

Catarrh

Invites Consumption
It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health.
It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice.
Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Radically and permanently cures catarrh of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, and more delicate organs.
Read the testimonials.
No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's. Be sure to get Hood's.
"I was troubled with catarrh 20 years. Seeing statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla resolved to try it. Four bottles entirely cured me." WILLIAM SHERMAN, 1030 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Train was a "Trainer."
George Francis Train was congratulated on the hot cake-like selling popularity of his recently published autobiographical book.
"Yes," he said, "but lots of people want free copies."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, there must be an impression abroad that I am an accommodation train."—New York Times.

Beautiful Teeth.
Wise Brothers are Adding Another Charm to Woman.
It is getting to be distinctly the fashionable thing to have a fine set of teeth.
This is one of the most effective reasons why modern dentistry has made such a big step in advance.
The mother who now-a-days refuses to have her daughter's teeth attended to is regarded as having little love for her child. No longer is there fear of pain, for tooth-filling, and tooth-pulling, is attended by no pain whatever. The most comfortable and luxurious apartments are provided by the leading dentists, and the prices are exceedingly low.
Wise Brothers, the famous dental firm in the Falling Building, Portland, Ore., have done more than anyone else in the Northwest to bring about this condition of affairs. It is as correct a thing for ladies and gentlemen to be as careful to have a nice, white set of presentable teeth, as it is for them to keep their hands clean. Physicians and all up-to-date people welcome these facts, for they indicate that humanity is making a long stride ahead. Instead of caring for the teeth being a bugbear, it is greatly a matter of comfort and pleasure. After the teeth are put in perfect order once it is a slight duty easily watched to keep them so. Go to the dentist regularly at least once in six months and you are all right.
And, for the sake of yourself and your friends, don't neglect your teeth a day longer. The next time you visit Portland step in to Wise Brothers and see for yourself how simple and inexpensive it is to have a good, beautiful set of teeth again.

Compromised.
"When!" exclaimed Nured, "what's the matter with this mince pie?"
"Nothing," replied his wife, who was a white ribboner. "I followed your mother's recipe except where it called for brandy. I put in root beer instead."—Philadelphia Press.

A New Kind.
Miss Townsford—Oh, I'm afraid to eat those hard boiled eggs. My doctor says they are so very indigestible.
The Sanitarium Hostess—But these eggs are exceptions. They were laid by hens that are fed with predigested corn and wheat.—Judge.

Extortion from the inexperienced.
"It cost me \$1,000 to get my divorce," said the Boston woman.
"You were swindled," replied the woman from Chicago. "That's about twice as much as I ever paid for any of mine."—Philadelphia Record.

Example at Hand.
"Want to learn how to weave baskets, do you?" said Mr. Upjohn, irritably.
"What queer freaks you sometimes take!"
"Why, yes," placidly replied Mrs. Upjohn. "I think I took one when I married you."—Chicago Tribune.

Something Doing.
In a western Ontario city a newspaper organ is booming a mayoralty candidate on the ground that he is "a man who does things." The opposition organ, on the other hand, alleges that he is a man who does the people.—Ottawa Citizen.

Hint for Indian Fighters.
"Are there any marks by which the boy can be identified," asked the police superintendent, making copious notes of the case.
"No," said the father of the missing youth, who had run away from home to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again."—Tit-Bits.

Difference in Rank.
"Say, captain, won't yer please gimme a dime?"
"Now, I just gave me last dime to a guy wot called me admiral."—Chicago American.

Many-Sided Man.
"A man is like the moon," said Janet, abruptly.
"When it is under a cloud!" exclaimed Sir Francis.
"We see him night after night," Janet continued, "yet it seems that there's one side that's always hidden from us."—Lippincott's.

Not on the Menu.
One day when my brother was a little boy, my grandfather was a guest at dinner. That afternoon a neighbor said to my brother:
"You had your grandpa for dinner, didn't you?"
"No sir," was the prompt reply; "we had turkey."

Get Something Anyway.
"Fannie Brown drove twenty miles to see an old mahogany bureau that belonged to some farmer's family."
"Did she get it?"
"No. She found it was staked pine with a warped front and a broken leg."
"So she had her ride for nothing."
"You are wrong. She broke the carriage, the horse lost a shoe, and the honest farmer charged her \$2 for a glass of milk and the horse feed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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No Limit.
She—None of your "love in a cottage" for me. I want a brown stone house in a fashionable neighborhood.
He—And I suppose you want it in your own name, too.—Brooklyn Life.

One of Many.
He—What do you think of young Windig?
She—Reminds me of a phonograph.
He—How is that?
She—He talks a great deal, but never says anything original.

Ashanti's Butter Tree.
In Ashanti there grows a tree resembling in appearance our oak, which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in good condition all the year round in spite of the heat, in its natural state.

They Needed Amusement.
A little girl who had been watching some friends of her aunt playing euchre afterwards said to her mother:
"I never saw such a sad lot of people in my life, they are always saying 'hearts are lead.'"

The Natural Location.
"Mamma, where is the mouth of the Mississippi river?" asked Lucy.
"I know," said little Johnny, looking up from his play, "it's right under its nose."

Portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt.
The portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, with her daughter Ethel—the work of Miss Cecilia Beaux—will be published for the first time in the April Century's article on "The Restoration of the White House." The portrait was painted for Mrs. Roosevelt and at her request, in the White House, and will remain in possession of the Roosevelts instead of becoming the property of the government.

How True This Is.
Lead a perfectly worthless life, do nothing but amuse yourself, and if you complain bitterly of it every one will think you respectably serious; but if you once allow it to be seen that you are content, then your oldest friend comes to see you and will do nothing but scold you for your frivolity.—Duer Miller, in Lippincott's.

An Anti-Noise Conference.
Fifty mates, representatives of various deaf and dumb societies, recently held a conference in Chartiers, France. The chairman called the assemblage to order by pretending to ring a bell, and speeches were made in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Asked and Answered.
"What," asked the youth from Ludlow, "is the great secret of success?"
"The great secret of success," replied the Norwood philosopher, "is to find something you can't do—then do it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Chicago.
Stella—Did she ask you to her farewell bachelor dinner?
Bella—No, but she promised me an invitation to her next divorce tea.—N. Y. Herald.

Just Saw the Point.
Dalton—How that English chap did laugh at your joke.
Walker—Yes, he must have heard it before.

The Reason Why.
She—What an extraordinary picture—and why on earth do you call it "Home?"
He—Can't imagine, unless it's because there's no place like it.—Illustrated Bits.

Her Kindly Assurance.
"I don't take any interest in these investigations as to whether monkeys talk," remarked Willie Washington.
"I don't see why you should," remarked Miss Cayenne. "I don't believe a monkey would be able to tell you anything that you couldn't have thought of for yourself."

Pope Leo's Many Legacies.
The pope has been happy in legacies. It has been reckoned that during his pontificate a sum of more than 1,000,000 pounds has been bequeathed to him in various ways, \$600,000 having come to him in one year, and one recent bequest being for no less than \$200,000.

RHEUMATISM CANNOT BE RUBBED OUT



But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary relief because it produces counter irritation or reduces the inflammation and soreness. But no sort of external treatment can have any effect whatever upon the disease itself, for **Rheumatism is not a skin disease**, but is due to an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit of irritating matter or Uric Acid salts or sediment in the muscles and joints, and no amount of rubbing or blistering can dislodge these gritty particles or change the acid blood. Rheumatism often becomes chronic, and the muscles and joints permanently stiff and useless and the nervous system almost wrecked, because so much time is lost in trying to cure a blood disease with outside applications or doctoring the skin.

Rheumatism must be treated through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating or poisonous substances from the system.
S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and, as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the muscles and joints, and the sufferer is happily relieved from the discomforts and misery of Rheumatism.

External remedies are all right so far as they go, but they don't go far enough, and you can't depend upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, and those who pin their faith to liniments and plasters are bound to meet with disappointment, and will be nursing a case of Rheumatism the greater part of their lives.

S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, does not contain any Potash or mineral of any kind, and can be taken with safety by old and young.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains in a condensed form much information about Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, '02.
Gentlemen—I am glad to say that S. S. S. has cured me of Rheumatism. About two years ago I suffered from Rheumatism in my knees and feet, my ankles swelling so that I could not put on my shoes. This continued for several months, during which time I was applying liniments and going by my physician's directions, but derived no benefit. I was told of S. S. S. and tried it. I immediately got relief, and continued the medicine until I was entirely well.
2108 Floyd St. D. J. DUANE.

PUCK'S MODERN COOKBOOK.

Advance Sheets Secured from Publishers' at Great Cost.
Dressed celery—Bathe the celery carefully in tepid, soapy water. A Turkish bath, though advocated by some, is not necessary unless the celery has been playing out in the dirt. Dress each stalk daintily in various colors. A white Swiss muslin frock, with blue ribbons, is pretty, or a pale pink chiffon made up over green taffeta.
Cup cake—Take two coffee cups and a tea cup. Dresden china is best, but caudron or other English ware will do. Break the cups into small bits, after which pound them into powder. Sift this carefully into a bowl and add six eggs, also broken. Bake in a quick oven and when done sift a powdered sugar bowl over them. Little cup cakes are especially nice for afternoon teas.
Waffles—Take a large piece of sole leather, cut it into oblong shapes and mark it off into small squares. Fry in any old grease and serve with hot sirup. These are just too waffle for anything.
Ribbon cake—Take four yards, or say four yards and a half, of narrow blue ribbon, and a yard of light pink ribbon. Place these in a chopping bowl and mince into fine shreds. Add a spoonful of sewing silk and a paper of needles. Mix thoroughly and spread between layers of well-pounded cake.
Bath bunns—In a good-sized bath tub set several bath sponges to rise over night. In the morning remove the sponges, squeeze well and add two ounces of powdered soap and an ounce oforris root. Make up into small buns, place carefully in a sponge basket and fry in boiling lard. When done sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and serve with a whisk broom.

CONVERSATION AS A FINE ART.

Lessons in Talking Should Become Part of Our Education.
"Before these days of delightfully written and widely distributed descriptions of passing events, conversation was regarded as an artistic accomplishment, and valued a great deal more highly than it is at present," said a matron in the New York Tribune. "We hear so many curious facts, we see so much more of the world than our coach-traveling ancestors, that the spirit of astonishment is less easily conjured than of old, when the sciences had destroyed fewer of our illusions and mankind was less analytical. Crispness, conciseness and humor are the indispensable ingredients of the dish offered to the jaded mental appetites of the old and young of to-day. Lessons in the art of conversation should be considered quite as necessary to a girl whose mind is expanding in the hothouse of her little school world as instruction in the sciences or modern languages. The chief difficulty, apart from the girl herself, would be to find a teacher competent to make the study both profitable and interesting. But the cause is well worth a struggle, and the only thing is steady, serious, daily cultivation. Some people are born with a turn for conversation; it comes by nature to them to make the apt repartee, the sympathetic phrase, when occasion calls for it; others have the airy manners, the speaking glance from liquid eyes, the reserve thawing, contagious laugh. These are gifts of the favored few; but we are all endowed with the faculty of intelligible speech, and it behooves us to regard the making the utmost of it—not as a mere frivolity, but as a duty to our social neighbors."

Live Woman Farmer.
Mrs. Nellie E. Lakin, of Boscawen, N. H., is said during the last year to have carried over \$500 worth of farm produce to the stores of Boscawen and Penacook, \$400 worth of which she raised on her own farm, doing the work almost wholly herself. Last summer she loaded and stowed away forty loads of hay. She raised 100 bushels of corn, cutting most of it up and husking all of it; also raised eighty-five bushels of potatoes, digging most of them herself and putting them into the cellar. Last fall she picked 200 bushels of apples. She did all the work in her garden, and had four cartloads of vegetables. She drove to Penacook once a week, missing but four weeks during the year, and all through last spring and since last September she has driven to Franklin twice a week to carry her 16-year-old son George to the Franklin High School. In addition to all this work, she has performed the household duties in a family of five, continues the Woman's Home Journal. When New Hampshire women can do farming in this energetic way, it is no wonder that in 103 granges of that State a majority of the members have recorded themselves in favor of female suffrage. Yet the opponents of equal rights for women will no doubt assure the public that the New Hampshire woman would be crushed under the burden of a ballot.

Get Something Anyway.
"Fannie Brown drove twenty miles to see an old mahogany bureau that belonged to some farmer's family."
"Did she get it?"
"No. She found it was staked pine with a warped front and a broken leg."
"So she had her ride for nothing."
"You are wrong. She broke the carriage, the horse lost a shoe, and the honest farmer charged her \$2 for a glass of milk and the horse feed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Plenty on Hand.
"You would get along a great deal better if you didn't get so excited," said the calm man to his irascible friend. "Can't you learn to keep your temper?"
"Keep my temper! Well, I like that!" retorted the other. "I'd have you understand that I keep more temper in one day than you have in your possession during a whole year!"

Have No Religion.
Mr. Hanbury, the recently returned Arctic explorer, who has been studying the Eskimos, says they have no religion—not even a belief in a Supreme Being.
Never demand that a busy man stop work to applaud you.

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HOW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ESCAPED SPRING CATARRH BY THE USE OF PE-RU-NA

Nothing Robs One of Strength Like Spring Catarrh—Spring Fever is Spring Catarrh.



MISS HELEN WHITMAN.

Miss Helen Whitman, 308 1/2 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "There is nothing like Peruna for that tired feeling, which gives you no ambition for work or play. After a prolonged illness, about a year ago I felt unable to regain my health, but four bottles of Peruna made a wonderful change and restored me to perfect health. As long as you keep your blood in good condition you are all right, and Peruna seems to fill the veins with pure, healthful blood. I thoroughly endorse it."

Have you got nerves? Well, you ought to have nerves. But they ought to be strong nerves, good nerves. Does your hand tremble? You are living too fast. Does your heart flutter at times? You had better call a halt. Americans live too fast. They crowd too much into a single day. They have too little leisure. The hospitals and insane asylums are filling up. The quiet, pastoral scenes of yore are becoming rare. It's time that we quit this sort of business.

How to Get Strong Nerves.
First, repair the injury already done to your nerves. The way to do this is to do exactly as did Mattie B. Curtis, secretary of Legion of Loyal Women, Hotel Salem, Boston, Mass. She said in a recent letter: "I suffered for over a year with general weakness and debility, manifested in severe headache and backache. I took four bottles of Peruna, and for two months have been entirely free from these maladies."

Nervous Prostration.
Thousands of cases might be quoted in which Peruna has been used to rescue people from the perdition of deranged nerves, and put them on the good, solid foundation of health. The county auditor of Erie county, New York, Hon. John W. Neff, in a recent letter written at Buffalo, New York,

For Sweet Charity.
Hazel—Young Banker seemed to be greatly taken with me at the ball last night. He danced with me four times.
Helen—Oh, well, that doesn't prove anything. It was a charity ball, you know.—N. Y. Times.

Example at Hand.
"Want to learn how to weave baskets, do you?" said Mr. Upjohn, irritably.
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"I was persuaded by a friend to try a bottle of your great nerve tonic, Peruna, and the results were so gratifying that I am more than pleased to recommend it."
A Spring Tonic.
Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question. Everyone who has tried it has had the same experience as Mrs. D. W. Timberlake, of Lynchburg, Va., who, in a recent letter, made use of the following words: "I always take a dose of Peruna after business hours, as it is a great thing for the nerves. There is no better spring tonic, and I have used about all of them."

atarrh in Spring.
The spring is the best time to treat catarrh. Nature renews herself every spring. The system is rejuvenated by spring weather. These renews medicines more effective. A short course of Peruna, assisted by the balmy air of spring, will cure old, stubborn cases of catarrh that have resisted treatment for years. Everybody should have a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book on catarrh. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Lulu Larmer, Stoughton, Wis., says:
"For two years I suffered with nervousness and stomach disorders until it seemed that there was nothing to me but a bundle of nerves. I was very irritable, could not sleep, rest or compose myself, and was certainly unfit to take care of a household. I took nerve tonics and pills without benefit. When I began taking Peruna I grew steadily better, my nerves grew stronger, my rest was no longer fitful, and today I consider myself in perfect health and strength. My recovery was slow but sure, but I persevered and was rewarded by perfect health."—Mrs. Lulu Larmer.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Real Estate Note.
Governors—How many feet make a yard?
Ethel—I don't know, but I heard Mr. Johnson say last night that there were 5,000 square feet in his.—Somerville Journal.

Scotch Saloon Statistics.
Airdrie has more saloons in relation to its size than any other town in Scotland. There are 42 for every 1,000 inhabitants. Coatbridge and Renfrew come next on the list. Ayr has the worst record for drunkenness—57 1/2 charges yearly for every 1,000 inhabitants.

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
We have understood, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WEST & TEAL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDEN KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Crushing Blow.
"I like your people and your institutions in general," remarked the educated foreigner, "but the streets of your city are the worst I ever saw."
"Great Scott," exclaimed the horrified Chicago man. "Have you ever been in Constantinople?"
"Constantinople," rejoined the educated foreigner, "is my native city."

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

Family Frankness.
Sister Susan—Do we dine with you Christmas, Rebecca?
Sister Rebecca—Oh, no, Susan. Don't you remember? It's your turn to have us.

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