

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia. It makes life miserable. Its sufferers eat not because they want to, but simply because they must. They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise. They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffiness, headache, heartburn and what not. The effective remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic.

Erudition

"Remember," said the Boston boy's uncle, "that children should be seen and not heard."

"My dear sir," was the courteous rejoinder, "that is one of the theories whose fallacy has long since been admitted by civilized nations. The emperor of China is about the only person in the world who gives it serious consideration."—Washington Star.

Who's Your Greeter?

If he doesn't handle Monopole Spices he ought to. If you want to try them, send us his name and address with two 2-cent stamps for postage and we will send you a 10-cent tin of Monopole Cayenne or Ginger or White Pepper or other variety. We know you'll say it is the finest you ever used. Send at once to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

Retaining Fee

Guest—Are tips expected here?
Waiter—No, sah; we doan accept no vulgar tips, sah. We is free-bohn American citizens, sah, we is, and we wish to preserve our self respect, sah.
"I am glad to hear that."
"Yes, sah, all we require is a retaining fee, same as lawyers, sah."—New York Weekly.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a good medicine; pain and suffering cannot abide with it; your druggist will tell you so.

Noah's Troubles

"Confound that dinosaur!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!"

Then Noah seized a handspike and started below deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Domestic Troubles

Mr. Nagget—Oh, what's the matter with you? You're forever finding fault.
Mrs. Nagget (sweetly) Well, that equalizes things. You're forever losing one.
Mr. Nagget—Losing one?
Mrs. Nagget—Yes, your temper. Surely that's a fault.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first use. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Gonsky, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Sure Way

"How dare you send a collector to my house?"
"To tell the truth, sir, we were a little doubtful about you."
"Then why not have me looked up?"
"You would then have known that I never pay my bills."—Life.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease.

It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Gonsky, LeRoy, N. Y.

Only Time Could Tell

"Hey!" shouted the cycle policeman, as the man in the big racing car started to go past him like a railroad train. "Ain't you riding a trifle more than eight miles an hour?"
"How do I know," howled the speed maker over his shoulder. "I haven't ridden an hour yet."—Automobile Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

A Windfall

"You say his money fell to him?"
"No, he fell to it—tumbled through a coal hole and sued the city."—Chicago Herald.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor. For Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows. A small pimple came on my jaw about a week before the car on the left side of my face. It grew no pain or inconvenience. And I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would have healed, but it did not. It grew larger and larger, and it was very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was a large sore, and it was very painful. I had heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable how a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer and my general health is continuous good.—Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo.

S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TEACHING A SCHOOL.

POSITION OF SCHOOLMASTER IS NO SINECURE.

Sometimes He Has to Fight to Maintain Discipline—One Pedagogue Who Whipped Entire Class—Muscle as Important a Requisite as a Scholarship.

Who hath bleeding at the nose? He who teacheth a country school. Wherefore I say unto you, go not gaily forth to teach them that dwell in the land round about lest ye have wounds and sores, for verily it behoveth more to compass ye about than to read the stars.

O. K., 1118 Maxims.

It is in the post slogs that he who essays to handle the unruly in a country school has educational work out for him not laid down in any reputable text book.

No person on earth is subjected to as many petty persecutions born of sheer devilry as the country school teacher. For a week, maybe, after he "takes in" the school he has a fairly easy road to travel; the boys have not finished sizing him up. But woe to him if he becomes unduly confident, for things will happen not set forth in the simple rules he has pasted up above the blackboard. The second Monday is generally the time set for the opening of hostilities. The big leader, likely as not bigger than the teacher, has used Saturday and Sunday mapping out his program.

Subdued snickers, inattention to the business in hand, poorly prepared lessons or lessons absolutely unlearned mark the day's proceedings. The teacher reprimands and orders the school to stick to those tasks until they are learned. Nobody is kept in at recess or noon rest, for as yet no open defiance has marked the demeanor of the pupils. They go slowly, for the temper of the master is not a revealed thing yet. Just before school "lets out" the teacher rises, taps his bell and, having secured attention, delivers a curt lecture concerning what has been done or, rather, not been done—and his anxious desire to see immediate improvement. Then the bell taps in dismissal and the boys rush tumultuously out, firing back lacerating shouts of scorn and defiance as they scuttie away.

Then the teacher, if he is wary, knows he is in the position of the man who has bet his sole remaining dollar on a losing horse—he is up against it good and plenty. He arrives at the scene of his labors on Tuesday with

tense muscles and hard face, for there will be some kind of a row before the shades of night fall. It is very seldom that a coward can be induced to take a country school, for his dominion will not last five days. The boys can tell a shirker at a glance and they lose no time with such, but get busy at once.

The little boys begin the racket, for they have been incited thereto by their elders, who wish to take a few notes. The big boys have said they are behind the little ones and they are, so far behind that no help comes in the long aching day. Some small boy falls to learn his lesson. When asked why, he says with a wildly beating heart, but bold front, "I don't have to."

This causes a snicker to run all over the room, wherein the bold youth joins, closing with a gasp as the ruler drops on some soft spot in his anatomy. He knows he cannot whip the teacher and looks in vain for the promised help. So he takes his licking and snuffling promises to be good. Rage is in his heart against the teacher and the big boys both.

Possibly three or four such happenings reduces that school to a condition of sullen thought; the teacher is not so easy after all. Morning recess calls for a conference. Usually the teacher sits inside the school house in deep thought. He sees his work and plans to have it out as soon as possible, for delays are dangerous. He sits at his desk, fingers his ruler and once in a while glances out of the window. He marvels that the children do not seem to be playing, but he has things to chain his thoughts and fails to hear the stealthy footfall on the roof. Then as the children file in, bobbing in awkward courtesy as they enter, he becomes aware of a large amount of smoke in the room. He is being "smoked out."

"Jack Simpson," he says to the big fellow he has picked out as the ring leader, "see what is the matter with that stove."

Jack obeys—it is part of the play—and a huge volume of white smoke rushes out into the room. He closes the door, coughs explosively—it is all up and—back away. "She's full of sumpin'," he gasps.

"Why is the pipe choked?"
"Swallows must 'a' built their nests in the chimney."

"Silence!" cries the teacher, his words cutting like knives. "I will do the laughing for this school. That chimney was not choked when school as-

SEMBLED THIS MORNING: WHY IS IT IN THIS CONDITION NOW?

"Reckon they built them nests 'wile we was at recess."
"What were you doing on the roof a while ago?"
"Wuz'n't up on no roof 'all."
"Open those windows. Nobody is to leave the room until bid," says the angry teacher, seizing the ruler in a firm grasp. "You stuffed something in that chimney, Simpson, and you're going up there and take it out right now."
"Think so?" is the impudent retort.
"You will either do it or I will have to punish you severely."
"Reckon you better lek me—if ye kin," says Jack as he defiantly faces the pedagogue.

This places the school and teacher on a war footing. The ultimatum having been delivered the teacher either goes in and fights a winning fight or loses all control of the school. It admits of no alternative. For the honor of the profession, be it known, in most cases war medicine of a fierce and eager variety is speedily mixed. In the early clash bone and sinew on the side of the big boy tells and the scholars dance about, hoping for victory. In the end in most cases skill, endurance and higher nervous energy turn the scales and in almost record time Simpson is a licked commodity. He may not actually ascend to the roof to correct his error of judgment, but the thing is done and the "smoke out" is a dismal failure.

In Kansas after the close of the war a set of boys from New York arrived in a little village to find homes. The village school was taught by a former trooper who still wore his blue uniform vest. One of the New Yorkers was the soul of mischief. He signalled the coming of winter when ice was good and skating fine by putting some awful things on the big cannon stove. The small sent the school to the tall grass outside. Wilson was charged with the trick, but denied it stoutly. Then the school reassembled and the usually mild eyes of that teacher blazed. Wilson was as big as he and fun was sure to come.

The boys commenced to whistle in concert with the shrill piping of the wind. One small boy was detected in the act and received a hot ruler on his crupper when Wilson interposed and said he alone was to blame. The pedagogue then allowed he would have to whip Wilson, so the action commenced without time wasted in preliminaries. Wilson sent the teacher in a form in the first clash. The teacher rose and staggered to a clinch. Then he got busy over Wilson and pounded

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THROUGH THE TELESCOPE.

Humble Tragedy of the Siege of Ladysmith.

When the Boers besieged Ladysmith they permitted a "camp of refuge" and a field hospital to be established at In-tombi, a few miles distant. Here the non-combatants were gathered. And to the London Daily Express, came every morning the train from Ladysmith, bearing its burden of sick and wounded.

To the dwellers at In-tombi that train brought the history of the siege, the daily bulletin written in blood and disease. Women who had husbands and brothers and sons in Ladysmith crowded around always to see what news it brought, and went away with a sigh of respite and relief when it carried nothing for them.

And yet, after a fashion, these women at In-tombi were more fortunate than the men in Ladysmith, since they could learn from the new arrivals how their loved ones fared. But men were not allowed to go backward and forward to In-tombi; those who went had to remain, and somehow or other little or no news seemed to reach the garrison.

In the death of news one man in Ladysmith had arranged that twice a week, when he could get off duty, his wife at In-tombi should go at 12 o'clock and stand in front of a big marquee where he could see her through the ship's telescope at the 4.7 battery.

She went there regularly with her child, and straining her eyes toward that sandbagged point above Convent's Hill, sometimes fondly imagined that she could see him. And as the months passed her child, like the others in the camp, grew more sleeky, thin and pale, till it seemed as if the Erl King spirit of the miasmic fog had wrapped it around and entered it, and made it a changeling of his own.

But delicate as the child was, the mother was the first to fall sick, and the news of her illness reached her husband by his seeing one tiny figure standing alone at the appointed place, waving a handkerchief. And there came a day when it, too, was no longer to be seen. He could not go to them, but had to stay and fight on with bitterness in his heart.

A Vanishing Bird.

If the north German farmer looks with equanimity upon the gradual disappearance of the stork, the Northern tourist in quest of the quaint and picturesque will bear of the vanishing of the long-legged, red-beaked bird with

another illusion dispelled. Ruthless bacteriologists destroy one by one our fondest illusions. Now faith in the purity of glaciers must go the way of other popular fallacies.

Hitherto the man in the street had imagined it were all the waters of every city and plain polluted he would still find immaculate springs in the Alps. But M. Binet, who presides over a chemical laboratory at the Pasteur Institute, having no such faith, obtained some ice from the glaciers of Mont Blanc itself and placed it under his pitiless microscope. His verdict shatters the dreams of mountaineers. It appears that even the summit, which so long remained untrod by human feet, has lost its purity, if it ever had any.

The ice in question, and water melted therefrom, were found, on bacteriological analysis, to be "peopled with colonies of microbes." The statement which follows is particularly terrifying. It appears that "the germs in question were found to belong to the most varied families of bacteria."

M. Binet accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blanc glaciers, says the London Telegraph, by surmising that the microbes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys.

Criminal Carelessness.

A woman was recently robbed of \$3,000 in bills at 8 o'clock at night, her dress being literally cut from her body by the thieves. An unprotected woman has no business to be carrying \$3,000 at night anywhere unless she is prepared to take the consequences.

Within the past year the newspapers have recorded hundreds of cases of murder, assault, torture, robbery and arson, all due to the criminal carelessness of people keeping in their houses or on their persons, large sums of money which should be safely lodged in the banks. Many people are prejudiced against the banks, but where there is one bank failure there are a hundred robberies. It is easy to take proper precautions, but practically impossible to catch thieves.

An Economical Parson.

"Br'er Williams, all tho' o' winter season you wuz preachin' red-hot sermons on hell fire, en now dat de spring come you ain't got a word ter say 'bout hell fire. How come?"
"Br'er Thomas, de wayfarin' man, do' mighty foolish, may'er he knowed dat dat wuz. In de winter season, Br'er Thomas, coal wuz de ton."—Atlantic Constitution.

In Installments.

Mrs. Gay—But I told you to itemize the bill.
The Milliner—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there.

Mrs. Gay—Gracious! You don't understand me. I want you to send only one item each month, or my husband will never pay it.—Philadelphia Press.

Foreshadowsings.

"Somethin' is bound to happen to old Jones if he keeps on de way he's goin'."
"Yes. He'll either get kicked by a mule or run for the legislature."—Atlanta Constitution.

There are certain words one never meets except in a description of a wedding, or some other society event, and we hate every one of them.

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

Ancient Cemetery of St. Paul in Paris His Supposed Burial Place.

One of the old houses of Paris, situated at 17 Rue Beaufort, is about to disappear, and the place thereof will know it no more. It has been handed over to workmen, who will demolish it to make room for a workshop. Rue Beaufort is an ancient and narrow street which the omnibuses do not penetrate, remnant of the times when the Place des Vosges was the Place Royal and the home of beaux, "peaked," and red-headed. In the garden of the doomed house, famous in times past as the residence of distinguished persons, is a grave which local tradition says is the resting-place of that mysterious figure in history—the Man with the Iron Mask, says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. One remembers that this remarkable person died in the Bastille in 1703 and the local register says he was buried in the parish of St. Paul. Now, this garden undoubtedly forms a part of the ancient cemetery of St. Paul, and the church, itself, is near at hand, in the midst of a cluster of old houses. It is in the garden that the famous Iron Mask is said to have been buried, and the spot is the Mecca of daily pilgrimages. Outwardly, the place is unlovely enough, ragged and uncultivated. A few poor bedraggled flowers try to live on, cut off from the sunshine by the over-topping houses, and prematurely faded by the smoke from a neighboring wash-house, out of sheer respect for a great name. In a corner, where the decayed trunks of some acacias, and where a pool of stagnant water gives an additional aspect of melancholy, is the reputed grave of the Iron Mask. The old attendant will tell you that the water does not run away because there is a vault beneath covered over with a thick bed of cement. In the middle of the garden there is a subterranean passage which leads by gentle descent direct to the cave of burial. The question which is agitating the minds of the "Old Paris" society which watches over these matters is whether the remains? Actually, there is on the grave a column which bears an inscription, cut with a knife, "Here lies Marcellin, the Man with the Iron Mask." It would appear that the inscription was copied from a stone, which was formerly in place there. The ancient cemetery of St. Paul is now almost built over. Here, however, if one may again believe the tradition of the quarter, have lain the ashes of Rabelais, of Mansard, the architect who built the Bank of France, and the hotel, now the Musee, Carnavalet, of Moliere and his spouse, Armande Bejart.

Another Illusion Dispelled.

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M. Binet accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blanc glaciers, says the London Telegraph, by surmising that the microbes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys.

Criminal Carelessness.

A woman was recently robbed of \$3,000 in bills at 8 o'clock at night, her dress being literally cut from her body by the thieves. An unprotected woman has no business to be carrying \$3,000 at night anywhere unless she is prepared to take the consequences.

Within the past year the newspapers have recorded hundreds of cases of murder, assault, torture, robbery and arson, all due to the criminal carelessness of people keeping in their houses or on their persons, large sums of money which should be safely lodged in the banks. Many people are prejudiced against the banks, but where there is one bank failure there are a hundred robberies. It is easy to take proper precautions, but practically impossible to catch thieves.

An Economical Parson.

"Br'er Williams, all tho' o' winter season you wuz preachin' red-hot sermons on hell fire, en now dat de spring come you ain't got a word ter say 'bout hell fire. How come?"
"Br'er Thomas, de wayfarin' man, do' mighty foolish, may'er he knowed dat dat wuz. In de winter season, Br'er Thomas, coal wuz de ton."—Atlantic Constitution.

In Installments.

Mrs. Gay—But I told you