

## Rheumatism

What is the use of telling the rheumatic that he feels as if his joints were being dislocated?

He knows that his sufferings are very much like the tortures of the rack.

*What he wants to know is what will permanently cure his disease.*

That, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, is

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

It promptly neutralizes the acid in the blood on which the disease depends, completely eliminates it, and strengthens the system against its return. Try Hood's.

Activity.

First Tramp—De dog chased you, did he?

Second Tramp—You bet! For a few minutes I had to lead a purely strenuous life!

Amateur, develop your own plates at home. K. G. powder developer, six packages 25 cents. For sale by all photo supply dealers, or Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Not Very Ancient.

"Is Miss Primrose a Daughter of the Revolution?"

"Merely, no; she wasn't born until after the war of 1812."

**Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.**  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

What a Wonder!

Bird Dealer—What do you mean by returning that parrot after keeping him four months? What's the matter with him?

Customer—W-w-well, the b-b-b-blamed b-b-bird st-st-utters!

**Mama Eats a Cascarett.**

Baby gets the benefit. Nursing mothers may have a remedy purgative with Cascarett, the only safe laxative for babies. All drugists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Well Named.

Cora—Why is that artist called an impressionist?

Merritt—Because a picture of his looks as if he laid the canvas on a palette full of colors and took an impression.

You Don't Own the Earth.

But you feel like being king of the ocean when you get started to San Francisco on the O. R. & N. steamers leaving Portland every five days. The surroundings are perfect—good meals, fine berths, quick time, and officers of the steamer are attentive and capable. Round trip tickets for the Epworth League convention cost only \$20, including meals and berth. Good only on steamers leaving Portland July 11 and 16.

Misery Loves Company.

"And was every one of you seasick coming over?"

"Oh, yes; we were all in the same boat."

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyce, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Millions for Tulane University.

Mrs. Newcomer, who died recently in New York, left \$3,000,000 to Tulane University. She had already given \$750,000 to this university.

Holt's School.

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal, with its swimming pools, perfect climate, and super-super, the most interesting complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Holt, Ph. D., Principal.

Farms in Vermont.

For Vermont the enumerators report 33,109 farms; in 1880 there were 35,522 and in 1890 32,573. The number of farms in 1900 is 336 in excess of that of 1890, and 2,413 less than in 1880.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Childs and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tincture, Child's Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

A Natural Inference.

Parkville—Theres talk of getting up a mill trust.

Rockaway—Ill bet that would be watered.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bear the Signature of *Chas H. Fletcher*.

Smart Answer.

"You fell into the creek with your new breeches on?"

"Yes, pa. You see, I fell in so quick I hadn't time to take them off."

"A smart answer, my son. So suppose you take them off now."

**E. W. Grose**

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

Strange Flower.

One of the strangest botanical curiosities in the world is the "Wonder-Wonder" flower found in the Malay peninsula. It is simply a blossom without leaves, vine, or stem, and grows as a parasite on decayed wood. This extraordinary flower is something like a yard in diameter, and has a globular cup in the middle with a capacity of five or six quarts.

**CANCER**

The diseases most feared are those which are inherited, handed down from generation to generation, and family to family. For the most destructive of these is Cancer, which finds the greatest number of its victims among the children and grand-children of those whose blood was tainted with this dreadful malady. You may carry this poison in the blood for years, but as the vital powers begin to waste a slight bruise, or cut, wart or mole, sore or pimple may develop into Cancer. From middle life to old age is the time when the slumbering poison is most apt to break out, a sore or ulcer often degenerating into Cancer, and tumors become more numerous, causing more intense suffering.

The Cancer, which naturally grows dependent as one after another the usual remedies fail, and the sore goes down, no sign of healing. The impurities that have been accumulating in the system, perhaps for generations, cannot be eliminated, and the poisoned blood made pure by salves, washes and plasters. The proper treatment is to purify and build up the blood, remove the cause, when the sore or ulcer heals.

Mr. J. B. Arnold, of Greenwood, S. C., writes: "A tiny cancer, just under the right eye. It began spreading and grew worse rapidly, destroying flesh as it went. An Cancer is hereditary in my family. I became thoroughly alarmed, consulting the best physicians and taking many blood medicines, none of which did me any good. A friend of mine, a well-known druggist advised me to try S. S. S., and by the time I had taken the second bottle the Cancer began to show signs of healing, the discharge grew gradually less, and finally ceased altogether, the sore dried up and disappeared, but a slight scar. I feel that I owe my life to S. S. S."

Begin in time, don't wait until the blood is so polluted and the system so thoroughly saturated with the poison that no medicine, however efficacious, can check the progress of the disease. If there is a taint in your blood get it out at once, don't wait for some external evidence of it, the appearance of a tumor or ulcer. We have prepared a special book on the subject, which you may mail free. Our physicians are ready to help you by their advice and such direction as your case requires. Write us fully and freely—no charge for medical advice.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

### The Tramp's View

Resting Robert—See here, Tom, this paper says we have no leisure class in this country—that even our millionaires are hard working men.

Tired Thomas—That man didn't know what he was writing about. We are the leisure class.

### His Parcel.

Mrs. Lots—Hasn't that man next door got a mortgage on his place?

Mr. Lots—Yes, indeed, he has. "Why does he refer to the property as a parcel?"

"Because it's tied up, I suppose."

### The Pan-American Exposition.

Will be the greatest this country has ever seen. The entire machinery will be run by power furnished from Niagara Falls. Although the power required is enormous we believe this statement to be true.

The Hosteller's Sonnet—Bitter is equal to the task of supplying the body with motive power when it is run down. There is no medicine in the world so good for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, flatulence and nervousness. Try it.

### It Was Up to Him.

Maisie—If I should fall out of this wagon, what would you do?

Dick—I'd catch you in my arms.

Maisie—Get ready.

## AWFUL AGONY

The Story of a Stricken Woman

### Whom Doctors Were Not Able to Help.

From the News, Connersville, Indiana.

The story of Mrs. Nellie M. Hedden, of No. 621 Summit Avenue, Connersville, Ind., contains an important lesson for many American women who suffer in silence rather than face the ordeal that the usual treatment of their trouble entail. It is a story that rings with honest gratitude and does not tell half the misery that the narrator endured. Other women who are suffering as Mrs. Hedden did will know how to understand and appreciate much that cannot be told in a newspaper article. Mrs. Hedden's experience is best given in her own words. She says:

"For nearly a year I endured terrible agony caused by a general breaking down of the nervous system, female weakness and suppression of the periods. I suffered greatly with bearing down pains and was very weak and short of breath. My circulation was very bad, causing numbness of limbs, dizziness and headache all the time. My heart would sometimes feel as if there was a heavy weight on it. I had never been healthy and strong, so you can readily see that I was in no condition to withstand such a combination of ailments.

"I grew worse very rapidly and all the doctors I tried failed to check my decline. A friend of my husband told him how much good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done his wife so I commenced taking them and can now state that they are the only relief I ever had. The first box helped me so much that I was thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of the remedy. I continued the treatment for several weeks, using six boxes in all.

"In conclusion I will say that if any one, who is suffering the same as I was, will take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as directed they will be rewarded."

Signed, ELLIE M. HEDDEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of November, 1900.

Finley H. Gray.

Seal. Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at all druggists or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

### Uses of the Day.

The proposition to abolish ladies' day at the club was voted down.

"Yes?"

"Yes; it develops that there is hardly a member who does not, in point of fact, enjoy meeting his w'e occasionally."

"Great picture that. By Macaroni di Vermicelli, you know. Paid £2,000 for it in Paris and got a great bargain. F—" (naming an eminent artist) "says it is worth £10,000."

A few days since this gentleman was launching at the Artists' Club when the cat came out of the bag. Some one said:

"F—, old Centipede says that you have appraised that frightful nightmare of his at £10,000. Is it right?"

The artist answered smilingly.

"I will tell you how that happened. He asked me to dinner one day, and after we left the table took me to see the picture and told the usual story. Then, turning abruptly, he asked:

"How much is that painting worth?"

"Why, Mr. Centipede," said I. "I really would not like to place a value upon it."

"Well, I'll put it differently," said he.

"How much would you charge for such a picture?"

"I don't mind saying," I answered, "that I would not paint such a picture for £10,000. I had to be civil, you know."—Tit-Bits.

### Stamp Has a Boom.

The great rise in value of late was that sheet of 100 two cent Pan-American stamps, in which the accidental inversion of the picture in the center increased the market value of each stamp from two cents to \$20.

### IMPOSSIBLE AT THE PRICE.

Artistic Idea Concerning the Value of a Picture.

A certain parvenu of great wealth has hanging in his drawing room a large and hideous daub in oils which dealer in Paris induced him to buy. He is very fond of taking a call by the arm, leading him before the canvas and saying:

"I hear you and Walsham have fallen out," said Hawley.

"Yes," replied Hicks. "He asked me to design a crest for him, and I suggested a pig rampant upon a wavy floor as consistent with his name, and he lost his temper."

### Thought He was Getting Personal.

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### Must Bear Signature of

A Baffled Tigress.

An officer of the Bengal Lancers, who was seized by a tigress, owed his escape to a curious accident. The tigress seized him by the breast of his coat and shook him till he became unconscious. On recovering he heard a strange noise at a little distance, as if somebody was sneezing violently. It was the tigress herself. He slowly turned round and gave a furtive glance in that direction.

He could hardly believe his eyes.

There was the tigress slinking off with her tail very much between her legs and sneezing most violently and making the most piteous grimaces.

The tigress dawdled upon him like a flash of lightning. In the operation of shaking him his snuffbox had flown open from his waistcoat pocket, and the tigress had received the contents thereof in that direction.

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