

STAGE GLINTS.

"The Politician" will be used by John W. Ransome as a vehicle for stalling. Paris is having a siege with a play having for its motive the elopement of a couple in an automobile. Maurice Barrymore, now in the cast of "Recky Sharp," has finished a play which Mr. J. H. ...

CLERKS IN HAVANA.

They Are Treated Like Slaves and Appear to Live It. "The life of the average native clerk in the Spanish stores of Havana would horrify an American," said a resident of the Cuban capital who came over on the last Morgan liner. "He is a slave. He gets from \$5 to \$10 a week—\$10 is a big salary—and for that amount is supposed to give his entire time to the merchant. He eats, sleeps and lives on the premises and never leaves the place except by special permission. On certain fixed days he is allowed one or two hours for recreation; four hours a week is considered liberal, but otherwise is always on duty."

Remarks on the Silk Hat.

In an editorial in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post Hayden Caruth says that the silk hat is getting out of date. He says that the burden of living up to a silk hat is greater than the average man can bear; that to live consistently up to it a man must spend at least \$1,000 a year. Many men have tried it, only to fail and die bankrupt. The silk hat, in Mr. Caruth's opinion, ought not to stand upon the order of its going, but go at once! He doesn't know perhaps that it is still very popular here in Georgia. Recently, at a little railway hotel, the writer overheard the landlord calling to his striped shirt, my jeans britches and my silk sweater; I've got to go on a marry a couple!—Atlanta Constitution.

Just Suppose.



Little Red Riding Hood had met a wolf instead of a wolf.—Types.

Printing Without Ink.

A company has been formed to control the process of printing without ink, by using electricity and chemically prepared paper. In a short time, it is expected, this innovation will be completely introduced, and old methods revolutionized. There is one thing however that has resisted all innovations; that is Hester's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators, but no equals as a cure for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. This peerless remedy has been the standard medicine of the American people for past fifty years. It is a wonderful medicine for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, insomnia, constipation and nervousness. It also prevents malaria, fever and ague. It keeps the stomach in good condition, and bowels regular. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

Blank Walls.

Among the many things which the British government provides for its soldiers are blank forms for a will. According to Harper's Weekly, "the war office supplies every soldier that goes to the front with three blank forms of wills—the first for the man who wishes to leave all his property to one person, the second for those who wish to bequeath legacies to several persons and the third for use of married soldiers desiring to leave property to their wives and children. "The British soldier, like most other people, usually neglects to make his will until the very last moment and frequently waits until wounded or dying upon the field. It is said that formerly the men would scribble their will in a few words on some stray bit of paper or on the inside of a helmet, the lid of a cartridge box or perhaps on a stone lying near by."

Bad Blood is a Bad Thing.

It is responsible for scurvy, all rheum, humors and many other diseases, including rheumatism and that tired feeling. Bad blood is made good blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sick headache is cured by Hood's Pills, 25c.

A Man's Ideal Woman.

"Man has a number of fixed, old-fashioned notions about the ideal woman which are quite apart from questions of complexion and dress," writes Carrie E. Garrett in Woman's Home Companion. "The solver truth is that while men may see diversion with the more showy, flippant sort of girl and are often caught by mere glitter they have an ideal far, far above this cheap type which is imperishable. A man does not picture a complexion and characterless creature as his soul's ideal, however sweet."

Some Witticisms Cited From the Old Humorists.

He—I thought you said that Miss Discreet, next door, didn't believe in showing her hand? She—That's what I did say. "Well, I notice she's got one of her palms in the window."

The Primeval Forest.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic. Stand like harpers bent, with heads that rest on their bowed arms. Lead from the rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring oaks. Speaks, and in accents deep and hoarse the woods are dumb. This is the forest primeval; but here are the hearts that beat; here are the brains that leap; here are the voices that speak; here are the voices of the human race!

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the inflamed membrane, loosens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

Gorgonzola cheese is Italian and is made from goats' milk. It comes from near Milan and needs to ripen two or three years. There are a few varieties of cheese which keep many years. A Parmesan cheese has been kept 150 years and found to be good when eaten.

Ordinary bicycles can be changed into machines by an Illinois man's invention, comprising an auxiliary frame, with a spindle for insertion in place of the front fork, the latter being placed in the front place of the auxiliary frame, and the second seat post is inserted in the first head.

Needle Paper.

Saxon makers of needles drove England out of Brazil by wrapping their goods in pink paper instead of black. Other Germans are catering to the fondness of Russians for red in their dresses. France recently learned how the cost of a good deal of money to make the discovery.

Double Trouble



The complication of SPRAINS and BRUISES

is a very sore trouble, but doubly or separately, as sprain or bruise, there is no remedy known the equal of

St. Jacobs Oil

for a PROMPT, SURE CURE

One Way of Treating Trouble.

We were one day greatly amused to find a little friend of 3 years, a sweet, lovable child, as we had always seen her, upon the floor in a violent fit of passion screaming, kicking and pulling her own hair, holding her chubby, dimpled fists before her tear filled eyes and redoubting her screams at every sound of golden flattery. Her wise and lovely mother sat beside her, sewing and softly humming a tune the child loved, apparently unconscious of the excitement, and silently checked our spontaneous attempt at consolation, an attempt violently resented by the unreasonable child. This, I learned, was not her first tantrum and, as formerly, originated in a failure to receive desired attention, or personal attention. Various corrections had been previously tried, but wholly without cure. Now, during two full hours the demonstrations continued, utterly unheeded, till a sleep of exhaustion succeeded, which lasted quite as long. When the blue eyes again opened, they had a strange expression of inquiry, then a shade of apparent memory; a frown and a kick followed, but, like her very presence, all were ignored. A long session of reflection then followed, after which she crept from her cradle and with a smile of cherubic sweetness presented herself at her mother's side for a kiss, which was cordially given with the usual caress, and the naughtiness of the afternoon was never alluded to by mother or child, nor did that temper ever again manifest itself.—Christian Work.

What We Expect of Woman.

It is probably no more a woman's business to make herself agreeable than it is a man's, but in our scheme of civilization we have allotted that duty to her. We look for her to be the guardian of the home and to meet a woman who has no quality of personal charm is to sustain a shock for which no number of previous disappointments seems to prepare us. She is a mind in society, a discord which we expect harmony, a flower without perfume, a blinger whose mistakes seem worse than crimes. Nothing makes up for it, neither wealth nor position nor beauty nor cleverness, says the Boston Dispatch.

The Face That Changes Not.

Ah, me, full many a year has flown— Two decades if it be a day— Since first I saw that face, and I, alas, am growing gray And bald, and yet, as dense and dark As then, its crown of hair Surmounts that face which shows no trace Of trouble, time nor care!

No cruel crows' feet mark the eyes.

I gaze upon that face, "twere vain to say I love it, the soft smile, the countenance beauteous That met my roving glance long ago! The cheeks are dimpled still, The teeth intact. Oh, 'tis a fact, Time's conquests here are nil!

Here naught's surrendered to the years.

Not title nor tribute paid; Not best beloved's early bloom; Long years ago did fade, And still untouched by time I see, What once was mine, and so, That smiling face in its old place On a cosmetic ad. —Boston Globe.

To the Terrestrial Globe.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on! Through paths remote of space Roll on! What though I'm in a sorry case? What though I cannot meet my bills? What though I suffer toothache's ill? What though I swallow calomel pills? Never you mind! Roll on! Roll on, thou ball, roll on! Through seas of icy air Roll on! It's true I've got no shirts to wear, It's true my button-hole is bare, It's true my prospects all look bleak— But don't let that unsettle you! Never you mind! Roll on! (It rolls on.) —W. S. Gilbert.

The Beautiful Snow.

Over the mountains to the sea and old, Over the meadows so barren and cold, Over the withered hedges and flowers, Striven so sadly the summer's fair bowers, Tenderly, gently, thy white mantle throw, Cover them, hide them, oh, beautiful snow!

Over the dwellings of tender love hills,

Where our beloved, on the woody still, Priesthood and kings to Jehovah are, Waiting there calmly their coronal day! Round their low eaves the winter winds blow, Covetously, shiver and shiver, beautiful snow!

Over the hearts that are weary and worn,

Over the mortals who wander forlorn, Over the hopeless, the hapless, oppressed, Draw thy white curtain and soothe them to rest! Hush their complaining thy silence below, Cover them, hide them, oh, beautiful snow!

Come in thy beauty, our sad thoughts beguile,

Win us from earth and its sorrows awhile! Teach us sweet lessons, render us that we, Sullied with earth stains, may purified be! Walking as angels, though dwelling below, Spacious as thou art, oh, beautiful snow!

Glory.

Oh, what glory must there be for him who hears The happy people hailing him with cheers, Whose fame is everywhere, For whom banners float in air, Who has proved his valor on the bloody field Or won in splendid battle on the woody still? What heights of glory to him are revealed In the moment of the cheering for the brave!

What glory must be his who rides along

The herald of all beholders in the throng, Who reads love in every eye, As he gently passes by, Who can know that he is numbered with the great? Whose name will give his children's children pride! What glories reflecting must attend The statesman as he moves from side to side! The heroes and the men who rule are few; There may never be a chance for me or you; We may never hear a cheer From the crowd when we appear, But there is a joy the best of us may know: The pride that keeps alive within the breast Of him, however high, however low, Who has found some work that he can do the best. —S. E. Kier.

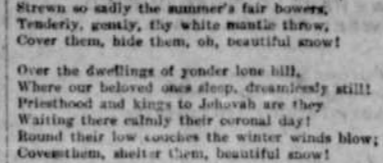
Fear and Death.

The spirit of the plague entered the gate, One, watching, asked, "How many wilt thou slay?" "A thousand," spoke the spirit, "in my quest." The plague made sad. The spirit left the gate. The water-bearer cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay, one," the spirit said; "I fear killed the rest." —R. R. Bowker in Century.

Soldier, Rest!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; Dream of battle fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking, In our life's evanished hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewn, Fair strains of music fall, Ever sense in slumber dwells, Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of battle fields no more; Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking. No rude sound shall reach thine ear, Armor's clang, or war-steed clamping, Trump nor jingling harness, nor Mustering clan, or squadron tramping, Yet the lark's shrill the may come At the dawning from the valley, And the bittern sound his drum, Booming from the sedgy shallow, River sounds shall none be heard, Guards nor warders challenge here; Here's no war-steed's neigh and clamping, Slouching clank or squadron stamping. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, While our slumberous spirit assail ye, Dream not, with the rising sun, Rugs here shall sound reveille, Sleep! the deer be in his den, Sleep! no dream in yonder glen, How thy blood is in his vein, Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; Think not of the rising sun, For, at dawning to assail ye, None no bugles sound reveille. —Scott.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Cancer, Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Chronic Ulcers.

As the blood contains all the elements necessary to sustain life, it is important that it be kept free of all impurities, or it becomes a source of disease, poisoning instead of nourishing the body, and loss of health is sure to follow. Some poisons enter the blood from without, through the skin by absorption, or inoculation; others from within, as when waste products accumulate in the system and ferment, allowing disease germs to develop and be taken into the circulation. While the blood is thus impure, each has some peculiarity to distinguish it from the other. Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Eczema and other blood diseases can be distinguished by a certain sore, ulcer, eruption or inflammation appearing on the skin. Every blood disease shows sooner or later on the outside and on the weakest part of the body, or where it finds the least resistance. Many mistake the sore or outward sign for the real disease, and attempt a cure by the use of salves, liniments and other external applications. Valuable time is lost and no permanent benefit derived from such treatment.

BLOOD TROUBLES REQUIRE BLOOD REMEDIES; the poison must be completely and permanently eradicated—the blood reinforced, purified and cleansed, or the disease goes deeper and saps the very life. Mercury, potassium and arsenic, the treatment usually prescribed in this class of diseases, are violent poisons, even when taken in small doses—never cure, but do much harm by adding another poison to the already overburdened, diseased blood.

S. S. S., Nature's own remedy, made of roots and herbs, attacks the disease in the blood, antitoxins and forces out all impurities, makes weak, thin blood rich, strong and healthy, and at the same time builds up the general health. S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the only one that can reach deep-seated blood troubles. A record of 50 years of successful cures proves it to be a reliable, unfailing specific for all blood and skin troubles.

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