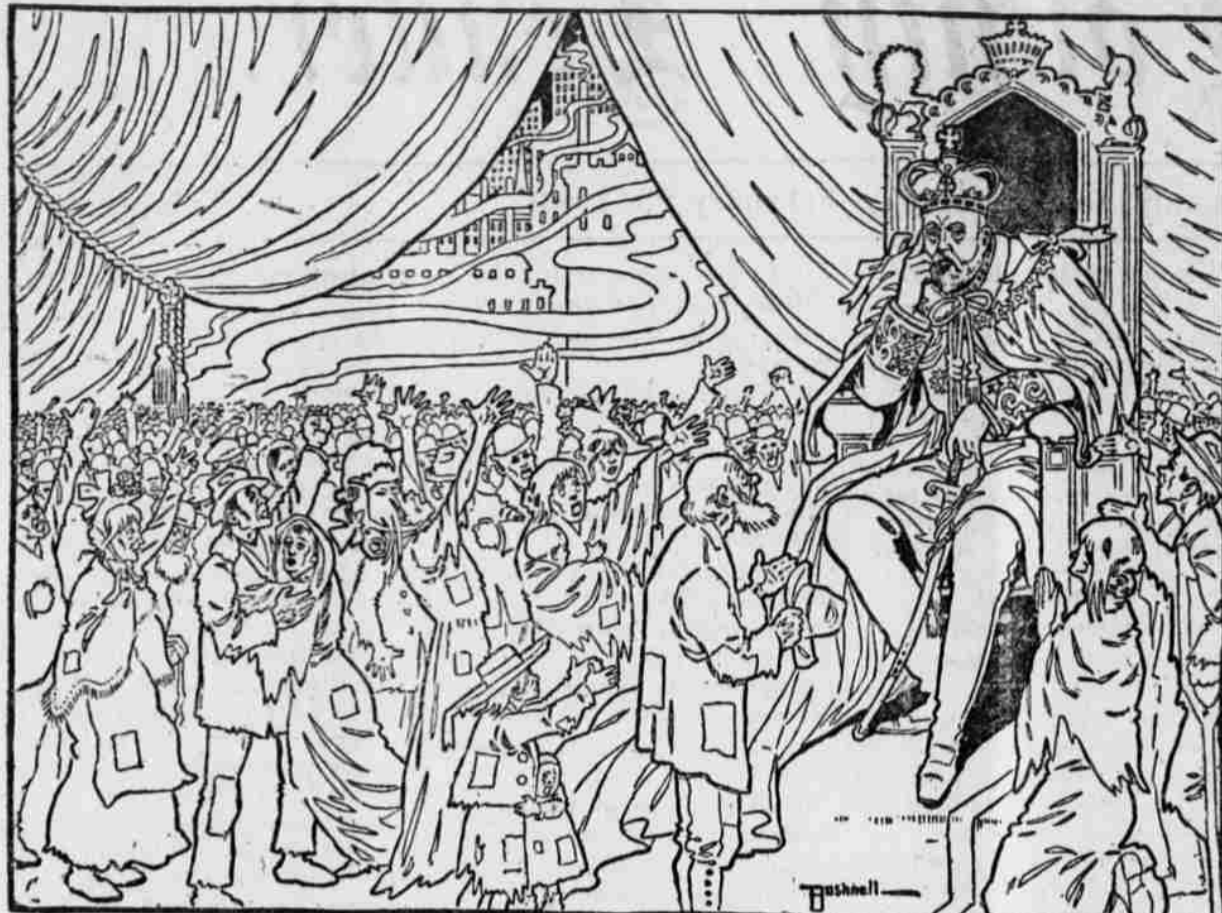


ENGLAND'S ENGULFING WAVE OF MISERY.



All the monarchs of the earth envy King Edward VII, of England. His realms are without disorder, and his throne is regarded as the most stable in the world. In England, however, there is a rising tide, very slow, very gradual, but always creeping onward and upward. That tide is poverty. Here an honest workman temporarily loses his place and is submerged, there a small tradesman goes down; it swallows the reckless and imprudent; it rises steadily and awfully, and all the sops which charity and benevolence throw to it disappear and cause scarcely a ripple on the surface.

In the city of London alone there are 100,000 paupers and 1,500,000 people who in the language of the sociologists, live on the "hunger line;" that is, the loss of one week's wages means to them lack of food; the loss of two weeks' wages leaves them homeless and starving.

Poverty claims a similar proportion

of the people of other great English cities—Liverpool, York, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and a dozen more. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, leader of the English Liberty party, estimates that in the United Kingdom there are nearly 8,000,000 people who live on this same "hunger line."

In France such a condition would mean revolution and another reign of terror, but in England such is the universal respect for law and all established institutions of the country that people submit. The Church of England teaches contentment. In the catechism which nearly every English child is taught it is stated that a man's lot in life is according to God's will, and that discontent is impious. So, while millions upon whom poverty has set its mark surge through the streets of English cities, there is heard never a word of rebellion and scarcely a word of complaint. There is nothing more sublime than their silent suffering, nor is there anything more pitiful.

The other day 6,000 women came together in the poverty-stricken streets of East London and marched down the Strand, past the theaters, shops and great hotels into Whitehall, where the government buildings are. Premier Balfour received a delegation of eighteen of this number and heard their complaint. They pleaded that they were starving, and asked for bread and work. Balfour was only able to hold out vague encouragement. Even the British government was appalled by the specter of 6,000 starving women.

King Edward, who is a kind-hearted man and who, more than any other monarch, is a student of social questions, is troubled as this rising life of misery laps the steps of his throne. Generation after generation of class distinctions, special privileges and land monopoly have sent one-fifth of the people of England to the wall. More than one generation and more than one monarch or leader will be required for its solution.

BIOLOGY.

The wise biologist talked
Of tissue and cell and bone;
And the mystery went from your life,
Dear,—
And the strangeness from my own

But home with the stars we walked,
And I saw your bosom swell,
And about you there in the moonlight
Some old enchantment fell.

Yes, homeward under the stars,
Where the moonlight spread its gold,
I touched your hand and you turned,
Dear,
The mystic Being of old!
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FOILED.

RUTH ELLERSLIE is a coarse, flaunting widow," said Cora Blynn to her brother Harold, "and all her object in life is to get a husband."

"Cora, I would prefer to avoid all discussion on the subject."

"But, Harold, Lily Brooke says Mrs. Ellerslie is entirely made up of artificial, paint, powder and—"

"Cora!"

The girl stopped abruptly at the stern tone of her brother.

"I am afraid she is right, my son," said Mrs. Blynn gravely.

Harold rose and left the room.

"Mamma," said Cora, leaning her head on her mother's shoulder, "do you think he will marry Mrs. Ellerslie?"

"I do not know, my dear. I hope not."

"He is going to Colonel Egerton's visiting next week, you know, and, mamma, Ruth Ellerslie is to be there too."

"How do you know, Cora?"

"Mrs. Egerton herself told me so."

"My dear, Mrs. Ellerslie is Colonel Egerton's penniless sister. When she is well married a drain is withdrawn from the colonel's purse."

"Love is blind, they say, and I suppose poor, dear Harold must be in love," sighed little Cora as she went to feed her canary bird and water the plants in the bay window.

Meanwhile Harold Blynn, spurred on, as is the usual result, by opposition, strode along the street muttering to himself poetical mottoes expressive of the utmost fidelity to his ladylove.

"Poor, dear little Ruth!" he thought.

"It must be hard to be maligned by

those of her own sex, who should respect her artless ingenuousness more. I must not permit this longer. It will be a good opportunity at Egerton Park to offer her the lifelong protection of my love, name and fortune.

Thus Mr. Blynn walked with the most blindest infatuation, after the manner of men, into the matrimonial trap so neatly baited for him by the fair Widow Ellerslie and her designing relatives at Egerton Park.

"Blynn, my dear fellow, is that you?" cordially exclaimed Colonel Egerton, pressing both his hands. "Just in time to dress for dinner. Entre nous, Ruth has been looking at her watch all the afternoon. Ah, you're a lucky dog, Blynn! Of course you want to go directly up to your room. Thomas! Stephens! Where are the servants? But it's of no consequence. Your room is at the head of the second flight of stairs, first door to the left. There is a fire there, and I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Thank you, colonel!"
What fateful impulse led him, all unconscious of the error he was making, to the first door on the right instead of on the left? Perhaps it was



chance—perhaps it was the guiding hand of an angel. Let philosophers decide that question. At all events, our hero did walk into the wrong room as coolly and deliberately as can well be imagined.

A bright fire was crackling in the apartment; two lamps, with shades of ground glass, burned like globes of pearl before the dressing glass.

"This is comfortable," quoth our friend to himself as he walked forward, depositing his valise on one of the chairs.

Was that a woman's scalp on the table before him? No; only a string of Grecian curls, bristling with hairpins, with a glossy, artificial braid lying beside it, a set of false teeth gleaming ghastly in a tumbler of water and two

saucers, one of rosy rouge, the other some white, pasty enamel, flanking the hideous display.

"By Jove, I've made a mistake!" ejaculated Harold Blynn, catching up his valise to depart. But he was stopped by a shriek and a female figure simultaneously.

The former issued from the latter and the latter from the apartment beyond, carrying a pair of curling tongs in her hands.

Venus and the three graces! Could that yellow, shriveled creature in the white dressing gown and the thin hair twisted in an infinitesimal knot at the back of the head be Ruth Ellerslie?

It was!

They recognized each other in that one brief glance. Then Harold Blynn rushed out of the apartment like one possessed, and Mrs. Ellerslie, dropping on the chintz covered sofa, went into hysterics.

Late that evening Harold entered his mother's parlor. Cora jumped up with beaming face.

"Why, Harold, I thought you were at Egerton Park, making love to Mrs. Ellerslie!"

Harold screwed up his features in a most dismal grimace.

"Mrs. Ellerslie, indeed! I'd as soon make love to the witch of Endor!"

And he told his adventure of the twilight.

"My son, you have had a very narrow escape," said Mrs. Blynn, smiling in spite of herself.

"You have, Harold. We told you so!" said Cora.

"Yes, I know. But I was foolish and didn't believe you. Now I am pretty well convinced. The Ellerslies' little plot has failed!"

"And you are all my own darling brother once more again!" coaxed Cora.

While at Egerton Park the disappointed colonel came to the conclusion that his plans for getting his widowed sister off were "no go."—New York News.

Serfs of Hungary.

In some parts of Hungary serfdom of the old Russian type still prevails. The peasant is obliged to work fifty days each year for his landlord without pay, the time to be chosen by the latter, who is almost sure to choose the season when the poor man can least afford to work for nothing. This system led to an insurrection in 1808.

When a woman gives a big party complimentary to a friend, she remembers her labor and the bills and looks as critically at her friend as if she had bought her, and paid too much.

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla Which has cured thousands.

Reincarnation.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?"
"I do."
"What are your grounds for thinking that way?"
"Well, I know of a man who used to be called a bird. He now appears in the form of a lobster."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Opals are so soft when first taken from the mines that pieces can be picked off with the fingers.

Polite Freshman

When young Meagles took the train for Harvard his father said: "As soon as you find out let me know if you have passed your entrance examinations."

Two days later, in the midst of making a heavy deal, he received the following telegram: "Yes, J. Meagles, Jr."

Quite preoccupied and puzzled, he telegraphed back: "Yes, what?"

The well trained son wired back: "Yes, sir."—Judge.

Samson's Indifference.

It was late in November that Delilah suggested trimming Samson's hair.

"How do you want it cut?" she asked, with a satirical little grimace.

"Oh, any old way," he answered; "it doesn't matter now that the football season is over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Norway's shipping is exceeded in tonnage only by England's, Germany's and France's.

SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad Ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the Ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S., and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.

Bristol, Va.—Tenn. W. J. CATE.

would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early

life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Get What You Ask For!

THERE is a Reason—
Why the Good People of America buy Cascarets as Fast as the Clock Ticks.

Every second some one, somewhere, is Buying a little Ten-Cent Box of Cascarets.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—60 times to the Minute, 60 Minutes to the Hour, 3600 Boxes an Hour, 36,000 Boxes a Day of Ten Hours, 1,080,000 Boxes a Month, and then some.

Think of it—220,000 People take a Cascaret tablet each day. Millions use Cascarets when necessary.

The Judgment of Millions of Bright Americans is Infalible. They have been Buying and Taking Cascarets at that rate for over Six years.



It is not an Experiment, not an Accident or Incident, but a sound, Honest Business, based on Time-Tried-and-Tested Merit, never found wanting.

There is a Reason.

Cascarets are the implacable foe of All Disease Germs; the incomparable cleanser, purifier and strengthener of the entire Digestive Canal.

They Act like Exercise on the Bowel-Muscles, make them strong and active—able to Help Themselves do their work—keep themselves clean.

Cascarets are the safe-guard of Innocent Childhood against the Dreadful Death-dealing Dangers that threaten the Lives of the Little Ones.

They are Purely Vegetable, absolutely Harmless, always Reliable and Efficient.

a true, faithful, loyal servant of Mankind. Over Five Millions of Dollars have been Spent to make the merits of Cascarets known, and every cent of it would be lost, did not sound merit claim and hold the constant, continued friendship, Patronage and Endorsement of well-pleased people year after year.

There is also a Reason—
Why there are Parasites who attach themselves to the Healthy Body of Cascaret's success—imitators, Counterfeiters, Substitutors.

They are Trade Thieves who would rob Cascarets of the "Good Will" of the people, and sneak unearned profits, earned and paid for by Cascarets.

A Dishonest Purpose means a Dishonest Product and a Disregard of the Purchasers' Health or Welfare.

Beware of the Slick Salesman and his ancient "Just as Good" story that common sense refutes.

Cascarets are made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and the famous little Ten Cent "Vest Pocket" box is here shown. They are never sold in bulk.

Every tablet marked "CCC."

Be sure you get the genuine.

FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!
We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed, GOLD-PLATED BONBON BOX, hard-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Cascarets, with which this gaily trinket is loaded. Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.