

MEDICINE IN DAYS OF OLD

Talismans and Charms That Took the Place of Drugs in Treating Diseases.

Talismans in the old days were natural objects, generally imagined to be marked like the signs of the planets or zodiac, but sometimes they were precious stones. They are confounded to a certain extent with amulets, which Arabic word signifies anything suspended. Charms, on the other hand, from the Latin charmen, a song, refer to written spells, collections of words often without sense, like the famous "Abracadabra."

In the time of the crusades faith in the virtue of precious stones was universal, and to each were attributed special properties. The heliotrope or bloodstone, now worn so much in seal rings, "stancheth blood, driveth away poison, preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh rain and larketh the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused. A to-raz health the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie. The garnet assisteth sorrow, and recreates the heart; the crysolite is the friend of wisdom and the enemy of folly. The great quack, Dr. Dee, had a lump of rammel coal that could predict!"

In the fancied resemblance found among talismans none were more extraordinary than those associated with color. Because Avicenna had said that red blood corpuscles moved the blood red colors were employed in diseases of that fluid, and even in 1765 the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped up in red cloth to cure the smallpox. He died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was good for scrofula.

Among amulets that of Pope Adrian was curious. It consisted of dried toad, arsenic, worm-wood, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smaragd and tragacanth, and was hung around the neck and never removed. The arsenic amulets worn during the plague in London were active on the principle that one poison would prevent the entry of another.—Kansas City Star.

That Which is Faithful.
He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What softer than a woman?" whispers the young reader.

Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe.

Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us.

On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that Jupiter! Hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, oh, Jupiter! try the weed.—Bulwer Lytton. "What Will He Do With It?"

Egyptian Superstition.

The rejoicings for "Lelet-el-Nukta" have begun in Cairo. This takes place when the flood of waters of the Nile are expected down from the Abyssinian hills. The "Lelet-el-Nukta"—literally "night of the drop"—is a great festival among the natives, for it is believed that on this night a drop from heaven falls into the Nile and causes its rise. This superstition has been handed down from the times of the ancient Egyptians, who said the drop was a tear from the goddess Isis. Thousands of natives spend the night on the banks of the river anxiously watching the sky, in the hopes that their future happiness will be assured to them by a glimpse of the drop in its descent into the river.

Another Freak Is He.

Have you a system of tips? The question is provoked by the solicitor who at the club luncheon was rejoicing over a win at 20 to 1. He knows nothing about horses, he said, but when he looks over the sporting intelligence of his favorite paper he acts on a system. If under the name of a horse there is a thick line (a turned rule), or a black square follows it (something wrong with an "m" quad), or there is some other mark which should not be there if the hiotype is doing its work properly, he backs that horse. He has a collection of successful mprints of this kind, and feasts his eyes on them from time to time because they each brought him in 20 to 1.

Logical.

"Pop, when a man makes affirmation, is he an affirmator?"
"Yes, son."
"And if he makes rebates, is he a rebater?"
"Yes, son."
"Then is he makes allegations, is he an alligator?"

A New Industry.

"Now that so many automobiles are passing your house," said the visitor, "I should think you would keep your hens shut up."
"What!" said the farmer. "And cut off my greatest income?"—Judge.

Two Kinds.

"There are just two kinds of liars in this world."
"Two kinds?"
"Yes. The ones who lie to help themselves and the ones who lie to injure others."

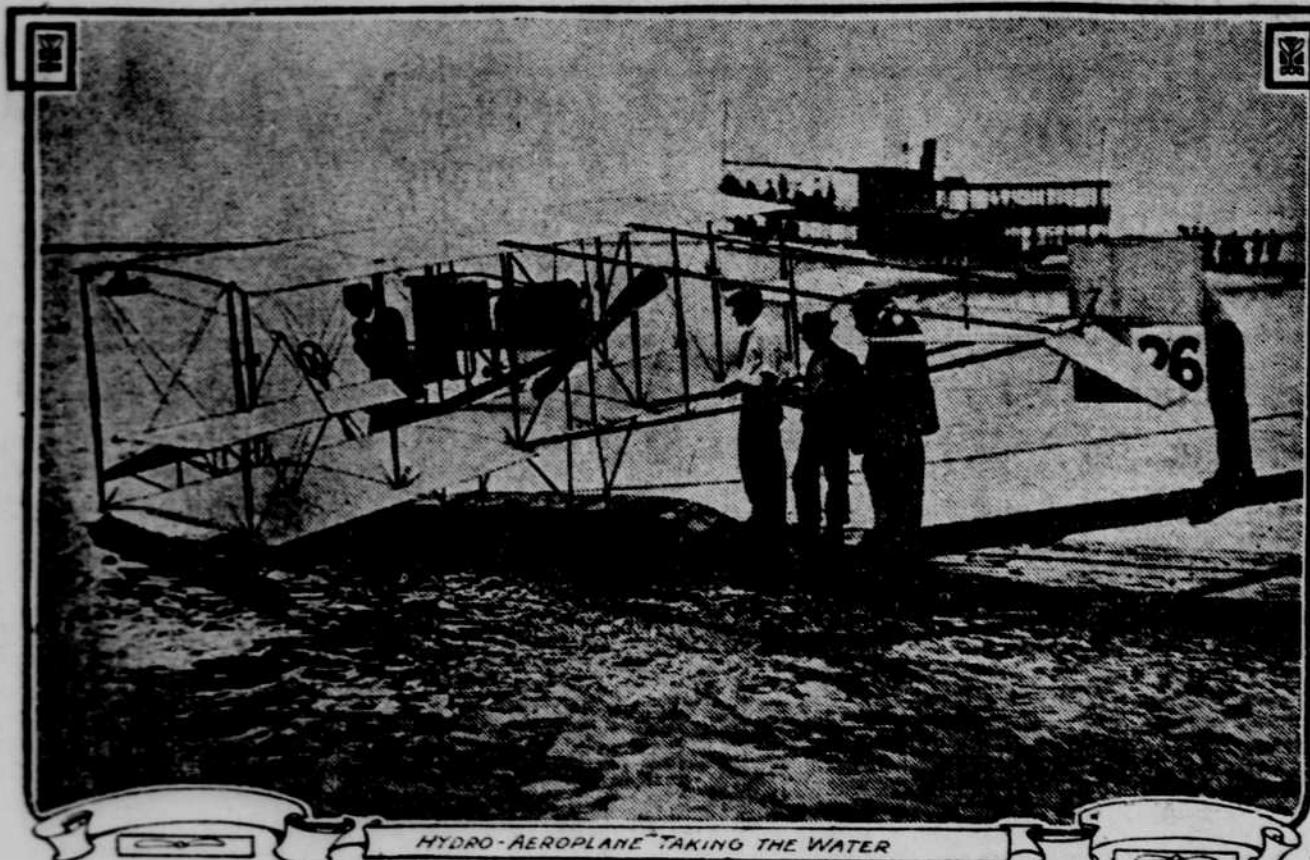
Affronted Bees.

"What's the matter with your face, man?"
"Sure, I went to the zoo hunting for the big African apes they said were there. Somebody told me to go to the apary to find them, and that's where I was stung."

Sidelight on the Subject.

He—Do you think you could learn to love me?
She—I might; but if I were a man I'd hate to think that I was an acquired taste.

NOVELTY OF THE CHICAGO AVIATION MEET.



CHICAGO.—The real novelty of the great aviation meet recently held on the lake front was the Curtiss hydro-aeroplane, operated by Hugh A. Robinson. The machine travels in the air or on the water with almost equal facility. When St. Croix Johnstone fell to his death in the lake, Mr. Robinson in the hydro-aeroplane, reached the wreck within half a minute and could have rescued the unfortunate aviator had he come to the surface.

BRIDE IN DISTRESS

Wanted to Go to Coney Island, but Boarded Albany Boat.

Sympathetic Hudson River Tugboat Captain Took Her Off and Returned Her to "Bridegroom of Few Weeks."

New York.—A woman who described herself as Mrs. J. J. Day of 217 West Ninety-third street intended to go to Coney Island, but didn't go. Instead she would have arrived at Albany, but for the act of a tugboat captain, who took her off the Frank Jones, a Hudson river steamboat, somewhere in the neighborhood of Tarrytown, and returned her safe and sound to what she described as her "waiting husband" and "bridegroom of a few weeks." The real Mrs. Day denied that she had figured in the transfer, and intimated that the woman was a girl friend, who is her guest.

The woman wanted to go aboard one of the Iron Steamboat company's vessels, but failed to realize she was a passenger on board the Frank Jones until Yonkers hove in sight. Then she declared that "hubby" would sit up all night looking for his "bride" in vain and went very bitterly. Captain Loucks was sympathetic but firm. Signals of distress from the whistle of the Frank Jones brought the Albany, another Hudson river steamboat, alongside in jig time.

"What's the matter? Riot?" asked Captain Post, anxiously leaning over the rail of the Albany.

"No; a bride," replied Captain Loucks through his megaphone. "Thought we were a blooming Coney Island tripper and is afraid hubby will miss her when she's gone."

"Too bad," foated the response across the water; "we are all out of smelling salts. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Why, yes," responded the skipper of the Frank Jones. "If you think of it you might telephone to J. J. Day, at 217 West Ninety-third street, that his wife is taking an unexpected run up to Albany and won't be back till tomorrow."

At this critical stage Captain Ulster Davis, who was a board the Frank Jones, saw a towboat belonging to the Cornell Towing line, of which he is superintendent. Snatching the megaphone he hailed the tugboat and ordered it alongside. The woman amid cheers and congratulations, was placed on board the tug and returned to Manhattan.

When Mr. and Mrs. Day learned of the report that the passenger had given the name of Mrs. Day, they declared they had both been at home on the day in question. They refused to give the name of the young woman who is their guest, but some of their friends were discussing, amid giggles, the subterfuge of the "bride" who did not want to take a trip to Albany instead of one to Coney.

Saloon Will Be Rejected.

Ansonia, Conn.—The probate court here has refused to admit the will of the late James Brennan on the ground that the instrument was drawn in a saloon. The will left the greater part of the estate to his widow, who was his third wife, and was contested by the eight children of his first wife.

Human Skin Sold by Inches

New Jersey Boy Gets Rid of Big Piece at Very Good Price—Two More Transfers to Be Made.

Newark, N. J.—Approximately seventy-five square inches of skin were sold by Aiden Arms, an Orange youth, to the Orange Memorial hospital, at the rate of 20 cents a square inch. Immediately after the deal was consummated the skin was taken from Arms' thigh and transferred to the back of Andrew Visconti, fifteen years old, who has been an inmate of the hospital since early in July, a victim of a serious burning accident.

Sufficient time will be allowed to elapse to determine whether the transfer has been successful, and if successful two more similar transfers of cuticle will be made, to the end that Visconti will be able to go out of the hospital a perfectly well boy. Without the aid of such volunteers as Arms, Visconti would have to remain in the hospital indefinitely, unable to

AIMS TO ABOLISH TROUSERS

Berlin Society of Scholars and Artists Proposes New and Unique Garments—Discard Linens.

Berlin.—A society of seventy persons has been organized in Berlin for the purpose of reforming the style of men's garments. It is composed of persons from all sorts of professions and aims at abolishing trousers, substituting knickerbockers; while coat and waistcoat are to give way to a sort of loose blouse hanging well down to the knees. Linen of all sorts is to be discarded.

The newspapers treat the matter as more or less absurd; and some of them challenge the members of the society themselves to appear in public in the new garb. The Cologne Gazette goes deeper and points out that Germany can have no influence over the world's fashions for men's clothing because of the predominance of the military uniform over civilian clothing here, where even the emperor never lays aside his helmet for a silk hat.

It thinks that the fashion for men's garments will continue to be set at London, for "a popular dandy of London clubdom has more influence in setting the fashions than the whole of this society of German scholars, artists and writers."

Alpaca Coat Worn in Paris

Real Summer Weather Works Revolution in Men's Fashions in French Capital—Few of Changes.

St. Louis.—"Whew! It is hot!" One may hear this hundreds of times a day now that Paris has had a taste of real summer weather. I caught a deputy going into the Palais Bourbon with white shoes and looking quite pleased with himself, writes the Paris correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. The golf collar is still to be invented as an adjunct to the French summer costume, but the kummerbund is here, oddly in vogue with wearers protuberant in those parts. The really classic figure of the Frenchman with a black alpaca coat, white linen trousers, a Panama hat with a rakish twist behind, an immense blue tie with white spots, a handkerchief of brilliant hue and design half way out of his pocket, the whole surmounted by a gray cotton umbrella. This venerable type still exists, but is becoming rarer.

The modern Frenchman has taken an inventive turn with his clothes. I am leaving aside the man who has become Anglicized by reason of much reading of tailors' circulars from Bond street, and who take naturally to his flannelette suit in summer—he is the exception, the large exception. The ordinary Parisian, if you produce a hot sun, becomes playful, sartorially, and disports himself in the strangest garb. Sitting opposite to me in my club is a representative specimen, who looks uncommonly like a diver on a bean feast, if you can imagine a diver regaling himself on anything but oysters or sponges. He has certainly a deep-sea appearance; a curious khaki cloth, very light and very shiny. He looks more than ever like Father Neptune in an off mo-

ment as he pulls at his long briar wood pipe.

Robs Her Own Stocking.

Springfield, O.—Mrs. Nora Jenkins, who kept her savings of \$31 in her stocking, which she wore to bed, arose in her sleep, took the stockings off and taking the money down stairs, buried it in the cellar. It was several days before she found it.

Killing Savage Rooster Justified.

London.—The killing of a rooster by a father whose child it attacked was held to be justified by Judge Smith at Atherston county court. Sued by the bird's owner, the father pleaded that he killed the cockerel which was notoriously savage, as it was attacking his child.

CATS RELISH KISSING BUGS

Feast on Insects as They Fall From Arc Lights—Mother Teachers Kittens to Appreciate Delicacy.

Columbus, Ind.—Kissing bugs are here in swarms, but do not exhibit themselves until after dark. They are commonly called electric light bugs because they swarm about arc lamps. They dart here and there in a blind fashion, often striking people in the face, and this gave them the name of "kissing bugs" here.

Cats are fond of "kissing bugs," and at night a few stray cats can be seen sitting under nearly every arc light in this city. As fast as a bug gets overheated and drops to the street the quickest cat in the bunch darts forward and has a dainty morsel. One old cat was noticed teaching her kittens to appreciate kissing bugs.

CELEBRATES DEATH OF KIN

American Woman in Paris Gives Dinner in Honor of Mother-in-Law's Demise, Only to Find Error.

Paris.—Many strange things happen in Paris, but the most weird and ghastly expression of novel social entertainments this season was a dinner given by a certain New York woman, celebrating, as she thought, the death of her rich mother-in-law. The lady has been in Paris since the close of the Nice season. Her husband, who does not care for butterfly life society, remains in the villa at Nice.

The other day she received a telegram from her husband, which read: "Mother is dead." Thinking it was the wealthy mother of her husband, she invited friends to dinner, saying she was going to celebrate a new and better era in her life, which the fortune of her mother-in-law would bring. Some of the more sensitive guests rebelled inwardly at the idea, but the dinner went on. Next day the hostess sent apologies to her guests, saying it was not her mother-in-law who had died, but her own mother. The mistake arose by her husband merely repeating a cablegram received for her at Nice.

Runs Her Own Stocking.

Springfield, O.—Mrs. Nora Jenkins, who kept her savings of \$31 in her stocking, which she wore to bed, arose in her sleep, took the stockings off and taking the money down stairs, buried it in the cellar. It was several days before she found it.

RUNAWAY BOYS FIND ERROR

Two Pittsburg Lads Get Stranded in Cincinnati and Writes Injunction to All Youths.

Cincinnati.—Frank Heiber and Joseph Lechner of Pittsburg, both aged fifteen, who started out to see the world a few days ago, were found early the other morning sleeping under the Cincinnati & Ohio bridge in Cincinnati. They told the officers that they had come to Cincinnati in a parlor car, and thought they were going to see the entire world. How ever, their money soon gave out and they were forced to sleep anywhere they could find a place to lie down.

Heiber said his father died last March, and that his mother is very sick. He doesn't know why he left her. The officials will send them both home. Heiber has written the following injunction to all youths: "Boys—Never leave home. It is the best place on earth. "If you ever feel the hankering to see the world, ask your home folks what is the best thing to do. "I started out feeling like a mill lionaire. I had \$12. I thought that was plenty. They found me sleeping under a railroad bridge. "That old song, 'There's No Place Like Home,' is the truest song ever written."

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

Get work. Be sure it's better than what you work to get.

When Labor Day Comes Round

By Earl Marble

With all the grass, so lush in June,
In haymows stored or stacked a-field,
And July's harvesting in tune
For such a glowing, bounteous yield;
With all the hot, midsummer days
Garnered alike in weeks gone by—
We wait the while the soft wind plays
Through orchard boughs whose yield is nigh.

And while we wait our play-day comes—
The holiday of all the year—
When Labor's noise no longer hums,
And Labor's voice is heard in cheer.
Then hey the picnic, is the call!
And sports come on with leap and bound,
The while we hear a voice—"Play ball!"
When merry Labor Day comes round.



We pack our baskets—or the wife
And children do, with hearts alight—
All heaping full—and seek the life
That Nature whispers us is right.
We all are boys and girls again,
Although our brows with age are crowned!
We are not women now, nor men—
When merry Labor Day comes round.

What merry tales the women tell—
The portly ones we scarce would know
As willowy Jane and slender Nell,
In those dear days so long ago!
What roystering yarns the men spin out
While pitching quoits on springy ground,
The other fellows' girls about—
When merry Labor Day comes round.

And thus with sport the day goes by,
The toil of all the year forgot;
For cheaper 'tis to laugh than cry—
For man as well as little tot.
God bless the holiday that comes
Into our lives with such a bound!
When Labor's noise no longer hums,
And merry Labor Day comes round.



Literature on Labor

BAYARD TAYLOR.
Labor, you, know, is prayer.
Toll to some is happiness and rest to others.

BEECHER.
It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work, good, honest labor, is healthy.

WHITTIER.
Thine to work as well as pray.

HOMER.
Labor conquers all things.

ELIZABETH BROWNING.
Get work. Be sure it's better than what you work to get.

ADDISON.
There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure.

LOWELL.
Blessed are the horny hands of toil.

SCHILLER.
Labor is the ornament of the citizen. The reward of toil is when you confer blessings upon others.

SCOTT.
Toll is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure.

BULWER-LYTTON.
What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the powers to achieve, but the will to labor.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Manchester, Iowa, says: "For two years my back was weak. Rheumatic pains racked my lower limbs day and night. The passages of the kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular. When I started using Doan's Kidney Pills, these troubles soon lessened and the dull backache vanished. My kidneys now act normally and I give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for this wonderful change." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"Ah! how true it is that one must die to be appreciated! Poor Rover was never worth half that when he was alive."

CHILD'S HEAD A MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful; the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 12 L, Boston.

Emerson's Story of Gratitude.

There is a beautiful little story in Emerson's recently published "Journal," of which his son, the editor, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, said the poet was very fond.

A certain widow was so poor that she eked out the one thin bed covering by laying an old door over herself and her little children.

"Mamma," one of the children said one bitter night, "what do those poor little children do who haven't got a door to cover them?"—Youth's Companion.

Lively.
"Is this the kind of cheese that you want?"
"Keep it still, so that I can look at it."

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

Some men are honest because it is too much trouble to be otherwise.

Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

ALLEN'S UL CERIN SALVE
For the treatment of Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, In- sistent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swell- ings, Milk Leg, Fever Swellings, etc. Price 25c. Sold by all Druggists. Dept. A9, St. Paul, Minn.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. A Jar 50c. 25c and 10c at Druggists.

THE ASHLAND NEBRASKA FLOUR MILL FOR SALE
Write N. Z. SNELL, Lincoln, Nebraska

100 Years Old Pettis Eye Salve

PATENTS
I consulted with Thompson's Eye Water