

### A Trite Saying.

It is a trite saying that no man is stronger than his stomach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body and thus cures both liver and kidney troubles. If you take this natural blood purifier and tonic, you will assist your system in manufacturing each day a pint of rich, red blood, that is invigorating to the brain and nerves. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people suffer from, is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin and the feelings "blue." Dr. Pierce's "Discovery" cures all blood humors as well as being a tonic that makes one vigorous, strong and forceful. It is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes that contains neither alcohol nor harmful habit-forming drugs, and the only one, every ingredient of which has the professional endorsement of the leading medical writers of this country. Some of these endorsements are published in a little book of extracts from standard medical works and will be sent to any address free, on receipt of request therefor by letter or postal card, addressed to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. It tells just what Dr. Pierce's medicine is made of. The "Words of Praise" for the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, by leaders in all the several schools of medical practice, and recommending them for the cure of the diseases for which the "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised, should have far more weight with the sick and afflicted than any amount of the so-called "testimonials" so conspicuously flaunted before the public by those who are afraid to let the ingredients of which their medicines are composed be known. Bear in mind that the "Golden Medical Discovery" has the badge of honesty on every bottle wrapper, in a full list of its ingredients.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, invigorate the liver and regulate stomach and bowels.

Dr. Pierce's Great Thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for one cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

### Boarding Houses, Take Notice.

In view of the part that electricity plays in our modern life, it is amusing to recall that, when Benjamin Franklin evolved the lightning conductor, he was called to account by certain individuals for sacrilege in "attempting to divert the Almighty's lightning."

Restaurant proprietors and boarding-house keepers have apparently overlooked a valuable hint which Dr. Franklin afforded them, as follows: He took an ancient rooster and killed it by a powerful shock from one of his Leyden jars. When, subsequently, the bird was served at his table, "its flesh was found to be as tender as that of a young partridge," or so he declares. This is one of the discoveries which should make the name of Franklin forever honored.—Success Magazine.

### A Financier.

Teacher—If I gave you fifteen cents, and you spent eight cents for candy, two cents for marbles and one cent for an apple, what would you have left?

Tommy—Fifteen cents.

Teacher—Now, how can you give such a silly answer?

Tommy—I would. I'd charge the stuff to pa.—Cleveland Leader.

### 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."

**Adams Eden in Siam.**  
Perhaps the queerest city in the world is that of Nang Harm, the home of the royal family of Siam. This city's peculiarity lies in the fact that it is composed of women and children alone. It is in the center of Bangkok, has high walls around it and in its population of 9,000 there is not a single man, though the king occasionally pays a visit. There are shops, markets, temples, theaters, streets and avenues, parks, lakes, trees and flower gardens, a hall of justice, judges, executioner, police, generals and soldiers, all the positions, official and otherwise, being filled by women. The only man in all Siam who can enter this city is the king.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Peril.**  
"Aren't you afraid that horse will run away with somebody?"

"Friend," said Bronco Bob. "It ain't nothin' in Crimson Gulch for a horse to run away with a man. It's when a man tries to run away with a horse that there's danger."—Washington Star.

**Adding the Insult.**  
Disgusted Passenger (throwing it under the seat)—Do you call that an apple?

Train Boy—No, sir. That's a Ben Davis. Like to have some bananas to take the taste out?

# EDITORIALS

## Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

### THE FOREIGN MISSION.

**T**HOSE opposed to foreign missions are many within and without the church. They feel the labor and money expended in the alien field could be used to much better advantage at home. It is pointed out that the great cities of Christianity need evangelizing more than do the far away heathen who, even if converted, can never constitute more than a tithe of the community where he dwells.

Look at China and India. In the last century they have increased their population 200,000,000 while the converts won to Christianity during this time were less than 5,000,000. In the dwindling races far removed from civilization Christianity has made appreciable progress in spots, but on the whole there is not much to glorify upon.

Yet the mission to the benighted will continue. As long as men and women are willing to leave home, settle among the semi-civilized and the barbaric, put up with anything but pleasing surroundings, and teach the gospel, there will be found a sympathetic spirit at their back which will manifest itself in something more than encouraging words in sustaining those at the seat of unbelief and, oftentimes, danger. This purpose in dollars and cents amount in a twelvemonth to nearly \$25,000,000. Not a large sum, one will say, for 500,000,000 Christians. No, but it is growing at a rate deemed impossible not so long ago.

The money is not all paid out for strictly church purposes. The Presbyterians alone in Chinese cities treated free over 30,000 patients last year. So the Christian Church not only provides the most rational way of salvation, but supplements it with loving kindness so conformable to its teachings and its practices. If it does not make a convert it is doing the work of the Divine Master and proclaiming to humankind the loftiness of its mission—which is a good thing for even the believer and the doubter in the countries dominated by Christian influences.—Utica Globe.

### SOME DOCTORS AND THEIR PATIENTS.

**T**HE physicians of Fulton, N. Y., announce that they are going to publish the names of "deadbeats" in the local newspaper. The idea is to warn doctors against citizens who fail to pay their bills. It is a fair enough arrangement—assuming that the bills were just—and that the result was satisfactory.

We do not think, however, that an exactly fair arrangement could be arrived at without interviewing some of the citizens under the grass in the Fulton graveyards. Some doctors are treated badly by patients, and there is another side of the story. But as the other side is usually found in the cemetery, it naturally doesn't get a hearing. If the doctors must publish "deadbeats," let them also publish "dead patients."

There is no doubt that, to a considerable extent, the doctors of the country are swindled. Many men who would not fail to pay a grocer's bill or a butcher's bill feel for some reason that it is not much of a crime to cheat a doctor out of his time and study and the money that is due him. The labor of the doctor in dissecting your trouble is just as worthy of pay as the labor of the butcher dissecting a calf or an ox. The doctor gives you part of his knowledge, as the butcher gives you part of the meat—each is entitled to pay.

We are inclined to think, however, that good would re-

sult if citizens would also unite and pay a little closer attention to doctors and the results of their work. As it is now, good doctors suffer for the sins of the bad ones. Just why it is that a man with a license to cure should be permitted to spend his life killing, misunderstanding, diagnosing stupidly and promoting prosperity of undertakers, we cannot understand.

There are men practicing medicine that wouldn't have a customer in the world if they were practicing law. They lose every case that requires skill. But their patients don't know that. If the doctors were unable to take credit for cures effected by Nature, and were made to rely on their own work, their reputations would shrink about 90 per cent the first month.

It ought to be somebody's business to investigate every death that a doctor has to his credit. Whenever a doctor's patient dies the matter ought to be investigated. If he has shown ignorance, stupidity, indifference or neglect, the public ought to know it. We wonder whether the doctors of Fulton, N. Y., who propose, as it is said, to print a list of the diseases of their non-paying patients, would like to see published a list of the actual troubles of patients as compared with the troubles diagnosed by the doctors?

Doctors, of course, should not be unjustly harassed. Very often suits for malpractice are simply persecution or blackmail. It should be recognized that medicine is the most difficult of all professions. Diagnosis cannot be infallible. But some record should be kept of the doings of the men licensed to exploit the sufferings of humanity. The doctors should arrange, for their own sakes, to weed out those that prove themselves incompetent.—Chicago American.

### AN INSIDE WATERWAY.

**W**HILE the West is talking about improved waterways, the East is getting down to practical steps. Work will be begun this spring on a \$6,000,000 canal to connect New York and Boston by an inside and much shortened water route. This canal will be practically a continuation of the Erie canal, for the improvement of which the State of New York has appropriated \$100,000,000, and the digging has begun. It is estimated that the construction of the canal across Cape Cod will take two and one-half years. Engineers figure that the saving will be 142 miles over the outside route, with a great mitigation of danger from storms and fogs. Passengers leaving New York by the water route at 5 p. m. will arrive at Boston the next morning at 8 o'clock.

Forty thousand vessels a year pass around Cape Cod, and in twenty-five years following 1875 165 vessels were lost there, at a cost of nearly 100 lives and \$1,900,000. A revenue of \$1,862,000 a year is expected from the new canal, derived from 6,000 steamship and 24,000 sailing vessel trips, at 8 cents a ton. The route along the Monument river will not require heavy excavation. It was proposed as the line for a waterway by the general court of Massachusetts as long ago as 1837, and the project was revived several times, but not effectively. A company has now taken it up, and its financial backing has led to the announcement that work will be started soon and pushed steadily. It will give an uninterrupted waterway from the great lakes to Boston, and also from the Gulf of Mexico to New England, when the gulf and lakes are connected by a deep channel.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.



## PAJONES

"What in the world is the matter with my little Mary?" exclaimed Pa Jones, with considerable concern, as he rushed into the happy home and found Ma in tears and Fido sympathetically sobbing. "What is the meaning of all this sadful sorrow? What is the cause of all this mournful emotion? Has your dear mother decided to look for a new boarding house? Has some one of your women friends issued invitations for a reception and left you out in the cold, cold world? Has Fido suffered another attack of neuralgia so that he can bark only on one side of his face? Why don't you—"

"Will you be good enough to take a sneak, Hen Jones?" was the petulant interruption of the tearful Ma. "Will you be sweet enough to leave me alone? I don't want to talk to you! I don't want to—"

"You don't really mean it, madame? You don't really mean it?" was the mean rejoinder of the brutal-hearted Pa. "I can't conceive that such a thing has actually come to pass! I can't believe that the millennium is so near! Ordinarily you want to talk to me all the time! Usually you don't even take time to catch your breath! Have your vocal chords become affected, or is your tongue tired? Have you got a spell of tonsillitis, or just a plain case of sore teeth? Does it hurt you when you try to warble? Does it—"

"For mercy's sake shut up, you rowing quawk!" cried the exasperated Ma. "Why don't you ramble off to your den and smoke yourself silly? Why don't you giggle in front of a glass and imagine you are looking at a monkey show? Don't you know that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Don't you know that distance lends enchantment? It is bad enough to have a silk skirt ruined by coffee without listening to your idiotic chatter! It is bad enough—"

"Ah, I see, Mrs. Jones! I see!" was the hasty interjection of Pa, as he cast a keen eye at Ma. "I am getting wise! I can catch a glimpse of the lighthouse through the fog! It is another flim-flam game! It is another bunco touch! You want a new dress, but haven't got the nerve to come back at me so soon! You want to spread yourself again, but you are afraid that I will howl a

halt! Your subterfuge won't work, angel wife! Your subterfuge won't work! You can't stack the cards on your Uncle Henry! So you may just as well mop up your tears at once! You may just as well sop up your sobs without further notice! I positively refuse—"

"Who asked you for a new dress, you officious old crook?" shouted the indignant Ma, angrily. "You are too new! You are too previous! You had better wait—"

"You did, lovey-dovey! You did!" was the tantalizing rejoinder of Pa. "You didn't ask me in so many words, but you took a shower bath under the coffee pot, which amounts to substantially the same thing! What did you do with the skirt? Where did you throw it before you started to sigh? Can't you wring it out? Can't you at least save the coffee? Can't you hide the spots like other women do who haven't such generous husbands? Why don't you let out the tucks and turn the skirt upside down? Why don't you make a constellation of tenebrous wheels and paste one over each splash? Why don't you make a hedge-row of ruffles and hide the coffee plantation behind it? Why don't you put some adhesive plaster on your breaking heart and get busy? Let me see that garment! Let a master modiste take a look! I will bet four cents to a skyscraper that—"

"There it is, you noble old wonder!" cried the unhappy Ma, producing the soiled skirt. "Are you satisfied now? Do you think that any Jones can take out those stains? Do you think—"

"Is that all, madame? Is that all?" was the optimistic response of the bluffsome Pa. "Have you been raising a life-sized howl over a little thing like that? I thought from the sound of your yelp that something awful had happened! I thought Irem the way you were throbbingly sighing a real calamity had been pulled off! Those spots don't amount to as much as the deuce of clubs in a poker game! If they were on the sun they wouldn't have a chance on earth of ever being discovered by rubbering college professors! I can make them fade away like a man dodging a bill collector! I can make them disappear like a bank account at a church fair! I can—"

"What in the world are you talking about, heathen?" interposed Ma, throwing a wifely glare at Pa. "What are you trying to sing? What—"

"I am talking about gasoline, Mary mine! I am talking about gasoline!" answered Pa, with a condescending

smile. "What did you think that I was talking about? I am going to show you how the trick is done! I am going to give you a demonstration of what a scientific Jones can do! I am going to take the spots out of that—"

"What's that, Mr. Jones?" shoutfully interrupted Ma, with sudden alarm. "Well, I guess not! Don't you think it! Don't you have a spasm of that kind for one single minute! That skirt is bad enough now without—"

"You heard what I said, Smithy! You hear what I said!" responded Pa, with barking emphasis. "If you didn't hear me I will chirp you the second stanza! I am going to soak that skirt in gasoline! I am going to soak those spots until there isn't any more coffee in them than there is in the muddy mixture that you buy at the feed fountains! Why do I do it, precious pet? Why am I so kind to you? Because I don't want to pony up the price of a don't want to get fanned! Because I don't want to pony up the price of a new one, and an outfit for your dear mother to match."

With this Pa hustled for the kitchen where he poured a few quarts of gasoline into a wash basin, and started to scrub like a mop lady polishing a bunch of marble steps.

"Why don't you come closer, madame? Why don't you come closer?" said the splashful Pa. "What are you backing away for? I want to observe how easily this thing is done! I want you to observe—"

"Stop, you simple sinner! Stop!" shrieked Ma, hastily taking a few more backward steps. "Stop, look and listen! Do you want to be an angel? Do you want to go bumping through the skies? Take that cigar out of your mouth! Take—"

Alas! Ma's warning came too late. Gasoline and lighted cigars do not harmonize like sweet love and June ham-mocks, and an instant later Pa found himself wedged between the kitchen sink and the contemptuous glare of his little Mary.

"I told you so, you crazy freak! I told you so!" cried the irate Ma, as she viewed the wreck. "I told you that you would make a yap of yourself! You have not only burned up that skirt, but—"

"So you did, ducky dear! So you did!" replied Pa, wiping the taste of gasoline from his mouth. "You told me all right, but you didn't tell me soon enough! You are just like all the rest of the Smiths! You are always a day behind the fair!"

It was late that night when the final

words of the usual Jones argument were spoken, and early the next morning Ma put on her happiest complexion and airily flitted hence to the dry goods store.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A MIRACLE OF NATURE.

**The Wonderful Growth of the Antlers of the Wapiti.**  
Wapiti antler growth is one of the miracles of nature that we never cease to consider a miracle. About the end of winter—that is in mid-March—the antlers of the year before break off flush with their base an inch or more above the skull. Usually they are found close together, showing that they fell nearly at the same time.

At first the place of each antler is a broad raw spot. In a few days it shows a thick rounded pad or blood gorged skin. This swells rapidly, and in a fortnight the great bulbous fuzzy horn beginning has shot up to a height of several inches. At exactly the right time, place and in just the right direction a bump comes forth to be the foundation of the brow tine. In a few more days the bez tine is projected by the invisible architect. In a month the structure is nearly a foot high and all enveloped in a turgid mass of feverish, throbbing blood vessels—the scaffolding and workmen of this surprising structure. Night and day the work is pushed with astounding speed, and in four months this skyscraper is finished, a wonderful structure indeed, for a score of nature's forces have toiled, a myriad of invisible workmen have done their part, and an edifice that, according to ordinary rules, should have taken a lifetime is here rushed through in a summer and all in absolute silence.

August sees the building done, but it is still cluttered with scaffolding. The supplies of blood at the base are reduced and finally discontinued. The antler is no longer in vital touch with the animal. It begins to die. The sensitiveness leaves each part, the velvet covering soon dies, cracks and peels, and the stag assists the process of clearing off the skin by scraping his horns on the brushwood. September sees him fully armed in his spears of dead bone, strong in body, glorying in his weapons and his strength and ready to battle with all comers.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

### ONE OF NATURE'S TOOLS.

**How Teazels are Used in Finishing Different Cloths.**

Growing by the wayside you will often see that stately, spink-looking plant, the teazel, but I wonder how many know that it has helped to finish many a piece of cloth they wear.

We are apt to think of a tool as something of man's make, yet here is one of nature's own, and nothing has ever been manufactured to successfully take its place. For ages the teazel has been used for fulling cloth, that is, raising the "nap," and the manufacturers refer to "nap goods" thus treated as "gigged."

When ripe the dried spike heads are gathered, packed carefully in bundles, and shipped in all directions to factories. The variety mostly used have the extreme end of spikes hooked or curved backward. This is called fullers' teazel. These heads form a sort of brush and are attached to a wheel or cylinder which revolves against the surface of the cloth, and these curved spikes catch part of the threads, and pull them up, making a fuzzy nap. This is trimmed down and leaves that soft, velvety finish to the cloth. The spikes have strength enough and elasticity, but when they come in contact with a rough place in the cloth, they break, and so avoid tearing the material.

Try as they may, no one has ever been able to invent a tool possessing all of these qualities, so the teazel stands unrivaled for that use. The plant as we see it growing wild looks, perhaps, at first glance somewhat like a thistle, but it really has a dignity and character all its own. The heads in flower are covered with a fluffy down, lavender or white, and as the blossoms drop and the spikes appear, until a little later it fairly bristles. The leaves, pointed and spiked, shooting out each side of the stem, meet at base and form a little basin in which is usually water. So we have the name of the plant from the Greek Dipsacus, meaning thirsty, and many other fanciful ones, such as Venus' Cup, Venus' Bath, Wood or Church Brooms, Gipsy Combs, Clothier's Brush, etc.—St. Nicholas.

### The Ideal Clothing.

In Montana, along the line of the Great Northern Railroad, a pelting rain was falling one November day. Inside the section house the rusty soft coal stove, setting in its box of sawdust, was red with heat. Two section hands came, dripping like the proverbial rats, and proceeded to stand as close to the stove as they well could without being scorched. Shortly, clouds of steam ascended from their soaked clothing and the small room soon resembled a vapor bath.

"I tell you, Mike," said one as he squeezed the water from the hem of his trousers. "Overalls is the things to wear, fer no matter how wet they are, they are so soon dry."

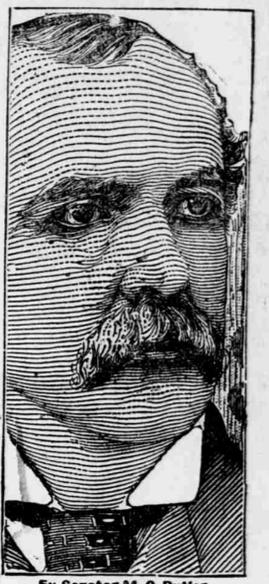
"Naw, Jawn, mackinaws is the byes," replied the other as he looked down with satisfaction at his plaid suit of thick woolen. "Mackinaws is the only clothes, fer when ye are wet and cold they kape ye so warrum and dhry."—Lippincott's.

### Harmonious.

The Caller—Your art gallery is a treat. This picture especially is delightful; the values are so well balanced.

Mr. Porkham—That's right. Frame \$300, picture same price.—Puck.

## UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PERUNA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.  
Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co. as follows:  
"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. In order to cure catarrh of the stomach the catarrh must be eradicated. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna exactly meets the indications.

### Queer Drugs and Their Uses.

"The venom of the rattlesnake has been known to cure locomotor ataxia and scarlet fever," said a chemist in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Homeopathic physicians often prescribe it. You know the curara, the deadly poison that the South American Indians smear on their arrow tips? Well, curara is very helpful in hydrophobia. There is a seaweed called 'bladderwrack.' They make of this an antifat, a marvelous antifat. By the use of this antifat I know a man who reduced his weight forty pounds in three months.

"There is a deadly fungus, the fly agaric, which unfortunate people sometimes eat in mistake for mushrooms. They make a medicine of the fly agaric, a medicine called muscarine nitrate, which, injected under the skin causes a copious flow of tears. French actresses, in weeping scenes, such as 'La Dame aux Camellias,' have sometimes used this drug. Cocaine causes wakefulness. I once worked forty-eight hours at a stretch, thanks to cocaine. Cocaine stimulates, exhilarates and removes all desire for food or drink. An Alpine guide will chew fifty or sixty grains of it before commencing a difficult ascent."

### Swallowed a Box of Matches.

A traveler on the railway from Cape Town to Victoria Falls in South Africa writes: "There is not much incident on the trip, though the life at wayside stations when the engine stops for a drink is always interesting. At Mochado two tame ostriches walked majestically up and down beside the train, their little heads on a level with the passengers, who sometimes would hand them a biscuit. I was told to keep my camera out of sight, or they would gobble it up. A man was lighting a cigarette at one of the carriage windows when one of the ostriches bit from his hand and swallowed a box of matches. The matches were of the kind that light only on the outside of the box, so that the probability of the lucifers igniting on any of the stray bits of bottles on the staircase going down was minimized."

### REPAIRING BRAIN.

#### A Certain Way by Food.

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes over-active use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from Nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by The Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.