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Respect them. Baby can not tell you what is the trouble. Soothe the restless infant with
DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP
and he will sleep well, eat well and act well. This famous remedy is mother's best friend. It prevents Cholera Infantum, cures bowel complaints and Colic, makes Teething easy and safe. Can be given to babies one day old. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

NEAT WAY OF PUTTING IT

Remark of Small Brother Must Have Driven Last Hope From Poor Mr. Blinks.

It was a clear case of unrequited affection; but, despite numerous setbacks, Blinks persisted in his calls. The lady's name was May, but her attitude toward him was December. Her ten-year-old brother Billy received poor Blinks the last time he dropped in.

"Is your sister at home?" asked the suitor.

"No, she's gone out."

"Ah, so I've come to the cage only to find the bird has flown."

"No, you ain't," retorted Billy. "But you're like the month of June."

"How's that?"

"Every time you come in May goes out."

How Sunday Reached the Frontier.

High principle and humor have ever made an irresistible combination. Early merchants on the American frontier conpicuously failed in the observance of Sunday; therefore, when a young New Jersey trader, who had settled at Louisville, Kentucky, closed his store on the first Sunday after it was opened, there was much ado in the town.

Other establishments kept open; had he not noticed it? he was asked. Yes, he knew it. Why did he close? He was the first to do so; he must know that, also.

"Why," said a facetious merchant. "Sunday hasn't yet crossed the mountains."

"Yes, it has," declared the newcomer, pleasantly. "I brought it with me!"

That simple and ready reply proved more effective than any amount of argument, and although he was the first to observe the day in town, he soon had many followers in Sunday-closing. —Youth's Companion.

A Distinction.

"So your wife wants to vote?"

"No," replied Mr. Meekton. "She wants the right to vote. When it comes to going to the polls in all sorts of weather she'll do as she pleases about it."

The Test.

Friend—Don't you think athletics in school make a boy strong?

Mother—Well, they haven't made our boy strong enough to bring up a bucket of coal.

His Failing.

"There is one disease to which the fisherman ought to be particularly subject."

"What is that?"

"The hookworm disease."

An Australian Drummer.

Temperance Orator—And is your father a teetotaler, my boy?

The Boy—No, sir; he's a commercial traveler.—Sydney Bulletin.

More So.

"Is this Indian joke original?"

"It's aboriginal."—Baltimore American.

Suffered a Reverse.

"What got Tippel behind the bars?"

"Standing too long in front of them."—Boston Transcript.

Enough is as good as a feast, but the average man wants a surplus.

WORKS ALL DAY
And Studies at Night on Grape-Nuts Food.

Some of the world's great men have worked during the day and studied evenings to fit themselves for greater things. But it requires a good constitution generally to do this.

A Ga. man was able to keep it up with ease after he had learned the sustaining power of Grape-Nuts, although he had failed in health before he changed his food supply. He says:

"Three years ago I had a severe attack of stomach trouble which left me unable to eat anything but bread and water.

"The nervous strain at my office from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. and improper foods caused my health to fail rapidly. Cereal and so-called "Foods" were tried without benefit until I saw Grape-Nuts mentioned in the paper.

"In hopeless desperation I tried this food and at once gained strength, flesh and appetite. I am now able to work all day at the office and study at night, without the nervous exhaustion that was usual before I tried Grape-Nuts.

"It leaves me strengthened, refreshed, satisfied; nerves quieted and toned up, body and brain waste restored. I would have been a living skeleton, or more likely a dead one by this time, if it had not been for Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Only Way.

"My wife never answers me back."

"How did you manage her?"

"Easily. I never married."

Illustrious Bosses.

Mrs. Knicker—President Wilson has abolished cabinet meetings.

Mrs. Bocker—So has our cook

Easy—and Pleasant.

"Is it hard to learn to swim?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Dear me, no," replied the more experienced sweet young thing. "I learn every year."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. They are so pleasant to take, children like them. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

They Are Needed.

Hamlet—Why is it, Simon, that they always have bloodhounds in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show?

Simon Legree—To find the manager on salary days, my boy.—Puck.

HEADACHE AND BILIOUS ATTACKS Caused by Malaria removed by the use of **Elixir Babek** cure for such ailments.

"Myself and whole household had suffered very much for some time with Malarial Fever. 'Elixir Babek' has cured us perfectly, so that we enjoy at present the best of health."—Jacob Eberly, Fairfax Court House, Va.

Elixir Babek 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcels Post prepaid from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Disproportion.

"Is your party getting on all right?"

"Yes. All we've got to do is to correct one slight disproportion. We've got too many good speakers and not enough campaign fund contributors." —Washington Star.

How He Exercises.

Masseur—The muscles of your neck need attention; you should turn your head rapidly, say fifty times, night and morning.

Chestmay—But I do. I walk up and down Fifth avenue twice a day.—Life.

What He Misses.

"What's Wombat irritated about now?"

"These shocking transparent skirts."

"Why should they make him peevish?"

"He hears about 'em, but never sees any."—Pittsburgh Post.

To Indorse Tuberculosis Day.

Requests for indorsement and approval of National Tuberculosis day, December 7, have been sent to President Wilson, to almost every governor, to hundreds of mayors, to the leading church dignitaries and to other prominent men. Last year ex-President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, Cardinal Farley, about a dozen governors, and a large number of mayors and others indorsed this movement.

E Pluribus.

A small boy of three was playing in the street between the car tracks while a bigger boy of eleven or thereabouts stood on the sidewalks and looked on.

The Good Samaritan passed that way. He addressed the bigger boy.

"Is the little fellow your brother?" he asked.

"Yep."

"Then bring him in from between the tracks; he might get run over."

"Aw," replied the bigger boy, "that don't make no difference, we got plenty like him to home."—New York Washington Post.

Enterprising Farmer.

A farmer and his wife in an out-of-the-way but interesting corner of Galloway had made their only visitor very comfortable, indeed.

As the road ended with the farm and passers-by were excessively rare, the guest asked the farmer why he did not try the effect of an advertisement in one of the daily newspapers.

"Ay," he said, "that's a fine notion, and we have made up our minds to do it. We are just waiting till we see a bit vacant corner in the paper, and then we'll send up a line or two."—Christian Endeavor World.

New World Democracy.

The story that the kaiser loves most to tell his intimates, declares Mr. William Armstrong in the Woman's Magazine, concerns the visit of his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to America.

The incident happened just as the prince was landing at New York. Beside him on deck stood Admiral von Tirpitz. On the dock was a dense crowd. From its midst a stentorian voice called, "Henry! Henry!"

The prince did not understand that the hail was meant for him until the admiral, smiling broadly, said, "Your royal highness, I think some one wants to speak to you."

Then Prince Henry looked over toward the human megaphone, who still continued to bawl out his name. Seeing that he had caught the royal gaze, the owner of the voice shouted, "How's Bill?"—Youth's Companion.

The Princess Who died of a Broken Heart

At exactly five o'clock the maid knocked at the door of the Princess Sophia. It was a loud knock, for her highness had warned the girl she would sleep deeply. The servant made another noise, then crept away in the early dawn.

"I'll let her sleep till six," she whispered to herself. "Why should a royal princess get up at five Perhaps I misunderstood the hour."

Then she went below to the kitchen, where the half-dozen poorly paid servants of the impoverished prince of Saxe-Weimar were waiting to tell her the gossip of the household. She was a new maid, and poorly informed.

The Princess Sophia, it seemed, locked herself in her room every night with a tragedy. The tragedy concerned the ultimate necessity of royal houses—money; and that ultimate luxury of royal princesses—love. A handsome lieutenant had shot himself for the sake of the Princess Sophia in Athens five years before. He was so poor that the father of the infatuated girl, an impecunious fourth cousin of the Saxon monarch, refused to consider an alliance. And in Heidelberg that very day a young baron was lodged whose proposal had been rejected as decisively. The baron's father was the most influential banker in Germany; his contribution to the sinking fortunes of Prince Wilhelm of Saxe-Weimar would look like open barter; the grand duke himself had forbidden it. The second lover of the Princess Sophia was, in short, too rich.

Her Heart Broken.

The kitchen gossips added many details about the royal girl whose heart had been broken under the iron discipline of her caste. She had looked rebellious of late. Five years before she had broken an alliance with a middle-aged, dissipated cousin, decreed by her relatives as worthy of her hand. At twenty-seven, she was nervous, embittered. Heidelberg society saw her rarely. Only her personal servants realized her natural warmth of heart nowadays. Housed in the same castle with her family, she had estranged herself.

The new maid pondered. It crossed her mind that the fettered, beautiful princess of Saxony might be glad to exchange her lot in life with that of her maid.

Suddenly she remembered that upstairs the Princess Sophia still slept.

The little servant battered her thumbs black and blue against the chamber door before she gave up. No one stirred inside. As a last resort she peered through the keyhole. Then the peasant girl saw the Princess Sophia's answer to the imperial decrees that had separated her tortured heart from her first lover because he was too poor and from her second because he was too rich.

The Princess Sophia had killed herself. Just beyond the door was stretched a white hand clutching a pistol.

Born to Life of Sorrow.

Thus runs the most modern of fairy stories. For the sorrows of the Princess Sophia were as real as her suicide in Heidelberg on September 17, 1913. They were as real as the bullet which Lieut. Hans Edler zu Putlitz sent through his brain in Athens in 1908 for love of her, and as real as the grief which the young Baron von Bleichroeder carried to Prince Wilhelm's door on the day of his daughter's funeral—a door from which the baron was turned away. For Hans von Bleichroeder was not merely rich; he was a Jew, recently ennobled, who refused to renounce his faith. The house of Saxe-Weimar will not even acknowledge, at this date, that the match with the baron was considered.

Departures from royal dignity have been frequent in the house of Saxe-Weimar for nearly a century, ever since the family became a mere collateral branch of the royal house of Saxony, unsupported by wealth or real power. Two of the men—Sophia's uncle, Duke Bernard, and her brother, Prince Hermann—have escaped from the empty court life into happy private marriages. Another, Prince Wilhelm himself, father of the unhappy Princess Sophia, fled to America in his youth, served as a riding master, clerk, book agent and even as a restaurant waiter in New York, but was finally persuaded to return to Germany, marry his second cousin, and live on a small pension from the head of the house. The women of the family have remained in the velvet prison which the kaiser provides for all his connections, however, remote. There have been no marriages of the Saxe-Weimar women out of the limited and dreary royal circle, no outward rebellion. Only excepting the Princess Sophia, who answered the inescapable rules of her rank with suicide.

Lovers Separated.

Sophia was only twenty when she met Edler zu Putlitz, a young man whose family was old enough to be allied to the fourth cousin of a grand duke—possibly; but who was as poor as Prince Wilhelm himself. The prince was staying with his family at a hotel in Rome, being too poor to afford a palazzo or even a retinue. The introduction occurred at a hotel entertainment. The attachment between the dashing young dragoon and the romantic princess was no sooner noticed than Sophia was whisked off to the Riviera by her parents and the long arm of the kaiser reached out to assign zu Putlitz to a minor post at the embassy in Athens.

Princess Sophia of Saxe-Weimar, Who Recently Committed Suicide.

The pair never saw each other again. The betrothal of Sophia to a princely cousin, rich and recently widowed, was announced forthwith. Years passed in her effort to escape that match—years during which there was a steady flow of love letters between Athens and Heidelberg. Sophia succeeded in getting the engagement annulled early in 1908, after a personal visit to the grand duke of Saxony and many letters to the kaiser. The previous night Edler zu Putlitz had put a bullet through his brain, leaving a letter of farewell to the Princess Sophia.

Had Royal Mourner.

One distinguished mourner followed the body of the young lieutenant to the grave. It was the crown princess of Greece, sister to the kaiser; and on that occasion royalty was seen to weep in public. For the crown princess had just heard from Berlin that the emperor would place no further barriers in the way of the young couple's marriage!

The little semi-royal court at Heidelberg, with its meager income and its ancient dignities, gave no outward sign. But the Princess Sophia was fading visibly. Two years later, among the routine of visitors, Hans von Bleichroeder appeared. He was the youngest member of the great Jewish banking house which, it is said, made possible the Prussian victory over France in 1870. His title of baron has been in the possession of the family a much shorter time than the millions. Every one knew, in fact, that it had been conferred on his father because of them. Hans von Bleichroeder was ardent, handsome and intelligent. He had a vigor that even Edler zu Putlitz lacked. Sophia fell in love with him straightway.

Again the ponderous wheels of German statecraft whirred. The Bleichroeder millions would place the troublesome Saxe-Weimar family in a position which the male members would be less likely to desert—at the first beckoning of happiness—as private citizens. The match was sanctioned by the shrewd kaiser, pending the consent of the grand duke of Saxony, head of the house. The Bleichroeder clan, elated and breathless, sent impetuous Hans to New York, where he passed two years in Wall street as an employe of Messrs. Kissel, Kinnicut & Co., international bankers.

A year passed, then two. The young Baron von Bleichroeder returned from foreign parts—and was not received by Prince Wilhelm of Saxe-Weimar.

Estranged From Family.

The estrangement from her family of the Princess Sophia began from that moment. On September 10 Prince Wilhelm was startled by an ugly rumor from Paris, whence the princess and her mother had gone on a shopping trip. A gypsy's child had been killed in the forest of Fontainebleau by a motor car belonging to Baron von Bleichroeder. The car had been driven not by the baron, however, who sat with the princess of Saxe-Weimar in a rear seat, but by the Princess Sophia herself!

There is no record of the interview that took place between Prince Wilhelm, his wife and his daughter, when the royal ladies returned from France. The household observed, merely, that the Princess Sophia kept to her room. On September 17 the timid little servant saw through a keyhole the answer of the Princess Sophia to her father, to the grand duke of Saxony and to the hard compulsions of her rank. She had ended the long struggle with a bullet.

Hans von Bleichroeder still remains in Heidelberg. He has sought an interview with Prince Wilhelm, desiring the return of his love letters. Prince Wilhelm declines to receive him, refuses even to reply. From the standpoint of the house of Saxe-Weimar there were no love letters.—New York World.

Kaiser Sanctioned the Union.

HAMBURG IS GREATEST PORT

Figures Show City to Have Made Wonderful Strides in Comparatively Few Years.

With a record of 14,000,000 tons of freight unloaded from 18,400 vessels in 1912, Hamburg, Germany, is rightfully called the greatest commercial port in continental Europe. Because of her location on the Elbe river, at the junction of the Alster and the Bille, her river frontage and docks are measured in miles. Over 130,000 linear feet, almost 25 miles of dockage furnishes an area of 5,000,000 square feet, which is reserved for handling package freight alone, and an extension of 40,000 linear feet is now being built.

Other quays are provided for bulk cargoes that are unloaded directly into cars, lighters, or warehouses, and an unloading crane has been installed for every 65 feet of quay. Among others there are 650 three-ton ship cranes, operated by steam or electricity from a municipal power plant, 100 electric traveling cranes, a number of huge double cranes, and several 75-ton Hammer-type cranes which pick up cars and empty them bodily into ships' holds. The quay sheds are 200 feet wide, and their switch tracks connect them with railways, running to every part of Europe.

From the harbor to the open sea, 50 miles away, the old 15-foot channel of the Elbe has been deepened to 37-feet, and 12 dredges are now at work lowering the bottom to 40 feet. Traffic across the river is carried by several bridges and a tunnel for pedestrians and teams. The tunnel consists of two 20-foot wrought iron tubes with elevators at each end.—Popular Mechanics.

His Choice.

Hobbs is a good soul and a clever pianist, but no genius and nobody takes him for one. Nevertheless he is a very serious person.

Consequently it seemed to his friends a bit out of place for him to decorate his music room by hanging up Wagner's portrait, and as a match to it on the opposite wall one of himself of exactly the same heroic size. Somebody ventured to call Hobbs' attention as tactfully as possible to this slight error of taste. He took it all very kindly and seemed impressed. Upon the next visit to his quarters it was observed that the hint had borne fruit. Wagner's picture had been removed.—New York Evening Post.

KNIFE GRINDER UP TO DATE

Case of Advancement With the Times, That an Observer Has Noticed.

"Have you noticed the transformation that has taken place in the methods employed by the grinders of scissors and knives?" inquired a man who notices small things. "About a decade ago when the grinder came around he used to ring a bell as he walked and to shout 'Knives sharpened, scissors, sharpened!'

"Some of the grinders about five years ago wishing to be more up to date, cast aside the bell and equipped themselves with bugles. Then when the grinder came ambling down the street, with his grindstone and stand slung over his shoulder, the customers were summoned by his bugle calls.

"Not long ago a crusade against unnecessary noises placed the ban on the bugles of the grinders. Nowadays one never hears that familiar call and one seldom notices a knife grinder on the streets. The pedestrian grinders have vanished.

"The modern grinder travels in a wagon drawn by a horse. The wagon is built specially for his use. Inside is an up to date outfit. The grindstones are operated by a motor.

"The power grinder goes from house to house soliciting trade. Some families have a set date on which the grinder calls every month and keeps the cutlery in condition."

PLAN FOR MEMORABLE TIME

Tuberculosis Day, December 7, Is to Be Participated In by Hundreds of Thousands.

Nearly 600,000 members of the Young Men's Christian association of the United States, including several thousand members of the allied health leagues, hundreds of physical directors and 345,000 members of the physical departments will be urged to cooperate in the Tuberculosis day campaign during the week of December 7, according to an announcement made from the headquarters of this movement in New York.

Lectures and discussions on tuberculosis will be held on Sunday afternoon, December 7, and during the week preceding or the week following that date, by many organizations connected with the Y. M. C. A. Prominent speakers in various cities of the country will address these meetings. The details of the program are being worked out by Dr. George J. Fisher, director of the physical department of the international committee of the association.

Secretaries of the local branches of the Y. M. C. A., or members of the association who are interested in this subject can secure literature, free of charge, from the office of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York city.

Was Scarcely a Desirable Recruit.

"Now, loogy yuh a minute, Brudder Hawhee!" in an admonitory way said astute old Parson Bagster. "I un'erstands dat yo' been uh-wastin' yo' time proselytin' 'roun dat 'ar deef and dumb Campbellite brudder dat lately moved to town?"

"Wastin' muh time, sah?" was the astonished reply. "W'y, de man's got a precious soul to save, isn't he, pahson, even if he am a Campbellite?"

"H'm!—mebby. But dar don't 'pear to be no puhvisions in de cattygory of our church for pussons dat's 'flicted like he is. Lemme ax yo': What kinduh shoutin' Meferdist would a dumb man make?"—Kansas City Star.

Clerical Humor.

When Rev. Doctor Snow rose to address his evening congregation his voice was slightly husky.

"My friends," he said, "I have already preached one sermon and made two long speeches to societies in different parts of the city, and before I have finished this evening you will think I am a wheel—the longer the spoke, the bigger the tire."

Only a few appeared to see the point, however, and the good doctor scorned to furnish a diagram.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOR DISFIGURED BABY

Clarendon, N. C.—"My baby was broken out with a red, thick and rough-looking humor when about two months old. It would come in patches and went almost all over her in that way. The places were like ringworm and as they would spread they would turn red and make sores and itch. The trouble went to her face and disfigured her badly. Her clothes irritated it.

"I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I got a sample and in one night's time I could see a change in the redness and in two days the place would be nearly gone. I sent and got one twenty-five cent cake of Cuticura Soap and two fifty-cent boxes of Cuticura Ointment, which cured my baby. She was well in three months." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha Sawyer, Oct. 11, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Not Accurate.

"So it was in the army that your brother won his spurs."

"Oh, dear, no! He was in the infantry corps."

Some men who learned to crawl when they were babies never seem to have gotten over it.

Not to Be Believed.

Parishioner (to departing minister)—We're all very sorry to lose you, Mr. Foodle.

Mr. Foodle (modestly)—Never mind, Mrs. Toodle. I've no doubt you will get a better man next time.

Parishioner—Ah, no, Mr. Foodle. That's just what the last minister said when he left.

Brokeby Is Safe.

Muggins—What's the matter with Brokeby? He looks worried.

Guggins—He can't meet his bills.

Muggins—That's nothing. I can't dodge mine.—Springfield Union.

Its Place.

"What do you think of eating camel's meat?"

"I suppose that is done as a dessert course."

Not Desired.

"What course did your son take at college this year?"

"The mumps."

Norway produces enough hay for home consumption and exports quantities to countries farther south.

Have You a Bad Back?

Whenever you use your back, does a sharp pain hit you? Does your back ache constantly, feel sore and lame?

It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered too, passages scanty or too frequent or off color.

In neglect there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

A PENNSYLVANIA CASE

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Mrs. M. F. Heinly, 201 Second St., Royersford, Pa., says: "I had such severe pains in my back and dull, dizzy headaches I could hardly do my housework and I kept getting worse. I had dropsical swellings in my ankles and limbs. I happened to read of Doan's Kidney Pills and I began using them. I improved right away and before long I was cured. I have never suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Woman Is as Old as She Looks

But her beauty once gone is not lost forever. Science has come to her relief, and she can now smooth back the wrinkles and crow's feet, bring back the bloom of youth to the faded, sallow cheeks, and clear that muddy, mottled complexion. Here is the wonderful secret. Purchase from your druggist two ounces of Casoserine and add to four ounces of water, this will make a massage cream which should be used each night, also purchase two ounces of Borosterine and add to eight ounces of water, this will make a greaseless cream, which should be used directly after the massage. These preparations need not be confined to the treatment of wrinkles alone, their use as a cleanser is unsurpassed, they will preserve a healthy complexion, preventing or curing all blackheads, and pimples. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send one dollar direct to the Cootes Laboratories, Norfolk, Va., and receive these products by return mail.
Cootes Laboratories, Norfolk, Va.

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Tutt's Pills keep the system in perfect order. They regulate the bowels and produce
A VIGOROUS BODY.
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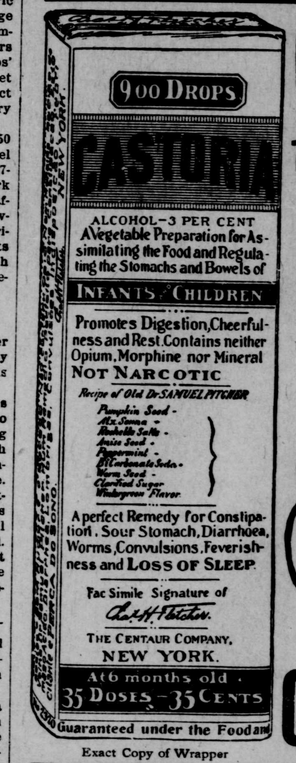

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