

Economy

is a strong point, with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

HER FRIENDS.

Black Mammy Wouldn't Have Her Dogs Released from the Pound.
Among the prisoners taken into a Southern police court the other day was an old colored woman who had been arrested for failure to provide tags for her two dogs. When questioned by the court she answered that she was old and poor, and had not been able to get money for the license tax.

"But you know that it is against the law for dogs to go without tags, the judge reminded her, and I shall have to sentence you."
"I know it," she interrupted, humbly. "I couldn't help it."
"Unless," the judge continued, "the dogs are sent to the pound. In that case you will be dismissed."

But the old woman looked at him, her wrinkled face full of distress. "I can't do that, I can't!" she cried. And then she told her story. Her dogs were her only friends, her only protection. They were such beautiful dogs, and one was named for her husband, and the other one was so knowing and could stand on his hind legs, just like a man! She could not let anything happen to her dogs. She would go to prison herself instead.

There was nothing to do but accept her decision. The judge reluctantly pronounced sentence—six dollars' fine or nine days in the workhouse, and when the session was over she marched quietly with the other prisoners out to the van. Nobody had the heart to tell her that before she came out of the workhouse her dogs would probably be dead; or if not, that she would undoubtedly be arrested again. After all, something might happen. In a police court even more than in other places, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Something did happen. A newspaper reporter got hold of the story, and it came out in that night's paper. It was told very badly, not "worked up" at all; but the American public is quick to read between the lines, and before the next morning the money for the old "aunt's" release and the tax for her dogs had been offered many times over. She who had thought her dogs her only friends suddenly found a score of warm hearts at the service of her need.

It is a pretty story and a not uncommon one. It is safe to say that no case of need is ever made known to the public that help is not immediately and eagerly offered. But reporters are not always at hand, and sometimes the friendless ones come to our very door. Are we as quick to see them, or do we wait for others to point the way to us?—Youth's Companion.

Russia's Lack of Statesmen.
As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate dispatches is absurd. To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.—Century.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?
Mrs. De Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Mrs. Wiggins-Van Mortlake at home?
Servant—No, madam, she's—
Mrs. De Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.
Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.

The Water Clock.
About 150 B. C. there was a water clock in use in Italy, Greece and Egypt. The water escaped from a jar and fell into a receptacle beneath, in which floated a small oak, which, by its rising on the water, pointed out the hours.

DREAD OF HUMANITY

I am compelled by a sense of gratitude to tell you the great good your remedy has done me in a case of Contagious Blood Poison. Among other symptoms I was severely afflicted with Rheumatism, and got almost past going. The disease got a firm hold upon my system; my blood was thoroughly poisoned with the virus. I lost in weight, was run down, had sore throat, eruptions, spots and other evidences of the disease. I was truly in a bad shape when I began the use of S. S. S., but the persistent use of it brought me out of my trouble safe and sound, and I have the courage to publicly testify to the virtues of your great blood remedy, S. S. S., and to recommend it to all blood-poison sufferers, sincerely believing if it is known according to directions, and given a fair trial, it will thoroughly eliminate every particle of the virus. JAMES CURRAN, Stark Hotel, Greensburg, Pa.

Painful swellings in the groin, red eruptions upon the skin, sores in the mouth, and loss of hair and eyebrows, are some of the symptoms of this vile disease. S. S. S. is an antidote for the awful virus that attacks and destroys even the bones. S. S. S. contains no mercury, Potash or other mineral ingredient. We offer \$1,000 for proof that it is not absolutely vegetable. Home treatment—brochure giving the symptoms and other interesting and valuable information about this disease, mailed free. Our physicians advise free of charge to those who write us.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Humorous

Bills—What nice hair Bells has. Stella—Well, a woman is a fool to buy an inferior article.—Town Topics.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Ex.

He—Can't we just quietly separate without getting a formal divorce? She—But I'm already engaged to another.—Life.

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for \$15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

Big Brother—Now, Willie, you must give me the larger half of the apple, because mamma says we mustn't be greedy.—Harper's Bazar.

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Josh—"Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report. Uncle Eben—Yes; and I guess that's about all some of 'em do.—Puck.

Tourist—I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate? Guide—I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs.—Tit-Bits.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Press.

Neil—Mr. Krammmer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Neil—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady—Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death rate is here? Carstairs—Well, mum, I can't exactly say; but it's about one apiece all round.—Punch.

Mrs. Smith—I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor. Mr. Krusty—Not to me. I wouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I won him.—Ex.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Clarinda—Aren't you allowed to keep a dog in your new flat? Florida—No, we had to give Fido away; but Jack had his dear little bark put in our photograph.—Journal Amusan.

Ide—Are they really so rich? May—I should say so. When they slipped several spoons and saucers into their gripes the hotel clerk said it was merely the souvenir hobby.—Chicago News.

"Heaven's!" exclaimed the first mother, "here's a fine prospect of starving to death!" "How so?" inquired the other one. "There's nothing in this box we're locked up in but a bathing-suit."—Ex.

Miss Passy—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful, anyway. I'd rather kiss a good dog than some men. Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edith—Is it true, Dolly, that Larkin kissed you before he picked you up in that runaway? Dolly—Yes, dear; you know he is studying to be a doctor, and that was first aid to the injured.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Photographer—I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. Mrs. Vick-Benn—I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.—Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the female-suffrage advocate with the square chin, "has become of our manly men?" "Some of them," replied the meek and lowly citizen, "have married womanly women, and are now engaged in raising childish children."—Chicago News.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.—Boston Transcript.

It was on the old camp ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Brudbad Wheatly. "But the parson raised his hand. 'No, sah,' he shouted, 'dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."—Chicago News.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once." "Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?" "I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Fond Mother—You will be 5 years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else. Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Mr. Uggly—Don't you remember, dear, when your father forbade me the house? Mrs. Uggly—Yes, and when mother wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment? Mr. Uggly—And I made up my mind to go off and die? Mrs. Uggly—Yes, and I scared father into thinking I was in a decline? Both Together—Weren't those happy days?—Tit-Bits.

Esquatorial Way.
"I thought Smeargle was a friend of yours."
"He was until lately. I had to drop him. He was always wanting to borrow money."
"Refused him sharply, did you?"
"No; I lent him some."—Chicago Tribune.

Be good to those who are sick. It may be your turn next, and your goodness will insure good care for you when you are flat on your back.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can procure for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hoarse voices."—M. L. LORREAN, M.D., Lowell, Mass.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Bronchitis

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

Both Laughed.
How a railway porter gave a Roland for a passenger's Oliver is related in the following tale:

"A few weeks ago," he says, "a gentleman came up to me on the arrival of an express, and said he had changed at such-and-such a junction, and he could not find his luggage in the van."

"That's all right, sir," I said; "the train divides into two halves at the junction. You've come on by the first half; your luggage will come on by the second. I've known many a case."

"You're wrong, porter," said the traveler; "it was not a case, it was a portmanteau."

"And," added the porter, "he went away with a grin which made me fairly mad. In a quarter of an hour or so, though," he continued, "the gentleman came back; and said to me:

"Porter, how long will that second train of yours be?"

"Twelve coaches and an engine," I replied.

"We both laughed that time,"

"Everyday Swindlers.
"There it goes again!" said the trolley conductor, who rang the bell to let off a passenger who had only ridden for a square.

"You'd be astonished," continued the knight of the bell strap, "to know how many people try to beat the trolley for a free ride when they want to make a call a square or two away from home."

"They hop on the car, wait till it has started and then want to know if the car doesn't go to some place which they know it doesn't come within a mile of. In this way they get their ride for nothing and go on their way in the belief that they have fooled the conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

TO AWAKEN WHEN YOU WISH.

Simple Plan Which Requires No Alarm Clock to Be Set.

We hear it frequently asserted that if persons will impress the thought firmly upon their minds and continue thinking about it until they have fallen asleep that they desire to awake at a certain hour in the morning, they will do it without fail, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But how many people have tried this method of inducing a prompt awakening at a given hour in the morning only to find their rest throughout the night disturbed and uneasy?

The brain will usually respond to the will and awaken one in the morning near the desired hour under any circumstances, but to prevent the unbroken, uneasy sleep the adoption of only a very simple device is necessary.

The last thing before getting into bed, take a watch or clock and hold the hands to the hour at which one wishes to rise and gaze at this just long enough to fix the hour firmly on the retentive memory. Then, if no other absorbing thoughts intervene between that and the moment one is locked in slumber, the night's rest will be easy and unbroken and promptly at the hour in the morning, as a rule, one will find one's self released from sleep and wide awake.

There is no need to keep thinking of the hour continually for a number of minutes, no need to repeat it over and over in the mind; all that makes the brain uneasy and results in the disturbed slumber. Simply look at the watch or clock, as I have indicated, and the influence of the mind over matter will be clearly demonstrated in the morning. Try it some night and observe how smoothly this psychological fact works.

Sign of the Three Balls.
The three balls used by pawnbrokers are the symbol of St. Nicholas. There is a legend to the effect that the saint once offered three purses of gold to three women to enable them to marry. The purses of those days were small bags, which when tied at the top to keep in the coins somewhat resembled balls.

A great deal of sympathy is given a preacher because he doesn't always get his salary. Transfer it to his wife, who works twice as hard, and is not supposed to get anything but board and clothes, and a chance to praise the Lord.

Selecting a School

For the Study of BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND is important. We can show results for every one of our graduates are employed.

Write for our Catalogue

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE

Y. N. C. A. Bldg. PORTLAND, ORE.

WISCONSIN CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.

Sublime Courage by Which Princess Salome Escaped Her Master.

James Baker, a well known traveler and writer, tells a curious story of a war 100 years ago. The Persian shah was besieging Tiflis, and the husband of the Princess Salome had been slain in the siege. When the Persians entered and saved the town, Djalmar tried to save her young son, but he was torn from her arms and hacked in pieces before her eyes. Her own life was spared and she was borne to the camp outside the walls of Tiflis to the shah. He sold her to Djalmar, who shut her up in a castle—a part of which still remains—near where now is the lovely tropical botanical garden of Tiflis. Charmed by her beauty, he asked her to become his wife. She refused and begged her purchaser to slay her. The Persian gave her a night to reconsider the matter and on the next day he lay reclining on a great cushion under a tree on that hot, sunny hillside and awaited her answer. Presently she appeared before him, veiled in a long, pure white robe, calm and stately, her face deathly pale. She advanced, her armed followers following her. The Persian waved his followers aside and asked the princess, "You consent to be my wife?" "Yes," was the solemn answer. "I consent to love you, for after the death of my husband and son it is my destiny; there is no other fate for me."

"In Georgia," said the princess, "there are certain families that possess strange powers and dark secrets. My mother foretold I should be the wife of a Djalmar, and from my mother I, too, received a warning to avoid the future." The Persian was impressed by her manner and her presence. She saw her power. "Give me your hand," she said. "Let me read there if I shall have long years of happiness with you." He held forth his hand. She held it until it slightly trembled in her fingers. Then she burst forth with a cry of horror, "Oh, my master, knowest thou that death awaits thee, perchance this very night?" Djalmar trembled now. "Thou wilt die by the hand of a man thou hast this day offended." "Is it by Asa Dhoula Bek?" he asked. "He quarreled to-day and about you. We would have bought you." "Oh, my master," exclaimed Salome, "to save thee I must have some object upon which he has looked to-day then I can avert this evil and make his arms useless against thee."

"What! You can do this?" exclaimed Djalmar incredulously. "Most certainly. Give me your dagger." He drew it up and handed it to her. She held it up and, looking up to the blue heavens above, murmured a prayer; then, handing it back to him said: "Now it is useless. It can slay no one." He looked at her unbelievably. "Try it," she exclaimed. "Strike here!" He struck the blow where her finger rested full upon her heart. The keen blade went swiftly home, and she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "O, God, receive my soul!" Then she lay dead.

Discretion a Failure.
"I was at the hawking bee one day. Great fun."
"Find a red ear?"
"Yes."
"Kiss the prettiest girl?"
"None. Didn't dare. All the pretty girls were engaged to husky farmers."
"What did you do?"
"Kissed the homeliest girl."
"Did that give satisfaction?"
"Not a bit of it. Each of the husky farmers felt that I had personally snubbed his best girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Let Him Off.
Wife—My dear, I need a little more of this stuff, and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Biggs, Sale & Co.'s and get it.
Husband (a smart fellow)—Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the store where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it?
"Yes, I remember. That blond girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will select just the sort of trimming you want—I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes and sweet little—"
"There are a number of things I want downtown. Never mind, dear. I'll go and get them myself."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All drug stores sell the money if it fails to cure. K. W. Groves's signature is on each box.

Bad Memories.
Many people complain of having a bad memory, as if it were something they could not help, like a headache, or some similar ailment; yet even that can be helped nowadays by the application of a little common sense. After all, there is no reason why anybody should have a bad memory. It is merely a matter of training and is, moreover, a matter in which it is never too late to attend to its training. For grown-ups many methods are advocated, all of them, no doubt, based on the principle of mental concentration. In a young child the faculty can be cultivated by making the child describe everything it has seen in its morning walk, taking care that no fact is exaggerated, but that strict attention is paid to truth in every detail. In the matter of memorizing it is an excellent plan to let the child learn one line of poetry a day, which it should repeat the following morning, and at the end of a week it will be able to say the seven lines. The young brain should not be overloaded with knowledge, but allowed to assimilate a fragment each day.

Know What It Meant.
"Hello, Uncle John," exclaimed the village nephew, as he warmly grasped the old farmer's hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you looking so well. How is my good aunt and dear little cousins?"
"Here, boy," interrupted the wise old ruralite, as he pulled out his pocketbook, "how much do you need this time?"

Rip Van Winkle Libelled.
Rip Van Winkle had just been taking a nap. Placing a hand upon his beard, he murmured drowsily, "How this grows on me." After which he fell into a second dose, so he might sleep out the remaining ten years.—Yale Record.

AI O E.
Mrs. A.—I sent my daughter to a cooking school to fit her for marriage.
Mrs. B.—Was the experiment a success?
Mrs. A.—No. The man she was engaged to found it out.—Judge.

Willie Tells How Baby Came.

There's no use of your talking, for mamma told me so.
And if there's any one that does, my mamma ought to know;
For she has been to Europe, and seen the Pope of Rome,
Though she says that was before I came to live with her at home.

You see, we had no baby, unless you call me one,
And I have grown so big you know,
I would have to be in fun.
When I went to see grandma, about two weeks ago,
And now we've one, a little one, that squeals and wriggles so.

And mamma says an angel came down from heaven above,
And brought this baby to her, for she and me to love;
And its got the cunningest of feet, as little as can be, angels in heaven,
And smiling eyes, and curly hair, and hands you scarce can see.

And then it never cries a bit, like some bad babies do;
For it's her baby, her's and dad's, and boys can't endure,
Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you sure.

But you say the angel didn't come, now you just tell me why;
The Bible says there's angels in heaven, and that's the sky;
And Christ loves little babies, and God makes everything.

And if that angel didn't who did our baby bring?
You can't tell, no I guess you can't, but mamma ought to know,
For it's her baby, her's and dad's, and boys can't endure,
Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you sure.

For I'm a girl, and it's a boy, and boys I can't endure,
Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you sure.

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I know an angel brought him, and I think one brought me, too,
Though I don't just now remember, and so can't tell, can you?
But mamma knows, and this I know, the baby wasn't home
When I went away, and now he is; if you want to see him, come.

For mamma says if I am good, I can kiss him every day,
And we'll kiss him now, and then go out and have a nice long play;
And if anybody asks you how babies come, and go,
Why, tell them it's the angels, for mamma told me so.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures itching, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, bunions, blisters, and all foot ailments. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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900 DROPS
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
The Signature of
Wm. D. F. Fitch
NEW YORK.
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Wm. D. F. Fitch
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Willowware Industry.
In ten years Maryland has jumped from fifth to third place in the willowware industry of the United States, ranking now next to New York and Pennsylvania. Baltimore is one of the three willowware centers which only have shown any actual growth in the business. In Maryland the center of the willow district lies in Howard County. In the neighborhood of Elkridge alone the output of willow exports \$5,000 per annum, while Anne Arundel County contributes \$2,500.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days.

Perfectly Satisfied.
Crack Boat Builder—Ah! How do do, Mr. Richman? How did that rowboat I made you last summer suit?
Mr. Richman—Perfectly!
"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Satisfied perfectly, eh?"
"Yes. I left it in front of my boat house all summer, and every scallawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

Theater-Going Under Difficulties.
Patron—I see you have a notice outside, saying that tickets bought of speculators on the street will be refused at the door.
Theater Ticket Seller—Yes, sir; that is our rule.
"Well, I'll take a ticket for to-night, parquette."
"Very sorry, sir, but all the tickets have been bought up by speculators!"
Matters will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Natural Preference.
Miss Violet had made a rapid tour of the European continent and found little to impress her, either favorably or otherwise.
"You say you saw all you wanted to of Italy," said a friend, on Miss Violet's return to her native health in Kansas. "What did you think of the lazaroni?"
"Don't talk to me about it," said Miss Violet, briskly. "I'd rather have a good dish of plain American macaroni baked with cheese any time!"

Wonders of the Cure for Consumption.
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