

"A Good Name at Home"

"Is a tower of strength abroad"—and the excellent reputation of C. I. Hood Co. and their remedies in the city of Lowell, where they are best known, inspire confidence in the world over, not only in the medicine but in anything their proprietors say about them. "It Made by Hood It's Good."

"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla the best of all remedies for skin diseases," says Miss G. D. FAYLE, 622 Wilder St., Lowell, Mass. "I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one."

John B. DUFFY, 14 Auburn Street, Lowell, Mass. "I am a strong and healthy woman today from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which keep in the house for all the family." Mrs. FANNIE BROWN, 188 Lowell St., Lowell, Mass. "I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood-purifier in the world." Mrs. JESSIE E. CARLTON, 13 Liberty St., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold every where in the usual liquid, or in tablet form called Sarsaparilla, 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Hopeful One.
"Sorry, old man," said Gossley. "You haven't got a job yet, eh?"
"No," replied Sunniman, "but I guess my luck'll change pretty soon."
"Still hopeful, eh?"
"Yes, something's bound to turn up if it's only my toes."—Philadelphia Press.

PLEAS CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure all cases of Itching, Bland, Scalding or Pruritic Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 8c.

A Jade mine in Siskiyou county, Cal., is said to be the only one of its kind in this country. Jade was discovered there in 1906, and tests showed that the mineral was up to the standard in every particular.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on strict directions from reliable physicians. As the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from their use, it is better to use the safe and reliable Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and cures Catarrh, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notes.
Golfish—Money talks.
Gosh—Yes, and sometimes it talks too loud. I can hear that expensive vest of yours a block away.

LEARN TO BY DANCE MAIL
Waltz, Two Step, Free Step, etc. Dance completely taught and maintained in four lessons. Prof. W. H. Wilson, 12 South Main Street, Portland, Oregon.

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Portland Oregon

The Sower
No Second Chance
Good sows make the most of the first.
FERRY'S SEEDS
Have made and lost. Ferry's Seed Book, now the largest and most complete. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908. With the whole seed store—most FREE for the asking. Send for yours today. S. M. FERRY & CO., OSCAR, ILL.

How They Save Lights.
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"From that day," Mayor Dahlman concluded, "I saw no more of the bore."

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The well known reliable
CHINESE DOCTOR
Root and Herb
Has made a life study of the human system and has discovered and given to the world his wonderful
A SURE CANCER CURE
Get Received from Peking, China—Safe, Sure and Reliable.
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Please Mention This Paper.

THE MAN WHO SWEARS BY THE FISH BRAND SLICKER
is the man who has tried to get the same service out of some other make
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Guaranteed Waterproof
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MULE TEAM BORAX
IN THE LAUNDRY
Is wonderful in removing dirt and grease spots. It fixes color bleaches and prevents cloth from turning yellow, besides removing all unpleasant odors from perspiration.

All dealers. Sample booklet and "WHIZ" card sent, 10 cents. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

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VILLAGE LOST TO WORLD.

Not on County Maps Has No Government, Police or Voters.
A little town built on about thirty-one acres of land which was originally part of St. Clair township is one of the unique villages in the country, says a Pittsburgh dispatch to the New York World. It is not on the maps of the county, has no township, no government, no taxes, no schools, no churches, no right to the ballot and no police protection. The town is lost to the world and the owners of the property, who have homes on the land, are living the simple life indeed.

This small community, composed of seven families, all of whom own their homes, occupy land once a part of Lower St. Clair township. During recent years this township has been subdivided into the boroughs of Mount Olive, Knoxville and Montooth, and about a year ago another subdivision was made and the borough of St. Clair was formed. At that time the tract of ground referred to was not included, and as it is not claimed by either the city or other surrounding boroughs the inhabitants were seemingly satisfied to remain apart from the rest.

Since the organization of the borough of St. Clair they have been assessed no taxes and the male inhabitants have not voted. There are no stores, no churches, no schools. The people are as much apart from the rest of life as if they were in the backwoods of Kentucky.

"Seldom Seen" is the name selected as a distinguished appellation for this isolated little community, and it was well chosen, for it is seldom seen by any but those who live there. With no ear line within a reasonable distance and nothing but a few houses to see when one gets there, there is no inducement for any one to see it very often.

Seldom Seen lies along the banks of Saw Mill run. It is bounded on the northeast by the Thirty-second Ward of Pittsburgh, on the south by West Liberty borough and on the west by Beechview. The property is surrounded by either city or borough. The property is owned by Conrad and Jacob Staab, Edward Aisbet, John Geyler, Sr., John Geyler, Jr., John Miller and Mrs. Phillips. All but the latter live on the property.

The Catholic school in the Twenty-sixth Ward. The only outlet to this section is through the arch under the tracks of the Washah railroad toward Woodville avenue.

John Perry, member of council in West Liberty borough, said there had been some talk of attempting to annex Seldom Seen to the city or one of the boroughs. He said:

"Of course, West Liberty is closest, as we touch their ground on one side, but we have already voted on annexation to the city and will be taken in Jan. 1, 1908. If we were to annex this section now we might invalidate our chances of being taken into the city, and we do not want to do that. The people living there have paid no taxes since St. Clair borough was created. They have no schools and no police protection. I guess they don't need that, though. In fact, they are just 'as if they were in the backwoods.'"

The people themselves are content, aside from the inconvenience of getting mail. They have tried without success to have mail sent them by the city carriers, but because several boroughs are between them and the city Postmaster Davis has found it impossible to accommodate them.

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On a sunken reef 250 feet distant from Starbuck Lightship is a remarkable beacon, which warns mariners with the help of a light which is only apparent. The beacon is a cone of cast iron plates, surmounted with a lantern containing a glass prism. This prism derives its light from refracting the rays emitted from the lightship, and the optical delusion is marvelous. Mariners naturally suppose that there is a lighted lamp on the beacon itself and many of them will not believe otherwise. But the object of the beacon is to warn the navigator when the reflected light, which indicates the perilous rock below. This beacon is the north of Scotland has been in use more than half a century, and since it was fixed in position others have been placed in other neighborhoods to make clear points of danger. It is an ingenious and very effective safeguard against perils of the coast.—London Globe.

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Cheer Up.
Smile as you go.
Your way through life;
You're not alone
In the world of strife;
There are others, too,
With a nagging wife.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



Journalism elsewhere: Sophus Rasnussen, editor of a Copenhagen weekly called the Scorpion, was recently placed under arrest because of his radical writings. He killed the policeman, then himself.

"The Awakening of Helena Richie" has been dramatized for Miss Margaret Anglin. Mrs. Deland, the author of the book, had nothing to do with its dramatization. Miss Charlotte Thompson arranged it, and Mrs. Deland will be merely an interested outsider when the play is produced in Philadelphia.

A commentary, like a lie, needs another commentary to help it out. Professor C. M. Lewis of Yale has written a book on Hamlet, the millionth, called "The Genesis of Hamlet." He believes his treatise to differ from all others in its attempt to discriminate between "Shakespeare's original contributions to the story and the legendary materials that he inherited." We await patiently, if morosely, the volume that will try to disprove Mr. Lewis' important theories.

A work that seems to appeal to a special public is Francis Galton's "Inquiries into Human Faculty." The Macmillan Company has acceded to its issue in this cheap form since Mr. Galton, while holding it still vital, could not undertake to revise a new edition in the light of investigations subsequent to 1883. The chapters on energy, gregarious and slavish instincts, character, visionaries, population, early and late marriage are, of course, of the widest interest.

London weeklies speak eagerly of the announcement that Swinburne has completed a new poetic drama. The subject is "The Tragedy of the Duke of Gandia." It is the tragedy of Pope Alexander's sons Francesco and Caesar. Francesco was stabbed to death in a Roman street at night, going home after a foot assault directed by a fifth on horseback. The fifth is supposed to have been the fraternal Caesar. After the murder the horseman had the corpse loaded on to the crupper, according to Dumas. This is a Borgian detail which Swinburne is not likely to render more vivid.

The egrotous decision of the Nobel trustees to give Kipling the next literary prize makes interesting a recent estimate of the Anglo-Indian, to be found in "Geschichte der Englischen Literatur," edited by Dr. Richard Wulker. "Kipling rarely handles his material improperly, he is a skilful narrator, and he has an admirable facility for giving appropriate local color to his style and language. On the other hand, he knows nothing of a deep, thrilling power of problems, and any one who seeks in his works great thoughts which elevate the soul, powerful passions, imposing characters, or even a philosophic theory of life will be grievously disappointed."

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Parson M., one of the early ministers of Potterville, Pennsylvania, was never more earnestly eloquent than when preaching against the love of dress. His wife, Mrs. M., who was a handsome woman, nevertheless wore very elaborate gowns, and openly avowed her interest in such frivolities. The parson expostulated against this love of dress in private, but although she was an excellent wife, and obedient to his wishes in other respects, she pursued her own way in silk and lace.

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"DIDOS."

Does the Word Come to Us from the Belter of Sycophants?
The phrase "kick up didos"—for the plural is formed either with or without the "s"—is also a dodo. It occurs, for example, in Quiller Couch's "Belobach form Dudo," but the more common form is "to cut, or 'to cut up didos.'" The word is a dictionary one. Mr. Murray says that it is "United States slang," he defines it as a prank, a caper, a disturbance, row, shindy; he quotes, as the earliest use in English literature, this sentence from "Sam Slick in England," (1843-44): "Them Irishan singers redin' their jabber 'er and cuttin' didos at a private concert." He says that the origin of the word is uncertain.

But Halliburton used the term in "The Clockmaker" in 1853, and Prof. Joseph Wright in his "English Dialect Dictionary," says that the term is known in Ireland, Kent, Isle of Wight, Cornwall, and also in the United States. Halliburton used it with reference to a Nova Scotian: "I met a man this mornin' from Halifax, a real convoluted lookin' critter . . . all shins and didos." Prof. Wright gives as the first definition: a disturbance, noise, fuss, as in the speech heard on the Isle of Wight: "He kicked up a middlin' dodo about it;" then, plural—tricks, antics, eccentric feats—as in Kent: "Dreckly ye be backturred, there be a cuttin' all manner of didos;" and lastly, a plaything, also used as a term to denote articles which do not give satisfaction to the owner, as trimming on a dress or bonnet.

Yet the learned Professor Wright does not venture to explain the derivation of the word, he does not suggest a possible derivation. Did the term come from the fusc made by Queen Dido after the pious Aeneas left her? An obsolete word "dido"—a thrice told tale may have been originally "a tale of Dido." Talt in his "Quartermen's" speaks of a Didoonian curve, who bargained for as much land as could be covered with a hide, and then cut the hide into a long and narrow strip. Why not say glibly that "cut up didos" is to cut up as Dido did? Let us honor the name of that noble dame in every way.—Boston Transcript.

JAPANESE AND CHILDREN.
As somebody writes, "the most striking quality of the Japanese in proximity," and as another says, "Japan is a very paradise for babies," it is singularly touching to see how the precocious child rushes to his parents. In "From West to East" Sir Henry Jerningham gives an amusing instance of the child's supremacy.

An officer appointed to the customs at Dalny, who is on board our steamer with his wife, his sister-in-law and a maid, is the possessor of a child of the age of three, a little urchin, with a solemn countenance, who constitutes the joy and sole preoccupation of the quartette, and exacts from his parents and attendants, in a truly despot manner, the closest and most constant attention.

I was speaking of it to the chief engineer, who told me that, during the war, when the troops were on board, and all was bustle and activity, a small urchin of two years of age, brought on board to say good-by to his warrior father, got interested in the maneuvers about the gangway, and took up a position right in the middle.

Anywhere else, said my informant, sailors would have lifted the child and carried him to his parents, so as to put him out of harm's way, but not here. He was allowed to remain where he was, though he terribly hampered the work to be done. The sailors, to whom he was a nuisance, only smiled at the infant and admired his pluck.

It is rather touching and indeed beautiful, because it sounds and is so true. Such love as the Japanese exhibit for children cannot be real. It strikes one everywhere, in all places and under all circumstances.

Uncle Henry's Experience.
"It's all nonsense, and a waste of time," said Uncle Henry, "to tell a young man what kind of wife he ought to pick out when he gets ready to marry. Nine times out of ten he has picked one out already, and if he hasn't, he doesn't need anybody's help."
"What do you know about it?" he was asked.
"I know something about it by observation," he answered, "and a little by experience. When I had reached the age of twenty-five, with a fair income and good prospects, I thought it was time for me to marry. I had almost decided to ask a certain Naomi Henderson, but didn't altogether like the family, and was in an uncertain frame of mind about her, when some of my friends began to take it upon themselves to assist me. They told me that Naomi was the very girl for me—that I couldn't find a better wife if I were to hunt all over the country, and so on. In short, they praised her so highly that I made up my mind I'd follow their advice. I began paying attention to her, and in a few weeks I 'popped the question.'"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, with some reluctance, "she said she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth."

The Lesser Evil.
Ex-Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. John D. Long, recently said that most public utterances bore both the audience and the speaker about equally. "I always feel glad when called upon to speak," he observed, "with a smile, 'for I often find myself in the position of an amateur actor of my acquaintance."

"He was in all the theatrics going in his small town. He played all sorts of parts. I asked him one day if he did not get tired of appearing in every private theatrical performance."
"Yes, awfully tired," he replied, "for I don't like to act a bit. But I know if I am not on the stage I shall have to sit in the audience!"

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Imitation pearls are plentiful and look so like the real thing that they deceive experts. They are made by means of a transparent glass shell, a little glue, and some essence of the pearl, a silvery, pearly substance, composed of fine scales rubbed from a small fish called the "bleak" or the "abete," 17,000 of which require rubbing to get a pound.

The Pigmy Cattle of Samoa.
The Samoan Islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus Bos now known to the world. The average weight of the males of these Hittupian cattle seldom exceeds 200 pounds, the average being not greater than 150 pounds. The females usually average about a hundred pounds larger and are very "stocky" built, seldom being taller than a Mexican sheep. These dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have very large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

Looked In Vain.
A typical person of long ago, the sternly consistent man who sounded "conscience regardless of consequences, figures in a recent book of reminiscences, "Old Scotchmen's Tales," by Mrs. Ella Zerby Elliott.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
is Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

His Alma Mater.
"Right along here," the college athlete was saying to his new acquaintance, "fourteen years ago, was that weird collection of freaks and curiosities they called the 'Midway shows.'"
"I see," said the new acquaintance; "I suppose they keep 'em housed now in those great buildings that—"
At this point a stiff right hander made connection with his jaw, and the conversation ceased.—Chicago Tribune.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Townsend, 100 N. Y. St., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures itching, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new shoes fit and comfortable. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All drug stores sell it. Don't accept any substitute.

His Definition.
"What is a pessimist, pa?"
"A pessimist, my son, is a man who wonders what the Lusitania's coal bill was on her recent trip."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Anything to Oblige.
Callen—I wish to announce the engagement of Miss Vera Smartum. I don't know just what the proper form is, but she's quite particular about having it done right. Perhaps you will be kind enough to—
Editor—Certainly, ma'am. Simpson, how have we been in the habit of running Miss Smartum's engagement notices?—Chicago Tribune.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

NO LIMIT TO ITS POWERS FOR EVIL

Contagious Blood Poison has brought more suffering, misery and humiliation into the world than all other diseases combined; there is hardly any limit to its powers for evil. It is the blackest and vilest of all disorders, wrecking the lives of those unfortunate enough to contract it and often being transmitted to innocent offspring, a blighting legacy of suffering and shame. So highly contagious is the trouble that innocent persons may contract it by using the same table ware, toilet articles or clothing of one in whose blood the treacherous virus has taken root. Not only is it a powerful poison but a very deceptive one. Only those who have learned by bitter experience of the suffering which it is to follow. It comes in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, unsightly copper colored spots, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, offensive sores and ulcers on the body, and in severe cases the finger nails drop off, the bones become diseased, the nervous system is shattered and the sufferer becomes an object of pity to his fellow man. Especially is the treacherous nature of Contagious Blood Poison, shown when the infected person endeavors to combat the poison with mercury and potash. These minerals will drive away all outward symptoms of the troubles for a while, and the victim is deceived into the belief that he is cured. When, however, the treatment is left off he finds that the poison has only been driven deeper into the