

X-Rays

Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be the best for purifying the blood and curing

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists: Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

It is said the shortening the term of compulsory service in the German army has reduced the number of suicides among troops nearly one-half.

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The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquillizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nerve tonic. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A wineglassful before retiring cures sleep.

"The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long," said Mrs. Garrill. "And knows how to hold it, too," snarled Mr. Garrill, who had had a long lecture the night before.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALKER & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family pills are the best.

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From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. H. FEEKE, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cures of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. FEEKE, F. D. & Cedar St., New York

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In one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

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CHARLES HANSEN, Hotel Imperial, New York, N.Y. "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Hcker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

HCKER MEDICINE CO., 19 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

TWO WOMEN AT A LUNCH.

They Monopolized the Room and Obtained Their Money's Worth.

In lower Broadway there are "quick lunch" rooms where busy men resort at midday for a light meal. At these places men, without removing hats or outer coats, sit on high stools at higher counters or stand in front of buffets and help themselves to the food arranged for their convenience. Women are seldom seen in these rooms, but occasionally a slight sensation is caused among patrons and waiters by their appearance.

While I was seated at one of the counters the other day two women with seven packages of various sizes entered and while five score or more of eyes were on them stepped up to the counter and asked what the menu was. A polite waiter answered the question by rattling off the names of a couple of dozen dishes.

"We will have coffee," answered one of the women as they climbed onto stools that didn't allow their feet to touch the floor and spread out their packages on the counter.

"I have changed my mind and will take chocolate instead of coffee," said one when the waiter came with the coffee. With a smile on his averted face the waiter retraced his steps, and when he returned with the chocolate found the women had opened one of the seven packages and displayed six homemade sandwiches.

"Will you give us a plate and knife?" asked one.

"And some butter?" requested the other.

The plate, knife and butter were set before them.

"Do you furnish pickles with coffee?" asked one. The answer was a dish of small choice pickles set in front of them.

"Some water, please?" came from the same woman.

"And napkins?" said the other.

They received both water and napkins, and all for 5 cents apiece.—New York Herald.

WHAT AN ADJUSTER CAN DO.

A Drummer Learned Something That He Did Not Know Before.

The traveling man: "I never knew just how colossal a chump I am until the other day, when I went out with a railroad adjuster to settle a claim for damages against his company. An old farmer had tried to use a crossing just as a locomotive needed it. The result was that his horses were killed, the wagon knocked into firewood, the harness scattered for half a mile along the track and his pretty young wife so broken up that she will never walk again. Well, sir, you should have seen that adjuster do business. He gave his victim a big cigar, came out strong on free silver, jollied the farmer into thinking wheat would bring a big price next season, invited him to take a ride on their railroad whenever he wanted to and then slid into business.

"The horses, harness and wagon were discussed, and a valuation was agreed upon. The farmer was then ready to sign a receipt in full, but the adjuster knew his business, and, after throwing the old man into convulsions with a few good stories, suddenly suggested, as though it had just come to his mind, that it would be too bad not to pay something for the pretty wife, who was doomed to spend the rest of her years in bed. The farmer would be 'goddarned' if he'd thought of that, but guessed \$25 was not too high a figure. He was jollied down to \$15, and when we made our escape I was blushing from tip to tip.

"On the way back that fellow began talking about investing some money with him in a little scheme of his. I just made sure that my watch and pocketbook were still with me, jumped over the front wheel and walked five miles to the city. If I'm ever wrecked on a railroad, what's left of me will have a man with a gun to keep adjusters away."—Detroit Free Press.

France, never too gallant when the essentials of womanhood are at issue, has just decided judicially that at 30 an unmarried woman becomes an "old maid." In our far more favored nation a young person not wedded at that age is just budding into the ripeness of womanhood.

THOUGH LOVE BE SLAIN.

Forget?—But that I cannot, though you plead

With me by Lethe's brink till close of day;

No waves of dull oblivion, dear, can wash The memory of our happy dream away.

The rose of love hath shed her velvet leaves.

And all our life of joy is dispossessed: Yet still I claim the sacred right to wear The shrunk and withered blossom on my breast.

Ah! say not when the silver lyre is hushed,

"Remember not the tune wherewith it thrilled!"

It is our sweetest pleasure to recall His song, when death the singer's voice has stilled.

—Madame.

FIVE BLACK MARKS.

"The most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as we sat chatting in his cosy drawing-room, "was spent in a gunboat off the coast of Guinea. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know."

I did not know, but as the Doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so.

"We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the Bay of Lagos to overawe some miserable little tribe near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British empire ought to do. Kakoga's tribe, it was called, and Kakoga came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragon Fly, when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at unity among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been disappointed in love, and was naturally morose in consequence. What made him more so was the fact that his successful rival was the sub-lieutenant, an awfully nice fellow, and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieut. Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta, and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unconcealed enmity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant, and divided us into two cliques. The lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the liveliest time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan was the merriest fellow on earth, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself.

"I puzzled me to discover the reason, for though all were sorry to leave the Mediterranean, still it was not like Gilby to sulk over it. He could not see less of his fiancée than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved, still it seemed the only explanation.

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'funk,' and a very severe form of the disease, too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it.

"I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore," he said, when we had nearly reached our destination. 'I wish the commander would lead the party and leave me here to look after the ship.'

"It is not likely," I answered, gruffly, and I was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next suggestion more gruffly still.

"I suppose you would not like to certify that I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?" he asked me, hesitatingly.

"I refused, flatly.

"If he had told me the true reason of his fear I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow. His face had grown quite white and wan since we started.

"I looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of the landing party, which I accompanied, of course.

"When we were fairly embarked on the enterprise his one idea seemed to be to get it over with all possible speed, and the haste with which he advanced to Kakoga's country would have been impossible if the men under him had not themselves been so anxious to get into action and introduce a little change into the monotony of life on a gunboat.

"However, the change was less than the majority of the blue jackets hoped for, the miserable little tribe did not show fight, and our business was soon accomplished. In five days from the time we left the Dragon Fly we were back again, none the worse for our trip, except that we were all worn out by Gilby's forced marches.

"The lieutenant seemed more exhausted than any of us, and as soon as he had received the congratulations of the Commander he retired at once

to his berth. What surprised me was that his spirits did not show any improvement after the chance of fighting was at an end. It seemed to me as if he were still expecting some calamity to happen to him, and I began to wonder whether there might not be something seriously wrong with his health to account for all that had surprised me in his manner. This explanation which had not occurred to me while there was any real danger, struck me forcibly, now that we were safe on the gunboat, and, as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury of a bath after my five days of discomfort, I strolled down to the lieutenant's cabin to have a look at him in the new light of a patient.

"The door of my friend's cabin was ajar as I had approached it, and when I glanced into the room before knocking I was surprised to catch sight of Engineer Lashton standing by the side of the lieutenant's bunk.

"The fact of Lashton's enmity for my friend was so undisputed that at the sight of his figure in his enemy's cabin I felt quite justified in watching what was going on before making my presence known. Gilby was lying across his bunk, half undressed and apparently fast asleep. The engineer was standing over him with a bottle of some black fluid in his hand. While I watched, he made five small marks with it on the sleeping man's arm. The operation seemed such a mysterious one that I watched him till he put the cork back into the bottle, without moving a step to interfere with the man, but I pounced upon him as he turned to leave the cabin.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked unceremoniously, and the fellow seemed rather taken aback.

"It is only a practical joke," he said, with a feeble attempt to smile unconcernedly.

"Joke or no joke, I demand to see what is in that bottle," I said authoritatively, my mind full of mysterious poisons, and the engineer handed it over tamely.

"The bottle contained nothing but ink."

"Ink!" I exclaimed when the great brain specialist reached this point in his narrative, and Macpherson smiled in a peculiarly quiet way he has when he has perfectly mystified a hearer.

"Yes, ordinary ink," he went on. "The discovery naturally made me feel rather foolish, but not so much as it would have done if I had not been convinced still that his action was in some way a malicious one. What his idea could be, however, it was impossible for me to divine and I felt so curious about it that I should have roused my friend at once to inquire how five black marks on his arm could possibly affect his happiness if he had not looked so thoroughly worn out and in need of sleep. As soon as Lashton had gone I left the cabin at once for fear of disturbing the sleeper, without stopping even to try and remove the ink stains, a piece of stupidity at which I have not ceased to wonder. You see it was impossible for me to guess how desperately serious the plot was that the engineer had formed against the man whom he considered his rival. I retired to my own cabin, opposite Gilby's, keeping the door open to make sure that Lashton did not return to do more mischief, but I made a poor sentry. I was tired out, like the young lieutenant, through not having had my proper amount of rest for four nights, and I fell asleep, still wondering about the five black marks.

"When I awoke, I do not know how long after, it was to find Gilby standing in my room, half undressed, as I had seen him in his bunk, but with his shirt sleeve buttoned up over the ink stains on his arm. I was too full of sleep, however, to notice the fact at the time, or even to remember for the moment anything about what I had seen. Sleepy as I was, I could not help noticing the look of complete misery and despair on my friend's face. He was standing at the side of my bunk, holding an envelope, and when I started up, rubbing my eyes, he put it into my hand.

"I am glad you are awake, Macpherson," he said, in a strangely constrained tone. "I wanted to ask you to do me a favor. Will you give this letter to Miss Callan personally when you see her? I do not want to take the risk of sending it by mail."

"But you will see her yourself as soon as I shall," I said in surprise at the request, and Gilby did not reply. Instead, he turned and walked out of the cabin, leaving me staring at the letter in my hand and wondering what it meant. I was so stupid with sleep still that it took me two minutes to think of any explanation at all. When I did I was out of my bunk and running across to the opposite cabin in a second. Just in time, too, for Gilby was in the act of locking his door when I burst it open and rushed in without ceremony. The fact that the young lieutenant's revolver and a couple of letters, one of them addressed to me, were lying on the table, served to assure me that my fears were not ungrounded. The first thing I did was to secure the revolver. Then I turned to my friend.

"What the devil are you going to shoot yourself for?" I demanded, bluntly.

"Gilby made no attempt to deny his intention.

"I am sorry you have disturbed me, Macpherson," he said, with perfect cool-

ness, 'because it cannot make any difference.'

"And the reason?" I asked, with interest, for the Doctor had paused to light another cigarette. Macpherson blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth and continued his story.

"I suppose you have never heard of a disease called 'Guinea madness'?" I asked, and when I shook my head he went on:

"Neither had I until Gilby told me about it, although I am a doctor. It is one of those strange diseases that limit themselves luckily to a particular district, and is only found among a few tribes along the coast of Guinea. It is generally thought that Europeans cannot take it, but the idea is an erroneous one, or, at any rate, there are exceptions, for Lieut. Gilby's father died of it when my friend was a boy of 10. His father was captain of a trading vessel and the lieutenant was accompanying him on a voyage when they called at the Guinea coast. He therefore saw his father in all the indescribable agony of the disease, which seems more like hydrophobia than anything else, although it is infectious.

"The sight made a great impression on him, and, since his constitution was quite similar to his father's, he had always suffered from an almost supernatural terror of the Guinea coast. He was quite persuaded that if he ever went ashore there he would catch the disease and die like his father. Lashton it seems, was aware of this monomania of his, for it almost amounted to megalomania."

"And he had really caught the disease?" I asked.

Macpherson smiled. "He thought he had. The first symptom is the appearance of small dark marks on the arm or leg."—Pall Mall Budget.

On the Wheel.

The bicycle grows in favor; its sphere of usefulness is being almost daily enlarged. In the smaller towns in France, when a fire breaks out, a messenger has to make the rounds of the town summoning the firemen from their work. These messengers are now mounted on bicycles, and are able to summon the firemen in a much shorter time than formerly. A New York magistrate has decided that the repairing of a punctured tire is a necessary Wheelmen have long held this idea, but it was not until a man was arrested for violating the Sunday law by repairing a puncture that the court finally rendered judgment on this important question. In Jersey City an ordinance has been passed which provides for the imposition of a twenty-five dollar fine on any person who throws tacks, pieces of glass or other like material in the public highways. The object of the ordinance is to prevent the puncturing of bicycle tires. The Board of Education of Montclair, N. J., has taken formal recognition of bicycles as a means of going to and from school. At a recent meeting of the fact that between seventy-five and one hundred children rode to school every morning on bicycles and that some accommodation should be provided for the wheels was considered. The board then ordered that racks for the wheels be put in the different schools.

Shall or Will.

The controversy going on in recent magazine numbers, over the stylistic defect in writing caused by the improper use of "shall" and "will," has been rather confusing to the ordinary mind.

But at last they have fallen back upon the rule given in the old school grammar, prescribed anew by a prominent literary critic, and which, if followed, will prevent further mishandling.

I shall, thou wilt, he will, we shall, you will, they will, expresses futurity. I will, thou shalt, he shall, we will, you shall, they shall, expresses volition.

Do not write your friends, "I will be pleased to see you," for you will thereby proclaim your literary inexperience. Write, "I shall be glad to see you," and even if they do not detect the nicety of your taste, the expression will seem more euphonious, and be comforting to their unconscious linguistic nerves.

Sunflowers.

As a plant the sunflower has no superior for vigor, rapid growth and prolific yield of seed, leaves and stalk, all of which can be utilized. In China a valuable fiber, used in silk weaving, is obtained from the stalk, and they are of service as fuel and a source of potash. The Orientals mix their tobacco with cured sunflower leaves, and make a yellow dye from the flowers, which are also rich in honey and wax. The sunflower grows riotously in the United States, and stands all extremes of weather well. It is worthy of general cultivation.

Not Worth a Rush.

When one says of anything that it is "not worth a straw," one means to imply that it is worthless. The older saying was "not worth a rush," and this brings out the origin of the phrase. In the days before carpets it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. When guests of rank were entertained rushes, green, fresh and sweet, were spread for them; but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humble persons had none, as not even being worth a rush.



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