

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills also recommended.

Taking Time by the Trench.
The cook—Would you mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?
The Mistress—Why, you have only just come.
The Cook—But you may not want to give me when I do be leaving—Life.

Brutal Treatment of Wife.
Husband—Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to my work?
Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—New York Weekly.

The Three Causes.
"Congratulations, old chap, I'm the happiest man on earth today."
"Engaged, married or divorced?"

Useless Tip.
His Honor—Don't you know honesty is the best policy?
Erastus—"Does I don't believe in plain policy no more sah, I've done reformd."

Cause for Alarm.
"Fay, doctor," exclaimed an excited man as he dashed into the pill dispenser's private office, "I want you to make an examination as to my sanity."
"What reason have you for believing yourself a candidate for the padded cell?" asked the M. D.
Well, I happened to run across a package of letters this morning that I wrote to my wife during our courtship," was the significant reply.

Salt Water Kills Snakes.
Owing to the scarcity of fresh water in the district of Colac, Victoria, Australia, large numbers of snakes sought refuge in Lake Bona recently. The salt water, however, killed thousands of the reptiles, whose lifeless bodies were found lying about the shores of the lake.

Expectation and Realization.
Oleander—"You're cultivating rather extravagant tastes."
Youngster—Oh, well, when I get a start in the world, I expect to have all the money I want.
Oleander—Well, at that rate, you'll want all the money you expect to have.—Philadelphia Press.

Indirect Answer.
Bore—Do you believe that suicide is a sin?
Miss Caustic—Well, in your case I think it would be permissible.

He is Everywhere.
Mrs. Stubbs—I declare, John, there is one man who must be the worst in the country.
Mr. Stubbs—What is his name, Maria?
Mrs. Stubbs—Why, John Doe, I have seen where he was fined as often as ten times in one day.—Chicago News.

Has Posed Many Presidents.
George G. Horlock, photographer, has posed every president since Van Buren. He has been a photographer over fifty years.

Preparing for the Fray.
Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket upstairs? I sounds like a wild Indian had broken loose.
Mrs. Bleachers—Oh, that's my husband. He's brushing the dust off his baseball vocabulary.

Her Comment.
Softleigh—Yas, I always calvy an umbrella, doncher know.
Miss Cutting—I always suspected that you didn't know enough to go in when it rains.

Added to British Empire.
Three hundred and fifty square miles have been added to the British Empire by the ratification of the frontier between India and Tibet.

Important Part.
"I trust," said the wardens, "that we will be able to roll up a handsome majority for you."
"I don't care whether it's handsome or not," replied the candidate, "just so it's a majority."

Russian Photographers.
In Russia no photographer can practice his art without a license.

The Effect of Running.
Running lessens the blood supply in the legs.

WEDDING THEM OUT.
How the Minister Found the Man Who Didn't Sign.

"I smile over it even now," declared the well-known minister of the gospel who was in a reminiscent mood. "It was my first church and I was ambitious to make a good showing. We were early in need of a new church and I decided to make an attempt to get one. The congregation was not a wealthy one and I fully realized that it would be a difficult matter to secure the needed funds. Knowing that many are sensitive over the fact that they are not able to give as much as others, I tried the plan of having them write the amount they were willing to give upon a card and put it in a small envelope that I furnished."

"Well, I collected the envelopes and took them in my study to look over. The amount pledged was very satisfactory but there was one card calling for \$100 that was unsigned. At first I thought this was an oversight then thinking I recognized the writing, it was not so sure. There was only one member who wrote a hand like it and that was Deacon Jones, a man who had a reputation of being very close. Now \$100 was none too much for him to give, although I had not expected to get more than \$25 from him. I distinctly remembered seeing him make a great show of dropping his envelope in the hat when it was passed and as there was no card with his name I felt sure that the unsigned card was his and that he was aware that he had not signed it."

"Well, the next Sunday—remember I was young—I resolved upon a bold plan," continued the minister, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I arose and requested all those who had handed in an envelope the Sunday before to stand up. This they did, the deacon among them. Then, as I read a list of givers I had made from the cards, I requested them to be seated. One by one they sat down, and when my list was exhausted only the deacon was standing, and he was pretty red in the face. I blandly explained matters, invited the deacon to sign his card, and after he had done so, much against his will, I announced the hymn 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

THE HOME-MADE BALL.

Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready-made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentlemen of ten or fifteen with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week, the other grunted—'more or less, boys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?'"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch for old rubber boots so we could use the heels?"

"Yes, indeed. Real rubber, they were then, too. Made a fine cure. If you didn't start with a good cure, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."

"And mother used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extravagant to her, although maybe she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."

"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma, as pay for holding five skeins."

"Did you put hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?"

"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fish-line. That was a little more expensive, but—well, I made great balls!"

"So did I. My brother taught me to cut the cover from old boot tops. Quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."

"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two dumb-bell-shaped pieces, like those balls in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."

"Say I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-by!"

"Good-by! I suppose I shall see you at the directors meeting at four?"

"Real Indian."

A young woman recently received instruction in the art of Indian basketry, and had made several copies of Indian baskets of which she was very proud. A friend, who had been living in Arizona, called upon the young woman, who showed the baskets with considerable pride.

"They are really very well done," commented the visitor. "But of course they are not the real Indian baskets."

"Why, Mrs. Sawyer," indignantly exclaimed the maker, "how can you say that, when I just told you that I made them myself?"

One Point of View.
"I am very much afraid that you do not appreciate the spirit of a free country."
"Oh, yes I do," answered the man who had recently landed in New York, in a dialect which it is needless to reproduce.
"What do you understand by a free country?"
"It is a place where you are free to do as you choose if you can manage to get on the police force."—Washington Star.

Diplomacy.
Mrs. Housekeep—It's almost impossible to get a servant girl these days. You've got to keep telling them what they must do and even then they won't stay.
Mrs. Hakt—Gracious, no! I only manage to keep mine by constantly telling them what they are respectfully requested to do.—Philadelphia Press.

Cotton Mill at Quito.
A cotton mill to be built at Quito, the capital of Ecuador, must be carried on the backs of mules through the Andes, passing a point 10,000 feet in altitude.

No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

DOCTOR ADVOCATED OPERATION—PE-RU-NA MADE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

Cataract is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness.

Cataract of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—do not realize that they are caused by cataract.

If the women who are suffering with any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their symptoms and the peculiarities of their troubles, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 123 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for three years with leucorrhoea and ulceration of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Now I am a changed woman. Perunacure me! It took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am today in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

Miss Maud Steinbach, 1309 12th St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

"Last winter I felt sick most of the time, was irregular and suffered from nervous exhaustion and severe bearing-down pains. I had so frequently heard of Peruna and what wonderful cures it performed so I sent for a bottle and in four weeks my health and strength were entirely restored to me."—Miss Maud Steinbach.

Everywhere the women are using Peruna and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative simply, it cures by removing the cause of female disease.

Dr. Hartman has probably cured more women of female ailments than any other living physician. He makes these cures simply by using and recommending Peruna.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Time Table Told the Story.

"It strikes me that this is about the slowest railroad in the country," said the impatient tourist.

"I knew you were going to kick," replied the conductor, genially, "as soon as you asked for a time table. You are one of those people who believe everything they see in print."

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stores keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Built at good stove stores.

Would Help Her Out.
Mrs. Hiram—You may stay until your week is up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation.
Bridget—Don't let her want of education embarrass ye, ma'am. O'll write it for ye, an' ye can make yer mark to it.

Pilo's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The Four Minute Egg.
Cynical Boarder—Here, waiter!
Waiter—Yes, sah; yes, sah!
Cynical Boarder—When I asked you for a four-minute egg you evidently misunderstood. I meant one that has been in boiling water for that period of time and that lacked four minutes of hatching.

There is more Cataract in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors proclaimed it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.

American in Oxford "Eight."
D. Milburn, son of the well known Buffalo lawyer in whose house President McKinley died, is a member of the Oxford boat crew this year. His almost equally athletic brother has missed the "eight."

A Quibbler.
"Would you quit smoking for my sake?" asked she.
"Certainly," answered the cold blooded man; "if there was any occasion for it but I fail to see why I should begin smoking for your sake in the first place."—Washington Star

A Good Beginning

If the blood is in good condition at the beginning of the warm season, you are prepared to resist disease and are not apt to be troubled with boils, pimples, blackheads and blotches, or the itching and burning skin eruptions that make one's life a veritable torment and misery.

Now is the time to begin the work of cleansing and building up the blood and strengthening the weak places in your constitution. During the cold winter months we are compelled to live indoors and breathe the impure air of badly ventilated rooms and offices. We over-work and over-eat, and get too little out-door exercise, and our systems become clogged with impurities and the blood a hot-bed of germs and humors of every kind, and warm weather is sure to bring a reaction, and the poisonous matter in the blood and system will break out in boils and pustules or scaly eruptions and red, disfiguring bumps and pimples. Make a good beginning this season by taking a course of S. S. S. in time; it will not only purify your blood and destroy the germs and poisons, but promote healthy action of the liver and kidneys and give you a good appetite at a time when you need it most.

S. S. S. improves the digestion and tones up the stomach, and you are not continually haunted by the fear of indigestion every time you eat, or troubled with dizziness, nervousness and sleeplessness. There is no reason to dread the coming of warm weather if you have your system well fortified and the blood in a normal, healthy condition. It is the polluted, sluggish blood that invites disease germs, microbes and poisons of every kind and brings on a long train of spring and summer ailments, break down the constitution, and produce weakness, lassitude, and other debilitating disorders. Eczema, Acne, Nettle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and other irritating skin troubles are sure to make their appearance unless the humors and poisons are antidoted and the thin, acid blood made rich and strong before the coming of warm weather.

A course of S. S. S. now would be a safe precaution and a good beginning and enable you to pass in comfort through the hot, sultry months and escape the diseases common to spring and summer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and is recognized as the best blood purifier and the most invigorating and pleasant of all tonics. Write for our book on "The Blood and Its Diseases."

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HORRIBLY AFFLICTED WITH BOILS.

I had a horrible attack of boils that broke out all over my body and from which I could get no possible relief until I began taking your medicine, and from my own experience I can safely say S. S. S. is the best blood purifier in the world.

Mrs. M. F. SMYTHE, Wytheville, Va.

THE BEST TONIC AND APPETIZER.
While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of impure, watery blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop or rest occasionally. I took S. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well. I think S. S. S. the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic.

J. G. BOOTH, Bill Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

Business Notice.

Ex-banker, having been in retirement, is anxious for opportunity to get back into business world; would take advantage of any opening, however small.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The man who poses as a lady-killer makes good by being sensible woman to death.

THE WICKED MOSQUITO.

Nocturnal Visitor Who Leaves Rage and Bites in His Wake.

It is our painful duty to call attention once again to the fact that the mosquitoes are with us.

No sooner doth the grass begin to peep forth from the ground and the violets get a bump on themselves than there is a sound of buzzing in the land. From sundry swamps, from odd pools, from sluggish streams there arises a sound of ominous import. Try as we will we cannot escape that haunting sound. There is nothing else like it in all the world. It is the forerunner of disaster.

Who hath not lain awake at night when the summer heat was terrific and heard the soft hum of the mosquito as he flitted hither and yon in the darkness?

Who hath not wondered when the pesky thing was going to alight? Who hath not waited in frantic delight to let the basket get its bill sunk deep into the skin, and then slapped savagely with intent to kill, only to find that the mosquito had departed with his bill full of blood for other unprotected spots?

Who hath not slapped himself almost to death during a particularly trying night and not landed one of the vicious pests? What more futile anger in all the world than that directed against one of those long-legged, long-billed tormenters of the night?

We have all known the poignant agony of a night with the mosquitoes and we all feel the need of a reform. Why does not the President of these United States get to work to suppress these vile pests that cumber the earth as with a pestiferous and noxious fog?

Why have we elected him to the high office he occupies if he is to allow these petty little insects to make our lives miserable? Something should be done, said that right quickly. If the Republican party will not take up this burning issue, then the Democrats should seize upon it with avidity.

Who is there with soul so dead who would not vote for a straight ticket for any party that would put an anti-mosquito plank in its platform? The political organization that will take up this question will find victory perching on its banners at the next election like a crow on a scarecrow.

There is no other question so important. The tariff sinks back into innocuous desuetude. The trust question looks like a pea beside a pumpkin in comparison. The money question falls back so far in the hackness that it looks like the small end of the smallest needle in the world a mile away.

What we want is an eradication of the insects that fly by night and make life one long torture.

We demand more relief. We insist upon measures for the amelioration of the condition of our people at night. We call upon all men to take up the cry for reform.

The mosquito must go. He usually does go, but alas, he comes back again.—Chicago Chronicle.

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We have all known the poignant agony of a night with the mosquitoes and we all feel the need of a reform. Why does not the President of these United States get to work to suppress these vile pests that cumber the earth as with a pestiferous and noxious fog?

Why have we elected him to the high office he occupies if he is to allow these petty little insects to make our lives miserable? Something should be done, said that right quickly. If the Republican party will not take up this burning issue, then the Democrats should seize upon it with avidity.

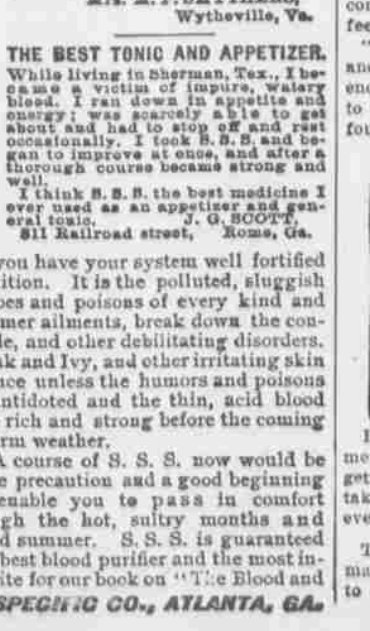
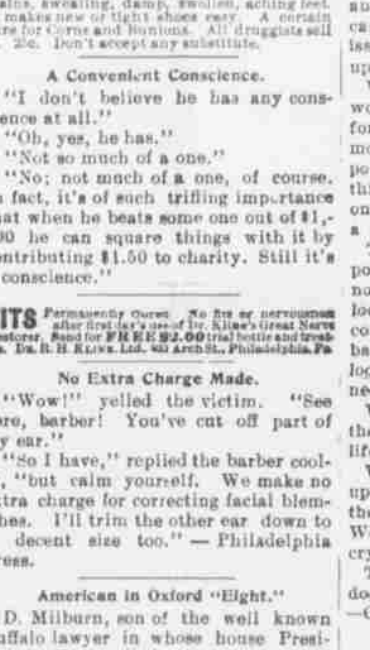
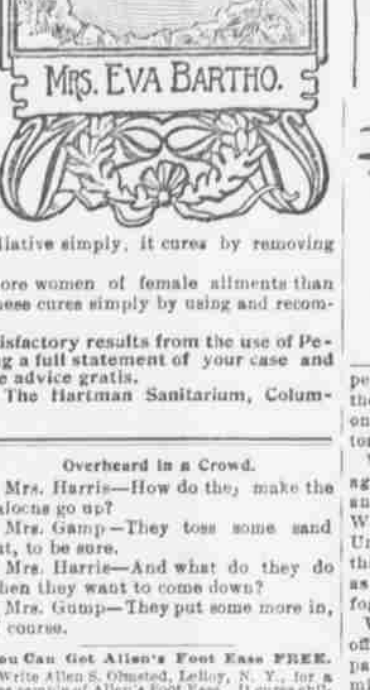
Who is there with soul so dead who would not vote for a straight ticket for any party that would put an anti-mosquito plank in its platform? The political organization that will take up this question will find victory perching on its banners at the next election like a crow on a scarecrow.

There is no other question so important. The tariff sinks back into innocuous desuetude. The trust question looks like a pea beside a pumpkin in comparison. The money question falls back so far in the hackness that it looks like the small end of the smallest needle in the world a mile away.

What we want is an eradication of the insects that fly by night and make life one long torture.

We demand more relief. We insist upon measures for the amelioration of the condition of our people at night. We call upon all men to take up the cry for reform.

The mosquito must go. He usually does go, but alas, he comes back again.—Chicago Chronicle.



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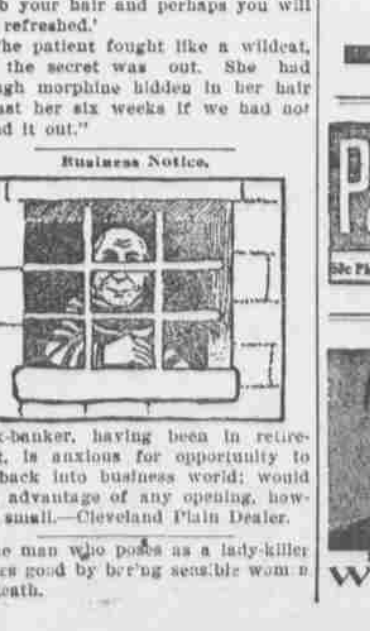
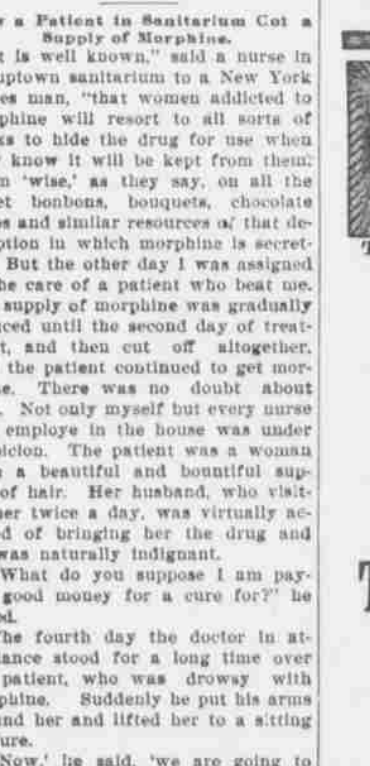
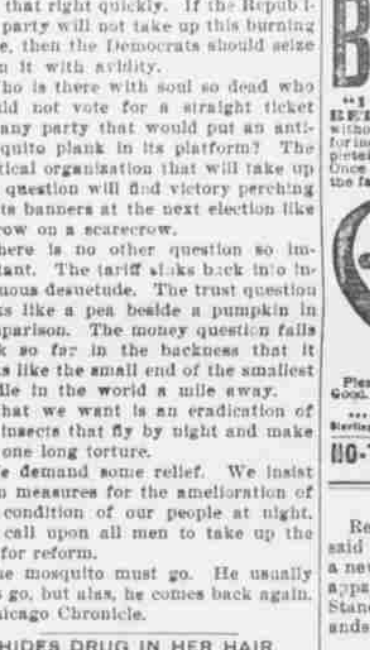
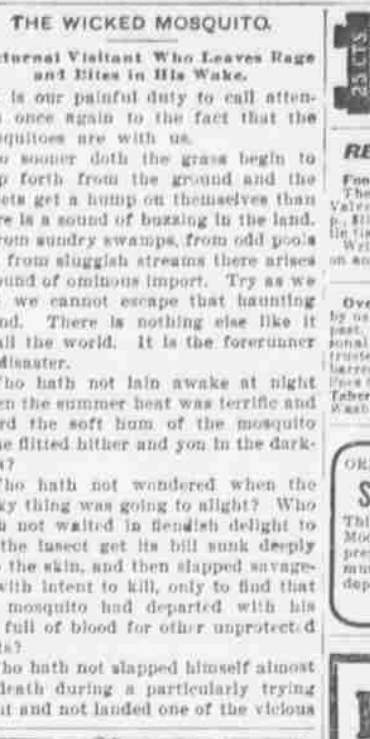
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