

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has surpassed all other medicines, in merit, sales and cures. Its success, great as it has been, has apparently only just begun. It received more testimonials in the last two years than any previous two—over 40,000. It has the abiding confidence of the people—the strongest proof of its unequalled worth. It purifies the blood, cures all blood diseases, all humors and all eruptions. It strengthens the stomach, creates an appetite and builds up the whole system. It cures that tired feeling and makes the weak strong. In usual liquid, or in new tablet form, 100 Doses One Dollar.

If Marriage Had Been a Failure. If marriage had been a failure this civilization would not be here. So many men are brave after the event.

Many compensations have come in life that are not included in our pay. One of the very best remedies for unpleasant conversation is to stop talking. Sometimes we send a thief to catch a thief that robbed a thief. The golden calf will always be worshipped, though it wear the tail of a monkey or the ears of an ass.—American Illustrated Magazine.

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures hot, itching, swollen feet, all corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Pardoned. "Who is that distinguished-looking man?" asked the stranger. "Dat man save me a good deal of trouble once," replied the man on the corner. "He interrupted me in de middle of a sentence and—"

"Ah, I see. You were going to say something improper and—"

"Naw! I wuz in de penitentiary an' he wuz Governor of de State at de time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Present-Day Philosophy. These fellows who are eating brain food in the hope of finding brains are too late.

It is better to be a man with a hoe than a rake. Never undervalue yourself—the world dwells on that for you.

It is within the scope of any man's fancy to be as big an ass as he pleases. No permanent good comes out of any public movement that is inspired by malice.—American Illustrated Magazine.

The Man on the Steps. They were going to the matinee. She was up in her boudoir putting on finishing touches, and he was sitting impatiently on the front steps.

"George," she called down sweetly, "just one minute more until I find my gloves."

Fifty minutes passed. "George," came from above, "wait another second. I've lost my pin."

Twenty minutes slipped by. "George," she continued, "don't go. One moment. A button just jumped off my shoe."

Long silence. Then George calls wearily: "Hurry a little, Ethel. If you get down in another five minutes we can make the evening performance. Matinee's over long ago."

The Real Definition. "The legitimate drama," said the playwright, scornfully, as Manager Flasco handed him back his rejected manuscript. "I hear nothing but 'the legitimate drama'! What is the legitimate drama, anyway?"

"The legitimate drama," said Manager Flasco, coldly, "comprises all those plays which their authors being dead, may be produced without the payment of royalties."

Feminine Attraction. Dolly—Yes, the prettiest girl in our Sunday school sold kisses at 90 cents each to help along the church fair. Somehow the young men were shy about taking them at that price.

Dick—No wonder. You must have been trying to attract the girls. Young men are not looking for 90-cent bargains.—Chicago News.

Rubbing It In. Old Skinner—Huh! So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Young Man—Well, I guess that's about the size of it.

Old Skinner—Um—yes. Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Young Man—I can—but I'm not mean enough to do it.

No Need of It. "Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam," said the peddler. "No, you can't," snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns." Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.—Chicago Tribune.

The Difference.

A. H. Kirkland of Boston is conducting a fight against the moth. He has imported from Zurich a great quantity of moth parasites, and with the help of the little creatures he and the people of Massachusetts hope to obliterate the moth completely.

"Our work may succeed," said Mr. Kirkland recently, "or we may err somewhere, and it may fail. It must succeed if we make no mistakes—but then, you know, mistakes are common. Mistakes are common everywhere. I heard a lawyer and a doctor taunting one another this afternoon about them."

"You make a good many mistakes, I suppose," the lawyer said.

"You too, no doubt," said the doctor.

"But doctors' mistakes are often buried deep under ground," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes often swing six feet in the air!"

Fallacy About Jewelers. Jewelers, when watches are with them for repairs, are frequently insulted with the remark:

"I trust there is no danger of crystals being substituted for the jewels in the works of my watch."

For a great many persons think there are dishonest jewelers who make a practice, with "full-jeweled" watches, of substituting crystals for the jewels at an enormous profit.

As a matter of fact, there is no truth in this suspicion. A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, could not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless; they only cost 10 cents apiece.

In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.

He Was Looking Ahead. In a cozy chair Mr. Trouble Hunter sat in front of a big warm stove, but looked sad as the smoke curled from his clever Havana cigar.

His lovely wife placed her arm on the top of the chair back and with the other hand stroked his troubled brow.

"Has something gone wrong in business, dear?" she asked.

He remained silent.

"You've been disappointed over something?"

He remained silent and on his face care brooded.

"What on earth is worrying you, dear?" she asked with tears in her voice.

"I was just thinking," he said sadly, "of the approach of spring, when I'll have to take the stovepipe down."—Indianapolis Star.

Bricks from Sand. A correspondent of Cardiff, Wales, reports that great sand dunes extend for miles along the north coast of the British Channel. These, in addition to being utterly worthless for all purposes, are also a menace to the narrow strip of lowlands between them and the hills. A company of business men have determined to put the sand to some use, and if their works prove profitable an industry will be built up on the dunes. The plan is to manufacture bricks from sand. The experiment has proved a success on the continent where the bricks are produced in several colors and take a glaze satisfactorily. Some experts claim that these bricks made of sand and lime will be the building brick of the future in Wales and the United Kingdom.

Makes a Difference. Dwellers in apartment houses sometimes seem to forget that conversations in the entrance halls may be overheard by other tenants. This was the greeting which a belated husband received at the door of his apartment recently:

"Don't talk to me! I know very well what you would say! But I know—you have been over playing pool and lost all your money!"

"No, I didn't, my dear; I won twenty dollars," was the conciliating answer.

The other voice suddenly modulated. "Well, perhaps after all we women are a little too severe—a man should have a little recreation now and then."

Reform Needed. "Senator," asked the reporter, "is there likely to be any reform legislation in the near future?"

"Probably not," answered the eminent statesman, "but the conviction is growing that there ought to be a change in the form of administering the oath in courts of justice."

"In what respect?"

"Well, it is felt that a witness should be sworn merely to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Telling the whole truth is not only unnecessary in most cases, but is sometimes highly injudicious."

AFTER ALL.

She Found She Had Been Doing a Great Good.

Mary Cranston tossed her package of history papers upon the table, tore off her hat and jacket and threw herself upon the couch, her fingers pressed upon her aching eyes. She was sick of teaching—sick of it! The eager ambition with which she had begun one year had broken against the invincible barriers of the system. Her high ideals had faded before days filled to the brim by the endless exactions of fifty restless boys.

She had had dreams of being an influence in the lives of her boys, but somehow she had no time to be an influence. It was more than she could do to "get in the requirements of a crowded schedule. She was just tired of it all."

Just then Nora appeared at the door.

"Somebody to see you, Miss Mary," she said.

Mary rose impatiently. "Somebody" in that particular tone meant a pupil or pupil's mother.

It was a mother this time, a shabby woman, with nervous hands and eyes where sorrow had long made a home. She rose timidly as Mary entered.

"I know I'm making bold to come," she said, "but it's sore trouble we're in. Jim, he wouldn't have let me, but I said he'd help me if I could. It's Jim Makony's mother I am."

Mary remembered Jim Makony. She had worked so hard to help the boy, and now—

"It's the truth I'm telling ye, deary," the trembling voice went on. "Jim's father was not—honest, and I was desperate afraid for Jim till he came to you. Then, suddenly, he straightened up."

"Mother," he says, 'she believes me, and I ain't going back on her.'"

"And he didn't, deary, I know he didn't. After he went to Craig & Shippen's, every night he'd look me straight in the eyes, and I knew. Then yesterday there was money lost, and they accused him. They—they knew about his father. Jim sent word to me, and I was this."

"Tell Miss Cranston I didn't go back on her," So I made bold—

Mary's hands closed about the fluttering fingers.

"I'll come with you this minute," she said. "I think that we can get him out, and if not, we'll tell Jim that we're proud of him."

Two hours later Mary returned. She had worked hard, but she had persuaded Jim's employers at last, and the look in Jim's eyes—grateful, honest eyes—had rewarded her a thousandfold. Her glance fell upon the history papers, and she smiled. The afternoon seemed so long ago!—Youth's Companion.

A NOVEL DUEL.

There has long been intense rivalry between two expert carvers employed in a New York down-town restaurant. The two men worked side by side, and constantly each bragged of his own accomplishments. At last, says a writer in the New York Press, the manager decided that in some way peace must be established.

"See here," he said one day, "why don't you two fight a duel for supremacy?"

"Alas! Name ze arms!" they both exclaimed.

"Ham sandwiches," said the manager, with a smile, a very crafty, commercial grin, by the way, for he had received four orders from societies for nearly two thousand ham sandwiches, and was worried about filling them. It was decided that the carver who finished the first thousand ham sandwiches, which included slicing the bread, buttering it and slicing the ham, was to be declared the winner.

The manager invited a dozen of his patrons to witness the contest between the skillful carvers. When they entered the kitchen they were confronted with twenty-five large boneless hams and bread piled up in uncontrollable tiers.

At the word "Go!" the spectators crowded round to watch the frenzied contest. As the sandwiches piled up with the regularity and uniformity of a machine, they could not help admiring the skill which enabled the carvers to slice the bread with a single sweep of the knife, butter it evenly with another sweep, and slice the ham so that it fairly dropped into position on the bread.

After watching for a time, the spectators left, to be back at the exciting flash, which the manager predicted some hours later.

"Pierre wins!" exclaimed the manager. "One thousand perfect ham sandwiches in ten hours and seventeen minutes, using eleven large boneless hams, François, nine hundred and thirty-two sandwiches in the same time."

"Here are two half-eggs for you both. I'll split the money, and if there are any more quarrels, you'll need the money to tide you over while you hunt another job."

Novelty Wanted. The prima donna had just returned from the other side.

"Is it true that you are to be married?" asked in a chorus a battalion of reporters.

"Not this season," she answered sweetly. "My press agent wants me to do the unique, and for me not to get married is unique than any other stunt we have been able to think up yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What the Dress Needed. Miss Angles—This new gown of mine doesn't give me the graceful figure the tailor claimed it would. I must have it altered.

Miss Plumleigh—Why don't you take it to Padden & Co.?

Miss Angles—Are they your tailors?

Miss Plumleigh—Oh, no; they're up-holders.—Tit-Bits.

It is one sign that a woman is getting ready to properly sympathize with her friends when she discovers that she has left her handkerchief at home.

How young people like to say they are "pessimistic!"

PUZZLES IN COLORS.

Why Purple Plants Are Poisonous and Some Other Problems.

In summer weather women, and men, too, when possible, wear white. Why? To keep cool, of course, you will say. If this be so, why, then, are almost all the creatures that live in arctic regions clothed in white? The usual reply is that the white color is for protective purposes—in order, in fact, to make them invisible to their enemies in the midst of the wastes of snow, says Pearson's Weekly.

But consider again—is this reasonable? From whom does the polar bear need to hide? He has no enemies to fear. And as for the birds which assume a white plumage when they migrate north, surely they also have fewer foes in the polar regions than when further south?

Again, if white be a cool color, this is surely another reason against the inhabitants of the colder regions turning white at the approach of winter. It is easy to strengthen this argument. Visit the tropics and you will find hardly any white animals or birds. In the very hottest regions of the globe not only is man, as a rule, black, but the birds and beasts are either very dark or else extremely brilliant in color. Of tropical birds the commonest colors run as follows: Brown, dark green and dark blue, emerald green, reds and yellows.

Speaking of birds again, why is it that land birds are mostly dark hued, while so many sea birds are white?

Here is another color puzzle. Almost all song birds are somber in hue, while the brightly colored species, such as the jays, the parrots and birds of paradise, have naturally hard voices.

The colors of flowers and leaves offer numbers of interesting problems. No one quite knows why the prevailing tint of early spring flowers is either white or yellow. Yellow, indeed, holds its own to some extent all through the summer, but the typical color of summer blooms is pink, while as the autumn advances richer crimsons and all the rich, glowing hues of dahlias and chrysanthemums are seen.

Horticulturists have produced poppies of pretty nearly every shade under the sun, and with many flowers they seem able to alter the colors almost at their pleasure. Yet the blue rose, the black tulip and the green carnation seem as far off as ever they were in spite of constant efforts to arrive at them. Nearly three centuries ago Dutch gardeners imagined themselves on the verge of inventing a black tulip.

The colors of the blossoms of fruit trees are limited to white, pink, bright scarlet and purple. The reason no one knows. Nor is it clear why nearly all plants with purple blossoms have poisonous properties. The deadly nightshade is an instance which will be familiar to all country readers.

It used to be said and many still imagine that intensity of color depends upon intensity of light. The brilliancy of a tropical landscape seems in some measure to bear this out. But any amount of argument may be deduced against it. Rabbits, and other exquisite gouras are drawn from the depths of the earth.

The rays of the sun never touched them. The pulp of most fruits is more richly tinted than the outer rind, while the crimson blood of animals is hidden from the light. But could be more rich and magnificent color than the wings of many moths? Yet these are all night flying creatures.

SEEING BOTH SIDES.

There are comparatively few lawyers who are able to see the merits of the side opposed to them as thoroughly as they do those of the side which they are engaged. In fact, it is believed by some of them that they can be more enthusiastic and successful when they see good only in their own side.

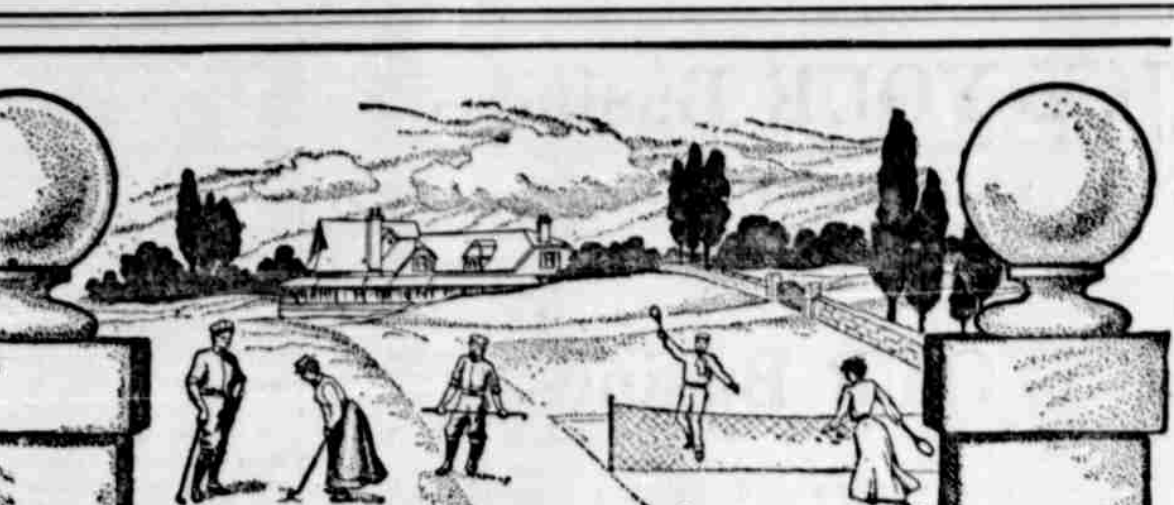
That mistake, says a writer in the Century, was one which Abraham Lincoln always avoided. It was doubtless Stephen T. Logan, his great partner, who taught him the tactical advantage of knowing his adversary's case as thoroughly as he knew his own, and as a result we have his own testimony that in all his practice at the bar he never found his opponent's case, and often found it much weaker than he had hoped.

An episode in his later career shows how this training served him in time of need. When Captain Wilkes stopped the Trent on the high seas and removed the Confederate envoys, Mason and Sillidell, Lincoln was at first inclined to take the popular view of the matter; but he calmly weighed the angry protest of the other mind, and argued her case in his own mind, and not only saw that she was right, but also shrewdly noted the tactical advantage of submission, which he pointed out in the most significant words.

"We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals," he said. "We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act, and demand Sillidell and Mason, we must give them up and apologize for the act as a violation of our own doctrine, and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years."

An Apt Definition. General Gilman Marston was one of those lawyers who venture to twist the court on its knowledge of law, according to the Buffalo Commercial. Once when Judge Doe ruled on a point that Marston had made, and thought well of the latter said: "Your honor's law reminds me of the definition of law given by an old dandy. He said: 'The law, my friend, is like a ground glass window. It may afford a little light to guide us from the dark and uncertain ways of life, but the very d— himself couldn't see through it.'"

When a man is asked to hold the baby, ever notice it is not because his wife wants to rest, but because she has some other work to do.



THE WINNING STROKE

If more than ordinary skill in playing brings the honors of the game to the winning player, so exceptional merit in a remedy ensures the commendation of the well informed, and as a reasonable amount of outdoor life and recreation is conducive to the health and strength, so does a perfect laxative tend to one's improvement in cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches, etc. It is all-important, however, in selecting a laxative, to choose one of known quality and excellence, like the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., a laxative which sweetens and cleanses the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects, as it acts naturally and gently on the internal organs, simply assisting nature when nature needs assistance, without griping, irritating, or debilitating the internal organs in any way, as it contains nothing of an objectionable or injurious nature. As the plants which are combined with the figs in the manufacture of Syrup of Figs are known to physicians to act most beneficially upon the system, the remedy has met with their general approval as a family laxative, a fact well worth considering in making purchases.

It is because of the fact that **SYRUP OF FIGS** is a remedy of known quality and excellence, and approved by physicians that has led to its use by so many millions of well informed people, who would not use any remedy of uncertain quality or inferior reputation. Every family should have a bottle of the genuine on hand at all times, to use when a laxative remedy is required. Please to remember that the genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale in bottles of one size only, by all reputable druggists and that full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co., is plainly printed on the front of every package. Regular price, 50c per bottle.

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Not that Kind of a Place. "All my threats don't bother him at all," said the collector. "No?" replied the merchant, "said we could go as far as we liked, eh?" "Well—er—I think the place he mentioned was farther than you'd like."

—Philadelphia Press.

FITS. St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Obviously.

Troust Henchman—Senator, I think I ought to tell you that your political stock is running low out in our section.

Senator Lotman—If there is anything the matter with my political stock you haven't been attending to your duty in looking after my fences—that's all.

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

The Hard-Working Reformer.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it seems to me like a reformer was one of those people that has to talk two hours at a half to 'spress one of de ten commandments. An' dar warn't no dispute 'bout dat in de firs' place."—Washington Star.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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What Father Thought. A New York teacher of instrumental music was one day telling the father of a pupil, a lad of 10 years, of the progress made by the boy in his studies. "I think he is improving a great deal," said the professor. "He will certainly learn to play the piano."

"Is that so?" asked the father, much gratified. "I didn't know whether he was really improving or whether I was merely getting used to it."—Harper's Weekly.

WASTED TO A SHADOW.

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says:

"For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches, and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then wasted away in bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 185 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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When windy, a rain coat when it rains, and for a cover at night if we get to bed, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of your slicer than any other one article that I ever owned."

(The name and address of the writer of this article may be had on application.)

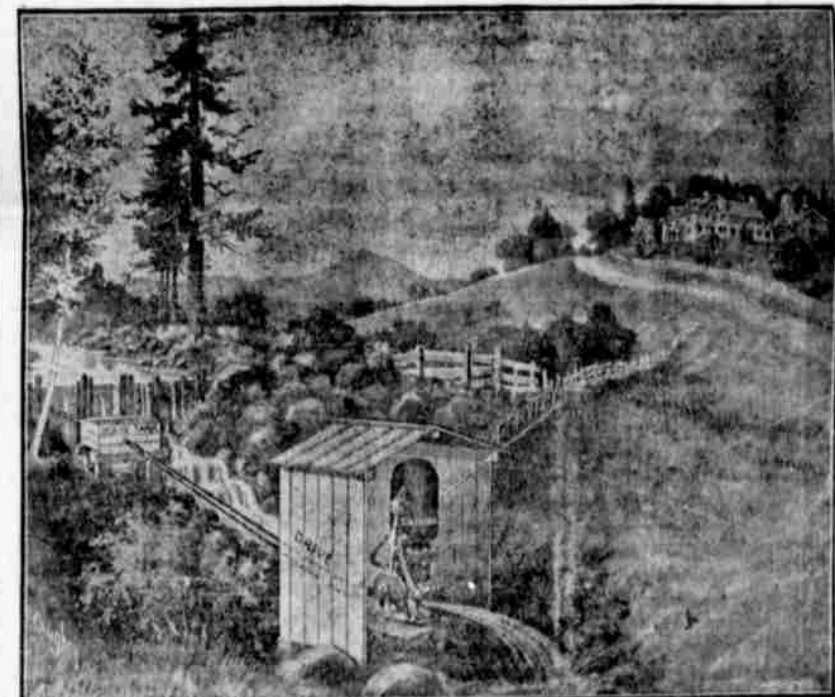
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