

That Tired Feeling

is a Common Spring Trouble. It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Roor, Glend, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

The Man with the Ho! Ho!

I love the ringing of music of a cheery, hearty laugh, For it routs the imps of worry as the breezes scatter chaff. And there's not a scene of gladness known to mortals here below But is made a little gladder by a merry ho! ho! ho!

For merriment's a singer, and laughter is his song, And where the singer singeth the happy angels throng, For in all celestial anthems nothing sweeter is, I trow, Than the melody that lures in a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

You are feeling rather weary—'tis an off-recorded tale— And you fancy trouble's demons all are camping on your trail, Till you meet the man of laughter, with his cheery ho! ho! ho!

And, some way, as you listen, all the haunting demons go! Then you vow this old planet is a place of joy and cheer, And there's pleasure in reflecting that you now are living here

And you wouldn't for a fortune lose your grip on things below— All because you hear the music of a ringing ho! ho! ho!

Two angels walk upon the earth, walk daily to and fro, The one is clad in robes of white, the one in garb of woe.

The voice of one is laughter; the other's is a sigh.

Joy is the one; the other woe; for souls of men they vie;

And the one comes running, running, summoned by the winking spell

Of the rippling notes of laughter that the spirit's rapture tell;

While the other straight is driven from the souls it haunts below

By the ringing and the singing of a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

We all love the music of a cheery, hearty laugh— To spirits bowed with trouble 'tis a heaven-given staff—

But our burdens seem so heavy as we pass them in review

That we often let another do the laughing we should do;

At any rate, it's so with me, for I'm of brittle clay,

And haply it is so with you, although I do not say;

And so, perchance, you'll join with me, this one bouquet to throw

To the man who brings us blessings with his ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

—New York Times.

Bound to Keep the Girl.

Mrs. Suburb—I think Mrs. Lawmow must have a girl at last.

Mr. Suburb—Why?

Mrs. Suburb—I hear her giving some one a lesson on the piano.

TORMENTING RHEUMATISM

Columbus, Ohio, May 20, 1903.

Six years ago I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism. I was laid up in bed for six months, and the doctors I had did me no good. They changed medicines every week and nothing they prescribed seemed to help me. Finally I began the use of S. S. S. My knee and elbow joints were swollen terribly, and at one time my joints were so swollen and painful that I could not close them when opened. I was so bad that I could not move knee or foot. I was getting discouraged, you may be sure, when I began S. S. S., but as I saw it was helping me I continued it, and to-day I am a sound well man and have never had a return of the disease. S. S. S. purified my blood and cured me of this severe case of Rheumatism after everything else had failed. I have recommended it to others with good results.

R. H. CHAPMAN, 1355 Mt. Vernon Ave.

The poisonous acids that produce the inflammation and pain are absorbed into the blood and Rheumatism can never be conquered till these are neutralized and filtered out of the blood and system. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation and attacks the disease itself. It purifies and restores the blood to a healthy, vigorous condition. It contains no potash, alkali or other strong minerals, but is guaranteed entirely vegetable. Write us and our physicians will advise without a charge whatever. Our Book on Rheumatism sent free.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

It cures where all else fails. It is the only cure for Consumption. Sold by druggists.

Putnam's

Putnam's

Putnam's

Putnam's

Putnam's

Putnam's

Putnam's

NO REASON SHOWN BY BIRDS.

They Are Governed by Instinct, but That Instinct is Flexible.

The recent English writer, Richard Kearton, says there is "no such dead level of unreasoning instinct" in the animal world as is popularly supposed, and he seems to base the remark upon the fact that he found certain of the cavities or holes in a hay rick where sparrows rooked lined with feathers, and others not lined, writes John Burroughs in *Outing*. Such departures from a level line of habit as this are common enough among all creatures.

Instinct is not something as rigid as cast iron; it does not act like a machine, always the same. The animal is something alive, and is subject to the law of variations. Instinct may act more strongly in one man than in another, or as one animal may have greater speed or courage than another of the same species. It would be hard to find two live creatures, very far up in the scale, exactly alike. A thrush may use much mud in the construction of its nest, or it may use little, or none at all; the oriole may weave strings into its nest, or it may use only dry grasses and horse hair; such cases only show variations in the action of instinct.

But if the oriole should build a nest like a robin or a robin build like a cliff swallow, that would be a departure from instinct to take note of. Or if the whippoorwill and its allied species in Europe should perch across the limb instead of lengthwise of it, or the wood duck nest in marshes and the marsh hawk nest in trees, then, indeed, would the dead level of instinct be violently wrenched. Organic life in all its forms is flexible, the habits of all the animals change more or less with changed conditions, but the range of fluctuations in the lives of the wild creatures is very limited and is always determined by awkward circumstances and not by individual volition, as it so often is in the case of man.



Bronchitis.—Dip a small sponge in methylated spirits and gently sponge the chest and throat with it several times a day. It will give almost immediate relief and help to clear the throat.

The Treatment of Bunions.—Bunions do not readily yield to treatment, but I have found that the following method has been successful in many cases: After bathing the foot, apply this preparation: Tincture of iodine, one ounce; tincture of aconite (made from the root, not the leaves), two drams. Put the liquid on with a camel-hair brush and allow it to dry on. It may be applied daily. A piece of wool should be inserted between the great toe and the one next to it, as this will help to throw the joint in toward the foot.

Onions for Colds.—Do all mothers know how valuable onions are as a remedy for children's colds? Never be without onions in the house, and also oil of some kind. Camphorated oil is generally the first remedy to use upon the appearance of a cold. Warm a little and oil the chest and back (as the lungs come as near to the back as to the chest), then oil the nose and soles of the feet. This will often be all that is necessary; but if it is not, make an onion syrup by slicing raw onions and covering them well with sugar, and putting them in the oven until they are well shriveled up and the juice extracted, then give a teaspoon occasionally. For older children make the syrup of treacle by slicing up an onion and putting it to boil in half a cup of golden syrup. When the onion is well cooked, strain, and give a teaspoonful of the syrup as needed. If the cold seems very tight, roast onions, then lay them on a napkin and pour warm oil over them, and put on the child's chest. This should always be tried in severe cases.

To Trade With Mexico.

According to current reports, Canada is making a strong effort to build up a large trade with Mexico. The Canadian government has agreed to give an annual subsidy of \$200,000 in gold, and the Mexican government a subsidy of \$200,000 in silver, for a new steamship service between Mexico and Canadian ports, both on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Boxed.

They were returning from a husking bee. "And were there any red ears?" asked the friend. "Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."—*Kennebec (Me.) Journal*.

Much the Easier Task.

"Mary, my love, things are so beautiful, don't you think you might have a try at making your own clothes?" "O George, pet, I don't think I'm clever enough for that, but I'll tell you what; I'll have a try at making yours!"—*Modern Society*.

The way of the transgressor is hard on his friends.

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Humorous

The derrick isn't handsome, but it has an uplifting influence.—*Philadelphia Record*.

New Year's: First Resolution—How are you feeling? Second Resolution—Broke.—*Life*.

Father (from top of staircase)—Ethel, is that young man gone? Ethel—Awful funny, pa.—*Grit*.

"Do you think Banks ever fooled his wife successfully?" "I know it. He married her."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"What is worse than owing money you can't pay?" "Being owed money you can't collect."—*Cleveland Ledger*.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson get married for? Miss Washburn—Laws only knows—he keeps right on workin'!—*Puck*.

She—Do you think that a woman can truly love but once? He—Well, if that's the only chance she has—yes!—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Papa, will you send me to Europe to study music?" "No; you can study it here, and I'll send you to Europe to practice."—*Houston Post*.

"Never tell a secret, dear. It would be a great breach of confidence." "What must I do with it, mamma?" "Well—bring it to me!"—*Madame*.

Father—But do you think you can make my daughter happy? Suitor—Happy! Say, you should just see her when I proposed!—*Brooklyn Life*.

Mamma—Don't lounge that way, Tommy. Sit up like a man. Tommy—Why, mamma, men sit down; it's only dogs and rabbits that sit up.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Teaspoon—Why are you so angry with the doctor? Mrs. Teaspoon—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.—*Exchange*.

Hoax—They say the sultan of Turkey scares his wives nearly to death. Joax—Yes; I've always heard that he was a harem-scared sort of fellow.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Smiggs—There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people. Smiggs—No; manufacturer of alarm clocks.—*Chicago Ledger*.

Mrs. Henpeck—This paper says that married women live longer than single ones. Mr. Henpeck—Heavens, woman! Can't you think of something pleasant to talk about?—*Borrowed*.

Freda—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. Floyd—Related to me? Why that man's a fool. Freda—Of course, but that may be a mere coincidence.—*Illustrated Bits*.

Mrs. Hayrix—Them air Japs must be kinder hard up for somethin' tew read. Hayrix—Why so, Mandy? Mrs. Hayrix—This paper says they went an' took a lot of Russian magazines.—*Exchange*.

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire? Porter—Yes, mum; he has the place insured for twice what it's worth.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Frenzied Financier (the Farmer excitedly)—Say, Mister Constable, I've just bin bunkered out by every dernest in the Policeman (irritably)—Well, don't holler to me, you come on! I ain't no magazine publisher!—*Puck*.

Mrs. Watkins—Henry, I want a dollar this morning. Mr. Watkins—Great Caesar, woman! Do you think that I am made of money? When you want large amounts you ought to let me know 24 hours in advance.—*Somerville Journal*.

Irate Employer—See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday, and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep around here ever since! Sleepy Joe—That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted—An office boy, not over 16; must sleep on the premises."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Kentucky Mountain Schools.

Teaching school in the Kentucky mountains has never been easy work, and it is a question whether the long-suffering dominie who strives mentally and physically with the fresh, uncultured native product that is brought under his care, does not at least bear off with him at the end of the term a diploma that would admit him at any time to all the glories and privileges of martyrdom. In a land famous for its family feuds, abundantly familiar with the seductions of "moonshine," and pushing its politics to the verge of revolution, tractability in man or boy is not a characteristic trait. Neither are the appliances for teaching numerous or adequate. The first schools had no text books whatever, and instead of paper, smooth boards of white wood were used, with the juice of oakbals for ink. To-day the equipment of the log school houses that dot the creeks and nestle among the hills of the Appalachian wilderness has not undergone a very marked advance over those first primitive conditions; while the native human type is still characterized by the old-time carelessness, nonchalance, and scorn for the trammels of latter-day civilization.

If you can't go to call on a friend without finding a clue, stay at home. If you can't walk up street without seeing a clue, throw yourself into the river. The world would be better off with every suspicious-minded person out of it, and he shouldn't wait till the ice on the river melts, either.

A Case of Interpretation.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" demanded the spokesman of the mob. "Do thou, O royal chamberlain, haste to the presence of his majesty and learn his wish."

The royal chamberlain hurried to the presence and bowed himself thrice to the floor. Then he asked the monarch's pleasure regarding the desperate outlaw.

"Away with him," said the king in a loud, harsh voice.

But the chamberlain was something of a humorist and when he returned to the mob he laughingly announced that, in regard to the misdoings of the prisoner, the king had said only that it was "a way with him."

Whereupon the mob reluctantly released its quarry.

But in trying to explain the joke to the obtuse king the royal chamberlain became confused and completely lost his head.—*Baltimore American*.

The Misuse of "Quite."

"Quite" strictly means "completely" and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded." Its secondary meaning, "very," "to a great extent," has the authority of good writers, though such expressions as "quite young" and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up of late the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun—e. g., "quite a panic ensued." If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective.—*London Review*.

Macaroni Wheat.

Salzer's strain of this Wheat is the kind which laughs at droughts and the elements and positively mocks Black Rust, the terrible scourge of the farmer.

It's sure of yielding 80 bushels of finest Wheat the sun shines on per acre on good Ill., Ia., Mich., Wis., O., Pa., Mo., Neb. lands and 40 to 60 bushels on arid lands! No rust, no insects, no failure. Catalog tells all about it.

The King of Mollusks.

The king of mollusks lives in the Indian and South Pacific oceans. He attains to a weight of 500 pounds, and the shell is of the bivalve kind, and the shape is about the same as that of our common fresh water mussel. The gigantic Tridacna is the largest mollusk known to have lived on the earth since the Silurian Age. It is found on the bottom of the shallow parts of the ocean, and the large individuals have no longer the power to move about. They lie on one side, and all about them the corals build up until King Tridacna is sometimes found in a well-like hole in the coral formation. St. Nicholas.

Between Friends.

Joe—You look out of sorts this morning, old man; what's wrong?

Fred—Oh, family troubles.

Joe—Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Nothing serious, I hope?

Fred—I'm afraid it is. I had a misunderstanding with my rich uncle last night.

Joe—Indeed? Did you lose the ticket?

Ever Notice It?

"Yes," remarked the man who occasionally lets out only an audible thought, "it is."

"What 'is that is?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"It is easier to cut an acquaintance than it is to carve a steak with a restaurant knife," explained the noisy thinker.

FITS Permanently Cured.

No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is unlawful in France for any person to give solid food to infants that are under one year old, unless on the prescription of a physician.

The Russian government has established half a dozen model farms for the cultivation of cotton in different parts of Turkestan.

By counting the hairs on a square inch of the human scalp, a Frenchman has estimated that the number of hairs on the head of the average man is 127,920.

Had Been There Before.

Messenger Boy—Here's a package for you, sir.

Wedderly—So? What is it?

Messenger Boy—I'm not sure, sir, but I think it's a birthday present your wife ordered for you at Smith's jewelry store.

Wedderly—Oh, very well. Just leave the bill and tell Smith I'll send him a check for the amount to-morrow.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Napoleon's Idea of Journalist.

The worst recommendation that any man could have in Napoleon's eyes was to be a newspaper writer. Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Table de l'Arade, who was always a favorite with the Emperor, solicited an appointment for one of his acquaintances.

"What has he done?" asked Napoleon. "He has been a journalist, a censor, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The Blettre is the fittest place for people of that stamp." Suppose Napoleon lived to-day, with his every thought anticipated in the newspapers! Some good newspaper advice might have saved him in the Russian campaign and later at Waterloo.—*New York Press*.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Some of the Caustic Retorts Made by the Famous Wit.

When a prosy old bore stopped Douglas Jerrold, who was hurrying on urgent business along Regent street, with the question, "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am!" retorted Jerrold, shooting past like an arrow from a bow.

Also to contribute to a third subscription which was being got up for a reckless grub street writer, Jerrold cried impatiently, "How much does the fellow want this time?" "Well, this time I think just four and two naughts will put him straight." "Put me down for one of the naughts!"

A lawyer, replying to the toast of his health drunk at a dinner of artists, stammered out that he did not expect the honor, as law could hardly be considered one of the arts, whereupon Jerrold interjected one word only, "Black!"

A clergyman who was indecorously and uncharitably denouncing the poor for the number of children they bred wound up with the opinion that the real evil of the times was "the surplus population." Jerrold nodded a hearty assent. "Certainly, the surplus population!"

"There's one song in the Prodigue," cried a musical bore to Jerrold, "which always carries me away." "Would I could sing it!" ejaculated Jerrold.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PIZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The Land of Gold.

The Yukon territory, which prior to 1898 formed a part of the Northwest Territory, has an area of 196,976 square miles, 196,327 being land and 649 water. The population is estimated at 12,000, of whom 7,200 are Americans. It is purely a mineral country, and has produced since 1885, when the output of gold was first recorded, to the end of 1903, \$97,063,500 in gold. Dawson, the capital of the Yukon territory and the residential and commercial center of what is commonly known as the Klondike, has a population of 3,500 persons of various nationalities, the Americans, with 2,450, forming 70 per cent of the total.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Third Rail.

Eastern Man Visiting in the West—Has the third rail reached your town yet?

Western Man—Sure thing! We rode a man out of town on Monday, another man on Wednesday and the third was rode out of town to-night.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

That's a Fact.

"Capital and labor should go hand in hand," remarked the moralizer.

"True," rejoined the demoralizer, "but the trouble is too many men are trying to get capital without labor."

\$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.

Those Russian Names.

Crimsonbeak—Is it wrong to talk with the mouthful?

Yeast—Why, certainly it is.

"Well, how is a man to talk about those Russian generals, then? You can't speak their names without having a mouth full!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The One Exception.

Muggs—The Chinese claim to have invented nearly everything.

Buggs—Well, judging by the way they wear their hair, they didn't invent football.

For bronchial troubles try Pizo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Just Caught.

Husband—I don't believe that fish is fresh.

Young Wife—Nonsense! It's just out of the ocean, I'm sure. It smells just like salt water at low tide.

In proceeding to explain the uses of an incubator a London school teacher asked her class: "In what other way could an egg be hatched than by putting it under a hen?" A bright pupil replied: "You might put it under a duck."

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

Laying up Treasures.

The third bank of Japan received a deposit of 3,000 yen, which will remain for 250 years, from G. Abe, dealer in coal and coke at Tokyo. The bank has contracted to pay the sum of 1,208,411,179 yen at the end of 250 years. The father of the depositor was a Jirikishka man, and he himself was an ice boy some twenty years ago. Lately the father lost a ship in a storm. The ship had been insured for 3,000 yen. The money received from the insurance company was deposited in behalf of his posterity.

Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

Cherry Pectoral doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—Mrs. W. H. BRYMAN, Shelby, Ala.

Prep. No. 3150. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Night Coughs

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

Declined with Thanks.

Drabbles—Did you get a check for that poem you sent to Blank's magazine last month?

Scribbles—Yes. Got it by return mail. Drabbles—For how much?

Scribbles—Oh, not much; only three words written with a blue pencil.

M. J. SHIELDS & CO.

Growers and Importers of All Kinds of Grasses and