A Bad Break.

Wife—Why did you give that phonograph away just before we were married? Didn't you think I could use it?

Husband—My dear, I gave it away to keep peace. Don't you know that no house is big enough for two talking machines?

And at the last report he was still trying to square himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Recognition.

"The men who devote their time to the country's service should be recognized," said the official.

"Well," answered Farmer Corntassel, "some of 'em should and others 'ud be more respected if they could approach the payroll in disguise."—Washington Star.

Less Lavishness.

"Do you think your insurance company is being conducted more economically?"

"I'm sure of it," answered the hopeful citizen. "It doesn't send me nearly as many blotters and calendars as it used to."—Washington Star.

Uncle Allen.

"I've observed one thing about a footrace," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "If you've got any money up on the result it always turns out differently from what you think it's going to."

Not Quite the Same.

Miss Bute—He told me once that I was quite pretty.

Miss Chellus—Yes, he also told me that you were quite pretty—once.—Philadelphia Press.

A great extension of the Siberian railroad is proposed along the River Amur, and as it has met with hearty approval on the part of the present ministry, it is likely to be constructed. It will open up 40,000,000, acres of corn land.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo } ss.
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.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Reaction.

Salesman—Hat, sir? Yes; what kind do you wish to look at?

Customer—Well, my wife wears a Merry Widow affair. If you have something that is the exact opposite of it, young man, that's what I want.

Salesman—Then you want a plug hat, of course, with a black band around it. That is the nearest we can come to a Disconsolate Widower hat.—Chicago Tribune.

Gave It Up.

"Uncle Henry, how big a tarpon did you ever catch?"

"Why, Sammy, once I—but how big a tarpon did you ever hear of?"

"Seven feet ten inches is the record."

"I'm not going to try to beat that, Sammy. I have only a few years to live, and I want to go to heaven some day."

A Financier.

Judge—How many times have you been arrested before?

Prisoner—Five, sir.

Judge—Then I shall feel it my duty to impose the maximum fine——"

Prisoner—But, your honor, isn't it only fair to give a reduced rate to regular customers?—Judge.

Forestry in Korea is to be taken up by the government under new forest laws, said to have been enacted under a co-operative agreement drawn up by Japan and Korea. It is also reported that a school for training Korean foresters has been established.

Premature.

Husband (on overland train)—You mustn't mind it, Maria, if I take several doses of spirits during the day, from now on. It's the only thing that will cut this alkali dust that gets into one's throat.

Wife—You won't have to do it to-day, John. I've been making some inquiries, and I find we don't strike the alkali region for 500 miles yet.

As Revised.

Sail on, sail on, O ship of state!
Portland cemented, strong and great!
Humanity need have no fears;
Thou'lt go uncracked through all the years,
With rocky sides imperforate!
—Chicago Tribune.

The Wise Men.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

His Busy Day.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charles," she replied, coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by 10 I'm going to ask her."—Tid-Bits.

Our Own Minstrels.

Bones—Mistah Johnsing, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween de dipplymatic inte'co'se o' fust class powahs an' nine cases o' measles in a cullud fambly?

Interlocutor—No, George; that's the hardest one I ever heard. What is the difference between the diplomatic intercourse of first class powers and nine cases of measles in a colored family?

Bones—De one am de serious affairs of state an' de uddah am a serious state of affairs.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, the premier vocalist of the western hemisphere, Mr. Splitcher Reerdrums, will now sing the beautiful ballad entitled, "Darling, Take Your Arm Away; Mother Is Peeping Through the Keyhole."

A Delicious Custard.

The recipe for this delicate dessert has been handed down in my family for many generations: Into each individual custard cup put the yolk of one egg, add one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, two gratings of nutmeg and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Incorporate thoroughly and set the cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool, cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs for this purpose, and allow one tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of each egg. Through the very tiptop of each snowy mound drop a teaspoonful of orange marmalade.—Delineator.

But Never Call Him Early.

He—Funny thing about your sex. Call a woman "a bird" and she's pleased. But call her a hen or an old crow and she gets angry.

She—Nothing exclusively feminine about that. Call a man "a sad dog" and he feels good. But call him "a miserable cur"—the same thing—and he'll knock your head off.—Boston Transcript.

Knew One of the Firm.

Attendant (showing him through the structure)—This house is built on what is known as the "slow combustion" plan.

Mr. Pneuritch—Ah, yes; I think I know Slocum. I have seen him at the club; but I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bustion.—Chicago Tribune.

Brazilian railroads in operation a' the beginning of last year had a total length of 10,776 miles. In addition there were 1,902 miles under construction and 4,177 miles being surveyed or already approved, making the total mileage about 16,855 miles.

Saved by Tomatoes.

John Vaughn of Mercerville, a rural letter carrier, was driving along a road when an auto plunged into his light rig from behind. Vaughn was tossed in the air to alight in a load of tomatoes in a wagon twenty feet ahead. His rig was demolished, but the soft tomatoes saved him from serious injury. The squashing of the tomatoes did not save Vaughn from the ire of the wagon's owner. The driver of the automobile sped on with a grin.—Kansas City Journal.

In the Concrete Age.

First Government Officer (a few years hence)—Anything particular on hand today?

Second Government Officer—Yes; I've got to go this afternoon to take part in the molding of the corner stone for a new battleship.

The story of [illegible] by a writer in the [illegible] Magazines—is very simple, straight to that spot in the heart [illegible] is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skaggles was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to "Skag." When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were ventilated beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks—that is, used the duster—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, save for the high-water mark about his neck.

But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied waste-baskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the "boss" had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

"Skag, come here!"

It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a culprit.

"Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all."

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tugged at the seam on his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping.

Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathy.

"Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he needn't come at all."

When Jones returned he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

"What brought it on?" asked the stenographer.

"Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday."

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggles now. They call him by his right name.

Practicing by Ear.

When Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo one of his friends was a lazy young lawyer who was forever pestering him with questions about legal points that he could just as well have looked up for himself. Even Cleveland's patience had an end. One day as his friend entered he remarked:

"There are my books. Help yourself to them. You can look up your own case."

The lazy lawyer stared at him in amazement.

"See here, Grover Cleveland," he said indignantly, "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder. You know very well that I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Right Kind of a Girl.

Wedderly—Can the girl you are engaged to swim?

Singleton—I don't know. But why do you ask?

Wedderly—Because if she can you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Fulfillment.

They said he'd make his mark 'mongst men,
It was a prophecy profound.
He bought himself a fountain pen
And when he shook it now and then
Made marks on every one around!
—Washington Star.

When a locality is rather short on other resources, it is pretty apt to lay claim to a remarkably healthful climate.

S.S.S. CONTAINS NO MERCURY

Medicines containing Mercury are often given to persons suffering with Contagious Blood Poison, and so powerful is the action of this drug that it frequently removes the symptoms in a short while, and shuts the disease up in the system to do greater damage to the delicate internal members. When, however, the treatment is left off, the disease always returns, and the patient finds that his health has been injured by this powerful mineral, and he is often left with weak stomach, disturbed digestion, mercurial rheumatism, etc. The action of S. S. S. is entirely different. It contains no Mercury, nor any other harmful drug, but is made entirely of healing, cleansing roots and herbs. It cures Contagious Blood Poison by removing the virus from the blood. It searches out every particle of the poison and does not leave the least trace for future outbreaks. S. S. S., in addition to curing the disease, builds up and strengthens every part of the body. Its fine tonic effects tone up the stomach and digestion, improve the appetite and regulate the entire system. Home treatment book containing valuable information about the different stages of the disease and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

[illegible] from Pe-r

What She Says.

MISS DELLA STROEBE, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes.

"My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

Pe-ru-na Did Wonders.

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1421 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

HOWARD E. BURTON.—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

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Douglas County Farm in the heart of the famous Shoestring Valley. Sixty acres—45 acres cleared; 15 acres fir timber; soil rich and mellow; no rocks; schoolhouse ½ mile; on county road; running water; well; over 300 bearing fruit trees; 5-room log house, barn and other out-buildings; two miles of fence; full assortment farm implements; all house furnishings; all crops. Must sell, Price for everything. $2,500. Address

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PNU No. 33—08

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

No Cause for Alarm.

"Look, officer!" shouted the excited citizen. "That big department store is afire!"

"What makes you think so?" asked the officer, calmly.

"Why, don't you see all those woman shoppers coming down the fire escapes?"

"Oh, yes; but that is not the sign of fire. You see, they can't get through the revolving doors with those big hats."

No Stranger to That.

Mrs. Highmus—I suppose at some time in your life you struggled with the Nibelungenlied?

Mrs. Gaswell—O, yes; I had an awful siege of that in '93. I had to take all kinds of nasty medicines before I got it out of my system.

Kids and Goats.

Dottie—O-ooh! What's this picture?

Tommy—That's Capt. Kidd an' his band o' piruts.

Dottie—An' which is Capt. Kidd?

Tommy—W'y, th' guy with th' goatee, o' course!—Cleveland Leader.

[illegible] man [illegible] ghai. A [illegible] for ad- [illegible] no appe- [illegible] suffered a [illegible] from depression and nevertheless was taking on fat at an alarming rate. 'We'll soon put you in condition again,' said the physician. 'What you need is exercise—good, hard exercise. Four times a week you can come here and put in the morning polishing my floors.' 'But why not my own floors?' the mandarin inquired. 'Mine,' said the physician, 'are larger.'"

A Rabbit and a Whistle.

Did you know that a short, sharp whistle from the mouth would stop a rabbit? It surely does. Next time you see little Molly Cottontail leap from her burrow and make off don't shoot; just whistle. Whether from fear or curiosity I cannot tell, but she will stop still in her tracks. An antelope has been known to do likewise. An African hunter once said that the elephant is the most timid of all animals and can be frightened into a cold sweat by a mysterious noise.—New York Press.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Necessary Formality.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, what do you have to do when you want to draw some money out of a bank?

Mr. Ferguson—You have to put some money in the bank beforehand. That's always been my experience.

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

In the Literary Workshop.

"Brooks," said Rivers, who had been struggling desperately with an idea for more than half an hour, "give me a rhyme for 'perfunctory.'"

"Sorry, old man," answered Brooks; "but there isn't any."

"Dash it!" exclaimed Rivers.

Thereupon he proceeded to do it in blankety blank verse.

St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Or.
Resident and Day School for Girls.
Catalogue on Request.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Cold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Deep Sea Amenities.

The Oyster—You're a good deal tougher customer than I am.

The Clam—That's all right. You do a good deal crookeder shell game than I do.

A Bit of Advice.

This is a bit of advice offered by the Gunnison Gazette:

Young man, if you should come across a girl who, with a face as radiant as a sunflower, says as you appear at the door, "I will be busy for half an hour yet, for the dishes are not washed," just squat right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other chap may come along and secure the prize, and right there you will have lost an angel.

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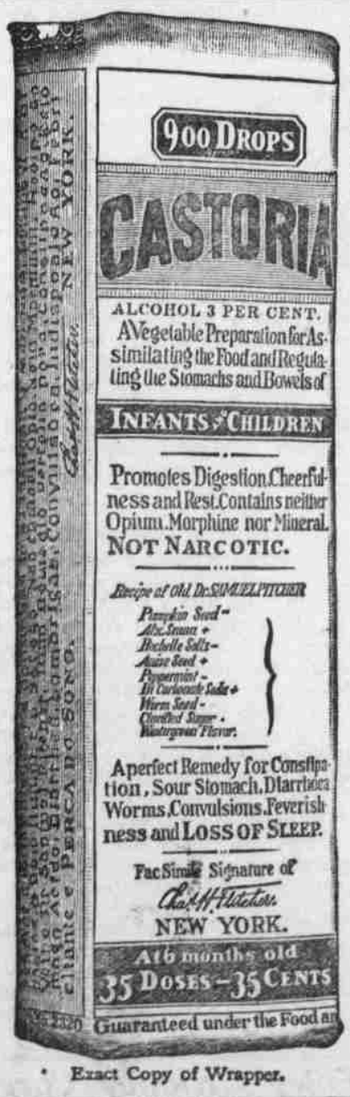
by softening the water, cleans the skin thoroughly, removes odor of perspiration and renders the skin soft and velvety.

All dealers. Sample Borax, Booklet and Lace Centerpiece design on cloth ready to work, 10c, of PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., Oakland, Cal.

Local agents wanted. Write for money making plan.



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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, cures 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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