Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Paste Jewels.

Bookworms spin gold for publishers.

Advertising makes authors.

An unprejudiced critic never reads a book until after he reviews it.

Most of the rose-colored dreams of romance are yellow-backed.

The only effective place for a heroine to faint is in a hero's arms.

In novels, as in real life, there's many a slip between the engagement and the wedding trip.

Many a spring poem has been punctured with a blue pencil.

It is better to have your hero born great than to thrust greatness on him in the last chapter.

A good press agent is rather to be chosen than a great plot.—New Orleans Picayune.

Points of View.

"A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he asks her."

A Strenuous Test.

He (angrily)—I actually believe you would marry the first fool that asks you.

She (calmly)—Just ask me to marry you and prove the fallacy of your belief.

Board at the Table.

"I pity the poor sailor," said the sentimental boarder. "His is a dog's life."

"Yes," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "he goes from one bark to another, as it were."

Modern Enterprise.

Smith—Hill, the real estate man, is certainly an enterprising chap.

Jones—What's the answer?

Smith—He is offering a hand-painted house with each lot as a special inducement to purchasers.

Supply vs. Demand.

Mrs. De Smythe—I wonder why old china is so rare and valuable?

Mrs. De Jones—Is it possible you don't know after keeping a servant girl all these years?

He Was Skeptical.

"I can tell the character of any woman by her hair," said the wise man.

"Nonsense!" rejoined the skeptical person. "Many a true woman has hair that is false."

In a Class by Himself.

George Washington a husband was
Whose morals mounted high.
Oh, what a snap for his good wife,
For George couldn't tell a lie!

Somewhat Different.

When we go to a masquerade party,
And dress like a part of our worn,
We smile at the bells of the jester,
But object to "belles" on our horn.

No Laughing Matter.

Waggs—Did you ever hear the joke about the two moons?

Jaggs—That's no joke. I've seen 'em many a time.

Trials of the Fair Sex.

He—If a girl declines an offer of marriage and becomes a spinster, she is apt to regret it.

She—Yes; if she marries she is apt to regret it—so what can a poor girl do?

Capt. Benton, an English sailor, 82 years old, who has saved 49 persons from drowning, is to have a street organ bought for him so that he can earn a living.

English newspaper correspondents are complaining of the disgustingly unclean treatment of bread on its way from the baker to the consumer.

Let the light come to your eyes from one side or from above, not from in front.

Whenever an eye is injured, call in an experienced oculist at once.

As you value your sight, avoid all quack eye doctors.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Patent, lightest and strongest stump puller on the market. 10 horse power on the power with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

RIDERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Harrison Street Portland, Oregon

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."

(Name and address on application)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats.

Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH

A. J. TOWER CO., Boston, U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited TORONTO, CANADA

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

P. N. U. No. 19—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

OLD Favorites

Twenty Years Ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've
sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house playground, which
sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the
stream appears less wide—
But the grapevine swing is ruined now,
where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls
—just twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you
know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the
back—'twas dying, sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut,
died twenty years ago.

My hair has long been dry, Tom, but
tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well, those
early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took
some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
twenty years ago.

It Singeth Low in Every Heart.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

—John White Chadwick.

EXTENSION OF THE CAPITOL.

America Will Have Most Perfect Public Building in the World.

Every patriotic American either will hope that no obstacle will intervene in the path of an extension of the east front of the capitol at Washington in accord with the plans which have been reported favorably by a joint commission of the senate and house, says the Baltimore American. For several generations this has been a project dear to the heart of almost every congressman, and always dear to the heart of every lover of art in architecture, and who could not look at the grand building on "the hill" without a feeling of profound regret that so imposing a pile should be conspicuous in one great defect, that the magnificent dome should seem from the eastern point of view to be toppling over for lack of a proper and harmonious pedestal.

Regardless of its defects, the capitol is a splendid of government construction. No other architectural pile in the whole world, erected in such vicissitudes, has been permitted to detain such thorough integrity. It stands singular in architectural form and situation, the most imposing of all homes of parliament. Not one in any foreign land approaches it in tremendous dignity. Only in the ruins of structures of ancient days can be found a semblance of the chaste design of this meeting place of the lawmakers for more than [illegible] of population—those ruins from which were drawn to a large extent the noble features of the capitol, the treasury and the building of the department of the interior.

It is not complimentary to the congress nor to the people that the defects of the capitol have gone so long unremedied. When the "terrace" was added to the western front to give mass to the apparent foundation, an absurd mistake was made in placing stairways of black slate amid the white marble which everywhere else prevailed. To the most unofficered taste this was offensive and architectural artists of every land stood astonished that such a crime could be committed in the name of architecture. In connection with the remedial movement at the east facade this mistake upon the west is to be corrected, and when that is accomplished and the central section of the east front is extended this so-called crude country of America will have the most perfect building of public use in all the world.

The British house of parliament is not only affectedly ornate, but it is placed upon the banks of the Thames and can be properly seen only from the Surrey side. The chamber of deputies in Paris, although of classic height and having a curious sentimental outlook in facing the great Church of the Madeleine, precisely similar in architecture, but far across the Seine, and the beehive of the Place de la Concorde, is crowded and cluttered upon the bank of the river.

So the changes might be rung upon houses of parliament of all the great states of the world. No other stands forth with such prodigious weight and dignity of proportion and such commanding situation as this white pile at Washington, and again let the hope be expressed that congress will leave nothing undone to finally correct the mistakes in art which have been always recognized and which are solely due to the patchwork manner in which the wonderful structure has been produced.

VALIANT LITTLE "SUE."

Animals, even those of diverse species, sometimes form close friendships, scarcely less true and devoted than those of human beings. A good case in point is that of a shaggy little gray mare, called "Sue," and a Jersey cow, the sole live stock of a young settler in Idaho, named Edwin Crooker, who went there from Connecticut in the latter part of 1903.

These two animals wintered together in a little log barn, and perhaps from being the only dwellers of the building, became so greatly attached that neither seemed at ease in the absence of the other.

As the spring opened, however, the mare was worked to aid in getting in the settler's crops, and the cow was turned loose to graze and browse along the Clark Fork.

One day, early in January, while plowing for his potatoes, Crooker heard a sudden outburst of distressed bellowing from the cow, which had strayed to a hill a quarter of a mile or more away. Little Sue also heard the sound, and became exceedingly uneasy, neighing and champing her bit.

Feeling but too certain that a mountain lion or a bear had attacked the cow, Crooker bade the mare stand, and ran to the cabin for his rifle. When he emerged he saw that little Sue had set off, plow and all, and was running at top speed to the assistance of the cow.

Crooker could only follow. He was quite unable to keep pace, and the mare reached the scene of trouble far in advance of him. He caught sight of the cow and a yellowish-gray creature on her back. It was a good-sized mountain lion, which leaped to the ground and crouched with a snarl as the mare came racing up the hill.

In an instant the affray was on. Uttering a squeal of fury, little Sue charged on the lion, with bared teeth and ears laid flat back on her head. The impetus of her mad rush carried her and the flying plow clear over the lion; and then followed such a mix-up as young Crooker had never seen before, and could but view with amazement—since he dared not shoot into the melee.

Mare, lion and plow went over and over, squealing and screeching in horrible chorus. But the lion had enough of it first. The yellow brute broke away and ran off, shaking its head, from which blood was trickling.

Crooker gave chase, and presently, as the animal turned for a moment, sent a bullet through its body and inflicted a fatal wound.

On returning to look to his live stock, he found little Sue fondly nosing her Jersey friend. Both had received painful lacerations, but affection was triumphant.—Youth's Companion.

A Prince at Work.

In his recently published memoirs, "The Story of My Struggles," the famous Hungarian scholar, Arminius Vambery, dwells entertainingly on his personal relations with the late Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., the Sultan Abdul-Hamid and Shah Nasreddin. One of the most pleasing anecdotes concerns King Edward's household, and Prof. Vambery tells it with quaint, childlike appreciation.

One afternoon at Sandringham, while he was occupied with his correspondence, Prof. Vambery received an invitation from his hostess, Queen Alexandra, to join her in the garden. As he wished to wash his hands before going down, he rang several times for hot water, but no one came. At last Prince George came to his door and asked him what he wanted.

"Hot water," said Prof. Vambery.

The prince disappeared, and returned in a few moments with a large jug of steaming hot water in his hand, which he placed, smiling, on the washstand.

"Not at all bad," emits the remarkable scholar, "for the once poor Jewish beggar student to be waited upon by a prince! I have often laughed at the recollection of this incident, and have since dubbed the future sovereign of Great Britain 'The Royal Jug-Bearer.'"

He Was a True Wit.

Some entertaining impromptu witticisms of the English dramatist, Douglas Jerrold, are recalled by "T. P.'s" Weekly.

On one occasion, on being asked to contribute to a subscription fund for "a needy author," he impatiently inquired the sum needed for relief.

"Well," was the response, "I think just four and two naughts will put him straight."

"Put me down for one of the naughts," was the reply.

A lawyer, replying to the toast of his health drunk at a dinner of actors, commented on that he did not expect the humor so law could hardly be considered one of the arts, whereupon Jerrold interjected one word only—"Black."

"There's one song in——," remarked a musical bore to Jerrold speaking of a popular opera, "which always carries me away."

"Would that I could sing it!" ejaculated Jerrold.

It is related that on another occasion a long-winded friend stopped Jerrold, who was hurrying on urgent business along Regent street, with the question, "Well, Jerrold, my boy, what is going on?"

"I am," returned Jerrold, shooting by without further response.

An Insinuation.

"I haven't any faith in the hot water cure," remarked the bachelor boarder at the breakfast table.

"Did you ever try it?" queried the landlady.

"Sure," replied the b. b.

"For how long?" asked the prune distributer.

"Let me see," he mused, as he gazed into his coffee cup, "how long have I been boarding here?"

An Exception.

"You can't get something for nothing in this life," said the philosopher.

"No," answered the man of melancholy mien. "But unless you are a bookmaker."—Washington Star.

There are a few thing young men in this world, but the majority keep their seats in a crowded car.

"Doctor, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness?" "Why, yes. Try farming."—Life.

Johnny—Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginning "Truth is mighty?" Father—"Scarce," I reckon.—Pittsburg Post.

He—I go to bed at night with gloves on to keep my hands soft. She—And do you wear your hat, too?—Hartford Courant.

Medium—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit? Mrs. Whiffletree—No; I want to see his ghost. Josh never had no spirit!—Puck.

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?" "Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up $15 for good."—Collier's Weekly.

Subbe—I'm poor but honest, sir. Old Rocky—I don't doubt it at all, my boy; and unless you change your principles you'll never get rich.—Town Topics.

Nell—How in the world did you discover her age? Belle—I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she promptly said 27.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What is the chief product of the United States?" asked the teacher in a European school. And without hesitation the bright pupil replied, "Money."—Washington Star.

"A New York man advocates the drowning of all idiots." "Why, the cruel brute! I shall raise my voice in protest! I—er— oh, well, it doesn't matter to me."—Houston Post.

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the very young man. "In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—Chicago Daily News.

"It's 7 o'clock, Fritz! We must run home." "No, if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till 9 and then I'll get beaten and kissed because I'm not drowned."—Lustige Blaetter.

"Did you spend money to get into public office?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I didn't spend it. I gave it away, and then depended on a decent sense of gratitude in the beneficiaries."—Washington Star.

Fair Devotee—I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery. Minister (shocked)—That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name.—New York Weekly.

Old Party—Boy, you'll catch cold if you get your feet wet in that puddle. Small Boy—Dat's what I'm after. I'm a-goin' to speak "Spartacus to de Gladiators" at school on Friday, an' I wants to get me voice hoarse.—Chicago News.

"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broad-minded man. "Yes," answered the cynic; "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."—Washington Star.

Flanagan—Oh, yis. Oi can imder stand how thim astronomers can calculate th' distance av a star, its weight, and density and color, and all that—but th' thing that gets me is how th' divvle do they know it's name.—Puck.

She—What is the use of searching for the North Pole, anyway? He—Why, it would result in a great saving of money if found. She—How's that? He—It wouldn't be necessary to send any more expeditions to look after it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Constituent—Now, Mr. Winnmore, I want you'd do your best to get my boy a good government job. Congressman—Well, what can your son do? Constituent—What can he do? Great Scott, man! if he could do anything I wouldn't be bothering you!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. McCall—I do wish I could get a good maid. Mrs. Vandine—You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you. Mrs. McCall—But why don't you keep her? Mrs. Vandine—Oh, she won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many graces and lacks to take care of.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Smythe organizing a subscription dance—I'm in despair about our dance, Mr. Brown. So many people have failed me. You'll come, won't you? Mr. Brown (extremely stout—Sally, Miss Smythe: I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all. Miss Smythe—Oh, that don't matter in the least. You'd help to fill up, you know, Mr. Brown—ah—yes—with pleasure. I will look in about supper time.—Punch.

Feared the Worst.

Finlay Viner, a familiar negro about town in a certain part of Mississippi, had been found dead, says Lippincott's, and he being a member of no church or lodge—very unusual for a negro—there was no one to pray for his soul in the great beyond. A few old mammies, however, carried the body to the cemetery in a cute pine coffin, and Bob McBraven, one of the number, an old "ha'f-de-wah darky," was called upon for a few remarks. Bob removed his hat and stepped reverently and sadly towards the open grave, and in solemn, funeral tones said:

"Finlay Viner, poof ole gyoine. We hopes yoo is gwine whar we spects yoo ain't."

Odessa.

Odessa is one of the finest cities in Russia. Foundations for the present city were made in 1794, and it is built upon territory ceded to Russia by Turkey in 1792. It has a population of [illegible], nearly a quarter of whom are really the Americans of Russia, enterprising, progressive and peaceful.

There are lots of people like March: very annoying when they attempt to be playful.

No boy ever lets a day pass without hollering.

THE COST OF LIVING.

Purchasing Power of a Dollar To-day and from 1890 to 1900.

All important food articles except sugar and coffee are higher at the present time than the average for the 10-year period from 1890 to 1900, says a writer in Pearson's. In looking back upon the course of prices since 1890 it is interesting to discover (from figures compiled by the government) that in that year $1 would buy seven and four-fifths pounds of fresh beef, while to-day it will purchase only six and four-fifths pounds. That amount of money in 1890 would buy ten pounds of salt beef; to-day nine pounds. Of salt pork in 1890 it would buy nine and a half pounds; to-day a little over seven pounds. One dollar in 1890 would purchase seven and a quarter pounds of chickens; to-day less than six and a quarter pounds. It would buy ten pounds of fresh fish in 1890; to-day nine and a third pounds. In 1890 it would pay for five dozen and four eggs; to-day for only four dozen and three. One dollar in 1890 would buy nearly 17 quarts of milk; to-day less than 16 quarts. It would purchase in 1890 four and a quarter pounds of butter; to-day only three and three-quarter pounds. One dollar in 1890 was a fair equivalent for six and a third pounds of cheese; to-day it will purchase half a pound less.

To-day $1 will buy less than eight and a half pounds of lard; in 1890 it would pay for nearly 11 pounds. Of oatmeal to-day you can purchase for that sum 28½ pounds; in 1890 you could get 41½ pounds. When it is considered that the average American family whose income does not exceed $1,200 spends nearly 43 per cent of its entire income on food, it is easily seen how great a difference is made by a rise in prices of 10 to 25 cents on every dollar's worth of edible supplies, covering meats, vegetables and practically all other eatables. As compared with the average prices governing during the period from 1890 to 1900 it is reckoned by the United States Bureau of Labor that hams and salt beef have gone up 12 per cent, salt pork and bacon 32 per cent, lard 35 per cent, fresh vegetables 13 per cent, cornmeal 51 per cent, crackers 13 per cent, New Orleans molasses 20 per cent, beans 31 per cent, herrings 31 per cent, salt 21 per cent, pepper 72 per cent and currants 131 per cent.

Mother and Son.

Among the truly remarkable feats performed by the postoffice employees, in the way of deciphering addresses and discovering the persons to whom letters are addressed, the following incident, which took place in New York not long ago, is one of the most interesting. A letter was received at the general office addressed simply, "My Mother, New York, America." The chirography was somewhat difficult, but even with this finally mastered and the deciphering of its Irish postmark, the fact that there was more than one mother in Manhattan with a son in Ireland made the postoffice people despair of ever discovering the rightful owner.

A day or two after the receipt of this mysterious missive a cheery-looking Irishwoman elbowed her way to the general inquiry window. "I haven't a letter from me boy, have ye?" she queried, eagerly.

As most of the employes on that floor had had a laugh over the address of the letter to "my mother," the thought of it returned to the mind of the inquiry clerk at mention of "me boy." It was quite possible that such a questioner might be the mother of such a writer.

The name of the "boy" was found to be the same as the postmark on the letter, and after a few more preliminary inquiries, the missive was handed over to "my mother," on condition that she open it on the spot and verify her claim. This was done, and "my mother" was actually identified among the three million and a half recipients of mail-matter in the great city.

Her Transformation.

She drank quantities of water, she a lot of starchy foods,
Abstained from exercising every day.
She assimilated lactic acid a case of malted goods,
But it seemed her fate to have to fade away.

She so mourned attenuation, with a rage like an ow'l,
That a smile upon her face was never seen;
While below her mouth were wrinkles, and above her eyes were scowls,
And her nose was like a hatchet in between.

But one day she fell to laughing in a strange, hysteric way
Just as thinking how ridiculous it proved,
And it mellowed to a cackle that was mine enough, they say,
Till at last she giggled every time she moved.

Why, she chuckled out her wrinkles, and she smirked off her frowns,
And then took to all the things she wouldn't do;
Now she's grown as fat as butter, and has outgrown all her gowns,
But she laughs away at that disaster, too.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Brother Is Well Paid.

A woman who appealed to a charitable society for help one day last week said her son was able to assist her if he would.

"He is the brother, and has charge of the boothblack chair in a hotel. He makes between $30 and $40 a week."

An agent was sent out to investigate and found the son employed in one of the big hotels of the city, where he has been for six years.

This young man told the agent that the position of brother in a large hotel was worth at least $30 a week, although there is no salary attached to it, if a young man attended to his business. Hotel patrons are liberal tippers. The brother is expected to find seats for customers if the barber's chairs are filled, and to hand around the morning and illustrated papers.—Chicago Tribune.

Do not work in a poor light, and avoid a glaring light, as it may be as bad as too little light.

A JUDGE'S WIFE

PAIN IN THE BACK AND SIDE

MRS. MINNIE McALLISTER

Mrs. Carrie King, Darlington, Mo., writes:

"I have suffered for years with biliousness, and kidney and liver trouble.

"If I caught a little cold, the pains were increased and backache and headache were of frequent occurence.

"However, Peruna cured me—twelve bottles made me a healthy woman."

Quickly Cured by a Short Course of Pe-ru-na.

MRS. MINNIE E. McALLISTER, wife of Judge McAllister, writes from 1217 West 33rd street, Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any.

"Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged.

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured.

"Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna, I enjoy that now."

Pain in the back, or on the right side.

How often a physician hears this complaint!

Over and over we hear women say: "I have a pain in the small of my back. I have a pain in my right side, just below the ribs."

These symptoms indicate pelvic or abdominal catarrh.

They indicate that the bowels are not acting properly—that the liver is out of order — that the pelvic organs are congested.

Pelvic catarrh—that is the name for it.

Peruna cures pelvic catarrh, when all of these symptoms disappear.

The catarrh may be all in the abdominal organs, when it would be properly called abdominal catarrh.

At any rate, it is one of those cases of internal catarrh which can be reached only by a course of treatment with Peruna.

We have on file thousands of testimonials similar to the above. It is impossible here to give our readers more than one or two specimens of the number of grateful and commendatory letters Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving in behalf of his famous catarrh remedy, Peruna.

As Others See Us.

"Yes," said the young man, "I am about to get a political job, where I will have nothing to do but sit around and look wise."

"Well," rejoined his fair companion in the parlor scene, "I'm sure you will be able to fill the first half of the requirements all right enough."

Beware 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 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, and 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.

An Insinuation.

Tom has been a benedict for almost two weeks.

"You have no idea what you miss by not being married," he said to his friend Jack.

"No, I suppose not," rejoined the latter. "Do you count your money every night and morning?"

Protesting Against Rate Reduction.

Atlanta, Ga.—The recent proposition of J. Pope Brown, chairman of the Georgia Railroad commission, to reduce the passenger rate in Georgia from three to two cents per mile was protested against by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and unions of the blacksmiths, machinists and telegraphers, boiler makers, railway train men, carpenters and joiners, clerks and car men. These organizations employed an attorney especially to represent them, who urged that such a reduction would work against the prosperity of the state and lead to a reduction in the number of railroad employes as well as of their wages. The Travelers' Protective association also protested that a reduction as proposed would result in fewer trains and poorer service.

Merely a Hint.

De Boreem (time 11:30 p. m.)—Are you interested in baseball, Miss Cutting?

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—Yes, to a certain extent. I dearly love to see a man make a home run occasionally.

Asked and Answered.

The Maid—What is love?

The Bachelor—Love is the prelude to matrimony.

The Maid—And what is matrimony?

The Bachelor—The prelude to alimony.

Room for Improvement.

"I have here," said the agent, "an alarm clock that will kindle the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling. Can I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs I will be pleased to consider its purchase."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Both Sides of It.

Biggs—Easyun is a philosophical sort of chap. He spends a lot of time getting at the bottom facts in an argument.

Diggs—Yes, and his wife spends a good deal of her time scraping the bottom of the flour barrel.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Knew Whereof She Spoke.

"I dearly love to go shopping," said the giddy maid of 33 summers—more or less—"especially when there is a bargain sale."

"Huh!" growled the old bachelor, "I fail to see any particular pleasure in getting in a crowd and being almost squeezed to death."

"That is just what I enjoy most," replied the coy maiden, as she hid her glowing face behind her fan.

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

Essay About the Pig.

One boy gives the following information about the pig: "A pig when living has four legs, but when you kill it the butcher says it only has two, because he calls the front legs shoulders and the back legs are called hams. Ham tastes nice, and they boil it to eat at a wedding. The missus sprinkles little bits of toast on it to make it look pretty."

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Skaters average from nine to ten yards a second, while runners on skis have made as much as twenty-one yards in the same time, and the jumper on skis has developed almost forty yards velocity in a second. The man who made this record jumped 120 feet.

A HOPELESS FIGHT

It is as impossible to conquer the king of diseases—Contagious Blood Poison—with Mercury and Potash as it would be to conquer the king of the forest in a hand-to-hand encounter, as thousands who have had their health ruined and lives blighted through the use of these minerals will testify. They took the treatment faithfully, only to find when it was left off, the disease returned with more power, combined with the awful effects of these minerals, such as mercurial rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, salivation, inflammation of the stomach and bowels, etc. When the virus of Contagious Blood Poison enters the blood it quickly contaminates every drop of that vital fluid, and every muscle, nerve, tissue and bone becomes affected, and soon the foul symptoms of sore mouth and throat, copper-colored blotches, falling hair and eyebrows, swollen glands, sores, etc., make their appearance. Mercury and Potash can only cover up these evidences for awhile; they cannot cure the disease. S. S. S. has for many years been recognized as a specific for Contagious Blood Poison—a perfect antidote for the deadly virus that is so far-reaching in its effects on the system. S. S. S. does not hide or mask the disease, but so thoroughly and completely cures it that no signs are ever seen again. S. S. S. while eradicating the poison of the disease will drive out any effects of harmful mineral treatment. A reward of $1,000.00 is offered for proof that S. S. S. contains a mineral ingredient of any kind. Treatise with instructions for home treatment and any advice wanted without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, Ga.

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