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 Human System Must Adjust itself to Changing Temperatures.

The perspiration incident to warm weather has been checked. This detains within the system 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 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.

Pe-ru-na is a World-Renowned Remedy For Climatic Diseases.

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

Disobedience Brought Death.

An Italian prince had strictly forbidden one of his daughters to smoke, but so great a hold had the habit obtained over her that she secretly engaged in the practice at every opportunity. One day she was indulging in a cigarette as she reclined on a balcony attired in a dress of the lightest muslin. Suddenly her father appeared on the scene. In the hurry to hide the evidence of her disobedience the princess placed her hand with the burning cigarette behind her back. The result was startling and tragic—her frock was immediately in a blaze, and she was fearfully burned from head to foot, dying after suffering intensely.

Conscientious people are like ideas. They refuse to strike a man when he is down.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The deepest love is that which professes least.

RHEUMATISM STAYS CURED

Mrs. Cota, Confined to Bed and in Constant Pain, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism can be inherited and that fact proves it to be a disease of the blood. It is necessary, therefore, to treat it through the blood if a permanent cure is expected. External applications may give temporary relief from pain but as long as the poisonous acid is in the blood the pain will return, perhaps in a new place, but it will surely return. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood.

Mrs. Henry Cota, of West Cheshire, Conn., is the wife of the village machinist. "Several years ago," she says, "I was laid up with rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. I was in constant pain and sometimes the affected parts would swell so badly that I could not get about at all to attend to my household duties. There was one period of three weeks during which I was confined to the bed. My sufferings were awful and the doctor's medicine did not help me.

"One day a neighbor told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. After I had taken them a short time I was decidedly better and a few more boxes cured me. What is better, the cure was permanent."

Remember Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They tone up the stomach and restore impaired digestion, bring healthful, refreshing sleep, give strength to the weak and make miserable, complaining people strong, hungry and energetic. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure,

Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind.

Remember, too, the kind that cures is the only kind worth **anything.**

Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by taking Kemp's Balsam in time.

Is it worth while to experiment with anything else?

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN

By D. M. AMSBERRY,

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA.

The Teacher's Privilege.

What nobler profession can there be than that of passing on to younger human beings the best there is in us? It is rather a strange contradiction that while education is highly valued in our country, teaching on the whole has less honor than it deserves. "It is a pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children." We do not pay our teachers enough for our own good, since a liberal salary attracts talent not only in itself but because it is a symbol of success. Half a million Americans are now engaged in doing what they can with 20,000,000 younger minds. Surely no half million Americans are employed in more important work. "Teach self-denial," said Walter Scott (and something might be said of other virtues) "and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." Teach anything that is good, remarks Collier's, and you touch the depths. The ablest and truest men and women are required,—those who know life and are not pedants, not machines with notions of suggestion no higher than the ferule and the copy-book. The teacher works with living minds and hearts and souls. On no man or woman rests a higher or more inspiring task.

Endowed Theater for Masses.

Is it to be believed that out of our rich, refined, play-loving population there are not to be found those with sufficient enthusiasm or self-sacrifice to raise whatever money is necessary to establish at least one ideal experimental theater, with a sixpenny gallery and a shilling pit, all places to be reserved, and with free performances at least once a week, where the best works of the best dramatists of the world could be played by a company whose primary object was not to serve as advertisements for the dressmaker, or be mere incidents in the scenic splendors of the carpenter's art? What is wanted is faith, and after faith organization. Even in this day of doubt and unbelief the churches can find faith enough to create organizations which raise any amount of cash, says W. T. Stead in World To-Day. I am loath to believe that the theater-going public is such a godless, reckless, worthless set of selfish loons that it is impossible to raise out of their midst a fellowship of stalwart workers and liberal givers who will begin the democratic regeneration of the theater.

In order to ascertain how often and for what a dollar is spent, a California society is sending into circulation a hundred silver dollars, each fastened to a parchment tag. The person into whose hands one of the dollars falls is requested to write in blank spaces on the tag the date, place and occasion of the transfer of the coin to his possession, and then pass it on in the course of ordinary business. Ten coins will be sent out by each of several trades and professions, bankers, artisans, retailers, and so on. It is hoped that the coins will be returned according to directions, with all the blanks filled, to the projectors of the scheme, and that they may draw "practically scientific" conclusions about the habits of American purchasers. In school compositions "The Autobiography of a Cent" used to be a favorite subject, and those innocent fictions are no doubt the progenitors of these real travels of real dollars.

Some point is given to the demand of the Hungarian nationalists for an increase in the Hungarian representation in the consular and diplomatic service of the dual empire by a late incident which occurred in New York, says the Youth's Companion. A Hungarian who came to America some years ago without having performed his military service was summoned to return and serve his term of duty. He finally wrote an angry and saucy letter, in which he asserted his independence under American law, and attacked the Austrian military authorities, the foreign minister, and finally the emperor. The consul-general at New York, either through carelessnss or inability to read Hungarian, sent this letter on the military authorities with the formal and stereotyped indorsement: "Contents of memorial agree with facts, and acceptance is recommended."

According to some of the scientists, women are growing taller. If this would keep them from growing stouter after they reached middle age it isn't likely that many of them would worry much over their increasing length.

In 1905 the natural gas produced and sold in the United States was worth $41,562,855, and the supply was growing larger, despite wasteful methods. The fear of a shortage of fuel seems to have a small foundation.

"Where There's a Will--"

By M. E. LOWMAN.

Kent Trevor came round the corner of the house whistling his latest acquisition in "ragtime," a fishing rod on his shoulder, a tin can of "bait" in his hand. He stopped expectantly at the back piazza steps, but seeing no one, called: "Mother!"

"Yes, Kent, in just a minute," came a voice from the kitchen; and in about that time the owner of the voice, a sweet faced woman with a firm mouth, appeared.

"I thought you were out here, mother, I only wanted to tell you that I would not be home to dinner, as John and I are going over to the Blue Pond. But you may expect a five pound trout for supper."

His mother smiled. Kissing his hand to her he resumed his whistling and set off with a sturdy stride across the fields to meet his chum. Pride and affection showing plainly in her countenance, his mother watched him out of sight.

As he left the fields and entered the road he was joined by his friend, John Fenton, a boy of his own age, whose face lacked the strength that was the predominant characteristic of Kent's, but had far more claim to beauty. They reached Blue Pond, a famous fishing place, in good time and proceeded to the business of the day.

"I was just thinking, Kent," said John, "of the contrast between to-day and yesterday. To-day we are a couple of idle vagabonds, apparently absorbed in thoughts of angle worms and roach, with a possible trout later on as a lure; yesterday," and he threw out his chest and spoke in as deep a bass as he could compass, "yesterday, we stood in the classic halls of Senoia high school and orated (at least you did) and received the plaudits of the admiring multitude, and incidentally our diplomas and the congratulations of our friends on being first and second honor men. Was yesterday a reality and to-day a dream, or vice versa?" Kent laughed, albeit a little soberly.

"To me they are both realities and both a little saddening. It is no light matter to leave your childish days behind you and find yourself confronted with the great problem, What is my life to be? or rather, What am I to make of my life? for after all, we choose what it is to be. Have you thought that to-day is probably the last we will spend together in the old careless fashion? What are you going to do now that you have graduated from the high school?"

"Father says I am to help him in the store for a few years, with a final view to partnership I suppose, as I am the only boy in the family. What are your plans?"

"I am going to college."

"P-h-e-w! I thought it was just all your mother could do to keep you in the high school until you graduated, and now you announce in the coolest manner and as a matter of course that you are going to college."

"My plans are not perfected yet, but if you will not mention it I will tell you what I am thinking of. You know the people of Chetney have to come to Senoia, 15 miles, for their mail, and it is a great inconvenience to them. Judge Dent has been trying for a year to make arrangements to have the mail delivered there three times a week. He is about to succeed in this and I intend to apply for the position of mail carrier. It will only pay $350 a year, but that will take me to college for one year. I can go and come the same day, and that will take but three days out of the week, and the rest of the time I can help with the farm work and relieve mother of a good deal of care. All my spare time I shall put in preparing to enter the junior class, and when I get through that I am going to make the money to take the senior year."

"I must say you are gritty. But even if you get the place you surely cannot take the horse from the crops three days in a week or there will be no crops. It would take a lot of your wages to buy a horse; you haven't even a bicycle and you cannot walk 30 miles a day."

"Buying a horse is not to be thought of. I have a plan, but I propose to keep that to myself yet awhile, at least until I can talk it over with Judge Dent. I am to see him about it to-morrow. Now let's get to fishing. I promised mother a five pound trout for supper."

The next morning Kent had an interview with Judge Kent and when they parted the judge looked very much amused, while Kent's jaw looked square and determined; but there seemed to be an excellent understanding between them, for the judge clapped Kent on the shoulder and said: "You'll do, Kent. I hope your plan will succeed. It certainly deserves success."

"Thank you!" Kent quietly responded. "I am sure it will succeed if I am allowed to put it to the test."

When Kent returned to his home he was observed by his mother to be very busy with his tools under the woodshed, and afterwards spend several hours each day in a small but secluded piece of woods back of the house.

In a short time, through Judge Dent's influence, the position of mail carrier was secured to Kent Trevor. Not only had John Fenton been exercised in mind as to the manner in which the mail would go to and from Chetney, but the entire village speculated upon the probability of Kent's doing this or that; but all agreed on one thing, that if Kent Trevor said he would take the mail back and forth he would do so, even if he had to crawl.

At length the day came when he was to make his first trip. His appearance in the village as he called at the post office for his mail bag was the signal for such a shout as had not been heard in the rather sedate village of Senoia for many a day.

"Where did you get your seven league boots?"

"When did your legs grow so long?"

"What did your mother feed you on to make you grow so tall?"

"Lie down, Sonnie, so as to let us pat you on the head."

"You expect to drink water out of the clouds, don't you?"

"No, no; he's going to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

These were a few of the exclamations that greeted his first appearance. It really seemed as if the village had resolved itself into one laugh, long and loud. But Kent laughed with the rest, tossed saucy replies to those who addressed him and stalked on the even tenor of his way.

He dismounted at the post office, strapped his mail bag firmly to his shoulders, remounted and set off at a pace that augured well for the speedy delivery of the mail at Chetney, followed by the cheers of the crowd. As he passed out of sight one gentleman was heard remarking to another: "Not one boy out of a thousand has the pluck and determination to do a thing like that. Mark me, we will hear from him yet in a way to make us proud of him."

Kent's arrival in Chetney caused little less commotion than his departure from Senoia. Judge Dent was on hand to meet him and after the delivery of the mail insisted upon taking him home with him as he wanted a talk with him.

After dinner as they stood on the shaded veranda he put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said: "Kent my boy, I am proud of you! You have this day proven that now and henceforth you are the master and not the slave of circumstance. It required no little moral courage to do the thing you have accomplished. Most boys would rather face a loaded gun than the ridicule you encountered to-day."

Mounted on Stilts of Great Height.

"And I am no exception, sir; but I was determined to face it even as I would a loaded gun, and the anticipation was far worse than the reality. There was plenty of ridicule, but it was the good-natured article."

"You have not yet told me how you ever came to think of such a thing."

"I was reading lately of how the Scottish shepherds used enormous tall stilts in tending their flocks, both for the convenience of seeing a great distance and of getting over ground at a rapid rate. I then remembered that I was the champion stilt-walker among the boys of our village a few years ago, and as I had in view applying for the position that you have since so kindly secured for me, it occurred to me that if the practical use of stilts were feasible in Scotland it was equally so in America. The more I thought of it the more practical the idea seemed to me, and I determined to carry it out if I should be made carrier. I had to put in a good bit of practice to perfect myself sufficiently to undertake it, but I think I succeeded fairly, for I made the distance here to-day in marvellously short time."

"Well, I admire your grit. Now there is another matter I want settled."

And before Kent left Chetney it was arranged that on the days he brought the mail to Chetney he should remain with Judge Dent as long as possible, studying under his guidance to fit himself for the junior class in college.

For a whole year Kent went back and forth on his stilts with the mail, and so well did he apply himself to his studies under the direction of Judge Dent that he easily entered the junior class, where he soon became a favorite with student and instructors, even as in the old days at Senoia high school.

RATTLE OF THE RIVETER.

The Man from Oklahoma Thought It Was a Woodpecker.

Charley's uncle from Oklahoma was up town being shown the sights, he having come in the day before with a few loads of steers, and Charley was doing the honors.

They were walking along on Grand avenue discussing the tall buildings, when all of a sudden one of those rackety riveting machines began hammering away at high speed on a top story of a steel skyscraper building.

The old man stopped as if he'd run against something. He turned his eyes in the direction of the sound but could make out nothing. When he turned to his bewildered nephew his eyes were fairly popping.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "But I'd like to see that woodpecker. It must be a whopper."—Kansas City Star.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

Reception Was Costly.

Mrs. Augustus Heaton, of Washington, some time ago changed from the Episcopalean to the Roman Catholic church and by way of celebrataing the event decided to give a reception in honor of the bishop of her diocese. She decided, however, that her already famous drawing-room was not sufficiently resplendent to serve as a place of reception for the bishop who was to come and congratulate her. There was yet time in which to make the room more attractive and Mme. Heaton, with true artistic taste, had everything taken out of the room except the old furniture and a few art objects. The walls before had been covered with tapestry, but that was not enough for a reception for the bishop. After much thought she finally decided on drab silk wall covering. What with this and other extensive changes in the room without the purchase of furniture Mrs. Heaton got rid of $9,000.
