

**Walking for Nerves.**  
The nerves suffer from want of pure oxygen. They run like a network all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be dry and colorless. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves. If one has means of leisure, there are plenty of other more enjoyable exercises. But few forms are so beneficial as the regular daily jaunt of four or five miles for obtaining a good complexion.

**A Good Turn.**  
George Ade, with the gentle cynicism of the confirmed bachelor, was talking in New York about New Year resolutions.

"Every wife," he said, "loves to see her husband turn over for her sake a new leaf—in his check-book."

**Dissatisfaction.**  
"So you were given an interest in your employer's business?"  
"Yes," replied the industrious youth; "but I made a mistake in accepting it. I had less worry as a regular employee than as a minority stockholder."

**Pessimism.**  
A pessimist is one who receives a pair of gloves as a present and worries because they will soon wear out.

**LEISURE PROVIDED FOR.**



"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," you know."  
"Yes; but my fiancée is rich enough, so I'll have the leisure all right."  
**Too Much Reclining.**  
"How was it that Gamps failed in his bed-manufacturing business?" "He got too much in sympathy with the business." "How could he do that?" "He lay down on the job."

**The Boy—The Girl.**  
He—Crime seems in a pretty low way. Only last week some woman kidnaped a baby—photographs of it in all the newspapers.  
She—What did she take it for?  
He—Nothing else to take, I suppose. I should have thought myself that anybody who kidnaped a baby would steal an earthquake or borrow an attack of Asiatic cholera.  
She—Babies are not so bad as all that. The only thing I have really got against them is that if you leave them long enough they grow up into human beings.

**Had to Put in Human Interest.**  
An old negro preacher, says the Atlanta Constitution, gave as his text: "De tree is known by its fruit, an' it's des impossible to shake de possum down."  
After the benediction an old brother said to him:  
"I never knowed befo' dat sich a text wuz in de Bible."  
"Well," admitted the preacher, "it ain't set down dat way. I throwed in de possum to hit de intelligence of my congregation!"

**No Doubt About It.**  
And every good husband, no doubt, is sure that he is married to one of the world's twenty greatest women.

**The Childhearts.**  
The childhearts! Where are they to be? Around the fields, or underneath a tree in orchard lands, that blossoms white as snow?  
Do we find the child hearts there?  
O no, no!  
In rosiest ways that lead to meadows fair, To woodlands green or golden as their hair—  
Who streams smile back and sing them soft and low?  
Do we find the childhearts there?  
O no, no!  
Afar, perchance, some Shrine of Childhood is,  
Beyond the hills and summer's boundaries In Youth's playspots where sunbaths flame and glow?  
Do we find the childhearts there?  
O no, no!  
Or yet, at home, where all about are hints That Youth is here—the telltale finger prints,  
The toys mislaid and scattered to and fro—  
Do we find the childhearts there?  
O no, no!  
We seek in vain, for Youth is much a sage,  
And age is Youth, and Youth alas, is Age! The toys of youth, Youth can but seldom show!  
We don't find the childhearts there!  
O no, no!  
The childhearts beat within the breasts of men  
Who've journeyed far and then turned back again  
With thankfulness, to live in Childhood's spell  
So we find the childhearts here!  
Well! Well! Well!  
—John D. Wells.

**Mental Attitude for New Year.**  
From Wallace's Farmer.  
The man who starts out on New Year's day with the feeling that the cards are stacked against him, that he is the under dog in the fight, that he "can't do nothing now," will not get very far ahead; while the man who opens his mouth wide, expecting much—and working as if he expected it—is likely to have it reasonably well filled; not always, but generally. There are times when, no matter how great the faith nor how hard the work, things will go against us; for example, extreme drought, hail storms, epidemics among live stock, great slumps in prices, sickness which could not be prevented. Still, in a broad way, it is true that the man who is a hard-working optimist gets his fair and just reward, while the man who is expecting little, and works according to his expectations, will say, and with good reason: "Just what I expected."  
There is sound philosophy underlying this. The man who has no faith in God, or if this word may be misunderstood, in nature, or in the benevolent intentions of whatever Power he believes rules in this world, and is not willing to yield obedience to what we call "natural law," on which all good farming depends, is not likely to think very clearly or work very hard. The man who has no faith in himself, who regards himself—to use an old-fashioned phrase common in our boyhood—as "a bound boy at a husking," this man is not likely to use the ability, either mental or physical, which is his heritage.  
The year 1912 is not likely to be a bed of roses for many of us; and if there be roses, there will be thorns among them. It will have its trials and difficulties, just like all other years since the world began; but if we face these problems with a stout heart and a cool head and strong hands, their solution will be much easier. If, on the other hand, we have no faith in the established order of nature, cruel stepmother as she often seems to be; if we have no faith in the God behind nature, and little faith in ourselves; we are not very likely to have a happy Thanksgiving in 1912.  
Some men will succeed this year; others, in exactly the same, or it may be, more fortunate circumstances, will fail; and the explanation will generally lie in the personal quality, and the success will be to a large degree measured by his faith. Who was it that said: "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves"? The world is not a hammock in which we can swing lazily under fair skies, fanned by gentle breezes. It is so ordered that if we are to get anything, we must expect to get it. To use an old-fashioned western phrase: We must "get up and dust," and "not let the grass grow under our feet." We are quite likely to get in 1912 just about what we expect and will really try to earn.

**REACHED LIMIT OF TORTURE**

**Real Reason Why Burglar Gave Evening Papers Chance to Use Effective Headline.**  
A burglar broke into a New York mansion early the other morning and found himself after wandering about the place in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From eight to nine the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From nine to ten the second daughter took a piano lesson. From 10 to 11 the eldest son got his instruction on the violin. From 11 to 12 the younger boy got a lesson on the flute and piccolo. Then, at 12:15, the family got together and practiced music on all their instruments. They were fixing up for a concert. At 12:45 the porcelainer staggered from behind the screen. "For heaven's sake, send for the police!" he shrieked. "Torture me no longer!" And in the evening paper there was the headline: "Nervy Children Capture Desperate Burglar."

**Saw No Difference.**  
"People who seek books from the fiction section make some funny breaks," says a librarian of the Library of Congress. "I have made note of a number of these, but none of them amused me more than the request of a sour-looking spinster."  
"She sternly demanded of me a copy of 'The Recollections of a Liar.' I told her that I didn't know it, but that I could give her 'The Recollections of a Married Man.'"  
"That will do," said she acidly. "It's practically the same thing."—Lippincott's.

**A Fright.**  
"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"  
"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"  
"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hiccup's an' I want to scare him."

**CREAM OF RYE**  
For health and energy eat it for breakfast. Reduces cost of living. Free Silver Spoon in every package. Ask your grocer for a package.

**Wanted "Mill" Supplies.**  
"I see that you deal in mill supplies."  
"Yes."  
"Well, I'd like to buy a pair of boxing gloves."

Thousands of Consumptives die every year. Consumption results from a neglected cold on the lungs. Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure these colds. Just rub it into the chest and draw out the inflammation.

Museum freaks are complaining about hard times; but as for that, the ossified man says things always have been hard with him.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**  
Your druggist will refund money if LAXO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, Blisters, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Some people get so accustomed to looking on the bright side that they can't see the other side at all.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

There are two kinds of suffragettes—the unhappily married and the unhappily unmarried.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. BROWN'S signature is on each box. 50c.

Most of life's so-called tragedies are merely comedies.

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

The fellow who shoots off his mouth doesn't always hit the mark.

**Eager to See.**  
"I have a poem here entitled 'Alone with Nature,'" said the sallow young man with the long hair and the frayed trousers. "It is a personal impression."  
"Is it?" replied the editor of the Chicago Record-Herald, as he hastily glanced at the opening lines. "Have you ever been alone with nature?"  
"I have, and, oh, it is glorious—glorious!"  
"Here's a dime. Get on a trolley car and ride as far as you can. Go back to nature and spend another hour or two alone with her. You say you plucked the hazel blossoms by the stream. If you are able to find any place where you can do that let me know. I want to watch you while you do it."

**Looking Upward.**  
(In 1909)—"Marie, bring out the aeroambulator, and take baby up for an airing."—Jud

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it. Get it today.  
In usual liquid form or chocolate coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

**Chest Pains and Sprains**  
Sloan's Liniment is an excellent remedy for chest and throat affections. It quickly relieves congestion and inflammation. A few drops in water used as a gargle is antiseptic and healing.  
**Here's Proof**  
"I have used Sloan's Liniment for years and can testify to its wonderful efficiency. I have used it for sore throat, croup, lame back and rheumatism, and in every case it gave instant relief."  
REBECCA JANE ISAACS,  
Lucy, Kentucky.

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
is excellent for sprains and bruises. It stops the pain at once and reduces swelling very quickly.  
Sold by all dealers.  
Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00

Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

**RUPTURE CURED** in a few days without a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Write to Dr. Z. E. Matheny, 623 F. L. & Tr. Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

**A Hold-Up**  
An Oppressive Trust.  
Before the Coffee Roasters' Association, in session at Chicago on Thursday, Thomas J. Webb, of Chicago, charged that there is in existence a coffee combine which is "the most monstrous imposition in the history of human commerce."  
There is very slight exaggeration about this statement. It comes very close to being literally true. There is a coffee combine in Brazil, from which country comes the bulk of the coffee used in the United States, which is backed by the government of Brazil and financed by it, which compels American consumers, as Mr. Webb said, "to pay famine prices for coffee when no famine exists."  
The worst thing about this is that the consumers of the United States have been compelled to put up the money through which this combine, to further cinch them, has been made effective. There were formerly revenue duties imposed upon all coffee entering the United States. Those taxes were denounced as an imposition upon the people; as taxing the poor man's breakfast table, and the like. The taxes were removed. Immediately thereafter Brazil imposed an export duty upon coffee up to the full amount of the former customs taxes in this country. The revenue which formerly went into the treasury of the United States was diverted to the treasury of Brazil. The poor man's breakfast coffee continued to cost him the same old price.  
But this was only the commencement. The "valorization" plan was evolved in Brazil. Through this plan the government, using the revenues derived from the export duties for the purposes, takes all of the surplus crop in a season of large yields and holds it off the market, thus keeping the supply down to the demands of the market and permitting the planters to receive a much higher price than they would otherwise have done.  
The United States consumes more Brazilian coffee than does the rest of the world. We are the best customers of Brazil, and Brazil buys little from us. Now Brazil is promoting, financing and maintaining a trust designed, and working effectively for the purpose, to compel American consumers to pay an exorbitant price for the coffee they use. What is the remedy?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer—Nov. 19, 1911.

**POSTUM**  
is a pure food-drink made of the field grains, with a pleasing flavour not unlike high grade Java.  
**A Big Package**  
About 1½ lbs. Costs 25 cts.  
At Grocers  
Economy to one's purse is not the main reason for using Postum.  
It is absolutely free from any harmful substance, such as "caffeine" (the drug in coffee), to which so much of the nervousness, biliousness and indigestion of today are due. Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use Postum because they know from experience the harm that coffee drinking causes.  
Boil it according to directions (that's easy) and it will become clear to you why—  
**"There's a Reason"**  
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.

*Handwritten notes:*  
He did  
"Compels"  
tax Americans  
Get this clear  
Then this



**EXPECTING TOO MUCH.**  
Magistrate—If your parents were poor but honest, as you say, how do you account for your presence here?  
Predatory Pete—I inherited only de poverty.

**Clerical Humor.**  
From the Quiver.  
A local preacher who occasionally got his metaphors mixed was preaching on self-righteousness and ended his discourse by saying: "Let us remember that, after our righteousness is but filthy rags hanging on the branches of barren fig trees." On another occasion he was preaching on besetting sins, and when comparing these to obstacles in our path exclaimed: "Let us beware of these stones by the wayside, lest they turn again and read us."

The at one time well known preacher among the Westeyans, Peter Mackenzie, in reading the third chapter of Daniel invariably abbreviated the fifth verse, wherein are enumerated the instruments of the Babylonian band, most of them with hard names, to the "cornet," etc., and when the names were repeated in verses 10 and 15 said: "The band as before." He was a lay preacher of the old order who was admitted on to full plan without having read the prescribed "Wesley's Sermons," etc. He boasted of his lack of "book learning," and scornfully told a student of the new school who was learning Latin that "English was good enough for Paul; ain't it good enough for you?"

**Deep Grained Americanism.**  
From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.  
An Oklahoma newspaper, published in one of the villages of the state which Haskell did not make famous, gives in its local columns a number of items showing what a great melting pot this country is, and that through its boiling the Indian is fusing with the body politic. Here are some items:  
Buffalo Meat and wife went down to Calumet to attend the Christian meeting there.  
William Goodsell and family and Cut Hair, all from Watonga, have come to visit Joe Yelloweyes.  
Little Snake has been hauling wood from Tobacco's place.  
Fighting Bull and wife, Samson Kelly and Mary Shepherd went to Darlington recently on business. Harry Houser has just come back home from Watonga, where he has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Miller Big Nose.  
As the New Orleans States says, these Oklahoma society notes would make us feel that we live in a land of wigwags and war dances, but for the pleasing mixture in nomenclature. Such names as Buffalo Meat and Mrs. Miller Big Nose give assurance of deep-grained Americanism.

**100 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral  
**NOT NARCOTIC**  
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloes -  
Rhubarb -  
Sassafras -  
Sulphur -  
Syrup of Marshmallows -  
Worm Seed -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Wintergreen Flavor -  
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP  
Fac Simile Signature of  
Chas. H. Fletcher  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.  
At 6 months old  
35 Doses—35 CENTS  
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
Chas. H. Fletcher  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
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