

50 Years Ago



a young man who practiced medicine in a rural district became famous and was called in consultation in many towns and cities because of his success in the treatment of disease. This was Dr. Pierce who afterward moved to Buffalo, N. Y. He made up his mind to place some of his medicines before the public, and he put up what he called his "Favorite Prescription," and placed it with the druggists in every state in the Union. For fifty years Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has sold more largely throughout the United States than any other medicine of like character. It is the testimony of thousands of women that it has benefited or entirely eradicated such distressing ailments as women are prone to. It is now sold by druggists in tablet form as well as liquid.

AURORA, N. Y.—"My mother was always a great believer in Dr. Pierce's medicines and when I was a girl she gave me 'Favorite Prescription' when I was in a run-down, nervous condition and it soon built me up in health and strength. 'Favorite Prescription' is a splendid tonic for girls or women who suffer." Mrs. WALTER GUARD, 608 Tenth Street.

impinent. "I understand you wanted all last night at the card table." "I can't sense it that way," rejoined "Mute Pete. "I won over forty dollars."

DYE RIGHT

Buy only "Diamond Dyes"



Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye worn, shabby skirts, waists, dresses, coats, gloves, stockings, sweaters, draperies everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, new, rich fadeless colors. Have druggist show you "Diamond Dyes Color Card."—Adv.

Some machines have automatic attachments and some have sheriff's attachments.

Sure Relief



MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Ask for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Healing the Sick With Bulgarian Blood Tea

Hundreds of thousands of sufferers from stomach, bowels, blood and rheumatic ailments have been benefited and made healthy and happy once more from just one trial package of this remarkable pure herb preparation. For constipation, sick headache, lost appetite, sleeplessness, biliousness, liver, blood and kidney troubles, no remedy can compare with Bulgarian Blood Tea. Every family should have a package always on hand to protect the family health. To assist Nature's will a cold take it steaming hot, add a little lemon juice. Guard against influenza, grippe and pneumonia. Your druggist or grocer today.

Healing Coughs

From cough, cold, hoarseness, influenza, bronchitis, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs, with a tested remedy.

F O'S

Gloomy Sixty Years Ago.

From the New York Evening Post.

"How do you suppose," Henry Adams wrote his brother from London in October, 1861, "we can shut people's eyes to the incompetence of Lincoln or the disgusting behavior of many of our volunteers and soldiers?" Charles Francis Adams, jr., replied from his Washington experience that "the president is not equal to the crisis;" that "the secretary of war is corrupt and the secretary of the navy is incompetent," and that he wished that the whole cabinet, except Seward, Chase and Blair, were driven from office. Charles Francis Adams, sr., minister to England, was meanwhile sadly assuring his family that he saw in his father, J. Q. Adams, "the only picture of a full grown statesman that the history of the United States has yet produced." Through such gloomy lenses did the Adams trio view the leaders and prospects of the union. Nor was their opinion of our people much more sanguine at times. "What a bloody set of fools they are!" exclaimed Henry Adams from our legation at the height of the Mason-Sliddell uproar. "It's pitiable to see such idiocy in a nation." It may all be read in Worthington C. Ford's rich two-volume "Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861-5," just published.

Throughout the war passages of the same pessimistic strain can easily be found. Charles Francis Adams, jr., on picket duty in Virginia, read "Bull Run" Russell's "Diary North and South" with full appreciation of its caustic picture of scheming politicians, cowardly generals, selfish contractors, vapid society people, and a noisy rabble. Russell had told the truth, and a permanent truth. "How well that book stands time!" It was shameful and ludicrous: "all that humbug, cowardice, and incompetence," wrote Adams, "makes me weep and blush as one reads." This sturdy soldier was angry at his countrymen, from Hooker, the greatest fraud of the war, to the nameless Pennsylvanians who charged a half dollar a loaf for bread for the wounded troops after Gettysburg. In August, 1864, Charles Francis, jr., wrote from among the "pharises and vultures" in Washington that no end of the war was in sight: "We must go floundering on indefinitely through torrents of blood and unfathomable bankruptcy." When he was hopeful of victory, he was hopeless of a real peace. "People seem to me as ugly and vindictive as possible. They really don't want peace unless with it comes the hangman." Henry Adams was even less cheerful. Unless sober men brought the country back to its true course, he declared in 1862, it will "be carried on from war to war and debt to debt and one military leader to another."

Much of the matter on international affairs is equally despirited. France was beyond rescue. Henry Adams was certain in 1861 that England "means to make war." He repeated the prediction throughout much of 1862. The elder Adams believed in September, 1862, that whether or not war was avoided, "alienation for half a century is the inevitable effect between the two countries." Henry Adams described the British government as "clumsy, unmanageable, and short lived," and added that the British, in their hatred of the system before the reform bill, "have rendered all systematic government impossible." Charles Francis Adams pointed to the key of British politics as peace, not principles, and spoke of the period as "one of a truce between ideas." For a time the privileged in Europe were triumphant, awaiting the crash of American democracy.

Was it all gloom? The Adamses were much too keen of perception for that. "The war is killing slavery," Charles Francis Adams, jr., rejoiced at Port Royal in 1862: "I believe that from it will flow great blessings to America and Caucasian race. I believe the area of freedom will by it be immensely expanded in this country, and that from it true principles of trade and economy will receive a prodigious impulse throughout the world." Reading Russell's "Diary," he reflected that the meanness it portrayed was only upon the surface. "The enthusiasm, loyalty, and self sacrifice of those days, the sudden upheaving against that which was wrong on the part of a whole great people," lay beneath. Henry Adams wrote with emotion of the magnificent response among the plain people of England to the magnificent effort of the union, which within three months in 1863 "has placed all our enemies on the defensive." The war, the minister declared solemnly, "is not simply for the good of America, but likewise for that of the civilized world." The issue, he felt, was certain, and would shake Europe.

Perhaps there are a few today who see in our political leaders the incompetence that in dark moments the Adamses saw in Lincoln or the shallowness they found in Gladstone. They note the meanness described in Repington's "Diary" without thinking of the heroism beneath. They look forward to confusion, debt, and war, and like Charles Francis Adams in his darker moments, see international rancors stretching ahead in a vista of a half century. A few brief years discredited the spleen of the Adamses and brought to full fruition the greater part of their optimistic hopes.

Labor in East Africa.

The Bishop of Zanzibar has recently issued a pamphlet attacking the system of compulsory labor enforced by the British in East Africa. This is the latest contribution to the controversy which has engaged the attention of the British public for some weeks. Compulsory labor is becoming a familiar name in Europe with the creation of the so-called labor armies of Russia, the enactment of a compulsory labor law in Bulgaria, and the advocacy of a similar statute in Germany. But the application of such a policy to a colony seems likely to revive the features of human slavery. According to the provisions of the act natives are only compelled to do "work of a public nature" for the good of the community. This has been interpreted so broadly, for instance, as to compel the natives to pack cloves for private employers, since cloves pay 20 per cent. duty to the government.

A Woman Soldier.

A Polish woman soldier who took part in driving back the bolsheviks from Warsaw, writing to a Polish newspaper says she went 10 days without taking off her clothes and that frequently the members of her detachment went five and six days without having opportunity to take down their hair. During one march, in keeping pace with the retreating red forces, the women were on the go 14 hours, 13 of which were without food or water. The letter says: "At 11 o'clock at night we were ordered to be in readiness. Our detachment, all women, had been ordered out for patrol duty. Our pack consists of a coat, rifle, ammunition, and food, all in all weighing 60 pounds. After hours of marching and when I felt that I couldn't go a step further we received orders to return to our former post, several miles away. I scarcely remember how I reached our destination, I was so tired, I dropped onto a pile of straw and slept for an hour. When I was awakened I was informed that my detachment had gone away without me, to take part in a movement to surround a force of bolsheviks hidden in a clump of woods. After six miles of good roadway, I encountered sand which made walking so difficult that my feet pained me at every step. I was covered with dust, and hadn't had a drink of water for hours. After walking 15 miles I reached my comrades who were resting under trees, in the shade of a hot sun. A peasant boy brought a bucket of plums, but we privates only got a look at them, the plums all went to the officers, who were women, too. And then the march started again, through a forest. Now and then, I saw some of the women faint, and I heard others crying 'mercy,' and I thought I heard curses which must have come from the men on our right. This march has continued 14 hours. For 13 hours we had neither food nor water. When we reached a series of trenches, we were promised something hot to eat. But the food never came, and then the fighting began. Oh, how I longed for a drink

A campaign for the passage of laws in all states requiring better protection of railroad grade crossings is to be carried on by members of the Association of State Railway and Utility Commissioners. Between 4,000 and 5,000 persons are killed each year from trespassing upon railroad property and as many more injured.

Heroic Interlude.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald. "The Gorfings have a little son." "Of course they think he'll be president some day?" "Perhaps, but Mr. Gorfing sees no reason why he shouldn't star on a college football team before entering the White House."

President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has declined an invitation to attend the inauguration of President Obregon at Mexico. He says he will attend the Pan-American labor convention there in January.

The New Learning.

From Philadelphia Public Ledger. In a thoughtful article in the Weekly Review Beverly Nichols writes of post-war Oxford, and finds his ancient university internationalized and democratic and filled to overflowing. "The only vital change which has taken place in the advent of a real democracy. New buildings are being erected solely to accommodate working men. They will receive all the advantages of the university, its social life as well as its scholarship, at greatly reduced fees. They will participate in the sports, and they will share to the full in the various political, literary and scientific societies in which Oxford abounds."

History Repeats Itself.

The republican majority in congress is large, but not at all unprecedented. It is simply one of the things that happen occasionally. They mark the temporary defeat of one party, but not anything like the election of the other party. In the lower house of the next congress the democrats will have from 125 to 130 seats. In the lower house of the Fifty-second congress, 1891-3 there were 236 democrats and 88 republicans. In the next congress, 1893-5, there were 220 democrats and 129 republicans. Then the republicans "came back." During 1895-7 the House numbered 246 republicans and 104 democrats. In the first two cases the Senate was equally divided and in the third it became republican. As a result of the recent election, congress, now in republican control, will become still more strongly republican next year. It's all part of our political "ups and downs." History is repeating itself and will doubtless do so again.

St. Lawrence Waterway.

From the New York Post. Governor Elihu Miller, of New York, is vigorously opposed to the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. Herbert Hoover supports the project unqualifiedly. No one knows more about the marketing of wheat than Hoover, and he has assured the international joint commission that the waterway would enable farmers to save 10 cents a bushel on grain marketed in Europe. At that figure the project would give American agriculture from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000 additional on every wheat crop. Mr. Hoover, like Mr. Barnes and Secretary Redfield, has no sympathy with the argument that the waterway may injure the commerce of New York. New York's prosperity is dependent upon the prosperity of the great interior. Every one knows that in 100 years American business and industry are being injured by the inadequacy of our transportation facilities. We cannot build houses because of transportation tie-ups; we cannot get wheat out of the interior; we cannot distribute foodstuffs and manufactured goods as we should. If ocean steamers could load beef direct at Chicago, steel plates at Cleveland, and wheat at Duluth, and could bring imports to the very heart of the country, the enormous terminal expenses in congested Atlantic ports from Montreal to Baltimore could be eliminated.

Out of Date Now.

"Did you hear what that young woman said?" "No. What was it?" "She told the young fellow with her that she 'just loved to cook.'"

The first hunger strike of record in the Orient ended fatally a few days ago when a prisoner incarcerated in connection with the Korean independence movement died at Seoul after fasting 13 days.

GREATEST GIFT.

From Dearborn Independent. Life was given us. It is a great gift. We feel it to be a great gift, when we stop to think of it. Life is not a holiday, but a school, a discipline. It has its tests, its hard places from which neither money nor power, neither culture nor character can exempt us. All eyes weep sometimes, all hearts ache. Everyone who has lived knows the pain of broken plans, the pain of revised visions. By the same token, all lives have known the fundamental joys, those joys which are essential in our humanity. Stripped of accidental gear, all lives are very much alike. We have to be thankful that life is what it is, and we are thoughtful about it. Our freedom to change the fundamentals is limited and is exercised at our peril, but our freedom to adjust our reactions to them is almost boundless. In this freedom, freedom that life finds its fullest abundance. The fundamental blessings are life—sheer physical being; thought—the growing part of man; work—the forth putting power; love—the cavity of the higher nature; society—which begins and ends in the home, for society is composed not of separate individuals, but of groups bound together by ties of blood and of emotion. Deprived of any one of these, all the accidentals of possession or place become dead. But these, the fundamentals are the inheritance of all—the world is just that wisely ordered in the provinces where man's disturbing hand may not interfere.

Historical Champagne Cooler. From the New York Herald. A Senate champagne cooler sold for \$1 when a wonderful collection of objects of art and utility was cleared out of one of the cloak rooms of the "finest club in the world." If the collector who for so modest a price secured this interesting relic of a day that is gone be a philosopher, as a competent collector

must be, he will draw out of his treasure more cause for pleasure than ever went into it. Hawthorne found material for one of his sweetest essays in the black bound and heavy volumes of sermons, no less dry and dusty than this cooler, he discovered in the attic of the mansion at Concord. Had he for inspiration the Senate champagne cooler, battered and worn from long service, a veteran it took a constitutional amendment to separate from the federal job, he would have written not one but countless essays; moral, political, economic, ethical, sumptuary, social—topics bubble forth endlessly.

Who ordered the sergeant-at-arms to purchase out of the Senate collection that champagne cooler? When, was the account was it charged—soap, bath brooms, rugs, carbonated water, hat racks? At whose orders was it first filled with cracked ice into whose yielding depths was fondly thrust a bottle of champagne? Was there, in that ancient time, a New York senator who referred to the bottle as "real wine?"

For what occasion was the wire cut to release the jealous cork penning 1,000,000 bubbles eager, the playful sprites, to tickle the noses of grave but thirsty lawmakers? Did he rejoice over victory in debate or to console a vanquished orator? What will replace the discarded treasure? Perchance a silver fruit basket, a pretty bonbonniere, an ornamented tin, or a flagon for crusty, old Potomac water.

Romance the Evanescent.

From the Milwaukee Journal. A wealthy woman, just escaping from her second experiment in marriage, declared the other day that marriage is a failure because it destroys romance. She couldn't be bothered looking after a man's socks, she said; life was meant for something bigger. She began to play the banjos by moonlight, knights riding around looking for someone to unhorse as a proof of devotion, the night life of a great city—whatever may be understood by those who use the word, they generally mean much more than a very little dish washing and lawn mowing. And marriage has to have time for those deadly practical things. Yet people who have foresworn all else and gone to seek romance often come back bored and tired.

For romance, we suspect, doesn't come from outside. We talk about romantic places because people have found romantic adventures there. Theodore Roosevelt plunged into an unexplored region of South America and met his exciting adventure. But long before that Theodore Roosevelt had discovered romance on a western ranch where most men find only the hard work of farm hands. Ten thousand English clerks have lived in India and found it dead, hot and dull for one Kipling who discovered its romance. Stevenson's most romantic tales were written before he went to live in the south seas.

The lady who has given up marriage for the sake of romance and we fear find that it still eludes her if she expects that it will be served up like caviar at her bidding and for a price. And some little dark haired woman on New York's east side will find even marriage as romantic as a story.

On Keeping a Goat.

From the Chicago News. Now and again the goat butts into public attention as the benefactor of mankind, only to disappear after a few encomiums from the doctors and the experts. Whether our methods of quantity production and centralization, our incompatibility of temper with the goat, our general habituation to the cow and cow's milk, are the reasons is not clear. At any rate, the goat finds small place in American society. Those who have seen goats domiciled in the crowded alleys of Europe, stabled comfortably in the spare bedroom, know that the goat is hardy and long suffering, and two quarts of goat's milk a day give health and vigor to many a poor family. Though dwellers in flat buildings might encounter difficulties in raising goats, others who have no facilities to finance and operate a cow might easily undertake goat culture. The goat is nontubercular and safe and the milk excels as food. The cream is emulsified and does not rise to the top. The expense of keeping a goat is trifling. In some circumstances the benefits are large.

A Bad Timekeeper.

From the London Telegraph. The fussy old fellow was making a journey on a branch line, at the best not particular as to punctuality. The train had slowed down again after stopping several times. The old gentleman's patience became exhausted, and, taking out his watch, he said to a fellow passenger: "How much is this train overdue?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "a watch is no good; you want a calendar."

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For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Net Content 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Stimulating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. HATHORN, Proprietor
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A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Zero in Fascination. Personally we don't know any kind of merchandise that looks less fascinating than a hair switch in a show window.—Dallas News.

Freshen a Heavy Skin. With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

WANTED ONLY MINOR CHANGE. Youth Had No Desire to Interfere With the Existing Chronological System, Only.—

Ten p. m. There was a lot to do at the office, and, despite the lateness of the hour, the staff still at work. The head of the firm looked sternly at the young man over his gold-rimmed glasses. Then:

"So you've a complaint to make, have you?" he asked fiercely.

"Not exactly a complaint, sir," said the other, "but there's just one little matter about which I should like to speak to you."

"I gave you more money the other day," growled the chief. "What's it you want this time? Shorter hours—eh?"

"Oh, no—no sir! I do not feel it incumbent on me, I assure you, in any way to tamper with our present quite excellent chronological system. For my part, I am perfectly content that the hours should retain their present length. All I wish is—fewer of them as applied to my daily period of work."—Houston Post.

Did It Seem That Long? Santa Cruz News—"She was sixty-nine years of age and she had been married for more than a century."—Boston Transcript.

Self-control will succeed with one talent where self-indulgence will fail with ten.

In Jail. "In for life, bo?" "Yes; I got a permanent lease this apartment."

How's This? HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—cure Catarrh of the Throat caused by Catarrh. We do not claim to cure any other disease. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a liquid, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars Free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Oiling to Ancient Custom. Faithful to the traditions of their tribe, many members of the Chippewa tribe of Wisconsin gather each year about a large "spirit stone" now in the State Historical museum at Madison and invoke the favor of their old-time gods, part of the ceremony consisting of placing a pinch of lace on the stone. This stone was gathered several years ago by a settler and after being shown at Chicago and St. Louis, finally found its way to the State Historical museum at Madison. Every year there is a gathering of the faithful about it and the hall rings with the old-time ceremonies.

Not a Question of Hours. The local railway had never been known for its punctuality, but lately it had surpassed even its own record.

One train, for instance, was nine hours late, and a passenger became wearied.

"Get me something so that I can figure out when I will get to London," he said to the dining car attendant.

"Yes, sir; I'll get you a time-table," replied the official.

"Thunder, no!" roared the passenger. "What I want is a calendar!"

Couldn't Forget. "Codger is an old-fashioned cuss, isn't he?" remarked Blinks. "He sure is," agreed Blinks. "Why, he still refers to woman as the weaker sex."

Coffee Drinkers are often annoyed by headaches, nervousness or other ills traceable to coffee drinking.

When coffee disagrees, the thing to do is to quit coffee and drink

INSTANT POSTUM

Ten days will tell whether the change is beneficial.

"There's a Reason"
Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.