

The Mission

Of those corpuscles in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is to fight for you against the disease germs that constantly endanger your health. These corpuscles are made healthy and strong by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is a combination of more than 20 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth. No substitute, none "just-as-good."

Her Objection.

"I wish my dentist was so realistic," said Mrs. Jenner Lee Oudego. "He calls his dental parlor his drawing room."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Happy Engagement.

"It's a good thing that man wants but little here below," remarked the home-grown philosopher.

"Because why?" queried the youth. "Because that's all there is left after woman gets what she wants," answered the philosophy generator.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and various diseases permanently cured by Dr. J. Lee's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. R. Kline, Jr., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Terminology.

Official Salesman—Wouldn't you like to look at some of our overcoats or suits?

Dyspeptic Looking Customer—No, but if you will be kind enough to tell me where the drug department is I'll take a look at your pills and porous plasterings. —Chicago Tribune.

A Grown Up Baby.

"You'd like to be in South America during a revolution, would you? What for?" "O, I'd like to see the wheels go round."

It has been stated on British authority that American immigrants into Canada are taking fifty million dollars' worth of property into that country each year.

The following sign is displayed by a firm of cycle and motor manufacturers at Hornsey, England: "To aeronauts: Drop here for petrol."

The golden crested wren is the smallest of British birds. It is three and a half inches long and seventy-two of them weigh one pound.

The fact that no death from hydrophobia has been recorded in England since 1902 is cited as an illustration of the preventive treatment of disease.

It is estimated that 113,000 persons in New York City make their living by their wits, which means the lack of wit in others.

Shipbuilding in Japan employs 10,000 men at Nagasaki, 8,000 at Kobe and 4,000 at Osaka. All the Japanese yards are full of orders.

The Grenoble district in France is noted in the export trade of that country for two very different products—walnuts and kid gloves.

James Warren, a farm laborer, 82 years old, died recently at Edworth, England, after having worked on the same farm for seventy-five years.

In reply to an advertisement for a woman typist at a salary of \$3.75 a week, a London firm on March 4 received no fewer than 397 replies.

New York City has more asylums, homes, hospitals and organizations for the relief of human suffering than any other city in the world.

At Rheims, France, portable bathtubs, filled with hot water, are delivered to order.

The folding envelope was first used in 1839.

There are 50,000 vegetarians in England.

There are in London over 304,000 persons who live in one-room houses, and over 701,000 in two-room houses.

There is a daily average of one and one-half deaths in New York City chargeable to injuries inflicted by other persons.

In the last five years, in New York City, 593,714 tenants have gone into new flat houses.

Three-story bedsteads are now made for use in apartments, steamers, camps and wherever floor space is limited.

The secret of the glow-worm and firefly is yet unsolved by science. Their light is entirely unaccompanied by heat.

Three hundred girls are employed in the harness trade in New York, and Kentucky has a girl jockey.

Manhattan's postoffice receipts amount to \$54,370 daily.

Much of the fuel used in Italy is made of the refuse of olives from which the oil has been pressed.

Lord Selborne is the first British cabinet minister who has accepted an appointment in the colonies.

Those who have wintered in Alaska say that it is not the cold, but the mosquito, that is the hardest thing to endure in the North.

Old Favorites

Making It Pleasant for Him.

"Gentlemen," said the toastmaster at the banquet, "we have listened to some excellent orators this evening and I am sure we have enjoyed their efforts very much. I have purposely kept one of our best speakers for the last, and after you have heard him I know you will be glad to go home. Gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Ketchum A. Cummin, who will now address you." —Chicago Tribune.

About Right.

A boy was asked to explain the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. "If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind, or be a fool.' —Universalist Leader.

Witness.

Man with the Bulging Brow—Awful sloppy, isn't it?

Man With the Bulbous Nose—It ain't half as sloppy for you as it is for me. My overcoat's in soak.

Introducing Her Resolution.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Lappling, putting on her wraps, "I've been in the house all day and I need the fresh air. If you'll mind baby a little while I'll go and take a preambule around the block."

Curiosity Gratified.

Former Customer (after a long absence)—What has become of the pretty blonde that used to feed the hungry at this lunch counter?

Dark Skinned Waiter Girl—I'm her. What you goin' to order, sir?

Youthful Philosopher.

A five-year-old boy on hearing grace asked for the first time at breakfast gravely remarked: "I only say my prayers at night. That is the dangerous time." —Life.

Before Ripe Wisdom Comes.

There is a dangerous stage in every one's career when his friends are afraid to tell him a compliment for fear it will make him more conceited. —Boston Globe.

Bloodless Revolution.

Reporter—But, Senator, in a government like ours, don't you believe in the principle of rotation in office?

Eminent Statesman—I certainly do, young man. That's why I have a revolving chair in my office.

Not Worth While.

"Don't you think, Mr. Sply," said the boss, "you might as well take off your hat?"

"What's the use?" asked the new man, who was filling a temporary vacancy in the clerical department. "I'm only going to hold this job two weeks."

More Humane.

"They tell me, Mr. Smithers," smirked the duffy young thing, "that you are quite a lady killer."

"They do me an injustice, upon my word, Miss Giggley," responded the gallant old beau, laying his hand on his heart and making a profound bow; "I catch 'em alive."

Far Apart.

"Miss Easton," said the hostess, "this is Mr. Weston."

"Delighted to know you, Miss Easton," said the young man. "Nominally, however, we seem to be antipodes."

"Actually, too, perhaps, Mr. Weston," she answered, so distantly that he instantly felt himself to be 12,500 miles away.

Absent-Minded Alderman.

A Lynn (Mass.) alderman at a recent aldermanic meeting inquired what had become of an order he had introduced some time before calling for an are light on Willow street. The city clerk, after digging into his files, informed him that the order had come before the board nearly a month previous and that he had voted against it.

Must Be Hard Work.

In Russia there is a cheap reaping machine which has a reel, but no automatic rake. A man sits on the platform and rakes off the grain with a pitchfork. The name of this machine is "lobogreika," and since "lobo" means "brow," and "greika" is "a heater," the whole can be translated "brow-sweater."

Untimely Interruption.

Orlando Spoonamore bent over the fair hand and respectfully kissed it.

"Young man," screeched the parrot in the cage overhead, "is there anything the matter with my lips?"

Some of the saloons in Liverpool display the sign: "Ladies can not be served without their hats on."

Lost in the Australian bush, near Port Darwin, for five days, engineer-commander E. S. Silk was found alive and well by a black tracker.

The average rent paid for New York City tenements and apartment houses built within five years amounts to \$144 annually for each person living in them.

The municipality of Copenhagen has opened war on rats, and will pay 1 1/2 cents for every tail. The breeding of rats for their tails is a criminal offense.

The postmen of Spain are unable to read and write as a rule, and it is a common saying that who treats the postman best gets the most letters.

A youth of seventeen, who hanged himself at Bristol, England, painted himself with green from head to foot just before the act.

Old Favorites

Beautiful Snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below; Over the housetops, over the streets, Over the heads of the people you meet; Dancing, flirting, swimming along, Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong, Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, Pure as an angel and fickle as love.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow, How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,

Whirling along in its maddening fun; It plays in its glee with everyone, Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye,

And even the dogs with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around,

The town is alive and its heart's in a glow To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song, How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye, Ringing, swinging, dashing they go, Over the crest of the beautiful snow,

Snow, so pure when it falls from the sky,

To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet

Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell; Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell;

Fell, to be trampled as the filth of the street;

Fell, to be scooped, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy,

Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead,

Merciful God, have I fallen so low And yet I was once like this beautiful snow?

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought for the charm of my face,

Father, mother, sisters, all, God and myself I have lost by my fall,

The veriest wretch that goes shivering Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too high,

For of all that is on or about me I know There is nothing that's pure, but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go,

How strange it would be when the night comes again If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain;

Fainting, freezing, dying alone, Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan

To be heard in the crash of the crazy town

Gone mad in its joy that the snow's coming down

To lie and to die in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

—J. W. Watson.

Everybody Lucky.

An old farmer of the County of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I have naught in my pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a reef, John," she says; "take the ticket and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said, "who won?"

"Well, hardly durst tell you, but our Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Aye," said John, "he was lucky. And who was second, then?"

"I durst hardly tell you. Who would you think now?" she said.

"I couldn't say," said John.

"Well, it was our Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, she was lucky," said John, "and who was third?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket, missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, frowning upon him.

"Well," said John, "Isn't I lucky?"

The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty, the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."

A man never wants to be a woman except when a woman abuses him; then he would like to be a woman, to talk back.



Rural Telephones

Do you realize that rural telephones, more than anything else, tend to increase the earning power of every farm and farmer? Do you realize that

ALL of the material needed to build the very best rural telephone line—exactly the same as the Bell Company puts up—will cost you and your neighbors less than half a bale of cotton or twenty bushels of wheat each?

Over 4,000,000 Western Electric Telephones

are in use in the United States to-day. We made the first telephones and we have made the most—in fact, we have made more than all other manufacturers combined.

We have brought the rural telephone within the reach of every farmer, and with our Free Bulletins before him a boy can install and operate the system. Our telephones are guaranteed.

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail it to-day so that the Free Bulletins, which describe the entire plan in detail, may be sent you immediately.

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Manufacturers and Suppliers of all Apparatus and Equipment used in the Construction, Operation and Maintenance of Telephone Plants.

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Los Angeles
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Saint Paul
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Seattle



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For Example.

"To make a long story short," said Uncle Chinner, "we collected the maple sap, emptied it into a huge iron kettle, and put it over a big wood fire to boil it down."

"To make your long story short, uncle," interrupted one of the listeners, "suppose you boil that down, too."

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

New Fishes in the Sea.

In a communication to the Royal Society of Queensland, Douglas Ogilby records the discovery of one new genus and seven new species of fish. Among these are slender dog shark, Howe's needle fish, long-beaked garfish, the somber leather jacket and others.

Mix for Rheumatism.

The following is a never failing recipe for rheumatism. To one-half pint of good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured at any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring.

Had a Reason.

Editor (of Daily Thunderbolt)—Yoo-er, you have fallen down on two or three assignments lately. You used to have the best nose for news there was in the office.

Reporter—I think I had—but it's been pulled once or twice lately, and I'm getting cautious about using it.

A good, honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

Making Sure.

Country Cousin—Are you sure I am in the right train?

Town Relative (who has had about enough of it)—Well, I have asked seventeen porters and thirty-two passengers, and they all say, "Yes," so I think you'd better risk it.—London Telegraph.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The long feathers of a bird's wing are fastened to the bone. It is this which gives the wing the strength and surface whereby to beat the air.

Its Claim to Immortality.

"I don't see anything remarkable in your poem," said the editor, handing it back.

"You don't?" howled the would-be contributor, pointing with a quivering finger at the word "loathes" at the end of the fourth stanza. "Did you ever see a poem before that had a perfect rhyme for 'clothes'?"—Chicago Tribune.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

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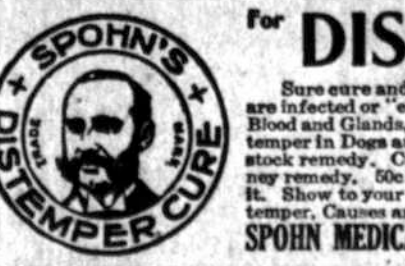
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CRESCENT Egg-Phosphate BAKING POWDER A FULL POUND 25c. Get it from your Grocer

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid 10c a package. Write for "see booklet" how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Kansas.

PISO'S

CURE THE CHILDREN'S COUGH

before the constant hacking tears the delicate membrane of throat and lungs, exposing them to the ravages of deadly disease. Piso's Cure goes straight to the seat of the trouble, stops the cough, strengthens the lungs, and quickly relieves unhealthy conditions. Because of its pleasant taste and freedom from dangerous ingredients it is the ideal remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cough or cold in the little ones you will save sorrow and suffering if you

GIVE THEM PISO'S CURE

CURE