

Distress After Eating

Nausea between meals, belching, vomiting, flatulence, fits of nervous headache, pain in the stomach, are all symptoms of dyspepsia, and the longer it is neglected the harder it is to cure it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Radically and permanently cure it—strengthen and tone the stomach and other digestive organs for the natural performance of their functions.

Accept no substitute for Hood's. "I had dyspepsia twenty-five years and took different medicines but got no help until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Have taken four bottles of this medicine and can now eat almost anything, sleep well, have no cramps in my stomach, no burning and no distress." Mrs. WILLIAM G. BARRETT, 14 Olney St., Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Had Seen Better Days.

Kind Lady—I suppose you have seen better days? Tramp—Yes'm. One day last week I got three dinners and 10 beers.—Detroit Free Press.

Piso a Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

An Old Maid's Philosophy.

We may be better after suffering, and we may be worse, but our conditions should never be laid to the nature of our calamities.—From "My Old Maid's Corner," The Century, March, 1903.

The only sorrow worth anything in this world is sorrow for others, and sorrow for others means helping others, not hugging our woes to ourselves.—From "My Old Maid's Corner," The Century, March, 1903.

To me it had seemed that those who occupied centers of affection should be less concerned with what came to them as their due, than with what went out from them as their obligation; that, like the sun itself, they should be centers of centrifugal forces, radiating, through the very fullness of their joy, light and gladness into other lives.—From "My Old Maid's Corner," The Century, January, 1903.

THE WHOLE STORY!
WE CLOTHED YOU DOWN TO THE FEET WITH WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING
TOWER'S
NONE BETTER KNOWN
NONE BETTER MADE
NONE WANT THE BEST
FULLY BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE
FREE CATALOGUE OF PATTERNS AND CUTS
ASK YOUR DEALER
BLACK & WHITE

Not Her Broom's Fault.

Mrs. Casey—O, but I lost a foine little chiny vase that Mike brung me when he come home late from the Dim-mycratic rally Saturday night. 'T was just his own carelessness, too.

Mrs. Cassidy—Did he drop it an' break it?

Mrs. Casey—He carried it home in his hat. Shure, he might a' knowed that'd be the first place I'd soak him.—Exchange.

Must Forget One.

Flannigan—That's the matter wid Hogan these days?

Hooligan—He invented an armor that nothing can pierce, and a shell that will pierce any armor, and he doesn't know which to fergit.—New York Times.

Preference.

"You say that young woman complimented my singing?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"In a way," the young woman replied. "She said she would rather hear you try to sing than try to converse."—Washington Star.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System

And a source of worry, anxiety and endless trouble to those who are afflicted with them, particularly so when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract from one's appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, or excessive use of mercury, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in this unhealthy, polluted condition healing is simply impossible and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment. For the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified, and the system matter the healing process begins, and the eating ulcer or chronic sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, large or small, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Fixing the Blame.

Well, Uncle Rastus, what brought you here? Dem two big perileccem by de rail-in', yo' honah. Yes, but didn't liquor have anything to do with it? Yessah. Der wuz bofe drunk, yo' honah.—Chicago News.

Cold Afflict.

"Hey, there!" yelled the indignant citizen, dodging quickly backward. "You dropped a brick just now that came within an ace of hitting me on the head!"

"Kape it!" shouted the workman on the twelfth floor of the unfinished skyscraper. "We've plenty more as thim up here."—Chicago Tribune.

Fine Sympathy.

"When I was your age," said Mr. Goldbags, sternly, "I earned my own living."

His son looked uneasy, but was silent.

"Well, have you nothing to say for yourself in that connection?"

"N—nothing, sir, except that I sympathize with you, and congratulate you on the fact that it's all over."—Tit-Bits.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS.

Wise Bros., the Portland Dentists, Say "Help Thyself."

In many ways the dentist is your best friend.

He helps you when your teeth are ached. When your teeth wear out and break down he steps in and braces them up, puts new life into them, and makes them efficient. Your success in life, your feelings, whether of contentment or worry, greatly depend upon how your nourishment agrees with you. Is it not a certainty that your food will do you little good if your teeth are unable to perform their rightful work? To say nothing of the advantage of having a good looking set of teeth (than which nothing is more effectively attractive) it is more comfortable, and absolutely indispensable to health, happiness and success, to have a set of teeth that are capable of being used.

Why delay a minute?

There is no pain connected with having your teeth put in perfect order. There is no pain in getting an entire new set of teeth, which cannot be told from natural ones. Wise Brothers, in the Failing Building, Portland, Oregon, are making scores of people happy every day, by sending them away with as good a set of teeth as nature ever put into a man's or a woman's head. The cost of their work is extremely moderate.

There is little excuse for anyone, now-a-days, neglecting their teeth. Teeth are extracted absolutely without pain, and the expense of starting a new life, with a sound set of teeth, is slight. Charity begins at home, and all persons having regard for their own welfare should go immediately and consult such eminent modern dentists as Wise Brothers.

The Low Roof.

Ascum—Hardened case, is he?

Tufnut—De wisest ever. Did yer notice how baldheaded he is?

Ascum—Yes.

Tufnut—Well dat's from ridin' so much in prison cars; it wore all de hair off de top of his head.—Philadelphia Press.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Telroy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chills, blains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Couldn't Be Otherwise.

Miss Slim—Who wrote "Man Proposes?"

Miss Antiquie—Probably some inexperienced young author.—New York Tribune.

FITS Permanently Cured.

After first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervine Restorer, Send for FREE S. S. S. to Dr. J. C. Kline, P. O. Box 588, Philadelphia, Pa.

Might Regret It.

Mistress—Poor, darling little Topsy! I'm afraid she will never recover. Do you know, Bridget, I think the kindest thing would be to have her shot and put out of her misery.

Bridget—Desd, ma'am, I wouldn't do that. She might get better, after all, an' then y'd be sorry y'd had her killed.—Punch.

ODD EYE-GLASSES.

The eyeglasses herewith illustrated are the invention of a famous French oculist. Naturally all sorts of things are claimed for them, but those who ought to know declare that they will really correct astigmatism. They say, too, that the reflections of objects in the rear of the wearer, which are so annoying, are entirely done away with by these new eyeglasses. Whether or not this be true, it is certain that many manufacturers are already coming around as close to the shape as they dare. It must be conceded that these glasses attract attention to the wearer, and for that reason alone they should be immensely popular with the Four Hundred.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels, and when he asked her how much, replied, "About two yards and a half."

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"No; we wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—

Larger Quantities.

Miss Gabbie—And she accused me of retelling gossip about the neighborhood.

Miss Sharpe—The idea!

Miss Gabbie—Positively insulting, isn't she?

Miss Sharpe—Yes, for you're really a wholesaler.—Philadelphia Press.

Convict Competition in Austria.

To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor, Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea.

The difficulty a man finds in getting some one to go his bond, a woman encounters when she wants some one to "take" her club.

Science AND Invention

A physician of Columbia has found a decoction of coffee husks to be effective in malaria and other diseases where quinine had failed.

Every animal is said to have its own kind of flea, sometimes several different kinds. Many thousand specimens of these fleas have been gathered in the unique museum of Charles Rothschild, kept by Dr. Jordan at Tring Park, the giant of this strange collection being a mole flea a fifth of an inch long.

Living organisms have resumed their functions after enduring the cold of liquid air for six months. It is suggested that the remarkable experiment should be continued for years or a generation, for our theories would be greatly modified by an indefinite retaining of vitality, and probability would be given Lord Kelvin's speculation that life may have reached the earth from space.

The first large vapor motor applied to navigation is to be placed on the fishing boat of M. Emile Altazin, now being built at Boulogne. The vessel, which is ninety feet long and is designed to carry three hundred tons, will be provided with a two-hundred-horse power motor for operating nets. The motors will use either gasoline or alcohol, of which the tanks will contain eight thousand gallons.

W. C. Marshall, of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, has invented a pressure recorder which, when substituted for the ordinary rockwork at the end of the outriggers of a racing shell, measures and registers the pressure exerted at every stroke of the oar. The varying force of the strokes during a long race can be ascertained, and it is intended to apply the machine in the selection and training of the university crews.

By the Hubon process, black pigment is made by pumping acetylene into steel cylinders to a pressure of about two atmospheres, and then passing an electric spark through the vessels, the gas being thus dissociated into its carbon and hydrogen. The hydrogen is collected for any convenient use; the carbon is ready for the market. Acetylene black is free from the oily impurities of ordinary lampblack, and the demand is already so great that the first factory—now running in Switzerland—is likely to be followed by others in other countries.

The claim of Mount McKinley, the culminating peak of the Alaskan range, to be regarded as the loftiest point in North America, is sustained by the report of an exploring party made by one of its members, A. H. Brooks. The party made a journey of 800 miles on foot in Alaska during the season just passed. D. L. Reaburn, the topographer of the expedition, believes that the measurements of mountain heights which were made have a probable error not exceeding 100 feet. According to these measurements, Mount McKinley's elevation definitely exceeds 20,000 feet; that of Mount Foraker is 17,000 feet.

An Italian physicist, Signor Salvioni, has devised a microbalance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass, fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end, and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A note weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

JEALOUSY AMONG MINERS.

It Has Led to Fixed Rule in Building Their Homes.

In the new mining towns in the coal fields of eastern Illinois stand many rows of little houses, all in each town exactly alike, the same size, same color, facing the same direction. Why all the houses in each town are so much alike as peas, the outsider is always puzzled to know. He makes many guesses if he is a curious person, but he never guesses correctly, and unless some mine owner is talkative enough to tell of former experiences in building miners' homes the outsider will remain ignorant on the subject.

Although to outsiders there appears to be no reason, unless it be that of cheapness, for having all the dwellings exactly alike, there is a reason, and a good one, too. The envy existing among miners living in the poorer homes for the larger and better built cottages forced the mine owners to adopt the "every-house-alike" plan. If a mine owner now wants to build fifty houses he has plans made for one, and every building is built upon those plans.

If one has a cellar beneath it, all must have cellars. If one has a glass-front door, all must have glass-front doors. And after the houses are built and occupied no miner is permitted to add a porch or a walk, or to paint his house a different color from that of all the low cottages in the long rows.

Until the founding of the newer towns the builders paid little heed to the kind of houses they erected for the miners. Most of the habitations were mere huts of two or three rooms. The houses were set on the hills around the mining shafts, or ranged in rows near a creek, or a spring, where there was plenty of water. Some of the houses were a little better than others.

There came about feuds between the families of miners living in four-room houses and those who had to live in a two-room hut. The situation at last grew so serious that the mine owners were forced to build all the houses around the new mines after one pattern. It solved the problem, and put an end to the quarrels between the families of the miners. Formerly the better houses were often burned, but since the adoption of the new plan there has been peace.

The Verdict.

"What was the coroner's verdict?" asked the stranger of the man who was returning from a lynching party.

"Suicide."

"Suicide?"

"Yes. He deliberately courted destruction. He let himself get caught cheating in a poker game."—Washington Star.

This has been the kind of a day when we wished we were a bird, and could fly through the air with a straw in our beak.

OLDEST OF LAW BOOKS.

Code of King Hammurabi in Stone Just Found at Susa.

"This inscription is doubtless the most important find that has ever been made in Babylonian literature."

Such is the opinion expressed by Prof. Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, in his translation, just published, of the Laws of Hammurabi, taken from a stone discovered a few months ago by the French expedition that has been for years engaged in archaeological researches in Susa, the ancient capital of Persia, under the direction of Prof. De Morgan. The inscription was found on a diorite block, 2.25 meters in height, taken from the old royal castle in Susa.

The stone contains, besides a picture illustrating how King Hammurabi received these laws from the sun god, a complete legal code of 282 separate laws, of which, however, Nos. 96 to 109 have been chiseled out. The gap is in part remedied by fragments found in the great library of Assurbanipal.

There are sixteen columns of inscription found on the front of the stone beneath the picture of Hammurabi, and twenty-eight on the rear. A special introduction and concluding admonition to future generations to observe faithfully the requirements of this code indicate that the laws contained in it were made by Hammurabi, the contemporary of Abraham, the Amraphal of the Scriptures, and that this is the oldest corpus juris extant, antedating even the days of Moses by half a thousand years or more, the date of the Hammurabi being about 2300 B. C.

That a Babylonian inscription of the kind should be found in the Persian capital is readily explained by the fact that it was brought to Susa as booty by the Elamite kings, and it is not the only specimen of the kind here found, the transfer being made probably in the seventeenth or sixteenth century. The discovery only confirms what was indicated by the Tel-el-Amarna finds in Egypt dating from the fourteenth century, which are also in cuneiform writing, namely, that this was at that early period the common language of diplomacy and international and business communication.

An analysis of these laws shows that the code was confined to secular matters, and while in many instances it forces upon the reader, both by its agreements and its disagreements, a comparison with the legal system of Pentateuch, it is sharply distinguished from this by the absence of religious or ceremonial commands and prohibitions.

It is exclusively a civil code. In general it shows its Semitic origin by recognizing, even to a greater extent than is done by the Pentateuch, the lex talionis of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; and many of the merciful characteristics of the Mosaic legislation are conspicuous by their absence. But within these limitations it doubtless is what Winckler calls it, "one of the most important original sources in the history of mankind in general."

The original text, together with a French translation, is published by the Assyriologist of the expedition, P. V. Scheil, in the fourth volume of the "Delegation en Perse," the official narrative of the expedition. There is a remarkable monotony in the forms of these laws, each beginning with the word "If," and this peculiarity, as well as its stringent measures, is suggestive of the Draconian legislation.—New York Sun.

Language Deficient.

Cholly Softbrane—Ya-as, I cawn make meelf understood in French, dontherknow.

Beryl Bluestockholme—Really! The English language is awfully deficient, isn't it?

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

Felt Injured.

Two good natured little Irish boys once occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them said to the other: "Dennis, did you hear it thunder last night?"

"No," said Dennis. "Did it really thunder?"

"Yes, it thundered as if heaven and airth were comin' together."

"Well, phoy in the worlud didn't ye wake me? Ye know I can't slape whin it thunders!" said Dennis.

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."



Mrs. Tuptman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief."

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 106½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. R. C. TUPTMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—\$5000 worth of original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?" Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick. Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a result effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with our stomachs and our breath was very bad. After taking a few boxes of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are the best laxative in the family."—WILLIAMINA NAGEL, 117 Hittenshoe St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. Box 25c. Do. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** Sold by all druggists. **HO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Write to C. H. M. TOWNSEND, BOSTON.

Language Deficient.

Cholly Softbrane—Ya-as, I cawn make meelf understood in French, dontherknow.

Beryl Bluestockholme—Really! The English language is awfully deficient, isn't it?

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

Felt Injured.

Two good natured little Irish boys once occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them said to the other: "Dennis, did you hear it thunder last night?"

"No," said Dennis. "Did it really thunder?"

"Yes, it thundered as if heaven and airth were comin' together."

"Well, phoy in the worlud didn't ye wake me? Ye know I can't slape whin it thunders!" said Dennis.

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

Adapted to Flats.

"I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

Milk Cows.

When you milk a cow and fatten her for the block at the same time, you will succeed in making the toughest beef. We do not know why this is so, but it's a fact, just the same, says the Scot ish American.

Groceries.

Monopole Canned Fruits and Vegetables are distinguished from other brands by a beautiful blue label embossed in letters of gold. From an esthetic view point the Monopole label is a work of art, being pronounced by those who have seen it as the finest label ever made for canned fruits and vegetables.

But the quality of Monopole Fruits is fully in keeping with the beauty of the label—are in fact the best that money can buy. Get them from your grocer. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Ore.

How He Won Her.

She—Some persons claim that they cannot look from a height without wishing to cast themselves down. Did you ever have that feeling, Mr. Yearns?

He—Once.

"Indeed? Where were you?"

"I was in an elevated car, and I saw you in the street."

PISO'S CURE FOR

GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES