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. In 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 denies 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 system, if at all, through the kidneys. This throws upon the kidneys extra labor. They become charged and overcharged 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 despite 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 subscribed over and over by many thousands of homes.

The more children a woman has, the more fads she is likely to cultivate.—Philadelphia Record.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1,400 Couples.

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., fairly earned the title, "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known far and wide, having already married some 1,400 couples. Ten years ago he was Deputy County Treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my urine was broken at night, and the passage of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.

Here Are Some Suggestions by a Writer on Education.

A writer in an American educational journals offers some interesting suggestions for teaching children, says the Dundee Advertiser. It is useless, he suggests, to instruct children by using technical terms or even terms that would be descriptive to a grown-up. The point is illustrated by an ingenious parallel. Instead of telling a child to "sit up straight" it would be better to tell him to "sit up tall." In the same way if a child shouts too loudly in singing, he should be told to "listen" after taking "a long smell," and if he realizes what is meant and does it, this will set the muscles of the waist and check the flow of breath, while the child will be unconscious to its action."

"Such suggestion as the following do far more good than scientific terms in procuring the right tone-production from the child. Do not sing in a growling tone. Do not sing in a scolding tone." "A fish horn tone sounds terribly descriptive, but we imagine its vividness would be lost on an English child. Sing with a pleasant face. Sing with a smile. Sing like the sweetest bird you ever heard. Sing a kindly tone. Sing a sweet, loving tone. Make your lips sing to you. Whisper aloud, as though you wanted some friend in the furthest corner of the room to hear you." It is to be hoped that after all this there would be no danger of the children learning to sing in a maudlin tone.

A Long-Legged Deer.

A huge, finely mounted antlered head hung just above the sideboard in the dining-room. This trophy of some huntsman's skill was fastened so firmly to the wall that the glistening neck seemed to be coming right out through the plaster. Robert, who was seeing this decoration for the first time, eyed it with lively curiosity and very evident uneasiness. It looked almost too lifelike for comfort.

Finally the boy, asking to be excused, slipped from his chair, tiptoed into the next room, and then, flushing with embarrassment, returned to his place at the table.

"What's the trouble, Robert?" asked his host.

"I wanted to see," explained candid Robert, sheepishly, "if that animal's legs were really as long as that, or if he were standing on something in another room."

Sinister.

"Mr. Jeekill," said the man with the heavy gold watch chain, "this is my friend, Col. Bunker. He is Senator Lotsmun's right hand man."

"Delighted to meet you, Col. Bunker," said the other. "By the way—er—Senator Lotsmun happens to be left handed, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

A Very Lucky Thing.

"There does seem to be 'something in the belief about the luck attached to my left hind foot," remarked the rabbit.

"Yes?" asked the robin.

"Yes. At any rate, I'm sure if I hadn't had mine with me this morning I wouldn't have got away from that dog."—Philadelphia Press.

OLD Favorites

Seven Times Two.

You bells in the steeple, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.
—Jean Ingelow.

Frogs at School.

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rush pool—
Twenty little coats of green;
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot;
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.
—Anonymous.

DINNER IN THE LONG AGO.

English Country Gentlemen Lived Well and Had Curious Customs.

An account of hospitality in 1629 gives a good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Fynes Moryson, who says that being at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him they brought in the meats with their heads covered with blue caps. After washing their hands in a basin they sat down to dinner and Sir James Pringle said grace.

The viands seemed to have been plentiful and excellent, "big pottage, long kale, bow of white kale,' which is cabbage; "brach soppe," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in form of an egg, goose. Then they had cheese, cut and uncut, and apples. But the close of the feast was the most curious thing about it.

The table cloth was removed and on the table were put a "towel the whole breadth of the table and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laaid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long lawn serviter plaited over the corner of the table and a glass of hot water set down also on the table, then be there three boys to say grace, the first, the thanksgiving; the second, the pater noster; the third, prayer for a blessing of God's church. The good man of the house, his parents, kinfolk and the whole company then do drink hot water, so at supper, then to bed, the collation which (is) a stoupe of all."—Scottish Review.

Cause and Effect.

Little Johnny Smith suddenly asked, in a startled voice, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, "Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied. "That is mucilage."

"Oh!" said little Johnny. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, reflectively, "Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."

It occasionally occurs to a mean man that when members of a woman's lodge go out of town to "put on the work," it is partly to get out of the work at home.

His Visits to the Earl.

There is a well known English bishop who writes a very bad hand. This bad hand caused a sad error to happen some years ago. A young clergyman had written to the bishop to inquire about a vacant curacy, and the reply that the young man got informed him that the salary was small and the work difficult. But there was one mitigating circumstance. The incumbent, among his other duties, would visit the earl every morning and spend two hours there. The curate would have rejected the post but for the daily visit to the earl. That attracted him. There would, no doubt, be told himself, be many fashionable dinners to which he would naturally be invited. He would make many friends among the rich and powerful. These friends would be able to help him in his career. The earl, perhaps, had daughters. One of them—who knows?—stranger things had happened. And so the curate accepted the difficult and poorly paid curacy to discover on his first visit to the town that he had misread the bishop's letter and that his daily two hours' visit was not to the earl, but to the jail.

Cheerfully Admitted.

Miss Gabbell—I'm stronger than you are, anyway. I can step up to a horizontal bar and chin it sixteen times.

Miss Chillicon—I have no doubt of it. I believe you could step up to that or anything else and chin it all day long.

A Lofty Death.

Asama is a volcano in Japan. A young man of that country grew despondent the other day and threw himself into the crater, leaving this letter: "Suffering a feeling of despair impels me to throw myself into the crater of vehement Asama, thus winning a splendid death and ascending the mountain's smoke to a lofty life above the sky."

Logical Inference.

Mrs. A.'s little son suddenly asked, in a rather startled voice: "Mamma, is there bay rum in this bottle?"

"Mercy, no dear. That's mucilage."

"Oh!" said the boy. Then after a minute of silence, "perhaps that's the reason I can't get my hat off."—Pittsburg Press.

Sculptors' Potboilers.

They were walking past a beautiful pink-and-white house in New York whose door cap was most exquisitely carved. The sculptor pointed to it. "My work," he said. "That's the potboiling I do while I work on my masterpiece. It is nothing unusual with sculptors to do such work. Two of the finest pieces that were sold to the Metropolitan Museum last winter were done by a man whose regular business is to make door caps.

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