



BEWARE OF THE GRIP

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In lung and chest pains, coughs, colds, hoarseness and pneumonia, no other external remedy affords prompt prevention and quicker cure than

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Indorsed by over 5,000 Physicians and Chemists. Be sure to get the genuine Benson's, may be had from all druggists.

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USE OF THE KOLA-NUT.

European Nations Adding It to Their Army Supplies.

Its Force-Promoting and Life-Preserving Properties Have Been Introduced into the United States Product of the Dark Continent.

Besides Gordon, Emin Pasha and the Matabele war, the opening of the "Dark Continent" has contributed to the progress of humanity the kola-nut.

Within a few years, says the New York Post, it has passed from the narrow function of delectating barbaric aboriginals into an extensive service of civilized man.

Kaiser Wilhelm the Young, ever alert to discover additional means of preserving the peace of Europe, informed from the exhaustive reports of laborious German chemists, physiologists and theoreticians that it would prodigiously increase the fighting capacity of his soldiers, and immediately ordered it to be stored in his Pacific armament.

The French republic declared that its brother of Germany should not beat it in the race to the goal of peace, promptly placed the kola-nut in the commissariat of its military establishment. Thereupon generous rivalry stimulated Austria and Italy to do likewise; whereupon the contagion of the philanthropic impulse overcame Russia.

Mountain climbers were as quick as peace preservers to recognize the health-sustaining properties of kola, and nearly all the Alpine clubs in Europe have made it a part of their electric equipment.

And finally its force-promoting and life-saving qualities have won for it secure admission to the medical pharmacopoeia both abroad and in this country. It is, however, much less known and used here than there.

A marvelous property of endowing its user with power to endure severe and prolonged physical exertion, without taking food and without feeling fatigue, is the particular virtue which has attracted attention to kola.

Travelers' tales to this effect, at first relegated to the realm of the fabulous, were finally followed and confirmed by scientific investigation. Among the latest European investigators are Prof. E. Heckel, Prof. F. Schlegelhaufen and Dr. Leon Brumet, and from their authoritative reports, the material of the present article is mainly derived.

Prof. Heckel tells us that the negroes in tropical Africa easily walk over forty miles a day with nothing to eat but a few fresh kola-nuts, and that he has accomplished as surprising a feat upon a diet of dry kola. He relates the experience of two army officers who, while ascending the nearly nine thousand feet of Mount Camero, limited their nourishment to a quantity of kola representing about two grains of caffeine.

They rested twenty minutes, climbed twelve hours, and found themselves on top with no sense of fatigue and with apparently no diminution of muscular power. Many other officers and private soldiers, Dr. Heckel says, have tested with like results the potency of kola.

He cites the experiences of several infantry officers who ate an insignificant quantity of kola after walking in the month of July forty miles in fifteen and a half hours. At his suggestion the French Alpine club adopted kola, and afterwards, a vote of thanks to the professor, declaring that it had surprisingly kept them in breath and strength.

But this striking attribute by no means exhausts the vitality of kola. The investigators, convinced that in such an astonishing product lay beneficial agencies not yet revealed, promptly fell to studying its physiological action upon the human system and its therapeutic possibilities. Discoveries were soon announced. Kola was a tonic for the heart, accelerating, strengthening, and at the same time regulating its pulsations.

"In the last stages of cardiac affection," declared Dr. Dujardin-Beaumez, "kola sometimes works resuscitations." It revived the pulse, increasing its frequency and decreasing its rapidity. It exerted a special action upon the nervous system and for all derangements thereof was an efficacious remedy; and probably through this same action it retarded metamorphosis of the tissue. It was a powerful tonic for employment in anæmia and chronic debility, while in convalescence from severe fevers and other acute disorders it greatly promoted repair of the organism. It assisted digestion and prevented dyspepsia. It had rendered signal service in cases of sporadic cholera. It was a specific for inebriation. This reputation came from Zululand, where the natives found it a godsend after contact with the British chartered companies.

Have you never noticed at what a queer time people send their flowers and delicate and make their most frequent visits to the sick? Is it not when the rumor goes abroad that the days of your friend or acquaintance are numbered that your heart and purse-strings are both opened to do something for him before he goes beyond the need of your service? But how quickly you grow callous when you hear that he will get well. Then is the cheerful short story to send him and the roses. Though even then it is wisest to know through doctor or nurse what dainty you may safely send. To eyes that are weary with weeks, perhaps, of looking at an unattractive wall space, what could be more interesting than the loan of a picture?

THE CRADLE OF GREAT MEN. A Distinguished Publicist Says the West is Their Birthplace.

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FOOD FOR THE GODS.

The Moon is Devoiced by the Immortals Once a Month.

Certain it is that a belief in the moon as the abode of the fathers was widely spread among the people speaking the Aryan language, says the Quarterly Review. To the present day the peasants in Swabia are heard to say: "May I go to the moon if I did it," instead of "May I die if I did it," may, people who work on the Sabbath day are threatened even now that they will go to the moon; that is, that they will die and be punished by the moon.

A more startling idea—peculiar, it would seem, to India—was that of the moon serving as the food of the gods. And yet, though it sounds strange to us, it was not so very unnatural an idea after all. The gods, though invisible, had been located in the sky. In the same sky the golden moon, often compared to a round of golden butter, was seen regularly to decrease. And if it was being consumed by anybody, by whom could it be consumed if not by the gods? Hence the ready conclusion that it was so, and that it was, in fact, this food which secured to the gods their immortal life.

If a man had once been granted, then came the question, how the moon was gradually increased and restored to its fullness? And here the old superstition came in that the souls of the departed entered the moon, so that the waxing of the moon might readily be accounted for by this more ancient article of faith. Hence the systemized belief that the moon feeds while it is being eaten by the gods, and that it waxes while it is being filled by the departed souls entering it. A last conclusion was that the gods when feeding on the moon were really feeding on the souls of the departed.

The Time to Give.

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A Wonder-working quarter is the 25 cents invested in a box of Beecham's Pills

(A Month's Course) Pills

—a medicine that in numberless cases, will give relief promptly.

(Cascara)

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FAILURES AND SUCCESSES.

The Former Is Not Always Less Nor the Latter Always Gain.

A very common word that greets our ear to-day on the street, in the shop and in our homes is failure, which means misery to so many. I shall not undertake to give any reasons for these, but will leave that for the politicians.

Not alone in business affairs, but in individual lives are failures too common. The bright plans which were laid for our future were never carried out; the good resolves we made were entirely forgotten and time after time have we utterly failed. I do not mean to say that failures are not sometimes inevitable, but very often a strong will and a heart of courage may reach a goal so high we almost doubt our ability to reach it. We give up too easily; are too easily discouraged. The heart that sings, "Press on! there's no such word as fail," is the heart that wins.

Courage for all life's battles, Strength to conquer all ill, Hope for a golden future, Love and a steadfast will. If these be yours aim then surely Successes your life will fill.

But sometimes failure comes when we honestly feel that we have done all in our power to gain what we so much desire. What shall we do then? Anything rather than sit down discouraged and effortless. If we are sure we can never gain our bright prize then let us try to be content with a dimmer one. There is always one thing we can do—help some one else to gain their goal.

Oh, if we could only realize that many times the gaining of our heart's one treasure would bring us sorrow such as we have never known. We are so blind to everything but our own desires.

We do not make bargains for blisses Or catch them like fishes in nets, And often the thing our life misses Helps more than the thing which it gets.

It is a part of God's wise plan that there shall be always something left for us to hope for.

We may say that life holds nothing more for us, but deep down in our hearts we know better.

If we must meet with failure, let us at least meet it calmly and patiently, believing that we have gained something just by our striving.—Giarrelle, in Detroit Free Press.

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TWAS THE OTHER MAN.

Love at First Sight and Love at Second Sight.

HE RIVER braved a noisy tune that the bridge had listened to unmoved for some hundreds of years, and then, as if wearied with this pointless exertion, drew itself up with dignity and swept along with deep, rapid and noiseless current.

On a slender spit of turf which jutted out at the tail of the eddies stood a girl intently engaged with a fly-rod; long-legged over the gray parapet of the bridge were a couple of men lazily watching her.

One of the men was tall and dark; he answered to the name of Duncan. The other was shorter, built and had lighter hair, and him his companion addressed as Billy.

The pair of them were moving leisurely through the country, in company with a house on wheels, a yellow-painted caravan which was then resting just down the turn of the road.

The shorter man removed his pipe and spoke: "Ah, see that cast? By Jove, it was a neat one. Couldn't have done it better—risen him again, and—no, not this time, my lady. But you'll go on, won't you? He's a fat two-pounder, and you're a keen sportsman, I can see that."

Three other casts were made without result, but at the third the fish rose again, and was snugly hooked in the dropper.

"That fly's a March Brown for a ten pound note," exclaimed Duncan with an access of interest at the trout shot off like a flash diagonally down stream.

"Ah, now she's giving him the butt, and that's checking the pace. He'll break her if he got tangled in the overall among those stones. Faith, she's playing him like an old hand."

As he spoke the spring of the bending rod stopped the two-pounder's rush, and the fish began doggedly to return to the summons of the slowly turning reel.

The unrelenting tension of the line wore down his strength, and his captor felt blissfully sure of success. In another minute or so he would be gasping and showing silver beneath the bank at her feet.

She reached a hand round for the landing net, which hung from a ring in her creel-strap, and had partly drawn it out, when of a sudden the honeycombed turf beneath began to bend and break down.

She saw the danger and tried to step back, but the movement was not in time. She lost balance, slipped and fell, and the next moment had rolled off sideways with a splash into the shining water.

By the men on the bridge no words were spoken. They left the bridge at either end and raced down the rugged bank on different sides. Duncan crashing through hazel bushes, his companion stumbling madly over tumbled bowlders.

Reaching the bottom of the straggling fall, each left the bank and splashed into the deeper water dressed as he was, Duncan swimming with a side stroke, the other racing against him on the breast. The current was very rapid, but as to where it was taking them neither gave a thought.

Each was wholly intent upon being first to reach the form which was awaiting on ahead, now half submerged, now wholly beneath the surface.

Then Billy got knocked out of the race. He fouled an island of weeds that was being swept along by the current and felt their slimy tendrils wrap

around him and had to stop and fight for his own life.

By the time he had emerged panting and half-choked from the conflict he turned to see the girl lying in a draggled heap on the bank and Duncan in the act of scrambling up alongside of her.

An hour afterwards the pair of wanderers reached their caravan again, patted the brooding horse and went inside to change.

Silence was well maintained for awhile, each being occupied with his own proper thoughts. Then Duncan spoke: "You had a narrow squeak with those weeds, old man. I saw you out of the tail of my eyes once or twice. You were lighting them under water, weren't you?"

"Yes, they wrangled round me like slimy ropes and pulled me down. I was nearly done for when I got my nose up again."

"Glad you got out of it so well. I'd have her on to the bank and was just coming off to bear a hand when you bobbed up from below. I couldn't come earlier."

"Of course not, and besides—it didn't much matter."

"Eh, what's that?"

"Only I envy you your luck in pulling her out, Duncan, that's all. Heigh-ho. And now let's change the subject."

The tall man whistled.

"Dry up," said his companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter? Why, my dear goose, if you think it matters in the smallest degree, we'll say that it was you that hooked her inshore. We'd both got the will, and it was quite a toss up who actually did the finishing touch. If it hadn't been for the un-

lucky handful of those weeds you'd have been there first."

"No, I shouldn't. You were ahead."

"Fool, a yard or so maybe, but we were practically neck and neck. I say, old man, is this a case of that complaint one reads about in books, love at first sight?"

"I—I believe it is."

"No one saw the girl fished out of the water, and when the brother and all that crowd of domestics turned up from the house and saw us pumping up and down her arms and getting the breath into her again nothing was asked as to how the thing was done. They thanked the pair of us collectively and trooped off."

"When we dine there to-night, and they've got their nerves quieted down and ask for details, I shall just pitch the yarn in my own fashion, and picture myself tied up in the weeds and you doing the rescue business."

The scene changes from the yellow-painted caravan to luxurious bachelor chambers in town, and time has spun by to the extent of six months.

Duncan is seated in a great eider-stuffed chair; the man they called Billy is stumping restlessly over the soft carpet.

"You'd better tell me what's happened, chapter and verse," suggested he of the arm-chair.

"Oh, nothing except what you've heard."

"But I've heard nothing. I met you and her at dinner on the night after our mutual bath, and I haven't clapped eyes on either of you since. I

—I didn't want to interfere in any way whatever. So I took a steamer and went to New Zealand and back, just for my health, y' know."

"You're rather puzzling, Duncan, but if you insist I can only repeat that there's remarkably little to tell. She was civil to me, and grateful, and all that, and we could have been the best of friends if I had wished it so. But I couldn't stick at friendship, and of late she has seen it."

"Well?"

"She can't give me more than friendship. I asked her, and she said she couldn't. I told her I would wait any amount of time if that would do any good, but she refused to give me the least hope."

"And didn't she vouchsafe anything further, Billy?"

"Yes, she did."

"What was it? Don't tell me, of course, if you'd rather not."

"It's a hardish mouthful, Duncan, old man, but I'll out with it. She told me she was fond of another man, and—"

"And what?"

"And he had shown conclusively he cared nothing for her, and consequently she should never marry."

"What a scoundrel the other man must be!"

"Yes, I said that, but she promptly denied it. It seems he had hardly spoken half a dozen words to her. She said he had once tried to render some great service to her and failed. But the intention was clear enough. By dint of pleading I got the name out of her—"

He paused.

"And it was?" asked a strained voice from the depths of the chair.

"Great heavens, man! can't you see that it was you?"

Duncan leaned forward with his chin in the heel of his fist, and his face turned away towards the firelog.

"And you don't care a pin for her?"

"No, of course not."

Duncan turned swiftly round.

"You mean that?" he demanded.

"Yes, or else I shouldn't have said it. Why, whatever is the matter with you?"

"Billy, do you know what I cleared out of England for? No? Then I'll tell you. I fell in love with that girl at first sight, I did the same when I met her for the second time."

"We've always been good chums, you and I, old chap, and I couldn't bear to run counter to you. So I went away on the out trail. I thought the sea air and the fresh scenes would blow the nonsense out of my head."

"But it didn't. I love her more than ever now."

"Then no one stands in your way, and I congratulate you with all my heart. Go in and win, old man."

"No, don't say anything. I'm going to leave this for a bit. My brother's got an orange ranch in Florida, and I think I'll run over to him for a year or so. I'll go now, if you don't mind. Good night, old chap, and God bless you."—Boston Globe.

The Lions in the Moon.

We always speak of the lines and spots on the moon's surface as "The man in the moon," but it seems that others have entertained a different opinion. Bishop Wilkins