General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself.

Food does not strengthen.

Sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers.

For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. 25 cents.

Told the Whole Story.

Mistress (to servant about to leave)—Mary, what kind of reference shall I write for you?

Mary—Oh, say I stayed with you for six months; that'll do.

Inclusive.

She—No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you.

He—But you are not—

She—I said all our family.

Art and Nature.

Miss Prude—Yes; our choral society is going to present a comic opera, but I won't take part. They expect me to wear tights, but I could not do that.

Miss Sharpe—Why not? You might get them padded, you know.

A Fine Memory.

"Brown must have a bad memory; he has owed me $10 for two years."

"You are mistaken; he has a very good memory; he always goes across he street in passing your office."

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

No Great Loss.

Innkeeper (after wagonload of hunters has departed)—Silas, did you find room in their wagon for them six cases of beer and the can o' whisky?

Silas—Yes, got everything in—er—gash all hemlick! I fergot to put in their guns!

"What, ye dad-vummed—oh, well—they'll never miss 'em.

The Charges.

Willie—Pa, teacher told us to be prepared tomorrow to tell what meter the "Charge of the Light Brigade" is in.

Pa—That's easy. Gas meter, of course.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Same Old Cry.

"I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the Garden of Eden," said Mr. Grumpin's wife.

"It was just about what all women say when they are starting on a journey. She complained that she didn't have a thing to wear."

Eggsactly.

"What are you doing there?" cried the farm dog as he observed the hen in the coal bin.

"Oh, I thought this was a good time to lay in coal," cackled the hen.

The Financier.

Gaul—Say, lend me $10, will you? I'll give it back to you today. I want it to decide a bet.

Klose—All right. Here you are. What was the bet?

Gaul—Smithers bet me $10 that I could not borrow $10 from you.

Reasuring.

Old Gentleman (to railway porter)—Porter, the rain is dripping in from the lamp hole all over my clothes.

Porter (reassuringly)—No, sir; it's quite watertight, I assure you. That's only the oil leaking."

Secretary of Confederate Navy.

Col. James G. Milner, who died recently at Milford, O., was once secretary of the navy for the confederacy. He died very poor, yet before the war was one of the richest men in the South.

Unnecessary.

Teacher—Now, Tommy Blinkins, if you had two apples and wanted to give Johnny Frecklenose one, you would tell him to take the larger one, wouldn't you?

Tommy—Naw.

Teacher—Why not?

Tommy—Wouldn't have ter. He'd take it anyway.

LADIES WANTED

By an old reliable firm to do Hattenberg, Embroidery and all kinds of Fancy Work for us at home. Steady work and good pay, steady or leisure hours. For information send stamp to Parisian Needlework Co., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Has Other Names.

Church—Did you know that Styles has a name for his automobile?

Gotham—No; what is it?

"Why, he calls it Madcap Violet."

"Well, that isn't what he called it when it broke down ten miles from any habitation."

Culinary.

"There are only two kinds of cooks."

"For instance?"

"Those that can't cook and will cook and those that can cook and won't."

CANADA'S NEW 64 BILLS.

The Dominion Humiliated by the Vignette of the American Locks.

Uncle Sam is not usually partial to Canadian money, but our new four-dollar bill will have his best wishes for an enduring circulation. On its honest face it bears a flattering picture of the lock on his Sault canal. Being a personage who takes a dollar-and-cents view of things, he will perceive that this vignette on a Dominion note is something more than a compliment to his progressiveness. It is, indeed, an offering of very substantial service to him. Our big neighbor knows well the value of a free advertisement, and where could he get a better one except in a first class newspaper that goes into the homes of all the people? Our circulating medium, especially in the denominations that are most in demand, is a capital advertising medium. The American canal at Sault Ste. Marie is beautifully displayed on the considerable issue of four-dollar bills our finance department has just let loose. Who would travel by the Canadian canal after the Canadian Government gave such a certificate as to the superiority of the American lock? It is true, our own canal is a grand work, one of the wonders of engineering science, but the Government fancies that one on the other side of the river more. As these four-dollar notes pass from hand to hand, the wistful gaze of those who part with them will rest on the American lock—the gateway through which the Government would direct their travels. Since they came into office the Canadian ministers have tried to forget their old disparaging language about our canals, and have lately spoken very favorably of these. But money talks. A picture of our Sault canal, or of some other great Canadian work or scene, should occupy the place given up to the American canal. This foreign canal lock depicted on our four-dollar bill is a humiliation to us. That picture is a record of blundering or something worse that will never be forgotten. Specimens of these four-dollar bills will be preserved wherever there is a collection of monetary curiosities. The people of Sault Ste. Marie are deeply offended at the Government for its selection of the American canal as the object most worthy of depiction on its new issue.—Toronto Mail and Express.

A Fortune to Be Given Away.

A noted philanthropist has decided to give away his fortune to charities and no doubt much good will be accomplished. There is another agency that has also accomplished much good, namely, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the medicine with fifty years of cures back of it. It promotes appetite, insures digestion, cures dyspepsia, regulates the liver and keeps the bowels regular, also prevents belching, heartburn or flatulency. Don't fail to try it, but be sure and get the genuine.

They Miss No Chance.

"A woman was arrested in New York for sleeping on the grass."

"I didn't suppose the New York police farmed out the grass privileges, too."

Wholesale Troubles.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is polygamy?"

The old gentleman made sure that his wife was listening before he answered.

"Polygamy," he said, "is the name given to the method of acquiring trouble by wholesale."

Prohibited.

He—Darling, a single kiss from those lips would intoxicate me.

She—But this is a prohibition town.

Her Silence Explained.

This is the way he wrote to her:

"Molly—I have not had a line from for three weeks. Have you thrown me over?"

And this is the way she answered him:

"Jhon—Hain't you hearn tell that I am on a sick bed, where I am slowly a-dyin', an' can't write a line to save my life, you fool you?

Cold Comfort.

Nervous Passenger—Captain, what would be the result if this boat should strike an ice berg.

Captain—It would probably shiver its timbers.

Ungrateful.

"They say the Missouri razor bug is an ungrateful scamp."

"How so?"

"He cuts his best friends."

Sick Headache Quickly Cured.

Indigestion, bad stomach, constipation, sick headache. That's the program. Next program Cascarets Candy Cathartic, instant relief. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

His Father Also Drives.

First Boy—Your folks ain't as rich as ours. My father and mother go driving every day.

Second Boy—My father drives every day, too.

First Boy—I don't believe it. What does he drive?

Second Boy—Nails.

Too Anxious.

"I see they are embalming pet dogs now," he said.

"Oh, isn't that lovey," she exclaimed. "That's what I'll have done to Fido."

"Just the thing," he returned, suddenly growing enthusiastic himself. "Give him to me and I'll have it done today."

SSS and OLD PEOPLE

Bad Circulation is the cause of most of the ills that come with old age. With advancing years there is a decline of strength and vigor—the machinery of the body moves with less speed and accuracy. Because of the weak and irregular action of the heart the blood moves more slowly, becomes impure and loses much of its life-sustaining properties, and muscles, tissues and nerves literally starve for lack of nourishment. A sluggish and polluted circulation is followed by a long train of bodily ailments. Cold feet, chilly sensations up and down the spine, poor appetite and digestion, soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, hard and fissured skin, face sores, chronic running ulcers on the lower limbs and other parts of the body—these and many other diseases peculiar to old people are due to a lack of healthy blood and imperfect circulation. Restoration to health must come through the building up and purification of the blood, thus adding strength and tone to the vital organs and quick, healthy action to the circulation.

S. S. S. being strictly a vegetable blood remedy and the best tonic, makes it the most valuable and efficacious of all medicine for old people. It is free from all mineral ingredients, and mild and pleasant in its action. It cures blood diseases of every character, even those inherited or contracted in early life. As the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. there is a marked improvement in the general health, and as richer and purer blood begins to circulate through the body the appetite improves, and there is a softness and elasticity about the skin that you have not noticed for years: sores begin to heal, pains in muscles and joints gradually cease, and you find that it is possible to be happy and healthy even in old age.

Our medical department is in charge of physicians who make a study of blood and skin diseases. If you would like to have their opinion and advice in your case, write them all about it and you shall receive such information and advice as you want. This will cost you nothing. Others have found our medical department of great benefit to them—their cure being much more rapid as the result of some special directions received from our physicians.

Don't be your own doctor when you can get medical advice free. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed to all who desire it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

ODD HOTELS OF JAPAN

THEY ARE VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF AMERICA.

Some Surprises They Contain for the Occidental Traveler—Meals Served in Guests' Rooms, but Baths and Washing Conveniences Are Public.

The native inns of Japan offer surprises to the Occidental traveler. The inn building is of Japanese architecture, of two stories, and generally rambling, for a house which has been at all prosperous will have had additions made from time to time to accommodate the increased patronage. The front door is in the day time merely a panel with paper windows, which is pushed aside to admit guests. Mine host stands smiling in the aperture, and if it is winter a large brazier is placed in the midst of the first apartment, which would correspond to the office or exchange of one of our hotels. The brazier contains small sticks of charcoal, and gives forth little heat. Several newly arrived Japanese travelers will generally be sitting about it on cushions on the floor, chatting and rubbing their hands over the tiny blaze.

Before entering you must sit down on the step and take your shoes off, no matter how cold the weather, for the "tatami" (mats) of a Japanese inn and the polished floor are kept as immaculately clean as a private house. When the shoes are off and delivered to an attendant, a little "amah," or maid, leads you through the room on which the front door opens, along passages and by several twists and turns, and along corridors, possibly up a flight of stairs, to the room which is assigned to you. It is entirely empty of any furniture. At one side is a tiny dais, or wooden platform, on which may be a carved stand, perhaps of teak wood, and on it a vase with some plum blossoms or green boughs, arranged according to the Japanese conventional style of flower arrangement. The only other ornamentation in the room will consist of a "kakemono" or two, with pictures or writing on them. These are the hanging scrolls that take the place in Japan that our framed pictures do with us.

The walls of the room are finished in a soft green or brown, and the woodwork is left the natural color. First of all the "amah" brings out some flat cushions for the guests to sit on; then she brings a "hibachi" from downstairs, and puts in it lighted coals and some fresh sticks of charcoal. The next thing is tea, and this is daintily served in little cups on bronze stands, and with it some delicious cakes of bean paste, or else wafers which fairly melt in your mouth. Now, if you have arrived late, comes the question of supper. The meals in these inns are always served in your apartment. There is no such thing as a general dining-room, in this or in a private house.

There will be another long pause, during which the room may be slightly warmed by the heat from the brazier, but when supper is brought and the screen is thrust aside by the little maid the cold comes rushing in again. The Japanese pay no attention to cold air and draughts, even in the dead of winter. The maid kneels in the doorway when she opens the screen, for it would not be considered etiquette for any one to enter a room standing. The meal is placed on a tiny wooden stand, often beautifully lacquered, one stand for each person, and all the courses are placed on it together in beautiful little dishes. Nothing is ever served with more exquisite taste in the most luxurious American hotel than in the poorest Japanese hostelry, just as the most poverty-stricken Japanese often live in more aesthetic surroundings than many of our rich people.

When it becomes dark the room is lit by a square paper lantern on a high wooden stand. By the light the Japanese read and sew in the evenings, though they are gradually importing and using many of our kerosene lamps, which give a better light. At bedtime the "amah" goes to a sort of clothes press or chest of drawers set in the side of the wall, and produces the bed, which is simply a series of soft quilts called "futons," and which are laid on the floor, one on top of the other. Down coverings are placed over these, and in between the sleeper crawls. Sheets and pillows such as we use must be brought by the guest who requires them.

While the guests at a Japanese inn eat in the seclusion of their rooms, the bath and washing arrangements are public, and here one may encounter, any of the other guests of the house of either sex while performing one's ablutions. To say the least, this is extremely awkward, but it is according to Japanese custom, and the same thing is found in the private Japanese houses.

GETTING TO A FIRE.

The American Fire Departments' Splendid Horses and Their Training.

F. S. Dellenbaugh writes an article for St. Nicholas on "The Quick Horse," devoted to the training of horses for the American fire departments. Mr. Dellenbaugh says: When a fire breaks out in America, it is necessary to reach it at once. The telegraph was brought into service in sending the alarm. In Munich some years ago the method in vogue was to hang out a red flag by day and a red lantern by night from the top of one of the Frauenkirche towers, on the side in the direction of the fire; but in America such a system would have resulted in the destruction of the whole town. The telegraph is the only thing for us.

But it is not enough to know immediately the exact location of a fire; it is also necessary to reach it immediately. The steam fire-engine was a splendid machine, with steam always up and everything in readiness for instant departure, but how to secure this instant departure was a question. Horses were kept standing in their stalls with the harness on, but this was not quick enough. Each second's delay meant loss of life or possible millions of property destroyed. So the first swinging harness was invented: a harness contrived in such a way that, while always attached to the engine or other apparatus, it could be made to drop instantly on the horse's back and fasten there. This seemed to solve the question, but there remained one more step, and this was the training of the quick horse. Not only must the engine and the harness and the men and the horses be ready, but the horses must be in the harness at once—the operation must be as nearly instantaneous as human ingenuity and brute intelligence together could contrive. In every fire-engine house in the United States to-day, therefore, we may see and admire the "quick" horse, sleek-limbed, clear-eyed, with an alert, intelligent air, standing not far from the machine of which he is the moving power.

The casual visitor saunters in. He thinks the life of a fireman is a quiet and easy one, judging from the appearance of the quarters. All is serene. The machines are immaculate in polished brass and red paint. Some of the men are reading, others are playing a game of checkers.

Suddenly there is a tinkling somewhere, and the stroke of a gong. A snap, a click—and through the wide-open doors the various machines fly, one after another, until the visitor views in astonishment an empty house. It is like magic—a wonderful "transformation scene." He gazes up and down the street, but the galloping procession has vanished as if it were a dream.

The quick horse has done his duty, and once more exhibited the power of organization and training. Within the time required by the firemen of the olden time to throw open the engine-house doors, the complicated machines of to-day are throwing water on the flames, and the brave firemen, having scaled the building with the agility of acrobats, are dealing well-considered blows against the fire foe.

In almost every city there is a practice-drill at least once a day in the engine-houses, and the visitor may have an opportunity of inspecting the admirable development of the American fire system and the fine horses so splendidly trained. And he may also have an opportunity at the same time of lamenting that other branches of our public service are not conducted with equal efficiency.

INDIAN WORDS AND NAMES.

Changes in Spelling that Have Marred Their Meaning.

Commenting on the changes which have been made in the orthography of Indian names and the expressed belief that historians and literary people have surrendered their right and duty to maintain these verbal relics in their purity, the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser says: The statement is true, more's the pity. As the Indians have no written language, their local names were acquired by the whites by sound only, and often by illiterate whites who had little knowledge of the arts of spelling and writing. For this reason there is little uniformity in the orthography of Indian proper names. Even the work of intelligent scholars is open to the same objections. The vocabularies of Indian words in Alabama prepared by Schoolcraft, Gallatin, Compere, Wright, Adair, Bartram and others all differ in spelling, and often in pronunciation, so much so that sometimes it is difficult to recognize a name when it goes through so many changes.

The various Indian dialects were the most expressive of any in the world. Every name was significant, whether it was of an animate or inanimate object, and the name given plainly indicated its meaning. Unfortunately the sound as well as the orthography and expression of many of our Indian names have been sacrificed in the effort to simplify the words and to make them conform to our system of spelling and writing the English language. The general government, too, or the Postoffice Department, has sacrificed much of the euphony and meaning of our Indian names in order to bring about simplicity and uniformity. It has accomplished this end, but has done it at the expense of meaning. Many names of postoffices in Alabama have no significance as now spelled, but as they were originally written any one familiar with Indian words would know just what was meant to be expressed.

However, we must admit that Indian words have not undergone more changes or modifications than have many of the words taken from the European or other old world languages and dialects. The people of the United States and the government itself are formulating something like a language of our own, and if the change carries with it a total hiding of the original significance of many words, it must be accepted as one of the results of the march of progress. But we must be permitted to express regret that so many of our native names have been improved entirely away from their originals.

Jefferson at Seventy-two.

"In Florida, where Ponce de Leon failed to discover the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, Joseph Jefferson seems to have found it," declares James S. Metcalfe, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He is a picturesque figure. His ruddy cheeks and bright eyes give the lie to his 72 years. He is slender, but not with the leanness of age. His hair, mostly black, streaked only here and there with gray, and in length showing a wholesome contempt for the fine art of the barber, blows about in the breeze. His fingers are as quick and deft at knotting a line or adjusting a sinker as those of a boy on the banks of a stream, and he enters into every detail with boyish enjoyment. His fishing he alternates with landscape painting, writing and the care of plants. In none of these pursuits does he claim professional skill, but he brings to them something more than professional zest. Mr. Jefferson is a very abstemious man. In eating, as in other things—except occupation in the open air—he evidently believes in moderation as a means to well living and long living. He did not join in our after-luncheon smoke, stating that if he had not given up tobacco a good many years ago he felt sure that he would not be with us now. Whatever the secret of his long and useful life, it is safe to say that every one of his countless friends and admirers would be glad to lengthen it by a fulfillment of his own Rip's favorite benediction: 'Here's his health and his family's, and may they live long and prosper.'"

Large Antlers.

The biggest pair of elk antlers in the world is said to be that which hang in Head Keeper Manley's office in the lion house at the Philadelphia zoo. In height the antlers are above five feet, and the distance between the main horns at the widest part of the loop is four feet six inches. At their base the antlers are fourteen inches in diameter. "Undoubtedly," naturalists say, "these are as big and heavy and perfect a pair of horns as ever grew." The elk that carried the huge antlers was sent from the West to the Academy of Natural Sciences. The skeleton excelled in weight and size any that had ever been seen there.

Sure to Be Safe.

Wife—There's a burglar down cellar, Henry.

Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs.

Wife—But he'll come up here.

Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Detroit Free Press.

STRANGE TREES TO LOOK AT.

Bent Into Fantastic Shapes by the Pranks of the Wind.

Wildwood, the resort on the Jersey coast where the ceremony of casting flowers upon the sea on Memorial day, in memory of naval heroes, was inaugurated, has a good reason for its name. It is located upon an island, which is separated from the mainland by Grassy Sound. For about two miles a grove of trees, perhaps the most remarkable in the world, fringes the sound. The place takes its name from the trees, which have been shriveled and distorted into all kinds of fantastic shapes by the gales which swept over it from the Atlantic for centuries. The coast is completely exposed to the full sweep of the southeast and northeast storms, which in the winter rage for several days at a time.

Some of the trunks of the trees have twisted into numerals, letters of the alphabet and weird forms, which give the grove the reputation of being haunted among some of the negro servants and ignorant white people who live in the locality.

One tree, which must be fully 50 years old, has been bent over until it forms the figure 8, looking at it from one side, while from another point of view it is a perfect oval. From the lower left-hand corner projects a branch which startlingly resembles a snake's head with the tongue sticking out.

Two of the largest trees started to grow up from the ground, then changed their minds and bent downward, shaping their trunks into the form of the letter W. Still another tree has grown in the form of the letter N, two trunks starting from the same root below ground and a third growing from one to the other in a diagonal direction. Another consists of two trunks running straight up and parallel to each other. At no less than five different points branches or stubs have grown from one trunk into the other, forming a sort of natural ladder, for a distance of 30 feet from the ground.

The warm southeasters have brought nourishment to Wildwood, and vines and plants grow luxuriantly. Some of the grapevines are of mammoth size and, trailing along the ground, have run up into trees and expanded until they seem like immense boa constrictors. Even the upper branches of the trees have been twisted into curious shapes, and a number have been cut out in the form of different articles. Three of them are almost exactly the shape of a triangle, a harp and pitcher.

In walking through the grove one can scarcely find a tree which has not some odd form about it. A large holly can be seen which really consists of two trunks twisted about each other. Each trunk is fully a foot in thickness, and it is supposed that when young two slips were blown around in this way and have gradually grown together. The spiral separation can be traced from the roots fully forty feet from the ground.—Philadelphia Record.

GREAT WEATHER SHARPS.

Old-Time Sailors on the Gulf of Mexico Were Experts.

"The greatest weather sharps in the world," said a citizen, who takes an interest in meteorology, especially of the goosebone brand, "were the old-time sea captains in the gulf and coast trade. Squall smelling was a necessary part of their business, for, as you probably know, the biggest dirty weather factory in the universe is the Caribbean sea. There are no such things as times and seasons down there, and what's coming next is a matter of pure chance. It may be a dead calm and it may be a rip-roaring hurricane, so the men who cruised in those waters before we had any signal service to help them out had to keep continually on the alert, and it's no wonder that some of them acquired a skill that seemed next door to supernatural.

"It became a sort of instinct, a second nature, with them, and they couldn't tell how they did it themselves. They would predict changes before they were even hinted at in the glass; they would anticipate the very caprice of the wind, and many a time they saved their ships and their skins by quick, sharp orders which for the moment appeared to be nothing short of preposterous. Of course it was all a matter of minute observation, a good deal of which was no doubt unconscious. They had learned by long experience to read meaning in the different forms of clouds and the way the cloud strata lay in the upper air; the water was an open book to them, and they would detect a hundred and one small atmospheric phenomena invisible to the ordinary observer.

"I was on the ship of one of these famous old weather prophets years ago on a voyage to Havana. We were just entering the harbor when the captain, who had been moody and distraught for several hours, suddenly called the mate and ordered him to get anchored as quickly as possible and make everything fast for a hurricane. The mate made a mild protest. 'The glass is pretty steady, sir,' he said. 'Never mind,' said the captain, 'it's a-comin' all the same!'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Insect Pests.

Few countries have suffered more the introduction of insect pests than the Hawaiian Islands. The two chief products of these islands are sugar and coffee, while a considerable amount of fruit is also grown. Along with the imported trees came their insect enemies, notably the scale insect and the aphis. In the course of time these increased so prodigiously that they threatened to destroy the industries of the country. Man is doomed to a constant struggle against nature, and he is often compelled, so to speak, to fight her with her own weapons. So it was in this case. The trees were being destroyed by insects; remedy: import more insects. So in 1890 a certain ladybird (Vedalia cardinalis) was sent over from Australia. It became completely naturalized, and increased prodigiously, feeding on the scale insects, which it soon reduced in numbers, until they became comparatively scarce. But there were other insect plagues—aphides and others of different orders. The government therefore employed a naturalist to import more insects. These were brought from Australia, and many of them have established themselves and done good service. One of the most useful is a ladybird which feeds on the aphides, which had seriously attacked the sugar canes. It has done such good work that there is every prospect of the canes being speedily cured.—Chambers' Journal.

Kaffirs in Natal.

Kaffirs own nine-tenths of the 12,000,000 acres of Natal.

When a preacher talks loud enough to be heard two blocks, that is his way of giving his yell.

Some people, when they work, don't do anything.

What is Ovaritis?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex

MRS. ANNA ASTOR.

holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory is at Lynn, Mass. Write a letter there telling all your symptoms and get the benefit of the greatest experience in treating female ills.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—MRS. ANNA ASTOR, Troy, Mo.

A Boy as a Fencer.

A national fencing competition has just taken place at Bologna, and the championship was won by Signor Ataillio Monferrito. This maitre d'armes is only 12 years old. He fought the most celebrated Italian fencers and beat them all.

Connecticut and Clocks.

The first clocks manufactured in this country were by Eli Terry at Plymouth, Conn., in 1793. The manufacture soon became extensive, and Connecticut wooden clocks were famous all over the country.

A Chilly Petition.

"Deacon Sniff seems to have a very cold temperament."

"Yes; he prayed for rain once and it hailed."

Snuffed Out.

Friend—What became of your poem called "Light, Beautiful Light?"

Poet (sadly)—The editor turned it down.

Shifted the Responsibility.

Deacon Elderberry—My dear Mrs. Crabtree, if only half the money spent in millinery were devoted to the church!

Mrs. Crabtree—Oh, my! But the milliners won't reduce their prices.

Forgets Where the Place Is.

Small Harry had lost his pencil, his mother told him he should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

"I do, mamma," replied the little fellow, "but sometimes I forget where the place is."

Holt's School.

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories, and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Holt, Ph. D., Principal.

Hazarding an Answer.

A poet in the New York Press begins some pathetic verses in this questioning style:

"Why should I weep at the barricade?
Why should I weep at the bar?"

A Rebuke.

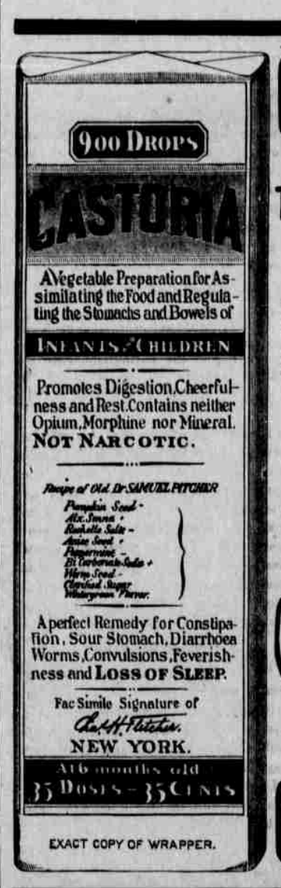
"You don't expect to be famous?" said the pugilist.

"I had entertained ambitiions in that direction," said the young author.

"But you don't do anything but write."

"It is my writing that I depend on."

"Nonsense! The idea of a man expecting to get famous by sitting down and wiggling his fingers over a piece of paper all day! It's absurd!"



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

FARM MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

Best possible to build. Best material. Best proportion. Best finish. Lightest running. Seventy years' experience. MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER CO., 16 and Taylor Sts., Portland, Or.

Ensilage Cutter.

Best and only perfect blower cutter on the market. Send for circular. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co. Portland, Ore.

Where do You Sell Your Hides? TRY ME.

We always pay the Highest Price.

Chas. L. Mastick & Co.

75 Front St., cor. Oak, Portland, Or.

"ADAMANT" LAND PLASTER

The Perfection of Wall Plaster, will not fall off, even though a leakage occur by the bursting of water pipes.

Send us your address and receive circular showing what others have gained by the use of Land Plaster.

Agents wanted in every town.

THE ADAMANT CO., Foot of 14th Street. Portland, Oregon.

GEISLER PATENTS COMPANY. Chamber of Commerce, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Secures patents for inventions in the United States and foreign countries. Also negotiates markets and defends patent inventions.

No better terms or facilities than we offer obtainable anywhere. Payment of our fees may be deferred till patent is allowed. Write for pamphlet.

Sight Unseen.

Bertha—Fred Hart is going to marry Bessie Light.

Edith—You don't mean it! For mercy's sake, what could he have seen in her?

Bertha—That's what I say. Do you know, I suspect he must have courted her over the telephone.

And Now Look at Him.

"See that magnate over there?"

"Yes. What of him?"

"Well, 20 years ago that man arrived in New York with only a million dollars in his pockets."

Easy to See.

Brigham—I saw you and your wife at the new restaurant last evening.

Burnham—How did you know it was my wife?

Brigham—I heard you say "Guess we'd better have some roast beef."

French Banks Circulate Gold.

The Bank of France compels customers checking out money to accept at least one-fifth in gold coin.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY.

Portland, Oregon.

Thirty-second year. A boarding and day school. Military and Manual Training. Opens Sept. 12, 1901, with a faculty of 12 competent teachers, who employ modern methods and understand boys. Illustrated catalogue.

ARTHUR C. NEWILL, Principal.

300 Positions Secured Yearly.

San Francisco Business College

1236 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

FULL COURSE, $60.00.

Write for Catalogue.

N. P. N. U. No. 32—1901.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon,

Foot of Morrison Street.

Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

IF CLAIM INTS FOR PENSION Write to NATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C., they will receive quick replies. B. 5th N. H. Vols. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.

Summer Resolution: TAKE THE Keeley Cure

Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to Keeley Institute, Moved to 420 Williams Ave., East Side.

SUMMER is best time to cure Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption. Our remedy is guaranteed, $1. P. O. Box 975. W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Proper Place.

Landowner (to trespasser)—Don't you see that sign: "No Fishing in these grounds!"

Trespasser—I ain't fishing in the ground. I'm fishing in the water.

Of Course.

"What did the lawyer say when you explained your case to him?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"He said it was fees-ible," replied Mr. Baxter.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The Secret Ballot.

First Tramp—Blest if I like dis here secret ballot. A man shouldn't be ashamed to let it be known what he votes for.

Second Tramp—No, de only t'ing dat ought to be kept secret is de price he gets for his vote.

Making Up the Pack.

"Somebody calls attention to the fact that every new war ship is the queen of the navy."

"I rather think that the transport that turned over the other day is the joker."

His Choice.

Kind Old Man (to tramp)—Now, why don't you learn a trade?

Tramp—Well, I would, sir, if I knew of one better than this.

A Superior Baby.

Proud Father—Jenkins told me today that their baby coos so loud that you can hear it all over the house.

Proud Mother—I hope, Harry, that you didn't forget to tell him that ours cries so loud that it can be heard all over the block; if he doesn't believe it he can ask the neighbors.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 308

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

MARRIED A GERMAN LIEUTENANT

When Miss McGrew of Denver, Colo., was traveling abroad, she was introduced to Lieut. Alexander Schonberg of the Royal Reserves of Germany. Up to that time she had been thoroughly American. She had asserted that American girls should select American

MRS. ALEXANDER SCHONBURG.

husbands. All her Yankee ideas went glimmering in the face of that flaxen-haired soldier. They were married recently, and will live in Dresden. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson McGrew. They are wealthy and prominent.

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