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WHEN WILL THE WORLD END?

Thousands of People Deluded into Belief That Destruction Will be Soon.

The end of the world has now been definitely fixed for 1916!

It is really extraordinary the number of people who believe an early end of the world. Thousands have been disappointed at various dates and no doubt thousands more will be disappointed in the oft-looked for event.

London has suffered from several end-of-the-world panics. It was predicted that on a certain October 13 the city would be destroyed, a destruction to be followed shortly by the end of the earth. For some reason or other the people became panic-stricken. Thousands rushed out to Hampstead and other outlying suburbs on the 12th, watching and fearing. All through the night they waited, and all through the weary hours of the 13th they kept watch, with blanched faces, for the expected catastrophe. At midnight thousands of tired-out specimens of humanity found the world still solid and walked home in disgust.

In 1842 a prophet predicted the end of all things, beginning with the destruction of London on Mar. 16. Like the previous prediction, it failed to come off, though thousands fled into the country before the 'fatal' day.

Just over two years ago there was great excitement in this country. No fewer than three different prophets had fixed on December 27, 1908, as the last day of all, and had advised her followers to wind up their earthly affairs. Spangler was the chief of these prophets, and many of his followers anxious to hear the first blast of the trumpet of the archangel, refused to go to bed on the Saturday night. At dawn a large number of them put on white dresses specially made for the occasion. According to Prophet Spangler, the skies were to have rolled back like a scroll about 11 a. m. Unfortunately for the truth of this, it snowed all the time, and Spangler's followers, besides catching cold, became the laughing stock of the still solid earth. A warrant was issued for the prophet—who had conveniently disappeared, by the way—on the grounds that he was a public nuisance.

Many people will recollect Prof. Falb, who ten years ago announced that the world would be destroyed by a comet on November 13th. Thousands of credulous persons made preparations for the end. In Russia, where superstition is rife, many of the peasants started drinking about the night before in their terror, only to wake up with splitting headaches. Russian peasants are particularly prone to believe in this kind of thing.

Just over sixteen years ago a Mohammedan religious prophet stirred up panic among thousands of natives by his predictions. Arabs spent days and nights in prayers, and the panic spread to the local Jews. When it was at its height the prophet announced that he and certain of his followers would be spared when the end came. For a consideration in cash, many of his panic-stricken found that they also could be saved. Needless to say, Africa became too hot for the prophet and after a short while he was forced to flee from the scene of his little swindle.

HOW TO REACH A HUNDRED.

Women who desire to live to be centenarians may be interested in reading the rules for such an accomplishment. Here are the observances by which Mrs. Mary M. Scriggens, who has just celebrated her 97th birthday at Brockton, Mass., says she expects to live to one hundred: Lots of regular hard work—fifteen hours a day is not too much; abstain from idle gossiping about your neighbors; never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy; most emphatically do not read novels, for it destroys the disposition—women get wrinkles worrying over the troubles of the heroes; if you have vanity of dress destroy it—the young women of today who are binding up their limbs with hobble skirts are shortening their lives; keep away from dances and moving pictures.—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking a pleasure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

WHEN DAY IS DONE.

Wearied are we and the harvest is not ended,
Our weapon fail us and our sands are run;
Toil on who may, for us the night's descended—
Our day is done.

Farewell to failure on the field—forever
Farewell; few are the sheaves we bring, or none;
Yet will the Master's welcome wait endeavor,
Now day is done.

Farewell, O Earth, thy bleak grey skies of sorrow!
For once the homestead of our faith is won;
Thy cloud shall cast no shadow o'er to-morrow—
Thy day is done.

Fast fades the light; and lo, in gloom before us
That voiceless valley which no foot may shun!
Courage, my soul. One Star is brightening o'er us
Since day is done.

Our day is done. Do Thou, O God, ingather
Safe to Thy harvest-home each wandering one—
Leave not one outcast to the tempest, Father,
When the day is done.

MY BRAVE LADDIE.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Tap, tap along the pavement, tap,
It came a little crutch,
A pale-faced lad looked up at me:
"I do not mind it much,"
He answered to my pitying look,
"It might be worse; you know,
Some fellows have to stay in bed,
While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes! I used to run about,
Perhaps I may again;
The doctors say it's wonderful—
I have so little pain.
It hurts me now and then of course,
Well—ever since the fall;
But I'm so very glad you see,
That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap the little crutch went on,
I saw the golden hair,
The brown eyes, wide and all aglow;
The noble manly air;
And somehow tears for a moment came,
And made my vision dim,
While still the laddie's cheerful words—
Were sweet as sweetest hymn:

"I am so very glad, you see,
That I can walk at all."
Why that's the way for us to feel
When troubles may befall,
There's always blue sky somewhere friend,
Though clouds around you meet,
And patience will the Master send,
If sought at His dear feet.

Saved Many From Death.
W. L. Mook, of Mook, Ark., believes he has saved many lives in his 25 years of experience in the drug business.

Balked at Cold Steel.
"I wouldn't let a doctor cut my foot off," said H. D. Ely, Bantam, Ohio, "although a horrible ulcer had been the plague of my life for four years. Instead I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my foot was soon completely cured." Heals Burns, Boils, Sores, Bruises, Eczema, Pimples, Corns. Surest Pile cure 25c at all druggists.

Those who have been asking for winter, may prepare to receive it now.

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Mrs. Winkler's SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TRETING, with PERFECT SUCCESS, it SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is a SOLIDLY HARMLESS. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winkler's SOUTHERN SYRUP" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
For BRUISES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER

THERE IS ANOTHER MAN.

"Lord, Save Them, They Perish."

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismantled merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter, on a deck almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner, and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that hulk go these gallant men upon the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into a boat, it proves to be a trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board.

It is laid on the deck; in sorrow and pity the crew gathered around, it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves; then mutters—muttering in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man!" Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practicing it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, and relatives, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, there is "another man," let us go to that man and plead for Christ; and go to Christ and plead for that man; the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish."—Thomas Guthrie.

IT IS DANGEROUS TO BORROW

A man who was too economical to purchase or subscribe for a paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a wary summer squash. His father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and running a \$5 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn.

Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the entire litter. In the hurry she dropped a \$25 set of false teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet.

During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven sitting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.—Ex.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

"Prisoner," said the judge to the condemned prisoner, "have you any last wish? If so, speak, and if reasonable, it will be gratified."

"Yes," said the prisoner, who had been a barber. "I'd like to shave the prosecuting attorney."

SAM JONES ON PROFANITY.

The late Sam Jones said: "I can see some reason for the fellow that steals a side of bacon when he's hungry, for he wants to eat, and I can see some reason for a drunkard getting drunk, for he thinks he feels good then, but the fellow that cusses hasn't got any reason for what he does. He not only goes to hell, but he deadheads his way."

SUCH FUNNY PARENTS.

"Oh, mamma, I met such a funny little girl at school today?"
"Did you, dear? What was funny about her?"
"Her papa and mamma have not been divorced."

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

It Appears To Be An Ordinary Occurrence in Liberia.

Of certain aspects of Liberia Captain Braithwaite Wallis writes in the Geographical Journal: "The population of Jane is large, almost untouched by the so-called civilization on the coast. It is typical of western Africa. The men have fine physiques and very black skins, and most of them plait their hair, which is worn about six inches long. They appeared to be well armed with rifles, guns, spears and swords. While in this town I saw even slaves, who were held by the leg in wooden stocks. They had been in that position for some months. One of them told me through the interpreter that he had been kept thus for two years. He was a man of poor physique, and a purchaser could not therefore be easily found for him.

"That night, while asleep in my little hut in the town, I was awakened by hearing a gentle chorus of women's voices singing some yards away. After a few minutes the chorus ceased and a single voice began, in Bande, an African song. The voice was soft and melodious, and the tune was fascinating and weird and harmonized with the wild environment to which it belonged. After a few lines the other singers joined, and the result was most attractive and beautiful, containing as it did such harmony with such excellent time. During the years I have been in Africa I do not remember having heard anything quite like this singing before, and I shall never forget it. The interpreter told me the next morning that the song was one to the good spirits, asking them to guard and protect the white man and his followers on their journey."

Another incident: "A few yards outside the first stockade I noticed an empty grave, the newly turned earth of which showed it had been recently dug. This grave, it appeared, had been used for the purpose of burying a man, alive as a sacrifice, and I was informed in a most matter of fact way and as if the occurrence was quite an ordinary one that the unfortunate victim's body had lately been exhumed to obtain certain portions for the purpose of manufacturing fish medicines."

WHEN TO MARRY.

An interesting and unusual estimate of the proper age for matrimony is that advanced by Mrs. Vivian, head and founder of the National Society of the Daughters of California. The happiest and most successful marriages, she says, are those between the man of 50 and the woman of 35.

At that age of discretion, she claims, the male has become more mellow and tolerant as well as more solvent. On the other hand she intimates that a girl of 30 is much harder to get along with than to get along without, and that there ought to be laws prohibiting people marrying before they are 30 years old.

When Mrs. Vivian's theory gets into working order the bachelor entering the bald, corpulent age of 50 may as well leave home behind. If Dr. Osler doesn't get him the Daughters of California will.—Exchange.

THE FEMININE JURY.

The beautiful young prisoner entered the box in her own behalf.

"What is your age, miss?" asked the lawyer.

"Forty-eight," was the steady reply.

The feminine jury caught its breath with an audible little gasp, and sat there rigid.

"How much did you pay for that hat you are wearing?"
"Ninety-eight cents."
"Are you guilty of the crime that is charged against you?"
"No."
Thus did the wily prisoner attempt to establish her veracity and then convince the jury that she was innocent. But don't forget that this was a jury of women. A verdict of incurable insanity was brought in.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A scientist says that in a number of years woman will have no little toe. Such is the cruelty of fashion.



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To get the best of Backache Get a Box of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills
Otherwise Backache May get the best of you
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"A friend was down with La Grippe and nearly crazed with awful backache. I gave her one Anti-Pain Pill and left another for her to take. They helped her right away, and she says she will never be without them again."
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