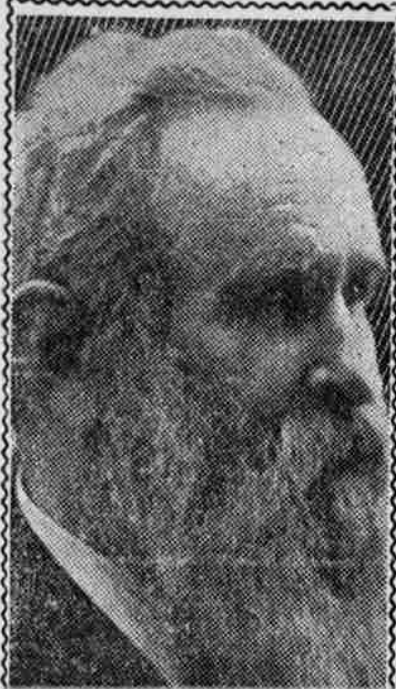


MAYOR OF SUNBURY

Says Pe-ru-na is a Good Medicine.

Hon. C. C. Brooks, mayor of Sunbury, Ohio, also attorney for Farmers' bank and Sunbury Building and Loan Co., writes:

"I have the utmost confidence in the virtue of Peruna. It is a great medicine. I have used it and I have known many of my friends who have obtained beneficial results from its use. I cannot praise Peruna too highly."



HON. C. C. BROOKS.

There are a host of petty ailments which are the direct result of the weather.

This is more true of the excessive heat of summer and the intense cold of winter, but it is partly true of all seasons of the year.

Whether it be a cold or a cough, catarrh of the head or bowel complaint, whether the liver be affected or the kidneys, the cause is very liable to be the same.

The weather slightly deranges the mucous membranes of the organs and the result is some functional disease.

Peruna has become a standby in thousands of homes for minor ailments of this sort.

Ask your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

Right.

Little Boy—Are not all the words used to be found in the dictionary, papa?

"No, my child; new words are coined every day."

"And what is the last word, papa?"

"I don't know, dear. Ask your mother, she always has the last word."—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Le Rire.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The Point of View.

"Bliggins is an extremely selfish man."

"No," answered the charitable person, "he isn't selfish. He is merely a subjective reasoner. He can't understand, when he has all the roast turkey and pie he wants, why everyone else should not be perfectly happy."—Washington Star.

No Chance for Argument.

"George," said Mrs. McSquillop to her liege lord, who was toasting his shins before the fire, "I suppose you get the credit for sweeping the snow off our front walk."

"I reckon I do, Cynthy," responded George.

"And you know you don't do a lick of it. You know I do it myself."

"You do, Cynthy. There can't be any doubt about that."

"Well, what sort of a man do you think you are?"

"I'm a blamed small specimen of a man, Cynthy," said George, still serenely toasting his shins. "I have no doubt I am meaner and more contemptible than you think. Lord, love you, Cynthy, you can't get into any argument with me on that proposition. I'm the laziest, good for nothing onerliest man in the neighborhood. If it wasn't that I've got such a good wife, I'd go and blow my worthless brains out. Super ready yet, dear?"—Philadelphia Index.

A Direct Appeal.

A story is told of a New York car conductor who had once been in the ministry, and who retained some of his former ways of speech in his new calling.

He had been at the front of the car collecting fares, and when he returned to his platform a well-disposed person told him that a man had boarded the car at Houston street and had found a place inside.

The conductor stepped inside the doorway, and ran his mild gaze up and down the car, but could not be sure which of the tightly packed passengers was the late arrival.

"Will the gentleman who got on at Houston street please rise?" he asked, calmly.

The gentleman rose involuntarily, and with a bow and a "Thank you!" the conductor collected his fare.

Majesty of a Great Name.

The officer, who had come in a closed carriage to take the man of the house to the detention hospital, was informed that there would be some difficulty in persuading him to go.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"He says he is the caliph of Bagdad, and he doesn't have to go anywhere unless he chooses. He says he's going to stay right here."

"I can fix that, all right," the officer said.

Entering the room, he walked up to him and extended his hand.

"Haroun al Raschid," he said, with a genial smile, "how are you, old boy?"

"Who are you, slave?" haughtily demanded the other.

"Don't you know me? I am the akkond of Swat. I have come to take you out for a ride. Come with me."

"Your highness outranks me. I will go."

Stains on Books.

Ink stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camel's hair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid diluted with water and then using blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of the ink. To remove grease spots lay powdered pipeclay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing the blotting paper with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease, and the blotting paper absorbs it.

Italy has more extended house industries than any other country.



WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

By Rev. A. W. Snyder.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.—Eccl. 11:9.

So said Solomon—Solomon the great, the wise, the magnificent. He had drunk to the full of all the "pleasures" that the world could give him and at the last in his old age he could find no pleasure in them. Sated, worn, weary, he said:

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Very likely he was thinking of the Solomon that then was and the Solomon that might have been—recalling his superb gifts, his magnificent opportunities. Perhaps he had been thinking of the time when as a boy he ascended the throne of David, of the time when God appeared to him in a dream by night, saying: "Ask what I shall give thee." Who ever had such an offer? And yet, with all the world to choose from, the young Solomon said: "Give thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad."

Well would it have been for him had he remained of that mind. But even Solomon was not always wise. With luxury came temptation; with success came sin; with sin came sorrow. In the end came weariness and a dreary gift of years when he could only say, "I have no pleasure in them."

Looking from his roof garden wall he saw the young men go trooping by and, thinking of the time when he, too, was young and full of the joy of life, he said:

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

God had brought Solomon into judgment. In his old age he was paying the penalty that always comes soon or late. The sins of his youth, of middle age, of old age, had found him out at the last. As it was with him it will be with all that walk in wicked ways. What wonder that he said: "Know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." So said Solomon. He found it to be so in the days of his sin-darkened old age. Yes, for wasted opportunities and sinful self-indulgence God was bringing him into judgment. All literature is full of such confessions.

On his thirty-third birthday—a time when a man should be at his best, the very age when the Redeemer gave his life for us all—Lord Byron said:

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty, I have dragged on to three-and-thirty. And what have these years left to me? Nothing, except three-and-thirty.

He had sown to the wind.

He was reaping the whirlwind. What wonder that still later in his short life he should say:

My days are in the yellow leaf, The flower, the fruits of love are gone. The worm, the canker and the grief Are mine alone.

Ah, how many, when it was too late, have regretted vainly the sins of their youth. Hartley Coleridge was the gifted son of a gifted father. He was young, brilliant, highly educated, with every prospect for a great future, but he wasted his opportunities, and little by little became a slave to strong drink. While yet young he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible, his dead mother's gift:

When I received this volume small My days were barely 17, When it was hoped I should be all Which once, alas! I might have been. And now my years are 25.

And every mother hopes her lamb, And every happy boy alive, May never be what now I am.

Let us think, however, of the injunction of the text as an incentive to noble purpose and high hopes.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth." You may. You should. Know that in doing it you have the sympathetic interest of all good men and good angels, yes, and of your Lord and Savior, Christ, who said: "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." He would not rob you of any real true joy in life. Rather He would add to every pure pleasure the crowning joy of all—the knowledge of God and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

By Rev. Henry Knott.

Text—"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—Matthew 5:48.

The Sermon on the Mount contains

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

By Ernest R. Wilberforce.

(The author of this hymn is a descendant of the great William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, and a son of Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, and later of Winchester. He was born in 1840 and became Canon of Winchester in 1878 and later, Bishop of Newcastle. This is his only hymn which has attained popularity and this has been of recent growth. It was written for a morning prayer at private devotions.)

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to-day. Help me to labor earnestly And duly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Father, to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinking say; Set thou a seal upon my lips Through all to-day. Let me in season, Lord, be grave, In season gay; Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.

And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb away, Give me thy sacrament divine, Father, to-day. So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Through each to-day.

the sum and substance of Christianity. In other words we find it to be the very heart of the Gospel; its divine precepts transcending in moral grandeur the loftiest conceptions ever thought or spoken by mortal man. Great souls aflame with the sacred fire of inspiration have but mirrored the shadows of the tremendous realities of the future, and the mind of genius searching for truth apart from revelation has failed to discover the meaning and the end of life. Here we have a command uttered by One who gave to humanity the key to perfection. The Christ has drawn the veil aside and disclosed the way, the truth, the life. By revealing the character of God—a holiness radiant with love—we are brought face to face with the possibility of attainment through the law and the spirit hid in Calvary's cross. By imitating the example of holy self-sacrificing we shall grow into that glorious perfection of the Father manifested in His only begotten Son.

True religion forms an upright mind; it elevates the judgment above prejudice, and creates a noble purpose to receive knowledge through all legitimate channels. It endows a man with sincerity and a quality of fair dealing which no university can teach. It breaks down the barriers of set opinions and destroys the bitterness between sects and parties. It opens the heart to conviction and a ready candor to confess error. The intellect was never intended to be bound to set rules or encompassed with man made regulations. Its density is an upward, onward march toward truth, and true religion fashions all our inquiries and misgivings with reverence and ever leads us to the feet of Him, "with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

Short Meter Sermons.

Forced piety is hypocrisy. When the heart dries up religion soon leaks out.

Human evolution may be but divine revelation.

It is always better to lead a man than to carry him.

Power in life is simply putting our passions into harness.

The force of great deeds rests on small personal fidelities.

The glory of the cross does not depend on your being cross.

Many a man is missing a spiritual meal by choking on the letter.

Capacity for heaven depends on the creation of happiness here.

There is no service of the real without recognition of the ideal.

He who never has worked at religion is always sure it is worn out.

Some men would not recognize their own religion if they met it alone.

The water that gets into the milk of human kindness is not the water of life.

No words of prayer ever arose from those whose prayers were always words alone.

There's a world of difference between buying gold bricks and having faith in men.

The more discontented a man is with others the better satisfied he will be with himself.

A lot of folks who think of faith only as a ferry to heaven are going to get their feet wet.

We become slaves to habits by counting an occasional indulgence as a demonstration of liberty.

You cannot tune up your life to the divine unless you will at some time shut out the din of daily business.



The Family Silver.

In the first place, keep it bright. If never allowed to get into a deplorable condition, its cleaning will be no hardship.

Regularly once a week wash it thoroughly in very hot soapsuds.

Remove one piece at a time from the suds, polish it at once and drop into very hot clean water.

When ready to dry take only one piece at a time from the hot water, dry at once, and polish with chamois skin or flannel.

This method is much better than heaping the wet silver on a tray, to get cold before dried.

Silver not in general use should be wrapped in white tissue paper and kept in a cotton flannel bag.

A special kind of tissue paper and flannel for this purpose can be bought at a reliable silversmith's.

Mark each bag plainly with its contents.

When wanted, silver kept this way will always be found bright.

Fried Egg Plant.

Cut the vegetables in slices about half an inch thick, and pare. Sprinkle the slices with salt, and pile them upon one another; put a plate with a weight on top of the slices. Let them rest for an hour; then remove weight and plate. Add one tablespoonful of water, half a tablespoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper to an egg. Beat well. Dip the slices of eggplant in the egg, then in dried bread crumbs. Spread on a dish for twenty or more minutes. Fry till brown in deep fat.

Potadam Cakes.

Sift into a mixing bowl 2 cups of flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add to this 1 cup of granulated sugar and one-half cup of butter softened, but not melted. Break into a cup two whole eggs and fill it up with sweet milk. Stir this and pour into the mixture. Beat all briskly with a wooden spoon, flavor with vanilla and bake in gem pans. (Delicious cakes made by an easy and inexpensive recipe.) Germany.

Dishwashing Up to Date.

The table dishes do not need to be wiped if they are washed in warm suds, scalded in boiling water and turned in the drain to dry. A cloth spread over them will keep off dust and flies. The glasses may be rinsed in cold water, after the suds washing, and turned on a folded cloth to dry. Before scouring the steel knives and forks, stand them in a can of hot suds up to the handle, and they will come bright much easier.

Sweet Potato Biscuit.

Rub through a sieve one cup of boiled sweet potatoes; add one teaspoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat up one egg well; add two cups of milk; add these to the mixture, then sift in one pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix well; turn out on a floured board; roll out; cut with a cutter; lay on greased tin and bake in a quick oven.

Apple Cake.

One cup thinly sliced sweet apples, cooked until transparent in one cup maple sugar, and water to make a good sirup. When cool, add one cup dry maple sugar, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful mixed spices, one-half cup butter, one-half cup cream, one teaspoonful soda, flour till the spoon will stand in the middle without falling.

Quick Muffins.

Sift two cups of flour with a level teaspoonful of sugar, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a salt-spoonful of salt. Beat two eggs, add one cup of milk. Rub one level teaspoonful each of lard and butter into the flour and pour in the egg and milk. Beat and bake in well-greased muffin tins.

Hulled Corn or Hominy.

Put a peck of dry shelled corn into a large kettle. Fill a cloth bag with a quart of good wood ashes, drop this into the kettle, fill the kettle with cold water and boil steadily until the skin comes off the corn. Drain, wash the corn in several waters, then boil until soft.

Fruit Salad.

Chop apples, bananas and white grapes (removing the seeds and skins) in small pieces; mix with mayonnaise dressing and after scooping out the interior of fine red apples, fill with the mixture; the stem end of the apples should be neatly cut off in a round slice and put on when the apple is filled.

Oyster Stuffing for Turkey.

Season dry bread-crumbs with parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram, and moisten with melted butter. Stir in twenty oysters, chopped and fill the cavity in the turkey with this mixture.

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS,

Stockman, Neb.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.