

The Stimulus of Pure Blood

That is what is required by every organ of the body, for the proper performance of its functions. It prevents biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney complaint, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, weakness, faintness, pimples, blotches, and all cutaneous eruptions.

It perfects all the vital processes. W. F. Weston, Woodstock, Ala. took Hood's Sarsaparilla to make his blood pure. He writes that he had not felt well but tried for some time. Before he had finished the first bottle of this medicine he felt better and when he had taken the second was like another man—free from that tired feeling and able to do his work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keep the promise. Accept no substitute, but get Hood's today.

A Footnote.

Charley—I think Coleman the most careless fellow I ever saw. The other morning he got up at 5 o'clock and went gunning, wearing his patent leather shoes. You ought to have seen them. The wet grass took all the varnish off.

James—That must have been a case of the patent running out.—Exchange.

Consumer—Say, what kind of a cigar do you call this? It's the worst tobacco I ever tasted.

Dealer—Beg your pardon, but you are wholly in error. There isn't a particle of tobacco in that cigar. It's so easy to be mistaken, don't you see.—Boston Transcript.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteful form. No Cure, No Pay, etc.

PLASO'S CURE

Plaso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—W. O. EXNER, Vanburse, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

He Said No More.

Mr. Bender—Great Scott! When a woman goes out to get samples she spends half a day.

CLAIM INTO FOR PENSION

WRITE TO HATMAN BROS. 100 N. W. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn. They will receive quick replies. B. 3th N. H. Vol. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.

Unwerving.

"It seems to me that our friend has so much faith in money that he almost makes a religion of it."

Friendless Also.

"No," he said, "I haven't anything for you."

Unfinished Work.

Baby May was having a hard time cutting her last teeth. One day her mother found her crying and asked her what was the matter.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All ingredients refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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Now the Fuss Started.

"That hand-me-down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks.

"Because it's so different. One isn't out to fit, and the other isn't fit to eat."

It was then that Brooks blasted away at him.—Pick-Me-Up.

He Could Not Win a Woman.

Mother—Ethel is the very image of what I was at her age.

He—Really! I shouldn't have thought it possible.

Mother (coldly) May ask why?

He (seeing his error, and striving to rectify it)—Oh—er—I was forgetting what a long time ago that must have been!—Punch.

The Ingredients.

"What did you find on the vessel which washed ashore this morning?" asked the cannibal king of his chief.

"Only a shipwrecked shoemaker and a case of sherry, sire."

"Tis well, slave. Make me a sherry cobbler for dinner. I have often heard of such a delicacy."—Baltimore American.

Promotion for Bravery.

Word reaches us of a small band of soldiers who held at bay a large number of Filipinos for over two hours until assistance arrived, thereby saving an important point from capture. For their bravery they were all given promotion. To be brave it is necessary to have strong nerves and a good digestion. If your stomach is weak and you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, belching, nervousness or insomnia, you should try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will cure you.

A Mistake.

Consumer—Say, what kind of a cigar do you call this? It's the worst tobacco I ever tasted.

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The Past GUARANTEES The Future

The Fact That

St. Jacobs Oil

Has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises and other bodily aches and pains. It is a guarantee that it will cure other cases. It is safe, sure and never failing. Acts like magic.

Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

WET WEATHER HATS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING

Have the same points of excellence and give complete satisfaction.

Badness.

"Oh mamma," cried Tommy, "Willie's pulling the pussy's tail!"

He's a very bad boy to do that, said mamma.

"Yes, and he's selfish too; cause he won't let me pull it at all."—Philadelphia Press.

A WONDERFUL FENCE.

The "Anchor" Clamps Are Revolutionizing Wire Fences Now-a-Days.

The surprising stride in popularity made by the "Anchor" wire fence proves that this fence has come to stay. It is used all over the United States, and it bears the test of time, which in reality is the only convincing test.

In the Pacific Northwest the Portland "Anchor" Fence Co., of 742 Nicolai street, Portland, Ore., is pushing this fence and its agents are well-known everywhere, as they bring an article which certainly is sorely needed. It is probably a fact that the "Anchor" fence satisfactorily solves the great fence question.

The universal desirability of the "Anchor" fence is understood when you come to know that it serves in the best possible manner nearly every use to which any fence can be put.

The principle of clamping upright stakes, rivet-tight, to the running rods makes every fence secure and durable. Never before have such economical and lasting fences been made.

These "Anchor" fences are suitable for all kinds of ordinary fence purposes and also afford a large scope in the designing of ornamental fences, tree guards, fancy gates, etc.

Besides this, if a man wants to repair his old wire fence all he has to do is to buy some of the little "Anchor" clamps and a pair of pliers and he is prepared to make his old fence last a long time.

It is worth while to send for pictures and catalogues to the Portland "Anchor" Fence Co., 742 Nicolai St., Portland, Oregon.

Not Setting a Good Example. Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.)—Fanny, don't you think it's about time to go to bed?

Fanny—Yes, I do, papa. What on earth keeps you up so late.—Tit-Bits.

Keep the Dough and Work on the Gold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. 25c each. No Pay. Price 25c each.

Near Enough.

Teacher—Now, Susie, you may construct a sentence in which the word "literary" occurs.

Susie—(after much thought)—Little Willie's hands were literary black with dirt.—Philadelphia Press.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The secret of the remarkable success of the Garfield Headache Powder, manufactured here by the Garfield Tea Co., lies in the fact that they are harmless as well as effective; people have confidence in them.

Preliminary Arrangement.

Mallory—After we are married, Marie, you must never hesitate to ask me when you want money.

Marie—No, indeed, Mallory; and I hope that you will never hesitate about giving it to me.—Brooklyn Life.

A Sign of Progress.

McJigger—Oh, no; it isn't a one-horse town any more.

Thingumbob—No?

McJigger—No; you remember their "Grand Dramatic Palace"? Well, they call it "the theater" now.

ANCIENTS WERE WISE

NOT DESTITUTE OF GENIUS IN MECHANIC ARTS.

They Had Many Things in Common Use that We Have Grown to Consider the Products of Modern Skill and Inventiveness.

An official of the United States Patent Office who is preparing a history of that institution has been impressed with the idea that there is little now under the sun. He has pored over volumes of ancient lore and satisfied himself that the ingenuity of moderns was discounted by the wise men of antiquity. In art, in the sciences, in mechanics, our boasted progress seems to him to have been vastly overrated.

There is not, he says, a single surgical bandage of which examples are not seen in the swappings of Egyptian mummies. "The Patent Office issues a patent for a nickel-in-the-slot machine described by Herodotus." Play tells us of a copy of the Iliad engraved on so small a piece of parchment that the entire work was contained in a nutshell. Microscopes of rock crystal were found in the palace of Nimrod. Nero had lenses made out of an emerald, with which from a distance he watched gladiatorial contests. The Romans, as stated by Prof. Lanciani, had storage warehouses and safety deposit vaults.

The ancients, according to this Patent office skeptic, were as full of wisdom as the moderns who ignorantly undertook to patronize them. Their mechanical contrivances and engineering works were remarkable. Archimedes discovered many scientific principles which are in use nowadays. Public works were of the highest order. The ancient Greek water supply system showed every modern improvement—such as we have acquired only within the past few years. The public roads of Peru were built of masonry, were twenty-five feet wide, macadamized with pulverized stone mixed with lime and bituminous cement and walled in by walls more than six feet thick. A sort of telegraph system existed and news was transmitted hundreds of miles in a day. When Peru was "discovered" several centuries ago its woolen and cotton goods exceeded in fineness any similar goods produced in Europe. Plato knew that the earth was round; other philosophers, now forgotten, were familiar with the law of gravitation. Astronomers before the Christian era understood the rotation of planets and knew a great deal about comets. There is reason to believe that the ancients used the telephone in some form, while there is a tradition in China that the phonograph was employed by rich orientals.

Still, the wisdom of the ancients has not discouraged modern inventors. Men of science and mechanical ingenuity will continue to add to the knowledge, the comfort and wealth of the world. With all the progress that has been made many contrivances remain to be devised before human ingenuity realizes that its limit has been reached. Immense fortunes will be made by the inventive geniuses of the future who work out problems which must be solved before man attains complete happiness on this mundane sphere. What appears impossible in this generation may be in general use in the next generation. Matters of transportation, of power, of fuel, of lighting and heating engage at this time the attention of thoughtful and resourceful men. There are many prizes to be won by the successful inventors of the future.—Baltimore Sun.

"FROWED HINTS" AT HIM.

The Hesitant Neighbor Responded with Brickbats.

"Dinner Henry Green," exclaimed a citizen of Darktown, with his arms and legs in splints and his countenance in plaster, "tho' did bombard me las' nite wid brickbats."

"Ax him what he frowed et me ruz, Judge Briles," remarked Henry Green, as he shoved his lower lip out over his chin.

"Nebber frowed nuttin' at him," said the splinted and plastered Darktownite.

"Well, what did he throw at you?" the recorder asked Henry.

"He frowed hints," was the reply. "Ye see, Judge Briles, me an' disser nigger libs 'jints' rooms and he's bin er frowin' hints out atter me fer de longest. So las' nite I jest made up mer min' dat de frowin' ol dem hints had got ter stop. I axed him jest lak er Chrislum brudder what he wunter be frowin' hints at me, an' he ups an' louts dat he owned dat mouf ol his'n. Fussa one word brung er anudder an' at de last I mout er flung er few brickbats at his head. But jest 'member, Judge Briles, dat he frowed dem hints atter me fuz."

"Brickbats for hints is too much lex tallonia," remarked the recorder, according to the Atlanta Constitution. "I know there's a hint, but that doesn't give them the right to pass brickbats. Some folks are very handy to throw brickbats and will do so quicker than you can bat your eye. Henry, you did a great wrong to lose those bats. You wronged your neighbor, you wronged the hints, you wronged yourself and you wronged the bats. I'll fine you \$10.75. If you can't pay it then there is the chain gang that you can help to populate for a couple or three weeks. That is a little hint, I suppose, you can take all right."

Queen Never Discarded Old Clothes.

The sorting and arranging of the personal effects of the late Queen Victoria was a tremendous task, says a London correspondent. One peculiarity of her majesty was never to discard any dresses, mantle, hat or bonnet which she had ever worn, and her wardrobe might well have been considered the most complete record of the fashion of the last sixty years in existence. Another fancy of Queen Victoria was to have everything in duplicate; two hats, two cloaks, etc., were always ordered. Her majesty had a wonderful collection of lace, but this is not to be compared with the collection of the Queen Dowager of Italy, said to be the best in the world.

A darky with one leg is just as happy as a white man with two.

Our Working Girls.

Life to the most favored is not always full of sunshine, but to the average American girl or woman who is obliged to work for her living, and, perhaps to help others at home, life is often a heavy drag in consequence of illness.

Women who work especially those who are constantly on their feet, are peculiarly liable to the development of organic troubles, and should particularly heed the first manifestations, such as backache, pains in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach, irregular and painful monthly periods.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness. At all dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y., 60 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.



MISS ELLA BRECKEN, K. ROCHESTER, OHIO.

faintness, weakness, loss of appetite and sleep.

The young lady whose portrait we publish herewith has all these symptoms, and in addition leucorrhoea, and was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. First, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory at Lynn, Mass., describing her trouble, received in reply accurate instructions what to do to get well, and now wishes her name used to convince others that they may be cured as she was.

The same helping hand, free of charge or obligation, is extended, to every ailing woman in America. If you are sick you are foolish not to get this valuable advice, it costs you nothing, and she is sure to help you. Don't wait until it is too late—write to-day.

An Exception.

"Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man with Chesterfield in his manners.

"Well, mister," answered the roughly-clad, weather-beaten person, "that may be true in your part o' town, but if you was in the canal boat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of sayin' 'please' to a mule."—Washington Star.

He Would Enjoy It.

"Did your father used to whip you when you was a boy?" asked the youngster who had been chastised.

"Did he?" exclaimed the old gentleman, reflectively. "In those days parents were made of sterner stuff, and he used to whale me with a strap."

The boy's eyes brightened instantly. "Golly," he cried, "I'd like to see him do it now!"—Chicago Post.

He Was Satisfied.

He was obviously anxious and she seemed almost willing. "I must refer you to papa," said she with a becoming blush, "before giving you a final answer."

"But I am perfectly willing to take you without any reference," said he magnanimously.—Tit-Bits.

An Avenue of Escape.

"I'm thinking seriously of resuming business."

"I thought you had retired permanently."

"I thought so too but I need some excuse for not attending my wife's afternoon teas."—Brooklyn Life.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Is She Losing the Beauty That Was Once a National Boast?

Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, an elastic step and a good appetite are the birth-right of every American girl. These are the conditions that denote perfect health. But, unfortunately, every day are seen girls with pale, sallow complexions, languid, painful, unobtrusive and listless, and the question is often asked whether the woman of today has lost the healthy beauty which was once a national characteristic. One of the most common afflictions of womanhood is anaemia, a watery condition of the blood. This causes untold misery and often leads to other and even more serious diseases. It can be cured, however, as the following interview in the Harrisburg Star-Independent will show. Miss Annie L. Reel, of No. 910 Green street, Harrisburg, Pa., who has been a sufferer from this trouble, in answer to a reporter's question, said:

"Yes, I am entirely well now but I was a very sick girl. About five years ago I had an unnatural craving for highly seasoned food and after that I was afflicted with headache and my heart would beat about twice as fast as it should. My limbs got so weak that I had to rest on every step when going up stairs. The color of my skin was like that of a dead person. My limbs, and, in fact, my whole body, would swell at times. The doctor who treated me said my complaint was anaemia."

"The doctor told me a few weeks longer I would have had dropsy. I was under his care for several weeks, but with little change for the better."

"How, then, were you so completely restored to health," asked the reporter.

"I had been sick for two months when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In about a week I was feeling better. The headache left me and I began to get stronger. I took the pills for six weeks and became thoroughly cured."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness. At all dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y., 60 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

Domestic Economy.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it.

Poor Man—That's good. "What does it say?"

Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey—but we haven't the turkey—New York Weekly.

The Pleading Answer.

Dumleigh—There's nothing cranky about Mr. Synnex; he's a man of sense, he is!

Markham—Flattering.

Dumleigh—Not a bit. Folks have been saying smoking cigarettes weakened the intellect. I asked Mr. Synnex and he told me to keep right on; it couldn't possibly have that effect on me.—Boston Transcript.

Not Issued in Time to Benefit Him.

"Did you see Mr. Mifkins this morning?" asked the bookkeeper.

"No," replied the publisher, "What did he want?"

"He desired us to advance him 15 shillings on his forthcoming work—'How to Be a Financial Success.'"

—Glasgow Evening Times.

A Kitchen Mystery.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use, after all. This cake is delicious.

Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure.

"Why so?"

"I told Bridget exactly how to make it and she went and made it some other way."—New York Weekly.

Wouldn't Come Out.

Deacon Pecksniff—Fie! I'd be ashamed to be seen coming out of a saloon.

Mr. Hardcase—Oh, yes; I suppose you're proud of the fact that you always stay in until they put you out.—Philadelphia Record.

It, like truth, only asks a hearing. Wizard Oil Cures Pain.

Sarcasm Wasted.

Customer (to dealer)—Say, there must have been some mistake about those peaches you sold me yesterday.

Dealer—What was the matter with them?

"Nothing. That's just it. There were no bad ones at the bottom of the basket."

"By gum, so you got them did you? I picked them out for myself."

The Best Prescription for Malaria, Chills and Fever.

Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25c.

A War.

Miss Fanny—When I watched the dear old soldiers pass by I thought how splendid it must have been to have had the privilege of living right here in the midst of the exciting times of great civil war.

Johnny Fresh—Then you were abroad during the war, were you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VOYAGING TO SUNNY CLIMES.

Gen of Art That May Be Had for the Asking.

That's a beautiful subject to discuss any time of the year, but especially so during the rainy months, when a trip to Southern California is most delightful. The how, when and where of the whole business is told briefly but comprehensively in a little book that would be an ornament to any library table. Ask the Pacific Coast Steamship Company to mail it from their office in Seattle, Portland, Tacoma or Spokane. As a work of art it's a gem. Get the book and enjoy its beauty and the story it tells. The trip may be within reach before the winter ends.

Patents Protected.

Prompt, Efficient and Satisfactory Service. Attorneys fee not payable till patent granted. Try us, Taber & Whitman Co., 28-30 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MRS. COOPER.

The Most Famous Sculptress in the World, Entirely Cured by Peruna.



Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

Mrs. M. C. Cooper, of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, England, is undoubtedly one of the greatest living sculptors. Ruskin, the great artist, placed Mrs. Cooper as one of the greatest sculptors and painters of the century. Mrs. Cooper is an ardent friend of Peruna and in a letter dated January 29th, written from Washington, says the following: "I take pleasure in recommending Peruna for catarrh and is gripe. I have suffered for months and after the use of one bottle of Peruna I am entirely well."—Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

Send for a free book on catarrh entitled "Health and Beauty." This book is written especially for women, and will be found to be of great value to every woman. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio