

# HUSBAND NAILED RUBBER ON GATES

Wife so Weak and Nervous Could Not Stand Least Noise—How Cured.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand it to have a gate slam."



"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend your Compound to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. M. MULLENDORFE, Munford, Alabama.

**An Honest Dependable Medicine** is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Root and Herb medicine originated nearly forty years ago by Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for controlling female life.

Its wonderful success in this line has made it the safest and most dependable medicine of the age for women and no woman suffering from female ills does herself justice who does not give it a trial.

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.

**Autocratic Englishmen.** One of the reasons why English is expected to become a world wide language is that English people refuse to learn another. For instance, at Muscat at the entrance to the Persian gulf, there lived for many years an Englishman, supposed to be the only, or almost the only, British resident on the 1,500 miles of Arabian coast line from Aden to Koweit. It would seem that he could hardly have escaped knowing Arabic. Yet he confessed that he could not speak a dozen words of that language. "But how do you carry on your trade?" some one asked. "Oh," he replied, "the beggars have got to learn English."

## DANDRUFF COVERED SCALP

3002 Cass St., St. Louis, Mo.—"For five years I suffered with itching of my body and scalp. My trouble began with a rash on my lower limbs which was very annoying, and my scalp was literally covered with dandruff. My hair used to come out by the handfuls and the itching of my body and scalp was terrible. I had used almost all the skin remedies on the market with no results, when I wrote for a little Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it gave me instant relief. Within one month's use of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment on my hair coming out and I have not lost a minute of sleep since using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which entirely cured me of itching of my body and scalp in its worst form. I also find the Cuticura Soap a benefit in shaving." (Signed) Charles Judlin, Dec. 8, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Every time a man gets his monthly gas bill he's glad that he doesn't have to buy the stuff by the ton.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. 35c a bottle.

It's far easier to form a good character than it is to reform a bad one.

## PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES

Housework is hard enough for a healthy woman. The wife who has a bad back, who is weak or tired all the time, finds her duties a heavy burden. Thousands of nervous, discouraged, sickly women have traced their troubles to sick kidneys—have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills. The painful, trying times of woman's life are much easier to bear if the kidneys are well.

**A California Case.** Mrs. H. Walsh, 1617 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, Cal., says: "I had such sharp, stabbing pains through my kidneys. It seemed that a knife were being thrust into me. My back was so lame I could hardly stoop. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors failed. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

# Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Drugists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

# IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY W.M.A. RADFORD.

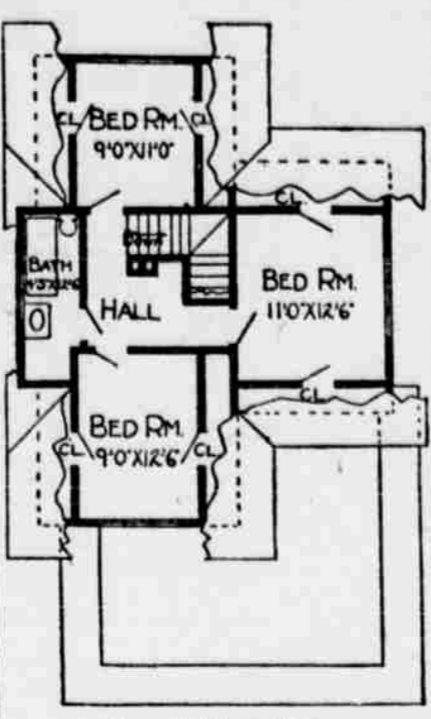
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

There is a wonderful difference in this world between the house that is simply a place to live in, with four walls and a roof, and the house which is a real home. The difference is not so much in the house itself as in the combined effect or union of the house with its surroundings. There are certain styles of architecture that seem to blend naturally with shrubs, vines and flowers. With such a house any work done along the lines of amateur landscape gardening seems worth while, for every nook and corner of the yard, every flowering shrub and every tree throwing out its wide branches seems to add to the cozy, home-like appearance of the place.

This is one of the surest tests we have of excellence in architectural design. Some houses never seem to be at ease, or in accord with the site on which they are built. Every effort to improve and beautify the grounds serves only to bring out the more strongly the plain awkwardness of the house itself, which is of necessity the very heart and center of the whole picture. A well-designed residence, on the other hand, I care not whether it is a little four-room cottage costing but a few hundred dollars or a splendid residence costing many thousands, seems to harmonize and blend with its natural surroundings.

In this connection it may be remarked that the use of cement plaster has done perhaps more to bring about this desired union between the house and grounds than any other building material. The sand, cement and gravel from which the plaster is made, being from earth products seem naturally to harmonize with lawns and shrubbery. What could be more restful and inviting than the cool, silver gray, of natural cement color, contrasting with the green of a well-kept lawn and

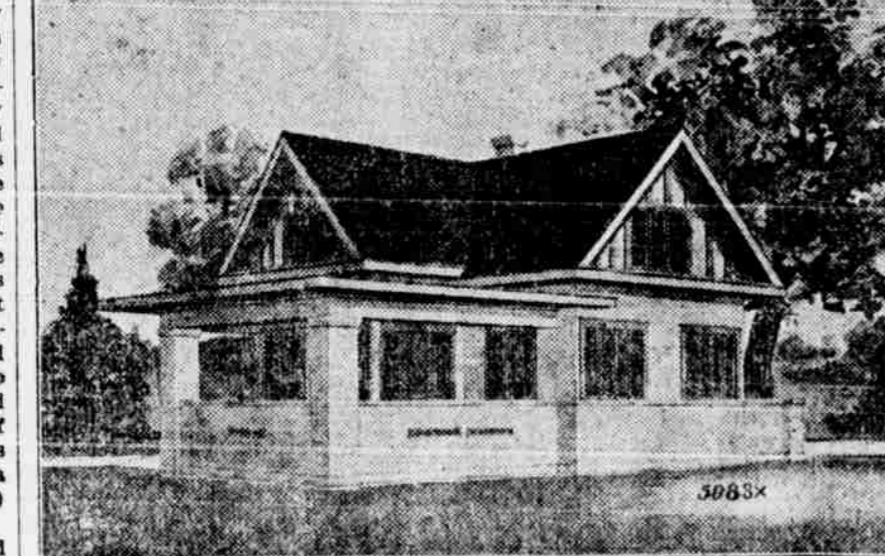
trance is had directly into the large, airy living room, 14 by 14-6, and having in addition a very cozy fireplace nook at one end. The dining-room is reached through a five-foot cased opening. This room is 11 by 18 feet in size and is very well lighted. French windows at one end open onto a terrace where the meals could be served in hot weather. The kitchen is of con-



Second Floor Plan.

venient size and is well placed with reference to culinary requirements. On the second floor there are three bedrooms, each having two good sized clothes closets under the slanting roof. The bathroom is also on this floor and is conveniently located. The cost of this attractive little residence is estimated at \$3,000, using first quality materials with red oak floors throughout and birch trim.

From Bad to Worse. Mr. L. W. Gray, the author of "Seeking Fortune in America," tells of a tourist who asked a Florida guide to



cleaning out from behind the shading trees!

Such a house will need no very large amount of shrubbery decoration. The mistake is too often made of doing too much planting about a house, completely hiding its own beauties with dense hedges and trees planted so close that their shade completely shuts out the sunlight, keeping the house damp and cold. It is not only bad for the house itself, but it is bad landscape gardening. A smooth, well mowed lawn for the

show him a pool where he could go swimming.

The guide led him to a bayou, but the man disliked the looks of the place on account of the numerous water-snakes, although he was assured that they were harmless.

He refused to go in, and the native then took him to a pool where there was not a snake to be seen. Here the tourist was satisfied, and plunged in for his swim.

When he came out he asked the guide if he could account for the fact that there were no snakes in this pool, when there were so many in the other. "How come there ain't no snakes in here?" Why, the "gaters keeps 'em et up!" the guide replied.—Youth's Companion.

## Babies Immune to Tuberculosis.

An interesting experiment for the purpose of creating immunity against tuberculosis is being tried in Pittsburgh under the direction of the Tuberculosis League of that city. Dr. William Charles White, medical director of the league says it will probably take ten years before definite results of the work will be appreciated. The experiment is being conducted on the theory that much, if not all, tuberculosis infection begins in childhood. In view of this fact, the league is aiming to supervise the growth of every baby born for the next ten years in the South side district of Pittsburgh. The babies and their mothers will be taken in charge at the birth of the infant, and everything possible will be done to increase the resisting power of the child to disease and to make it thereby immune to tuberculosis infection. The theory of the society is that by fortifying the body in the earliest period of a child's life, the infant will, in most cases, become immune to the disease with which heredity and environment may threaten it.

## Watermelon Seeds a Delicacy.

Watermelon seeds are now worth \$5 gold per 100 pounds at Tientsin, China, while pumpkin seeds are quoted at \$3.25 and \$1.10 per 100 pounds, respectively, for the best and lowest qualities. These seeds are served at Chinese dinners as almonds are served in America.

## They Generally Are.

"Oh, dear! I have come all the way through town with my hat on in this manner! I thought you told me my hat was on straight!"

"Why, honey, it was on crooked and I thought that when it was on crooked it was on straight."

# Single-Handed

## A TRUE STORY OF A HEROIC RESCUE

BY C. H. CLAUDY

ONE hundred and twenty miles an hour actually recorded—then the instruments went out of commission and no one knows whether the tearing air reached a greater speed thereafter. The United States weather bureau pronounced this particular West Indian hurricane "the most severe in the history of Hatteras."

But whatever the speed may have been, it was enough to beat the sea into submission, to raise it in the air and carry it completely over the narrow neck of barren sand which separates Pamlico sound from the Atlantic ocean, and ample enough to sweep the barkentine Priscilla, out of Baltimore for Rio, with a general cargo, far out of the gulf stream, into the "saw teeth" of Hatteras and toward the inhospitable shore.

**A Helpless Bit of Wood.** On the 16th of August, 1899, the gale, not yet at its height, became so violent that Captain Springsteen furled his spanker and upper topsail. But this was of little avail. The foremast was hauled up and furled, two reefs put with infinite difficulty in the mainsail and the lower topsail clewed up, only to be torn bodily from its spars. Next the mainsail ripped away, a flying blotch of dirty white in a deadly smother of grayish spume; a few minutes later and the mainstaysail followed suit.

Then the Priscilla hove to under bare poles, helpless and strengthless, unable to put forth the smallest rag which might lend storage-way sufficient to clear Cape Hatteras, jutting out there to the west and south, unseen, but terribly well known and feared.

Thursday, the 17th, came. It could not be said to dawn, for the increase in the light was small. Sky there was none, clouds there were none, sea there was none to the eye. A dreadful dirty gray encompassed all. Where air left off and water began was not to be told by looking, and so full was the air of spray and spume and froth and water that breathing itself was difficult.

But now and then a hole, torn in the flying spindrift by an eddy in the blast, showed water—water discolored, a sickly green with yellow blotches of stirred-up sand, instead of the deep emerald black of the ocean, telling the master, the eleven men of his crew, and even his wife and little son, that they were out of the gulf stream and over the shoals which make the "graveyard of the Atlantic," the spot where more ships have gone to their last resting-place than on any other three.

The lead was cast at one hour intervals. Thirty fathoms at five in the morning, twenty-five fathoms at six, twenty fathoms at eight—so it went all day until at eight bells twenty fathoms showed.

"Then," said the master, "I did not sound any more. I knew we were going forward for all hands to prepare to go each man for himself."

It was but a little later that the Priscilla struck, bounded off, tossed a little while on seas mountain high, climbing, a dead weight, one minute to coast down a terrible slide the next—then struck again with a terrific impact, breaking all glass ports and flooding the cabin. The port rigging was cut away to let the masts go. They fell instantly with a crash, heard even above the roar of the hundred-mile gale. Instantly the seas began to swell, the doomed vessel, breaking twenty, thirty feet above the stumps of her masts.

Mrs. Springsteen was swept overboard first, her cry cut short by a breaking wave. The little boy went next—literally torn from his father's arms. By one of those freaks of the sea which are beyond explaining, he was swept far overboard and back again the next minute, and into the cabin, from whence his lifeless body later came ashore. The ship's boy was the next and last to go. The men, with their greater strength, were able to hold on or tie themselves down, to other means to get the rest of its victims.

Nor had the despairing sailors long to wait. No structure of wood, be it ever so staunch could long resist the heavy bombardment of tons of water, and being picked up and dashed down on the sandy shoals beneath. Less than half an hour later the hull broke in two, the bow to disintegrate and disappear almost instantly, the after half on which the ten survivors were congregated, to dash on toward the unseen shore. For more than five hours this situation continued, the captain, grief-stricken at his loss, and the crew, resigned to their fate, clinging to the wreck.

At last the wreck struck for the last time, the grinding and the smashing stopped, and those on board knew that somewhere ahead of them, could they but see it, was the shore.

But they never hoped to reach it.

For the breakers lay between them and the safety they could not see, and the night of terror and struggle had sapped their strength. Three were so badly cut and bruised with flying wreckage that they could not stand; the rest, all but naked, were cold and weak. Boats they had none, ropes they had but few; to make a raft was as impossible as to fly. They could but wait the end.

**The Quarries of Rasmus Midgett.** Meanwhile the life-savers on shore were having a time of great anxiety over the amount of territory they must cover and the difficulty in covering any at all. To make headway up or down a heavy beach in a wind is hard at all times, but when the shrieking air carries most of the beach with it, and the sea breaks waist high over the sand, it is almost impossible.

Rasmus S. Midgett, of the Gull Shoal station, started on his patrol south, on horseback, at three in the morning. He had to trust to his horse for direction, for the darkness of the night was impenetrable, and the feeble glow of his lantern would have revealed nothing but the violent water through which his animal struggled, could he have kept it lit. But as he made his slow progress enough light filtered through the clouds to let him discover boxes and barrels and wreckage coming ashore. He knew that meant a wreck somewhere in the neighborhood. The question "Where?" could be solved only by pushing ahead.

It was two miles farther on, after an hour and a half's struggle on the part of his horse, that he finally caught the sound of voices, borne in to him by the wind. He could see nothing of the wreck.

A little later he managed to make out the outline of the half of the hull and saw some black dots moving on it. A hundred yards from the bank of sand on which he stood, water-swept and insecure, the piece of a hull loomed shadowy and indistinct. And Ras-

mus Midgett had to face alone an opportunity and a question, such as are given to few men to solve. Should he try to save those black dots alone, and run the risk of losing his life and all chance that they might be saved? Or should he return to the station, call on the rest of the crew and do what would then be easy with Lyle gun and breeches buoy—easy if the wind would let a shot carry?

The final outcome is proof enough that it was no selfish fear of his own life that caused him to hesitate—rather, it was a nice balancing of possibilities. If he lost his own life in trying to aid single-handed and alone, he lost also all chance of the life crew's knowing of the wreck in time. If he returned to the station to bring help, it must be three hours before an attempt at rescue could be made—and would the wreck last three hours?

A problem, truly, and one to be solved with all the force of the worst storm on record breaking and smashing about him, with those choked-off cries for aid in his ears, and only the small and pitiful chance of one man's strength against the strength of the sea and wind before his eyes.

But Rasmus Midgett was not a member of the Gull Shoal station—one of the famous crews of a famous service—for nothing. It took him but a few minutes to realize that there was not one hour of life, let alone three, left in that swiftly dismantling hull. Even as he looked, twenty feet of it disappeared, and another cry of despair told him there was no time to waste.

## One at a Time Through a Hurricane.

He stripped half his clothes from him to be unimpeded. Then, watching his chance, he followed a breaker to its home, shouting as he ran.

"Next time—one man—jump! I'll take care of you!" he shrielled his powerful voice into the teeth of the gale.

"One man—only one!" he cautioned. Then he turned and ran for it with all his strength, for if the breaker caught him it would be the end of his chances and theirs. Regaining the wave-swept beach and standing in the breaking water, he waited for his opportunity. And on the heels of a bigger breaker than the rest, Midgett ran down into the hell of water near the vessel, keeping his feet by a miracle, to catch and support the hurtling form of a naked man, his clothes long since taken by the wind which plucked them strip by strip from his shivering body.

Somehow, some way, he outfought the wave which caught him half-way to safety. Somehow, some way, the two—helpless victim and strong, resolute life-saver fighting a grim and single-handed battle alone with all the

force of loyalty to his salt which the government and sixty dollars a month and the wonderful personality of Superintendent Kimball has bred in these men—somehow they gained the bank.

And without waiting even for a breath, Midgett plunged back again to the wreck. Twice he lost his footing and was swept head over heels. Twice he came up spluttering and choking with sand and water, but he struggled on until near enough to catch and hold the second man who took what was left of his life and with it jumped into the smother of dirty water. And once more the fight was taken up, and once more Midgett and his prize won through to victory. Once more? Aye, once more, and again once more, and again and again and again, until seven men were taken from the jaws of death, from the writhing pit and rim of Hell, and clustered, huddled, exhausted in mind and body, in the shallows on the spit.

## Three More Trips.

But there were still three left. And these three could not do as had their mates—they could not neither jump to Midgett's arms nor help him with even feeble strength in the fight for life. For these were the wounded three—the captain with a jagged hole in his chest where a splintered spar had struck, two others so bruised, cut and exhausted they could but wave shivering hands to him, as if begging that they be not forgotten.

But Midgett had no intention of forgetting them. He was blind with unreasoning rage now, furious with the sea and wind. His blood was up, and not the worst sea that ever broke, nor all the winds that ever blew, could have kept him from doing the utterly foolhardy, crazy daring thing he did, not once, but three times!

Down he went right to the vessel, caught a rope and swung himself aboard what was left, grasped a figure in his arms, then plunged himself overboard on the back of a breaker and took his chance of glory or of the grave as any other man has done.

But never another man in the annals of the service did it three times and won out! For that is what Midgett did. Battled with by mountainous waves, crippled by boards and boxes and spars which beat and tore at him in both the water and the driving air, harried by a wind that was like a wall against him, and exhausted by his seven previous trips, Midgett nevertheless won through, and when he finished, saw two wrecks of what once were men, standing and lying in the semi-darkness on the wind and wave-swept beach.

Even as he turned, perhaps in numb wonder at what he had done, the half of the Priscilla groaned, crashed once or twice—and was gone.

## For Extraordinary Heroism.

The keeper of the station would hardly believe his tale when Midgett rode his horse back to the station for help. It did not seem believable. But there were the rescued to tell the amazing story over again, when, after a day and night of tender nursing at the station, once more clothed, fed and warmed, they were able to speak.

The life-saving service report of the following year contains this succinct mention in the "Medals Awarded" column:

"To Rasmus S. Midgett, Surfman, Gull Shoal Station. For extraordinary heroism in rescuing, single-handed, ten men from the wreck of the barkentine Priscilla, three miles south of Gull Shoal station, August 18, 1899, Gold Medal. The rescue was effected at night and during the height of a disastrous storm which inundated the whole coast in that vicinity."

The records of the life-saving service will parallel the records of any army or navy with deeds of daring and heroism, of bravery and courage and willingness to die for the sake of the duty that lies before its crews. But in all its annals of forty-one years of existence, during which time 152,038 persons have been saved from 22,711 wrecks, it has nothing to compare with this rescue. It has plenty of deeds as daring and as courageous to keep alive in its reports, but no other instance where one man, single-handed and alone, defied such a storm as this, and rescued ten men without other means than the strength of his body and the fine courage of his heart.

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# GREAT MEN IN COMMON CLAY

Models by C. A. BEATY Words by GENE MORGAN



CHARLES MORSE.

A captain he of finance, with magic Midas touch, that made the golden bullion and multiplied it much, of scientific banking the tricks and twists he knew, to force from each almost a thousand bucks or two. 'Twas then he gaily sauntered upon his wealthy way, till on his uncle's bunion he chanced to tread one day; that uncle was a terror—a real old fighting ram—the uncle of all uncles—vindictive Uncle Sam. The latter grabbed poor Charlie and trun him into jail, to wonder what had struck him and incidentally wall, banker was booked for Kingdom Come. Then straightway to the White House came a doleful tale that Charlie in his duncheon was waxing thin and pale; tuberculosis had him, his heart was on the bum, the erstwhile healthy man, a presidential pardon I'll give that hapless bloke, enabling his loved ones to take him home to croak." But, lo, the air of freedom upon this human wreck, achieved a cure in jig-time, a thrilling change, by heck, for Charles stopped his coughing and put on fat galore, all ills departed from him and troubled him no more. He's back again in Gotham and making money fast, he's piling up a fortune that's guaranteed to last, but not again while raking and garnering the dough will Charlie's hoof be planted upon his Uncle's toe.

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## TOO MUCH WORK FOR LIVER

Undue Calls Upon Organ is What Causes the Dangerous Condition Known as "Hobnails."

"Alcohol has hammered hobnails into many a man's liver," says the Bulletin of the Chicago Health Department. There is a reason. The reason is that a prime cause of disease of the liver is the forcing upon it of more work than it can do, especially when that work is of an

unnatural and unsuitable character. Experiments recently conducted have shown that the utmost limit of the liver's capacity to oxidize spirituous liquors is to the amount of one to three ounces in a day of twenty-four hours. While a less amount than one ounce a day may be, for a period of time and by some livers, disposed of without the appearance of any definite disorder, yet it was proven that none could stand more and few this amount for any length of time without showing the effects of

the overburden. Less than one ounce a day was usually oxidized completely, as shown by the excreta. When more than this was taken both liver and kidneys gave evidence of their inability to dispose of it.—Exchange.

## Unconventionalities.

"I suppose you're the gas meter inspector if you say so, but you look more like a snooping dog catcher."

"Young man, if that's the best you can do in the way of raising a muscle you'd better let your face lie

## SEE THAT THE FRUIT IS RIPE

Bananas and Apples Especially Are Unfit to Eat if They Have Least Suspicion of Greenness.

A fact of special interest at this time of year is that some of the commonest fruits contain starch instead of sugar until they have fully ripened. Raw starch is very indigestible, which explains the frequent necessity for "green-apple medicine."

Most common in respect to their starch content are bananas and apples. Reports from the National Bureau of Chemistry show that Baldwin apples examined contained more than 4 per cent of starch while green, less than one-quarter of 1 per cent when ripe, and none at all when overripe. The percentage of sugar, on the other hand, had increased more than four times, showing that all the starch had been converted into sugar during the ripening process. Bananas show similar changes as they ripen.

These facts teach us that only thoroughly ripe fruits are most suitable for eating raw; that scarcely ripened apples and bananas, like gooseberries and currants, are best adapted to cooking; and that all persons who eat raw fruits should chew them thoroughly on account of the starch they are liable to contain.

## Its Sort.

"What do you think? My husband told me he did not want me to bant." "Humph! That's only his banter."