

Ayer's

When the nerves are weak everything goes wrong. You are tired all the time, easily discouraged, nervous, and irritable. Your cheeks are pale and your blood is thin. Your doctor says you are threatened with a nervous breakdown. He orders this grand old family medicine.

Sarsaparilla

For more than 40 years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. It is a grand tonic at all times, and a wonderful medicine for the blood. —D. C. HOLT, West Haven, Conn.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.

Weak Nerves

Cupid Defeated.

A half-repentant bachelor, with quite a pile of rocks, dropped in, one day, beside the way, and bought a pair of socks. Arrived at home—romantic joy!—he would be drawing out a note deep hidden in the house—from some fair hand, no doubt!

"I'm twenty years of age," it read, "and called a country belle. With you I'd like to correspond—if you will never tell. My object matrimony is, and years, I hope, the same. If you'll address me, I'll respond." And then she wrote her name.

On fire with hope, the bachelor that very evening wrote, and folded his epistle with a kiss inside the note.

Sly Cupid had him in his mesh—no very clever catch.

For, after all, quite foolish is a half-repentant bachelor.

But oh how sheepish did he feel, when from the fair unknown this answer came, to quench his flame:

"An old maid I have grown 'twas forty years ago I planned that fond surprise, Defeated by a heartless wretch who wouldn't advertise!"

Shock for the Lawyer.

A well-known lawyer of this city, whose office is located close to the city hall, received a tremendous shock the other day. He was counsel for a man charged with larceny, and, as the evidence was conclusive, he advised his client to plead guilty.

"You know that you have a bad record and you have practically confessed your guilt," said the lawyer in a soothing manner, "and you will be sentenced to about three years in jail."

This last sentence completely dumfounded the prisoner, but after he had looked about his cell for several minutes he turned to his attorney and in a very serious manner said: "Will you kindly go out and get me a good lawyer?"

As soon as the lawyer recovered from the shock he told the prisoner he would argue the case for him.—Philadelphia Press.

A Beautiful Volume.

The most beautiful volume in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed on parchment by a monk in the 16th century. The general lettering is in the German text, each letter is perfect, and there is not a scratch or blot from ink to lid. Each chapter begins with a large illuminated letter, in which is drawn the figure of a saint, some incident of whom the chapter tells.

First Life Insurance Policy.

The first life insurance policy of which the details are on record resulted in a lawsuit. William Gymbons insured himself on June 15, 1853, for \$333 against dying in twelve months. He died on May 18 of the next year, and the disgruntled underwriters (the company of those days) contested payment on the plea that he had lived twelve months of twenty-eight days each.—World's Work.

Ore and Fuel.

Pennsylvania, which makes more than half the iron used in the United States, produces less than 2 per cent of the iron ore mined. Ohio, which comes next to Pennsylvania as an iron-maker, mines less than 1 per cent of the total. In both cases the ore is brought to the fuel, and this is the policy in this country. Only in Alabama are the ore and fuel found together.—Scientific American.

Joe Was on Her.

Member of a congregation—Do you know your sermon on covetousness last Sunday grievously offended and disgusted Brother Pner?

The Rev. K. Moffatt Lightly—Ah! I shall have to tell my wife that. It's a good one on her. She contended all the way home from church that morning that there wasn't a man in the audience who had paid the slightest attention to the sermon.

Taken at His Word.

Mr. Newly—We don't appreciate things we get for nothing. Everybody likes the things best that cost the most.

Mrs. Newly—Then you must love me a great deal, because I've heard you say that you paid very dearly for me.—Detroit Free Press.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION



He—Would you rather be pretty or witty? She—Sir!—New York Sun.

The coal man should be brought to see the error of his weight.—Philadelphia Record.

"Does Mr. Reuben Haybrick keep boarders?" "He takes 'em, but he don't keep 'em."—Chicago Chronicle.

Ells—He comes of good family, doesn't he? Stells—Yes, he's the only thing I know against it.—Town Topics.

Johnny—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust? Johnny's Pa—Don't let the question bother you, my son. It's impossible.—Cleveland Ledger.

Gourmand (after a table d'hôte)—Anything else, waiter? Waiter—One more peach, sir, and you'll 'ave eat the menu.—London Bystander.

"Dey ain't no sich thing ez gittin' married in heaven." "Course dey ain't. Dey don't Bible tell you it's a place er peace er rest?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Hatterson—I didn't see you at the lecture on "The Simple Life." Mrs. Catterson—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.—Brooklyn Life.

Wife—It is so kind of you to put on my boots for me. Kneeling Husband (tugging away)—It's a—a—pleasure, my dear. Still, I'm glad you're not a centipede.—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss Riter—Could you use anything in your "Household Department" this week? Country Editor—Yes, we could handle a couple of dozen of fresh eggs nicely.—New York Times.

"What conclusion does that campaign orator reach in his argument?" "He never arrives at a conclusion. He merely stops now and then to take breath."—Washington Star.

Willie—Teacher told us to-day that there's a certain kind o' tree that grows out o' rocks. I can't remember what it was. His Pa—It's a family tree, I guess.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Irish lady declared to the magistrate that the defendant had stolen her hen. "How do you know it is your hen?" asked the Judge. "Know it!" cried the Irish lady. "I have known that hen ever since it was an egg."

"You probably don't remember me," began the self-made man proudly. "But twenty years ago, when I was a poor, humble boy, you gave me a message to carry—" "Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

"You are the first one to whom I have shown this poem," the young poet went on; "I was wooing the muse last night—" "Poor fellow!" replied the editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's too bad she rejected you."—Chicago Journal.

Hicks—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day. Wicks—Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—Somerville Journal.

"I'm afraid you're not wise," said the fair girl. "Why?" demanded the persistent suitor. "Because a word to the wise is sufficient, and I have said 'No' to you." "Yes, but I'm wise enough to know that a woman's 'No' may eventually mean 'yes'."—Philadelphia Press.

At the end of thirty years Hiram had accumulated a fortune. His wife and daughter were delighted. "For," said they, with becoming modesty, "we now not only have money enough to cut a splurge, but poor dear papa is too broken down to appear among the best people."—Life.

"It's so long since you last called upon me I was beginning to think you were forgetting me," said Miss Pechis, as she came down to the young man in the parlor. "I'm for getting you," replied the ardent youth, "and it's for getting you that I've called to-night. Can I have you?"—Kennebec Journal.

The passenger who had been holding himself up by a strap sat down in a seat that had just been vacated. "There is plenty of room, ma'am," he said to the pudgy, little matron sitting next. "Don't move." "We don't have to," she said, with a cheerful smile; "we own the house we live in."—Chicago Tribune.

"I tell ye what," asserted Old Man Spiggett, "that there painter feller is a fine artist." "What impressed you about his work?" "Well, there was a picture he called 'The Rainstorm,' an' I swan, it was that nat'ral that I hadn't looked at it three minutes before my corns begin hurtin' me."—Cleveland Leader.

"Prosperity?" said Dr. Slighem, the eminent surgeon. "There is altogether too much prosperity! It is killing business." "In what way?" asked the other. "Why, sir, almost anybody can afford to have appendicitis nowadays, and, in consequence, all of my best patients regard it as too common, and refuse to have it."—Chicago Tribune.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining daily at a certain restaurant said to the waiter (an Irishman): "Instead of tipping you every day, Pat, I will give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month." "Would you mind paying me in advance, sorr?" "Well, that is rather a strange request. However, if you are in want of some money now, here's half a crown for you, but did you mistrust me?" "Oh, no, sorr, but I am leavin' here to-morrow."—London Bystander.

LIVING IN ENGLAND.

It Is Really No Cheaper than in This Country.

The accuracy of an official statement made by United States Consul Halstead at Birmingham, that living was no cheaper in England than in the United States, having been questioned by certain authorities in this country, he has made a supplementary report on the subject to the state department. From this it appears that the original statement was based on the experience of certain American tube welders working in the Birmingham district. The statement caused much surprise, as it was contrary to the general understanding. One newspaper urged that if living in Great Britain was not appreciably cheaper than in the United States there was no reason for protecting the highly paid American workman. Consul Halstead says that that is not a matter for him to decide. He adds that that paper's proposition to lower the scale of living of the American workman had better be addressed to the American workman direct.

"I only state a very plain fact," says Mr. Halstead, "that if the English workman lived as well as his American brother workman his living expenses would be as great or greater than the living expenses of the American. Surely there is nothing objectionable in stating a fact so plain and so easily verified. Everybody knows that the American workman is, by comparison, highly paid. I can only state the fact that the English workman cannot and does not live as well as the American. It is within my knowledge that the majority of people in the United States believe that living is much cheaper abroad than at home, and it seems to me therefore that I might well supplement the statement of those American workmen who, it must be understood, have lived here a number of years, and knew the condition of the United States before they came here, and are therefore better qualified to express an opinion than tourists, whether they be Americans in England or Englishmen in America, even if they are special commissioners investigating living conditions."

"In the American factories also, and in the factories where orders for American world contractors have been executed, when our manufacturers had more work than they could attend to, there are often a number of Americans employed. Those in the better paid positions find their situations, on the whole, comfortable and agreeable; yet practically all these, and nearly all other working Americans living here whom I have met, have claimed that they did not find the cost of living, as they had expected it, low."

"Many of the working Americans in England, including those Americanizing factories and those selling our manufactures here, accepted their foreign positions at the same (in some cases lower) salaries than they had been receiving at home, persuaded and believing that they were obtaining an increase because they would be able to live more cheaply than at home. In the lower wage grades the stay of the imported American workman is seldom one of great duration. In one factory where there were nearly fifty men a few years ago there is only one, a foreman, remaining. A few are still in Great Britain. Most of them returned to the United States. They were, some of them told me, disappointed in finding the cost of living higher than they anticipated."

DAMMED BY PRAIRIE DOGS.

River Choked Up in Texas by Migration of the Little Animals.

"The prairie dog migration from Oklahoma to southwestern Texas during July, 1874, eclipsed anything of that sort witnessed by white men in this country," said Matt Duhr last week. "Millions of the frisky little barkers must have been in quest of new pastures or perhaps smelled that the approaching legions of homeseekers would surely exterminate the dogs and plow up the dog towns."

"The prairie dog migration from the north to the southwest lasted six days, during the month of July, 1874. The traveling 'dogs' while crossing the Red river interfered to a great extent with the cattle that came to that stream to quench their thirst. Some cowboys that were on the banks of Red river during the time when the prairie dogs swam across say that the stream was choked full of the little rascals for many miles up and down the river."

"The thirsty cattle were either unable or unwilling to stick their mouths into the water through the moving mass of living prairie dogs. The cowboys were getting ready to drive the famishing stock to a distant stream, but the Red river became clear of the repelling swimmers after blocking the useful drinking place for about a week. It was generally supposed that the 'dogs' halted when they had reached the staked plains of Texas."

"There have been some eccentric cyclones in this country. One on the South Canadian in the year 1892 dehorned about sixty steers, but refrained from otherwise hurting the animals. One cyclone between Stillwater and Council Creek, about eight years ago, played many fantastic tricks. It pulled all the feathers out of A. L. Curry's 118 chickens, and after taking the naked poultry through the air for about ten miles, dropped them in the road. A colored man, who happened to come from Pawnee City shortly after, picked up over fifty of the naked chickens. He concluded that the naked hens and roosters had been sent from heaven for his special benefit."—Kansas City Journal.

SOME CURIOUS FINDS.

Money Lost on a Farm Was Located Inside a Potato.

A Scarborough gentleman was surprised recently to find thirty-eight pence in his breakfast egg, and most other people would have been surprised, too, under the circumstances. There ought to be a collection of miraculous eggs somewhere. It was only two years ago since a hen laid an egg at Bedford with a penny in it. There is no doubt at all as to the fact, but the question, "How did the penny get inside the egg?" has never been quite satisfactorily settled.

A comparison puzzle is afforded by a market gardener, well known at Spitalfields market, who once lost and found a half crown under almost incredible circumstances. He was inspecting his crops when he dropped the half crown on the ground, and though he searched long and diligently, he searched in vain. A year passed and the incident was being forgotten, when, as he was selecting some potatoes for the market, Mr. Smith came across one of a very curious shape. Cutting it open to discover the cause of its eccentricity, the gardener found inside it the half-crown piece he had lost twelve months before. The potato was seen by hundreds of people, and the truth of the story is well vouched for.

Remarkable as they are, there is nothing unique in these cases. One of the romances of money-making is the story of a man who found a newspaper inside a shark when fishing in Australia in 1870, and who learned the news of the Franco-German war in this way early enough to make a fortune out of it. The story may be true or not; everybody in Australia knows it.

Another after the same kind is that of the Milford Haven trawler which, while fishing off Carlingford Lough a year or two ago, caught up in the net a packet of papers, tied together with red tape and carefully sealed. The skipper of the boat handed the documents to a lawyer, and it was found they were a missing link which stood between a woman and her fortune.

They proved the right of a Miss Macdonald to certain estates in Ireland, which she had claimed ten years before, but which she had failed to win because the will could not be produced. It was this will which was brought up from the sea.—Pearson's Weekly.

Oregon Blood Purifier is rightly named, because it purifies the blood and tones up the body.

Muscles in Tension.

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs less and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much, where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The baker who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in his legs.

The blacksmith is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier, after a march, is especially tired in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The oarsman who is in perfect training after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and insteps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

City Country Folks.

Mrs. Upmore—How is your experiment of living in the country succeeding?

Mrs. Hyems—It isn't so bad as you might expect. It costs us more, of course, to have our butter and fresh vegetables brought out to us from the city, but we don't have to entertain nearly as much company as we did in the city.—Scottish American.

ECZEMA A FLESH FIRE

Those afflicted with Eczema know more than can be told of the suffering imposed by this "flesh fire." It usually begins with a slight redness of the skin, which gradually spreads, followed by blisters and pustules discharging a thin, sticky fluid that dries and scales off, leaving an inflamed surface, and at times the itching and burning are almost unbearable. While any part of the body is liable to be attacked, the hands, feet, back, arms, face and legs are the parts most often afflicted. The cause of Eczema is a too acid condition of the blood. The circulation becomes loaded with fiery acid poisons that are forced through the glands and pores of the skin which set the flesh aflame. Since the cause of the disease is in the blood it is a waste of time to try to cure it with local applications; the cause must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. has no equal as a remedy for Eczema; it enters the blood and forces out the poison through the natural channels, and builds up the entire system. The skin becomes smooth and soft again, and the Eczema is cured. Cases that have persistently refused to be cured under the ordinary treatment yield to its purifying, cooling effect on the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PE-RU-NA MEASURES UP TO THE STANDARD



UNCLE SAM—"A High Standard is Required of Any Carthy Remedy That Has Been Endorsed by so Many Trustworthy and Prominent People."

Time and Books.

The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time. In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "under-exposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an under-exposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or to yourself, or skim over your reading, the mind receives poor impressions or none at all.—St. Nicholas.

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

New Problem.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the lady. "These servant girl problems are very vexing."

"What now?" asked her husband.

"Why, that Russian girl I hired refuses to wash my kimonos because they are Japanese."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

An Unkind Cut.

"Isn't it queer," remarked Newpop, "that the baby immediately becomes quiet the minute I began to sing to him?"

"Oh, there's nothing so very queer about it," rejoined Mrs. Newpop. "The poor little dear is evidently puzzled by the strange noise."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, 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. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Not Quite Satisfactory.

Hicks—I understand that you have had a telephone put in your house. Mrs. Wicks must find it a great convenience.

Wicks—Yes; but she doesn't like it half as well as she thought she would. You see, when she is using it she has to listen half the time.—Somerville Journal.

Matrimonial Bliss.

"You must think I'm a fool!" exclaimed the angry husband.

"I never would have said so," calmly rejoined the other half of the combine, "but since you have mentioned it I'm not going to perjure myself by denying it."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Forget It Not.

"Take heed unto this solemn truth," Thus spake the beggar, needy; "A bloomin' chump was I in youth, And now I'm old and seedy."

Plunder's

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

HEALTH RESTORER. USE IT!

"All Signs Fall in a Dry Time"

THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME

In ordering Tower's Slickers, a customer writes: "I know they will be all right if they have the 'FISH' on them." This confidence is the outgrowth of sixty-nine years of careful manufacturing.

Highest Award World's Fair, 1901.

A. J. TOWER CO., The Sign of the Fish Boston, U.S.A.

Tower Canadian Co., Limited Toronto, Canada

Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing



Clean Your Grain

FOR SEED

The CHATHAM FANNING MILL, with Sacking attachment, will clean and grade all kinds of Grain and Seeds. The only machine that has screens and riddles made especially for cleaning grain on the Coast. To convince you that this Grain Cleaner is as represented I will send you one on 30 days' free trial and will pay the freight.

Write me for our Descriptive Catalogue and "on time" proposition—it will interest you.

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