

Sleep and Nerve Woes.

In the days when eight hours for sleep was nominally regarded as an hour too long for any self-respecting individual, the exhausting character of modern life was unknown. There was less wealth and more contentment; less competition and more security; fewer distractions, but more simplicity. Work was easier, slower; and care, anxiety, apprehension—in a word, worry—did not feed, like the worm 't' th' bud, upon the hours exempt from toil. We are remorseless in overtaking the delicate mechanism of our minds and nerves. The best walker, for instance, does not propose to himself to go regularly 60 miles a day, or to subject the same set of muscles in any other form of physical exercise to intense and unremitting labor. But that is what we do with the immediate agent of our minds—the brain machine. We cannot watch its operations. We often assume that its movements are as light and endless as the ripples of the universal air. We know and nevertheless we forget that the brain is a substantial apparatus as liable to depreciation as the fixed plant in a workshop. Now nothing is more certain than this, that the potential capacity of the human brain has not increased, if at all, in anything like the proportion of the immensely aggravated demand upon it. The modern man is subject to as much mental and moral wear and tear in a day as his ancestors in no very remote generation experienced in a week, says London Telegraph. Yet in respect to sleep we have hardly changed traditional habit. We keep later and still later hours. We catch our trains in the morning as usual. There is no doubt whatever that we burn the candle at both ends with unprecedented disregard of the laws of physiological economy and that the amount of rest we allow for nerve and brain is no longer adequate.

Production of Silver.

The production of silver in the United States has not varied radically since 1899, and we arrive at our judgment of a radical variation by comparison with the change in the output of gold, which has indeed been radical, says the Black Hills Mining Review. There was a difference of 14,000,000 ounces, approximately 28 per cent, between the low production of 1894 and the high of 1892, while there has been no new extreme within 12 years. The annual output of gold has considerably more than doubled within that time. The variation in the world's silver production during the 15 year period has been less than that of the United States, the high extreme of 1898 exceeding the low of 1891 by about 26 per cent. The world's annual production of gold has, on the other hand, been going steadily forward, except for the interruption by the Boer war, practically trebling since 1891. The United States has bought no silver in 13 years. The last purchases were under the act of 1890, by which in excess of 168,000,000 ounces were acquired. During the 20 years following 1873 the government purchased almost 500,000,000 ounces, or at the average rate of about 25,000,000 ounces per year.

In one sense Harvard was defeated on the Thames and in another sense she won. It was a triumph of comradeship among sportsmen and of international comity. The visit was well worth the result in drawing more closely together the sportsmen of both nations and in intensifying the popular friendship which the experiences of recent years have done so much to develop. The crimson of Harvard was indeed the "red badge of courage," but it also stood for the first color in our national emblem, and it represented the warm blood of kinship.

Barbers' supplies may soon be furnished to soldiers at cost price by the government. Brig. Gen. Constant Williams, commanding the department of the Colorado, in his annual report recommends that articles needed for the proper care of the face shall be added to the list that may be purchased from the army storehouses. Among the articles mentioned are his tin, talcum powder, witch hazel, razors, shaving brushes and cups. He thinks also that soldiers should have the privilege of buying thread and needles at cost.

A veteran student of phonetics says the sound of a is obtained in 19 ways and that the 26 letters of the alphabet may be used to represent 658 different sounds. In the language of the poet Gray, "Enough: Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise."

A Louisville police judge decides that Sunday theatricals are works of necessity. In one way he is right. You don't catch an actor working at it twice a day for seven days a week unless he is compelled to.

A Florida correspondent of the New York Sun says seas may be banished from any home by dragging a live alligator through the rooms. Persons whose dwellings are infested with seas will have no right to complain after this.

Uncle Sam's foreign trade last month and for the first half of the year shows an increase over the same periods of 1905. Europe may not like our manners, but she is compelled to swallow our products.

"A SMALL THING."

Do you believe in progress? Do you believe that all the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century—the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, electric light, keroseene, sewing machine, agricultural machinery, steamships, trolley cars, etc.—have made life easier and better worth living? I do. I believe that a man who lives 40 years under modern conditions has experienced more life and better life than Methusalem, though he had lived 20 centuries of his time.

The triumphs of the nineteenth century were triumphs of human service—of sharing of knowledge and the fruits of knowledge within the reach of the common man. Every man's life is better, happier, more secure because of them. We live more comfortable, more sociable lives in better and more comfortable houses because of them. Even the hopeless dweller in the worst city slums is more comfortable in his physical conditions than the middle-class citizen of the days of George Washington.

In little things as in great, comfort and convenience have been the legacy of the "Century of Improvement." Paint, in a certain sense, is a minor matter, yet it gives beauty, healthfulness and durability to our dwellings. Fifty years ago painting was a serious proposition, a luxury for the owners of stately mansions who could afford the expense of frequent renewals. Today ready mixed paint is so cheap, so good, and so universal that no house owner has an excuse for not keeping his property well painted.

A small thing, indeed; yet several hundred large factories, employing thousands of chemists and skilled workmen, are running every day in the year to keep our houses fresh, clean and wholesome.

A small thing, yet a can of good ready mixed paint, such as one may buy from any reputable dealer, embodies the study of generations of skilled chemists, the toil of a thousand workmen in mill, laboratory and factory, and the product of a long series of special machinery invented and designed just to make that can of paint and to furnish us an infinite variety of tints, colors and shades.

It was a wonderful century, that nineteenth of our era, and not the least of its wonderful gifts was that same commonplace can of paint.

The most important events in the average man's career are his birth and death.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight leg cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Ghastly Foreign Pun. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the noted American clubwoman, has been received abroad by royalty, and some of the foreign papers have the temerity to declare that she has a proverbial right to look at a king.

To Launder White Silk Handkerchiefs. Do not put white silk handkerchiefs in the ordinary wash, as they are easily soiled. Make a strong lather of Ivory Soap and water, but do not rub the soap on the handkerchief or use soda. Rinse and iron while damp with a moderately hot iron.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

Experience of Winston Churchill Familiar to Many.

Winston Churchill in an address that he made in Concord recently praised the New Hampshire farmer.

"Ours," he said, "is a state fitted above all others for a summer resort. New Hampshire, with its superb climate, its mountains, its lakes and forests, will in a generation or two be one great pleasure ground—a vast park dotted with beautiful villas, to which will come each summer families from all parts of America.

"In anticipation of this many farmers are learning to conduct hotels. They are building cottages for summer visitors. Some of them, too, are taking boarders.

"And I am glad to say that the New Hampshire farmer is in a position to take boarders, because, unlike the farmers in other states that I could name, he does not send all his good things to the city. I once boarded at a fine big farm, but the fare was wretched—canned vegetables, condensed milk and so on.

"By Jove," I said one morning at breakfast, as I pushed my egg cup from me, "these eggs are really not as fresh as those I get in New York."

"My farmer host snorted. "That's rank prejudice on your part, Mr. Churchill," he said. "It's from New York that all our eggs come."

LOOSE TEETH

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, allowing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally.

"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a pre-digested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would come down all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth.

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Well-Villa," in page. "There's a reason."

STRANGEST COLONY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Kabakon is the new Eden.

The Order of the Sun has established the strangest colony on the face of the earth; a colony in which all make, all admit the sun the source of all life, and all subsist upon coconuts—for they say the coconut is the sun's representative on earth, the life-giver, the healer—the spirit of Sol. The cocoa palm is the mother of humanity; the sun is its creator.

In the Palm Theater of Pure Natural Life is the seat of government of the International Colonial Empire of Frutitarianism, founded by the Order of the Sun, and there the naked hosts, Christians, who until a few months ago wore clothes, worship the sun, not as a god, but as the giver of all life and the healer of the sick.

Tropical Fruit in Rich Profusion on the Island

The island of Kabakon is in German New Guinea and belongs to the New Laubenburg group, which is situated in the Hismarck archipelago, between New Pommern and New Mecklenburg. It is one mile from Herbertsboe, the seat of the government, and half a mile from Micks, where there are many large warehouses filled with many big goodies from all the world around for many big and little people who have not yet adopted the simple life and coconuts of Kabakon. Coconuts are defined by Mr. Engelhardt as the idea, the spirit of the sun constituted in plant form, and they are the 'get par excellence' for the members of the Order of the Sun. Kabakon yields many coconuts and many other sweets of nature. It is a big coconut, banana and papaya plantation of 7,000 trees, 165 acres in size, with extraordinary fertility, and bearing incidentally all the other famous tropical fruits, mangoes, bread-stuffs, pineapples, oranges, lemons, and has a good annual crop of sweet potatoes, too, yams, taron, sugar cane, tallow, nuts, galip, and other tropical oddities.

"Let us join together in the tropics," cries August Engelhardt, founder of the Order of the Sun, of the Interna-

of one of the Berlin theaters, and one of the first of the Kabakon colonists, cannot conceive "better conditions for an ideal life. There are few flies, and there absolutely is no dust. Serpents and dangerous animals do not exist here, but we have peace loving natives; no cannibalism. There is a magnificent panorama on every side, mountains over 5,000 feet high, with tropical vegetation; it is more beautiful than Ceylon. Four boats offer opportunities for visiting with neighboring islands. We have friendly relations with neighboring islands. The total area which we can reach with our boats covers many thousand miles.

Colonists Work Only When They Are So Inclined.

"The climate is not changeable. A large, well selected library is at our disposal. We always are naked, therefore the heat does not affect us. Besides, uncooked foods do not produce thirst, especially when one has the opportunity of sea bathing at any time. Mr. Engelhardt is most tolerant toward those who hold different opinions. Physical work is not compulsory. We work when we feel inclined. The rest of the time we superintend the operations of the natives and do mental work. Our lives are characterized by the absence of the hurry and worry of civilization. Our colony is conducted on communistic lines; each colonist becomes part proprietor."

The conditions for admission to the sun order are, first, recommendations of two "respectable, credible" persons who are to be "approved by the leader of the sun order"; secondly, a payment of about \$250 for such as are able to pay, "for less wealthy people, corresponding to their property, for poor fruit eaters nothing. In the first line the sun order wants men of noble, excellent character; thirdly, the disposition of about \$150 with the imperial government at Herbertsboe in case of their quitting the colony of having need of the money in emergency; fourth, every colonist must be frutitarian, that is,

voices to heaven. We worship the sun by our daily life, by a clothesless existence in the full light and life of the tropical sun, nourished by the fruits that are enriched by the vitality of the sunshine, the sacred coconuts. The sun, the coconut and the man simply are different manifestations of the same life."

invalid in Civilization; Has Become Strong Man.

The ultra-modern conclusions whereat Mr. Engelhardt has arrived regarding human modes of living, he declares, are not the result of speculation, but of experiment. He himself has been an invalid, and an invalid he remained until he foresook house and town, coat and shoe, and assumed the airy fashions of primitive mankind, and adopted the diet of the Darwinian ancestors of men, the merry monkeys, who banquet off coconuts and bananas.

Mr. Engelhardt was born in Nuremberg, Bavaria. His father was a manufacturer, and a most excellent man. His mother was a fine woman. She gave him careful training. He attended the Latin school and gymnasium at Nuremberg and afterward studied mathematics and science at Munich. Then he lived a number of years at Nuremberg, occupying himself as an author. About the year 1900 he became a vegetarian. From childhood up he had been weakly of constitution, and ever since 1894 he had busied himself with medicine and physicians in hopes of gaining strength. He tried all sorts of dietaries and after vegetarianism took to a pure fruit regimen, and then milk and cream.

Coconut Declared the Proper Food for Mankind.

"Just as mother's milk is the one proper and natural food of the suckling babe so the coconut is the one natural and proper food for the man. The coconut palm is his mother, it is his kitchen and his cellar. In its fruits it bestows upon him a nutriment whereby alone the greatest and highest of his bodily and spiritual powers may be awakened." Mr. Engelhardt made experiments with the



national Colonial Empire of Frutitarianism, and of the Palm Temple of Pure Natural Life, and purchaser and sole proprietor of the lovely island of Kabakon.

"If we do truth we shall get true and come nearer and nearer to God, who is truth and life. To live in the cool and dark Europe, the friend of the icy winter, in caves called houses and towns, in rags called clothes, in a slow, sure empoisonment, suicide. Let us go back to the source of all life, of all mind and strength, to the sun, who is nothing else but the visibility of the most ingenious and most lovable being we can look upon with our eyes! The delivery of mankind from sickness and death is equivalent to their return to the sun in every respect. You ask how you can in all respects serve mankind best. Serve the sun, O, friend, you will then become sun to mankind."

Delivery of Mankind In Return to the Sun

The members of the sun order consider this fair and teeming little land an Eden, a happy valley, a paradise. Herr Max Luetzow, musical director

he must live on nuts and fruit; fifth, a biographical sketch and photograph are required.

Hope is to Bring Forth a Perfect Race of Men.

"All fruit eaters," observes Mr. Engelhardt, "can live a permanent naked life like myself, join nature in every respect. Magnificent sea and sand baths complete the continual sun and air baths in the best manner."

It has been thought by some of the uninitiated public that marriage is forbidden at Kabakon; but, on the contrary, family life is encouraged, and it is the hope of the colony to furnish a nucleus to the world of sane, honorable, healthy and pure minded men. Married men with their families are hence accorded an especial welcome.

The sun order derives its fair name from the fact that its members venerate the sun as the source of all life, "as the visibility of an everlasting being of love and wisdom. We do not worship the sun after the manner of the Parsees, who live in clothes and at sunrise fall prostrate on their knees on carpets and lift up their

other fruits and nuts, but from none received the satisfactory results which inspired his foundation of the coconut colony.

It was in November, 1901, that the founder of the Order of the Sun left Germany in search of a tropical residence, thinking it might be Ceylon, and it was in 1902 that he landed upon the happy isle of Kabakon. A year later, on the 3d of March, 1903, he proclaimed Kabakon an open fruit garden and sungrove. I will settle it with fruit eaters."

While comparatively few persons, in Mr. Engelhardt's judgment, now may be prepared for such a life as the idealistic Kabakon offer, as these become better and better known everywhere his ideas will be popularized and more and more will desire to put them into practical execution.

A Persistent Suitor.

Nell—When Mr. Percy Vere proposed to me I said "No! A thousand times no!"

Belle—And didn't that settle him? Nell—No; he said that meant 500 affirmatives.

selected vegetable food to impart to them the requisite flavor.

John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey, and innumerable people regale themselves on the same food today. African races are the chief eaters of locusts, a diet that shortens the span of life to two score years. When famine stalks the land the Arab grinds to powder the dried insects he has stored, and with flour bakes it into bread.

In Brazil, the East Indies, Mexico and among the Indians of North America ants are largely consumed, as are the larger termites of Africa, and naturally the Chinese will not miss their turn with the insect.

There is no accounting for tastes and consequently one is content with baldly stating that in New Caledonia particularly large spiders, and in Brazil 18-inch long centipedes, are greatly enjoyed. When the cook inadvertently sends up a boiled caterpillar with the vegetables John Bull says things of sorts. Let him take heart of grace, for caterpillars, large and small, are eaten in many regions, as are silk worms in Madagascar.

HIS BLASTED ROMANCE

Except for one other traveler, Merrick had the luxurious chair car to himself. His fellow passenger, a fashionably dressed young woman, was evidently ill at ease.

He looked wistfully at the young woman, who was certainly anything but comfortable. Perhaps some one else had expected had failed to put in an appearance. Possibly she was ill or frightened, or had taken the wrong train. Perhaps he could be of some assistance. He could recall numerous instances where he had been of assistance to young and distressed femininity. At any rate, it was clearly necessary that something should be done. It was equally clear that he was the man to do it.

Steadying himself by the chairs, for the train was running at the rate of 60 miles an hour, Merrick went forward.

"I beg your pardon," said he pausing at the young woman's elbow, "I wanted to offer—you seemed uneasy."

"O, so uneasy!" admitted the lady. "You are in trouble; perhaps I could help you?"

"I am hungry," she confessed, flushing prettily. "I am starving."

"There's a dining car forward," began Merrick, eagerly. "The service is excellent."

"But not for me. I'm a pauper. I have no money. My companion carried my purse. We were separated in a tremendous crush in Twenty-third street. Fortunately, I had my ticket, and enough change to pay for my seat in my glove. It was hopeless to think of trying to find anyone in such a crowd, so I escaped with my life and came straight to the train."

"That was certainly the best thing to do," said Merrick, approvingly.

"I'm afraid, though," confessed the lady, "that I have been foolishly extravagant. I should have gone into the day coach and saved my money for my luncheon, but I hoped my friend would catch the train. I starve a little for breakfast; you can't think how it makes me feel whenever that man pokes his head inside the door and calls out: 'Dinner now ready in the dining car.'"

Merrick, who had just lunched sumptuously in Jersey City, laughed sympathetically.

"I'm hungry, too," said he, unblushingly. "You must dine with me."

"O, no—"

"Oh, yes. If you prefer, you shall sit at one table, and I'll take another, but—"

"It isn't that. I shouldn't mind—"

"Last call for the dining car," said the steward, appearing at the door.

"O," gasped the young woman, hungry.

"You see we must go at once," said Merrick, rising eagerly. "This is our last chance."

"But this is so improper," replied the distressed lady, rising reluctantly.

"Not at all," said Merrick, holding the door open, encouragingly. "I assure you I am considered a very proper person in Boston. I once taught a Sunday school class."

In another moment they were seated at opposite sides of a small table.

"What shall I order for you?" asked Merrick.

"O, everything. I could devour the ferns in this fern dish."

"Blue Point?"

"By all means."

In spite of her hunger, the young woman ate daintily. Merrick liked the play of the dimple in her left cheek and the swift upward sweep of her long lashes. He approved also of her eyes. How pleasant, thought he, to serve tomato bisque always to such a lovely creature! How pleasant to share all one's future moonrooms with one that ate them so daintily!

Merrick had always said that he should marry when he should reach the mat's age of 30. He had only six months left, and he was still unattached.

His income had reached a satisfactory figure, and he was not without other attractions, and he felt that the time had come for him to settle down for life.

Just as his meditations had reached this point and the lady had reached the salad, the steward approached with a telegram in his hand.

"Mrs. Bertrand?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the lady, eagerly, but tremulously. "I am Mrs. Bertrand."

"A widow, perhaps," thought Merrick, hopefully. "All southern girls marry early."

"Would you mind opening this?" she asked, turning to Merrick. "My hand shakes so. A telegram always frightens me. Read it to me, please."

And Merrick read:

"A. Bertrand, passenger train No. etc."

"Did you take train? Wire instantly. Pennsylvania station. C. Bertrand."

"Your father?" asked Merrick, eagerly.

"My husband," explained the lady, with a sigh of relief and a blush. "Have you a pencil, and will you kindly send a message for me? He must meet me in Washington. Imagine his state of mind, poor fellow. This is our wedding trip."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dustless Streets in England.

The streets of Nottingham, England, are sprinkled with water in which chloride of calcium has been dissolved and are therefore dustless. One dressing every three or four weeks is enough to keep them so, even in the hottest weather. The cost is very small.

The Serious Man.

"De man who takes hisse' seriously every minute of his life," said Uncle Eben, "alls gits to be one of two things—a hero or a joke."

NERVOUS DEBILITY

A Sufferer Writes Telling How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Her Well and Strong.

Nervous debility is the common name for what the doctors term neurasthenia. It is characterized by mental depression, loss of the "blissful" or "ecstasy," loss of energy and spirit. The patient's eyes become dull, the pink flush from the cheeks, the memory becomes defective so that it is difficult to recall dates and names as will. Some of these symptoms only may be present or all of them. The remedy lies in toning up the nervous system and there is no medicine better adapted for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Jane J. Davies, of No. 214 Warren street, Scranton, Pa., says: "Some years ago I became greatly reduced in health and strength and my nervous system became so debilitated that I felt wretched. I could not rest or sleep well at night and was up as weary and languid in the morning as I was when I went to bed. My head ached in the morning and often there was a pain in my right side which was worse when I sat down. My nerves were so on edge all the time, every little noise bothered me and I was generally miserable. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband had taken them with good results, and they did wonders for me. Now I have no more pain in my side, no more headaches, I sleep well and feel strong and able to do my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Davies and they can do just as much for other weak, pale, ailing men or women who are slipping into a hopeless decline. They strike straight at the root of all common nervousness caused by poor and impoverished blood, and they improve it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 60 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES INDIGESTION

When what you eat makes you uncomfortable it is doing you very little good beyond hardly keeping you alive. Digestive tablets are worse than useless, for they will in time deprive the stomach of all power to digest food. The stomach must be toned up—strengthened. The herb tonic-laxative.

Lane's Family Medicine

will do the work quickly and pleasantly. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

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W. L. Douglas's \$4.00 Edge No. 2500