

Distress After Eating

Nausea between meals, belching, vomiting, flatulence, fits of nervous headache, pain in the stomach, are all symptoms of dyspepsia, and the longer it is neglected the harder it is to cure it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Radically and permanently cure it—strengthen and tone the stomach and other digestive organs for the natural performance of their functions.

Accept no substitute for Hood's. "I had dyspepsia twenty-five years and took different medicines but got no help until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Have taken four bottles of this medicine and can now eat almost anything, sleep well, have no cramps in my stomach, no burning any or distress." Mrs. WILLIAM G. BARNETT, 14 Olney St., Providence, R. I.

His Years. Poor Feeble (about to be operated on for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin, I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harps, come over.

Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish it, but— "I'd like to be opened with prayer."—Life.

How to Keep House. With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an offset or antithesis which we have to contend with in the form of aches and pains.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Uncle Sam's Coffee Bill. It is estimated that the people of the United States drink 1,500,000,000 gallons of coffee in the course of a year, at a cost of about 10 cents per gallon.

No More Orphans. Bishop Potter admitted at a dinner the other night that he had fallen into the habit of asking his wife what he should speak about if called upon at any public function.

Their Very Best. Real Estate Agent—You really ought to buy the house. Now, if you and your wife will only discuss the matter thoroughly.

Peckham—Oh, that's out of the question. We never discuss things. The most we can ever do is dispute about them.—Philadelphia Press.

\$25.00 Reward. E. S. Jackson, alias G. E. Morgan, etc., taking subscriptions for Munsey's and Seattle Star is a faker. Subscribe through authorized Star agent. Above reward for causing his arrest.

A Russian lieutenant gets about \$200 a year, a captain about \$300 and a major \$450.

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.

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. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If the wife isn't boss during the honeymoon she doesn't amount to much as a ruler.

Perrin's Pile Specific The INTERNAL REMEDY No Case Exists It Will Not Cure

THE SKIN LIKE A SPONGE

Some of the most stubborn diseases enter into the system through the pores of the skin. Like a sponge, it absorbs poisons of various kinds, which are taken up by the little blood-vessels beneath the surface of the body, and emptied into the great current of the blood.

Dye Poisoning among the employees of dye houses, and from wearing colored under-clothing and hosiery, is of frequent occurrence and dangerous to health, causing boils and sores and other eruptions.

Workers in lead, brass and other metals are often poisoned by the chemicals and acids used in polishing, and the dust and filings settling upon the skin, and which find their way through the pores into the blood, followed by inflammation, swelling and the most obstinate sores.

Blood Poison, the vilest of all human diseases, is often contracted through shaking the hand or handling the clothing or other articles used by one infected with this dangerous poison. The deadly virus finding its way through the pores of the skin, contaminates the blood and produces fearful ulcers, eruptions and blotches.

The diseases that enter the system by absorption or through the pores are as deep-seated and dangerous as any brought on by internal causes, and cannot be reached by washes, salves, soaps or other external remedies. The blood must be purified and a healthy circulation established before getting permanently rid of the disease.

S. S. S. acts upon the blood, ridding it of the original poison and restoring it to a healthy, normal condition. S. S. S. is guaranteed entirely vegetable, an unrivaled blood purifier and the best of all tonics. With all impurities removed from the blood, the sores and eruptions disappear from the skin. Write us should you desire medical advice or any information about your case; this will cost you nothing.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Precious Stones in America.

"It is a little strange," said Irving L. Russell, "that the United States, so far ahead in national resources of every other part of the globe in all essential things, should be so deficient as a producer of precious stones. I am of the opinion that there will be a big discovery some day of the most valued gems, probably in some out of the way corner of the land.

"I do not mean to intimate that we are exactly destitute of fine stones, but that those found are mostly of inferior quality as compared with the output of the old mines. In North Carolina a good many emeralds and rubies and sapphires are to be had, but they are not of sufficient value to warrant cutting. Some very fine pearls have been taken out of the shells picked up in the streams of Arkansas, and at one time the search for them down there amounted to a craze. Pearls, by the way, have gone up in price from 200 to 300 per cent in recent years.

"A great many semi-precious stones are mined in California, the turquoise found there being especially beautiful, but lacking in hardness. Tourmalines also come from California in abundance.—Washington Post.

Can You Conjugate the Word Kiss. Richard Grant White, the eminent philologist, was asked once upon a time to conjugate the verb "kiss." He believed and maintained that English is a grammatical tongue, hence he felt no compunction when he gave this: "Buss, to kiss; re-buss, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sylibus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss every one in the room; e-rebus, to kiss in the dark."

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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

OLD HYMNS.

There's a lot of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago— And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know. I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days gone by. "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!"

There's a lot of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old— With visions bright of land of light, and shining streets of gold; And I hear 'em singing—singing—where mem'ry dreaming stands, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come, Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb, If I can hear 'em singing then then I'll pass without a sigh To "Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie." —The Cooking Club.

THE PALE BLUE CASHMERE GOWN

THE Rev. John Lawrence sat at his study table, leaning on his elbow, his usually busy pen held idly between his fingers. He gazed far over the plains, a trace-like expression in his thoughtful eyes; he believed that the time was coming when those plains would be peopled, and, with the hopefulness which made his missionary life beautiful, he seemed to see the church leading, inspiring and ministering to these people. Already he had visions of a school wherein his own wife should be the ruling spirit; visions of a hospital, a guild-house and club-rooms, where these savages might grow less savage. Even the fact that there was but one poor little wooden church building was to be found in many miles did not in the least interfere with his dreams.

How long he might have dreamed, he now knows, but he was recalled by a delicious voice calling in to him: "I am twenty-two inches around the waist, John, and my skirt length is forty-three. You know you asked me yesterday."

"Sure enough," he answered, with a little start, taking up the tape measure which lay conspicuously on his desk. "I must get that letter off to-day; but I'd better measure you myself. You probably measured with a string. That's the feminine way, I believe."

His wife came in, feather duster in hand, and as he drew the line about her waist, he dropped a kiss upon her forehead. "I hope they will send something pretty."

Mrs. Lawrence burst into laughter. "The idea of anything pretty in a missionary box, John! Who ever heard"

"Pale blue! So perishable!" another said, feebly. "And cashmere! So out of style!" a third added.

"She must be some poor little country soul," the secretary said. "Well, whoever she is, she ought to be reprimanded. The idea of such wordiness in a missionary's wife!"

"He should have known better than to have asked for it!" "The idea of our money going for a pale blue cashmere gown!"

So the comments went around, till everybody had had her say; some of them had two or three "says," and they were seemingly gasping for breath to say something even more severe, when a bombshell fell in their midst:

"Why shouldn't she have a pale blue cashmere gown? She is probably a young woman, and maybe has not a single pretty thing! Oh, gracious!" and the speaker grew so energetic that she arose and stood facing them, her face rosy with excitement. "I have helped with box after box in this society, and never have I seen a really pretty thing go into one of them! They are so deadly practical. How it will wear, how it will wash, whether it will show dirt—I sympathize with this woman away out there among those Indians, dependent on us hard-hearted things for the little she wants. God knows," she added, even more earnestly, "where they get the grace to sustain them in their work! As for this gown"—her voice trembled a little—"let us give it to her. Cashmere is cheap, and just imagine her pleasure; and do you know, I think a pretty gown would have a cheerful effect on both herself and her husband. Perhaps it might even convert a few more Indians!" She sat down, a little embarrassed by the feeling she had shown.

"We might make her a mother Hubbard, if you are so bent on it," some one said, doubtfully. "Made up plainly it would not cost much."

"But it mustn't be a mother Hubbard. I wouldn't doom even a woman living among the Indians to that! If we send it at all, let it be pretty. Let us put our hearts into it and make it a beautiful surprise for her. She will probably expect something ugly, if she expects it at all."

"I don't know why we should discriminate this way in favor of Mrs. John Lawrence. We have never done it before." A severe voice threw a damper on the proceedings.

"Mrs. John Lawrence," echoed another, "pray let me see that letter. Mrs. John Lawrence was an honor student in my class at college in 1890, and I believe I am safe in saying that there is no one here who could surpass her in either intellect or beauty. I remember now that she married a missionary enthusiast and went out to those wilds cheerfully." The speaker crossed the room rapidly and approached the advocate of the blue gown.

"I will gladly help you with the gown, and we will make it beautiful as a dream."

How quickly the idea became infectious! Everybody offered to do something or to give something! It was almost as delightful as dressing a doll!

St. Mary's Auxiliary had turned out many a box, but never had anything aroused such interest as this new bit of work. It became a fad; with its silken linings, its dainty frills of lace, its "fagoting" and exquisite accessories, the beautiful Empire gown lay complete. The Auxiliary women who were packing the box stopped frequently to admire and almost to caress it.

"I hate to see it go," said the secretary. "It has done us more good than anything we ever did. What a lovely idea it was!" the treasurer said. "I don't begrudge the money at all."

HELPING CLARA.

"Let me fasten this in." Some one bent over the gown and tacked in a little sachet of violet.

"And I must slip this handkerchief into its bosom," another deftly tucked embroidered kerchief into its folds.

"I have written this note to my dear old friend, and have told her what a pleasure this has been," and the note, too, was pinned to the blue gown. And so, with little final adjustment, and pats of admiration, the blue gown, soft and rustling and enveloped in white tissue paper, was put into its individual box, and shipped away, with more practical things, to the land of the Indians and the plains.

Mrs. Lawrence came home somewhat discouraged from her sewing school one afternoon, to find her house in great disorder. Everything was covered with clothes it seemed. The box had come, and her husband had lost no time in opening it. The street suit for which she had asked confronted her from the bookcase; dark, neat and serviceable. She examined it with enthusiasm. "They were so good, weren't they, John?"

"Good! My dear, the Auxiliary is always good. Now, don't say anything about your brown sack with the black fringe! The Auxiliary—well, you know what I think of it! See! They have sent us everything, even to the last thing on the list—your blue cashmere gown!" He handed her the box.

"My pale blue cashmere gown! John Lawrence! You didn't really write that, did you? Oh, what must they have thought!" She sank into a chair, pale and distressed.

"I think the dress tells what they thought!" He lifted the delicate garment as if it were a baby.

"Silk! Lace! Perfume! A train! John, I can't believe it is mine! And I can't help crying! I didn't mean it. I said it in a half-joking, half-cynical way, never thinking you would ask for it, and see how they have repaid me for my unfaith! Everything is so beautiful, so dainty! There's so much love in it, John! That's what touches me. It means the love of women who saw in me only a servant of God. When you write, tell them this means more to me than anything that ever happened."

Late that night she sat with her old friend's note. She had written a long, heart-full letter. She turned to her husband with moist eyes:

"I don't believe I ever told you before, John; but it is very sweet to be a missionary's wife."—Living Church.

VERTICAL HANDWRITING.

Condemned by Many Bankers as an Aid to Forgery.

"Does the vertical system of handwriting, as taught in the public schools of Baltimore, make forgery easy?"

The above question is being discussed by a large number of financiers and citizens generally since the statement was made by John W. Marshall at this week's meeting of the Old Town Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, that a member of the school board had said that, in his opinion, the teaching of vertical handwriting was breeding a race of forgers.

Interviews with a number of presidents of prominent national banks and trust companies showed that the opinion among financiers and men who have to do with the cashing of checks is that the teaching of an exactly uniform system of writing to the pupils of the public schools, to say the least of it, does make forgery an easy matter.

"The principal safeguard that financial institutions now have in cashing checks presumably drawn by customers," said one of these gentlemen, "is the individuality in the handwriting. Every man has certain peculiarities in the style and manner in which he signs his name or writes on a check which enables the payee of the check who is familiar with the handwriting to tell at a glance if the writing is that of the person it purports to be. Of course, there are expert forgers who can duplicate any handwriting, but it is an extremely difficult art, and very few are sufficiently expert to avoid detection in some discrepancies by a careful paying teller."

"Let a generation be taught, however, to write in a style that is exact in its every line, and every pupil of the public schools becomes able to reproduce with exactness the handwriting of any other pupil. If any one will take the trouble to compare the writing of two or more pupils in the same class in any of the public schools of Baltimore, it will be found that the writing is identical in character, and that there are absolutely no distinguishing marks."—Baltimore Sun.

Babies.

When the May baby and the June baby got well acquainted they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby. "It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon, drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly. "I chew old paper and the corners of the rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I," said he. The mamma heard the goo-gooing, but they assigned to it only the usual fantastic significance. It was just as well.—Life.

Force of Habit.

Gunner—That man must be used to trading horses.

Guyer—Why so?

Gunner—When he asked how old the automobile was he looked inside for its teeth.

A woman tells her children fairy stories to quiet them, and her husband tells fairy stories to her with the same purpose.

HELPING CLARA.

Arithmetic is not Clara's forte. But this does not trouble her greatly. If she cannot solve the problems in her daily lesson her mother can, and Clara believes that parents who make children study arithmetic against their will should be responsible for their examples. Mrs. Hamilton usually gives up her evenings to Clara's arithmetic; but not long ago, the Chicago News says, she came short one problem because Mr. Bond, the president of the baking-powder company with which Mr. Hamilton was connected, was visiting them and had to be entertained.

After dinner that evening Clara's eyes were so red that her father asked her if she had got something in them.

"No," said Clara, beginning to cry again. "Mamma couldn't get one of those old examples, and now I'll have to stay in at recess to-morrow."

"Don't cry!" exclaimed her father. "I'll get it for you. Excuse me a minute, Bond."

Then he followed Clara from the room, and went into a close session with the problem.

Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Bond discussed every subject under the sun while they waited for Mr. Hamilton to return. At last they heard him in the adjoining room throw down the book and declare that the answer in the book was wrong. The man who wrote the book did not know what he was about—that was all.

"No, papa," piped Clara. "Teacher said the answer was right."

Now Mr. Bond had more than once in his district school-days been pronounced a "born mathematician. He promptly offered to work the problem for Clara, and the dog-eared arithmetic was turned over to him. After a quarter of an hour, during which only his hard breathing disturbed the quiet of the room, he announced that the problem was solved. So Clara went to bed happy.

The next evening, as soon as dinner was over, Mr. Bond complacently offered to help Clara with her arithmetic, giving Mr. Hamilton at the same time a sly dig about his inefficiency.

But Clara hung back, and said she wanted her mamma to help her.

"Oh, do let Mr. Bond help you! He can do them so quickly!" exclaimed Clara's mother.

Still Clara shook her head, and when they continued to urge her, she blurted out that Mr. Bond had not worked the problem right the night before.

"Why, he had the right answer," said Clara's mother, in confusion.

"Yes, but he didn't do it right," explained Clara. "Teacher says we shouldn't just work for the answer, but should know the logical steps by which it is worked. He worked it backward."

All eyes sought Mr. Bond, who meekly confessed the justice of the blunt accusation.

GLUT OF ENGLISH GHOSTS.

Many Spooks Are Appearing in England Just Now.

A strange epidemic of ghosts is creeping over the country, says the London Express.

During the last day or two reputed spooks have been discerned at Tweedmouth and Coed-Kerneu, near Newport, Wales, and are still illand.

The Tweedmouth apparition takes the shape of a woman in white, with piquantly contrasting red hair. It frequents the churchyard and chases women and children.

The Coed-Kerneu ghost turns pictures face to the wall, jams lumps of beef into pint jugs and causes beds to walk downstairs.

The real explanation of the present glut of phantoms was given to an Express representative yesterday by one who has made a long and patient study of the habits of spooks.

"The year just over," said he, "was singularly jejune of properly authenticated ghosts. Hardly a single new apparition of any importance manifested itself."

"Of course the old ghosts are just as good as ever, but they are destitute of novelty."

"The Elizabethan phantom is still to be seen at Greenwich and, generally speaking, a good ghost may still be looked for wherever a Tudor palace has been known to exist."

"Nowadays the House of Commons housemaids have become so familiar with the House of Commons spook that they hardly trouble to speak to it when it passes them on the stairs."

"The Brighton boarding-house ghost, too, still comes to sit upon the bed in the room where he was murdered, and the unimpeachable ghost of Lincoln's Inn opens, as of yore, closed doors and marks of webbed feet upon powdered chalk strewn over the floor."

"But all these are old and stale, and the human mind demands fresh ghosts always. Hence the present boom in the ghost market."

"It is just a matter of supply and demand."

Not Wasteful. "I suppose," said the physician, after he had sounded the new patient, "that you exercise judgment in the matter of smoking? You do not indulge to foolish excess in it?"

"No, indeed," replied the inveterate individual, "I never smoke more than one cigar at a time."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Latest Wrinkle. "My son celebrates to-night; his 'freedom party,' you know."

"Why, I thought he was 21 some time ago."

"Oh, so he was long ago. I mean he celebrates his divorce to-night."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not in Evidence. Belle—Miss Passay has been quite ill. Is she likely to recover?

Gladys—She thinks so. She says she has youth on her side. Belle—Huh! If she has it must be on the inside.—Philadelphia Press.

His Favorite Brand. Hobo Charles—Say, Willie, wot's yer fav'rite bre'kfast food? Winded Willie—I prefer de kin' youse kin git without wurkin' fer it.—Baltimore American.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days. Sarsaparilla. The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

Her Big Feet. A respectable old gentleman, somewhat tight, on entering an omnibus, got his feet entangled in a lady's dress and fell headlong. He staggered to his feet, and looking round, indignantly demanded who struck him. A gentleman present remarked sotto voce: "You fell over that lady's feet; nobody struck you."

Rheumatism in Utah. Frisco, Utah, May 2nd.—There is a great deal of rheumatism in this and neighboring states and this painful disease has crippled many a strong man and woman among an otherwise healthy people.

Recently, however, there has been introduced into Utah a remedy for Rheumatism which bids fair to stamp out this awfully painful complaint. The name of this new remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it has already wrought some wonderful cures. Right here in Frisco there is a case of a Mr. Grace who had Rheumatism so bad in his feet that he could hardly walk.

He tried many remedies in vain but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. His wife says:—"We both had Kidney Trouble and my husband had the Rheumatism so bad that he could hardly walk. We used Dodd's Kidney Pills with much benefit. We have tried many remedies, but none have done us so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Similar reports come from all over the state and it would seem as if Rheumatism had at last been conquered.

A Chance to Display Them. Tess—Miss Schalp tells me she is going to learn to play the harp.

Jess—What nonsense! She hasn't any talent for music.

Jess—Oh, she knows that, but she has lovely arms.—Philadelphia Press.

Rip Van Winkle Labeled. Rip Van Winkle had just been taking a nap. Placing a hand upon his beard, he murmured drowsily, "How this grows on me!" After which he fell into a second doze, that he might sleep out the remaining ten years.—Yale Record.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR BIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

W. L. DOUGLAS. \$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50. W.L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Sells everywhere. Look for name and price on bottles.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES THE BEST IN THE WORLD. W.L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make.

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