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NO. 33

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 2 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Infants and Children
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Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.
At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

WHAT THERE'S TIME FOR.

The Man who Aims to Make His Thought and Action Tell for Good Has Time Enough.

People complain they have no time for anything, yet they have all the time there is. No one can have any more than that.

People should find time for doing everything that ought to be done, for there is no enjoyment more abiding than this.

What the idle and careless man throws away and loses forever, the diligent and thoughtful man stores away to hold eternally.

No man will live longer than is necessary to fulfill his mission, and he will have to improve every moment if he fulfills it well.

Every day brings its own obligations, and he who would not have the present hour torn like a blank from the book of life must use it as it passes never to return.

Life to him who wishes not to live in vain is thought and action. Any other mode of existence is a living death. The man who aims to make his thought and action tell for good has time enough.

Frank Walcott says: "Lots of time for lots of things, though tis said that time has wings."

There is always time to find ways of being sweet and kind; there is always time to share smiles of goodness everywhere; time to send the frowns away, time a gentle word to say, time for helpfulness, and time to assist the weak to climb, time to give a little flower, time for friendship, any hour. But there is no time to spare for unkindness anywhere."

THE PARSON'S LAMB.

Parson Johnson, an evangelist of color, was caught hugging one of the finest "ewe" lambs of the congregation, who was a very popular young lady and it created quite a stir. So Brudder Johnson was brought up for trial.

"You have seen these great pictures, I suppose, so you know that de great Shepherd am always pictured with a lamb 'in his arms," said Brudder Johnson.

"Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones. "Den Brudder Jones, what am wrong in the shepherd of dis flock having a lamb in his arms?"

This was too much for Brudder Jones, so he proposed that the people have a call meeting that afternoon. After the point was discussed at the afternoon meeting the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, Dat for the future peace of the congregation, dat the next time Brudder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb of de flock in his arms, dat he pick out a ram lamb."

ONCE QUITE ENOUGH.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon, and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"

Replied he: "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."

Saved His Wife's Life.

"My wife would have been in her grave today," writes O. H. Brown, of Mississippi. "As it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery, she was down in her bed, not able to get up without help. She had a severe bronchial trouble and a dreadful cough. I got her a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she soon began to mend, and was well in a short time." Infalible for coughs and colds, its most reliable remedy on earth for desperate lung trouble, hemorrhages, grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup and whooping cough. 50c, \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Trouble never waits for an introduction, and furthermore, it is apt to become unduly familiar on short acquaintance.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

Where the finest biscuit, cake, hot-breads, crusts or puddings are required **Royal is indispensable.**

Royal is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions.

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

PRAY.

Don't fear the world will laugh if you pray. Don't care if it does. Let it have its way. Remember the softness and beauty it brings. When round you enfolding its comforting wings. It carries you out of the dark and the care To the thoughts of a happier life somewhere.

Don't be afraid if they scoff and scorn At the thought of your praying. It leads to the morn Through a sleep so refreshing, a rest so divine, Like a path in the summer beneath bloom and vine, Ending down in a garden somewhere that doth seem In a dusk of old magic that drifts through a dream.

Don't mind and don't worry, whatever they say. Kneel down or stand up, but stop talking and pray. Don't be a coward to cringe at the word Of the cynics whose voices in taunting are heard Wherever men gather; remember how sweet The peace after prayer, like the rain after heat!

Don't let the world turn your purpose aside From the prayer that flows in on the tumult and tide Of strife and of worry, but let it prevail Over all that may tempt you, attack and assail; Remember its gentle and mellowing spirit When you pray with a faith in the One that will hear it!

THE CRUCIBLE OF LIFE.

Sunshine and shadow, blue sky and gray, Laughter and tears, as we tread on our way; Hears that are heavy, then hears that are light; Eyes that are misty and eyes that are bright; Losses and gains in the heat of the strife, Each in proportion to round out this life.

Into the crucible stirred by the years Go all our hopes and misgivings and fears; Glad days and sad days, our pleasures and pains, Worries and comforts, our losses and gains, Out of the crucible shall there not come Joy undefiled when we pour off the scum.

Out of our sadness and anguish and woe, Out of the travail and burdens we know, Out of the shadow that darkens the way, Out of the failure that tries us today Have you a doubt that contentment will come When you've purified life and discarded the scum?

Tinctured with sorrow and flavored with sighs, Moistened with tears that have flown from your eyes, Perfumed with sweetness of loves that have died, Leavened with failures, with grief sanctified, Sacred and sweet is the joy that must come From the furnace of life when you've poured off the scum.

SELF-MADE.

A drunken Congressman said to Horace Greeley one day, "I am a self-made man."

"Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

BLIND INFERENCE.

Doctor—"Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday?"

Thomas—"I b'lieve so, sir; I see all the blinds down this morning."

When one woman says to another: "I always feel that I can trust my husband with you," is it a compliment or otherwise?

End Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, colds, sore, red and rough skins, prove this. But such trouble fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at all druggists.

It sometimes happens that a girl gives a young man a present—and the only thing he can do is to make lemonade out of it.

A LESSON FOR YOU.

Nothing Left To Live For.

Why did Mile Lantelme die? The question vexed the gay world of Paris a few weeks ago when the beautiful actress deliberately walked over the side of the yacht and was drowned.

From a worldly point of view she had everything she could desire.

Lantelme was a famous beauty, a successful actress and the wife of a millionaire. Her fine house was in the most aristocratic section. She had splendid jewels, horses, automobiles, a steam yacht.

Now, it was asked—Why should a woman who had everything her heart could desire throw away her life? Is such a thing conceivable?

Yes. To have everything you want is not to make you happy. This woman had nothing left to desire. And to desire is human. So long as we desire and strive we live. When there is nothing more to desire or strive for we die.

Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer.

We are like Alexander. There can be no zest in life without the chance to conquer. Alexander sighed because all the sparkle was taken out of life.

When we have everything we want life is flat, stale and unprofitable. When the incentive of tomorrow's struggle is gone tomorrow is gone.

Fullness is satiety. Mile Lantelme, whose youth and talents had smoothed the way for her feet from girlhood, had sounded every note in the gamut of pleasure.

There was nothing left to live for.

On the other hand, there was this: Weariness and vexation of spirit, the vanity of luxury, the fire of dissipation, fear of the loss of fame or beauty.

Do you see? You may say truly, "What pleasure this woman might have found in doing good!" But her life was not keyed to benevolence. She was shut up to selfish enjoyments. When these palled upon her she was eager to throw her life away.

And you? Do you envy the idle rich? Do you not see when fortune leaves nothing to be desired life is intolerable? What you call the bitterness of strife and anxiety is the real source of your life's sweetness.

WORDS AND WORK.

"Brydren," said a darkey in a prayer meeting, "I feel's ef I could talk mo' good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.—Lincoln.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Doctor—It's twins, Proudpop—And yet they say two can live cheaper than one.—Puck.

The worst luck a woman can have is to be rescued from a fire when all her best things are in wash.

Great expectations often breed great disappointments.

It's a pity we can't convert our wild oats into breakfast food.

The hardest thing that can be said about any man is "he is easy."

A man can avoid a lot of explaining by keeping his face closed.

A woman's idea of a miser is another woman who refuses to tell a secret.

A man doesn't always get what is coming to him when the postman calls.

If you think the world isn't growing better, perhaps you are partly to blame.

The man with an impediment in his speech seldom speaks well of anybody.

About the only way you can cultivate some men's acquaintance is by irrigation.

But the innocent bystander seldom knows enough to be otherwise and elsewhere.

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

Give The Children Freedom.

To be tied too closely to mother's apron strings may prove disastrous to a child.

It depends upon the mother and upon the length and substance of the strings.

Surely a mother must hold her children to herself by the bonds of affection else they may stray far. But she mustn't tie them too closely. She must give them rope.

The apron strings should be long enough and they should stretch enough so that the children will not feel the constant tension of mother's hold on them.

Give the children freedom. If a child does not enjoy rational freedom it can never grow into strength of character. It must learn to choose and to decide for itself. It must learn to act independently and to take the consequence of its action.

Loosen the strings. The child that feels the apron strings drawn taut and fast must lead a narrow existence. It ought to learn wisdom by experience, and no matter how wise mother is she cannot substitute her own wisdom.

Individuality is a great force, and individuality is built up by the individual who is forced to think and act himself. As much as possible let the child do for himself. Ever see bear cubs at play?

The mother you may be sure is not far away. She keeps an eye on the cubs, all right, but she does not let them see that she is watching. Her apron strings are long and expansive. The cubs gambol and wrestle and tumble. Even when they fight the mother apparently pays no attention.

But—When there is danger or a real necessity the mother bear quickly rounds up her children.

Let the children play and wrestle and get dirty. And even should they fight do not interfere too quickly. In case of real necessity the child will come to the mother—the better way.

Mother's apron strings should be of a rubber-like material.

And when there is a real need there should be no sudden jerk, only a gentle, wise pulling in.

FOUND HER ALONE AT LAST.

Arbutnot Witheredge Finally Finds Opportunity to Speak to Miss Genevieve Grandilot.

"Well," said Arbutnot Witheredge, I am in luck to find you alone, this evening.

"Oh," replied Genevieve Grandilot. Do you consider it lucky to be alone with me?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"I—I don't know, I have never thought about it before."

"Haven't you ever wished that you and I might be all alone together?"

"Why should I wish that?"

"I don't know, I wish you had wished it."

"Have you ever wished it?"

"A great many times."

"Why?"

"Perhaps I could—could guess."

"Would you care if I should tell you why?"

"I—I don't know. Do you think I ought to let you tell me why?"

"I wish you would. I am going to tell you. It is because—"

"Because what?"

"I wonder if you will hate me after I have told you? Rather than you decide that we can no longer be friends, I would carry the secret to my grave."

"Oh, please don't do anything like that. I am sure I shall not hate you I could never hate you, no matter what happened."

"Do you mean that, Miss Grandilot—Genevieve?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"I shall risk all, then, and tell you, I have wanted to be alone with you because—because I love you—because I have wanted to ask you to be mine!"

Then the beautiful girl's mother stole away from her place behind the curtain and tiptoed up the back stairs.

Every dog has his day and too many of them have their nights also.



To Head-Off a Headache

Nothing is Better than Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills They Give Relief without Bad After-Effects.

"For four years I was subject to almost constant headache. At times so severe I was unable for work. Through the advice of a friend I was persuaded to try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my system of those continuous headaches that followed a hard and continuous mental strain."—O. L. Russell, Apt. C. & N. W. Ry., Early, Ia.

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"A dollar saved is a dollar made." "Any man can make money, but it's its a wise man that can save it." Old adages, but very true. We pay you 4 per cent on SAVINGS DEPOSITS in sums from \$1 up Collections, Loans, Accounts Solicited.

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