

The Latest Panacea.

We Americans have a genius for the invention of cure-alls, and for faith in them after they are invented. Some one has now contrived—on paper—the Order of Nebuchadnezzarites. The method of the order is not to be, as one might expect, a diet of grass, but a change from the upright position to one on all fours. Members of the society must agree to eat, drink, walk and run on their hands and knees. They are assured by the founder of the order that they will speedily banish all the ills to which human flesh is heir. Witness the vigorous health enjoyed by the dog, the ox, the horse and the necessary pig—their freedom from dyspepsia, neuritis, rheumatism and consumption. Whether they be immune to measles, chicken-pox and mumps has not yet been announced. It is not disclosed whether this order is the product of the lively imagination of a newspaper reporter or a serious scheme of a sincere reformer who is unable to master more than one idea. The very doubt on this point results from the fact that even such a society might find adherents. An oriental legend relates that when woman first discovered man he was living on all fours. She coaxed him to his feet, and induced him to walk upright. Can it be that the twentieth century will undo the work of the primitive woman? Surely, remarks Youth's Companion, the adherents of the new cult must all be men; for fashion has made no provision for women's clothes in the new attitude. "Creepers" designed for the purpose cannot yet be obtained, and the mushroom hats would not adapt themselves to a poise on the back of the neck. Thus fashion may be stronger than fad, and weary man may be forced to stand up again to get within speaking distance of woman.

For a Change in the New Year.

If an arrangement could be made with the almanac makers I would be in favor of having the year begin with the 1st of May. On the 1st of January I have no real sensation of the beginning of a new period, the starting of a "new deal." Between the last day of December and the first day of January there exists no substantial difference. My heart does not signify by a single throb that it is aware of the change. Nature does not turn over in its sleep when the whistles blow and the bells ring to announce the artificial dawn of the artificial year, or disturb the snow blanket under which it has lain inanimate for a month or more. On the other hand, continues the writer in American Magazine, we spontaneously signalize the arrival of the spring by a revolution in our thoughts, our manners, our physical relations to the world, our clothes, our houses and our habits. Nature, contemptuous of the astronomers, shakes off its cold lethargy and gives us a happy New Year at the flowery threshold of the month of May.

Paul Doumer is an observant Frenchman who has returned to his own country after a long visit to the United States, during which he traveled through every section of the union. That he kept his eyes open with intelligent watchfulness and an appreciative spirit is evident from his talks in private and public. Delivering a lecture before university students, M. Doumer paid a notable tribute to Americans. Among other things he said the congressional library at Washington, which he described in considerable detail, was by all odds the best organized, best managed and best regulated in the world, which, coming from a representative of high literary culture, is a notable compliment.

A writer in an exchange has discovered that the greatest foe to beauty in man and woman is not errors in diet, lack of exercise, overwork or any of the things usually classed as enemies of good looks, but bad mental states—"anger, fever, jealousy, worry, irritability, want of trust in one's self and in the 'Great God.'" The young woman who wants to be beautiful may eat what she pleases and work long and hard, but if she will cultivate good nature, calmness, kindness, gaiety, she may develop the divine gift. Therefore cheer up, girls, says Indianapolis Star, be good and you will be lovely to behold and, of course, happy.

HOME TRADE FABLE

HOW THE TRANSFORMATION OF A TOWN WAS EFFECTED.

A STORY WITH A MORAL

One Public Spirited Citizen Who Realized the Big Possibilities and Cultivated the Field to Advantage.

Once upon a time there was a Man, who in his youth was reared upon a farm located near a Small Town of Great Promise. Two weeks in each year when he was not sawing wood, feeding the stock or picking potatoes, he was allowed to attend the little red schoolhouse in the town. By hard labor during the day, and persistently reading a few old books which were heirlooms in his family, and each week absorbing the intelligence contained in the Weekly Mirror, he, by the time he could mark down his age at 18 years, had accumulated sufficient knowledge to run away from home. He wandered to a large city and there

Strenuous business life and assiduous attention to the accumulation of capital without vacation, caused him to suffer from what the doctors pronounced neurasthenia, and advised total rest from mental effort. The man had labored too diligently in amassing money. Residence in a quiet place was recommended and retirement from all commercial worries. The Great Merchant sold his vast interests to a combine, and after careful thought, concluded that he would seek rest and a renewal of health in the town where he at one time attended the little red schoolhouse, and where in childish imagination he would be powerful and famous by becoming chairman of the village board. Accordingly he retired from the city, purchased the old homestead where he was reared and picked potatoes, and also built a residence and became a Great Factor in the town. Time had made few changes in the landscape. Buildings and streets were the same, only showing the ravages of decay. The old stores were in possession of the descendants of the owners who conducted them when he was a boy. They were not doing the business that they should. One great innovation was the town had a railroad. All about was suggestive of peace. It was an ideal place for a man who desired to pass his declining

advertisement for the new store, and to get a new press for the printing of circulars and posters.

One month after the opening of the store the graveyard quietness of the town had passed away. Streets were lined with the teams and the wagons of the farmers. A new elevator for grain had been started. The railroad placed a new switch in the yard to accommodate the increased business. The son of the old town blacksmith reopened the old shop closed for years because of no trade. New life was rapidly being injected into the place.

There was an election. A lot of newcomers selected the Public Spirited Citizen for chairman of the town board. He was elected. In six months the streets were paved, an electric lighting plant was in operation, along with a water works. The Great Storekeeper had a way of doing things, and he did them. News of the activity of the town reached near-by villages, and the people came to see the Big Store and to buy goods. A cold storage plant in connection with a new commission house operated by friends of the Storekeeper, caused Farmers to bring in tons of butter and hundreds of thousands of eggs, and chickens and other produce. The transformation was quick from a Dead Town to a Lively Small City. A high school was established, new churches built, and some of the pious people were shocked to see an opera house erected. The Pan-Handle & Skedunk railroad, which for years had been running 20 miles from the town so changed its route as to have it on the main line, so the place had two railroads. Enterprising men who wanted to locate in a Live Town turned their eyes toward the place. Soon there was smoke from a half dozen big factories, and in five years after the Public-spirited Citizen had started his store his old home town has increased its population 1,000 per cent. It was no longer printed in little type on the maps, but in capital letters.

MORAL—Do not underestimate the possibilities of your community, or fail to develop them. No city was ever made great by its people buying goods elsewhere.

D. M. CARR.

PUZZLED OVER CAT FIGHT.

Artist Couldn't Locate It Until He Happened to Think.

Everybody who is fond of pictures of tigers listening to birds sing and of cats sitting in the snow and looking at the moon, and the like, knows the artist of whom I am writing.

He is tall and broad of chest that few, to look at him, would have believed that he could have contracted such a cold. It was one of those colds which reached right down to the intercostal spaces.

He awoke the other night in his studio on the top of Carnegie hall, and he was sure that he heard far out on the roofs below the caterwauling of felines in nocturnal fray.

He had not seen a truly delectable cat fight in years, and in a moment he was at the window peering down upon the roofs for inspiration. He scanned the battleground up and down and there was not a cat in sight.

Hardly had he crept back into bed than he heard a long-drawn-out purr, then a snarl and muffled meows. The conflict had been shifted to beneath his bed.

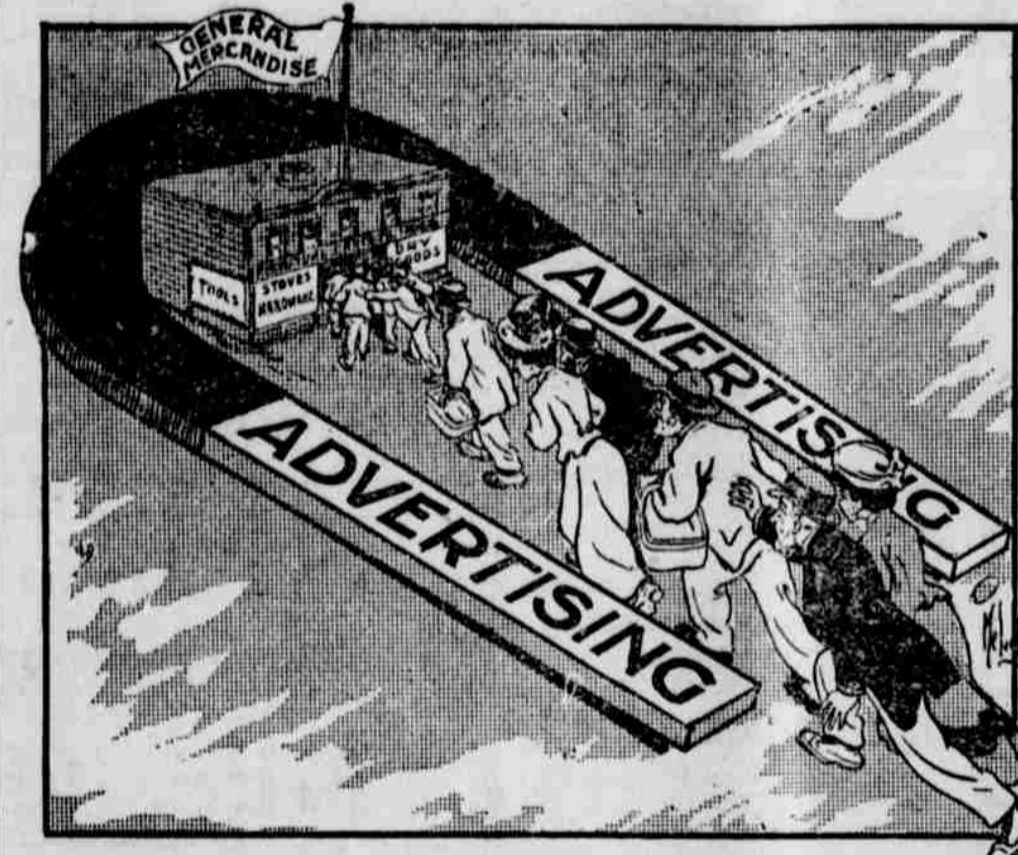
He was sure of it, and so certain that he got up and peered beneath it.

"It all came over me like a flash," the artist said in telling of his experience later. "I was listening to a cat fight in my own bronchials. I had forgotten that I had a cold."

Some of his friends say that he is absent-minded.—N. Y. Herald.

Two Items Omitted.

World's commerce is now \$26,000,000,000. However, this does not include dukes imported and heiresses exported.



The advertising magnate will draw trade to the stores of our community just as the advertising of the catalogue houses is now drawing it away from the home store. The people are interested in the store news of this town. Will you not give it to them?

his great muscular power assisted to gain for himself a position as Chief Scrubber in a large store. He had not acquired the cigarette habit, and his faithfulness to his scrubbing brush, and his unwillingness to know all about his employer's business, soon attracted the attention of the Old Man, and at the end of a year he was promoted to Head Rustler in the shipping department at the large salary of eight dollars a week.

His disregard for scooting when the closing time came, and his total lack of swelled head so pleased the Old Man that from time to time the ambitious youth was advanced until at the end of six years he was drawing the biggest salary paid by the house, and soon he was taken in as a member of the firm. Age and hard knocks and brushes with the business world developed in him marked business acumen. He forged to the front as a financier and a public-spirited citizen. As years passed he prospered. Early and late he was ever looking after his vast business interests. There were times that he longed to be again in the small home town. Often in his youth he dreamed of some day being chairman of the village board. Only once since parting from the old home had he returned, and then to find the town just the same only a little more delapidated, and in the weed-overgrown kirkyard the neglected graves of his good parents.

days in contemplation of the hereafter. There, life was much like unto death. There was fresh air in abundance. All of nature lavishly spent its beauty over the country and the town, and even the weeds on the streets were allowed to spring up, bloom and reach maturity without interruption by the scythe or the sickle.

Within a year the Retired Business Man had regained much of his old-time spirit and health. Habits of activity and love of business impelled him to once again seek work that would keep his mind occupied. He loved the old town. He saw that it needed new life. He figured out that there were 600 farmers in the neighborhood. Each farmer surely spent \$50 a month somewhere for supplies. This meant a total of \$30,000 a month; \$360,000 a year. Then the few hundred people in the town would add other thousands to the volume of business. Why not build a great store and supply the wants of the people? He would spend some money and build up the town. He bought half a block on which three of the stores stood. He erected a large brick building, and soon he had installed in it great stocks of goods. Other merchants in the town shook their heads. The Public-Spirited Man was certainly crazy. Farmers when they came to town looked up the big building with wonder. The Weekly Mirror had to send away for type to set up the page ad-

GOLD IS NOT GOOD IN CHINA.

What Money is Depends Upon the Locality, Says a Traveler.

"It is hard to define just what money is," said Representative Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, recently: "At best, it seems to be a relative term—that is, what passes for money in one part of the world is regarded with suspicion at some other place.

"Gold is supposed to be the one circulating medium that passes current everywhere, but it is not true. In the far east, for instance, the natives positively refuse to take anything but silver. Gold is not money to them and in Washington or New York or any of the cities along the Atlantic coast when I hand a man a ten dollar or \$20 gold piece to change he looks upon me with suspicion. He almost says in so many words that he would rather not have it. But let me hand out a worn and dirty bill and he accepts it without looking at it.

"Out in California bills are still more or less of a curiosity and conse-

quently the people are not accustomed to them. Go into a bank in San Francisco and tender a \$50 bill for change. The chances are that the president of the bank and the entire staff of officials would be called into consultation as to its genuineness and I doubt if there is a store in the town where a bill would be accepted and changed offhand. We are all creatures of habit and custom rules the world after all.

"The silver coins in circulation in China," Mr. Kahn continued, "are objects of curiosity to foreigners. In China the coinage of money is let to private parties and the amount of silver in a coin depends largely on the personal honesty of the man in charge of the particular mint. On this account each coin as it passes around in circulation has to be stamped with the initials of the merchant last having it in his possession. The last man stamping the coin is held responsible for any shortage in weight in the coin. The result is that the coins from repeated stampings, resemble small saucers and each one fits into

the other when stacked up in a pile. I imagine that they might be useful for picnic purposes, but they are certainly inconvenient to carry around, as anyone can bear witness who has traveled through the flowery kingdom."

World's Submarine Cables.

The total length of submarine cables in the world is about 450,000 kilometers—279,622 miles, of which 60 per cent. are British, ten per cent. American, a little more than nine per cent. French, and about seven per cent. German. A great advance in this domain has been made during the last few years by Germany, whose efforts tend to constitute an independent system.—Memorial Diplomatique.

Only Road to Success.

If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. You cannot commit greater folly than to sit by the roadside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.—John B. Gough.

Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me.



MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes: "I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good.

"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did.

"I hope that all who are afflicted with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me."

The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one person what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

Return of the Prodigal.

"I do play in tough luck sometimes," declared the impecunious girl. "Last night, you remember how it rained. I happened to be in the neighborhood of some friends of mine whom I had not seen since the last hard rain. I concluded to call. Before they asked me in they grabbed the umbrella I carried, hurried across the room with it, placed it in a closet there and locked the door on it. "Thank heaven!" they cried. "At last! Our long lost umbrella!"

Women love secrets because of the pleasure they derive from letting them escape.

PALE, WEAK PEOPLE

MADE STRONG AND ENERGETIC BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

General Breakdown Caused by Deficient Blood Quickly Corrected by This Tonic Remedy.

A feeling of general weakness, poor appetite, loss of breath after the slightest exercise and broken sleep are some of the symptoms of general debility. You may think that they have no relation to each other and that you will worry along, hoping all the time to feel better soon. This is a mistake, for every one of the symptoms is caused by bad blood, which must be made pure and new before health will be restored again. A tonic treatment is necessary and for this purpose there is no better remedy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. J. G. Havey, of 95 Willow St., Chelsea, Mass., says: "I was sick for a number of years from general debility and indigestion. I was never free from stomach trouble and my nerves were so shattered that the least excitement unfitted me for any serious work. My sleep was restless on account of terrible pains in the small of my back. These pains would sometimes last for a month or two. My sight grew weak, there seeming to be a blur constantly before my eyes. I couldn't concentrate my mind on my work, and the attempt to do so completely exhausted me.

"I was finally forced to give up a position I had held for twenty-eight years. After trying several medicines without help, I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave them a trial. They made me feel so much better and so much stronger that I started in business for myself here in Chelsea. I have never had a return of my former sickness and cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an excellent nerve and blood tonic."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been recognized as an excellent tonic remedy in cases of indigestion and general debility, where the stomach and other organs of the body are weakened and disordered simply through lack of proper nourishment. They have also been especially successful in curing anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers.

A pamphlet on "Diseases of the Blood" and a copy of our diet book will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.