

Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

They are expelled and the whole system is renovated, strengthened and toned by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Certainly Annoying.

The Circle Railroad in London describes a circle whose diameter is about 10 miles. In the car was an old and very obese lady, who expressed the utmost solicitude lest she be carried past her station. A passenger assured her that her station was half an hour away, and that he would tell her when they reached it.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the old lady, "but whenever I get out, bein' as 'ow I'm so 'eavy, I backs out; an' I ain't more than 'arf wa; out afore along comes a guard, an' 'e says, 'Look lively there, mum,' sayin', 'look lively, an' 'e pushes me back. In again, an' I've been round the circle three times this mornin'!"

New York's Night Workers.

It is generally supposed that the night workers are few in number, but careful canvases shows that the total number of persons who work after sundown in New York reaches the figure of \$2,000. This is equal to the population of each of such cities as Springfield, Mass., Hoboken, N. J., Savannah, Ga., Utica, N. Y., and Elizabeth, N. J.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Doubtful Member.

In Miss Wood's kindergarten class there were eight pupils, four girls and four boys. One of the boys, however had not yet reached the estate of kilted to mention trousers. Accordingly when little Susan Phelps was asked by a visitor to tell how many boys and how many girls there were, her confused reasoning went as follows:

"There's eight, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, Miss Elliott," she replied. "And if he's a girl"—she pointed at one who wore dresses in stead of manly garb—"why, there's five girls, and one, two, three boys. But if she's a boy, there's one, two, three, four girls, and one, two—four boys. She's really a boy, you know Miss Elliott," she confided, in conclusion.—Youth's Companion.

Proper Fumigation.

To fumigate a room after sickness, paste strips of newspapers over cracks of windows and doors. Remove all living things. Loosen the bedding and carpets. Burn two or three formaldehyde candles (obtained at drug stores) according to directions on the box. Leave room closed six or eight hours. Open and air.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

It's PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, strengthens eyes of the old, tonic for eye strains, weak and watery eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Three Hardest Words.

A learned man has said that the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are "I was mistaken." When Frederick the Great wrote to the senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's entirely my own fault," Goldsmith says, "his confession showed more greatness than all his victories."

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word "procrastinate?"

Pupil—To put off.

Teacher—Right. Illustrate it in a sentence.

Pupil—I tried to steal a ride on a street car yesterday, but I was procrastinated.—Toledo Blade.

Luck.

"She always was a lucky woman."

"What happened now?"

"A neighbor of hers has bought a vacuum cleaner and she can borrow it whenever she wants to."—Detroit Free Press.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Australian Rabbit Industry.

In many towns rabbit killing and freezing and preparing the skins for export is a growing asset of great value, especially during the winter season, when it enables men who have no other occupation to make a good living and spend considerable money at the country stores.

Keeley Cure
ALCOHOL
OPIUM—TOBACCO
Habit Formed Cured.
Only authorized Keeley Institute, in Oregon. Write for literature, enclosing \$1.00. Keeley Institute, 71 E. 11th St., Portland, Oregon.

His Luckiest Quarter

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Faith Airless stood over the miniature gas stove behind the screen in her studio. She hummed to herself as she turned over the fast-browning mushrooms in the pan before her, and kept a watchful eye on the steak broiling so evenly beneath the flame on the other side.

Suddenly her song stopped and the gentle sizzling of the juices and the bubbling of the butter stopped with it. The gas had gone. She turned in dismay to her little purse hanging on a chair nearby. It was as she thought—there was not a quarter there for the gas meter. She had nothing but a five-dollar bill—nothing larger nor smaller.

She looked about helplessly, and then her eyes fell on the half-cooked food on the tiny table so crowdedly laid for three. It was a gala day for Faith—or it was to have been a gala day! For the first time since she had left her home back in the country town her father and mother were coming to visit her in her studio. They were to arrive in time for dinner, and—now!

All at once an idea flashed through her mind. She caught up the dainty dotted swiss apron with its dainty blue bows and ran across the hall, holding it to one side. She felt conscious in this sort of domestic apron, whereas she was entirely at home in the big enveloping apron in which she worked at her easel all day.

Timidly she shook the antique brass knocker on the door across the hall.

"Come in," called a deep masculine voice.

Faith opened the door and looked about. She could see nothing but the



"Could You Change This?"

lower extremities of a man beneath a large canvas on an easel. She stood for a moment, hesitating to enter.

"Come in," called the voice again, then a head peered around the side of the canvas. "Oh, please forgive me," the young man hastened to say, coming toward Faith. "I thought it was one of the fellows. Do come in," he added hospitably.

"Oh, I can't stay a moment, Mr. Melville, I—I'm in such a predicament," she explained, extending at the same time a five-dollar bill.

"Could you change this?" she asked.

If young Guy Melville's eyes looked large and hungrily at the unfamiliar greenback he tried to conceal it. "I'm afraid I can't." He felt in his pockets, searched in all parts of his work jacket, but could find only a quarter. This he extracted. "I have only a quarter in small change," he said.

"That's just what I want—what I need," Faith cried, looking eagerly at the coveted silver bit. "My meter is out and I have mushrooms and steak on the fire cooking. Mother and father are coming."

"Then by all means take this," Melville insisted, "and let me come to collect it some other time. No—no, keep the bill. It would be lonely here," he laughed.

"If it weren't absolutely necessary that I have it immediately I should not take it," Faith went on; "but by the time I could get on my things and go out for change the little dinner would be ruined. I must run as it is. It's a queer introduction, and I'm afraid you'll have a bad opinion of me," she said as she crossed the hall.

Melville, deep in study over the charm of his neighbor, forgot to close his studio door, and when two elderly persons wandered straggly into the great dark hall of the studio building in search of Faith Airless and her room they were sure the open door was hers. They hesitated a moment before entering. Then, held by a

voice inside, they stood on the threshold.

"That you, Tommy?" a masculine voice was saying in loud tones, as if talking over a telephone. "Sure! It's Guy. And I want you to blow me to dinner. Haven't a cent. . . . No—no—just loaned my last quarter. . . ."

Well, I guess I can starve for one night, then. Sorry you have a date. So long, old man. So long." Then some one hung up a receiver and the two old persons looked at each other.

"Must be the wrong room," said the man.

"Oh, here we are," cried Mrs. Airless, opening the opposite door, on which she had discovered a tiny brass name plate bearing her daughter's name. "Here we are and—here is Faith!"

"Well, bless your heart, daughter, we've found you at last," said the father, taking Faith in his arms and giving her a generous paternal hug. "We mighty near got into the wrong room."

"Yes—the poor young man across the hall was just telephoning to some one that he had just given away his last quarter and hadn't a bite to eat. Faith, dearie, I hope you never get that way. I've read about this studio life in New York, and of how young artists often go hungry," the elder woman was saying.

"Never fear, mother," said Faith, from the stove where she was taking up the now thoroughly cooked repast. But the joy was gone from her eyes—she had taken the poor man's last quarter!

She did not want to explain, right away, to her mother and father that she had been compelled to go to a strange man across the hall to borrow a quarter with which to have gas enough to finish cooking the dinner. They might not understand—at first—and it really had not been her intention to borrow the money.

By the time the little meal was on the table the thought weighed so heavily upon her that she could not sit down to enjoy it. At last she summoned courage to explain the whole matter to her parents and it was with difficulty that she restrained her father from running immediately to the door of Melville to drag him bodily to the table to join them.

"It will be far better for me to go," Faith expostulated. "I can be tactful. He may feel a delicacy about it."

"Yes—let Faith go," the mother added. "She's used to city ways."

This time it was without an apron that Faith knocked at the opposite door. It took her fully ten minutes to persuade the young man to join the little party and eat a portion of the meal he had been influential in saving. But, at last, he was induced to go, and Faith waited while he changed his studio coat and put a touch or two to his toilet.

The merry little party sat about the studio until the logs in the old fireplace had crumbled to ashes and the folks from the country had begun to wonder what the hour might be.

When Melville rose to go Faith's father shook his hand warmly. "I shall leave my little girl a stack of quarters when I go back to Hometown," he said, "so you needn't be afraid she'll be borrowing any more."

"No, indeed, she mustn't," Mrs. Airless interjected. "She mustn't get into the borrowing habit, even if she does live in a studio."

Faith blushed and turned toward young Melville. "You see they are all in sympathy with you," she laughed.

"If they were," the young man said, pointedly, "they would never leave you a stack of quarters, for how—in that case—can I ever expect to become acquainted?"

"I still have this one to pay back," Faith reminded him as she stood in the studio door while he unlocked his own.

"No"—he held up his hand in remonstrance. "Please don't mention that. Just let me come to see you and we'll say I bought my meal with the quarter."

But Faith did return the money. She said, afterward, that she always would have felt that she sought her studio so frequently because he hoped to get back his quarter and she preferred to have a better understanding of his intentions.

Muscles and the Will.

I have frequently noticed that my own endurance on any particular occasion is largely determined by my mental attitude. If I say to myself as I start out to take a bicycle ride that I will ride a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, I accomplish the feat and feel just about as tired as I do when I have selected and ridden a journey twice or thrice as long. The crucial thing is making up the mind to go a certain distance. In other words, my bodily energy is developed—and expended in obedience to my will, and my body having done what it was told to do, be the journey long or short, protests against further exertion after the task is fulfilled. Mr. Roosevelt's wonderful energy was originally, at least, unquestionably far more a mental than a physical attribute, although, of course, the iron will begets the iron muscles.—Dr. Richard Cole Newton in the Forum.

USELESS STONES FOR WALKS

Saves Lots of Muddy Walking and Ride Farm of Many Unightly Rocks—Easy to Build.

(By JOHN W. ANDREWS.)

We made a walk recently entirely out of rough stones. These rocks were gathered out of the field where they were in the way, and thus two purposes were served by their utilization.

The method of building was as simple as the material used. A trench was dug along each side of the walk and stones put into it so that they projected about an inch above the surface of the ground.

The earth was packed back around them to keep them firm. Then the space between was covered with smaller stones, the middle of the walk being made higher, a very little, than the edges.

These stones were beaten down with a sledge so that one could walk over them without too much injury to shoe leather, and the whole then covered with sawdust and cinders.

This fills up the crevices, holds the rocks steady until they settle into place and makes the walk smooth and even.

There is almost always a need for more walks on a farm. Sometimes this is a very pressing need. A few hours' work may save a wonderful amount of mud wading.

Material for walks is not hard to find. Beside the standard brick and concrete there are shells, rough stones of all kinds, gravel from creek beds, cinders, sawdust and tanbark.

All these make good walks, although the latter ones require frequent renewing.

Neither is construction a hard job. The main essentials are good side lines that will not be torn loose or heaved out and that are straight and smooth, and some provision for drainage.

The center of a walk should be made higher in practically all cases; and where water is likely to stand on one side means should be provided to carry it off.

In the matter of design, curves are recommended by the landscape gardeners; but these curves should never be abrupt and never without an apparent reason.

In a barnyard and other places where a walk could not be very well kept up, stepping stones, well placed, will answer the purpose, and not only save lots of muddy walking but also help to get rid of any useless rocks you may have scattered about in the way.

INCUBATOR BEATS THE HEN

One Old Biddy Causes as Much Trouble as 220-Egg Machine—Wanted Her Own Way.

I do not make a practice of hatching with hens, but once in a while I set one just to humor her, says a writer in the Poultry Monthly. The last experience I had with a hen that wanted to set in the breeding pen. Not wanting her there I removed her to another place and I penned her up, but she got out and I gave her a chase for about an hour. Finally I got her fixed again, and after setting two days found her running about the yards with broken egg shells sticking to her feathers, feet and legs. I examined the nest and found three eggs broken. I washed the remaining ones and renewed the nesting material and got her back to business. At the same time I was running a 220-egg incubator, and it was not as much trouble as this old hen. And when the hatch came off the old hen had six chicks and the incubator 171. That's the difference. My experience with hens as hatchers has not always been like this, however. Neither has it been like this with incubators at all times. But a good incubator will beat the hen, even if the hen is a good one. Yet it frequently happens that it is more convenient to use hens for hatching and brooding than to use artificial means. But as a rule give me hens for eggs and incubators for hatching them.

Care in Handling Wax.

There is probably no product of the apary that shows a greater percentage of loss than in the wax that is lost by imperfect methods of extracting it from the comb. Wax brings a good price at all times, requires no particular care to keep if desired to hold for any season, can be shipped at any time and in any manner without danger of injury in transit, so that every ounce that can be saved means just so much saved to show on the right side of the account for the year.

Dust Bath for the Striped Beetles.

The striped cucumber beetle does not like any fine, gritty dust. Common road dust will usually drive it away from cucumber and squash vines if it is sprinkled on them while the dew is on. Throw the dust quickly over and under the leaves and around the plants.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

A Byron Statue.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Chantrey was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1838 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1848) it was removed to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth, in his left a book, inscribed "Childe Harold." He is dressed in a frock coat and cloak. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is, of course, posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born November 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844.

The Flash of Genius.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts, they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—Emerson.

True Secret of Living.

The secret of living is the discovery of the greatest good, the things that are really worth the seeking, the values that do not fade nor depreciate. The greatest good you can do any person or people is to train them to make this discrimination, to help them to choose for themselves amongst the many possible prizes the ones that are worthy.

"Mabel, I don't propose—"

"Well, George, I've noticed that, but daddy says you'd better propose before long or there will be doin'."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"—Houston Post.

If you ran a shoe store, would you like it if your clerks bought shoes of an opposition dealer?

Footgear Brought Success.

It was the sturdy sandals of the Teutonic tribes that enabled them to march across Europe to the walls of Rome, and we know that the footgear of an army is still a most important part of its equipment. Those whom the Romans called Scythians wore rough sheepskin boots and the Gauls were already noted for their wooden soles.

Better Look Outside.

If you want to make the best of your life, don't spend much time in looking within and wondering if your feelings are all right. Look outside instead, and see what you are doing for others, what you are saying about other people, how you are behaving to those around you. If you are behaving kindly and truly to your neighbor you will not go far wrong.

Montana City Holds Record.

Miles City, Montana, holds the record for variation in temperature. The highest temperature recorded there is 111 deg., which is within 8 deg. of the highest recorded in the United States. Miles City's lowest mark has been 67 deg. below zero, which is truly arctic. The range between these two extremes is 178 deg., which is a record.

Hereditary Instinct.

When baby turns away from the amiable visitor who is trying to make friends, and rushes to mother and buries his face in her skirts, he is doing exactly what it was wise for children to do in the ancient forest, when stranger and danger were the same thing, and not just rhymes as they are now.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS