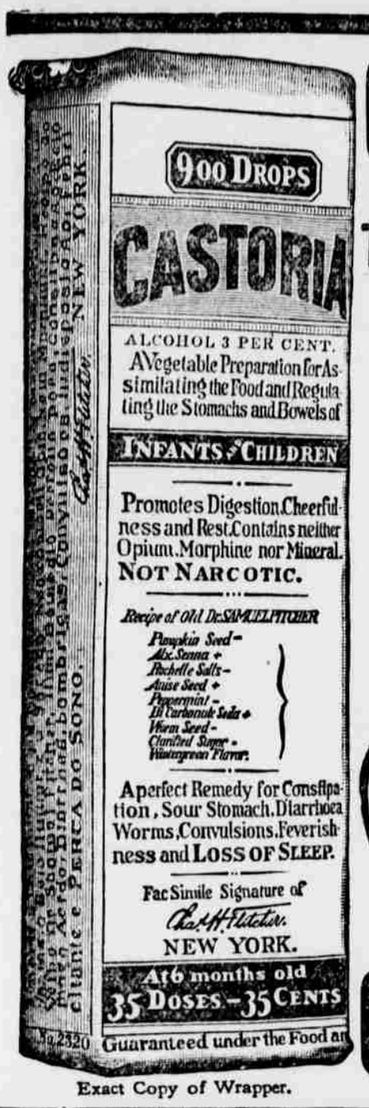

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Longevity.

"My State," said the Virginian, "is the mother of Presidents."

"Yes," said the Ohio man, "but the old lady has outlived her boys half a century or more."

Professional Advice.

Physician—You'll have to be careful this summer and not overexert yourself.

Patient—Then you think I ought to take a vacation, eh?

Physician—Certainly not. Didn't I just tell you not to overexert yourself?

The Conversation of Coin.

"Money talks," said the succinct person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some of it seems at present to be quite gossipy and scandalous in its remarks."—Washington Star.

A great irrigation project involving an expenditure of about $25,000,000 has been authorized by the Secretary of State for India.

Worst Thing About Them.

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. Highmus, "are so deceitful."

"I don't mind that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambish, "but they're so expensive to keep up!"

Trace of the Teddy Bear.

When it sits up on its haunches, in a pose for catching flies;
When it ogles you, my children, with its wicked little eyes;
When it reaches out caressingly, its forepaws in the air——
That is the time of peril, dear! No truce with the Teddy Bear!

Peculiar Hindoo Drums.

Drums used in Hindoo religious processions are called doles. They are made of baked earth, and sometimes a yard long, and twice as large at the center as at either end. Kettle drums are thin copper basins or bowls, covered with parchment or calf-skin, which is held in place by an iron hoop.

Headquarters for Information.

Dicky—You don't b'lieve that story about Little Red Riding Hood an' the wolf, do you?

Kitty—Course I do.

Dicky—Well, if you'll jist write to Pres'dent Roosevelt an' ask him about it he'll tell you it's a fake.

Knew Better.

Nan—O, that story looks too long. I don't want to read it.

Fan—Yes, you do. It's a story about a woman you don't like.

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Whenever a sore refuses to heal it is because the blood is not pure and healthy, as it should be, but is infected with poisonous germs or some old blood taint which has corrupted and polluted the circulation. Those most usually afflicted with old sores are persons who have reached or passed middle life. The vitality of the blood and strength of the system have naturally begun to decline, and the poisonous germs which have accumulated because of a sluggish and inactive condition of the system, or some hereditary taint which has hitherto been held in check, now force an outlet on the face, arms, legs or other part of the body. The place grows red and angry, festers and eats into the surrounding tissue until it becomes a chronic and stubborn ulcer, fed and kept open by the impurities with which the blood is saturated. Nothing is more trying and disagreeable than a stubborn, non-healing sore. The very fact that it resists ordinary remedies and treatments is good reason for suspicion; the same germ-producing cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore, and especially is this true if the trouble is an inherited one. Washes, salves, nor indeed anything else, applied directly to the sore, can do any permanent good; neither will removing the sore with caustic plasters or the surgeon's knife make a lasting cure. If every particle of the diseased flesh were taken away another sore would come, because the trouble is in the blood, and the ***BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY.*** The cure must come by a thorough cleansing of the blood. In S. S. S. will be found a remedy for sores and ulcers of every kind. It is an unequalled blood purifier—one that goes directly into the circulation and promptly cleanses it of all poisons and taints. It gets down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces out every trace of impurity and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. changes the quality of the blood so that instead of feeding the diseased parts with impurities, it nourishes the irritated, inflamed flesh with healthy blood. Then the sore begins to heal, new flesh is formed, all pain and inflammation leaves, the place scabs over, and when S. S. S. has purified the blood the sore is permanently cured. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Write for our special book on sores and ulcers and any other medical advice you desire. We make no charge for the book or advice.

I was afflicted with a sore on my face of four years' standing. It was a small pimple at first but it gradually grew larger and worse in every way until I became alarmed about it and consulted several physicians. They all treated me but the sore continued to grow worse. I saw S. S. S. advertised and commenced its use and after taking it a while I was completely cured. My blood is now pure and healthy from the effect of S. S. S., and there has not been any sign of the sore since S. S. S. cured it.

THOS. OWEN.
West Union, Ohio.

S.S.S.
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THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My $4 Gilt Edge and $5 Gold Bond Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. Douglas stamps his name and price on the bottom to protect you against high prices and inferior shoes. **Take No Substitute.** Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere.

Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

The man who looks for good could not look for anything he will be more certain to find.

When truth goes into battle it always fights in the front rank.

The yoke of Christ will not fit a stiff neck.

The faith that moves mountains begins on mole hills.

A whole menagerie of sin can hide behind one doubt.

This world is too small to show just how big a good man is.

Doing will not take us to heaven, but not doing may keep us out.

The biggest of all cowards is the one who is afraid to do right.

It is the man who believes something who does something.

A preacher with a warm heart will not long have a cold church.

There is no pew in any church that the devil has not sometimes occupied.

Job never made money any faster than he did while he was down in the dust.

Whenever the good seed of truth is sown, the Lord will see to it that some grows.

As long as prize fighting pays better than preaching, the devil will have plenty of hired help.

Call the devil by his right name, and there are men in every crowd who will take it as a personal affront.

MARK TWAIN'S CHILDREN.

A Case Where Attempted Punishment Proved a Hopeless Failure.

Ordinary punishments answered very well for Susy. She was a thinker and would reason out the purpose of them, apply the lesson and achieve the reform required. But it was much less easy to devise punishments that would reform Clara. This was because she was a philosopher who was always turning her attention to finding something good and satisfactory and entertaining in everything that came her way. Consequently it was sometimes pretty discouraging to the troubled mother to find that after all her pains and thought in inventing what she meant to be a severe and reform compelling punishment the child had entirely missed the severities through her native disposition to get interest and pleasure out of them as novelties. The mother, in her anxiety to find a penalty that would take sharp hold and do its work effectively, at last resorted, with a sore heart and with a reproachful conscience to that punishment which the incorrigible criminal in the penitentiary dreads above all the other punitive miseries which the warden inflicts upon him for his good—solitary confinement in the dark chamber. The grieved and worried mother shut Clara up in a very small clothes closet and went away and left her there—for fifteen minutes. It was all that the mother heart could endure. Then she came softly back and listened—listened for the sobs, but there weren't any; there were muffled and inarticulate sounds, but they could not be construed into sobs. The mother waited half an hour longer. By that time she was suffering so intensely with sorrow and compassion for the little prisoner that she was not able to wait any longer for the distressed sounds which she had counted upon to inform her when there had been punishment enough and the reform accomplished. She opened the closet to set the prisoner free and take her back into her loving favor and forgiveness, but the result was not the one expected. The captive had manufactured a fairy cavern out of the closet, and friendly fairies out of the clothes hanging from the hooks and was having a most sinful and unrepentant good time and requested permission to spend the rest of the day there!—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

An Unsavory Source.

Mrs. McDonlad McLean, who has been re-elected president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, said of ancestry at a dinner in New York:

"I think we would all, if we had our choice, prefer to be well born. Good children are more apt to come from good than from bad parents. Then, besides, good birth is a recommendation. In everything, everything, we consider the source.

"It is like the story of the school teacher. There was a teacher, teaching in a very poor neighborhood, who received daily gifts of flowers from one of her pupils, a ragged little boy. The flowers were of all sorts, sometimes costly hot-house blooms, sometimes simple, old-fashioned garden flowers. As a rule, they were somewhat faded. One day the boy brought the teacher a great bouquet of mauve orchids. To be sure they were much wilted, but none the less it could be seen that they had once cost a great deal of money. The puzzled teacher, as she took them, said:

"'Jimmy, where do you get all these flowers that you give me? You don't steal them, I hope?'

"'Oh, no, ma'am,' the youngster answered. 'Father's an ash man.'"

The Scorcher.

'Tis in vain he seeks to warn,
The auto goes so fast
You haven't time to hear the horn.
—Washington Star.

The clock gets there hand over hand,

MARCONI AT THE KEY.

Making Thunder and Lightning in His Paris Workshop.

The asphalt floor is covered with a carpet of rubber. The walls and ceilings are in hardwood. Strange instruments lie in each corner of the room. On a platform raised a yard above the floor, says a writer in Le Reiue, is a table with a transmitting key upon it and a large wooden lever, also used in transmitting. Marconi is on the platform, his hand grasping the lever.

"Now," he says, "be careful. When I signal to the electrician 50,000 volts will enter the room. Stand behind me and touch nothing. Do not approach those coils, because the current will not wait for you to touch them; it will leap out upon you."

The signal given, a lever is pulled and a dull noise is heard. The needle of the voltmeter begins to move on the dial and to attain all sorts of high figures.

"Now," says Marconi, "I will communicate with the nearest station," and he presses the key of the transmitter.

There is a blinding blue flash, and at each pressure on the key sparks nearly two feet in length start from between the two silvery balls of the induction reel. One of these balls is in communication with the earth and the other with a rod. Each spark represents an impulsion which is communicated from the battery to the rod, and from this rod the electrician sets in motion the vibrations of the ether called Hertzian waves.

These waves expand in space in every direction at a speed of 300,000 kilometers a second; that is to say, seven times the circumference of the earth. They are independent of wind and temperature and glide above the surface of the earth and sea, striking on their way the wireless stations that lie far beyond the horizon.

At each blinding flash that accompanies the movement of the key a noise like the report of a rifle is heard. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle, the inventor calmly standing there pressing the key amid the lightning and the thunder. The operator is obliged to stuff his ears with wool. It appears, however, that recently Marconi has found means of doing away with the noise almost completely.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what water is? Small Harold—Yes, ma'am. It's mud with the dirt taken out.

Little Dot (reading)—Tommy, what is the missing link? Small Tommy—It's papa's cuff button when it rolls under the dresser.

Little Bobby (with paper)—What's an autocrat, Margie? Little Margie—An autocrat is a person who—who—owns an autocar.

Friend (teasingly)—Oh, your cat hasn't such nice long whiskers as my cat has, Johnnie (indignantly)—Pooh, that's nothin'; my cat's got fleas.

Edgar—Does your mother ever give you anything when you are real good? Jimmie—No; but you bet she gives it to me good and proper when I ain't.

Sunday School Teacher—What does this verse mean where it says: "And the lot fell upon Jonah?" Bright Boy—I guess it means the whole gang jumped on him.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what do we learn from the story of Samson?" "That it doesn't pay to let a woman cut a fellow's hair," replied Johnny, whose mother had recently treated him to an unsatisfactory haircut.

Young Man (in parlor)—Willie, do you think your sister cares anything for me? Small Willie—I don't know, but I'm betting her other fellow will win. Young Man—Why do you think so? Small Willie—Because mamma makes me keep out of the parlor when he calls.

Appropriate.

"Here, clerk! I'm in a hurry. I want a book for my husband. It's his birthday. And I want it for a present. Show me what you have and be quick about it! Nothing too expensive, mind you, and I don't want anything too cheap, either, do you hear? He's a mild mannered man, and not fond of sports, so don't show me anything in that line. For goodness sake, don't offer me any of these trashy novels, and no matter how much you try to persuade me I won't take anything in the way of history or biography. Come, now, I'm in a dreadful hurry, and I've already wasted too much time here. Of course you don't know my husband, but from all I've said can't you suggest something appropriate?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here is a little volume entitled, 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Julius Caesar.

The consensus of learned opinion is to the effect that history's all around greatest man was Julius Caesar, the originator of Roman imperialism. Caesar was great as a general and great as a writer and speaker, but greater as a statesman. Could he have been spared the assassin's dagger and been permitted to live ten years longer he might have set civilization ahead a full thousand years.—New York American.

It's a fortunate thing that babies can't say what they think of the baby talk women hand them.

Sagacity of Ravens.

A case of remarkable sagacity in a pair of ravens is related in the Field. Two collie dogs were hunting rabbits and the ravens were soaring overhead. As the dogs drove the rabbit out into the open near the top of a hill it ran straight into a trap and was caught. As the dogs came near the ravens came down and by loud croaking managed to drive away both. They then started to devour the rabbit, which they quickly dispatched.

"Bumper."

The word "bumper," meaning a drinking vessel, derived its origin from the Roman Catholic religion.

It was the custom in England in ancient times to drink the health of the Pope after dinner in a full glass of wine. This was called "au bon pere," from which we have the contraction "bumper."

Luck in Small Numbers.

"I hear," said Hi Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater."

"Yes," replied Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the house to create one."

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

Poor Thing.

"I don't suppose Miss Passay ever had any beaux when she was a young girl."

"No, she was too dignified and old-fashioned."

"And the men don't like her now, either."

"No, she's too kittenish now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wily Woman.

"Women are such convenient liars," declared Mr. Jefferson Judd. "When the Wigginses were here to dinner you kept saying Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. You know that wasn't so."

"Well," retorted Mrs. Judd. "There's different kinds of birds. You may have had a canary in your mind while I was referring to an ostrich."—Kansas City Times.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

His Easy Job.

"Isn't this a wearisome sort of occupation?" asked the customer. "You have to remember so much, and answer so many questions."

"Not at all, madam," answered the book store salesman. "All I have to remember is the titles, names of authors, and prices."

"You sell a great many of the popular novels, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't have to read them."

No Right to Complain.

"See here!" cried the irate man. "I purpose to sue you. Look at my head! You professed to cure——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the maker of Fakeley's Balsam; "we advertise merely that we cure partial baldness and not——"

"Well, I was only partially bald when I started using your stuff; now I haven't a hair!"

"Well, then you're cured of your partial baldness, aren't you?"

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

"Dunce."

It is a strange fact that the word "dunce," meaning a stupid person, comes from the name of one of the most eminent scholars of his time, Duns Scotus.

In the Reformation the works of the schoolmen fell into disfavor with the reformers, and Duns, who was the leader of the schoolmen, was often spoken of with scorn by the votaries of the new learning. As time went by the name of Duns became a byword for utter stupidity.

Candor.

Borem—Hello, old man! What's the matter? You look disgusted.

Cutting—Yes, I feel that way.

Borem—Why, what have you run up against now?

Cutting—You. I didn't see you soon enough to escape.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

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Not Always Safe.

"Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife all about his business affairs?"

"I should say not. A friend of mine who was about to start on a journey borrowed $50 from a rich old uncle and then told his wife of it. He was wrecked at sea, crushed in a railway collision, or something of that sort, and when his wife collected his life insurance, of course, she felt bound to pay back that loan."

Don't Push

The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying

Mica Axle Grease

to the wheels. No other lubricant ever made wears so long and saves so much horse power. Next time try MICA AXLE GREASE.

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