

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 922



Why He Favored Them.

Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?

Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

Do your feet ever feel tired, achy and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning, and so will you.

Infalible.

"Are you, indeed, a really and truly fairy?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, I am a fairy. I live here in the woods, but nobody but good children ever sees me."

"But how do you fix people so they can't see you?"

"I lend them money."

The recipe has never been known to fail.—Cleveland Leader.

Though There Is No Incentive.

First Hunter—You know they have passed a law in Florida permitting the killing of alligators?

Second Hunter—O, well, I suppose we'll keep on killing them, just the same.

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

At the Summer Resort.

"I'm sorry," said the maiden, "but you'll have to go now."

"But it's only 10 o'clock," replied the young man.

"I know, but I can't have the hammock any longer. There's so much company in the house that I have to sleep out here and I just know we're keeping him out of bed."—Detroit Free Press.

Clear Waste of Money.

Sapleigh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head.

Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!—Boston Transcript.

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER

A pure phosphate baking powder that does all that the high priced baking powders will do and does it better. It raises the dough and makes lighter, sweeter and better risen foods. Sold by grocers 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a book on health and baking powder. CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wn.

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HOW A "DREADHOUGHT" IS HAMMERED INTO SHAPE.



ONE OF THE STEAM HAMMERS AT PORTSMOUTH (ENG.) DOCKYARD

The dockyard at Portsmouth, England, affords employment for 8,000 to 8,500 men, who are to be seen streaming in and out of the Main, Marlborough and Unicorn gates when the bell rings for them to begin or leave work, their wages bill totaling \$55,000 to \$60,000 a week. The modern yard may be said to date from 1843, when it was determined to greatly enlarge it and introduce steam power. In 1864 it was still further enlarged, and now covers between 300 and 400 acres of ground with its basins, docks, building slips, factories, storehouses and workshops. Here we find drawing offices, machinery for punching, bending, cutting and shaping steel plates, all of which operations, thanks to the powers conferred by steam, hydraulics and electricity, they appear to carry out with no more difficulty than if they had been dealing with butter or plasticine. In the large smithy, a huge brick building, there are no fewer than 120 fires arranged in a quadrangle.

Of the enormous steam hammers invented by James Nasmyth—one of which is shown in the picture at work on a big forging—there are a full dozen, one at any rate weighing no less than seven tons. Portsmouth yard boasts as many as seventeen dry docks of various sizes and importance. One or two of these can take a Dreadnought and seven King Edwards or Nelsons. There are three large basins, known as the fitting, rigging and repairing basins, and the smaller steam basin. The largest of these is 1,000 feet in length and the next smaller 900 feet. Around the basins are numerous shears and cranes for lifting guns, armor plates, portions of engines and other heavy material in and out of the ships as they lie alongside the basin walls. They are worked by hydraulic or steam power, and the largest pair of shears is capable of raising a weight of 160 tons. But we have by no means exhausted the tale of the various establishments which have their habitat within the long encircling walls of Portsmouth dockyard. Besides the workshops already enumerated there are the rope, mast and block-making houses, the boat-building sheds, the stores of gun mountings, cables and the long rows of ships' anchors forming a perfect alleyway of iron. Neither must the coalyards be overlooked, with their mountains of black diamonds surrounded by rows and rows of cranes and derricks for filling ships' bunkers and railway trucks. Then there are the fine houses occupied by the commander-in-chief and the admiral superintendent, with their gardens and the terrace of houses in which other and lesser functionaries have their abode. Here, too, is the establishment in which naval and marine officers spend months of study in various war courses, dealing with the higher phases of naval strategy and tactics, and also the navigation school and the big fire station containing five steam engines, nine manuals, two fire escapes and twenty-five hose reels.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

When the Lusitania arrived in New York from Liverpool a short time ago a group of passengers were gathered on the pier vainly looking for a porter to cart their trunks over to the express wagon. Just as they were becoming thoroughly discouraged an exceedingly jovial and energetic colored man came bustling up with a small trunk. "Here I am, ladies and gentlemen. Don't worry about yo' trunks. Leave it all to me. Jus' don't worry. I'll tend to you"—and then, in a final burst of confidence—"you sho' can trust me—Ise an adopted son of Mr. Cunard."

He was telling a thrilling story out of his wallet of a thousand and one half-breed escapes over in Santiago, doncherknows, and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously toward him, hanging on his every utterance. "The wolves were upon us," he said, "believe me and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fled for our lives. I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—" "Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have been they had their muzzles on!"

To the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in sevendifferent States," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral. "Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader. "Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral." The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked. "Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."

A professional man in town who regards his time as valuable has devised an efficient plan for handling obstre-

perous and persistent conversationalists. He has on his desk a small alarm clock. When a visitor of unpleasant propensities is announced this man picks up his clock, sets the alarm for three minutes ahead, and receives his caller. Time goes by, and then the clock does its duty. The busy man starts as he hears the sound, consults his watch, and then rises with a hasty apology. "I'm mighty sorry we won't be able to discuss that longer," he says, "but I've an important engagement at this hour, and simply must keep it."

A couple of city men were playing golf when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he made a fizzle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!" A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!" The fourth time he said this one of his new-made friends said: "I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?" "Well," said the old gentleman, "Isn't that the biggest dam in the world?" He was a Presbyterian clergyman.

Prevaricating Figures. Those to whom the mathematical mind has not been given will appreciate the fun an Irishwoman, Mrs. La Touche of Harristown, has with numbers in "The Letters of a Noble Woman."

"I do hate sums," Mrs. La Touche confesses to a friend. "There is no greater mistake than to call arithmetic an exact science. There are permutations and aberrations discernible to minds entirely noble, like mine; subtle variations which ordinary accountants fail to discern; hidden laws of numbers which it requires a mind like mine to perceive."

"For instance, if you add a sum from the bottom up, and then again from the top down, the result is always different."

Needless Trouble. "Did you wash the fish?" a woman asked her new servant. "Shure, an' phat's the use of wash'n anything that's always lived in the water?" asked the girl.

THE RIVALS.

Miss Caroline was, but she was a "square sport."

Miss Caroline and Miss Matilda Barrie, of Old Hentley, were notable workers for church fairs. They desired earnestly to help in a good work; but, also, they so arranged their labors as to add undoubted zest to the monotony of their quiet lives. Always each sister selected a special article, of the same value as the other's choice, of which she made as many as she could. Then it was a race to see who should make the most and earn the most.

At one fair, for which Miss Caroline was making clover-leaf penwipers and Miss Matilda tomato pin-cushions, the finish was unusually exciting. The day before the event Miss Caroline, who was slightly the swifter needlewoman, had thirteen penwipers to her credit, and Miss Matilda was but half a pin-cushion behind. Then the telephone rang; Miss Caroline answered it.

On returning, her first glance showed her Miss Matilda just biting off the final thread which attached a green velvet stem to a scarlet satin fruit. Miss Caroline resolutely caught up the materials for a new clover-leaf—and missed her spectacles. She hunted through her work basket, then through the room, then through the house, in growing exasperation and misery.

A hasty look during her wanderings showed another tomato ripening rapidly under Matilda's fingers. Her search grew into nervous frenzy; but still the glasses were not to be found.

Then, peering wildly for the third time under a big four-post bed from one side, a despairing Caroline met the eyes of an intent Matilda, crawling sympathetically on the other.

"You go straight back to work, Matilda!" she commanded, sharply. "This is too ridiculous! I can find my own spectacles, I should hope!"

But she could not; it was Matilda who found them, nearly two hours later, clinging to a curtain. Two exhausted sisters hurriedly resumed work in the waning afternoon, and by sundown Caroline had caught up with Matilda, and passed her.

When the receiving committee counted the fourteen pin-cushions and fifteen penwipers, they smiled, and somebody said, "Miss Caroline is ahead, as usual."

"No," said the chairman, "an order has been left for an extra pin-cushion for the parsonage, to be made after the fair. That makes them even; and won't Miss Matilda be pleased? You know she lost two hours at the last minute, too, helping Miss Caroline find her spectacles—"

The youngest member nodded appreciatively. "Then that's why Miss Caroline gave me the order, and the pin-cushion to be sent anonymously—the dear, queer, square old thing! Good sport, Miss Caroline!"

"My dear!" protested the chairman, with a shocked laugh. "But—well, really, I suppose she is. Don't forget to put that extra tomato on the order list."—Youth's Companion.

Familiar Saying.



From hand



To mouth.

Diagnosis of Two Doctors.

The late Ambrose L. Thomas of Chicago once told a story about two doctors.

"To illustrate my point," he said, apropos of an advertising error, "I'll tell you about my friend Bones."

"Bones was taken ill, and his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered Bones' chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially unconscious. Each put his hand under the bed clothes to feel Bones' pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand.

"He has typhoid," said the first physician.

"Nothing of the kind," said the other. "He's only drunk."

Shakespeare Vindicated.

"I think that Shakespeare was wrong."

"As to how?"

"Does anyone ever really have greatness thrust upon him?"

"It often happens. There's the vice presidency, you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Way to Improve. It is impossible to make your conduct perfect, but it is easy to make it better than it has been.—Atchison Globe.

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Comparison.

"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited man, self-complacently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."

"Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pettit's Eye Salve.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured, restores normal conditions. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Realistic Music.

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?

Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Explanation Coming.

"Did you write this report on my lecture, 'The Curse of Whisky'?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then kindly explain what you mean by saying, 'The lecturer was evidently full of her subject.'—London Opinion.

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Fair Exchange.

Mamma—Have you been taking your cough medicine, like a good boy?

Tommy—No, ma'am. I let Polly taste it an' she liked it, so I traded it to her for a orange.—Cleveland Leader.

No Doubt.

On one occasion an ignorant quack was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. "Convalescent!" said the quack, "why, that's nothing serious. I have cured convalescence in twenty-four hours."—Sacred Heart Review.

Howard E. Burton—Assayer and Chemist.

Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, St. Gold, Silver, Zinc, Cadmium, Zinc or Copper, St. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Assayed and Empire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

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