

Salt Rheum

It may become chronic.
It may cover the body with large, inflamed, burning, itching, scaling patches and cause intense suffering. It has been known to do so.
Do not delay treatment.

Thoroughly cleanse the system of the humors on which this ailment depends and prevent their return.

The medicine taken by Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., was Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes: "I had a disagreeable itching on my arms which I concluded was salt rheum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in two days felt better. It was not long before I was cured, and I have never had any skin disease since."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is positively unequalled for all cutaneous eruptions. Take it.

Palm-leaf trays are both stout and extremely light and will be found serviceable and suitable for country house use.

DON'T GET FOOT-SORE, GET FOOT-EASE.

A powder. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts, makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, Damp or Frosted Feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Don't get foot-sore get Foot-Ease. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Prof. J. J. Thompson has discovered bodies smaller than atoms and these he calls corpuscles.

E. H. Green

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A Chicago firm has set up a line of automobiles to carry passengers between its store and one of the railroad stations for 5 cents.

They Work While You Sleep.
While your mind and body rest Cascaets Candy Cathartic repair your digestion, your liver, your bowels, put them in perfect order. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The rubber annually made up into golf balls is sufficient to insulate an Atlantic cable.

Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectually cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system.

SSS
It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. E. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had Eosene on my hands and face for five years. It would break out in little white pustules, crusts would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used all the medicated soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured me, and my skin is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Siegfried, of Cape May, N. J., says that twenty-one bottles of S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffered for years with Boils. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Boils disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

FINE OLD

WHISKY...

Gin, Brandy, Rum

12 full quarts, \$9.00. Per gallon, \$2.50. XXX PORT AND SHERRY, \$1.50.

ALL GOOD GOODS

Orders for \$25.00 and upward delivered free to nearest Railroad or Steamer Landing. Blank Cases and Kegs.

LOUIS CAHEN & SON

Established 30 Years.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

PRISONER OF WAR.

NO rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the half-year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why."

Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was consequently and correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the Widow Clarkson's and tell her I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins—confidently to receive that rent money. Or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there starin' like an idiot," snarled Mr. Deane, in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterward Matthew Deane brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with gray from his square yet not unkindly brow. Putting on his fur-lined overcoat he walked forth into the chilly winter air fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house which appeared originally to have aspired to two-storyhood lot, but cramped by circumstances had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circum-



"I PREFER TO DEAL WITH MYSELF."

stances, however, did Mr. Deane remark as he pulled the glittering brass doorknob and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded in the stove, and at a table with writing implements before her sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long-lashed eyes, and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Deane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Deane started—the cool audacity of this damsel in gray, with scarlet ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive, pardon me, I must speak plainly, I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir."

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane turned toward the door, but ere he knew what she was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door, and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be obliged to reconsider the question," said Olive.

"Obliged?"

"Yes—you will hardly jump out of the window, and there is no other method of egress unless you choose to go up the chimney. Now, then, Mr. Deane, will you tell me if you—a Christian man in the nineteenth century—intend to sell a poor widow's furniture because she is not able to pay your rent? Listen, sir!"

Mr. Deane had opened his mouth to

remonstrate, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of her foot, and he was, as it were, stricken dumb.

"You are what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Deane. You own rows of houses, piles of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing—I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer—you would emerge unscathed and profiting. You are not a bad man, Mr. Deane; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them."

She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The color rose to his cheek—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him, on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking. "I have heard," she went on, "of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor of it. You can do them, and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, you know you are! Hush, no excuse; you are selfish and irritable and overbearing! If I were your mother, and you a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good."

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

"But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved, and given me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent until she is able to pay you. Then, and not until then, will you receive your money. Do you promise? Yes or no?"

"I certainly shall agree to no such terms," said Mr. Deane, tartly.

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her gray dress and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man Mr. Deane would probably have knocked her down—as it was, she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

"Miss Olive," he said, sternly, "let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door!"

"Mr. Deane, I will not!"

"I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood then, or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Deane, do so, if you please."

She dipped her pen in the ink and began on a fresh page. Matthew sat down, puzzled and discomfited, and watched the long-lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—what a pity she was so obstinate.

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck 12."

"I heard it."

"I should like to go out to get some lunch."

"I am sorry that that luxury is out of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry."

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer."

"No?"

"How provokingly nonchalant she was. Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the gray dress greedily and walked up and down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at 1."

"Indeed! What a pity you will be unable to keep it."

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes! What else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do, because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket, with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr. Deane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty. Good morning, sir."

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, in which gray dresses, long-lashed blue eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

"Mind your business, sir," was the tart response.

"I pity her husband," thought Mr. Deane as he turned the papers over on his desk. "How she will henpeck him. By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?"

The next day he called at the Widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next but one after that he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubt of his integrity. And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse!

"When shall we be married, Olive? Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later."

"I have no wishes but yours, Matthew."

"Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone one would suppose you had never locked me up here and tyrannized over me as a jailer."

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear old Matthew; I give you warning beforehand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Deane didn't; he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be henpecked by Olive!

DEATHS ON LAND AND SEA.

Safer to Go to War or to Sea than to Travel by Rail.

According to the official returns one's chance of being drowned by falling overboard or losing one's life through shipwreck in the British merchant marine is as one to 147. Taking into account all the other accidents which occur on board ship, the chances are as one in 129. This is for the officers and crews of the merchant navy. The passenger has a much better chance—in fact, his risks are almost nothing. Of the hundreds of thousands of passengers carried by British ships in the last year only 116 lost their lives through shipwreck. It would almost seem that it is safer to go to sea than to stay ashore, provided one is a passenger. Great Britain employed over 221,000 men in her merchant marine last year, a smaller number than she has employed before for many years. Of these 1,503 were lost by wreck or drowning and 205 by other accidents, making a total of 1,708 sailors of British ships, sail and steam, who perished at sea in the course of 1899. Sailing vessels are not as safe to work in as steamers, for one sailor in ninety who shipped in a "lime juice wind jammer," which, being interpreted, is a British sailing vessel, last year lost his life by wreck or drowning, and enough were killed aboard such ships in other ways than wreck or drowning to bring the average up to one in eighty-one sailors who never again will see the "dear white cliffs of Dover." In steam vessels the number lost from every cause was only one in every 152 sailors employed.

It is interesting to compare this record of lives lost at sea with the report of the United States interstate commerce commissioners, showing the deaths among railroad employees in this country as the result of accidents. Last year 2,210 railroad employees were killed and 34,923 injured, a total of 37,133. This is nearly two and one-half times as many men as were killed and wounded in the British army in South Africa up to July 1, which is set down in round numbers as 15,000. Taking the record of deaths on American railroads among the employees, those people who are technically known to the roads as "trespassers" and the passengers, the number of killed foots up to 7,123, besides which there were 44,620 people injured—a total of over 51,000. This is far in excess of the number of people killed and wounded in the wars in South Africa and in the Philippines, including friend and foe. It would seem that warfare and seafaring were, after all, safe occupations compared with traveling by railroad. The figures also would seem to prove that we are still far away from the perfection of railway travel. In spite of all the ingenious inventions which have been made to make it safer to travel by rail, the loss of life due to railway accidents is still appallingly large.

No One Knows Them All.

The growth of the English language is so enormous that it would be practically impossible for the most learned man to be acquainted with every word. Intelligent persons, even those engaged in the learned professions, do not make use of more than from 6,000 to 8,000 words all told, although there are properly belonging to our language over 200,000. The famous writer or authority of to-day, whether he uses words to express nice shades of meaning or as technical tools of thought in his own department, must have at his command a vocabulary of from 30,000 to 40,000 words, the latter being the maximum acquired by any man now living. There is a large number of words which until recently have escaped the attention of lexicographers. In the text of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" there are 10,000 words which have never been formally entered and defined in any dictionary. In the Century Dictionary there are 70,000 words found in no other, and it has been said that there is not to-day any man living who is sufficiently learned to write one average page of 7,000 pages of this dictionary. To give some idea of the tremendous growth of the language the words and phrases under the letter A have increased in fifty years from 7,000 to nearly 60,000.

Watch-Chain of Peach Stones.

A Lewiston, Me., man has a curious watch chain made of peach stones. Each of the nine stones is carved on each side in a different device, so that there are eighteen different designs. The stones are joined with bars of gold, the whole making a rich and novel chain.

It is perfectly natural to like more than one kind of pie, but death to the man who likes more than one woman.

Sinful Pleasures.

Over every sinful pleasure you may write the Lords own words: "Who-soever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Every man has two natures, the one uplifts and elevates, the other wallows in the mire, and, like the beast, it grovels. The animal nature knows one law only, self-indulgence; the divine, self-discipline. The first and best victory is for a man to conquer himself, says Plato, and without that the conqueror is naught but the veriest slave.

Where vindictiveness is shown we may be sure that there is a lack of moral sense. It is somewhat curious to observe also that the vindictive have seldom any real wrong to revenge. They very often imagine the injury they seek to return in kind or distort the circumstances which gave rise to the injury, real or supposed.

An electric canal service is to be maintained between Cincinnati and Dayton.

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

The Mediterranean squadron of the French navy is being equipped with wireless telegraph instruments.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's Ink. There is only one ink that is best of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

The French government considers its postal system rather in the light of a source of revenue than as a public service, which is obvious from the fact that it cleared about 93,000,000 francs (\$17,949,000) profit through it last year.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women of good character to represent established house on salary; splendid opportunity. Address P. O. Box 587, Portland, Oregon.

Experts calculate that the Transvaal war has cost each great London daily newspaper about £60,000.

There are no snakes nor frogs in Alaska, but there are toads.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Ice Habit in England.

The English have long laughed at the American "ice habit," but they are now falling victims to it themselves. Not very long ago the attendants of public places in England, where nearly everything except ice was provided, would be insulted if one complained because ice could not be had. Today all first-class places have a few small lumps swimming in a glass dish, and you pick these out with sugar tongs. And in country inns and even in second-class houses they apologize for not having it.

Now is the time to sow lawn grass. Plow the ground, spread fine manure on the land and harrow until the plot is well worked over, using a rake if necessary, raking again after sowing the seed. The grass will start early, make considerable growth and also begin growth early in spring.

There are mountains all over Porto Rico ranging in height from 1,000 to upward of 2,000 feet. They rise in points for the most part, having no flat surface at their tops. They are not covered with forests and are often cultivated to their very tops.

Florida, according to local papers, is becoming one of the great tobacco growing states, and the product has been pronounced in some respects equal to that of Cuba. Sumatra wrapper tobacco raised in Florida recently took the prize at the Paris exposition over the world.

At San Francisco the board of supervisors has passed an ordinance reducing the hours that laundries may be in operation each day, which is designed to reduce the hours of labor of the overworked employees of these concerns from 15 to 12 hours.

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 purge or pill poison is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, 10c, 25c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 312c

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN