

## Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine par excellence, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

**Scurfula**                      **Salt Rheum**  
**Scald Head**                 **Boils, Pimples**  
**All Kinds of Humor**       **Psoriasis**  
**Blood Poisoning**           **Rheumatism**  
**Catarrh**                      **Dyspepsia, Etc**

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

A Different Species.  
"I thought you said Brown was a regular bibliomaniac."

"Not on your life. I said he was a bibulous maniac." — Baltimore News.

Since writing for the April Century "The Evolution of American Census Taking," which gives interesting details of the magnitude and intricacies of the "decennial snap-shot of the nation," the Honorable W. R. Merriam has resigned the office of director of the census, to become vice president of the International mercantile agency.

Harmless Intoxication.  
"Confound these literary clubs, I say. My wife's crazy over Browning."

"So's mine. But I'm not raising any objections. Browning's dead." — Washington Times.

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

Same Old Complaint.  
Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession?

Young Emdee—Profession's O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about. — Town and Country.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Worse Than That.  
"He wrote a girl a love-letter once, and it's costing him a pretty penny now."

"Breach of promise suit?"

"No, sillimony." — Philadelphia Press.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Her Plan.  
"I've been two weeks trying to get my husband to give me \$50 to buy a new dress," complained Mrs. Gazzam to Mrs. Wiffles.

"I never do that."

"What do you do?"

"I have my dress charged and leave my husband to fight it out with the collector." — Harper's Bazaar.

The Appreciation.  
The Author (after the first performance)—Well, what do you think of my play?

Feminine Friend—It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses? — Brooklyn Life.

Fate's Injustice.  
Nocash (disconsolately)—The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer.

Friend—What's wrong now?  
Nocash—Miss Fullpore has refused me and is going to marry Mr. Coupon. — New York Weekly.

Will Smash Him Then.  
"He has challenged you," said his friends. "Why don't you fight him?"

"It isn't the right time of the moon yet," exclaimed the enraged man, grinding his teeth horribly. — Chicago Tribune.

Just Sued the Scorcher.  
And the soul of the wicked one was next condemned to fall through space at the rate of a mile a minute for 10,000 years. "Say," he shouted as he passed the 10,000th ghostly mile post, "this beats any riling I ever tried!" — Automobile Magazine.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chafing, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. Be. Don't accept any substitute.

One Form of Argument.  
A Denver justice comes to the support of the New York crusade against wheeling baby carriages on the sidewalks by saying that if God meant babies to go on wheels he would have put wheels on them.

Ocean Liners of 1880.

By the breaking up of the Servia and the Alaska there disappeared two of the three famous Atlantic liners whose appearance twenty years ago was regarded as the opening up of a new and most important page in the history of Atlantic steaming.

Somewhat of a Dampener.

Mrs. Simpson—Just see what mother has sent us—a lovely big turkey for our Christmas dinner! It came by express this morning.

Simpson (joyfully)—Bless her heart! That's just like her.

Mrs. Simpson—And she sent us a note saying she would be here to help us eat it.

Simpson (not quite so joyfully)—The dickens! That's just like her, too! — New York Times.

Our Aristocracy.

"She claims, I believe, to be descended from a king."

"Yes. Before her grandfather struck it rich he was known as the poker king of White Horse Flats."

The Ecclesiastical Tender.

Cashier—In what denomination do you want your money?

Uncle Rube—Wa'al, I'm a Methodist myself, so ye might as well make 'em that. — Princeton Tiger.

At the Horse Show.

McBrier—Did you ever see a horse jump foive feet over a fence?

McSwatt—Oh've seen 'em jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had foive feet.

Wisdom of Age.

Boss (sweet sixteen)—Did you notice what a knightly air Mr. Dashing had?

Aunt Mary—Yes—sort of an up-all-nightly air, as it were. — Chicago News.

## ALPINE CLIMBING.

Perils and Dangers Which Man Courts Amid the Eternal Snows.

There is something wonderfully exhilarating in the suggestion of the hand to hand conflict with a mountain,

says a writer in Munsey's in an interesting article on "The Perils of Alpine Climbing." The real dangers, the tremendous difficulties that beset the way, are potent factors in rousing men to action.

The height and the apparent inaccessibility of the summit are in themselves a constant challenge. In the daylight the peaks

are so grimly tremendous, so self-sufficient, that man bitterly resents the feeling that he is a pitiful pigmy unable to fret their hugeness.

It is not the great panoramic view from the summit that appeals to the thousands who climb the high peaks every year. It is simply the game—the hand to hand struggle with savage nature.

The stories of accidents thrill the tourist with horror and make him long to stand on the very spot where some shocking disaster occurred. The tales of the frightful storms at high altitudes, of the fearful avalanches, of the falling rocks, of plunges into crevasses, of laborious cutting of ice steps, of the climbing around ledges with only a finger and toe hold over a precipice from which one can look down thousands of feet, the nights spent on the snow on the mountain side, stories of frost bite, of hours of intense toil, these things merely spur him on.

Some of the hair-breadth escapes of mountain climbers are almost incredible. Men have managed to throw themselves under a sheltering ledge while a rock thundered over them. They have lain so for an hour or more, listening to the mighty cannonading.

One awful catastrophe marks the first ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865. For years the terrible peak had baffled all efforts to scale it. Edward Whymper, a noted climber, had made six unsuccessful attempts before he succeeded. In his party were Charles Hudson, the most accomplished climber of his time; Lord Francis Douglas, another famous climber; a Mr. Hadow and three guides — two Taugwalders and the great Michael Cox. They reached the summit; but early in the descent Mr. Hadow became exhausted. Cox had to place the young Englishman's feet in the ice steps. He slipped, struck Cox in the back, and both fell. The strain on the rope dislodged Lord Francis Douglas, and Mr. Hudson was dragged after him. Mr. Whymper and the Taugwalders braced themselves, and the jerk came as on one man. The rope parted above old Peter Taugwalder, and the four fell from precipice to precipice to the Matterhorn glacier below, a perpendicular distance of 4,000 feet. The terror and horror of the tragedy so paralyzed the survivors that they barely escaped being frozen to death.

The Student Congressman.

Idaho Elects a Young Man White Study-ist in Chicago University.

Burton L. French, the Congressman-elect from Idaho, enjoys the unique distinction of having been elected to the lower branch at Washington while still a student. Six years ago he was a farmer's boy without political ambition and with little idea of politics. In 1898 he entered the State University, and there his first political honor came to him when he was nominated and elected to the State Legislature. He served acceptably and gained quite a reputation as an orator and also as an advocate of the national administration's policy in dealing with the Philippines. In 1901 he was re-elected, and was the candidate of the minority for Speaker of the lower house. At the close of the legislative session, French having been graduated from the University of Idaho meanwhile, went to Chicago to work for a master's degree in the university there. He had little means and was compelled to work for his support while studying. Last June when he returned home it was to find that he had been nominated for Congress. He immediately entered into the campaign and visited every county in the State except two, and these had no towns. Many of the points at which he spoke had to be reached by stage or horseback, and long drives over mountainous country had to be taken. He was elected, however, defeating his opponent by 8,000 votes.

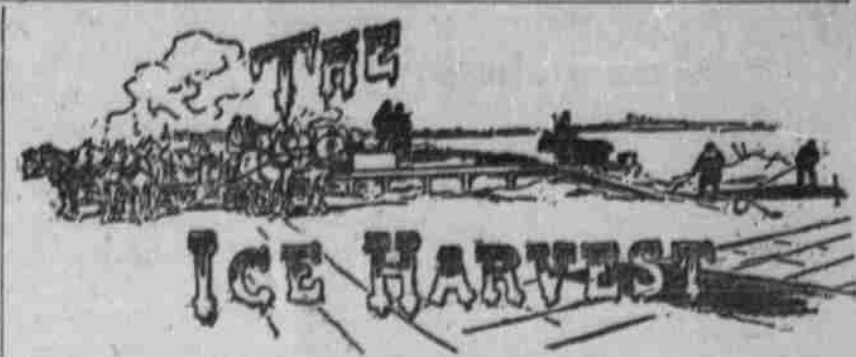
Record for Scotland.

Scotland shipped 11,270,422 tons of coal last year, constituting a record.

Electricity in Paris.

Paris is supplied with electricity by seven different companies.

Never judge a woman's mind by the time it takes her to make it up.



## THE ICE HARVEST

THE harvesting of ice for a city such as Montreal is no mean proposition, even in the abstract, but for a moment we will enter into figures and see just what it means.

There have been harvested in the city during the present winter something like 100,000 tons of ice. Multiply this by 2,000 and we arrive at a total of 320,000,000 pounds.

Divide this into the population of the city and outlying districts, allow for the necessary waste, and it is found that every man, woman and child consumes in the neighborhood of 500 pounds during the year. However, a great deal of this consumption is indirect, as it were, for in these figures come the restaurants, butchers and other large consumers of ice. The calculation is a fair one, however, for sooner or later the members of the community benefit thereby.

The ice upon which Montreal depends is drawn from several sources; for instance, the Back River furnishes some, the St. Lawrence below St.

sharp ice hooks, set in long handles, the men conduct it down toward the skid, one end of which is in the water and the other ending in a long platform, set at a convenient height to load the sleighs without any lifting to speak of. At the foot of the skid the men tackle the ice raft with bars again,

breaking off the cakes which go flying up the skid propelled by a team of horses, hitched to a long rope. The rest is all easy, for the sleighs stand there waiting for their loads to take over to the houses.

The work of the ice harvester is not unlike that of the lumberman, and one shares the dangers as well as the fascinations of the other. That it has its fascinations is shown by the fact that one hoary old gray-beard told that he had been cutting ice every winter for twenty-five years, and as he worked the saw up and down through the blocks of blue crystal he really appeared to enjoy it, and that too in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing keen and strong over the St. Lawrence, making the footing anything but secure.

A cubic foot of ice weighs fifty-seven and one-half pounds. Cut that into quarters and the result is four very small pieces, hardly sufficient to fill an ordinary Derby hat four times over, and still each will weigh upward of fourteen pounds. — Montreal Star.

PICKING OUT THEIR CAREERS.

Children Begin in These Days as Soon as They Talk.

A group of five Brooklyn children, cousins, were playing in the nursery a few mornings ago, the eldest perhaps 10 years of age and the youngest, the only boy, nearly 5. Their mothers are club women, alert and intelligent, and these youngsters had heard much discussion of "the new woman" and of "advanced" topics mentioned in addresses before the clubs. They had absorbed more of the information than their parents realized, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

On the morning in question the children were talking over what they had heard and the oldest said: "Well, everybody's got to be something nowadays. Mother says you can't be just humdrum and comfortable and sit around home any more. Must have a career. I shall be a musician. People will come to hear me play and will clap and give me lots of 'plaws'."

"I," said Jeannette, "shall be a sculptress. I already make very nice things in clay modeling at school."

"Proudee!" yelled the others.

"No, I ain't. 'I know, my lummattations,' as mother says when she reads a paper. But I know what I can do! So now!"

Marie thought she would be an actress or a teacher, she had not decided which, only that she "would know a lot" and wear a long gold chain.

"I'll be a p'lesman," piped up little brother. "Nen if you ain't good I'll ketch you an' you'll be sorry. 'Nar's all."

Dear little Marjorie, 5 years old, who had many dolls to care for, sat contentedly in her little chair rocking, hugging her baby doll and crooning a "bye-bye" to it. She had not spoken and was asked to contribute her idea of a career to this symposium. She glanced up, a puzzled look on her contented little face. "Yes, I heard you all talkin'."

Then her usual happy expression returned, she lifted baby doll to her shoulder close under her chin and said: "I'm just goin' to be a mother with a nice family of children."

A Cerebral Sandwich.

Sharpe—A Baltimore man is busy organizing all the joke writers into a union; I wonder what kind of an emblem they will use.

Wheaton—Why, a chestnut, of course.

(And immediately the ice-pack was replaced about his fevered brow.) — Philadelphia Record.

Death Rate of St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg has the highest death rate of any European capital.

When a 'toper stops drinking it may be either to his credit or to his lack of credit.



ALPINE CLIMBING.



THE SAW AND BAR IN PLAY.

Mary's current turnishes more, while the river opposite Nun's Island contributes by far the larger share. The ice in this latter locality is beautifully clear and is now being harvested as fast as men can cut and teams can draw.

The process proper of procuring ice begins with the removal of the snow, this being accomplished with horses hitched to scrapers. Next comes a machine termed a marker, which is a

series of teeth set at given intervals. The teeth are so adjusted that they cut at intervals of forty inches and again at twenty inches, the width and length of an ordinary cake. A cutter, consisting of a series of big teeth, set one in front of the other, is then run over these marks by means of horses, making the cuts some five inches deep.

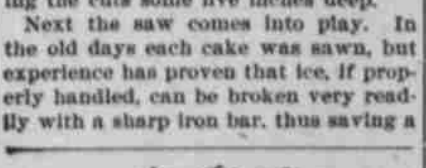
Next the saw comes into play. In the old days each cake was sawn, but experience has proven that ice, if properly handled, can be broken very readily with a sharp iron bar, thus saving a



ICE HARVESTERS AT WORK.

great portion of the necessarily slower method of sawing.

The City Ice Company's men in place of sawing the ice into comparatively small cakes content themselves with going through it with the toothed instrument at intervals of sixty-four feet, cutting through only the short way. This raft, sixteen cakes long and four wide, is then broken off the main body by means of bars and with



HOISTING ICE BY STEAM POWER.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cramps Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE SERRAVALLO COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



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