

That Tired Feeling

Is a common spring trouble. It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation. They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Root, Gila, Conn.

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

Keeping in Practice.

The Washington's birthday masked ball was in full swing. The hour for unmasking had arrived. "Where is George Washington?" asked the Spanish inquisitor of Louis Quirze.

"The last I saw of him," said Louis, "he was in the buffet cutting down the visible supply of cherry bounce."

A Quandary.

"Jones is in a bad fix mentally."

"What's his trouble?"

"He can't decide whether it is better to lose his soul cursing the icy pavement or lose his life trying to whip the man that throws ashes on them against the wind."—Baltimore News.

Just the same as ever

St. Jacobs Oil

continues to be the sure cure of

Rheumatism and Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.



No Substitute.

Little Elizabeth was impatiently demanding a piece of bread and butter. Her mother was busy and said: "Have patience, Elizabeth!" To which Elizabeth replied: "I don't want patience; I want bread and butter."—Little Chronicle.

Fine Outlook.

"What's the outlook for a newspaper in this town?" "Finest in the world. Editor's up in a tree, an' sees over the whole country."

A Work-Weary Suicide.

John McCartney, a 16-year-old, work-weary lad, employed by a dairyman, living in Baltimore, shot and killed himself in his employer's home. This note was found on a bureau: "I am to die like a dog would, but I am better off dead. I do nothing but work."

British Manufacturers Left.

The Birmingham Post calls the attention of British manufacturers to the fact that contracts involving the sum of \$65,000,000 have been obtained by American interests during the last few weeks for the construction of electrical traction systems in England, Russia and Holland.

Understood.

Linzee—There's nothing I like better than hard work. Morris—There's nothing you like better when someone else is doing it. Linzee—That's understood. I hope you didn't think I was such a fool as to like to do hard work myself, or any other kind, for that matter.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly 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 so much from one's personal appearance.

SORES ON BOTH ANKLES.

Gentlemen: About ten years ago a small sore came on each of my ankles. It grew into the places and they became large, eating ulcers, and I suffered intensely for nearly ten years. I had spent more than \$500.00 trying to get well when I chanced to see S. S. S. advertised in a Memphis paper. I began to take it and was cured. My limbs have never been sore or given me any pain at all since. I have recommended S. S. S. to a great many people, and am now giving it to my nine-year-old son for a sore on his leg. I had the same trouble. During my long sickness I was living near Memphis, Tenn., but have since removed to Kansas City, and am now residing at No. 614 East Sixteenth street. Mrs. B. A. HARRIS, Kansas City, Mo.

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His Idea of Happiness.

Mrs. Ennepe (reading from novel): "And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Now what do you think of that?

Mr. Ennepe—I think they must have secured a divorce right away.

Similarity.

Jewsharp George—I suppose after yer rolled around in de street an' got full of mud de lady in de wayside cottage thought yer had been intoxicated.

Cinder Charley—Not at all. I told her I had been ridin' in a racin' automobile.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Biggs (smoking):—This is something like a cigar, old man.

Biggs (getting a whiff):—Yes—er—something like one. What is it, anyway?

The Mean Man.

"Never heard of such an ungrateful man."

"In what way?"

"Why, I heard he was freezing and I had a bushel of coal dumped on his pavement."

Scientific Fact.

Fred—Do you know anything about love?

Joe—Do I? My dear boy, I've made it a life study.

Fred—With what result?

Joe—Well, I've succeeded in reducing my ignorance of it to a science.

No Dash About Him.

Jones—Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

Brown—In some ways, yes, but then he's so terribly deliberate. Why, I've known him to spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

Valuable Collection of Stamps.

A collection of stamps formed by G. Owen Wheeler of the London Philatelic society was sold by auction recently for \$5,575.

PROPER KISSING.

If You Want Your Lover to Love You, Have Good Teeth.

There are a good many people in love, and love leads to kisses. At least, if it does not immediately lead to kisses, it is usual that fond persons while conversing sit near each other.

At such a time they can see whether each has a nice, white set of teeth or not. And it is more than likely that if either has neglected his, or her, teeth, the resulting offensive breath will be noticeable to the other person.

The question is: Are fine, white, perfect teeth admirable and attractive? Will they tend to enhance your charms in the eyes of your lover? Will yellow teeth, or the pungent odors that exude from unclean or decaying teeth, have the opposite effect upon one who otherwise might be fond of you?

Aside entirely from the fact that it is more comfortable and practically helpful to have perfect teeth and keep them in good order, you should not forget that the very persons whom you would wish most to like you may be strongly repelled by a neglected or foul condition of your teeth.

These considerations are eminently sensible things for people to consider. They are suggested by a recent talk with Dr. W. A. Wise, of the famous dental firm, Wise Brothers, failing building, Portland, Oregon. This firm is probably the most up-to-date concern in the Northwest. They put teeth in order without causing any pain, and their prices are extremely moderate.

The moral of this story is that lovers should not neglect their teeth. There are probably 50,000 bad-toothed lovers within 50 miles of Portland, all of whom should go immediately to Wise Brothers and get fixed up for proper kissing.

John Burroughs has an article on

"The Ways of Nature" in the forthcoming June Century, which contains high praise for Kipling's work in natural history. He says that we are never at a loss how to take Kipling in the "Jungle Books" and of the story of "The White Seal." Mr. Burroughs says that he could not detect one departure from the facts of the life history of the seal so far as it is known.

The Life of Prayer.

Prayer is the abiding background in the life of the Christian.—Ram's Horn.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Dr. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

15 Pills 10 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Dose: One or two pills three or four times a day. No food for 24 hours. Price 50 Cents.

CONSUMPTION

OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell

Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well;

Brief is the glory that hero earns.

Brief is the story of poor John Burns;

He was the fellow who won renown—

The only man who didn't back down

When the rebels rode through his native town;

But held his own in the fight next day,

And held his townfolk fast away.

That was in July, sixty-three.

The very day that General Lee,

Flower of Southern chivalry,

Battered and beaten, backward reeled

From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell you how, but the day before,

John Burns stood at his cottage door,

Looking down the village street,

Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,

He heard the low of his gathered kine,

And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or I might say, when the sunset burned

The old farm gable, he thought it turned

The milk, that fell in a babbling flood

Into the milk pail, red as blood.

Or how he fancied the hum of bees

Were bullets buzzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these

Were strange to a practical man like

Burns.

Who minded only his own concerns,

Troubled no more by fancy's fine

Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed

kine—

Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,

Slow to argue, but quick to act.

That was the reason, as some folks say,

He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right

Raged for hours the heady fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass—

Difficult music for men to face;

While on the left—where now the graves

Undulate like the living waves

That all that day were sweeping

Up to the pits the rebels kept—

Round-shod plowed the upland glades,

Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;

Shattered fences here and there

Tossed their splinters in the air;

The very trees were stripped and bare;

The barns that once held yellow grain

Were heaped with harvest of the slain;

The cattle bellowed on the plain,

The turkeys screamed with might and

main,

And brooding barn-fowl left their nest

With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turned,

Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?

He wore an ancient long buff vest,

Yellow as saffron—but his best;

And, buttoned over his manly breast,

Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling

collar,

And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—

With tails that the country-folk called

"swallow."

He wore a broad brimmed, bell-crowned

hat,

White as the locks on which it sat.

Never had such a sight been seen

For forty years on the village green,

Since old John Burns was a country

beau,

And went to the "quintills" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day

Veterans of the Peninsula,

Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;

And striplings, downy of lip and chin—

Clerks that the Home Guard mustered

in.

Glance as they passed, at the hat he

wore,

Then at the rifle his right hand bore;

And hailed him, from out their youthful

lore,

With scraps of a slangy repertoire:

"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her

through."

"Your head's level," and "Bully for

you!"

Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd dis-

close

The name of the tailor who made his

clothes.

And what was the value he set on those?

While Burns, unmindful of fear and scoff,

Stood there picking the rebels off—

With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown

hat,

And the swallow tails they were laugh-

ing at.

"Twas but for a moment, for that re-

spect

Which clothes all courage their voices

clothed,

And something the wildest could under-

stand

Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;

And his corded throat, and the lurking

frown

Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe

Through the ranks in whispers, and some

men saw

In the antique vestments and long white

hair

The Past of the Nation in battle there;

And some of the soldiers signed declare

That the gleam of his old white hair, like

Like the crested plume of the brave Na-

vars.

That day was the oriflamme of war.

So ragged the battle. You know the

rest:

How the rebels, beaten and backward

pressed,

Broke at the final charge and ran.

At which John Burns—a practical man—

Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,

And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns.

This is the moral the reader learns:

In fighting the battle, the question's

whether

You'll show a hat that's white, or a

feather!

—Bret Harte.

HAS LEFT HIS HIGH POST.

Grand Duke Alexis No Longer Head of the Russian Navy.

The Grand Duke Alexis, who has been compelled by a severe illness to retire from his position as head of the

Russian navy, is the uncle of the

Czar and one of the three living brothers

of the late Emperor Alexander III.

The grand duke is 53 years old and has had a

temperamentous career. Several

years ago, during his brother's reign,

he was dismissed in disgrace from his

post, but more recently he was re-

stored to full favor. Several years ago

he paid a visit to the United States.

The larger the town, the older the

women are before they quit dancing.

Tell us of a town in which the women

quit at 40 and we can tell you how

large the town is.

Great as you are, your friends will

laugh merrily after your funeral.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years, in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—MRS. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$5.00 per bottle. If original of name letter printed genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

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