

Disfigured Skin
Wasted muscles and decaying bones.
What have I?
Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.
It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammation in the eyes, syphilis, catarrh, and general debility.
It is always radically and permanently cured by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system, whether young or old.
Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the most irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He Knew.
Teacher—If you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result?
Bully Jones—They'll know they can lick you.

Get the Result Anyhow.
Doctor—Well, my little man, you're quite well again. How did you take the pills, in water or with cake?
Bobby—I used them in my blow gun.

No More Sour Stomachs.
When you're constipated, undigested food rots in your stomach like garbage in a swill barrel. Clean it out with Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Question.
Observing Gent—Pardon me, Mrs. Oldday, but your hair is coming down.
Mrs. Oldday—Mine?
Observing Gent—Well, I thought it was yours.

Learn to take pictures. The "A. B. C. of Photography" tells you how to do it. The best book on photography ever written. Your dealer can get it for you. Camera Craft, 330 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

He's Flagged.
Marie—They'll never be married.
Grace—Why not?
Marie—Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until he marries her.

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

Hadn't Reported Yet.
"You say he died a soldier's death. What was the fatal wound?"
"It isn't known. The investigating committee hasn't decided whether it was due to the tobacco or to hot irons."

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

Hair Dye and Insurance.
Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a continental assurance company refuses to insure the lives of persons using it.

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 actions should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's 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 Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Refer to one Direction.
"I see money is reported easier."
"Then it must mean that it goes that way. It doesn't come any easier."

First Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. EXLEY, Vanburnen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Making the Best of It.
Mrs. Flatbush—I call it rather cool in those burglars leaving their card after making a clean sweep of everything we own.
Flatbush—Yes; but my dear, we now know who to go to if we ever want to have an expert burglarizing done.

What S. S. S. Does for Children

Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

Such children need a blood purifier and tonic to give strength and vitality to their blood, and S. S. S., being a purely vegetable remedy, makes it the safest and best for the delicate constitutions of children. S. S. S. is not only a perfect blood medicine, but is pre-eminent as a tonic for children; it increases their appetites and strengthens the digestion and assimilation of food. If your children have any hereditary or acquired taint in their blood, give them S. S. S. and write to our physicians for any information or advice wanted; this will cost you nothing, and will start the little weaklings on the road to recovery. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Durability of Wood.
In the very dry atmosphere the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian era.

Business is Business.
The Millionaire—Yes, your highness, I intend to settle ten millions on my daughter the day she is married.
The Duke—Just give me a month's option on that and I'll consider it.

A Matter of Environment.
"You ought to rise with the lark."
"Well, if I had to perch all night on a cold twig I suppose I'd be glad to."

Guessed the Cause.
The woman—Doctor, I have an awful tired feeling.
The doctor—Ah, let me see your tongue.

Automobiles as Transport Wagons.
Experiments in France have proved convincing, and the French believe they are certain to play a role of much importance in modern warfare. It is odd to note the different uses to which nature and science are put. On the battlefield they fight for the destruction of life, while throughout the country, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters fights to preserve it. For fifty years the Bitters has been curing dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and biliousness. It will also prevent malaria, fever and ague.

Logic.
"Johnny, your hair is wet. You've been in swimming again."
"I fell in, ma."
"Nonsense; your clothes are perfectly dry."
"Yes'm. I knew'd you didn't want me to wet 'em, so I took 'em off before I fell in."

THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

Thirteen Reasons Explaining Popularity of the "Anchor" Clamp.
A great deal is heard now about the "anchor" fences that have sprung into wide popularity of late. It is claimed that they are the cheapest and most durable fences on earth, hence their general adoption. Minute inquiry into details of construction reveals the fact that "anchor" clamps hold (rivet tight) the large wires of which the fence is made, thus making the fence five times as strong and durable as any other fence on the market.

The manufacturers, The Portland Anchor Fence Co., 742 Nicolai street, Portland, Or., give a full baker's dozen reasons why the "anchor" clamp is so efficient:

1. It is made of the best hoop steel, therefore is strong and durable.
2. It is simple; can be applied by any one.
3. It does what other ties pretend to do—makes an immovable anchor.
4. It prevents loose and sagging wires.
5. It keeps a fence always in repair.
6. It prevents injury to stock.
7. It makes a fence that stock cannot break down.
8. It can be used on smooth or barbed wire.
9. It can be used for making new or repairing old fences.
10. It is the only tie yet devised by which a fence can be made in any manner desired, or repaired without rebuilding.
11. It makes the BEST and most durable fence on the market.
12. IT IS CHEAP.
13. Merit alone can stand the test of time.

The company will send you an illustrated book on the subject free, if you write to them.

Not Expensive Enough.
Mr. Park Slope—Do you believe that the doctors will agree that, after all, salt is the elixir of life?
Mr. Midwood—Never! It's too cheap!

Appreciation.
She—I like some of your articles very much.
He—Oh, I'm so glad! Which was the part you liked specially?
She—Well, I liked the quotation from Balzac.

Steps the Couch and Works Off the Gold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Touched.
First Sharper (at Pan-American exposition)—I hope you got the last dollar out of that galoot from Hackensack, N. J. He came to the exposition because the papers say it's a liberal education.
Second Sharper (complacently)—Well, I guess I gave his education the finishing "touches."

WRAPPED IN ROMANCE

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND, FAMED IN FICTION.

Little Dot in the Pacific That Is Better Known Than Many of the Larger and Much More Important Islands—Scene of a Boy's Classic.

With all of its solitude, writes Douglas White in the Overland Monthly, in regard to Robinson Crusoe's island, there is not a speck of land upon the surface of the Pacific or any other ocean which is better known or more widely discussed than this same island of Juan Fernandez. Strangely enough, it is not the island's history which has made its name so well known throughout the English-speaking world, for to most people there is little of its history known; but the fame of Juan Fernandez has all arisen from a work of fiction which has been since its first publication more widely read than any similar work in the English language.

From the passing of Fernandez and his Spanish colonists the island was seldom visited save by some ship which was pressed for water and fresh food, in which case it furnished both in ample quantities, the goats supplying fresh meat, the fruit trees set by Fernandez giving of their products, while several kinds of wild vegetables grew in abundance on different parts of the island. History, however, records but few of these visits up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. From a rough survey of the island, it was set out as being about twelve miles long by four miles in its widest portion, curving in a northwest and southwest direction, with its highest peak at the head of the curve. This peak was named by Fernandez "El Yunque" (The Anvil), from its close resemblance to that mechanical implement.

For considerably over 100 years El Yunque's solitude was broken only by the coming and going of these few visitors, until in 1700 the ship entered Cumberland Bay which was to give to Juan Fernandez its possibility of becoming one of the best known islands upon the world's charts. This was the Cinque Ports galleon, under the command of one Capt. Stradling. Now, this British skipper does not seem to have been extremely popular with his men, for upon this first visit to Fernandez more than 40 of his "Jackies" deserted to the island, preferring the life on its solitary shores to existence aboard the galleon. Before the ship sailed, however, all but five of these deserters changed their opinions and returned to the galleon's decks. Four years slipped by and again Stradling's ship dropped her anchor in Cumberland's waters. Of the five men left in 1700 but two remained, the others having been carried away by a French ship which called in the meantime.

But this second visit of the Cinque Ports was to be productive of the great event in Fernandez's history, for while in the bay the commander of the galleon had an argument with his sailing master, one Alexander Selkirk, who demanded that he be given an allowance of stores and landed on the island. His request was complied with, and the galleon sailed without him. For four years and four months did Selkirk maintain his lonely vigil at the top of the island's mountain range, scanning the sea for the sail which might come to end his drab life. In 1704 he was taken off by the Duke, an English privateer, on board of which he returned to England, bringing with him an extensive note book covering his experiences during these years of solitude. This note book was presented by him to the novelist Defoe, and on it the writer founded what at once became one of the most popular fictional works of that and each succeeding generation. Of course, Defoe used an author's latitude in its construction, but there exists to-day upon Juan Fernandez every one of the principal landmarks described in the chapters of Robinson Crusoe.

TO OUTWIT THE JANITOR.

Flat-Dwellers Fear of Ooze Has Developed New Industry.
"All right," said the locksmith, who keeps a little shop in Amsterdam avenue and does odd jobs of no great importance in themselves for the residents of the neighborhood, "all right, sir, I can fix this key to suit you, I think."

"You see," he explained to a visitor, according to the New York Herald, when the customer had retired, "he wants me to give him a janitor-proof key, and I'm just the boy to do it. I guess you don't know what a janitor-proof key is, because I know you live in a house. If you lived in a flat you'd know."

"When a man moves into a new apartment—that is, an apartment that is new to him—the first thing he begins to worry about is the key proposition. I'll take my oath that New York people are the most suspicious set of citizens that I ever saw in all my life. Why, they don't trust their relatives. After the man of the flat gets his string of two or three keys from the janitor he begins to let his suspicion loose.

"He thinks, of course, that the janitor is predatory by nature. Maybe he is right, but I believe the law holds all persons innocent until they are proved guilty, and it would be a pretty hard thing to do to prove a janitor guilty. Anyway, the man of the flat gets nervous. He has received so many keys. What is to prevent the janitor from having kept a duplicate key of the apartment? Nothing at all. It would be the easiest thing in the world for the janitor to hold out, turning over all the keys but one and making use of that to enter the flat whenever he saw a good opportunity in the absence of the family.

"That's the way the householder figures the case out to himself. Then he comes around to some locksmith in the neighborhood and gives one excuse after another to account for his wish to have the lock changed on his front door. It doesn't make any difference to a locksmith what the reason is, so long as he gets paid for the work he does, but the 'fatters' seem to think it necessary to spin him a fairy yarn. Anyway, the matter ends by the locksmith going around to the flat, taking a

squint at the lock, marking a place where he can cut off a trifling of the iron so that the key that belongs to it won't work, and then altering the key so that it will fit the revised lock.

"For this the charge is very slight. There is only a few minutes' work to the job, and a locksmith hasn't the heart to make an overcharge, you know. Now, this is much cheaper than having the old lock taken off and a new one put on, for then new keys would have to be made, and good keys cost considerable, you know. By simply scraping a piece off the lock at a certain point and scraping a corresponding piece off the key, the 'fatter' gets practically a new protection, and the janitor doesn't stand a chance of paying him a visit without ringing the bell and being regularly admitted."

The End of the Town.
There was nothing about him to indicate the crank. He was neatly but not fashionably dressed, and his good-natured countenance was of corpulent order, says the New York Mail and Express. He glanced reflectively out of the rear window of a Third Avenue car at the tall buildings along Park Row and Broadway, and for a moment looked serious.

"Too much weight," he said to a fellow passenger beside him, nodding his head in the direction of the buildings. "Too much weight entirely. People don't seem to realize that the lower portion of this city is only a crust of rock, with water of great depth beneath it. They keep putting up buildings after building of great height and weight, and some day there's going to be the greatest catastrophe of the ages. The whole blooming lower part of the city, or a good portion of it, will cave in under the enormous strain put upon it by these sky-scrapers, and the loss of life and property will be incalculable."

"Just think of the weight that crust has to sustain. Millions of tons of iron arriving here every year to be used for girders and rafters. Millions of tons of brick and mortar are used in constructing the buildings, and say nothing of the marble, granite and other kinds of stone, and all piled upon that frail crust of rock, which must give way some day under the strain."

"Then, there's the bridge, too. It can't last forever. Some day it is going to break down under the additional strain put upon it by the trolley and steam cars now running to Brooklyn. Imagine the scene at a rush hour some night; trolley cars on both sides laden with people; the promenade crowded and trucks in a steady stream. Suddenly one of the cables gives way. The other, unable to stand the strain alone, also parts, and people, cars and trucks are dumped into the river like a shovel of coal into a bucket. Oh, it's bound to come, I tell you."

"Prince George."
The Duke of Cornwall is devotedly loved in loyal Bermuda, where as a growing boy he once passed a happy winter. One of his favorite comrades there was a little girl whose great-grandfather had fought side by side with Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham. She used to push her little rocking-chair close beside that of the prince, and laboriously time her small rockers with those of his larger chair.

"We rock together, Prince George," she used to chatter, "always together," thrusting difference of rank into that limbo reserved for sophisticated adults.

Another favorite of the prince was a young American girl who discovered him in the admiral's hallway one day, tugging at his gloves.

"I hate to wear them," he admitted, as he looked at her bare hands; "only I promised grandmother that I would."

A letter from Queen Victoria gave the royal boy much pleasure, but on being asked if he would sell it for two pounds, he eagerly accepted the offer. Whereupon he was answered the letter with commendable promptness, urging his "dear grandmother please to write again."

The death of his older brother, some years later, and the recent death of the queen materially changed the career of the youth to whom the American girl said "you, and he said you to me."

On his return from the tour of the British colonies he will receive the honored title of the Prince of Wales, with its pregnant motto, "Ich dien"—I serve.

Why Dinah Wept.
Not long ago a lieutenant in the navy was ordered away on a three years' cruise. The order had been dreaded for weeks, and when it came the young wife, who was to be left in a Brooklyn flat with a baby and a colored servant, was in despair.

She controlled her sorrow very well, however, until the actual moment of parting came, and then she wept as though her heart would break, says the New York Herald. The cruiser was to leave the navy yard early next morning, and the lieutenant had gone to report for duty.

In the midst of her lamentations the young wife heard a sniffing and sobbing in the dining-room, and upon glancing through the door she saw Dinah, the colored maid, rocking her body to and fro in a chair and weeping violently.

"Why, D-D-Dinah, what's the matter?" cried the mistress. "You seem to take Mr. Blank's departure as much to heart as I do."

"Deed I doesn't, Mis' Blank—'deed I doesn't!" sobbed Dinah. "What am I bodderin' dis chile am the fac' dat a cullud gemman friend o' mine am gwine sail hisse' on dat same old cruish!"

Duke of Norfolk's Clothes.
The Duke of Norfolk's indifference to the niceties of dress has led to many mistakes, which, as a man of humor, he always enjoys. During his long term of service on the London County Council he was often mistaken for a labor member, one reason being because he always sat on the same group of seats as the labor men. Not so long ago he put some sovereigns in the plate at the door on leaving the Roman Catholic Church of Lincoln's-inn-fields. The doorkeeper, feeling that the plainly dressed man must have made a mistake, hurried after him to explain. The departing visitor smiled quietly as he replied: "We'll let the mistake pass this time."—London Chronicle.

A STARTLING STORY

TOLD BY A KANSAS CITY NEWS AGENT.

Is an Interview He Relates How He Accomplished What Many Others Have Failed to Do.

Jack Williams, of No. 401 Delaware street, says the Kansas City, Mo., Journal, is well known as an enterprising news agent and a thoroughly reliable man. He had been a sufferer from kidney trouble and endured much pain from it until recently, when he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and with such success that within a short time he was entirely and permanently cured.

To a reporter he said: "For two years I had pains in the back constantly, causing me serious inconvenience. But I did not attempt to do anything for my complaint until the latter part of last winter, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to see what they would do for me. I was relieved within one week after I began taking them; the pains disappeared and so complete was the cure that I have not found it necessary to take further treatment nor have I been troubled at all by the disease since."

Kidney complaint is an insidious disease. First come almost unnoticed pains in the back and some slight inconvenience. The pains grow gradually worse and the inconvenience greater till finally, if not given medical treatment, the person suffers awful torture and becomes unfit for following his ordinary occupation. Blood poisoning sets in, the constitution is wrecked and death often results.

Mr. Williams took the one unflinching remedy and was readily cured within a few weeks. His statement was sworn to before Lionel Morse, a notary public, and the facts above will bear the most searching investigation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only effect a cure in cases similar to the one above, but, acting directly upon the blood and nerves, are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and salivous complexion and all forms of weakness either in male or female. At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

A Forced Alliance.
Muggins—He married the cook, I believe.
Buggins—Yes; you see she wanted to leave.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

Many Oysters Near Mobile.
A big oyster bed near Mobile, Ala., has been sold for \$130,000. It is estimated that there are \$100,000 worth of oysters in the bed at this time.

Now He Got There.
"How'd I come here? Well," answered the sullen convict, "I sneaked in de back way, when nobody was lookin' and hid in dis yere cell."

Rough on Both.
Algy—Gladly, I fear I cannot love you as I should.
Ladys—Why, what's the reason?
Algy—Because I must confess I forgot to shave today.

Fond of the Baby.
"My wife doesn't stay but a week down at her mother's."
"Homesick?"
"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much that they nearly washed it to pieces."

Started Her Song.
Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea party)—Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her.
Tommy Brown (aged seven)—I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking.

BAD BREATH



Place at Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, No Odor, Never Hurts, Weakens, or Grips. See Box, 25c, 50c, 1.00. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** See Box, 25c, 50c, 1.00. **NO-TO-BAG** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure Hemorrhoids.

He Thought of It.
McJigger—I view your wife was economical.
Thingumbob—Such ignorance! My dear man, no woman is ever economical. She is either extravagant or stingy.

You Know What You Are Taking.
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. See Box.

A Matter of Expense.
"Doctor, what is the matter with me?"
"You need about three months' rest from business—that is all."
"Three months' rest? That will cost me \$5,000. The other doctor said I needed an operation for appendicitis. That would cost only \$100. I think I'll let him operate."

Spring Planting.
"Josiah is in a terrible quandary."
"What now?"
"He doesn't know whether he gave the canary the bird seed or whether he gave it the flower seed and planted the bird seed."

She Knew Him.
"All is lost save honor," telephoned the defeated candidate to his wife at 2 a. m.
"Well, you'll have to walk home, then," she answered, "for that won't do you any good on the owl cars." And then nothing but the low, hoarse buzzing of the telephone wires answered her.

Wanted to Buy.
"I want to buy a house."
"What size?"
"I don't know. I want a house that will hold my family and my dog."

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"Robbing Peter."
Towne—For goodness sake, what are you so cranky about?
Brown—Oh, I asked my wife to sew a button on my coat.
Towne—And wouldn't she do it?
Brown—Yes; but I've just discovered that the button she sewed on my coat was out from my vest.

He'll's School.
At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories, and 270 students, only schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. In a hall, Fr. D. Prinsieps.

How It Happened.
Silas—How did you ever come to let that bunco man take you in?
Hiram—Well, I kinder suspected him at first, but he said nobody'd ever know I was from the county; and I thought a fellow that didn't know that much couldn't be dangerous.

A Clear Case.
"Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"
"I do," he replied—"as long as the fittest has the patronage to distribute."

The Mean Kid.
"It appears it was the gift of seven cigars that revealed the hiding place of Aguinaldo."
"I smoked one of the sort the other night."
"What sort?"
"The sort that is mean enough to make a man betray his grandmother."

DON'T GET WET
THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING IS SURE PROTECTION IN WET WEATHER. CATALOGUE FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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"I want to buy a house."
"What size?"
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