

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when medicine is so much needed as in the spring. The blood is impure and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples, boils and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength.

The best spring medicine, according to the experience and testimony of thousands annually, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures eruptions, builds up the system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs.

In the Declaration.

Too often in speech and print occur "Uncle Sam's common people," "My servants," "Our middle classes." Republican France still adores her princes and despises her poor. The United States and the Kingdom of Heaven were founded for the homes of the poor and the weary and the persecuted—not for flunkey monkeys.

COLDS

CURED IN ONE DAY

As a rule, a few doses of Munyon's Cold Remedy will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. Price 25 cents at any druggist or sent postpaid.

If you need Medical advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free.

Address Professor Munyon, 531 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Simpler Way.

"Send for the business manager," said the editor of a great magazine. "What's the trouble?" inquired the contributing editor. "I want to tell him that hereafter when we support a presidential candidate we'll avoid possible confusion and do it in display type at regular advertising rates."

A Toot.

King Olaf—"What ho, varlet! Bring forth my drinking horn." The Varlet—"Here with the drinking horn, kid. The old man's going to have another toot."

Whenever you have a pain think of Hasling's Wizard Oil. For headache, toothache, earache, stomach ache and many other painful ailments there is nothing better.

Have You?

We have never heard of anybody who succeeded in making surliness or incivility pay.

Food of Horse and Sheep.

A healthy horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year; a sound sheep six times.

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

From Small Beginnings.

Men who have made their fortunes are not those who have had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair and with a well-earned dollar or two.—Grace Greenwood.

Get Plenty of Sleep.

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty. Even a garment looks worn when it loses its nap.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Without Limitations.

Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind.—William Lloyd Garrison.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Statements So Testify.

Platea, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weakness and backache, and was so nervous that I would cry at the least noise, it would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and I don't have any more crying spells. I sleep sound and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women."

—Mrs. MARY HALSTEAD, Platea, Pa., Box 98.

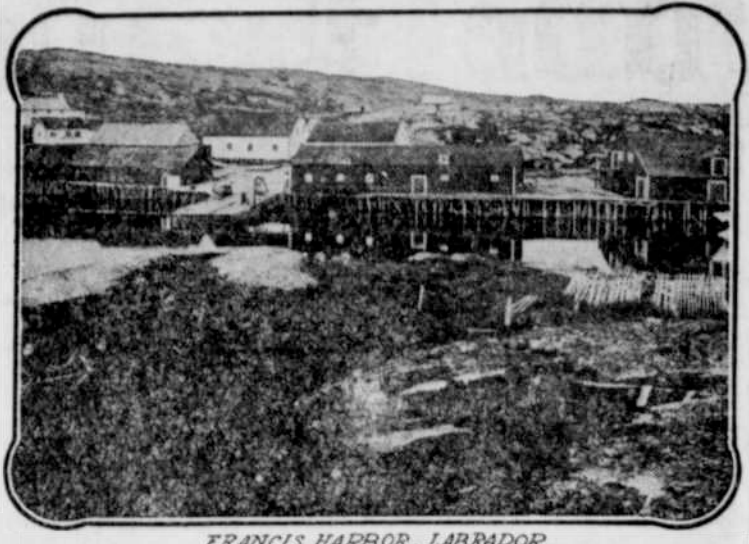
Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if any one even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman."

—Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

COD FISHER EVER CALM



FRANCIS HARBOR, LABRADOR

In the conditions surrounding the industry of cod fishing there is a fascination for the inlander that takes him back year after year. And most interesting of all is the fisherman himself. I am not certain, writes W. Lacey Amy in the Toronto Globe, but it really seems to be his supreme indifference to everything but the fish that makes him so attractive.

I have wandered in and out among them where they do not see a visitor in a month; I have seen them empty a boatload of shiny cod that equaled a fortnight's ordinary catch; I have watched them lift a large horse into a tiny skiff where nothing save prayer appeared to offer any hope of its reaching its destination. I have helped them carry into the steamer's hospital men sick unto death, and have bade "good luck" to a patient returning from the hospital legless and helpless in life's fight; I have handed out food to the starving from the steamer's stores, and have heard them refuse to accept well paid work until the cod ran again. But I have never seen a cod fisherman excited.

The nature of the fisherman's life is strenuous enough to relieve him of the necessity of overexertion to prevent falling asleep in inopportune moments. Although it requires but a small cloud and a tiny clap of thunder to keep him from the fishing grounds, scarcely a week passes that he is not forced to meet the terrible machinations of storm and wave to compass his destruction. In his dizzy bobbing little boat he fights the sea, the most apathetic of men against the most relentless of nature's forces.

Open Waters in June.
The fact that he cannot swim seems not to throw into his struggle any sign of fear; so long as a plank holds between him and water he can weather anything that blows. In the early spring, long before the cod begin to run, he risks his life a thousand times across the treacherous ice floes in chase of the seal. In May, while the winds are still icy, he makes a few extra cents in herring off the Magdalen. A month later the Labrador fisherman may succeed in catching a few salmon if the ice is open. But when the cod run there is nothing but cod, except of late years, when the Magdalenes have taken a liking for mackerel, however scarce they be.

Around the Magdalen Islands and at Gaspe there is an interval of lobster catching that means money, but along the Labrador coast there is nothing from July until the ice forms again in October but cod, or, as they call it, "fish." The Magdalener is a motley fisherman—herring, cod, mackerel, d-dock—but the Labrador fisherman lives, sleeps and smells of cod.

His home is in Newfoundland, the many quaint towns of the east coast sending out almost all their men to the north country just as soon as the ice opens a little in June. Early in that month the fishing schooners start on their long run down the coast, dodging through the ice fields, running into port in face of a storm or a threatening ice floe, and trusting more to Providence than to aught else for their safety.

It is a fearsome run, that first trek northward, staking wooden bottom against grinding, inexorable ice, and many a Newfoundland home is empty from a losing risk. But the seemingly indolent, passive fisherman is willing to take the chances to secure an early choice of fishing ground. All summer through he spends his days on the water, his evenings splitting the day's catch, and his nights in the makeshift shacks that are deemed sufficient covering for the three or four months season in that northland.

As few women now venture north, the fishermen must perform all their own work in the treatment of the fish. They are unable to leave the fishing to attend to the drying, with the result that many of them tempt the fate of a winter sail along an inhospitable, deserted coast by remaining north until the middle of November, spending the last few weeks in carefully stilling every ray of sunshine to make the best sale for their wares. And then the fight back through the ever thickening ice and increasing storms is worse than the spring run.

Oddities of Fishing Villages.
A fishing village is the quaintest, raggedest spot on earth. City planning does not even reach the location of the house or the road rights. In the Magdalen Islands, where the land is more level and there is soil enough to make it a consideration, the fish houses are placed with some common regard for a roadway. The bait and tackle and other odoriferous material are kept in the lower story, and the

family sleeps, dines and sits in the single room above.

In Labrador there is no such thing as a road to consider. There has never been a horse nor an ox to use it, nor has a traveler attempted to make one settlement from another by any other method of transportation than a boat. There is practically no soil, the bare, uneven, mountainous rock sinking abruptly into deep water. The fish houses are built wherever a ledge of rock offers a foothold, and a staking of rough poles projects from the water by a rickety ladder work of poles, perhaps ten, perhaps forty feet high.

In Newfoundland the fishing villages are clustered so closely to the water's edge that the village is built upward instead of horizontally. A fisherman could spend his whole life at his work without touching ground. Up the side of the cliff the stagings, fish houses, paths, cod flakes and houses will run occupying, as at the battery adjoining St. John's, not more than forty or fifty feet or horizontal surface for a large village. Land residence is an unfortunate necessity that is simplified to its limit.

There the fishermen live and die as their fathers did before them for generations. Their work, their homes, their lives, they themselves, will all ways be absorbing to the visitor with a love for the picturesque. Indifferent and phlegmatic they may appear, but they take "chances that would mean certain death from heart failure or rashness to the most active. And through all their trials and perils they go on fishing, never really satisfied with the catch or conditions, but thoughtless of any other occupation than the catching of the cod.

MEET DEMAND FOR ODD SHOES

Manufacturers and Dealers Prepared for Need, and There Is No Difficulty in the Matter.

When a lone legged man buys a shoe the dealer sends to the factory for a shoe to match the one left remaining. In these days of the use of machinery in every process of their manufacture shoes are made with the utmost exactness and precision and it is easily possible to mate that remaining shoe with the greatest nicety in size, style, material and finish.

Few people have feet exactly alike, commonly the left foot is larger than the right, so that one shoe may fit a little more snugly than the other. Commonly, however, people buy shoes in regularly matched pairs, the difference in their feet, if it is noticeable to them at all, not being enough to make any other course desirable.

But there are people who buy shoes of different sizes or widths, in which case the dealer breaks two pairs for them, giving them, to fit their feet, one shoe from each. In such cases the dealer matches up the two remaining shoes, one from each of two pairs, just as he would where he had broken one pair to sell one shoe to a one legged man.

But a man doesn't have to be one legged or to have feet of uneven sizes or shapes to make him ask the dealer to break a pair of shoes for him. Here was a man with two perfectly good feet who came into the store where he was accustomed to buy and who wanted on this occasion one shoe. Traveling in a sleeping car his shoes had been mixed up with others and he had got back one of his own and one of some other man's; a fact which he had not discovered until he was too far away from train and station to make return and setting things right possible; and now he came in to buy one shoe to match his own.

Woman's Wit Saved Situation.

While a crowd of several hundred men and women lined the banks of the Park river, Hartford, Conn., offering futile suggestions for three hours one recent afternoon, as to how to rescue a poor little puppy that had become marooned on an ice floe, the water had frozen on his hair and he yelped piteously as he ran sniffing at the open water on all sides of his ice island. Human Society agents were attracted by the crowd and got long planks with which to bridge the water to the shore. The puppy started over it, only to fall in to the water, from which he scrambled back onto the ice floe. Then a woman solved the problem. She ordered the men to strap two planks together and sent her own pet dog across the planks to fetch a stick which she threw onto the floe. After she had repeated this twice the lonely terrier understood and cautiously followed the other dog to shore and safety.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Veteran and Bride Face Want for Love



KANSAS CITY.—Expelled from the Confederate Home at Higginville because they became engaged and were married several weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Starns, both past 70 years old, came to try their future in Kansas City the other morning. The aged couple had just 15 cents when they arrived at the court house to apply for admission to the county home. Two small telescope suitcases contained all their worldly goods.

Mr. Starns told fondly about the romance of a few weeks and the courtship "on the sly" in the Confederate Home.

"You know, I was in Senator Cockrell's brigade and saw hard service in Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia during the four years of the Civil war," Mr. Starns said. "I went to the Confederate Home eight years ago from Jackson county. There I met W. B. Ellis, my wife's first husband. He died two years ago and his widow con-

tinued a resident of the home. She became ill five months ago and I was assigned to wait on her.

"Well, we just got to talking to each other and decided that if younger folks could get married there wasn't any crime for older ones to do the same. I wanted a wife and she wanted a husband and we made up our minds that if we had to be thrown out into the cold world or anywhere else we would get married. I found that my heart was just as susceptible to love as when I was a youth and a whole regiment of Yankees couldn't have stopped us, either.

"There were two other couples in the Confederate Home who wanted to get married. But there was a ban on marriage in the home. Five days ago, a little more than a month after we were married, we were told we would have to move out. My wife had asthma and I wasn't able to work, so we were hard pressed for a place to stay and something to eat. Now we have found a home where it isn't any crime to be married."

The bride and groom were assigned to a room at the county home. Mrs. Starns has lived in Jackson county more than forty years. Mr. Starns has been a resident of Missouri 70 years.

Times Are Bad for Steamship Barbers

NEW YORK.—Barbers on Atlantic liners are now complaining about safety razors, which have reduced their profits to such an extent that they have been compelled to eke out a living by selling all kinds of notions, from Bibles to chewing gum. In the palmy days barbers were inclined to regard with scorn and to keep waiting the passenger who shaved himself and only came to the shop for a hair cut. On the White Star line the daily rush for shaves among first cabin passengers was recognized by the company, and one of its rules, 403, section 8, read:

"Barbers of the White Star steamships are not allowed to cut passengers' hair before noon."

All morning the barbers were kept busy, and in the afternoon from 4 o'clock until dinner time, scraping the chins of passengers who would not take a chance of cutting themselves with the old-fashioned razors as the ship pitched up and down or rolled from side to side.

Now many passengers shave themselves, whether it is rough or smooth, and never patronize the barber's shop unless the ship is over toward her beam ends, which is the time the barber doesn't want to shave any one.



Owing to this decline of business the steamship companies have had to reduce the rents charged for the barbers' shops on their liners, and in some cases they have had to pay as much as \$40 a month to get the professors of the tonsorial art to go to sea. Rene de Sans Souci, one of the most dignified sea-going barbers, said:

"Yes, it ees verre sad, triste, eh, for ze artiste of ze cheveu to the sea in big sheeps for many days without making the razor on face to go. I am desole because for the rent and my expenses."

Sam Skeggs, another roving barber, well known from the Hudson to the Yukon, said that the barber business on board ship since the advent of the safety razor gave him the fantods.

"All I can do today," said he, "is to cut hair and trim whiskers of pious travelers who do not know how to spend money or give tips."

New Plan for Classifying Prisoners



PITTSBURG.—Warden Edward Lewis of the county jail is thinking of applying to Andrew Carnegie in the hope of getting him to donate a library filled with literary classics in order to supply brain food for a number of real "high brows" now in confinement. The prison library has been found absolutely insufficient to supply the requirements of these highly intellectual prisoners, and the prize for having such a select body must now come to this city, instead of to the historic old Charlestown jail of cultured and astute Boston, which has hitherto held the honor over all the cities of the country.

"A city or county jail is about the last place in the world," said Deputy Warden John McNeil, "that anyone would seek for a batch of the real, simon pure intellectual giants known as 'high brows,' but we have a collection that is a wonder. The literary talent and linguistic power of some of these prisoners is simply marvelous, and the strange part of it is how men of such profound knowledge are not otherwise brainy enough to keep out of jail. If the average receipt of such prisoners is maintained it will be a strong argument for the 'low brows' side, of whom we have a big population."

All told, there are a score of prisoners now doing time in the prison who are able to converse fluently in half a dozen languages.

As convincing proof of this, a prisoner of Polish birth was brought out to converse with an attaché of the district attorney's office. The latter is somewhat of a linguist and boasts of being able to converse in 12 different languages. The prisoner, who was formerly engaged as a foreign banker, just went the young attorney three better. He demonstrated to the listeners that he was as familiar with 15 different tongues as he is with his native chatter. There are others in jail equally fluent, too.

All of these prisoners demand high-class literature to peruse in their idle moments.

"Mammy" Takes Son's Garb to Prison

ATLANTA, Ga.—"Dis here's fer my boy. I hear he's gwine out to de gang ergin," said an old negro mammy the other day at the grill door of the Tower.

She carried an old basket made of "splits," which she handed Deputy Sheriff John Suttles as he opened the door. It was covered with a newspaper, neatly folded, which he lifted at one corner.

"Why, what's this?" asked the jailer in surprise as he saw inside a suit of baggy clothes, alternately striped with broad bands of black and white, the uniform of a Georgia convict.

"It's his suit," she explained. You see, hit's dis way: Dat boy allus was overgrown for his age, an' when he first went out to de roads he was pow'ful uncomf'table 'cause de clothes what he had warn't like what his mammy used ter make. Dey was all skippy in the waist, and de pants was tight. Why, he said he jes had ter pull an' tug every time he put 'em on, and he shirts ain't had no tails at all.

"Den when dey wore out, you see, a spehul suit was made, what fitted him peractiv. After dat he didn't



min' so much de work, an' when his time was out dey let him bring it home. Dat's dem. He'll want 'em ergin, I'm sho, an' his ol' mammy will be satersfied about him."

"When was he arrested and what's his name?"

"What's his name? Oh, Julius Williams. I ain't knowin' when he was 'rested, but I aint' seen him in er month, so I knows he's in jail. I wants him ter be fixed up right when he goes out. You'll give 'em to him?"

The promise was made on the spot and the old woman left "satersfied." When the basket was examined it contained the suit of stripes, generously made, an old broad-brim hat that will keep the sun out of the eyes, and a pound cake with fancy icing. It was clearly of the kind that mother used to make.

Build Up The System

Is the stomach weak? **TRY**
Are the bowels clogged? **THE**
Is the blood impoverished? **BITTERS**

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
will tone, strengthen and invigorate the entire system and make you well again.

Ill-Disciplined Children.
The child allowed to follow the path of least resistance, to turn aside because of the most shadowy obstacles in the road to accomplishment, is the father of the man who seeks sinecures, who, with the most selfish sense of self-preservation well developed, stops at no mean or underhanded method to save himself real work and honest effort.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR RANCHMEN.
H. L. Corbin, So. Platte, Colo., writes: "I am a stockman here and if you lived near I could give you a box of Mustang Liniment bottles we have used up on our horses and cattle. We ride pretty hard here in the Rockies but Mustang Liniment fixes the horses good as ever."
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

Human Brain Not Perfect.
Every man who holds a position supposedly knows just how his work should be done. He has been taught every movement that is necessary. He works more or less by rule and he has the experience and the methods of every man who has ever done such work to guide him. Yet mistakes will be made. The brain is 80 per cent. water, after all.

We Make You Competent to Earn \$25 to \$50 per Week
in 6 to 8 weeks. We give complete course in driving, repairing, etc. all kinds of automobiles. Every student gets personal attention and actual road experience. Write for terms.
Belmont Auto School & Garage, E. 204 and Myrtleway Sts., Portland, Ore.

Reward of Merit.
"I see one of our big corporations is going to do something for its old clerks." "Good enough! What form will it take?" "Well, after a man has been with them 25 years, they're going to give him a gold stripe on his sleeve."—Louisville Courier-Journal

One Way of Describing Americans.
Nowhere is the architectural sense more rigorous and scholarly than in writers from the land of Babel-like sky-abrasion.—London Saturday Review.

"WOODLARK" SQUIRREL POISON

Destroys Sage Rats, Squirrels, Gophers and Prairie Dogs. Requires no mixing or preparation—Always ready for use. Desirable of all. Your money back if not as claimed.
CLARKE, WOODWARD DRUG CO., Portland, Ore.

He Recognized Her.
Three o'clock was the very earliest the man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then.

"I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before three I will telephone to the clerk at the information bureau near the main entrance and if you will just step over and ask him he will tell you where I am."

At two minutes past three the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

"I have a message," said the clerk, "from a woman who said her husband would inquire for her about three o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you she had gone to Blank's store over on Sixth avenue to finish her shopping because the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted here anyhow and never has been able to find anything here and this is positively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course, that might not have been your wife—"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "that was her all right!"—New York Sun.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c

Women as Preachers.
One reason why women are forbidden to preach the gospel is that they would persuade without argument and reprove without giving offense.—John Newton.

Want Something to Exercise On.
Somehow or other the women who feel that they were born to command always get married.—Exchange.