

Humors

They take possession of the body, and are lords of the manor. They are attended by pimples, boils, the itching scurf, and other cutaneous eruptions; by feelings of weakness, nervousness, irritability, and what not. They cause more suffering than anything else.

Health, strength, peace and pleasure require their expulsion, and this is promptly effected, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which radically and permanently drives them out and builds up the whole system.

Signs of Spring.

"Have you heard a robin yet?"
"No, but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard."

Scrape the Rough and Smooth the Smooth
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Wanted to Know.

Papa—Oh, no! Washington never told a lie.
Johnny—Who attended to that part of his strategy for him, pa?

Hoots's school.

Alameda Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories, and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Tr. R. H. Hoots, P. D., Principal.

Clearly True.

"What do you think of this idea that Mars is sending signals?" asked Mr. Beechwood.
"There's nothing on earth in it!" replied Mr. Homewood, emphatically.

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

His Reason.

First Tramp—Why didn't yer swipe dat feller's chainless bicycle datyer went after last night?
Second Tramp—Well, I found out dere was a chainless dorg in da yard.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first dose of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer, and for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, St. Vitus's Dance, and all other forms of nervous prostration. Price 50 cents. Dr. R. H. Kane, Ltd., 1111 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Revolution of Watch Wheels.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,460 revolutions in a year; the second or center wheel, 8,760; the third wheel, 70,800; the fourth wheel, 525,600; and the fifth or scape wheel, 4,731,840.

Be aware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription, and it is better to buy the genuine Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

Down in the Stogie Belt.

Visitor—Do you ever have any smoke consumers in Pittsburgh?
Pittsburgher—Yes; each resident consumes his own share.

E. W. Brown
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Spring Shades.

"Nature is painting the world with generous coats of green," remarked Mrs. Bellefield, as she sat on her porch and watched the rain falling on the grass and young leaved trees.
"And using watercolors," added Mr. Bellefield.

Mama Kats a Cascarel.

Baby gets the benefit. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative with Cascarel, the only safe laxative for babies. All druggists, 50c, 10c.

An industrial school for Negroes is promised in Florida, thus putting that state on a par with other of the southern states in the education of the colored people.

Do You Keep Horses,
Or cattle, sheep or pigs? If so you want good fences. Send for free book and pictures telling about the best and cheapest fences on earth. Portland Anchor Fence Co., 742 Nicolai street, Portland, Oregon.

Later.

Again the two illustrious men met.
"MoSweeney," said the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina, with deep solemnity, "have you joined the Buffaloes?"

Scrofula
Scrofula is an unwelcome legacy, but one which the children of blood poisoned parentage must accept, with all its humiliating consequences. It is an inheritance that makes one poorer; that brings wretchedness and disease instead of health and riches; for the child whose ancestral blood is tainted with Scrofula is unfitted for the arduous duties of life so long as any of the transmitted poison remains in its veins. Scrofula manifests itself in various forms; swollen glands about the neck and throat, catarrh of the head, weak eyes, hip bone disease, white swelling and offensive sores and abscesses are familiar symptoms, attended usually with loss of strength, poor digestion and pale or bloodless complexion. The skin is sometimes more or less affected, eruptions breaking out on all parts of the body. Scrofula destroys bone, tissue and flesh; no part of the human system escapes its withering, numbing touch.

Parents whose blood is poisoned by their own misdeeds, or who themselves may be suffering for the sins of some remote ancestor, must restore their own blood to its normal purity and strength, or they cannot expect healthy, robust children. S. S. S. cures Scrofula, like other diseases of a deep-seated, constitutional character, by restoring life and health, and by restoring life and health, and by restoring life and health.

When nineteen years old, and about one year after the birth of my first child, the glands on the left side of my neck began to swell. Four of the places were lanced and became open running sores; discharge came under my left arm, and the discharge was simply awful. The doctors said I had the worst case of Scrofula they had ever seen. I took iodine of potassium, but this nor the other drugs given for this disease brought relief. When the physicians advised me to have the glands removed, I decided to try S. S. S. A few bottles cured me completely; no signs of the terrible disease are left.

MESS. RICHARD WASSON,
Golden Harbor, Ohio.

purity to the profoundly poisoned blood, and the rich, strong blood that is carried to the swollen and diseased glands absorbs and destroys the tuberculous deposits, and the painful, disfiguring sores and other evidences of Scrofula disappear.

S. S. S. should be begun immediately upon the appearance of the first symptoms, or where there is a known predisposition to Scrofula. Our medical department will be found of great help to those who are struggling with this wasting disease of heredity or any other blood trouble, and we invite you to write us, should you or any member of your family seek advice, our physicians will cheerfully give the information you desire, for which we make no charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

LITTLE JIM'S FRIEND.

BOY'S FATHER WOULD NOT PART WITH MOLLY.
Thought Only a Cow She Had a Heart Capable of Feeling Grief for an Absent Companion and Friend—A Father's Friendship.

"No, sir! Molly ain't 'just one o' the cows.' She's our friend, is Molly, an' I've reason to say it, I have.

"Tell you, sir? Why o' course, if ye care to hear. When Molly was a bit of a calf, hardly a year old, my little Jim was s' an' afraid o' nothing, big or little. 'Toddin' after me all day long, he'd go about the house an' our little bit of a garden an' the pasture behind, an' never tired of it; an' when I mowed or raked the grass or hoed the garden he was always a-belpin'. But above all he loved to be held up to 'see Molly' or to 'pot Molly'.

"I used to hold her soft nose down for him when he kissed her 'good night,' an' the first thing in the mornin', before he was downstairs, when I'd lead the cows out to the pasture, his curly head was half out o' the window an' he 'a-callin', 'Good mornin', Molly'.

"He was hardly 5 years old—no, he wasn't 5—when he used to try an' milk her; an' the creetur'd stand as gentle an' still as if she knew the little feller'd be easy hurt, with her head turned half sideways, a-seem'n' to say, 'All right, young 'un, as long as it amuses you, I had to finish the milkin', the little hands got so tired; yet he hated to give in. You wouldn't 'a' believe it, sir, to see the spunky way that little chap o' 5 years would stick to it—a-milk'n' that cow!

"Daytime, when she was in the pasture, he was always a-runnin' down to the gate to ask her how she was gettin' on to-day, or did she think it was goin' to rain? an' things like that—'makin' a reg'lar playmate out o' her; 'cause he was our only child an' I 'posse sometimes he was lonely like. An' to see him take out a drink o' water to Molly in his little tin dipper! I used to 'most bust a-laugh'n' to see her big red tongue a-lappin' out the few drops he'd gen'ly have left, as if it was just what she wanted!

"Well, Jim was only 6 year old when he was took sick, sudden. Lord knows what it was! We don't, an' the doctor never did, 'though always a-look'n' wise an' a-say'n' he'd be out 'roun' in a few days. But Jim, lyin' there burnin' with fever, would hear the low 'moo-oo!' an' his eyes would open an' look bright as he'd smile an' say, 'Good-night, Molly! I'll see you in the mornin'.'

"But that Molly! The first night he was sick she kep' lookin' 'roun' when I was a-milk'n' her, as if to see where he was—yes, she did, sir!—was that oneasy I could scarce milk her at all. Then the nex' night she was nervous an' shivery an' gave hardy an' milk; an' her lowin' was awful frequent through the day, but at night, when she was in the barn, it was terrible! an' so sad it would make you 'creep' to hear her; an' the milk scarcer every day till the cretur' was right sick, too.

"Well, there came one night—no, night when there was nothin' to do for my little Jim but to stand beside him, when we didn't need no doctor to tell us our little lad would never be out 'roun' again; an' in the quiet o' the middle o' the night the tick'n' of the clock an' his mother's sobbin' sounded fearful loud. His little hand lay in mine, so cold and still now, when it had been so restless an' hot for more'n a week. Suddenly it moved a little, as in the stillness outside we heard Molly's 'moo-oo'—just like a call to the boy, right under his window.

"I'd forgot to milk her or go for her, an' somehow or other she'd got out o' the pasture herself. 'Moo-oo!' she called again, so pitiful an' humanlike the tears come into my eyes, though they had been hot an' dry all night. Then what she called the third time it seemed to reach even to little Jim. Too weak to open his eyes, he said, just whisper'n': 'Good-night, Molly!—in the mornin'!' an' smiled.

"Hard as it was to leave him then, I laid his little hand down an' went out to Molly.

"'Die!' Not a bit of it, sir!—That's him, that little chap a-comin' thro' the gate; an' that's Molly a-foller'n' him—'A miracle,' the doctor says. I don't know; I ain't up on miracles; but—Come here, Jim! That's right; take off your cap to the gentleman an' shake hands. Now go 'long an' put Molly in. He's a dandy, sir, my Jim!

"What! 'Sell Molly?' Sell her, sir? No, sir! No, sir! Not for a' her weight in solid gold! I sell my little Jim's friend."—The Housewife.

THE LUXURY-LOVING HOOLEY.
Since His Bankruptcy He Has Been Living Extravagantly.

It is now three years since the failure of E. T. Hooley, whose estate has yielded so far only 50 cents in the pound to his creditors.

In view of the magnificence with which this splendid bankrupt continues meanwhile to enjoy life, inquiries have been made as to the future prospects of the estate.

George Hardy, a member of the bankruptcy committee appointed by the creditors to act under the supervision of the board of trade, when questioned as to the outlook for creditors, expressed the belief that the estate would yield another 2 shillings in the pound in the course of a few months, and was exceedingly pessimistic as to anything beyond that, says the London Mail.

Mr. Hooley bears his creditors' misfortunes bravely, does he not?
"In what way?"
"He still lives at the rate of a few thousands a year!"

"More than a few thousands," replied Mr. Hardy. "He has, besides his suite of rooms at Walsingham House, his two country seats—Papworth Hall and Risley Hall. Why, he pays in wages to his servants, male and female, and his gardeners, grocers and the rest, more than \$30,000 yearly. His weekly wages bill, apart from those he pays monthly or quarterly, is between \$900 and \$950. He keeps many horses and every sort of vehicle—from a dog-cart to a shooting coach; he has about

LITTLE JIM'S FRIEND.

a score of gardeners at Papworth alone; he is constantly adding to his estate there by buying up adjoining farms, and recently he bought \$10,000 worth of additional agricultural machinery for his operations there. His wine cellars contain one of the most extraordinary collections ever got together, and you may say on my estimate, as a member of the committee, that this princely bankrupt is not living at the rate of less than \$75,000 yearly."

"But haven't you and your fellow committeemen any means of diverting some of this income toward the creditors?"

"None at all. Mr. Hooley obtains his income by the financial operations he conducts from Walsingham House, where he sees clients daily. He does not deal on his own behalf. He is the agent of his wife. I have long contended that we, the committee, should be able to control the bankrupt's earnings. We ought to be able to secure for the creditors the remainder of that income after allowing the bankrupt a good maintenance—say \$25,000 a year."

"And do your powers enable you to do anything in that direction?"

"No, but I have heard from a very reliable quarter that as one result of this Hooley business legislation will be proposed with the object of rendering such crying scandals impossible in the future."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S AUTO.
Royal Lady Takes Great Pleasure in Driving the Machine.

Queen Alexandra has become possessed of a victoria, which she has learned to drive herself. Seated for two, its framework is articulated, so that it adapts itself to any unevenness of road without stress or strain. The single motor is of 4 horse power, of four pole

your lives be sacrificed when a word of advice at the first approach of weakness may fill your future years with healthy joy. Address a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn, Mass., and you will not be disappointed.

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Saloons in Guatemala.
The Republic of Guatemala has over 16,000 saloons and taverns.

During the first six months of married life, a woman thinks so much of her husband that she is willing to cook what he likes, and this is the time in her housekeeping career when she doesn't know how.

To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so pleased that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let

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A Vain Hope.

Flushing—Didn't you join another Don't Worry club last week, Harriet? Mrs. Flushing—Yes; I hope you don't object to my belonging to two Don't Worry clubs, Henry.

Flushing (abjectly)—Oh, no, Harriet; but I had hoped that they would keep you from worrying me somewhat!

Clear out of Key.
"Lucy, where's that other tall beau you used to have?"
"Laws, Miss Nancy, I done went back on dat man; he didn't have no taste at all. Dat man were silver shirt studs when he had a gol' front too!"

Family Bereavement.
"Am a part orphan now?" asked the chick of the hen.
"What do you mean?" inquired the hen.
"The incubator was burned last night," answered the chick.

Horrors of War.
"But what," asked one of the mystified listeners, "could the gold standard have to do with the capture of Aguinaldo?"
"Don't you see," said the excited talker, "that Funston was after the yellow boys?"

Bound to Be Heard.
Jester—I understand our pastor is going to preach through a megaphone hereafter.
Jimson—Why is that?
Jester—Why, the sleeping members of the congregation snore so loudly that the other can't hear.

The Lee Family.
The Lee family, which, until the civil war, had always been represented in the army, was until the Spanish war without a single member in the regular service. Now there are two Lees in the army and the third will also probably soon wear his shoulder straps.

The Best Prescription for Malaise.
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteful form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

The Automobile.
"Will the automobile become a permanent fad?"
"Doubtful. See how men, outside of scorchers, even, went bent on riding the bicycle at first; and look at it now."

Josh's Future.
"I guess maybe Josh is goin' to be a great financier, an' git money by his brains," remarked Farmer Corn-tassel.
"Does he take such an interest in commercial affairs?"
"No; but he's got to get a livin' somehow, an