

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. As 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 detains 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 body, if at all, through the kidneys. This throws upon the kidneys extra labor. They become charged and overloaded 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 in spite 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.

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 substantiated over and over by many thousands of homes.

Soothing Her.

Miss Jellers.—I'll never speak to her again! She told a friend of mine that I was an old cat.

Miss Capsicum—I wouldn't mind it, dear. She knows as well as I do that you're not 40 yet.

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 life-like 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."

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acrid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN.

Here Are Some Suggestions by a Writer on Education.

A writer in an American educational journal 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.

For American Citizens.

When the visitor approached the diplomatic gallery of the Senate chamber the door-keeper informed him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, that the gallery was reserved for foreign representatives.

"It is, hey?" said the visitor. "Well, I want to tell you right now that this is a free country and this is the Senate of the United States, and I demand admission in the name of American citizenship."

"Oh!" said the doorkeeper. "Why didn't you say at first that you were an American citizen? Just step round to the second door from here. That gallery is reserved for American citizens."

With chest puffed up, the stranger betook himself to the door indicated, and was at once admitted to the public gallery.

Advertising Pays.

It was a surprise to the summer boarder to learn that one of the group of graduates from the seminary, to the "farewell exercises" of which she had listened the year before, was married and settled in a home of her own.

"I remember her," said the summer boarder, when the name was mentioned, "but she did not strike me as being as attractive as most of the other girls."

"Um-m!" said her informant. "Well, I guess 'twas her graduating essay that kerried her off so quick, maybe. Her subject was, 'How to Keep House on Six Dollars a Week,' and it fetched most every young fellow in town, they tell me. By what I hear, all she had to do was to sit at home and pick and choose."

Linguistic Judge.

At the Shoreditch county court, England, recently, Judge Smyly heard a case in French, corrected a Yiddish interpreter and translated an Italian evidence. The same day he chatted fluently with a German.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XXII.

The night came on, fair and still, clear and starlit; but there was no moon and, outside the immediate neighborhood of the main streets, the darkness was enough to favor our hope of escaping notice without being so intense as to embarrass our footsteps. Everything, in fact, seemed to be on our side, and I was full of buoyant confidences as I put my revolver in my pocket and, on the stroke of midnight, stole from my lodgings. I looked up toward the bank and dimly descried three or four motionless figures, whom I took to be sentries guarding the treasure. The street itself was almost deserted, but from where I stood I could see the Piazza crowded with a throng of people, whose shouts and songs told me that the Colonel's hospitality was being fully appreciated. There was dancing going on to the strains of the military band, and every sign showed that our good citizens intended, in familiar phrase, to make a night of it.

I walked swiftly and silently down to the jetty. Yes, the boat was all right! I looked to her fires, and left her moored by one rope ready to be launched into the calm black sea in an instant. Then I strolled along, by the harbor side. Here I met a couple of sentries. Innocently I entered into conversation with them, condoling on their hard fate in being kept on duty while pleasure was at the helm in the Piazza. Gently deprecating such excess of caution, I pointed out to them the stationary lights of The Songstress, four or five miles out to sea, and with a respectful smile at the Colonel's uneasiness, left the seed I had sown to grow in prepared soil. I dared do no more, and had to trust for the rest to their natural inclination to the neglect of duty.

When I got back to the bottom of Liberty street, I ensconced myself in the shelter of a little group of trees which stood at one side of the roadway. Just across the road, which ran at right angles to the street, the wood began, and a quarter of an hour's walk through its shades would bring us to the jetty where the boat lay. My trees made a perfect screen, and here I stood awaiting events. For some time nothing was audible but an ever-increasing tumult of joviality from the Piazza. But after about twenty minutes I awoke to the fact that a constant drizzle of men, singly or in pairs, had begun to flow past me from the Piazza, down Liberty street, across the road behind me, and into the wood. Some were in uniform, others dressed in common clothes; one or two I recognized as members of Johnny Carr's missing band. The strong contrast between the prevailing revelry and the stealthy, cautious air of these passers-by would alone have suggested that they were bent on business; putting two and two together, I had not the least doubt that they were the President's agents making their way down to the water's edge to receive their chief. So he was coming; the letter had done its work! Some fifty or more must have come and gone before the stream ceased, and I reflected, with great satisfaction, that the Colonel was likely to have his hands very full in the next hour or two.

Half an hour or so passed uneventfully; the bonfire still blazed; the songs and dancing were still in full swing; it was close upon the fateful hour of two, when, looking from my hiding place, I saw a slight figure in black coming quickly and fearfully along the road.

I recognized the Signorina at once, as I should recognize her any day among a thousand, and as she paused nearly opposite where I was, I gently called her name and showed myself for a moment. She ran to me at once.

"Is it all right?" she asked, breathlessly.

"We shall see in a moment," said I. "The attack is coming off; it will begin directly."

But the attack was not the next thing we saw. We had both retreated again to the friendly shadow whence we could see without being seen. Hardly had we settled ourselves than the Signorina whispered to me, pointing across the road to the wood:

"What's that, Jack?"

I followed the line of her finger and made out a row of figures standing motionless and still on the very edge of the wood. It was too dark to distinguish individuals; but even as we looked the silent air wafted to our eager ears a low-voiced command:

"Mind, not a sound till I give the word."

"The President?" exclaimed the Signorina, in a loud whisper.

"Hush, or he'll hear," said I, "and we're done."

Clearly nothing would happen from that quarter till it was called forth by events in the opposite direction. The Signorina was strongly agitated; she clung to me closely, and I saw with alarm that the very proximity of the man she stood in such awe of was too much for her composure. When I had soothed, and I fear half-frightened, her into stillness, I again turned my eyes toward the Piazza. The fire had at last flickered out and the revels seemed on the wane. Suddenly a body of men appeared in close order, marching down the street toward the bank. We stood perhaps a hundred yards from that building, which was, in its turn, about two hundred from the Piazza. Steadily they came along; no sound reached us from the wood.

This is getting interesting," I said.

"There'll be trouble soon."

As near as I could see, the Colonel's band, for such it was no doubt, did not number more than five-and-twenty at the outside. Now they were at the bank. I could hardly see what happened, but there seemed to be a moment's pause; probably someone had knocked and they were waiting. A second later a loud shout rang through the street and I saw a group of figures crowding round the door and pushing a way into my poor bank. Then I heard a short, sharp order from behind, "Now! Charge!"

As the word was given another body of fifty or more rushed by us full tilt, and at their head we saw the President, sword in hand, running like a young man and beckoning his men on. Up the street they swept. Involuntarily we waited a moment to watch them. Just as they came near the bank they sent up a shout:

"The President! the President! Death to traitors!"

Then there was a volley, and they closed round the building.

"Now for our turn, Christina," said I. She grasped my arm tightly, and we sped across the road and into the wood. It seemed darker than when I came through before, or perhaps my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the street lamps. But still we got along pretty well, I helping my companion with all my power.

"Can we do it?" she gasped.

"A clear quarter of an hour will do it, and they ought to take that to finish off the Colonel." For I had little doubt of the issue to that mele.

On we sped, and already we could see the twinkle of the waves through the thinning trees. Five hundred yards more, and there lay life and liberty and love!

Well, of course, I might have known. Everything had gone so smoothly up to now, that any student of the laws of chance could have foretold that fortune was only delaying the inevitable slap in the face. A plan that seemed wild and risky had proved in the result as effectual as the wisest scheme. By a natural principle of compensation, the simplest obstacle was to bring us to grief. "There's many a slip," says the proverb. "Very likely! One was enough for our business. For just as we neared the edge of the wood, just as our eyes were gladdened by the full sight of the sea across the intervening patch of bare land, the Signorina gave a cry of pain and, in spite of my arm, fell heavily to the ground. In a moment I was on my knees by her side. An old root growing out of the ground! That was all! And there lay my dear girl white and still.

"What is it, sweet?" I whispered.

"My ankle!" she murmured; "oh, Jack, it hurts so!" and with that she fainted.

Half an hour—thirty mortal minutes I knelt by her side ministering to her. I bound up the poor foot and I fanned her face with my handkerchief. In a few minutes she came to, but only, poor child, to sob with her bitter pain. Mova she could not, and would not. Again and again she entreated me to go and leave her. At last I persuaded her to try and bear the agony of being carried in my arms the rest of the way. I raised her as gently as I could, wrung to the heart by her gallantly stifled groan, and slowly and painfully I made my way, thus burdened, to the edge of the wood. There were no sentries in sight, and with a new spasm of hope I crossed the open land and neared a little wicket gate that led to the jetty. A sharp turn just before we reached it, and, as I rounded this with the Signorina lying yet in my arms, I saw a horse and a man standing by the gate. The horse was flecked with foam and had been ridden furiously. The man was calm and cool. Of course he was! It was the President!

CHAPTER XXIII.

My hands were full with my burden, and before I could do anything I saw the muzzle of his revolver pointed full—at me? Oh, no! At the Signorina!

"If you move a step I shoot her through the heart, Martin," he said, in the quietest voice imaginable.

The Signorina looked up as she heard his voice.

"Put me down, Jack! It's no use," she said; "I knew how it would be."

I did not put her down, but I stood there helpless, rooted to the ground.

"What's the matter with her?" he said.

"Fell and sprained her ankle," I replied.

"Come, Martin," said he, "it's no go, and you know it. A near thing; but you've just lost."

"Let me put her down, and we'll have a fair fight."

He shook his head.

"All very well for young men," he said. "At my age if a man holds trumps he keeps them."

"How long have you been here?"

"About two minutes. When I didn't see you at the bank I thought something was up, so I galloped on to her house. No one there! So I came on here. A good shot, eh?"

In the bitterness of my heart I could hardly speak. But I was not going to play either the cur or the fool, so I said: "Your trick, sir, and therefore your lead. I must do what you tell me. Take the revolver if you like," and I nodded my head to the pocket where it lay.

"No," he said, "I trust you."

"I bar a rescue," said I.

"There will be no rescue," said he grimly. "The Colonel won't come.

Whose house is that?"

It was my boatman's. "Bring her there. Poor child, she suffers!"

"I knocked up the boatman, who thus did not get his night's rest after all. His astonishment may be imagined.

"Have you a bed?" said the President. "Yes," he stammered, recognizing his interlocutor.

"Then carry her up, Martin; and you, send your wife to her."

I took her up, and laid her gently on the bed. The President followed me. Then we went downstairs again into the little parlor.

"Let us have a talk," he said.

The President sat down. I was surprised at his leisurely, abstracted air. Apparently he had nothing in the world to do but sit and keep me company.

"If your excellency," said I, instinctively giving him his old title, "has business elsewhere you can leave me safely. I shall not break my word."

"I know that, I know that," he answered. "But I'd rather stay here; I want to have a talk. You see there's no danger now. There's no one left to lead them against me."

"Then the Colonel is—?"

"Yes," he said gravely, "he is dead. I shot him."

"In the attack?"

"Not exactly; the fighting was over. A very short affair, Martin. They never had a chance; and as soon as two or three had fallen and the rest saw me, they threw up the sponge."

"And the Colonel?"

"He fought well. He killed two of my fellows; then a lot of them flung themselves on him and disarmed him."

"And you killed him in cold blood?"

The President smiled slightly.

"But for your scheme I should have come back without a blow," he continued; "but then I should have shot McGregor just the same."

"Because he led the revolt?"

"Because," said the President, "he has been a traitor from the beginning even to the end—because he tried to rob me of all I held dear in the world. If you like," he added, with a shrug, "because he stood between me and my will. So I went up to him and told him his hour was come, and I shot him through the head. He died like a man, Martin; I will say that."

(To be continued.)

NEW GAME ON TRAINS.

About Man with Cards and Far Too Sure-Thing Bet.

A forlorn individual, with a "telescope" grip in one hand and an empty pocket book in the other, enlightened the detectives at the union station the other day concerning the latest wrinkle in confidence games, according to the Kansas City Star. The melancholy one had just been relieved of \$50 by a couple of chance acquaintances on a train.

"This is how it happened," said the traveler: "I was coming from Oklahoma, and after leaving Fort Scott sat in the smoker with a man who got on at that station. We chatted a bit and were watching a game of cribbage among some traveling men across the aisle when a man came through the car with a pack of playing cards in his hand. He stopped by the cribbage players and asked them to buy the cards. They refused, so he turned to our seat: 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I'd like to sell these cards. They are of unusually good quality, and I'll sell them for the price of an ordinary deck.'

"Let's see," said my seat mate, taking the pack. 'I don't see anything remarkable about these. They look like ordinary 25-cent cards to me.'

"All right," replied the owner of the cards in an offended tone; 'if you can't distinguish the difference in the quality of cards, there's no use in my wasting time talking to you.'

"He reached for the pack, and as it was handed back to him one of the cards fell to the floor, apparently unnoticed by the owner. My seat mate, however, saw the card fall and said banteringly:

"Those cards may be extra fine, but I'll bet there is not a full pack there."

"The owner of the cards glared indignantly at my seat mate.

"You say you bet?" he exclaimed.

"Now what will you bet on that?"

"My companion had already covered the card on the floor with his foot.

"Oh, I'll call anything you've got," he laughed.

"Without more ado the card salesman lugged out a bundle of bills and announced that he didn't like to take candy from infants, but that he would bet a hundred, even money, that the pasteboards in his hand composed a full deck of fifty-two cards, not counting the joker. This, of course, looked like Christmas expenses to us, who knew that one card of the pack lay on the floor.

"I'll let you in on half of the bet," said my seat mate generously, and, of course, I jumped at the chance.

"The money was posted, the cards were counted and the deck found to be complete. My seat mate and the card salesman left the train at the next station. Of course, I see it all now—that is, all but one thing:

"Why did it not occur to me that there was something odd in a man having \$100 who had a moment before been trying to peddle a two-bit pack of cards?"

Boyce—What kind of a dress is a lawn dress? Joyce—A garden party gown, to be sure.