

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 cure constipation. 25 cents.

Taking Time By the Forelock.

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 me, 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—'Deed I don't believe in plain policy no more sah; I'd one reformed.

Cause for Alarm.

"Say, 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, it 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 Beane 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.

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

Indirect Answer.

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

He Is Everywhere.

Mrs. Stubb—I declare, John, there is one man who must be the worst in the country. Mr. Stubb—What is his name, Maria?

Mrs. Stubb—Why, John Doe, I have seen where he was fined often as ten times in one day.—Chicago News.

Has Posed Many Presidents.

George G. Rockwood, 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—Yaas, I always cahvy 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 parson, "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.

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.

TEN DOLLARS A LETTER.

High Rate on Private Postal Route from Cook's Inlet to Nome. Through snow and ice, 1,800 miles is the trip of an Alaskan mail carrier.

W. V. Sullivan, son of Former Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, made this statement, according to the St. Louis Republic. Mr. Sullivan had just returned from a two years' cruise in Alaska waters on board the United States revenue cutter Rush.

"This trip," he continued, "is from Cook's Inlet to Nome, and by the route traveled is 1,800 miles."

"The last boat leaves Nome about Nov. 5 and it carries down a mighty precious cargo—gold dust, discouraged miners, escaping wives, the soubrettes who come up in the spring, marry the successful prospectors and then desert when the winter shuts up the town from the rest of the world and the last mail sack Uncle Sam brings through the Aleutian Islands for six months."

"Then, while you people down here in the big cities are squabbling for 1-cent local postage the men up in Nome are getting ready to pay the heaviest postal rate in the world. By Dec. 25 they've got the Christmas hunger for home news and New Year's day they'd give a side of bacon for a sight of familiar handwriting on an envelope. Bacon is still about 50 cents a slice in the eating houses."

"But just about Jan. 1 the midwinter Alaskan mail starts north from Seattle. It is carried up by the owner and operator of the enterprise, who runs a private mail service not recognized or promoted by the United States government. He collects letters from Seattle to Cook's Inlet, making the trip on any vessel that is scheduled to stop at Sitka, Douglas Island, Juneau and all the points of any importance along the coast."

"Only letters are carried and these must be written on onion skin paper, for bulk is the chief consideration, and, besides the rate is so much a pennyweight."

"When Cook's Inlet is reached the letters are packed in tin boxes made to conform to the carrier's body and fit into the lining of his coat. The carrier's costume, from the fur cap to the Moleskin boots, is exactly like that of the Eskimos, and the principal items in this outfit are matches, gun and ammunition."

"From Cook's Inlet to Nome the trail runs 1,800 miles and touches no man's hut or dugout. The carrier can make forty miles a day on snowshoes. He has studied the country so thoroughly that he knows when he shoots a bird and cooks it for dinner Tuesday, over a fire of scrubby brush, where, fifty miles ahead, he can find more game and fuel for the cooking of Wednesday's supper. After supper he crawls into a fur sleeping bag, dropping off into a cozy snowbank for a snooze through the darkest hours of the long night."

"The greatest obstacle are the torrents that flow too rapidly to freeze. The crossings are made at the narrowest places and the carrier strips, makes a bundle of his clothes, throws it across or carries it on his head, and wading and swimming, he reaches the opposite shore and scrambles into his furs."

"In his thin pockets he carries a fortune, for the thinnest letter taken on the route costs the sender \$10. Usually but one trip is made each winter, but last season he broke the record by making two rounds, doing this by using dogs and a sled part way. His winter's work netted him over \$2,000, to be blown in on the kayeties of Nome and Seattle."

To Him that Hath.

Philanthropy and "business" are rather curiously related in the minds of some people, as the Lewiston Journal suggests by an anecdote of a Maine farmer. He lived in Cape Elizabeth, and when he went to Portland he invariably favored certain friends with samples of his produce.

"Perhaps it only 'happened so,' but anyway these friends were always well to do, and Mr. Lufkin never unhitched the old horse to drive home without finding, tucked away in the wagon, something in return fully as valuable as his tribute of vegetables, if not more so."

The neighbors noticed that he always left his little remembrances with people who were "well fixed." So one day, when eggs were away up in price, and he was starting to town with a lot of fresh ones for a certain friend, some one said to him curiously:

"Why don't you give those eggs to some poor family?"

"O-ho," said Mr. Lufkin, easily, "poor people can't afford to eat eggs at this time of year! Eggs is high!"

Cares of Great Wealth.

The troubles of the rich received a forcible illustration in a recent conversation between Senator Clark, of Montana and one of his friends, according to the New York Times. The senator said he had once received from an English syndicate an offer of \$50,000,000 for his mining property.

"Why didn't you take it?" asked his friend.

"I want to live a little longer," was the ambiguous answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said the senator, slowly, "it may seem strange to you, but if I had sold out for \$50,000,000 I wouldn't be alive to-day. I firmly believe. Just think what it means to invest \$50,000,000. All the work and worry suffered by all mankind since the death of Adam would not be equal to the work and worry involved in trying to invest it right. No, sir; I want to live, and declined the job. I'm too old for work like that."

Favored by Royalty.

Sandringham is the favorite retreat of both the king and the queen, even in the winter months. It is nothing more or less than a fine country house, beautified and made more homelike each year.

Autos in Congo.

Roma, in the Congo Free State, has a road nearly 150 miles long which is practicable for automobiles.

Any girl would gladly give up a chapbook for the privilege of calling some chap her own.

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

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

Catarrh of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh.

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 troubles, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for three years with leukorrhea 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. Peruna cured 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, 1399 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, Cool Kitchen Kind" of stoves heat and you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold 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 yer want of eddication imbrass ye, madam. O'll write it fur ye, an' ye can make yer mark to it.

Piso'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 and not one that lacked four minutes of hatching.

There is more Catarrh 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 pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it, have proved that it was not a local disease, but a constitutional one. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Important Omission.

Pa—Ostend, in the front of this dictionary you will find "the flags of all nations." It is complete. Ostend—Complete nuthin! Why, they ain't even got the baseball pennant among dem.

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 the blood is in a normal, healthy condition. It is the polluted, sluggish blood that invites disease germs, microbes and poisons of every kind and bring 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 antitoxed 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 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 experience I can safely say S. S. S. is the best blood purifier in the world. Mrs. M. P. SMYTHERS, 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 off and 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. is the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic. J. G. SCOTT, 511 Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

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 bring 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 antitoxed and the thin, acid blood made rich and strong before the coming of warm weather.

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BARTER AT THE CROSS ROADS.

Two of the Natives Talk Two Days to Make a Deal.

At Carter's cross roads I came upon two native Tennesseans who sat on a log and whittled while they talked. One of them had an old silver watch and the other owned the poor old mule hitched to a post. They had come together to make a trade and had been talking for an hour and as I rode off one of them said:

"I'll trade you even up, Jim, and if that don't hit you it's no use to talk further."

"I can't do it, Tom," replied the other. "That there mule is worth two such watches."

It was dark when I returned and there sat the same two men and there stood the same old mule. They were talking trade as vigorously as ever and as I rode away the man with the watch was saying:

"It's even up or nothin', Jim; just as I told you before."

"Tom, I can't do it—can't possibly do it," replied the other.

Along toward night next day I rode over to the same store on an errand for Mrs. Williams and there sat the very same two men. I couldn't see that they had moved an inch. They weren't saying a word, however. On the contrary, both had their legs swinging over the edge of the platform, their chins in their hands and were looking down on the ground. I saw the old mule lying dead on the ground and between the two men lay the watch. It had stopped dead still and both hands were off the face.

"Do you know that your mule is dead?" I asked the owner of the animal.

"Of co'se," he replied.

"And your old watch has gone to wreck?" I said to the other.

"Yes, sah."

"Did you sit here all night?"

"We did," they answered in chorus.

"But if the mule is dead and the watch busted you can't trade."

"Oh, that trade was off at midnight," said the owner of the watch, "and what we are dickerin' about now is that yere saddle again my dawg."

"DIXIE" CHEERED EVERYWHERE.

North No Less Enthusiastic Than the South on Hearing It.

"A singular thing about the tune of 'Dixie,' said a Washington man who does a good deal of traveling, 'is that it arouses quite as much enthusiasm when it is played above Mason and Dixon's line—far above that line, in many instances—as it does when it is played down South. I have often noticed this and wondered over it. In the Southern towns and cities, or even in Washington, where Southern sentiment predominates, it is the natural thing for the cheers and the hand-clapping to begin when, for example, a theater orchestra or musical performers on a stage strike up the tune of 'Dixie,' but precisely the same thing happens in the Northern cities. An orchestra never gets into the swing of 'Dixie' in a New York theater that the audience doesn't almost come to its feet. They cheer 'Dixie' vociferously every time it is played in San Francisco. They yell in approval of it in Detroit, and St. Paul, and Cincinnati, and in Chicago they hum it along with the band or orchestra. Even in chilly Boston they wake up and give a hand to 'Dixie.' It's a lively and inspiring tune, of course, but I don't think that fact exactly explains why it is that it arouses enthusiasm in communities in the North, where a Southerner would scarcely even expect to hear it played, much less cheered. Maybe it's because there's a lingering love all over the country for the old South, and maybe it is because there is a pretty general and wholesome sentiment all over the land for the section that came out of the big fight a good deal like the under dog; but, at any rate, 'Dixie' is the tune that gets the biggest hand and the wildest acclaim, no matter where it's played, from Michigan to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific."—Washington Post.

Ambulance 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."

FITS

Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. For FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and book, Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Extra Charge Made.

"Wow!" yelled the victim. "See here, barber! You've cut off part of my ear."

"So I have," replied the barber coolly, "but calm yourself. We make no extra charge for correcting facial blemishes. I'll trim the other ear down to a decent size too."—Philadelphia Press.

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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.

Volcanized Timber.

A considerable amount of interest, says Scientific American, has been aroused by the announcement, as the result of a prolonged series of experiments, of a method of so treating timber as to secure even from soft wood a largely increased toughness and hardness. The process is described as one of vulcanizing, comparable in some respects with Bessemer's process of converting iron into steel, and is the invention of Mr. Powell, a Liverpool merchant. The treatment to which the timber is subjected is, roughly speaking, that of saturation at boiling point with a solution of sugar, the water being afterward evaporated at a high temperature. The result is to leave the pores and interstices of the wood filled in with solid matter, and the timber vulcanized, preserved and seasoned. The nature of moderately soft wood, it is claimed, is in this way changed to a tough and hard substance, without brittleness, and also without any tendency to split or crack. It is also rendered remarkably impervious to water. Hard wood similarly treated derives similar benefits. Moreover, it is claimed that the process may be completed and timber turned out ready for use in a few days.

Forgot Nothing.

Walter—Hem—er—haven't you forgotten something? Farmer Barnes—Oh, no, I guess not. I've got everything clean up.

Fitness of her part matters little to the up-to-date actress if the fit of her gowns is perfect.

When two women talk the subject of their conversation is conspicuously absent.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

REIERSON MACHINERY CO. (Successors to John Pisco) Foot of Marion Street, Portland, Oregon. The Pisco Machine Engine—A child can run it. Valves and all working parts covered up. 2 h. p. \$120; 4 h. p., \$150; 6 h. p., \$180. Put in a little gasoline and then go to sleep. Write for illustrated catalogue and for price on anything you need in the machinery line.

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