

Don't Mind the Weather. There is one thing that does not mind the weather, and that is rheumatism; and one thing that does not mind rheumatism is St. Jacobs Oil, as it goes to work upon it and cures it right off.

A Town Without Dogs. Plsek, Bohemia, is probably the only dogless town in the world. In consequence of a death from hydrophobia, the authorities ordered every dog in the place killed.—Chicago Tribune.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers To Paint the Laughing Soil." And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, later must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood.—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well.—Suzie E. Brown, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured.—N. B. Selley, 1874 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colo.

Rheumatism.—My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results.—Mrs. J. S. McMath, Stamford, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Foreigner's Mistake. The Foreigner—What a happy people Americans must be! I can tell that much by their springy, buoyant step.

The Citizen.—That ain't no sign. They've contracted the cake walk habit; that's all—Indianapolis Journal.

Ultra Proper. "I did not imagine," sighed the dejected suitor, "that a woman could possibly be as particular as her mother is. She is ultra, fanatically, absurdly proper."

"What's the matter now?" "She took pains to inform me this evening that she didn't even allow the gas to go out without a chaperon."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY, C. O. Props, Toledo, O. We have the undersigned, have known L. J. Cheney for the past 35 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WARR & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & HARTMAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A German scientist says that athletes have not realized the value of sugar. Financiers have.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, itching, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail, 25¢. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Miss Helen Gould has read law, and did she so desire could pass the examination for entrance to the New York bar.

The poorer the family the fatter the dog.—Athenian Globe.

An Excellent Combination. The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strength-giving laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50¢ per bottle.

IMPRESSIONS. The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye. Or a word exchanged with a passer-by; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street And afterward life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest zeal And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped Or a tender word is left unsaid, And one there is who, his whole life long, Shall cherish the brand of a burning word.

A line that staves up from an open page, A cynical smile from the lips of age, A glimpse of loving seen in a play, And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

A friendly smile and love's embering spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark; A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow men And they pick up the thread of life again.

Thus not an act or a word or thought But that with unguessed importance is fraught, For small things build up eternally And blazon the ways for a destiny.

"EL CHATTO." IN the house of "El Chatto," ex-bull-fighter of Madrid and present "Torero" before the Mexican public, there was dire dismay, owing to the low state of the very low state of the family exchequer.

"El Chatto" (meaning "the snub nose") had just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan dulce," asisted by his pretty wife, Donna Lolita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bull-fighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret.

A career that might possibly have been glorious had been cut short by the selfishness of "El Chatto," who had loved her, married her, and taken her away from the old world to the new—the rich country of Mexico—where a bull-fighter was a prince.

Successful, feted, and honored in Cuba and afterward in Mexico, "El Chatto's" prosperity had not lasted long, for soon had come the edict that bull fighting in Mexico must stop.

This morning the day before the bull fight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, investigation revealed one big piece and fourteen copper centavos. Not enough to pay each horse even!

Here was a pretty mess; no wonder that "El Chatto" leisurely and calmly spoke every naughty and lurid word that came to his mind during the next half-hour.

At last, out of breath, "El Chatto" paused and glared about him, as though in search of some one to fight. Donna Lolita smiled at him sweetly, removing the cigaret from her pretty lips as she murmured: "Have you finished, little Snub Nose?"

A shrug of the shoulders was her husband's reply.

"Then listen, O most worthless husband, for I have a plan—a plan most magnificent, thereby we will make a fortune—sufficient silver peso, one 50-cent piece, one 10-cent."

"This is how it is," she pursued, blowing a ring of smoke into her husband's face; "the impresario pay you little—very little—only a hundred silver dollars—is it not so?"

"Si, that is all—the pigs!" growled the torero; "and after this there will be no fight until 'holy week'—no more money!"

"Pues, then we will make more out of them—much more. Listen, marido mio; this is the plan.

The gloom clears away from the house of the matador; there continues rejecting all that day. "El Chatto" and his pretty wife have a most joyous dinner, and afterwards lay their heads together on the subject of the morrow's fight and a special Spanish costume that Lolita is to wear—one of old Sevilla—all rose pink and Spanish mantle, with a pink rose in her blue black hair, this latter being another of the mysteries; in Mexico few ladies ever wear the costume of old Spain—it is as much worn out, passe, here as the patches and powder and hoops of the revolutionary days are in Anglo-Saxon lands.

But why is she wearing it to-morrow? Unless, indeed, it is because fully fifteen enormously rich Spanish families have taken boxes and will be there? Perhaps that is it! Lolita wishes to be patriotic—that is what is the matter!

She purposely took a seat just behind the first barrier of the bull ring—seven feet above the ground where her husband will kill his bull—so that she can see him better," as she lips to the admiring Mexican fighter, who wishes her to go into one of the boxes. In her Sevillian costume, the silk mantilla exposing just enough of her Spanish eyes and dimpled chin to make people want to see more, Donna Lolita is by far the most admired woman in the plaza, attracting attention even from the beautiful banderilla work that "El Largo" is going through with in the ring.

Many a rich Spanish lady up there in the boxes envies the loyalty that has induced the wearing of a passe dress, and many a Spaniard feels his heart grow warm and his eyes moist as, forgetting the little figure before his eyes, he can see another one of the old days in the old country almost identical; many a man forgets the fat, richly dressed Mexican wife at his side and goes back in heart to just such a girl, whether of Andalusia, of Seville, or of Madrid.

And seated alone in his box the prince of bankers, old Frangulino, drops his glass and sighs; perhaps if a girl like that one yonder had lived, instead of passing away from him during the first poverty-stricken month of their married life there in Barcelona, he would not now be a lone, triste man, without home, chick, or child—only the money.

She is trembling from her dainty head down to her tiny, silk-bowed Spanish slippers all the time that "El Largo" is torturing the furious, pawing bull with his sharp banderillas. She clasps her hands tightly together, as, finally, dring of the banderilla work—which, in fact, has been somewhat long drawn out—"on account of the matador, 'El Chatto's,' sudden sickness and faintness"—the public of the sunny side begin to clamor for "El matadori Mate el toro! Que venga el matadori Mate el toro!"

After all, no one can fight a bull as does the Spanish matador. At least, during "El Chatto's" splendid work of the next seven minutes that is what the people think. All of them are on their feet shrieking, some breathless with delight! Silver dollars and hats and flowers rain down into the ring, but "El Chatto" has no time to bow his thanks; he is too busy.

On her feet, as is everybody else, for that matter, Lolita is watching every motion, her heart beating in great leaps, and so excited and wrought up now that she has forgotten to feel afraid. Bull and matador are just underneath her, and twice her husband has glanced at her significantly; she is watching with her heart in her eyes.

One pass of the sword backward over the shoulder—now, then, Dios help—a-h!

For all in a second it happens: the torero, suddenly reeling after a fancy pass at the bull, has cast one agonized look up at his wife and fallen prone on the ground. The bull does not see, for the furious impetus of his last charge has taken him several feet beyond the matador.

But before the people have well seen that, there is a quick leap and a flash; a slight figure is in the ring, her mantilla is cast back, the pink rose has fallen into the dust; her tiny, white hands have caught up the sword. As the bull swings madly forward she meets him.

He is an enormous beast, and to be on a line even with his shoulder she has to rise on tiptoe. She does it. Her face is white and calm as the brute rushes at her, lowering his head. She springs forward and upward; the sword sinks out of sight in the bleeding shoulder—no fancy passes for her! And the bull topples over on his knees, the blood gushing out in torrents. He is dying—dead!

The mantilla is trampled into the dust, the pink rose is now a faded, reddened scrap, but the woman, her hands blood-stained and her face white as death, knows nothing about that. On her knees, sobbing like a baby, from overwrought passion and nervousness, she is holding her husband's unconscious head in her trembling arms.

As for the populace, they have passed from horror-stricken silence and terror into hysterical shouts, screams, applause, and even tears.

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The gate swings open at last, and "El Largo" still teases the bull as "El Chatto" moves forward slowly, and bows first to the President and then to the public. In spite of his magnificent silver and violet costume, he looks deathly ill—his face is white and drawn, and under his eyes great black rings show, that extend almost halfway down his face.

But "El Chatto" is game, if he is sick—perhaps the presence of his wife inspires him with fresh courage, for he unshies his bright, keen sword, nods breathily to "El Largo," who gets out of the way, smiles once at Lolita, who is, beneath her mantilla, far whiter than he, then makes a tantalizing movement at the bull.

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One pass of the sword backward over the shoulder—now, then, Dios help—a-h!

For all in a second it happens: the torero, suddenly reeling after a fancy pass at the bull, has cast one agonized look up at his wife and fallen prone on the ground. The bull does not see, for the furious impetus of his last charge has taken him several feet beyond the matador.

But before the people have well seen that, there is a quick leap and a flash; a slight figure is in the ring, her mantilla is cast back, the pink rose has fallen into the dust; her tiny, white hands have caught up the sword. As the bull swings madly forward she meets him.

He is an enormous beast, and to be on a line even with his shoulder she has to rise on tiptoe. She does it. Her face is white and calm as the brute rushes at her, lowering his head. She springs forward and upward; the sword sinks out of sight in the bleeding shoulder—no fancy passes for her! And the bull topples over on his knees, the blood gushing out in torrents. He is dying—dead!

The mantilla is trampled into the dust, the pink rose is now a faded, reddened scrap, but the woman, her hands blood-stained and her face white as death, knows nothing about that. On her knees, sobbing like a baby, from overwrought passion and nervousness, she is holding her husband's unconscious head in her trembling arms.

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