

Grip's

Grim Grasp Caused
Heart Disease.Could Not Lie On
Left Side.Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and
Nervine Cured Me.Mrs. H. R. Jobe, formerly of Birmingham,
Ala., writes from Elkhart, Ind., the same state,
as follows:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I recommend Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure. I only wish that I could tell every sufferer how much good they have done me. Last winter I had a severe attack of la grippe, which left my heart in a very bad condition. I could not lie down for the morning spells that would almost overcome me and the feeling of oppression around my heart. I had not been to bed for a long time. I got up one morning and took these bottles. I have no trouble now with my heart and can lie on my left side as well as my right. Formerly I had suffered for years with nervous prostration. I had tried so many remedies that I had got clear out of heart of getting anything that would help me. The nerves of my heart were so affected that sometimes it would beat so it would seem to stop altogether. It was on the advice of a lady friend that I tried your Restorative Nervine. I felt better after the first few doses and two bottles of Nervine did me out of Heart Cure made me feel like a new person. My heart is all right and my nervousness is all gone. I never fail to recommend it to those afflicted as I was."

All druggists sell and guarantee that both Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Heart Cure are genuine. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

LIVED ON SUGAR SIX WEEKS

Mr. Grandea in a recent paper on sugar quoted the following paragraph from the pen of a scientist who was traveling in the Transvaal at the time of the war:

"As a result of circumstances too long to relate I found myself blockaded between the English and the Boer forces, unable to move without receiving a gunshot from one side or the other. I was forced during six weeks to depend upon sugar mixed with a little sawdust for nourishment for myself and six rabbits, which I was absolutely desirous of keeping for breeding purposes. It was impossible for me to find straw for my rabbits. They and your humble servant were none the worse for this diet. We prospered under it, and the rabbits grew fat."—Forrest and Irrigation.

Mirrors and Mal de Mer.

Signor des Planches, the Italian ambassador in Washington, says that if you look intently at a mirror you will be cured of seasickness. On his way across the ocean he was so sick that he did not care whether he lived or not and even doubted that he was himself. To reassure himself that it was really he who was so wretched he looked in a mirror and was instantly cured. He ate a substantial breakfast and then told his experience to a Chicago woman on deck and showed her the mirror. "What a fright I am!" she exclaimed. "And my hat is not on straight! Just hold the mirror a minute till I can arrange it." Her seasickness disappeared as quickly as the ambassador's. At any rate, that is what he told the reporters.

A Lady of Color.

The Lady Chameleon is attracting attention in Paris. She is a young Roumanian, Marga Cerbus by name, whose coloring is determined by her emotions. Anxiety turns her green. She is pink when joyful, violet when afraid and black when angry. The Boston Journal can see how such a woman would be a never failing joy as a wife. Her husband would never be in doubt as to the precise nature of her mental condition. And then there might come a mildly polygamous feeling to a husband having a white wife, a colored wife and a red wife on different days. Yet Miss Cerbus will no doubt marry a man that is color blind and therefore unappreciative. Such is the irony of life.

Don't Steal Carrier Pigeons.

A man named Merand complained to a Paris police commissary that he had been robbed of six valuable carrier pigeons and said that one of his friends had seen them at the house of another man. The magistrate went to the place indicated and there saw some birds. "How did you come by them?" he asked of the man. "Oh, I bought them some months ago," was the reply. "Well, bring them to my office," said the official. There he had a seal attached to each bird's leg, and the birds were liberated. They flew back to Merand's house, and an hour later the thief was on his way to jail.

If you are suffering from Eczema, Pimples, Herpes, Ringworm, dandruff, or any kind of skin disease, Hancock's Liquid Sulphur is a sure cure. Sold by C. D. Conant & Co.,

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Little Crossing Sweeper and the Charm of Giving.

A pretty dressed little American boy was walking along the streets of Paris one day when as he tried to cross the crowded boulevard he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage. In a moment a crowd had collected, but the first upon the spot was a little crossing sweeper, ragged and dirty, who had seen the danger and had sprung to help the child almost before the pole had touched him. Tenderly and carefully the street boy raised the rich man's son in his arms and carried him through the crowd into a drugstore near by.

It was found that the boy was not as much hurt as might have been expected, and soon the crowd dispersed. The drugist bound up the boy's wounds, the little crossing sweeper standing by in sympathy, and when the work was done he ran out, paid the little American's fare and told the conductor where to stop. As the omnibus rolled away and the crossing sweeper turned back to his work a gentleman who had been looking on spoke to him, offering him 6 cents.

"Here, my boy," said he, "you can't afford to pay that rich child's fare. Let me give it back to you."

The crossing sweeper put his hand behind him.

"Oh, no," said he, "for there wouldn't be any charm."

He meant the charm of having done the kindness would all be lost to him if it cost him nothing, and he was quite right. The poor little crossing sweeper understood the true secret of happiness in giving or in doing good.—Home Magazine.

Game of Trades.

In the game of trades each one chooses a trade which he or she exercises in the following manner:

The washerwoman washes clothes.

The spinner turns her wheel, etc.

One of the players acts as a king or a queen and begins the game by working at his or her own trade. In the meantime all the others must make the movements appropriate to theirs. If the king suddenly changes his trade and takes up that of one of the company, all the rest must remain inactive except the player whom the king is imitating, and he must at once take up the king's trade until the latter is pleased to adopt another. Then that player in his turn takes the king's trade, and all the rest remain idle until the king returns to his original trade, which is the signal for all present to recommence their own.

His Spelling Lesson.

One day little six-year-old Bernio failed to spell "throw" correctly. The teacher prompted him, and he spelled it after her. "Spell it again," she said.

"T-h-r-o-w," he replied.

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

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"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

"Again."

"T-h-r-o-w."

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Some Points on the Care of Polished Furniture.

The care of furniture woods is an interesting part of the intelligent housekeeper's duties. The daily light dusting must supplement the weekly rubbing if the "bloom," in this instance not desirable, is to be kept away. As a rule the use of any restoratives is to be deprecated. Unless applied by a tireless arm and thoroughly rubbed in and there after the piece of furniture kept in perfect polish by a daily rubbing, the oil is sure to form a crust sooner or later which is gummy to the touch and not pleasing to the eye. For this reason new furniture should be kept as long as possible without the application of such restoratives. Furniture which has been finished with shellac or varnish, whether in glossy or dull finish, should never be cleansed with soap or water. Soap is made to cut oily substances and in the performance of the service for which it is made eats the oil out of the waxed, oiled or shellacked surface it touches and destroys it. If an oil restorer seems for any reason to be necessary, raw linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts applied on a piece of cheesecloth will be found most often of service.

For carved portions which require daily attention soft brushes such as are used for the cleansing of silver will be found to be the best agent. Brush the ornamented portions out thoroughly with a dry brush and use a second for the real cleansing. This may be dipped in turpentine and used without fear of scratching the finish of the wood.

Where white spots appear on polished surfaces from the dropping of liquids or from heat the immediate application of raw linseed oil will generally restore the color. The oil should be left on the affected spot for several hours or over night. Alcohol will perform the service if applied at once to rosewood or highly finished mahogany. In each instance when the color has returned the spot should be repolished with a piece of cheesecloth moistened with turpentine.

A Bottle Cleaner.

A new device that is warranted to thoroughly clean bottles, those that have contained wine or beer included, consists of a rod which by means of a hinge is divided into three parts of unequal length. The longest part corresponds to the length of an ordinary bottle, and the two other parts correspond respectively to the diameter of a bottle at the bottom and to the length of the neck. The three parts are covered with rubber, and as they are hinged they can be moved in any direction. The method of cleansing is to partly fill the bottle with water and thrust the rod into it. As soon as the device reaches the bottom of the bottle the lower part spreads out and this reaches any sediment or other dirt that may have gathered there. The middle part of the rod also spreads out so as to cover the rest of the bottle, and a few turns of the apparatus serve to cleanse the bottle, and the dirt is poured off with the water.

Saving Steps.

The woman who does her own work would find much comfort in a simple little device adopted by a Philadelphia bride, says the Press of that city. It is a movable stand for removing the dishes from the dining room to the kitchen and so constructed that all dishes can be taken from the kitchen at once, thus saving many steps. Clean dishes, the different courses, etc., can be brought from the culinary regions in one "trip." This labor saving device is nothing more than a stout little table mounted on rollers and fitted out with a couple of shelves, extensions and other conveniences. The carpenter made the improvements for a couple of dollars. The little housewife says her stand has already saved her \$50 worth of time and strength.

Mock Cream Pie.

Roll out the upper and under crust with a little flour between. Bake a delicate brown. Split them as soon as baked and set them away until wanted for the table. Then fill them between with a custard made of one pint boiling hot milk thickened with two eggs, two-thirds cup of white sugar, two tablespoons of flour; salt and season. Scald together until thickened. When almost cold, fill the pie and eat when entirely cooled.

Food and Character.

Eaten constantly or to excess, pork will cause pessimism, beef will cause audacity, mutton will cause melancholy, real will cause loss of energy, butter will cause laziness, potatoes will cause dullness.

Mustard for memory.

Apples for brain power.

Rice, milk, fruit and grains for health and vitality.

—A. R. Wilson in Chicago Record-Herald.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

What One May Expect to Hear of in 1913.

"Did you hear of Mrs. Sister's unfortunate mishap?"

"No, indeed. What was it?"

"Why, she was having a little house party at her aerial chateau and sent her aeronaut with the omnibus balloon to the air line station to bring the guests to the house."

"Yes."

"She has always thought the man so trusty. He has been with her for two years. But it seems he had mixed himself an oxygenated highball that morning, and he wasn't in a responsible condition."

"Mercy! What did he do?"

"Why, he completely lost his head on the up grade and collided with an aerometer moving van with such violence that the balloon broke loose from the bus, and the dreadful man dropped his whole load into the lake."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Found It All Right.



Farmer Foolhardy—Here! What are you settin' traps in my field for?



"Don't tell me you hain't. I saw you put one right in."



—There!

A Prejudiced Deduction.

Waggaby—So De Wuyter says he wrote ninety-nine poems last year, does he?

Naggaby—I understood him to say "better than a hundred."

Waggaby—That's what I meant by ninety-nine. I've read his poems. —Baltimore American.

Real Strength.

"Do you consider him a strong man?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Why?"

"Because he not only knows, but admits his weaknesses."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The Negro.

"Surely you don't deny that the negro is entitled to his place in the human race?"

"Oh, yes; he's in the race, of course. I suppose he's the dark horse."—Philadelphia Press.

Positively Brutal.

She (at the piano)—How do you like my playing? I play only by ear, you know.

He (a savage bachelor)—H'm! Why don't you consult an aurist?—Chicago News.

Advice.

Johnson—He said I was an advice pated jackass. What do you advise me to do about it?

Jackson—See a good veterinary. —Judge.

As It Happens.

The fool speaks out before he thinks, and when his words have spoken beyond recall, on fatal wings.

He learns that he has uttered things he never should have said.

The wise man thinks before he speaks, and when it is too late

his down, defeated and alone.

To think what might have been and when

"Alas, why did I wait?"

—A. R. Wilson in Chicago Record-Herald.

CONDENSED STORIES.

How the Comedian Forwarded His Money Without Danger of Loss.

Al H. Wilson, comedian, tells a story on himself that is worth repeating: "I was playing dates through the mining country up back of Gunnison, Cripple Creek and other places where they dig out gold and silver and had about \$200 saved up. I had four more weeks in that region, so I determined to send my money to a bank in Butte, Mont., for transmission to Buffalo.

"Stepping into a little place where the sign said 'Money Forwarded,' I asked how much it would cost to send my money to Butte. 'Fifteen dollars,' was the reply. So I counted out my money and incidentally remarked that I would be there myself in two days.

"Oh, by the way, if you are going to Butte would you mind taking a little parcel of papers there for me?" asked the man.

"No, I don't mind," said I, and in a little while they gave me a neat little package with the address of the banker on it to whom they had forwarded the money. I took it, put it in my grip and left town.

"Arriving at Butte, I presented my order for the money and the package also. Judge of my astonishment when they undid the parcel and right before my eyes counted out all the cold cash I had given to the agent in the mining town.

"I had simply acted as the bank messenger and had paid them \$15 for doing it."

Malted the President.

The president was returning from a walk about 9 o'clock the other evening when Policeman Wheeler stopped him at the White House gate. The president had his soft



"YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH HERE."

black hat pulled down over his eyes, and the watchful officer did not recognize him.

"Hold on, there, sir!" he commanded as the president reached the top step and started for the White House.

"You can't go through here. The gates are closed."

"I am the president," said Mr. Roosevelt as he raised his hat to prove his assertion. The officer saluted and fell back.

He Needed the Money.

Representative Kyle was reminded at the capital the other day of a certain former mayor of Troy, O., where Mr. Kyle has his abiding place.

One day a troubled landlord sought the mayor for advice.

"Mayor," he said, "I have a tenant from whom I can collect no rent. How can I get him out of my house?"

"Go and set his goods out on the street," the mayor advised. "Set him out on the street."

The landlord followed the mayor's suggestion, and the tenant promptly had him arrested and haled before the mayor for alleged breach of the peace. The mayor, with equal promptness, assessed a heavy fine against the landlord who had taken his advice.

"The only excuse the mayor had to offer," said Mr. Kyle, "was that he needed the money."

His Preference.

William Barbour, who was defeated for congress in the Sixth New Jersey district, ran counter to a strong feeling of state pride in his canvass because of his residence in New York.

The other day in Paterson he met a stanch Jerseyman, who said, "Sorry I couldn't vote for you, colonel, but I thought we ought to elect a Jerseyman."

"Well, you must admit I am an American at any rate," said Mr. Barbour after explaining how he felt that his Jersey interests identified him with the state.

"America may be good enough for you," said the Paterson man, "but I prefer Jersey."—New York Times.

LOST HIS KEYNOTE.

A story is told by Richard Harding Davis, who makes no pretense of being a pianist, but who does play the guitar and sing well, says the New York Mail and Express. Having composed a musical setting to Kipling's "Danny Deever" with that instrument, he picked it out, quite in the secrecy of his home, on the piano. The accompaniment to his voice consisted of a few chords which, from frequent repetition, he fixed in his memory.

One night Mr. Davis was at an evening party of musical people, many of them celebrated composers. As a joke some one asked him to play one of his own compositions. To every one's surprise, he consented and boldly went to the piano, where he eyed the keys in a puzzled way. Turning to Paderevski, he said:

"I can't find the starting note. I composed my tune on a Steinway, and this is a Weber. Where should the note that is under the W on a Steinway be on a Weber?"

A Lucky Dog.

They tell this story of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Frederick Treves, the king's physician:

Lord Charles fell ill, and Sir Frederick was called to his bedside. "Tell me," said Sir Frederick, "your symptoms."

The other said he had a pain here, an ache there and a stiffness somewhere else. And to each of these announcements the physician exclaimed, chuckling delightedly:

"Excellent!"

"Charming!"

"Splendid!"

When Lord Charles had concluded the enumeration of his troubles, Sir Frederick slapped him heartily upon the back and cried in a bold, gay voice:

"My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the rarest disease of the century. You have, my lucky dog, a disease that heretofore was thought to be extinct."

John C. Fremont's Birthplace.

Authorities differ as to the birthplace of General John C. Fremont, United States army, some making him a native of Savannah, Ga., while others claim that he was born in Charleston, S. C. Chief Justice H. G. Bunn of Arkansas, who was colonel of the Fourth infantry from that state in General Sterling Price's army, gives in the Confederate Veteran a lengthy narrative of "Early Days of War in the West" and refers to General Fremont as the son of a French refugee who married Miss Annie Beverly Whiting of Virginia. His birth occurred while the parents were temporarily visiting Savannah, but he was reared and educated in Charleston. Jan. 21, 1813, is given as the day of his birth.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

The People of New Mexico.

A writer in the Outlook describing the people of New Mexico says that a large portion of the Spanish speaking element is Mexican in its sympathies. These people dislike American customs and are unwilling to learn English. Occasionally there is patriotism to be found, as is shown by this incident: One night I stopped at a hut in the mountains. The two boys of the family had been to the Presbyterian mission school in Albuquerque and spoke fairly well. Finding in the house a little United States flag which they had brought home, I pointed to it and said to the old man, "Americano?" And with great feeling he replied, "Oh, mucho Americano."

The Gentle Servants.

Herr Leo Lazar is a reporter of the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin who was sent to Belgrade to write up the country. His remarks displeased the officers of the army, some of whom set upon him one evening and beat him almost to a pulp. When consciousness returned to him, he found a policeman standing at his side waiting to serve him with papers expelling him from the country. He lost no time in getting away.

DOES IT PAY TO BUY CHEAP?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boesche's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. You can get Dr. G. C. Green's reliable remedies at S. R. Biggs, Get Green's Special Almanac.

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