

# That Tired Feeling

Is a Common Spring Trouble. It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure. It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation. They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion. Accept no substitute. I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of eczema." Mrs. C. M. Root, Glendale, Conn. Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

The Man with the Ho! Ho! I love the ringing of music of a cheery, hearty laugh. For it routs the imps of worry as the breeze scatters chaff. And there's not a scene of gladness known to mortals here below But is made a little gladder by a merry ho! ho! For merriment's a singer, and laughter is his song. And where the singer singeth the happy angels throng. For in all celestial anthems nothing sweeter is, I trow. Than the melody that lures in a ho! ho! ho! ho!

You are feeling rather weary—'tis an oft-recorded tale— And you fancy trouble's demons all are camping on your trail. Till you meet the man of laughter, with his cheery ho! ho! ho! And, some way, as you listen, all the haunting demons go! Then you row this old planet is a place of joy and cheer. And there's pleasure in reflecting that you now are living here. And you wouldn't for a fortune lose your grip on things below— All because you hear the music of a ringing ho! ho! ho!

Two angels walk upon the earth, walk daily to and fro. The one is clad in robes of white, the one in garb of woe. The voice of one is laughter; the other's is a sigh. Joy is the one; the other woe; for souls of men they vie; And the one comes running, raming, summoned by the witching spell Of the ringing notes of laughter that the spirit's rapture tell. While the other straight is driven from the souls it haunts below. By the ringing and the singing of a ho! ho! ho! ho!

We all love the music of a cheery, hearty laugh— To spirits given with trouble 'tis a heaven-brewed staff— But our burdens seem so heavy as we pass them in review. That we often let another do the laughing we should do; At any rate, it's so with me, for I'm of brittle clay. And haply it is so with you, although I do not say; And so, perchance, you'll join with me, this one bouquet to throw. To the man who brings us blessings with his ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Bound to Keep the Girl. Mrs. Suburb—I think Mrs. Lawmow must have a girl at last. Mr. Suburb—Why? Mrs. Suburb—I hear her giving some one a lesson on the piano. The Masculine View. She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses. He—They probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them. His Busy Season. The Judge—What was your idea for breaking into the house during the day? The Burglar—I had another engagement for the evening, your honor.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—George Elliot. A goose which dances in clogs is a curiosity on exhibition in London.

# TORMENTING RHEUMATISM

Columbus, Ohio, May 20, 1903. Six years ago I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism. I was laid up in bed for six months, and the doctors I had did me no good. They changed medicines every week and nothing they prescribed seemed to help me. Finally I began the use of S. S. S. My knees and elbow joints were swollen terribly, and at one time my joints were so swollen and painful that I could not close them when opened. I was so bad that I could not move knee or foot. I was getting discouraged, you may be sure, when I began S. S. S., but as I saw it was helping me I continued it, and to-day I am a sound well man and have never had a return of the disease. S. S. S. purified my blood and cured me of this severe case of Rheumatism after everything else had failed. I have recommended it to others with good results. R. H. CHAFFMAN, 1355 Mt. Vernon Ave.

The poisonous acids that produce the inflammation and pain are absorbed into the blood and Rheumatism is never conquered till these are neutralized and filtered out of the blood and system. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation and attacks the disease itself. It purifies and restores the blood to a healthy, vigorous condition. It contains no potash, alkali or other strong minerals, but is guaranteed to be entirely vegetable. Write us and our physicians will advise you without any charge whatever. Our book on Rheumatism sent free.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

# Humorous

The derrick isn't handsome, but it has an uplifting influence.—Philadelphia Record.

Father (from top of staircase)—Ethel, is that young man gone? Ethel—A awful funny, ya.—Grit.

"Do you think Banks ever fooled his wife successfully?" "I know it. He married her."—Detroit Free Press.

"What is worse than owing money you can't pay?" "Being owed money you can't collect."—Cleveland Ledger.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson get married for? Miss Washburn—Laws I only know—he keeps right on workin'!—Puck.

She—Do you think that a woman can truly love but once? He—Well, if that's the only chance she has—yes!—Detroit Free Press.

"Papa, will you send me to Europe to study music?" "No; you can study it here, and I'll send you to Europe to practice."—Houston Post.

"Never tell a secret, dear. It would be a great breach of confidence." "What must I do with it, mamma?" "Well—bring it to me."—Madame.

Father—But do you think you can make my daughter happy? Sultor—Happy! Say, you should just have seen her when I proposed!—Brooklyn Life.

Mamma—Don't lounge that way, Tommy. Sit up like a man. Tommy—Why, mamma, men sit down; it's only dogs and rabbits that sit up.—Philadelphia Record.

Teaspoon—Why are you so angry with the doctor? Mrs. Teaspoon—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.—Exchange.

Hoax—They say the sultan of Turkey scares his wives nearly to death. Joak—Yes; I've always heard that he was a harem-scarem sort of fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

Smiggs—There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people. Smiggs—Great labor agitator, eh? Smiggs—No; manufacturer of alarm clocks.—Chicago Ledger.

Mrs. Heapeck—This paper says that married women live longer than single ones. Mr. Heapeck—Heavens, woman! Can't you think of something pleasant to talk about?—Borrowed.

Freda—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. Floyd—Related to me? Why that man's a fool. Freda—Of course, but that may be a mere coincidence.—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. Hayrix—Them air Japs must be kinder hard up for something 'tew read. Hayrix—Why so, Mandy? Mrs. Hayrix—This paper says they went an' took a lot ov Russian magazines.—Exchange.

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire? Porter—Yes, mum; he has the place inshored for twice wot it's worth.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Frenzied Financier: The Farmer (excitedly)—Say, Mister Constable, I've jest bin bunkered out ov every dern cent! The Policeman (dritably)—Well, jest! holler to me, you come on; I ain't no magazine publisher!—Puck.

Mrs. Watkyns—Henry, I want a dollar this morning. Mr. Watkyns—Great Caesar, woman! Do you think that I am made of money? When you want large amounts you ought to let me know 24 hours in advance.—Somerville Journal.

Irate Employer—See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday; and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep around here ever since! Sleepy Joe—That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted—An office boy, not over 18; must sleep on the premises."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Fish that Change Color. Anglers have noticed that fish of the same species caught in the same stream often differ completely in color and take protective hues that match the prevailing local coloring of their homes. Herr Otto Gotthilf found by a course of experiments with turbot that this faculty of changing color is primarily due to the action of light upon the optic nerve. The light does not act directly upon the eye, but is reflected from such substances as are around and affects the coloring cells through the nerve centers of the fish. Proof of this was obtained by severing the optic nerve of the turbot when it was found that it no longer possessed the power of changing color.—Pearson's.

Wedding Anniversaries. According to the tradition of ages, there are 14 wedding anniversaries to be celebrated. These are: First year, cotton; second year, paper; third year, leather; fifth year, wooden; seventh year, woolen; tenth year, tin; twelfth year, silk and fine linen; fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, china; twenty-fifth year, silver; thirtieth year, pearl; fortieth year, ruby; fiftieth year, gold; seventy-fifth year, diamond.

Boxed. They were returning from a husking bee. "And were there any red ears?" asked the friend. "Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when you caught that city fellow kissing me."—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Much the Easier Task. "Mary, my love, things are so beastly bad, don't you think you might have a try at making your own clothes?" "O George, pet, I don't think I'm clever enough for that, but I'll tell you what; I'll have a try at making yours!"—Modern Society.

If you can't go to call on a friend without finding a clue, stay at home. If you can't walk up street without seeing a clue, throw yourself into the river. The world would be better off with every suspicious-minded person out of it, and he shouldn't wait till the ice on the river melts, either.

Awkward Marital Relations. "Is she married?" "Partially."

When a man says his mind has been a blank, he might as well sign a confession of guilt.

Many a man who is too honest to steal borrows and forgets to pay back.

# TONS OF PRINTING FOR FARMER.

Agriculture Department Publications Number 12,421,386 in a Year.

A young member of the Chicago bar who recently bought a small farm in Illinois for the purpose of going into the agricultural business along scientific lines as a side issue wrote to his member of Congress asking him to forward all publications of the Agricultural Department which might aid him in his aim. The Congressman began to send him documents by the sackful ten days ago and he is still sending them. The would-be farmer has orders to keep his hired man at the country postoffice each day for some time yet to come.

While this is a facetious illustration of the work of the Agricultural Department, it can be stated without fear of contradiction that one of the highest compliments paid the efficiency of this department is the constant and growing demand for its publications all over the country, writes Leroy T. Vernon in the Chicago Daily News. In recent years the agricultural year books have come to be considered real works of art and a set of them from the beginning a highly prized addition to any library.

The enormity of this printing work by the department can be best understood by the figures from the printing department. Last year 972 different publications were turned out by the department, of which 379, embracing 22,000 pages, were absolutely new matter. The total number of copies of all publications issued during the year was 12,421,386 and the total number of requisitions was 4,724, or more than fifteen separate pieces of work for every working day of the year. This represents a growth of new publications and in number of documents that well illustrates the favor with which the work of the department is being received.

During the last session of Congress nearly 567,000 copies were authorized by law of Congress. Of this number 500,000 copies were of the year book for 1903. In addition 200,000 copies of the publication on "Diseases of the Horse," one of the most popular ever issued by the department, and 60,000 on the bee-sugar industry were authorized by special resolution. The cost of these publications was \$400,000.

Among the smaller publications the greatest demand is for the Farmer's Bulletin, of which 415 different issues were made last year. The aggregate number of copies issued was 6,435,000 and of this number Senators and Representatives distributed among their constituents 4,000,000. During the past three years the Congressmen have sent out 13,000,000 of these documents alone. The amount of money expended for the various bureaus, divisions and offices of the Department of Agriculture for the printing of their various reports was \$156,465.38. The average cost of the Farmer's Bulletin is 1 1/2 cents a copy.

Put Egg in Caesar's Hand and Spoiled Shaking Scene. "Did I ever tell you about the time my uncle, the actor, played with Frederick Wardle?" said the sailor, according to the New York Press.

"No," said the druggist.

"Well, uncle was a super with Wardle, and for drinking too much he got freed."

"You can go," Wardle says, "at the end of the week."

"That made uncle mad, and he decided to have revenge. So on his last night, after he had got his salary all right, he went on the stage with an egg in his hand."

"Wardle was playin' Julius Caesar, and it was the garden scene, where Brutus—that was Wardle—walked about and shook hands with the various conspirators."

"Uncle was one of the conspirators, and he held the egg in his right fist. He watched his chance and when Wardle, in a lordly way, went to shake hands with him he dropped the egg in Wardle's open palm."

"Uncle says he never seen such a surprised look on anyone's face as he seen on Wardle's then. His hand closed immediately, and he glanced down at the thing that had been given him, more surprised than ever."

"He couldn't put no fire into the scene after that. He didn't do any more hand shakin' for fear he might smash the egg. He kept shiffin' it from one hand to the other, and you could hear him cursin' under his breath."

"At the end of the scene he rushed into the wings, yellin'."

"Where's that infernal Musgrave?" "But Uncle Musgrave, you bet, had skipped."

An Unintentional Pun. The difficulties of learning and using a new language are many, and the unfortunate Norwegian in this story must have felt that his own efforts were particularly unsuccessful.

A druggist was obliged to be absent from his store one day, and his wife took his place. A large Norwegian, who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said:

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents." "Very well," replied the druggist's wife; "just pay it to me and it will be all right."

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents." "Yes, I understand. If you are afraid, I will give you a receipt for it." The man looked at her in astonishment, and walked out without a word. Pretty soon he returned with a fellow countryman, whose command of English was a little better, and who interpreted his friend's remark by explaining, "He wants fifty cents' worth of iodoforn."

Why do we bathe? To be clean or to look white? Is, after all, the Englishman's love of his tub a mere species of vanity?—London Express.

The One Thing Needful. Lodger—I wish you would put a better mattress on my bed. Landlady—Better mattress! Why, that is a genuine hair mattress. Lodger—Oh, that being the case, perhaps a bottle of hair restorer is all that's necessary.

# OLD Favorites

Go Where Glory Waits Thee. Go where glory waits thee, But while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember me. Other arms may press thee, Dearest friends may cross thee, All the joys that bless thee, Sweeter far may me. But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dearest, Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest By the star thou lovest, Oh! then remember me. Think, when home returning, Bright we've seen it burning, Oh! then remember me. Oft as summer closes, When thine eye reposes, Oh! then remember me. Once so loved by thee, Think of her who wore them, Her who made thee love them, Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying, Autumn leaves are lying, Oh! then remember me. And, at night, when gazing, On the gray hearth blazing, Oh! still remember me. Then, should music, stealing All the soul of feeling, To thy heart appealing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let memory bring thee Strains I used to sing thee— Oh! then remember me. —Thomas Moore.

"One Touch of Nature." For time is like a fashionable host That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly, Grasp in the corner; welcome ever smiles; And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit, High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envy and calumniating time. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin— That all with one consent, praise new-born grands; Though they are made and molded of things past, And give to dust that is a little gift More than that gift ordained. —William Shakespeare.

BEWARE THE TUB. Wear More Clean Clothes and Bathe Yourself Less. The medical faculty are keen upon microbes, but never before has the Englishman's "tub" been assailed. Now we are not only warned against the dangers of the daily or weekly bath, but deliberately told that we are courting pneumonia and various diseases.

Is this true? Medical authorities speak of the necessity of keeping the pores open. Physiologists depict the danger of not bathing, and early in life we are educated into the principles of the daily bath until it becomes a confirmed habit.

It is argued that the higher the civilization the more public baths, the more private bathtubs, the more provisions for hot water, and, as a rule, the weaker the progeny.

The construction of the skin is not sufficiently strong for the frequent use of that product of modern civilization—the daily bath.

It is said that in the days of our youth we have a strong predilection to avoid the bath; that we are attracted to mother earth, and grow fat and dirty—"no, not dirty, but covered with elements that are helpful to us." Instinct teaches children right; man's accumulated knowledge leads him astray. Which is to be trusted, instinct or this pseudo knowledge? The chick makes no mistake in following the duckling into the pond. All animals governed by instinct avoid bathing in the winter. The primitive condition, then, is the natural one, and civilization is all wrong.

Now it seems the bath fills the skin with blood; the blood in the surface is immediately chilled, passes into the heart and is pumped into the lungs; result, congestion of these organs—pneumonia. We may escape with a slight cold, but the experiment was foolish. It is a useless waste of vital force, and causes more work for every organ. In the winter time we eat more meat and food, which causes poisonous debris, and we perspire little, while in the summer time we eat much less meat, more fruits, and perspire much, therefore the skin eliminates no poison, and an examination of the human perspiration shows it to contain nothing poisonous.

This is how pneumonia is invited: The victim gets into a tub of hot water; he lathers his body with soap. He rubs the skin with a flesh brush; the skin glows; the blood vessels are taxed to their limit. The soap dissolves the fat that agglutinates the pores and holds intact several layers of epidermis. He leaves the bath tub—a glowing, healthy man, yet with a prey to pneumonia. In the morning he goes to work. In the evening the evil sprite begins the work. And for what is all this risk? To be clean? Not so! For to be clean is not to be moist, but to be dry, and not to bathe, but to keep clean clothes.

Therefore, on this principle, a chimney sweep is clean, because the outer skin is covered with soot; the miner is not dirty because he is covered with carbon.

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# A Case of Interpretation.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" demanded the spokesman of the mob. "Do thou, O royal chamberlain, haste to the presence of his majesty and learn his wish."

The royal chamberlain hurried to the presence and bowed himself thrice to the floor. Then he asked the monarch's pleasure regarding the desperate outlaw.

"Away with him," said the king in a loud, harsh voice.

But the chamberlain was something of a humorist and when he returned to the mob he laughingly announced that, in regard to the misdoings of the prisoner, the king had said only that it was "a way with him."

Whereupon the mob reluctantly released its quarry.

But in trying to explain the joke to the obtuse king the royal chamberlain became confused and completely lost his head.—Baltimore American.

Macaroni Wheat. Salzer's strain of this wheat is the kind which laughs at droughts and the elements and positively mocks Black Rust, that terrible scourge!

It's sure of yielding 80 bushels of finest wheat the sun shines on per acre on good land, in Mich., Wis., O., Pa., Mo., Neb., Ind., and 40 to 60 bushels on arid lands! No rust, no insects, no failure. Catalog tells all about it.

Between Friends. Joe—You look out of sorts this morning, old man; what's wrong? Fred—Oh, family troubles. Joe—Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Nothing serious, is it? Fred—I'm afraid it is. I had a misunderstanding with my rich uncle last night. Joe—Indeed? Did you lose the ticket? Fred—No, but I lost the money.

Ever Notice It? "Yes," remarked the man who occasionally lets out only an audible thought, "it is."

"What 'tis that is?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"It is easier to cut an acquaintance than it is to cure a soap with a restaurant knife," explained the noisy thinker.

Had Been There Before. Messenger Boy—Here's a package for you, sir. Weddlerly—So? What is it? Messenger Boy—I'm not sure, sir, but I think it's a birthday present your wife ordered for you at Smith's jewelry store. Weddlerly—Oh, very well. Just leave the bill and tell Smith I'll send him a check for the amount to-morrow.

Declined with Thanks. Dribbles—Did you get a check for that poem you sent to Blank's magazine last month? Scribbles—Yes. Got it by return mail. Dribbles—For how much? Scribbles—Oh, not much; only three words written with a blue pencil.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All drug stores sell the money if it fails to cure. R. W. Crowe's signature is on each box. 25c.

That's a Fact. "Capital and labor should go hand in hand," remarked the moralizer. "True," rejoined the demoralizer, "but the trouble is too many men are trying to get capital without labor."

Third Rail. Eastern Man Visiting in the West—Has the third rail reached your town yet? Western Man—Sure thing! We rode a man out of town on Monday, another man on Wednesday and the third was rode out of town to-night.—Yonkers Statesman.

Those Russian Names. Crimsoonek—is it wrong to talk with the mouthful? Yeast—Why, certainly it is. "Well, how is a man to talk about those Russian generals, then? You can't speak their names without having a mouth full!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Just Caught. Husband—I don't believe that fish is fresh. Young Wife—Nonsense! It's just out of the ocean, I'm sure. It smells just like salt water at low tide.

The One Exception. Muggs—The Chinese claim to have invented nearly everything. Buggs—Well, judging by the way they wear their hair, they didn't invent football.

Nine to Nothing. Said Green: "My wife and I are one. You say, but I fail to see why, sir." Said the parson: "You're ten, my son; she's the one and you the cipher."

In proceeding to explain the uses of an incubator a London school teacher asked her class: "In what other way could an egg be hatched than by putting it under a hen?" A bright pupil replied: "You might put it under a duck."

It is unlawful in France for any person to give solid food to infants that are under one year old, unless on the prescription of a physician.

The Russian government has established half a dozen model farms for the cultivation of cotton in different parts of Turkestan.

Nearly 40 per cent more women are working this year at men's labor than would ten years ago; while the increase of male workers is only a trifle over 25 per cent.

Many British soldiers in Tibet suffered from snow blindness. The natives avoid this by greasing their faces and then making a black circle around their eyes with a charred stick.

Wherein They Differ. A workman his job is apt to throw up if the wages he gets he dislikes; but a clock is quite different, because it continues to work when it strikes.

By counting the hairs on a square inch of the human scalp, a Frenchman has estimated that the number of hairs on the head of the average man is 127,920.

In the herring season, which extends from the middle of August to the end of December, the fishing boats of Yarmouth, England, caught 535,378,800 herrings.

# DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Some of the Caustic Remarks Made by the Famous Wit. When a prosy old bore stopped Douglas Jerrold, who was hurrying on urgent business along Regent street, with the question, "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am!" retorted Jerrold, shooting past like an arrow from a bow.

Also to contribute to a third subscription which was being got up for a reckless grub street writer, Jerrold cried impatiently, "How much does the fellow want this time?" "Well, this time I think just four and two pence will put him straight." "Put me down for one of the naughts!"

A lawyer, replying to the toast of his health drunk at a dinner of artists, stammered out that he did not expect the honor, as law could hardly be considered one of the arts, whereupon Jerrold interjected one word only—"Black!"

A clergyman who was indecorously and uncharitably denouncing the poor for the number of children they bred went up with the opinion that the real evil of the times was "the surplus population." Jerrold nodded a hearty assent. "Certainly, the surplus population!"

"There's one song in the Prodigue," cried a musical bore to Jerrold, "which always carries me away." "Would I could sing it!" ejaculated Jerrold.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Bleeding, Swelling, or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-O-DRIVE does not cure you in 6 to 14 days. 25c.

The Land of Gold. The Yukon territory, which prior to 1898 formed a part of the Northwest Territory, has an area of 100,970 square miles, 103,327 being land and 649 water. The population is estimated at 12,000, of whom 7,200 are Americans. It is purely a mineral country, and has produced since 1885, when the output of gold was first recorded, to the end of 1900, \$97,063,500 in gold. Dawson, the capital of the Yukon territory and the residential and commercial center of what is commonly known as the Klondike, has a population of 3,500 persons of various nationalities, the Americans, with 2,450, forming 70 per cent of the total.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Misuse of "Quite." "Quite" strictly means "completely" and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded." Its secondary meaning, "very," "to a great extent," has the authority of good writers, though such expressions as "quite young" and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up of late the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun—e. g., "quite a panic ensued." If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective.—London Review.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Cancer. Hall's Little Blue Pills are the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Cancer, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Little Blue Pills internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Napoleon's Idea of Journalism. The worst recommendation that any man could have in Napoleon's eyes was to be a newspaper writer. Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Table de l'Arade, who was always a favorite with the Emperor, solicited an appointment for one of his acquaintances.

"What has he done?" asked Napoleon. "He has been a journalist, a censor, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The Bieetre is the fittest place for people of that stamp." Suppose Napoleon lived to-day, with his every thought anticipated in the newspapers! Some good newspaper advice might have saved him in the Russian campaign and later at Waterloo.—New York Press.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

The King of Mollusks. The king of mollusks lives in the Indian and South Pacific oceans. He attains to a weight of 500 pounds, and the shell is of the bivalve kind, and the shape is about the same as that of our common fresh water mussel. The gigantic Tridacna is the largest mollusk known to have lived on the earth since the Silurian Age. It is found on the bottom of the shallow parts of the ocean, and the large individuals have no longer the power to move about. They lie on one side, and all about them the corals build up until King Tridacna is sometimes found in a well-like hole in the coral formation. St. Nicholas.

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

Laying up Treasures. The third bank of Japan received a deposit of 3,000 yen, which will remain for 250 years, from G. Abe, dealer in coal and coke at Tokyo. The bank has contracted to pay the sum of 1,208,411,179 yen at the end of 250 years. The father of the depositor was a Jurekisha man, and he himself was an ice boy some twenty years ago. Lately the father lost a ship in a storm. The ship had been insured for 3,000 yen. The money received from the insurance company was deposited in behalf of his posterity.

# Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

# Cherry Pectoral

doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—Mrs. W. H. HAYNES, Shelby, Ala.

# for Night Coughs

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

When Greek Meets Greek. Soon after Congressman Robert G. Cousins' advent at Washington he was invited to a function of very stately formality. Everything was new to him then, even to the evening dress just from the furnisher's.

As he left the hotel to enter a waiting carriage he was spied by Thomas H. Reed, who took him all in at a glance.

"Hello, Bob," drawled the irrepressible Reed; "what ails you?" "I feel like an ass in a lion's skin," said Mr. Cousins.

"You look as though you had a bee in your bonnet." "Wal," said Mr. Cousins, who also has a peculiarly resonant drawl, "it isn't a presidential