

NOVEMBER AILMENTS

THEIR PREVENTION AND CURE

November is the month of falling temperatures. Over all the temperate regions the hot weather has passed and the first rigors of winter have appeared. As the great bulk of civilized nations is located in the Temperate Zones, the effect of changing seasons is a question of the highest importance. When the weather begins to change from warm to cold, when cool nights succeed hot nights, when clear, cold days follow hot, sultry days, the human body must adjust itself to this changed condition or perish.

The perspiration incident to warm weather has been checked. This detains within the system the poisonous materials which have heretofore found escape through the perspiration.

Most of the poisonous materials retained in the system by the checked perspiration find their way out of the body, if at all, through the kidneys. This throws upon the kidneys extra labor. They become charged and overloaded with the poisonous excretory materials. This has a tendency to inflame the kidneys, producing functional diseases of the kidneys and sometimes Bright's Disease.

Peruna acts upon the skin by stimulating the emunctory glands and ducts, thus preventing the detention of poisonous materials which should pass out. Peruna invigorates the kidneys and encourages them to fulfill their function in spite of the chills and discouragements of cold weather.

Peruna is a combination of well tried harmless remedies that I have stood the test of time. Many of these remedies have been used by doctors and by the people in Europe and America for a hundred years.

Peruna has been used by Dr. Hartman for his private practice for many years with notable results. Its efficacy has been proven by dozens of people and has been substantiated over and over by many thousands of homes.

Peruna is a World-Renowned Remedy for Climatic Diseases.

Balloon Law Needed.

Two women were talking over their tea in a woman's club.

"This balloon fad is all right," said the first. "I see that George Bernard Shaw, Plover, the Goulds, Harry Lehr, all sorts of celebrities, make occasional excursions. But at the same time—"

She made a gesture of repudiation and horror.

"At the same time," said the other woman, "it's a risky business, eh? Well, that is the truth. My husband went up in a balloon last week, and I haven't spoken to him since. What right had he to risk his life like that? He has nothing saved, and we live at a \$7,500 rate. Suppose anything had happened to him, with nothing in the world but a \$15,000 insurance?"

"In Vienna," said the first woman, "they have a law that is needed here. No married Viennese male is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent, before witnesses, of his wife. That is as it should be. I am positive, if the ballooning craze continues, that some such law will be adopted in America."

"It should be," said the second woman, "and if it is, it will bar my husband out, rest assured."

Love of Animals.

From Harper's Weekly.

Mark Twain was talking of war and of the hardships and privations of sieges.

"A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a woman who had two dogs. They were ugly little brutes, and when they came near him, the man pushed them out of the way with his foot."

"I perceive, sir, you are not very fond of dogs?"

"The man started in surprise."

"I'm not fond of dogs!" he exclaimed. "Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris!"

Minnie's Sincere Prayer.

From Everybody's Magazine.

There had been a dressmaker in the house, and Minnie had listened to long discussions about the very latest fashions. That night when she said her prayers, she uttered a new petition, uttered with unfeigned fervency:

"And, dear Lord, please make us all very stylish."

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

We sometimes Get Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own—often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

"Excuses, excuses, Walters," said Roebuck's answer, with a sad, disappointed look, as if he had hoped Walters would make a brighter showing for himself. "How many times have you yourself talked to me of this eternal excuse habit of men who fail? And if I expended my limited brain power in looking into all the excuses and explanations, what energy or time would I have for constructive work? All I can do is to select a man for a position and to judge him by results. You were in charge to produce dividends. I'm sorry, and I venture to hope that things are not so bad as you make out in your eagerness to excuse yourself. For the sake of old times, I ignore your angry insinuations against me. I try to be just, and to be just one must always be impersonal."

"Well," said Walters with an air of desperation, "give me another year, Mr. Roebuck, and I'll produce results all right. I'll break the agreements and cut rates. I'll freeze out the branch roads and our minority stockholders. I'll keep the books so that all the expert accountants in New York couldn't untangle them. I'll wink at and connive at and order committed all the necessary crimes. I don't know why I've been so penitential, when there were so many penitential offenses that I did consent to, and, for that matter, commit, without a quiver, I thought I ought to draw the line somewhere, and I drew it at keeping my personal word and at keeping the books reasonably straight. But I'll go the limit."

"I'll never forget Roebuck's expression," it was perfect, simply perfect—and I had a great man outraged beyond endurance, but a Christian still. "You have made it impossible for me to temper justice with mercy, Walters," said he. "If it were not for the long years' association, for the affection for you which has grown up in me, I should hand you over to the fate you have earned. You tell me you have been committing crimes in my service. You tell me you will commit more and greater crimes. I can scarcely believe my own ears."

Walters laughed scornfully—the reckless laugh of a man who suddenly sees that he is cornered and must fight for his life. "Rot!" he jeered. "Rot! You always have been a wonder at juggling with your conscience. But do you expect me to believe you think yourself innocent because you do not yourself execute the orders you issue—orders that can be carried out only by committing crimes?" Walters was now beside himself with rage. He gave the reins to that high horse he had been riding ever since he was promoted to the presidency of the great coal road. He began to lay on whip and spur.

"Do you think," he cried to Roebuck, "the blood of those 500 men drowned in the Pequot mine is not on your hands—your head? You, who ordered John Wilkinson to suppress the competition the Pequot was giving you, ordered him in such a way that he knew the alternative was his own ruin? He shot himself—yet he had as good an excuse as you, for he, too, passed on the order until it got to the poor fireman—that wretched fellow they sent to the penitentiary for life? And as sure as there is a God in heaven, you will some day do a long, long sentence in whatever hell there is, for letting that wretch rot in prison—yes, and for John Wilkinson's suicide, and for the lives of those 500 drowned. Your pensions to the widows and orphans can't save you."

I listened to this trade astounded. Used as I was to men losing their heads through vanity, I could not credit my own ears and eyes when they reported to me this insane exhibition I looked at Roebuck. He was wearing an expression of beatific patience; he would have made a fine study for a picture of the martyr at the stake.

"I forgive you, Tom," he said, when Walters stopped for breath. "Your own sinful heart makes you see the black of sin upon everything. I had heard that you were going about making loud boasts of your power over your employers, but I tried not to believe it. I saw that you have, indeed, lost your senses. Your prosperity has been too much for your good sense." He sighed mournfully. "I shall not interfere to prevent your getting a position elsewhere," he continued. "But after what you have done, after your wanderings, how can I put you back in your old place out west, as I intended? How can I continue the interest in you and care for your career that I have had, in spite of all your shortcomings? I who raised you up from a clerk."

"Raised me up—because you find them clever at doing your dirty work. I was a decent, honest fellow when you first took notice of me and tempted me. But, by God, Mr. Roebuck, if I've sold out beyond hope of living decent again, I'll have my price—to the last cent. You've got to leave me where I am or give me a place and salary equally as good." This Walters said blusteringly, but beneath I could detect the beginning of a whimper.

"You are angry, Tom," said Roebuck soothingly. "I have hurt your vanity—it is one of the heaviest crosses I have to bear, that I must be continually hurting the vanity of men. Go away and—and ease down. Think the situation over coolly, then come and apologize to me, and I will do what I can to help you. As for your threats—when you are calm, you will see how idle they are."

Walters gave a sort of groan; and though I, blinded by my prejudices in favor of Roebuck and of the crowd with whom my interests lay, had been feeling that he was an impudent and crazy ingrate, I pitied him.

"What proofs have I got?" he said desperately. "If I show up the things I know about myself up and everybody will say I'm lying about you and the others in the effort to save myself. The newspapers would denounce me as a treacherous liar—you fellows own or control or fizzle them in one way and another. And I was believed, who'd prosecute you and what court'd condemn you? Don't you own both political parties and make all the tickets, and can't you ruin any office holders who lifted a finger against you? What a hell of a state of affairs!"

A swifter or a weaker descent I never witnessed. My pity changed to contempt. "This fellow, with his great reputation," thought I, "is a fool and a knave, and a weak one at that."

"When you're master of yourself again, come to see me."

"Master of myself!" cried Walters bitterly. "Who that's got anything to lose is master of himself in this country? With shoulders sagging and a sort of stumble in his gait, he went toward the door. He paused there to say: 'I've served too long, Mr. Roebuck. There's no light in me. I thought there was, but there ain't. Do the best you can for me.' And he took himself out of our sight."

You will wonder how I was ever able to blind myself to the reality of this fright-

ful scene. But please remember that in this world every thought and every act is a mixture of the good and the bad; and the one or the other shows the more prominently according to one's point of view. There probably isn't a criminal in any cell, anywhere, no matter how he may say in sultry pretense in the hope of lighter sentence, who doesn't at the bottom of his heart believe his crime or crimes somehow justifiable—and who couldn't make out a plausible case for himself.

At that time I was stuffed with the arrogance of my fancied membership in the caste of directing financial geniuses; I was looking at everything from the viewpoint of the brotherhood of which Roebuck was the strongest brother, and at which I imagined myself a full and equal member. I did not, I could not, blind myself to the vivid reminders of his relentlessness; but I knew too well how necessary the iron hand and the fixed purpose are to great affairs to judge him more or less unbecomingly. To add to my torment I grew angry, furiously angry, with myself. I looked up and down and across the big table, noted all these self-satisfied people perfectly at their ease, and I said to myself, "That's the matter with you, Matt? There's only men and women, and no men means the best specimens of the breed. You've got more brains than all of 'em put together, probably; is there one of the good wages that's on the world? What do you care what they think of you? It's a damn sight more important what you think of them, as it won't be many years before you'll hold every good and valuable thing that makes them care for you."

But it was of no use. When Miss Ellersly finally turned her face toward me to indicate that she would be graciously pleased to listen if I had anything to communicate, I felt as if I were slowly wilting, felt my throat contracting into a dry twist. What was the matter with me? Partly, of course, my own snobbishness, which led me to state the importance of the matter to people that he snobbishness of the small and silly had got them in the way of attaching to themselves. But the chief cause of my inability was Monson and his lessons. I had thought that, at evening, I had absorbed his teaching; but so earnest and serious am I by nature, and so earnest and serious was he about these trivialities that he had been brought up to regard as whole of life, that I had unconsciously absorbed his teaching; I was like a fellow who, after cramming hard for an examination, finds that all the questions put to him are on things he hasn't looked at. I had been making an ass of myself, and that evening I got the first installment of my sound and just punishment. I who had prided myself on being ready for anything or anybody. I who had laughed contemptuously when I read how men and women, presented themselves in court, made fools of themselves—I was made ridiculous by these people who, as I well knew, had nothing to back their pretensions to superiority but a barefaced bluff.

Perhaps, had I thought this up at the time I had have shot back myself and my normal ease; but I didn't, and that long and terrible dinner was one long and terrible agony of stage fright. When the ladies withdrew, the other men drew together, talking of people they had seen and of things they did not care about—I thought then they were avoiding me deliberately as a flock of tame ducks avoids a wild one that some wind has accidentally blown down among them. I know now that my snobbish respect for the great men responsible for my isolation. However, I sat alone, sullenly resisting old Ellersly's constrained efforts to get me into the conversation, and angrily suspicious that Langdon was enjoying my discomfort more than the cigar he was apparently absorbed in.

Old Ellersly, growing more and more nervous before my dark and sullen look, finally seated himself before me. "I hope you stay after the others have gone," he said. "They'll leave early, and we can have a quiet smoke and talk."

All unstrung though I was, I yet had the desperate courage to resolve that I would not let the eyes of the one person whose opinion I really cared about. "Very well," said I, in reply to him.

(Continued Next Week.)

Mark Twain's New Story.

"We all swear—everybody, including the ladies, including Dr. Parkhurst, that strong and brave and excellent citizen, but superficially educated. For it is not the word that is the sin; it is the spirit back of the word. When an irritated lady says 'Oh!' the spirit back of it is 'damn,' and that is the way it is gone to be recorded against her. It always makes me so sorry when I hear a lady swear like that. But if she says 'damn' and says it in an amiable, nice way, it isn't going to be recorded at all."

"The idea that no gentleman ever swears is all wrong; he can swear and still be a gentleman if he does it in a nice and benevolent and affectionate way. The historian, John Fiske, whom I knew well and loved, was a spotless and most noble and upright Christian gentleman and yet he swore often. Not exactly that, maybe; still he—but I will tell you about it."

"One day when he was deeply immersed in his work his wife came in much moved and profoundly distressed and said, 'I am sorry to disturb you, John, but I must, for this is a serious matter and needs to be attended to at once.' Then lamenting, she brought a grave accusation against their little son. She said: 'He has been saying his Aunt Mary is a fool and his Aunt Martha a damned fool!' Mr. Fiske replied upon the matter a minute, then said: 'Oh! well, it's about the distinction I should make between them, myself.'"

Had Missed It.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" said a man to a crying boy. "Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get better soon."

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall—all the way. I never saw nuffin."

A Practical Joke.

From the New York Weekly.

Tramp—You gave us a counterfeit five-dollar bill, a few moments ago. Practical Joke—He! he! he! he! he! he! Found it out, eh?

LEMONS BECOMING SCARCE AND DEAR

Their Use in the Manufacture of Confections Is Largely Responsible.

PRICES GOING HIGHER

The California Supply, Which for Years Has Almost Supplied the Demand, Is Now Far from Adequate.

Lemons have become quite a domestic "question." The housewife is discovering that lemons are scarce and dear. The explanation of the shortage is a simple one. This has been a record summer for the use of lemons, and the supply has not equalled the demand; prices have gone up and the end of the summer finds a great inroad made into the autumn stock.

Our lemon supplies are mostly guaranteed by Sicilian summers, says the London Daily Mail. The Messina and Palermo crops begin in November and sometimes last through the whole year, so that the same ship may bring the last cases of the old crop and the first of the new. But this has been a lemon summer, and so the last shipments from Sicily did not provide more than enough to meet the August heat wave. Next to Sicily we depend upon Naples and the Neapolitan crop, which begins in the early spring, usually lasts until October, but this year, again, Neapolitan lemons have lasted only until the beginning of September. Then comes sunny Spain, with Malaga, Murcia and Cartagena lemons, and the groves of Lisbon actually complete the tale of our supplies.

Mostly from California.

California has, during the last thirty years, supplied some portion of the American demand, but the United States is not independent of the lemon groves of Europe, and it is the largest consumer of European lemons, with Great Britain a good second.

The confectioners take their share, though most of their supplies come in the form of pickled rinds and citrate of lime. The Messina lemons, having the most acidity, are the best for purposes of the manufacture of citrate of lime, and it is in Messina that the lemons whose products are wanted by the confectioners are dealt with.

The pulp is there turned into powdered citrate of lime, as it is more convenient to export than the concentrated lemon juice from which the manufacturers here derive their citrate of lime; and the rinds are put in brine and sent over to England to be turned into that adjunct to Christmas cheer, candied peel.

Tree Is a Fossil Plant.

The lemon tree is a fossil plant and not so hardy as the orange. It is so used to the genial kindness of the sun that a nip of frost is fatal to it. One hour of frost on January 29 last year almost destroyed the Neapolitan crop, and though many of the trees recovered enough strength to put forth fresh leaves this year they had not the strength to bear fruit, and the quantity yielded will be all the better next year, so that the crop of 1907 may be expected to reach a high level of abundance and quality. Last year, too, the fragrant lemon groves of the French Riviera were "untimely nipped in the bud." The valleys showed the black and leafless skeletons of trees that should have been in leaf and blossom and many of them, shriveled past recovery, had to be cut down.

The Neapolitan lemons are the finest of all and come when they are most wanted and other crops are over. But arctic and not nature regulates their maturity. In certain districts in Italy, particularly in Majori, they are grown in estates which once belonged, and some of which still belong, to the ancient nobility of the land who in restless political times lived on their estates outside the city and cultivated lemon groves as part of the elegancies of their pleasure gardens.

Here the trees are not allowed to grow beyond six or seven feet in height and the ripening of the fruit is artificially retarded by the trees being covered with rushes supported on poles, so that when they ought naturally to be ripe they are still immature, and the terraces where they grow are cool and dark even in the sunny days of early summer. But in May the rushes are thrown aside and the sun pours down on the trees to ripen the fruit just at the time when the English and American summer demands it at its height. These Neapolitan lemons are grown in a glaze of a glut and fetch highest prices when fresh lemons are most wanted.

When a Balloon Catches Cold.

"Ballooning is so fascinating that it is almost impossible to bring oneself to come down when one ought. One wishes always to soar higher, to travel a few miles farther, to take just another flight, by throwing out the last bag of sand," says Dr. Julian P. Thomas in an interesting article in Appleton's magazine for November.

"Yet even with a large amount of ballast one cannot always control the buoyancy of the balloon. On one occasion we were 10,000 feet up in the air in the hot sunshine above the clouds. A cool current of air struck us and condensed the gas in the balloon, so that we fell into the clouds. There, out of the sun's rays we cooled still more, and fell more rapidly. I was throwing our descent. Indeed at one time I touched all the sand I cast overboard seemed to move upward, at such a tremendous rate were we descending. From the clouds we fell into the cool breeze that always blows over a forest; and lastly we crossed a river, which added the finishing touch to the condensation of the gas in the balloon. We threw over all the ballast, the anchor and guide rope, our luncheon and water, the camera, and all the clothes we should not absolutely need on our arrival on the earth we were so rapidly approaching. Nothing seemed to check the rapidity of our fall, and when finally we struck in the midst of a forest our legs were doubled up under us in spite of the protection afforded us by the basket. I should have had to throw my brother overboard, too, to have kept in the air, and indeed he had to get out of the basket—after we had somewhat recovered from the shock of our alighting—before the balloon would rise so that we could steer it to a suitable place for deflating it. Fully one-third of the gas was thus lost, and was condensed to two-thirds its former volume."

Not Honorable Enough.

Lady Walrond, the wife of General Sir William Walrond, M. P., described at a dinner party in Boston the life of a maid of honor.

"One of my friends," she said, "was a maid of honor to Queen Victoria. She spent a part of each winter at San Remo, where I have a villa, and one January afternoon at the Sports club, as we were taking tea under an orange tree, a gentleman said to her:

"How interesting your life at court must be. And what a delightful diary you must be able to keep."

"No," said the maid of honor, "that is impossible. The queen makes it a condition that we keep no diaries while at court."

"Ah," said the gentleman, laughing, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same."

"Then," said my friend, with a grave smile, "I am afraid you would not be a maid of honor."

A Quick Explanation.

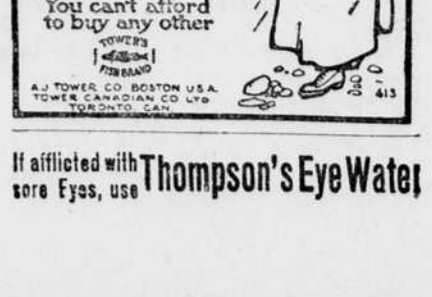
An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name," said the other, frowning fiercely, "is Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed," said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."



If afflicted with sore Eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water