

General Debility

Day in and day 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 and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions.

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Not a Good Plan.

Gyer—It isn't always a good plan for a man to try to make a name for himself.

Myer—Why not?

Gyer—Well, I knew a man once who tried it, and he was arrested for forgery.

Brutality.

Here the far western orator waxed fervent.

"Fellow citizens," he exclaimed, "ordinarily I pay no attention to campaign slanders, but the candidate on the other ticket has lied about me so persistently and maliciously that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue and I am going to handle him without gloves."

"You can't!" hoarsely bellowed a man with short hair, a thick neck, and a bulldog face.

"Why not?" demanded the orator.

"Cause it's agin the rules. Anywhere in this State you've got to have gloves weighin' at least two ounces!"

"Origin" of Mahogany.

The origin of the use of mahogany is said to have been as follows: A West Indian trader brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast for his ship. The trader's brother, a London physician, happened to be building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to his workmen accordingly, but their tools were not able to make an impression on the hard wood. The doctor ordered fresh tools to be made, and at length succeeded in finding implements which would cut the timber. Delighted with his discovery he ordered a bureau to be made, and so beautiful was it that it attracted general attention.—New York Tribune.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. Watts camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says:



"I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BAD BLOOD

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Story of a Flirtation.

"She wasn't one bit like the girls who indulge in public flirtations; she was so tall and cold and stately," began the car conductor who observes things.

"When she got in at 35th street I saw her catch his eye immediately."

"He seemed indifferent and turned his head away. She squeezed into the seat next to him and he became absorbed in looking out of the window."

"She went to all sorts of trouble to attract his attention, that girl. I saw her myself. Finally she jangled her chateleine loudly and looked at him alluringly from beneath her long-lashed eyes."

"Then he turned and gazed at her questioningly. She smiled, a bright, unabashed smile, with the whole car looking at her."

"Something in that smile warned him, and"—here the conductor paused impressively and tried to hide the twinkle in his eye—"he reached out two pink, chubby little hands to grasp her dangling chateleine."

"Well, sir, she kissed one of those chubby little hands and pinched his little apple red cheeks and then asked the woman who held him a question. Guess it was his mother and she asked how old he was."—New York Sun.

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

Belgians are the greatest smokers, 6.6 pounds being used for each man, woman and child. Aside from this, 59,409 pounds of cigarettes are imported annually.

SIMIAN LOVE AND REVENGE.

Peculiar Conduct of a Monkey Causes Sailors Much Trouble.

A curious story of love and revenge comes to us from the far east and the fact that it is the love and revenge of a Javanese monkey doesn't abate the human interest in the narrative. Nor should the further fact that the tale comes to us via the crew of a tramp steamer abate all confidence in its truth. It appears that the sailors who manned this steamer had collected in Java a number of monkeys for speculative purposes and these were confined in the hold.

Among them were two unusually intelligent simians who were released during the voyage and permitted the freedom of the ship. Unhappily a sudden storm came up and one of the playful creatures was washed overboard. The remaining one, who had not seen his comrade's sudden taking off, searched the ship for hours and finally betook himself to the rigging, where he remained three days, refusing food and avoiding all efforts to capture him.

No doubt he held the sailors responsible for the death of his partner and it would appear that he was formulating a scheme for revenge. Anyway, the third night he released all the monkeys in the hold and for two days the simians made life miserable for the sailors. They bit and scratched and fought and it was only after a number of them had been flung overboard that the balance could be captured and secured. And in all the forays and fierce charges the revengeful monkey was in the van.

Whatever may be contended concerning the reasoning powers of the brute creation, there have been many instances recorded of their remembrance of past injuries. And this fact would seem to give the story of monkey vengeance some semblance of truth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"How do you like your new job, Billy?" inquired the periodical and tobacco vender of the young man with the dinner pail who had just purchased two "stockyards zephyrs."

"The job ain't so worse," replied the young man, stowing the cigars carefully in his vest pocket. "I ain't kickin' specially on the job."

"Poor pay?"

"Well, the pay's about as good as a feller could expect."

"Don't you like the boss? They say he's a good man to work for."

"He may be all right for them as likes to work for him," said the young man, discontentedly. "I ain't struck on him myself."

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He's a fish, that's all," said the young man with the dinner pail. "I've been workin' there for a month now an' he ain't spoke two words to me, 'cept what he has to about the work."

"That ain't right," said the tobacco man, sympathetically. "He ought to be sociable. There ain't no need of a feller puttin' on airs. He might take half an hour once in a while to set down an' talk over the baseball situation."

"I don't know as I want him to be sociable," said the young man. "S'far as that's concerned, I've got friends o' my own. But what I mean is he don't seem to take no notice o' me."

"Give him a poke in the ribs an' tell him to cheer up as he goes by," advised the tobacco merchant. "Throw a chunk o' slag at him or drop a pig o'

iron on his toes. He'll notice you then."

"Quit yer kiddin'," said the young man. "That ain't it. I've been a-breakin' my neck ever since I've took the job—doin' work I ain't got no call to do. Honest, I never done so much work in my life as I've done in the last month. Most of the fellers take it easy an' soldier when they get a chance, but I ain't never done that. There ain't been any let-up for me. I've been mixin' up the sand an' wettin' it down an' sortin' out the jagers an' chippin' castin' and feedin' the cupaloes an' breakin' scrap—just goin' all the time, but it don't seem to make no difference to him whether a guy works or loaf. I've been workin' myself. I guess he's got it in' for me for some reason or another."

"Most likely," agreed the tobacco man. "He's probably afraid to fire you for fear he may not be able to get anybody to take your place. If he wasn't he'd be patten' you on the back an' givin' you cigars every time he came near you. All the same, the way it is you won't get to sufferin' with a swell end head, which you might if he petted you too much. You take my tip: Just as long as he doesn't hit you over the head with a tamping stick and pays you your wages you hang on. An' keep right on workin'; it'll be good exercise for your muscles if it ain't nothin' else for he's a fish don't you be a clam."

"That's all right," said the young man, "but I hate to see a feller cold-blooded."—Chicago Daily News.



During the nineteenth century fifty-two new islands rose from the sea by volcanic action and sixteen disappeared.

According to an expert in phrenology the average adult head has a circumference of fully twenty-two inches. The average adult hat is fully 6 3/4 size. The sizes of men's hats are 6 3/4 and 6 7/8 generally. The professors of Scottish colleges generally wear 7 1/2 to 8 sizes.

A new variety of cigarette has been put up for sale in the French government tobacco shops. It is guaranteed free from nicotine. Opinions vary as to the merits of the new weed. Many inveterate smokers declare that it consists merely of ordinary tobacco boiled to get rid of the nicotine. They add that with the poison the aroma has also vanished.

The peddlers with carts who supply the occupants of villas in the environs of Paris with cherries and other fruits frequently carry for sale a few small turtles. They are purchased by the inhabitants of the villas to be placed in their gardens, where they are believed to serve as very effective aids to the gardener by preventing the ravages of the insects and other small creatures which are accustomed to do much damage to the flower beds and borders.

An electric lamp inclosed in a pretty little cage formed of fine metallic chains almost touching each other, and held rigid by metallic rings above and below, is the very latest thing in lethal chambers. Its destined victim is the mosquito. By this invention—recently shown to the savants of the Paris academy by M. Chauvin—the insect is pleasantly attracted to its doom. An unseen alternating electric current passing through the chains kills it as it endeavors to investigate the attractive luminous object inside.

According to the investigations of Monsieur Seurat among the Pacific Islands, there is a slow elevation going on there, which, by lifting the reefs gradually above the waves, preserves them from erosion at the top, and enables vegetation and certain animal forms of a terrestrial character to exist there. This is quite in opposition to Darwin's idea that the atolls were formed by the gradual submergence of small islands, that the coral insects built up encircling reefs as the islands sank. Monsieur Seurat shows that the elevation of the islands is a general phenomenon, but variable in amount, some islands, like Aukana in the Gambler archipelago, rising rapidly, and others very slowly. Both the flora and the fauna of these islands are confined to very few species, although seen from a distance some of them appear very rich in vegetation.

The Danish government has recently begun, under the direction of Mr. Petersen of the Biological Station at Co-

penhagen, an interesting effort to aid the fishermen of the Baltic by preventing the migration of eels from that sea into the ocean. The means employed is a "barrier of light," formed by placing fifty electric lamps along a submerged cable between the island of Fano and the coast of Funen. The effectiveness of such a barrier depends upon the fact that the eels migrate only during the dark hours. Accordingly, as soon as darkness begins, in the season of migration, the lamps are illuminated, and thus a wall of light is interposed from which the eels recoil. A similar principle is said to have been employed from time immemorial by fishermen on certain parts of the coast of Italy.

It is no new principle that Doctor Fere of the Bicetre Hospital in Paris has made known in a recent article in "Work and Repose," but it is not the less worth repeating. He has made many special experiments, and announces as their general result that the supposed value of various alcoholic and other stimulants to increase physical and mental energy, and postpone fatigue, or avoid the effects of fatigue, is illusory. There is only one form of effective, recreative repose—sleep; and sleep, in order to exercise its proper power, must be natural. The sleep produced by narcotics is "a toxic somnolence having the appearance only of real reparative sleep." But sleep itself is a mystery concerning whose nature we possess merely a "hypothetical knowledge."

Recent studies by Prof. Penck in the Alps, combined with those of Hugo Obermaier, a distinguished pupil of Penck, in the Pyrenees, have had the effect of considerably shortening the estimate of the length of time that has elapsed since prehistoric man left the marks of his presence in Europe. It now appears that both in the Alps and the Pyrenees there exist contemporary geological records showing four successive periods of alternate advance and retreat of glaciation. Heretofore it has been considered probable that prehistoric men dwelt in the neighborhood of these mountains during the last two invasions of the ice, but the new evidence is regarded as proving that it was only of the last, or fourth, glacial advance that man was a living witness.

To Tell Poor Milk.

"Here," said the food inspector, "is an easy and reliable way to detect watered milk."

"You take a clean, well-polished knitting-needle, and you dip it down into a vessel of milk. Then you draw it out upright, and watch it closely."

"If the milk is quite pure, some of it will hang to the needle. But if water has been added, even a little water, the milk will not adhere to the needle at all."

Looks Like Exaggeration.

Clara—That man Grace married is old enough to be her father.

Myrtle—Oh, I think his age has been exaggerated; very few people live to be that old!—Puck.

One cook in the kitchen is worth a dozen in the intelligence office.

OUR CLOTHES ARE MERCIFUL.

They Hide Our Ugliness and Physical Shortcomings.

Now, what's the consequence of the present universal lack of exercise? Mind you, I am not suggesting that somebody get up an actual Un-beauty show, but surely Mr. Comstock will not object if in our mind's eye we imagine all the men we know standing on pedestals and posing as the Apollo Belvidere, and all the women we know as the Venus de Medici. I think it would be right funny. Such wizened skinniness! Such shapeless bagginess!

"Oh, but," you protest, "we can't all be Apollos, and Venuses."

We aren't, if that's what you mean, but I'm not so sure that we couldn't be if we had been treated right.

Why aren't we all handsome, then? The main reason is that not one mother in a thousand knows her trade. An old Irishwoman, who raised five fine, big, strapping, honest sons, said to me one day:

"The Lord forgive me for speakin' disrespectful of Him, but I declare to you I donno what He's thinkin' of whin he gives some women childder." And that's about so. The doctors tell us that 90 per cent of our troubles we may blame our mothers for. And yet they're not so much to blame, either. The only way they had of getting a living was catching a husband. Once caught they had him for life. The catching was the main thing.

Ignorant they may be of their trade as mothers, and some say they are ignorant of their trade as wives, but nobody will accuse the women of being ignorant of the art and craft of catching husbands.

The start a wise mother can give is a lot, but it isn't everything. We are too busy to be good looking. It just about takes our time scuffling around for food and clothing and shelter.—Woman's Home Companion.

CONVINCING THE ARABS.

It is hard to make a nomadic Arab believe that a white man can by any possibility know anything about the desert—especially so to persuade him that the lines and letters on the traveler's map convey any accurate information which will guide him on his way. Interpretation of these mystic symbols, says the biographer of Henry Clay Trumbull, gained that famous mission worker something of the reputation of a magician when he went to find Kadesh-Barnea, the place where the people of Israel rebelled against Moses.

'Ayn Qadees was the modern name of the place he sought. When he asked his Arabs if they could lead him thither, they steadfastly maintained that they had never heard of it.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Trumbull, knowing what pride the Bedouin has in his knowledge of the desert, "the trouble is you don't know your own country as well as I know it. We ought to change places. You give me bakshish and I will show you the country."

"To-morrow morning we will go to 'Ayn Muwayleh. We will go past that. Then we will turn off from the track to the right. We will go down that way about one hour. There we will find one, two, three wells. Beyond them will be flags and rushes growing. Then a little farther on we shall find more wells. That is Qadees. You don't know it, but I do. Give me bakshish and I'll show it to you."

There was consternation among the Arabs. They discussed the matter excitedly. Then their spokesman came.

"Mr. Trombool," he said, "I tell you now the true, honor bright. They tell me true now on the Koran. They know that place you tell them, but they no call it that name. They no call that Qadees. They call it Qasaymeh."

It flashed across Mr. Trumbull's mind that Bartlett, who had preceded him and whose map he was following, had been deceived by the Arabs.

"Very well," he said. "But do they know where Qadees is if this is not it?" The spokesman knew—yes, indeed. What is more, he knew there was no use wasting time trying to fool a man who could describe the desert paths as this one could; so forthwith they turned from the main road, and over a most difficult trail made their way to a place which, it was evident at a glance, was what Mr. Trumbull sought, the place of the Fountain of Judgment.

Mean Fellow.

"Of course, John," said his wife, "I'm obliged to you for this money, but it isn't enough to buy a real fur coat that—"

"Well," interrupted the brutal husband, "you'll have to make it go as far as you can."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Take No Stock in It.

"Let's see," observed the visitor from abroad, "your most celebrated watering place is Newport, isn't it?"

"No, Wall street, I guess," was the reply.—Boston Transcript.

An author's brightness isn't always due to the burning of midnight oil.