Don't Worry.

Not long before his death General Neal Dow, who was nearly 97 years old, was asked the secret of his long life. He said it was that he had never worried.

Similar remarks have been made by other men who reached an advanced and happy old age.

In this explanation there is the essence of philosophy. There is no doubt that worry drives many men and, perhaps, more women to premature graves. It is impossible, however, for some persons not to worry. They are so constituted that the slightest trouble, or even inconvenience, makes them miserable. They fret over imaginary ills as well as real ones. The habit grows and its wearing effect becomes worse constantly until the physical frame weakens and breaks under it.

But the habit of worrying like any other habit can be resisted with more or less success. The battle against it should begin early in life; it should be part of the self-education of every individual. Natural tendencies can often be checked and in many cases entirely overcome.

We have all seen persons who have exceptional reasons for worrying and yet were the gentlest and sweetest tempered of our acquaintances. These illustrations of self-conquest should be inspiring to us all. Most of us are apt to look for trouble. When things are going reasonably well with us we worry because they are no better. When there is no real trouble in sight we imagine that there is plenty of it just beyond the reach of our vision, and make ourselves unhappy without cause.

It has been said that we suffer more from dread of troubles that never come than from any actual experience.

Old General Dow has given us a valuable hint and if we use it rightly it will conduce to our comfort and happiness and to our prospects of long life.—Atlanta Journal.

No Time.

A lank, awkward countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him, inquired at what hours meals were served.

"Breakfast from 7 to 11, luncheon from 11 to 3, dinner from 3 to 8, supper from 8 to 12," recited the clerk, glibly.

"Jerushy!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-going to git time to see the town?"

Reputations Made in a Day

Are precious scarce. Time tries the worth of a man or medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a forty-five years' growth, and like those hardy lichens that garnish the crevices of Alaska's rocks, it flourishes perennially and its reputation has as firm a base as the rocks themselves. No medicine is more highly regarded as a remedy for fever and ague, bilious remittent, constipation, liver and kidney disorders, nervousness and rheumatism.

Some people are like nails. They have to be thumped on the head to make them go straight.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The newer a man's watch the oftener he has to consult it.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." AUG. SCHREINER, 347 West 4th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

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Heavy Gold Plate. Ruby Centre.
Surrounded by 8 Fine Brilliants.
Sample 15c. D. M. WATKINS & Co.
CATALOGUE FREE. Providence, R. I.

THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

LIVELY SCENES ON THE ROAD TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

A Valley Filled With Tents—A Rough Path for the Eager Gold Seekers—The Little Cayuse More Useful Than the Big Horse—Accidents on the Trail.

Leaving the river, the trail leads on for some two miles. Tents have been met with scattered along the way, and one is never out of sight of men coming or going. Now suddenly a sight meets the eye. The space between the tree trunks has been cleared away, and the whole place is filled with tents on both sides of the trail, side by side, only a few feet apart, and extending back the width of the valley, which is here quite narrow. The men have set up their stoves and hung out hundreds of pounds of bacon, and the air is laden with the savory smell of smoking meat and the camp fires; for it is evening, and the men are returning from the trail. Weary horses are eating hay and oats alongside tarpaulin-covered piles of goods.

There are fifty or sixty tents in all, crowded together in a small space, and the roadway between is packed smooth hundreds of feet. There are more women here, and one is baking biscuit, and selling them hot for twenty-five cents a dozen. Every one we talk with is cutting down weight. Once through the tents, the wagon road stops, and then what seems to be only a foot-trail makes a sudden turn to the left and boldly climbs up the steep mountainside. We hitch our horses here and proceed on foot. This is the Hill, and the crowds of tents and men make the town at the "foot of the Hill."

To convey an idea of the Hill one must have recourse to illustration, and I can find none more apt than that used by one who has been over the trail: "Imagine a mountain of goods-boxes, some of them bigger than the rest—the size of tents." Imagine them piled in a rough mass, cover them with moss and black loam and trees, with rills of water trickling down among them. The goods-boxes are granite bowlders; their outer surfaces protrude from the mass, hard and bare, but nature has covered the rest with rich vegetation. The path—if indeed it can be called one—twists and turns and worms its way from ledge to ledge and between the masses of bowlders. Here a tree has been cut down and we clamber over its stump. There a corduroy bridge lifts one over a brook. Men with stout alpenstocks, and with packs painfully struggle upward, stopping now and again for rest. It has been comparatively dry for a day, and the trail is said not to be so bad. Between the bowlders it has packed fairly well, and but for its steepness, would be called a good path. We ascended a distance of several hundred feet—not quite to the summit, we are told. On every ledge and bench tents are set up or piles of sack, so near the path that one can reach out one's hand and touch them. Men in from the day's work are cooking or reclining beside their goods. Their rifles are in easy reach. Pilfering has been going on here too, and the men who are lying by their goods will shoot at sight. A string of horses and mules is returning down the hill, and we see now the difference in horses. The lank, big, clumsy horse is in danger at every step. He comes to a drop-off lifts his head in air, tosses his fore feet ahead with a groan, and trusts to chance for his hind feet to find a footing. He strikes a sloping rock, flounders for a foothold, and down he goes sideways and rolls over. A string of several dozen went past, but none did actually fall. The little cayuse, however, or Indian pony, like the mules, looks where every foot is placed. One cayuse got out of the train and came to a pitch-off of ten or twelve feet; we looked to see it break its neck, but it simply put its head down, slid over the face of the bowlder, and landed squarely and lightly as a goat. Another we just heard of went down a forty-foot bank, and was back on the trail working next day. We set out down the hill again. When we were near the bottom we met a small train coming up in charge of two men.

At the foot of the steep ascent the train stopped, and one horse went ahead. When he came up to a step-up of over two feet he got his fore feet up, gave a desperate lunge to get his hind parts up, slipped, and fell, his whole weight and that of his load square on top of a sharp stump, where he floundered and kicked pittifully, but helpless. We helped cut the load off, rolled him over on his back off the stump, and helped him to his feet, and he got up with scarcely a scratch. That was one fall, the first we had seen. We were told that fifty horses a day fell there. No one thought anything about it. The other horses were led up, one by one, the men choosing each step for them. This seems to be the only way to do with horses that are not, like goats, used to looking where a foot goes down. Most of the falls come where two smooth surfaces of rock come together in a notch, furnishing no foothold. If there is soft mud in the notch, and the sides are wet and slippery, the horse goes down with a smash, and it is lucky if a broken leg does not result.—Harper's Weekly.

A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

It Appears and Disappears Regularly in a Michigan Lake.

C. Henri Leonard, a cottager at Orion lake, writes to the Detroit Journal concerning the mysterious "sinking island" in the lake there. Mr. Leonard says he has personal knowledge of the island in question, which is about an acre in extent, and has watched its disappearance and reappearance with much interest. At the opening of the season at Orion this year the island was about four feet under water. When Mr. Leonard left his cottage on September 7th the island had begun to emerge from the water, and he says it will soon be dry enough to allow one to walk over it with safety.

The island appears to be of a spongy texture, and contains several stumps of trees, a foot or more in diameter. Mr. Leonard says no one has yet fathomed the mystery of the regular disappearance and reappearance of the island, but he has a theory. It is that the tree stumps originally floated out together to the middle of the lake, taking with them some of the weeds, the vegetable growth of Orion lake being very rich and extensive. These weeds, he thinks, have been gradually added to year by year, with the addition of floating brush, until the island has approached its present size, and is firmly knit and bound together.

The specific gravity of the mass normally being a trifle heavier than water, it naturally sinks to the bottom. As the rich verdure of the weeds approaches maturity, however, and decomposition of them is aided by the increasing warmth of the water during the summer season, the gases arising from this decomposing state being retained in the plant cells, overcome the normal gravity of the island, and so the whole mass slowly emerges from the water. With the coming of cold weather, the vegetable growths being destroyed and decomposition checked, the mass again becomes heavier than water and gradually disappears. The water near the island is about thirty feet deep, so that the growth of vegetation cannot well be from the lake bottom, at least this is the opinion of those who have examined the island at various stages of its submersion.

Altogether it is a very interesting natural curiosity, and is well worth a trip to Orion by the curious. Just now the lake island will be at its maximum height out of the water, and can be easily seen from the shore near the station. During its submersion stage it is perfectly safe to row over the island. It can be seen below the water's surface, but the stumps are so far below the surface there is no danger of a boat striking them. At its present stage it would be possible to hold a picnic on the island providing the crowd was not too great.

Grape-Cure Gardens.

The happiest and most successful health seekers of our later-day world are probably the summer guests of the Trauben Kuren, or grape-cure gardens, that were established some fifty years ago in the neighborhood of Berne, and can now be found all over Switzerland, France, the Rhineland countries and southern Austria.

Guests eat a very light breakfast. Weather permitting, they then scatter in quest of a sharp appetite. The serious work of the day begins at 10 a. m., when the gates of the vineyard are opened for the forenoon lunch. Helping yourself is the order of the day. Gossipers stroll up and down the leafy avenues, culling tidbits here and there; business men gather a good supply and retreat with a book to some shady nook to spice their lunch with a utilitarian by-purpose. If a glutton desires to eat his money's worth to the last penny the landlord gives him a fair chance; nobody controls the proceedings of the lunch party, and the dinner bell does not ring before three p. m.

Grapes, it is true, are chiefly sweet water with a subtle flavoring from nature's own laboratory; but in no other form can the human organism absorb so large a quantity of blood-purifying liquids, with such a minimum of distressing after effects. The expurgative fluid reaches every part of the system, rinsing out morbid humors and restoring congested organs to a healthy state of functional activity, for reasons which, traced to their ultimate significance, mean that man, in a state of nature, is a frugivorous, not a carnivorous nor a herbivorous biped.—The Chautauquan.

One of Columbus's First Impressions.

An interesting anecdote, indicating that in spite of our advances in civilization we have not changed fundamentally, is as follows:

On his return to the court, Columbus was asked by Queen Isabella if America was interesting to the tourist.

"Quite, your highness," he replied. "The scenery of America is superb, but their public buildings aren't anything to brag of."—Harper's Bazar.

The saying that there is nothing new under the sun is illustrated by the fact that the design for the India shawl is supposed to have been copied from one of the commonest kinds of India butterflies, the design being almost exactly the same.

A Use for English Sparrows.

The crusade against the killing of our song-birds cannot but receive the indorsement of every right-minded woman. We are all ready to join Audubon societies, and help in every way to keep our forests peopled with beauty and tuneful with song. But there is a little rowdy fellow beyond the pale of our sympathies—that wicked little fighter, the English sparrow. Individually he is harmless enough, but collectively he is capable of the greatest mischiefs. The extermination of our song-birds is apparently the chief aim of his existence. We can never forgive him, but our wrath against him should be modified, because of his one redeeming point—he is good in pie. "Four and twenty" of him would reproduce that matchless dish of nursery fame. Under the alias of "reedbird" he is constantly sold in our markets and praised by purchasers in the final act of disposing of him. So let us enjoy sparrow pie in and out of season, since we may do so without a moral twinge, and indeed feel that we are doing society a service.—Woman's Home Companion.

Degrading National Character.

The sensational press is probably today the worst enemy of the higher civilization in this country. It is doing more to degrade national character, to lower national taste, and to misrepresent the country in the eyes of the Old World than any other single agency. The time cannot be far distant when an organized effort will be made in some form against this centralization of the great masses of the people by newspaper enterprises, which are striving to make a profit out of the lowest instincts of the human race.—The Outlook.

If It Only Helped a Little

It would be worth 50 cents. One hour's freedom from the terrible irritating itch of tetter is worth more than a whole box of Tetterine costs. It will cure—sure, and it's the only thing that will cure. 50 cents at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Eve did not do so bad a thing in bringing sin into the world. Were it not for reflecting upon other people's transgressions we should never be able to appreciate properly our own virtues.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is a mistake to say that a man is known by the company he keeps. The company he refuses to keep apparently knows him most intimately.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

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CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH

Are result of Contracted Nostrils. *Drugs Cannot Cure.* Send 50c. for NASAL INSPIRATOR or 6 cts. for pamphlet to G. B. FARMER, Perth, Ont., Canada.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying $1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—MRS. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALABAMA'S BRAVE WOMEN.

S. J. Leslie

Jenifer, Ala., says: I have used Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine 20 years, and know it will cure Liver Disease, Nervousness, Bowel and Stomach Troubles. I like it better than "Black Draught" or "Zeilin's" medicine.

Parenthood.

Children bind husband and wife more closely than the wedding ceremony itself. One-half of married misery is due to the growing physical weakness of women, which makes child-bearing a dreaded burden and prevents those close relations between husband and wife, without which happiness cannot exist. How important then is it that the woman be brought to as perfect a condition of health, of which she is capable, so that she can give to her offspring out of her abundance of life and spirits. Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine will do this; it will purify her blood, tone up her nervous system and give her courage and assurance of safety to go through the ordeal of childbirth.

W. A. Collier

Ashland, Ala., writes: Have used Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine 10 years for Colds, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint with children. It gives better satisfaction than "Thedford's Black Draught," or "St. Joseph's Regulator," or anything we can get.

Dimness of Vision.

In cases of weak and imperfect vision, the causes of disease should, if possible, be correctly ascertained, so that they may be as far as possible obviated and guarded against. Where the trouble is functional and arises from some constitutional derangement or debility, such as torpid liver or inactive kidneys, producing a morbid condition in the organism, constitutional treatment with Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine will produce the happiest results. When caused by prolonged nursing, excessive sexual indulgences, abuse of stimulants, the excessive use of the eyes on too bright or too minute objects, too much sleep or other circumstances which produce determination of blood to the head, Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine quickly cures.

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