with anger now, and, seeing this, I grew cold, and thus had her at a disadvantage. Long experience of quarrels with Polly had taught me this, and I was base enough to be glad she was so angry. An angry woman can never argue to good effect. So now I whistled softly the tune she specially detested, and waited a moment before I spoke.

Then I said, quietly, but provokingly: "Poor Maria. It's no use her setting her cap at me now."

This shot had precisely the effect I expected. Polly's eyes fairly blazed as she turned to me, her previous remarks having been directed to the sky, and declared in an unsteady voice: "You needn't say that. I don't care whether she has you or not; I wouldn't marry you myself at any price. You're perfectly free from me."

She turned her head back again

quickly, but not so quickly that I did not see the two tears which hung on her eyelashes. Polly has such long, pretty, curling eyelashes. She began to pull madly at her left glove. I knew she wanted to throw my ring at me, but her hand was warm and the glove well fitting, so she couldn't get it off before I had opened her again."

"Maria," I said, meditatively, to the grass or the trees, or something equally impersonal, "Maria is proud. She would not allow a man to pay her attentions while people still connected his name with that of another girl."

Polly was fairly raging. At the time she and I had become engaged her people had a great deal to say about my "outrageous flirtation" with Maria Jones, and I had been obliged to do a great deal of persuading in order to convince Polly that I had meant nothing serious. Now, as I said, she was fairly raging at this mention of her tender point, and she hissed out, whirling around in her seat: "Well, she can't allow you to pay her attentions for some time to come. Besides—"

But here I interrupted her in my turn; those tears were rolling down her cheeks now, and I thought this second quarrel had gone far enough; besides, I didn't want her to say anything more about having seen me walking with Maria while I waited for her, carrying the obnoxious parasol which had prevented Polly from recognizing us, and thus aroused her wrath.

So I broke in: "I don't want to pay her attentions, you see. I'd rather pay them to you."

"Well, you will never have the chance to do so again," she snapped, pretending to wipe the dust from her face, but really stopping those tears from falling, "you shall never do the least thing for me again."

"Not even carry your parasol?" I asked, softly, and she grew angry again. "Go and carry Maria's parasol!" she ejaculated, angrily; "she'll be glad enough to have you, and I can always find some one who wants to wait on me."

This was true enough, as we both knew. She had me there. Some one! Yes, indeed, plenty of them! This reflection sobered me a little (in the job of getting the best of the quarrel I was rather losing my head), and I said again, softly: "But I want to do things for you, Polly."

"Well, you never will again," she said, and now the tears were in her voice as well as her eyes. "You shall never do anything for me again."

She spoke more sadly than angrily now, and I felt a little sad myself. "Never, Polly?" I remarked, gently, noticing meanwhile that she was no longer struggling with her glove. "Never, Polly? Shall I never bring you flowers any more and never carry your gloves while you pin the flowers at your waist? Shall I never tie your veil for you after we have been at the lake together? Shall I never turn over the music while you sing me 'Sweetheart?'"

"This was the song we both loved, and the mention affected Polly visibly. So I went on: "And shall I never lace your gloves for you when we are going to a party and wrap your lace scarf closer around your head and throat when we are coming back, and put on your rubbers—and—kiss you, Polly?"

There were tears in my own eyes now, and Polly had given up all attempts at concealment and was sobbing miserably. I laid my hand on hers; she did not draw her own away. I gently squeezed her fingers; she did the same, more faintly, to mine. Then I took courage and leaned over to her, sliding along the seat in order to reach her, and put my arm around her.

"Polly," I said, possessing myself of her cobweb of a handkerchief, and wiping away the tears which were making her eyes red, "Polly, let's make up."

"And will you say you're sorry?" she whispered, burrowing her face into my coat sleeve, and I answered very quickly: "Yes," I said. "I'll say I'm sorry if you will, Polly."

So neither of us actually said it and ten minutes later, when we were sensible again, the young lady remarked in a breath of fervor: "Let's never quarrel any more. I'm sure," virtuously, "I never want to quarrel with you."

"Not even when you talk of poor Maria setting her cap for me?" I inquired innocently, and we very nearly quarrelled afresh. "How unkind you are!" she said, nearly crying again, "to keep bringing that up when it's really the first time I ever started a quarrel!"

Then a bright idea came to me and I said softly: "Polly."

"Well," she said, a little ungraciously and without turning her head (we were walking now and she was a step or so in advance), "what is it?"

I stepped quickly up to her and caught her hand. "Polly," I said again, "there's only one way for us to keep from quarrelling and that's to get married right away. Then we couldn't turn one another about our old flames. Now, I personally don't care a fig about Maria Jones."

And then we came upon Maria face to face in the narrow path, and she must have heard what I said by the queer, triumphant gleam in her eyes.

Polly greeted her effusively and after the greetings were over Maria remarked: "I thought I heard my name mentioned just as I turned the corner." And she looked searchingly from one to the other of us.

"Polly looked at me, so I began lamely: "You—er—you did. You see, my dear Maria" (Polly flashed a lightning glance at me and I hastily

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

No Italian girl can marry without a dowry. Scarlet is mourning color for unmarried women in Brazil. Kansas has twenty-five newspapers which are edited by women. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was one of the stoutest women of her time.

Mrs. Siddons was large, with very striking features, and an air of great personal dignity. Eight ladies hold commissions as colonels in the German army. They are all queens or princesses. Queen Victoria has signed but one death warrant, and that was for an execution in the Isle of Man.

The British matron is nettled by Daudet's caustic observations on her lack of physical charms and of taste of dress. Princess de Polignac, formerly Winarotta Singer, daughter of the great sewing machine man, is said to be the best amateur musician in Paris.

The Empress of Austria says she will never wear anything but black hereafter, and is distributing her court dresses among her intimate friends. A movement is on foot to erect a memorial to the late Christina Rossetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square, London, where she worshipped for twenty years.

A number of girl students in the University of Michigan decided to wear knickerbockers hereafter. They expect that all the girls in the university will follow their example. Miss Carrie Lieb, who has just been appointed a division surgeon of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Hope, Idaho, is the first woman physician to be appointed in the railway service.

A number of women are making a good income in Philadelphia designing and drawing pictures for illustrating the newspaper advertisements of the big retail mercantile advertisements. It is the suggestion of a thrifty woman that pieces of children's dresses of wash materials should be included in several laundrings to secure the requisite change of color that will make patches unnoticeable.

"Mme. La Presidente," as Mme. Fauro is called in Paris, is described as the highest type of French womanly character. She abhors scandal, disapproves of flirtation, loves her home and frowns upon all risqué tendencies in Parisian society.

Miss Boswell, the only woman delegate in the Republican Convention at Cleveland, is decidedly handsome, though of delicate physique. She has what is described as "warm colored" hair, transparent complexion and expressive brown eyes.

The up-to-date ladies of the Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Towson, Md., are raising money with which to buy a bicycle for the rector of the church, which he is to use in making pastoral visits and in attending to other parish duties.

The college at Benzonia, Mich., is thirty-two years old, but had its first graduation this term. The scholar is a girl who took an eight years' course, carried off all the class honors because she was the whole class, was honored with Ph. D., and is a new woman.

Maria Correll, the novelist, who has been much talked of recently in England, is in private life Miss Minnie Mackay, daughter of the late Charles Mackay. Her first book, "A Romance of Two Worlds," was published in 1886, when she was twenty-two years old.

The old homestead of Jane Grey Swisshelm in Swisshelm, Penn., is the Mecca of many visitors to Pittsburgh. Mrs. Swisshelm was the first woman engaged to report Washington news for a daily newspaper. She was employed for that purpose by Horace Greeley.

A woman angler, Miss E. T. Crosby, caught thirty-one trout, averaging three-quarters of a pound each, in thirty minutes at Rangeley Lake, Me., a few days ago. She is noted in that region for her skill with the rod, having earned the sobriquet of "Fly Rod" by her achievements.

It is said that Queen Victoria has had a chair constructed which will support her in a standing position while receiving visitors. The chair is cunningly arranged, so that its form is covered with regal draperies, and report says it would deceive any one who didn't know it was there.

Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome of New York, widow of Lord Randolph Churchill, is now to be seen in Paris in the smartest cycling version of mourning. It is added that she wears a black alpaca suit edged with black leather knickerbockers, concealed by a short skirt and a black straw hat.

Suburban women may be seen boarding the trains these days for a town shopping expedition carrying flat wicker baskets in lieu of bags or satchels for their small pick-ups. These are in the basket-fawn and light-brown shades or of dull red, and are both lighter and prettier than the leather bag.

There is a very evident intention on the part of designers to modify the Dutch bonnet that had such a sudden boom early in the season. The style is becoming to but very few, and the shape is not at all easy to keep on the head. It is with the bonnet with a round crown is every way more desirable, and may be trimmed at the sides and arranged so that it is broad without being hard to manage.

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

Best Preventive of Disease of All Kinds—Toughens the Body. We best arm ourselves against all cold diseases by availing ourselves of every measure which will tend to "toughen" us. Whoever does not do this, will, the farther the winter advances, become always weaker from lack of exercise and always less able to resist. Then soon become established such unwelcome guests as rheumatism, influenza, diphtheria and lung fever. Both the latter find a favorable footing in the respiratory organs debilitated by catarrh. Should the cold spell be but short and mild, and often interrupted by sunny days, only the weakest persons suffer. But if the winter is very raw and long, even strong constitutions fall a direct prey to diseases, or their bodies, usually their entire organism, are so unfavorably affected that they now have weakened constitutions disposed to diseases. This is why the various lung troubles, especially inflammation of the lungs, reach their culmination toward the end of winter. Daily exercise in the fresh air, under changing conditions of the weather, and at all times of year, is a means of resisting the evil influences of the weather. This method of prevention and cure (prophylaxis and therapeutics) is made use of in the so-called climatic watering places. But even at home we may accustom our skin to quickly changing conditions of weather by accustoming it to quickly changing temperatures. This is done by warm baths with a cold shower afterwards, which is followed by a strong muscular movement that gives a reaction to warmth again. Thereby not only are the nerves stimulated to quick action in thus regulating the heat of the body, but also all the rest of the nervous system is strengthened and hardened, and with resistance against other depressing and sickening influences, against ennui and morbidity. Whoever battles valiantly against unhealthful weather, can become his own master and can even secure for himself vital strength and the enjoyment of health.—Chautauquan.

Missouri is a great country for soldiers. During the great civil war it would appear that almost the entire male population of sufficient age was called on to bear arms. Between the Union and Confederate forces there was, as Phil Kenny phrased it, "loyalty fighting along the whole line." There was no community that did not experience the sights and sounds, the excitements and alarms of war. After hostilities had ceased the military element was largely reinforced from beyond the Mississippi. In these days Missouri was considered a new country and was sought by immigrants. Certain portions of the State were counted as "homestead country." The disbanded soldiers of both armies came to Missouri. This gave us a great martial population.—Kansas City Star.

Lucky Miners in the West. The days of "striking it rich" in the mines of the West are by no means over, though with the big prospecting and developing companies in every promising field the chances are perhaps slimmer than in the old days. Four men in the Sloann district, Washington, who have been working on a tunnel for over a year, following a streak of ore, and not making enough to pay their meager board, last week struck a four-foot body of solid silver ore that runs 375 ounces to the ton, which has made their prospect hole worth at least \$100,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LEWIS' 98% LYE Powdered and Perfumed. The strongest and purest LYE made. Unlike other lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. It will make the best perfume and Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. KEN A. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS Combined Separator, Feed Cooker, and Cream Power. Simple, Effective, Durable, Cheap and Good. Complete Dairy in itself. Saves Time, Labor and Money. Cakes Waited Free, write for it. AGENTS WANTED. DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO. Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Don't cough any more. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION

Franklin College New Athens, O. Board tuition, room, and books \$3 a week. Cat. free. P N 31 '15

Say Aye 'No' and Ye'll Ne'er Be Married." Don't Refuse All Our Advice to Use.

SAPOLIO

AGENTS \$30 a week Easy. New Schema Outline \$2. J. D. Johnston, Newport, R. I.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is cured by the dots being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squishy feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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