

Nothing Tastes Good

And eating is simply perfunctory—done because it must be. This is the common complaint of the dyspeptic.

If eating sparingly would cure dyspepsia, few would suffer from it long.

The only way to cure dyspepsia, which is difficult digestion, is to give vigor and tone to the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the niece of Frank Fay, 106 N. St. South Boston, Mass., who writes that she had been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for six years; had been without appetite and had been troubled with sour stomach and heartache. She had tried many other medicines in vain. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Don't wait till you are worse, but buy a bottle today.

From the Automobileist's View.
First Chauffeur—Have any bad luck during your trip yesterday?
Second Chauffeur—Oh, I ran over a man, but I don't think I hurt the machine any.—Ohio State Journal.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swelling, Smarting, Burning, Sweeting Feet, Corns and Bunions. For Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 2c. Sold by mail for FREE. Address: Allen's Foot-Ease, LeRoy, N. Y.

Another Reason.
"I thought Jones said he was going to church this morning."
"No. The minister asked him to give his reasons for not going, and he is staying at home to write them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

My Cure is the best medicine I ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—W. O. Emsley, Vanburien, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Had Become a Habit.
"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said the agitated woman to the calm one.
"Don't be excited, madam," replied the latter. "I've been looking for a husband for the last 25 years."—Tampabay Times.

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

Their Similarity.
Mr. Hicks—How almost human that dog acts at times, doesn't he?
Mr. Hicks—Yes, he grows over his food almost as much as you do.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 29.—The activity at the laboratory of the Garfield Tea Co. is further evidence of the popularity of their preparation. Over THREE MILLION FAMILIES used Garfield's Tea last year. This vast popularity speaks well for the remedies. They are: Garfield Tea, Garfield Headache Powders, Garfield Toothbrush, Garfield Relief Plasters, Garfield Headache Tablets, Garfield Digestive Tablets and Garfield Cold Cure.

After the Lecture.
"Do you think the devil is worse on those who talk about him?"
"Well, sub, hit 'pends 'pon who 'in de talkin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is an old remedy, and like an old friend may be depended on. It cures pain.

The Title is the Thing.
He—Would you marry a foreign woman?
She—No; not for love or money.
He—Of course, not; but would you marry one?—Judge.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *W. C. Carter*

What He Would Think.
"Johnny," said the young man, who wanted to conciliate him, "if I should give you a penny, what would you think?"
"Humph! I'd think mos' likely 'I wanted me t' buy a automobile an' break my neck."—Denver Times.

rewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. is unequalled. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectively cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system.

It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. E. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had boils on my hands and feet for years. It would break out in little white pustules, crusts would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used the medicated soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured me, and my skin is clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Bluff, of Cape May, N. J., says that twenty-one bottles of S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., writes: "I had a blood in good condition and the boils disappeared. Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free."

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

GOOD Short Stories

OF A REMARKABLE CASE NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Mrs. Nichols Makes a Statement, Telling to the Best of Her Knowledge the Cause which Led to the Trouble.

The following facts, says the Belfast, Me., Republican Journal, have never before been published. The incident caused much comment at the time and it was thought worth while to make an investigation. With this end in view, a reporter called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols at her home in Seaboard, Me., and obtained the following information. She said:

"About six years ago my nerves broke down completely and my whole system became a wreck. I suffered dreadfully from indigestion and my eyes were very weak. I had frequent fainting spells. Finally my sight failed me entirely and I had to have my eyes bandaged all the time."

"This state of affairs," she continued, "lasted for a year, when I was forced to go to bed and stay there constantly. I became so weak that I could take only two tablespoonfuls of milk at a time. I could not feed myself and sleep was almost impossible. This lasted another year and I was then in such a state of nervous exhaustion that when my people wanted to make my bed they could move me only a few inches at a time. I had become extremely thin and was still losing flesh. I had tried nearly all the medicines in the market, but failed to find any that helped me."

"But how were you cured?" asked the interviewer.

"I'll tell you. My condition finally became so critical that my family expected me to die any day. Then my husband bought some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and three days after I began taking them I could eat without assistance, and in a week I could sit up and be dressed. After I had taken five boxes I began to gain flesh. I continued the use of Pink Pills for Pale People until I had taken ten boxes and was able to help my family pack up and move to a new home. After reaching there I took two more boxes of the pills and I have been able to work hard and take care of my family of five people ever since."

"It is now four years since I stopped taking medicine and if I ever have to take any more it will be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Three of my neighbors have taken the pills with good results and I positively consider them the best remedy there is."

The above statement was sworn to by Mrs. Nichols at the reporter's request before Charles F. Adams, a notary public, at Seaboard.

Not only have many cases similar to this been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People but equally wonderful results have been accomplished by them in a large number of diseases arising from thin blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. They are a positive cure for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure to get the genuine; substitutes never cure any body.

Made for Each Other.
Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertie—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but, really, I believe that Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times, and we never have quarreled—except two or three times when Fred was clearly in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County of Lucas and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
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Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him, and started the conversation with, "Do you play the harmonium?"

"A little," was the reply of the ex-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can select," added the delighted parson.

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The service proceeded satisfactorily, but the congregation at the close listened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assistant he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stainer, and the ensuing laughter was the prototype of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences.

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"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are 90 or 70 years old."—Washington Star.

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THE CZAR'S OLD NURSE.

Grief of an Autocrat for the Woman Who Had Loved Him.

A picture of the way in which love levels all earthly distinctions is given in James Creelman's book, "On the Great Highway." Mr. Creelman was in Russia as a special correspondent at the time when the Czar, Alexander III., walked, a grief-stricken mourner, through the streets of St. Petersburg, behind the coffin of his old English nurse. He says:

On that dark, stormy day when the Czar's English nurse died in the Winter Palace, I was in St. Petersburg, and I remember well how the wet snow fell from the blotched sky, and the wind whistled up the frozen Neva.

Wherever I went in Russia there was always present in my mind the figure of Alexander III., as I once saw him, riding at the head of his cuirassiers, an arrogant giant, on a great black horse, towering above his soldiers, the incarnation of brute force, splendid and terrible. But I was yet to see the human nature hidden under that glittering helmet and breastplate.

The Czar was with his ministers when a messenger told him that his nurse was dead. Through the dull, harsh nature of Alexander there ran one stream of tenderness—love for this woman, Kitty, who had mothered him in boyhood. And she was dead.

The autocrat of all the Russias went alone through the storm to the darkened room in the Winter Palace where his dead nurse lay. The giant knelt beside her body with a great cry, and the attendants withdrew and left him alone.

For a long time he remained there with bowed head, and when he came out of the hushed chamber there was a look on his face that no one had ever seen there before.

A whisper went about the city that none but himself and his brothers should keep watch over Kitty's coffin. Alexander was the second son, and while his elder brother, the heir to the throne, was alive, the big, awkward boy was neglected. Even then, however, he was the favorite child of the English nurse, and his sullen nature responded to her touch.

There was little known about the life of this humble woman. She was quiet and shy, rarely seen outside the magnificent Winter Palace where she lived; a patient, soft-voiced subject of Queen Victoria, but she modified and subdued the boy's hard nature.

How true was the love of the Czar for this friend of his boyhood is shown by the humility with which he followed her to the grave. No mourner rode that day. Through the snow and the slush the Czar and his brothers walked behind the hearse, side by side, the Czar in the middle. Not a note of pomp violated the simple pathos of the scene.

The autocrat was simply a man walking humbly and reverently after the corpse of the woman who had loved him.

It was a long way to the cemetery, but the Czar walked the whole distance. He sat in a pew of the Church of England for the first time, and watched the coffin at the altar rails. At the cemetery, when they lowered the coffin into the frozen ground, the keeper of the cemetery laid a piece of carpet at the feet of his imperial lord, and the Czar sank on his knees. He knelt there with the snow falling upon his bare head until the grave was filled. Then, as he went away, he turned for a last look at the mound where he had laid the woman who had loved him ever since he was a boy.

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The Worst Yet.

"It is admitted that Napoleon Bonaparte can get along without that statue that they propose to give him in St. Louis."

"Of Corsican."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Like the Others.
"I thank God," said the Pharisee, "that I am not as other men."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the lady. "You seem to be like a good many of them. I saw you occupying a seat in a car last night when there were lots of women standing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Share.
"Oh, Lucy! Where did you get that lovely new hat?" asked Mrs. Fosdick of Mrs. Keelick.

"Frank gave me the money to buy it. It's my share out of a fortunate investment made with a Mr. John Pott."

Necessarily.
She—Really, my husband is quite a philosopher.

Her Aunt—Well, a man might as well bow to the inevitable—when he's married to it!—Chicago Journal.

Wonderful Collection of Birds.
Mrs. Henry Wells Terry, a resident of Babylon, L. I., has one of the most complete and valuable collections of birds in America, which she inherited from her father, J. C. Knoss, an ornithologist, known all over the world for his knowledge on this subject.

New York's Extinct Volcano.
A Harvard professor has discovered what he considers the remains of an extinct volcano at Schuylerville, N. Y., a small country place already famous in American history.

The World's Great Cities.
There are in the world 270 cities, having more than 100,000 inhabitants each; 35 having more than 500,000, and 12 with a population of more than 1,000,000.

Only Eight.
Willie—Oh, now, I have such a pain in my stomachick.

Fond Mother—Willie, have you been eating something?

Willie—No, now, I didn't eat a thing but eight green apples.—Ohio State Journal.

At the Common Frog Pond.
First Boston Boy—It was all your fault that your yacht ran into mine.

Second Boston Boy—It was not; I demand an investigation!—Boston Post.

Better Left Unsaid.
Mr. Sappy—Don't you often wish you were—or—er—a gentleman, Miss Smythe?