

Pointed Paragraphs.

Smile and the world smiles with you—if you are setting 'em up. Those who are on the road to wealth do not object to the "dust."

And you always get full measure when you acquire a peck of trouble. Even pardon cannot pluck up by its roots the sin we have sown.

He is a wise man who can have burning zeal with broad sympathies.

The Final Touch.

It was known that Anabelle Hobbs had made a good match, from a worldly point of view; just how good, however, nobody in Hillville fully realized until the return of Anabelle's mother from a visit to the new home.

"I guess there's nothing Anabelle can't have if she takes the notion," said Mrs. Hobbs, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I tell her she'd ought to show reason, for of course, Henry will get kind of wanted to her after a while, and not be quite so ready; but now he takes up with all her whims. What do you suppose his last gift was?"

The listener dared not venture a supposition. "I didn't imagine you would," said Mrs. Hobbs, with satisfaction. "Anabelle's always been set on onions ever since she was a child, but her pa and I never encouraged her in it, first because they smell so, and then, too, they cost considerable unless you raise them yourself."

"Well, Henry found out how fond she is of 'em, and he ordered a half-bushel to be there when they got back from the trip; and then when she told him my objections, and he knew I was coming he bought a pint bottle of that new hyacinth perfume and put it in the guest-room for me."

"When I got that on, why, Anabelle might have eaten the whole of that half-bushel of onions and I should never have known it. Here, you smell of that handkerchief and you'll see I'm not speaking a word beyond the truth."

Nothing Unusual.

Two neighbors were confiding their troubles to each other over the backyard fence that separated their premises. "You know," said Mrs. Higgins, "that my husband is a carpenter?"

"Yes." "Well, I give you my word that all our upstairs rooms are unfinished, and the roof leaks whenever it rains, and I can't get Henry to do a thing to 'em!"

"You're not any worse off than I am," said Mrs. Clingham. "You know my husband used to be a fireman on a locomotive?"

"Yes." "Well, just as true as I stand here, I always have to get up in the morning and make the fire."

The Althca Again.

"Once in Banbury," says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, "I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner—a most delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son finished his portion and passed his plate again."

"More 'am, father," he said. "The farmer frowned. 'Don't say 'am, son; say 'am.' 'I did say 'am,' the lad protested, in an injured tone."

"You said 'am,'" cried the father, severely. "Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.' 'In the midst of the controversy the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory smile."

"They both think they're saying 'am!'" she said. Seven men were hurt by the explosion of a bronze casting in Philadelphia and three may die.

Home-made crosses fit like home-made clothes. So. 34-'06.

SALLOW FACES.

Often Caused by Coffee Drinking. How many persons realize that coffee so disturbs digestion that it produces a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum Food Coffee has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up bad complexions.

A Washn. young lady tells her experience: "All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles more or less."

"We were all sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves."

"We didn't realize that coffee was the cause of the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that."

WHY DO BOYS LEAVE THE FARM?

What is known as the urban movement, the movement of people from the farms to the cities and towns, has long been one of the recognized perils of the country. It is an ancient danger. Men from the earliest period have drifted toward the cities. Aristotle's wisest remark was, perhaps, the observation that man was born to be a citizen, that is the denizen of and the active worker in a city. That also is what civilization means—the transforming of men into citizens. It was Paul's proud boast that he was the citizen of no mean city. There is no doubt that in our civilization and in our culture the city is the centre, the heart.

It was the genial Cowper's opinion that the country was the better place, for the quaint reason that "God made the country, and man made the town." A little common sense would have told him that it was precisely for this reason that man preferred the city. The usually wise Lowell also had a ridiculous notion on the subject. He wrote, "Before man made us citizens, great nature made us men." He forgot that until man had made himself a citizen he was only half a man, primitive, savage, barbaric. The city was and is absolutely necessary. It illustrates a great economic law, that of combination. Just as commerce must combine to achieve its highest and best results, so man must combine in order to realize himself, to attain the best of which he is possible.

Work of developing man in his human hotchboxes; there is now some danger that the tendency of men to flock to the big towns will result in the impoverishment of many countries and in detriment to the race. The cities, like all other receptacles, are limited. They cannot be made to contain more than their just measure, and in the overcrowded cities we see nature retracing her evolutionary processes, and denaturing men, making them anemic, degenerate, weaklings, with-out the red blood of a vigorous life, and sinking into decay. The cities can hold only their allotted share, and, after all, these must be supported by the country. The culture and the civilization of this day and of every other time rests and has rested upon the farm. The loss of a stout and prosperous farming class, as Goldsmith pointed out—though it had been observed before—"when once destroyed, can never be supplied." No country can be self-sustaining or therefore really prosperous, without independent, thrifty, prosperous farmers. The ideal condition would be one in which there were cities "crowded with culture"—Boston, Athens, Paris—surrounded by gardens and farms; the cultured life of the metropolis of wealth and fashion and art, much of its best results reflected in the homes of independent planters, constituting but the flower of our civilization.

But, in the meanwhile, the boys are leaving the farms. Why? That is the question that L. M. Bailey, Director of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, asks in the July Century magazine, and does not definitely answer. He tries to get the deserters from the ranks of the farm to answer it, but their reasons are not at all satisfactory. For instance, forty per cent. of them say that they left the farm because it was not remunerative. Seventeen per cent. replied that they left because the farmer is under "distinct social disabilities." One-fifth, or twenty per cent. offered as one reason for getting away from the farm the excessive hard work.

The investigator seems a little surprised by the result of his efforts. He concludes his article by saying: "I have no purpose at present to comment on the replies. I shall be content if they challenge my reader."

The reasons assigned seem to us totally worthless. They may be sincere, and they may explain the abandonment of the farms by the boys who offer them, but they are not satisfactory in themselves, because they do not present the true condition.

Four boys out of every ten of the deserters for instance, give as the reason for their flight that the farm is not remunerative. Yet there never was a time when farming was so remunerative as it is to-day. It may not be remunerative on the rocky hillsides of New England, where lie so many abandoned farms; but it is remunerative throughout the entire South, the West, and the Southwest. It pays well even in the somewhat crowded States of the North and Middle West. The prosperity of the South to-day rests firmly upon the cotton fields and the orchards and the truck gardens. There are planters in this State that makes incomes of \$12,000 a year, clear profit, upon their farms. That means that the man who can do this is rich; he is more than prosperous. The farm-lands of the South bring in thousands of fortunes in each year's harvest. The seaboard is being transformed into a garden and is yielding independence and wealth to many thousands of planters. There is money in farming; the farm is remunerative—more remunerative than it ever was.

As to hard work, the farmer has a far easier time of it than the clerk in the store or the telegraph operator at his desk or than millions of boys and men and girls and women in the crowded cities. The nature of the work on the farm—the grimness of it, the hours of labor in the hot sun, the lowly kind of work that the boy on the farm has to do—this has more to do with driving him into the fancied paradise of the city than the hardness of the tasks on the farm. But the farm loses little by the desertion of those who are afraid of "hard work."

There is something to be said for the social disability of the boy on the farm. He is shut off from most society, and shut out of some. It is true that he has a social circle of his own; but if he be a bit ambitious and not content to wait until he wins opportunity, this condition will chafe him. Here, also, the farm-boy of the South has a distinct advantage over the farm-boy of the North. The farmer of the South is a tower of strength, and stands "four-square to all the winds that blow." He is second to nobody. He is the peer of the best. This is largely due to the old "aristocratic" system of the South, which had its foundations on the plantation. We have inherited good, clean, honorable traditions that dignity and exalt the calling of the farmer.

The boy should not leave the farm. He should own land as soon as possible and attain independence through his own labor. There is no other condition so pleasant, so promising, so gratifying to the temper and disposition and tastes of a healthy manhood as that of farming. It is the true life and calling of the "gentleman" in the broadest and best sense of that word. It is almost the only post in our complex civilization in which a man may be truly independent and enjoy in middle life and age leisure and comfort and happiness.

Don't leave the farm. Stick to it, and it will be the making of you, if you will do there your true part in the battle of life.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Discovery of Coffee. Coffee was discovered in 1285 by a dervish named Hadji Omar, a native of the town of Mocha—hence the familiar name. Hadji Omar, lost in an Arabian desert, was dying of hunger, when he discovered some small round berries. On trying to eat them he found, to his disgust, that they were extremely bitter.

Then he tried roasting them, and finally steeped a few thus roasted in water. Naturally, this was coffee, and, though of the worst description, so agreeable did Hadji Omar find it that as soon as he could make his way back to his native town he introduced his new drink to the wise men of the city, says Home Chat. So well pleased were they with it that the dervish was made a saint.

Frog to a Frog's Rescue. One day a couple of my friends were sitting on the river bank when they heard the cry of a frog in distress. Following the direction from which the sound came, they discovered a snake in the act of swallowing a frog. Just then another frog, evidently attracted by the distressing cries of its mate in jeopardy, hopped up to the scene of action. For a moment it sat blinking at the enemy; then leaped forward, seized the snake by the neck and tugged it into the river. The water quickly poured between the snake's distended jaws and it was of course compelled to release its victim in order to escape drowning. This it promptly did, and the liberated frog swam away with its plucky mate, while the baffled snake wriggled as best it could to the shore.—Woman's Home Companion.

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WONDERFUL. "I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and I saw quite a freak of nature!" "Why, Bertha is in there with her young man?" "Yes, I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders!"—Modern Society.

Stewart Battle, telegraph operator at Collier's Station, on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad, was killed by lightning while at work at his key.

SOME SOUTHERN DELICACIES.

Southern Corn Cake—Four boiling water over one pint of cornmeal to make a stiff batter. Beat until very smooth, add half a teaspoonful of salt and two well-beaten eggs and fry slowly on a thick griddle till very brown, in cakes the size of muffins. A couple of tablespoonfuls of milk will hasten the browning process.

Hominy—Hominy should boil at least four hours, being put on to cook in cold salted water, and cooked gently till the kernels are soft. For breakfast, put a tablespoonful each of lard and butter into a skillet, and when very hot, add the cooked hominy, turning it often until the entire quantity is slightly browned. Serve very hot.

Soft Ginger Cakes—Beat to a cream one-half a cupful each of brown sugar and shortening (half butter and lard), add two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-tablespoonful of ginger, half a cupful of sour milk and three-cupfuls of flour with which a teaspoonful of soda has been sifted. Bake in muffin pans till a rich brown in a moderate oven.

Cornmeal Muffins—Half a cupful each of cornmeal and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a scant tablespoonful of sugar, one egg and sufficient sweet milk to make a thick batter. Stir the ingredients together, adding the milk last, beat steadily but quickly for three minutes, pour into hot pans and bake for fifteen minutes. The quantity is only sufficient for a dozen muffins.

Southern Fried Chicken—Before drawing the fowl wash the skin with a vegetable brush and warm soapsuds, rinsing thoroughly. Cut into small pieces, laying them in a pan of cold water to extract the blood; after five minutes wipe dry, dredge with salted flour and put in very hot lard. Fry slowly, and when both sides are browned, remove to platter, and into the skillet turn half a pint of milk thickened with a teaspoonful of flour. Garnish chicken with parsley and serve gravy in a bowl.—Dorothy Bay, in The Pilgrim.

Good Colors For Houses. It is not generally known—not even among painters—why certain tints and colors wear much better than others on houses, and the knowledge of just what tints are best to use is, therefore, rather hazy. One writer on paint, in a recent book, says that experiments seem to show that those colors which resist or turn back the heat rays of the sun will protect a house better than those which allow these rays to pass through the film.

This red is a good color because it turns back, or reflects, the red rays, and the red rays are the hot rays. In general, therefore, the warm tones are good and the cold tones are poor, so far as wear is concerned. In choosing the color of paint for your house, select reds, browns, grays and olives which, considering the various tones these tints will produce, will give a wide range from which to choose.

Avoid the harsh tints, such as cold yellows (like lemon), cold greens (like grass green, etc.), and the blues. It must be understood that no virtue is claimed for tints in themselves, irrespective of the materials used in the paint. Any color will fade, and the paint will scale off, if adulterated white lead or canned paint is used. But if one is careful to use the best white lead—some well-known brand of a reliable manufacturer—and genuine linseed oil, the warm tints mentioned above will outwear the same materials tinted with the cold colors.

Not by their signs, but by their service, shall ye know them. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It is so easy to find fault with the good things possessed by others. COULD NOT KEEP UP. Broken Down, Like Many Another, With Kidney Troubles. Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backache, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearing-down pains, and the kidney secretions passed too frequently, and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure me I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

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

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The Art of Dining.

The Delineator for September marks the initial appearance of Jean Marie Devaux as its culinary editor. M. Devaux is considered one of the greatest living authorities on matters pertaining to culinary art and science. In his initial talk, "The Perfect Dinner," he says: "It is a long step from the absurd and vulgar dissipations of the table to the perfection of the delicate art of dining as it is now practiced by lovers of nice eating. Thus, what diner today would be guilty of studying how to prolong his menu rather than how to perfect it, and yet the ancient gourmards failed to realize that this is the first rudiment of the art of eating. To weary the palate with excessive feeding is as undesirable as it is to nauseate it with improperly cooked foods. Both are responsible for indigestion. He then goes on to treat of the hors d'oeuvre, or the first course of the Perfect Dinner.

A Culinary Dictionary, giving the meaning of the terms in cooking and menu-making is one of the features of this department; this will appeal strongly to housewives, and this, along with a series of "Favorite Receipts of Famous People," Lillian Russell, Lillian Bell, Swami Abhedananda, the leader of the New York Vedanta Society, Serge Witte of Russia, Hall Caine, Miss Margaret Wycherly, Miss May Irwin, and Jerome K. Jerome, each expresses his, or her, preference in cooking, and there is an opportunity also, for others, whether of high or low degree to do likewise in a new department called "Secrets of the Kitchen."

DIFFERENT NOW. "In ancient times," stated the professor, "all idiots were taken out and drowned. Why was that?" "Well," replied the student with the bulging forehead, "I suppose there were no openings for insurance inspectors and national bank examiners in those days."—Courier-Journal.

The Fourth and Fifth Regiments continued their excellent work at Mount Gretna.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. E. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some men would rather be wrong than right—if there's more money in it.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES. Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—"Would Have Died But For Cuticura." "My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. Mrs. Egbert Shelton, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 12, 1905."

It's awful easy to be good when there is nothing else to do.

CAPUDINE CURES INDIGESTION and ACIDITY HEADACHES ALSO by removing the cause. 10 CENTS.

Libby's Food Products enable you to enjoy your meals without having to spend half your time between them over a hot cook-stove. All the cooking is done in Libby's kitchen—a kitchen as clean and neat as your own, and there's nothing for you to do but enjoy the result. Libby's Products are selected meats, cooked by cooks who knew how, and only the good parts packed. For a quick and delicious lunch any time, in doors or out, try Libby's Malted Paste—with Libby's Camp Sauce. Brought free, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Write Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

Libby's Malted Paste

CHICKENS EARN MONEY. If you give them help unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements, as you must buy the knowledge required to raise them. We are selling a book giving the experience of a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chickens—and you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chickens annually, and make your own raising for you. The point is, that you must be sure to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which Fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 124 Leonard St., New York City.

MISS LEOPOLD, SECTY LIEDERKRANZ,

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was in a Run-Down Condition. I Went to Peruna My Restoration to Health and Strength."



MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 137 Main Street, Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes: "Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me. 'Peruna was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble. I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it.' Peruna Restores Strength. Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, Miss., writes: 'I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good, and I am gaining in flesh and strength.' Peruna is sold by your Local Druggists.—Buy a bottle today."

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