CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Lincoln the Farmer.

Matters soon reached a crisis which drove the junior partner out into the fields again, where he unoertook all sorts of rough farm labor, from splitting rails to plowing. As a man-of-all-work, however, Lincoln did not prove altogether satisfactory to his employers. He was too fond of mounting stumps in the field and "practicing polemics" on the other farm hands, and there was something uncomfortable about a plow man who read as he followed the team, no matter how straight his furrows ran. Such practices were irritating, if not presumptuous, and there is a well known story about a farmer who found "the hired man" lying in a field beside the road, dressed in his not too immaculate farm clothes, with a book instead of a pitchfork in his hand.

"What are you reading?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I'm not reading; I'm studying," answered Lincoln his wonderful eyes still on the pages of his book.

"Studying what?"

"Law sir."

The old man stared at the speaker for a moment in utter amazement.

"Great—God—Almighty!" he muttered as he passed on shaking his head. —From Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer" in the January Century.

Harsh Measures.

Oldpop—I want that man Stoplate to quit hanging around here. You send him away.

Daughter—But, papa, I can't get rid of him. I've given him all sorts of hints, and even treated him rudely, but it's no use.

Oldpop—Well, make it strong. The next time he comes, sing to him.—Cleveland Leader.

Old Story in New Guise.

"There goes Blower in a swell new overcoat."

"Yes, the price came from gambling."

"You don't say. It is a wonder his wife didn't take the money away from him."

"She gave it to him. She won it playing 'bridge.'"

Secret Out.

Mr. Stubb—Marie, this paper says that in the wilds of Africa there is a mouse that jumps ten feet at each leap.

Mrs. Stubb—Gracious! Now, I know why so few of the explorers' wives accompany them.

Yes, Verily.

To sit upon a jury
Most every man has fitness,
But it takes a skillful lawyer
To sit upon a witness.
—Philadelphia Press.

Fast Resuscitation.

In the days of the first settlers in the Chickasaw country, when Davy Crockett still frequented the Big Hatchie, "Old Man Giddins" was a prosperous citizen of the Forked Deer settlement. One day he started on a trip to Arkansas, and thenceforth for several years Forked Deer knew him no more.

As travel in Arkansas was dangerous, and as nothing was heard of Giddins, he was officially declared dead by the court, and his estate divided among his heirs. A year or so later, however, he turned up, and tried to get possession of his property again. He was promptly seized and taken into court.

"What do you mean by coming round here, trying to take this property?" roared the court at him.

"It's my property," asserted Giddins. "Everybody knows it's mine."

"Not at all!" replied the judge. "I'll admit your case seems a hard one, but it can't be helped now. This court has decided that you are extinctus defunctus, which is Latin for dead. This court cannot err. Dead you are. If you want any property round here you must take another name and set to work to earn it. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn this court, and we will all go and see that wrestling match you spoke of."

Greatest of All Idiots.

See the Practical Joker. He is not much of a sight, but still he is worth looking at as a Curiosity, as a Study in Uncommon Cussedness. The Practical Joker is the offspring of asininity run to seed. He is what was Left Over after the rest of the world was created. There was a Slight Surplus, a mere fraction, not enough to make a Complete Man, so the Scraps were scraped up, pressed together and molded into a Practical Joker. The Job was not patented. Nobody thinks enough of the invention to patent it. You couldn't sell Practical Jokers for 3 cents a bunch if you should stand out on the corner of Fifth and Morrison streets and spiel till your vocal cords got tied into double bow-knots. The public is aware of the Shell Game when it sees the layout. The Practical Joker is an Escaped Idiot from the Idiotville Asylum, but he is by no means a harmless idiot. When recognized he should be roped forthwith and hauled back to his native and natural environment, the Padded Cell.—Portland Oregonian.

An Early Reformer.

"I am looking," said Diogenes, "for an honest man."

"And when you find him, what are you going to do?"

"S-sh! I'm not going to find him. That would spoil the joke."—Washington Star.

RHEUMATISM

BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become intrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acrid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgement in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write.

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.

JOSEPH FROME HAWLEY,
Box 104. Aurora, Ill.

Sometime ago I had Rheumatism and had to quit work. The pains in my back and between my shoulders was so intense I could not rest or sleep. I tried everything but nothing did me any good till I heard of and took S. S. S. This medicine cured me sound and well. It purified my blood and made me feel like a new man.

CONRAD LOHR,
Anderson, Ind. 122 E. 19th St.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

FAITH IN SANTA CLAUS.

I used to watch for Santa Claus
With childish faith sublime,
And listen in the snowy night
To hear his sleigh bells chime.
Beside the door on Christmas eve
I put a truss of hay
To feed the prancing steeds
That sped him on his way.

I pictured him a jolly man
With beard of frosty white,
And cheeks so fat that when he laughed
They hid his eyes from sight;
A heart that overflowed with love
For little girls and boys,
And on his back a bulging pack,
Brimful of gorgeous toys.

If children of a larger growth
Could have a Christmas tree
From Father Time, one gift alone
Would be enough for me—
Let others take the gems and gold,
And trifles light and vain,
But give me back my old belief
In Santa Claus again!
—Life.

NANNIE'S XMAS IN 1799.

BY JULES ADAMS POWELL.

IT was the day before Christmas. Dame Yarrow stood in the store-room doorway, gowned in a warm frock of gray wool homespun, over which was tied an ample white apron. Her white-capped head nodded as she counted the pies on the shelves.

"Fifteen pumpkin—fifteen mince—fifty custard cups and two plum puddings—eighty-two in all, not counting Nannie's three little turnovers. I think that will do for the holidays this year, though Brother John is coming with those ten boys and one little girl. How cold it is. There is surely a storm brewing, and I hope the folks will get here before it breaks."

The good woman turned the key in the lock, and a door blowing open just at that moment, at the other end of the passageway, she hurried off to close it and forgot about the key.

By 3 o'clock madame was robed in her pretty gray poplin with white kerchief crossed on her breast, and a dainty white lace cap on her brown curls, which would stray out from beneath the cap band, and which Papa Yarrow slyly gulled as he passed through the hall where sat his wife and little daughter in front of the blazing wood fire.

"All ready for company, Nancy mine?" He caught the little one up in his arms and kissed her on either cheek, continuing: "And mother, too? Why she looks as young as the day I saw her for the first time."

Farmer Yarrow put the little girl down, glanced at his wife, who, with drooping face, did not respond to his merry speech.

Her husband, noticing this, bent over her tenderly, with the words, "Yes, my wife, our life has ben one of great happiness, marred only by one sorrow. If he—our eldest child—our Henry—were alive to-day, he would be a brave lad of 17."

"John," for the first time his wife raised her head and looked into his face, her brown eyes filled with tears, "John, sometimes, methinks our boy may yet be alive. In the fight with the Indians, we were told that he was carried away by them, and even though the country about was searched by scouts and others, it might be that they saved his life, for he was but a baby—5 years old, and if there was a woman in that tribe surely she would have mother-heart enough to preserve the life of an inocent babe who had never done harm to any."

"Wife, wife, this is very wrong for you to hope for the return of one who has been so many years from us. I am sure that our son cannot be alive, or we would have heard of him in some way. Ah! I hear sleigh bells."

Catching Nannie up again, he turned toward the window, and coming up the driveway were seen three immense sledges drawn by strong horses and filled with merry faces, the owners of which were soon clambering out. The front door was thrown open, and Madame Yarrow's tears vanished in the hearty handshakings and embraces of sisters, cousins and aunts.

Even Great-grandmother Hartwell had come, for this year it was Mary Yarrow's Christmas feast, and all had come to make the old house ring with joy and laughter until after New Year.

That night a merry crowd sat down at the supper table. There was Brother John Hartwell, his wife and eleven children. There was Great-grandmother Hartwell and her daughter-in-law, Grandmother Hartwell. Mr. Yarrow's father and mother were present, as were also his two brothers and one sister with their wives, husband and children. In all there were thirty-three.

One might well wonder where all this goodly company were to sleep, but if you had gone into the great garret you would have ceased wondering, when you saw the trundle beds for the little ones. Of course, the very smallest babies slept in their mothers' rooms.

Christmas Eve the children were always allowed an extra half hour around the fireside to listen to the stories of their elders, while the corn popped and chestnuts burned black, or else hopped across the floor.

On this evening Nannie sat in her favorite place on Cousin Roderick's knee. Uncle Tom had just been saying that a few days previous he had heard that the Indians had been causing trouble for the farmers. They were stealing the hoarded corn and wheat, and in one instance, after taking the grain, they had set fire to the granary.

Cousin Rod saw the look of terror in the eyes of some of the little ones, and interrupted with the words, "Well, now, Aunt Mary, wouldn't it be a great joke if these hungry Reds should get into your storeroom and carry off all those pies and puddings I know you have there for to-morrow?"

"Are they really so hungry, Cousin Rod?" asked a little voice from his lap.

"Yes, dear, an Indian is always ready to eat one out of house and home."

* * * * * *

Late that night no one heard the "pit-pat of tiny bare feet along the dark, cold hall, as a little white figure emerged from the attic, and flew downstairs in the moonlight, which flooded the house with its kindly rays.

She went directly to the storeroom. At the same instant a tall, dark form, that had but a moment before climbed into an unfastened window, stood transfixed with fear at the figure before him, but for the moment only, when, with a sort of grunt, the man moved toward the pantry door.

Nannie, beneath her breath, whispered, "It's a Indian, an' he's come for my turnovers. Cousin Rod said he might."

She was frightened and stood very still while the other fumbled with the lock, which soon yielded, and when Nannie saw the man was really inside the pantry, she turned and almost flew back to her father's room, where, standing on tiptoe, she whispered in his ear, "Father! Father! A Indian is down in the storeroom, stealin' my turnovers! Come quick, father!

He did "go quick," and arrived just in time to close the door of the storeroom, and turn the key in its lock.

There was a pause, then a pounding on the door. Hastily pushing a heavy table against it, Mr. Yarrow returned to his room; dressed, and calling two other male members of the household, they all marched to the storeroom well armed, and without much trouble, soon overpowered the thief, who proved to be an Indian, and who mumbled something that sounded like broken English.

They carried him out to the smoke-house, which was built of stone, and had a heavy iron door. The three men watched nearby the rest of the night.

At breakfast on this Christmas morning, Father Yarrow told the story of the previous night, and Nannie had her full share of caresses and praise from aunties, uncles and cousins alike.

Then there was a clamor from the youngsters to "see the prisoner;" so after breakfast they all went forth to the temporary jail, Dame Yarrow among the others.

The great doors were pushed back, and lying on the floor was the Indian, asleep. But was it an Indian? Instead of the straight black hair, his was brown and curly.

Dame Yarrow gave one look, then turned to her husband, with extended hands, and the cry, "Oh, John, it is he!" fell fainting into his arms.

The lad was awakened and taken to the house. He spoke English brokenly, but could give no account of his former life, before he became one of a tribe of half-friendly Indians.

He explained his being in the storeroom by telling his hearers that his tribe of Indians that was encamped several miles above, on the river bank, had been living on what they could steal from the whites.

He had ben sent out on this night, and seeing a window open in the back of the Yarrow homestead he determined to crawl in and view the premises.

Mrs. Yarrow knelt before him and gazing searchingly into his eyes, which were blue, asked over and over, "Don't you know me, Harry, darling? I am your mother." But he could not be made to understand. He begged leave to return to the tribe, saying he would come back again with information.

This the men were inclined to believe a trick to get away, but when Mrs. Yarrow pleaded for him they let him go.

All idea of church-going was abandoned, for the first time on Christmas Day in the life of any member in that household, and dinner awaited at the bidding of madame until the return of the youth. He was seen coming up the walk at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and with him was an old Indian.

The following tale they all listened to with great interest:

"In the great Indian fight of twelve years before, the little captured boy was taken to the Indian encampment, and given to the care of a young squaw, the favorite wife of the chief of the tribe.

"One day she overheard the chiefs talking about the white man's child. They said he had brought misfortune to the Indians, as they had lost several battles since he had been with them, so they had decided that the innocent child should die.

"The squaw had learned to love the little one. That night she arose, and taking him in her strong arms she carried him away to another tribe of Indians, who were bitter enemies of her own, and, in order to save the boy's life, she told the chief of a deep-laid scheme that her tribe had planned for attacking them.

"She asked them to take the child and keep him, till perhaps, some day he would be restored to his "white tribe."

The old Indian was well rewarded with a load of wheat and corn to carry home on a hand sled.

Then the long-lost Harry Yarrow was made to understand that this was his home, and that he was to remain there.

The Christmas dinner did not suffer that night for want of attention, but before they partook of it, Farmer Yarrow, with his arm about his son, thanked God for this greatest of all His blessings.—Home Monthly.

HIS CHRISTMAS SERMON.

An Aged Wayfarer Who Taught a Curate Contentment.

An English clergyman declares that the best Christmas sermon he ever heard was preached by a woman—and in three words!

"In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex downs," he says, "I was walking swiftly home one night buffeted about by the gray clouds of driving rain that the fierce sou'wester swept landward from the sea when a poor, helpless, aged woman asked me for a trifle for a night's lodging.

"Curates are supposed always to be poor. It was Christmas time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet where work was scarce. Still I could not leave my stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings.

"She shambled along through the mud with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers and an easy chair.

"To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion raised her dripping hands and burst into tears with the words, 'Oh, what luxury!'

"That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten."—Youth's Companion.

NOTHING FOR FREDDIE GREEN.

Freddie Green he said 'at Santa Claus was 1st a fake an' he laid awake in bed to find out for sure, an' w'en Santa Claus come in with a whole lots of things he hollered right out loud to "Get a half-cut" to Santa Claus, an' Santa Claus 1st picked up everything 'at he was going to leave an' turned out the 'lectric light an' Freddie Green didn't get nothing! Pa says Freddie Green hain't got no manners—an' 'at's the reason.

An Improved Diary.

"This," explained the bookseller, "is our latest patent diary. We think it is the cleverest thing in that line ever devised."

The shopper turns the leaves idly.

"But I can't see where it is different from any other," she observes.

"No? Well, if you will look at all the dates after Jan. 23 you will see that in each space has been printed, 'Got up, ate breakfast, lunch and dinner and went to bed.' That insures a complete diary for the year."—Judge.

THE LAXATIVE OF KNOWN QUALITY

There are two classes of remedies: those of known quality and which are permanently beneficial in effect, acting gently, in harmony with nature, when nature needs assistance; and another class, composed of preparations of unknown, uncertain and inferior character, acting temporarily, but injuriously, as a result of forcing the natural functions unnecessarily. One of the most exceptional of the remedies of known quality and excellence is the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., which represents the active principles of plants, known to act most beneficially, in a pleasant syrup, in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to contribute their rich, yet delicate, fruity flavor. It is the remedy of all remedies to sweeten and refresh and cleanse the system gently and naturally, and to assist one in overcoming constipation and the many ills resulting therefrom. Its active principles and quality are known to physicians generally, and the remedy has therefore met with their approval, as well as with the favor of many millions of well informed persons who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual experience that it is a most excellent laxative remedy. We do not claim that it will cure all manner of ills, but recommend it for what it really represents, a laxative remedy of known quality and excellence, containing nothing of an objectionable or injurious character.

There are two classes of purchasers: those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy.

To the credit of the druggists of the United States be it said that nearly all of them value their reputation for professional integrity and the good will of their customers too highly to offer imitations of the

Genuine—Syrup of Figs

manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and in order to buy the genuine article and to get its beneficial effects, one has only to note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package. Price, 50c per bottle. One size only.

General Inutility Boy.

Mr. Hobbs looked thoughtfully at his city guest and then looked out of the window. "When you ask me if it's true that Jim Manton is the most pop'lar boy I've ever had to 'ten store and go round with the order wagon," he said, slowly, "why, I'm bound to tell you it's so. But when you go on to ask me how I think he'd suit down in Boston, I'm kind of dubious—that's what I am, kind of dubious.

"You see, it's like this with my business. Order day is order day, and delivery day is delivery day, and whether it's summer, with thutty-two customers on the route, or winter, with—well, with some less, all Jim's got to do those days is to get over the route by shutting-up time.

"And he's what you might call a handy boy, Jim is. Groceries and hardware aren't all he's got in his mind, and he's ready to take hold and help with what's going on wherever he goes. So—I feel—kind of dubious when I think of Boston. I don't know as you catch my meaning?"

"M-m," said the city man. "I believe I do."

A Knotty Question.

Pokely—I saw a kid watching a ball game through a knothole to-day and—

Jokeley—Pardon me; that reminds me. When may a knothole be said to be not whole?

Pokely—What on earth are you talking about?

Jokley—The answer is: "When only part of the knot is not."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Obliging.

Rodrick—What has become of that tall butler who was so polite?

Van Albert—He is not here any more.

Rodrick—You don't say? Why, he seemed to be an excellent chap. Used to take your coat and hat as soon as you entered the door.

Van Albert—That's the trouble. He took about a dozen coats and hats one day and then left.

Pretty Thin.

"There goes my auto flying along."

"I don't see any auto."

"No, that chauffeur of mine drives it so fast you can't see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity, never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.—Anna Jameson.

The way to insure a good appetite in very hot weather is, according to a German hygienic authority, to wear as light clothing as possible.

A Paris automobile building firm is just about completing a 110-horse power gasoline submarine boat for the French navy.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

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

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

Exception.

The wandering minstrel man stepped off the accommodation and accosted the oldest inhabitant, who was sitting on a nail keg chewing a piece of sassafras bark.

"Guess every one is acquainted in this town," ventured the minstrel man.

"Reckon they be," drawled the old man, "seeing that there ain't so many of us."

"And gossips! I dare say they are plentiful?"

"Everybody in town is a gossip but old Dan."

"Ah, I admire Dan. I bet he is conscientious. Now, isn't that why he doesn't gossip?"

"No, stranger; Dan don't gossip because he is dead. Been dead a month."

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.

A Little More Credible.

A man who had been shooting on Cape Cod returned by train, and a stranger who was obliged to share his seat entered into conversation with him, and asked if he had had good sport.

"Very good, indeed," replied the sportsman. "We got one hundred head to two guns."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the stranger, apparently lost in astonishment at the size of the bag. "Double-barreled guns, I suppose?"

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

Her View of It.

The Friend—How is your husband? Is he getting on all right at the seaside?

The Wife—He writes to say that he is getting quite well again and wants for nothing.

"Dbesn't that strike you as suspicious?"

"Why?"

"It seems to me he might want you at least."—Tales.

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.

A Little Mixed.

After a meeting of the parish council in a New England town the chairman rose to sum up.

"You keep us here," he said, "till 10 o'clock at night, and then you cast the town drains in our teeth. You keep us here plowing the sands, and then when all decent people are asleep you go into the public drains, causing unnecessary friction. It won't do—it's too barefaced to hold water."—Harper's Weekly.

The Earth's Area.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 50,000,000 square miles Pillsbury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

In Self-Defense.

"Why in thunder did Eddie Ott's friends work so hard to get him elected to Congress?"

"They wanted to send him to some place where he could talk politics all he wished to, and they wouldn't have to listen to him."—Cleveland Leader.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A Fairly Good Man.

"Brother Spotcash," said his pastor, "what would you do if an injunction came to you, 'sell all thou hast and give to the poor?'"

"I should obey it, of course," answered the great merchant, "as I have always done. Everything I have in stock is for sale, and I give more to the poor than any two men in this block."—Chicago Tribune.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Carthage (Mo.) Press says that a Joplin boy asked his Sunday school teacher last Sunday if the James boys wrote the Book of James.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Much More to the Point.

"Ef yer real interested," said Deacon Skinner, "I'll tell ye what I want fur thet horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't be interested in knowin' thet," replied Farmer Shrude, "but I wouldn't mind knowin' what *ye'd* take."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PORTLAND Business COLLEGE

Park and Washington, Portland, Oregon

"The School of Quality"

A. P. Armstrong, LL. B., Principal

Thousands of graduates in positions; *hundreds* placed each year; *more calls* for help than we can meet—it *pays* to attend our school; largest, most modern, best equipped. *Departments:* Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, English. Open all the year. Catalogue, penwork free. Call, telephone or write.

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