

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

Scrofula **Salt Rheum**
Scald Head **Boils, Pimples**
All Kinds of Humors **Rheumatism**
Blood Poisoning **Dyspepsia, Etc.**
Catarrh **Dyspepsia, Etc.**

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

The Indian Was Funny.
While on an automobile trip State Senator James K. Flood, of Hart, Mich., met a mounted Indian, whose horse appeared much frightened at the machine. The senator called out to him: "Joe, is your horse much afraid?" "Joe, heep look! he only mad. He tink you take his job." — Brooklyn Eagle.

Since writing for the April Century "The Revolution of American Census Taking," which gives interesting details of the magnitude and intricacies of the "decennial snapshot 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.

Recently Acquired.
Tom—By George, old man, that's a stunning girl you just bowed to. Who is she?
Jack—My sister.
Tom—Your sister? Since when?
Jack—Since last night. — Chicago News.

Simulation.
He—I suppose you think I'm acting like a fool.
She—No, indeed. I know better than that.
He—You do?
She—Yes; I know the difference between acting and the real thing.

Some Old Complaint.
Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession?
Young Emdee—Profession? O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about. — Town and Country.

Beware of Ostentatious Catarrh That Contests Marriages.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. 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.

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.

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 chilblains, swelling, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easier. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

The Best of Reasons.
"Why don't you go to housekeeping?"
"Couldn't afford to live in keeping with the wedding presents." — Exchange.

For forty years Fio's Cure for Constipation has cured coughs and colds. As 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. Wilkes.
"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 Fullpurse 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 Sifted the Scorchers.
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 riding I ever tried!" — Automobile Magazine.

No Comparison.
First Boy—My mamma belongs to one of the first families.
Second Boy—Pooh! that's nothing. Mine belongs to one of the last families. — New York Life.

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.

Economy.
Any good housewife can readily see the economy in paying 5 cents more for a 3-pound can of solid packed tomatoes than for a 2½ pound can which is half water and of inferior quality. And this, to say nothing of the satisfaction which you may have in getting the very best which the market affords. This satisfaction may be yours if you ask your dealer for tomatoes and other canned goods of the Monopole brand. They have no equal at any price. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., packers, Portland, Ore.

Marriage of Domestic Servants.
In Paris male domestic servants are encouraged to marry, as they are observed to be more settled and attentive to their duty than when bachelors. In London such marriages are discouraged, as rendering servants more attentive to their families than to those of their masters.

Ocean Liners of 1880.
By the breaking up of the Servia and the Alaska three 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.

A Great Avenue of Trees.
Japan has an avenue of trees fifty miles in length. The trees are cypresses, and every one is a perfect specimen, quite straight, from 130 to 150 feet in height, and twelve to fifteen feet in circumference. The avenue extends from the town of Namanda to Nikko.

Tremendous Power of Explosive.
France has secured the patent rights of a new nitro-glycerine powder which it is contended will send a rifle bullet seven and one-half miles and increase the artillery range eighteen miles.

An Expert Opinion.
"Yes, he started a matrimonial agency and expected to make a lot of money."
"Why didn't he?"
"He married his typewriter girl inside of a week, and she wouldn't let him go on with the business because it was too dangerous." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Different Specie.
"I thought you said Brown was a regular bibliomaniac."
"Not on your life. I said he was a bibulous maniac." — Baltimore News.

A Feminine Dig.
"Mrs. Sniffy is awfully uppish, isn't she?"
"Yes; made-uppish."

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.

Wisdom of Age.
Bess (sweet sixteen)—Did you notice what a knightly air Mr. Dashing has?
Aunt Mary—Yes—sort of an up-all-nightly air, as it were. — Chicago News.

Recluses Live Apart
From the World.

One day in the early fifties a Cambridgehire woman passed from human ken. For over thirty years she had been seen by none, her meals having been left outside her room to be taken in when no one was by; and it was only through her neglecting to do this for three consecutive days that apprehension as to her safety was aroused. The door of her room was forced and she was found dead on her bed. The reason for her eccentric conduct never transpired.

An equally mysterious recluse dwelt in a Kentish town. A trusted civic employee, he one morning quit his post for no ostensible cause and retired to his house, where he lived on a scant annuity he possessed. Such food as he needed was purchased by a blind sister, with whom he lived, and engaged, gave no sign of existence, save when at night his steps could be plainly heard pacing his backyard, which, that he might escape prying eyes, he had roofed in with canvas. The mystery at his death remained unsolved.

A physician named Blore, who lived at the end of the eighteenth century, was suddenly seized with a hatred of his kind and resolved until his death never to see or be seen by man. So he had made a large bell-shaped structure of wickerwork, open at the top to admit air and food. Into this, having caused it to be placed in the hall of his house, he, having bidden a solemn farewell to his wife and daughter, descended through the aperture. In this case insanity was at the bottom of the matter and Blore perished by his own hand in less than a week after he had taken possession of his odd dwelling.

Another curious instance of mania was that of a gentleman whose family was well known to the writer. He was stricken with the strange fancy that he possessed a Gorgon's head, so that everybody who beheld him would be turned to stone. He therefore retired to a couple of attics, to which he would admit no one, and, though doubtless he might with propriety have been relegated to an asylum, his family respected his bizarre whim and he remained religiously secluded for over three years, when he recovered his normal senses.

The victim through an accident of a ghastly disfigurement, a wealthy Parisian, says the London Tit-Bits, made a vow never to be seen again by man. He kept to a special suite of rooms in his house, where he was waited upon by two well-trained blind servants, who were the intermediaries between himself and the other members of his household. No exception was made even in the case of his wife and children, who, from the day of his accident to that of his death, never again set eyes upon him.

The late E. P. Whipple, the American lecturer and critic, used to tell of an eccentric New Yorker who, having read a pamphlet on immurement as practiced by the mediaeval heretics, was possessed by an irresistible desire to copy their procedure, though not in his own person.

This he gratified with the assistance of an elderly pauper, who, in consideration of a handsome annuity allowed to his wife, agreed to be confined in a small dungeon built in the walls. In this cell he spent four years of his life, being fed through a small aperture so contrived as not to permit a sight of the voluntary prisoner.

A strange fancy seized a Viennese watchmaker some years back. He shut himself up in his house, and till his death, seven years later, was never again seen by mortal eyes. All the windows were closely shuttered and such communication as he had with the outside world was carried on through a dark aperture made in the door. He continued, to some extent, to work at his trade, at which he was an expert; watches, clocks, etc., to be repaired being taken in and returned through the same small opening.

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 'plavs.'"
"I," said Jeannette, "shall be a sculptress. I already make very nice things in clay modeling at school."
"No, I ain't." "I know my limitations," 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. 'Nat's all."

Dear little Marjorie, 6 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'," said she with a sigh. 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."

If a man has plenty of money his tool remarks are considered witty.

HIS SHAMEFUL STRATEGY.

Wanted Mrs. Bighead to Have Some Company, but she was suspicious. There was evidently something on his mind, for he did not even notice that the coffee was cold and that the cook and the housemaid were quarreling audibly in the kitchen.

"It can't be the dressmaker's bill," mused the wife, "for she has only sent it to me twice as yet; it will only go to his office as a last resort. Anyhow, if it is anything unpleasant he'll speak of it soon enough," and she poured herself another cup of tea, which was hot.

At last he spoke. "By the way, my dear, it seems rather dreary for you alone all day in this large house. How should you like a visitor this winter?"

"Whatever put such an idea into your mind, Clarence Bighead? I'm sure I have no time to spend in inventing amusements for a girl who would make me a stranger in my own parlor. To be sure, Helen is engaged, and by coughing every time I come into the room—but, then, I've made all those lovely new sofa pillows. I can't have them ruined. Then there is Effie—look here, Clarence, had you any one in particular in your mind?"

Mr. Bighead looked alarmed. "Not at all, I assure you—that is, I mean—the lady I had in mind is quite middle-aged—elderly, in fact."

Mrs. Bighead stiffened. "It is quite impossible. In the first place, the guest chamber isn't fit to be seen and, anyhow, I don't want anybody to sleep in that lovely bed. It would spoil the set of pillows. Besides, I shall be too busy to talk to anybody this winter; the house takes up all my time."

"But what I was thinking was that you might be glad of a little help in your housekeeping."

"That is just where you are mistaken, Clarence Bighead. When I want any interference in my domestic affairs I'll let you know. Oh, yes, I know just how much she would enjoy putting a finger into my pie."

"You quite surprise me, my dear. Still, you must know her better than I."

"That is the first time since our marriage that you have shown any appreciation of my judgment. I'm glad you've learned its value at last."

"Oh, well, I only thought to give you pleasure."

"Great pleasure, I'm sure. I only hope you haven't already invited her. If you have, I give you fair warning I shall just expose myself to smallpox and have the house quarantined, so she can't come."

"Of course I haven't asked her. I thought I'd just suggest it, lest you didn't like to, and you'd enjoy asking her yourself."

"And enjoy hearing all winter how she brought up ten children without ever a scolding jacket or ever going to balls or parties of any kind."

"Really, I was not aware that you."

"Of course you were not aware of anything. Well, I'll not have any company this winter, that's final. I'm going to fit up the guest chamber as a private gymnasium and I'll have no room for any one."

"Very well, then, that settles it; we'll say no more about it. I wasn't overanxious for it myself." He was struggling into his coat as he spoke. "I only thought you might like to ask your mother down for a little visit."

Mrs. Bighead gasped. "Oh, Clarence, she gasped, 'my mother! I thought you were thinking of your own mother. Certainly, of course, it would be very—"

But he was already far enough down the street, says the New York Times, to be out of earshot.

LIFE IN THE SEA.

The Curious Things That Thrive in an Aquarium.

Mr. Spencer, the superintendent of the New York Aquarium, a few days ago was busy himself by picking a lot of sand fleas from a dipper and dropping them into a jar of anemones. As they fell into the water they straightened themselves out and then slowly dropped to the bottom, kicking as they fell. A few of them alighted on the body of an anemone, which promptly closed up. One, unfortunately, found himself, when he had settled, on the tentacles of one of the anemones. These began to serve the purpose for which they were bestowed upon the anemone, and the flea, or scud, suddenly found himself inside the capacious maw of the anemone, and the life was soon squeezed out of him.

"All is grist that comes to our mill," quoted Mr. Spencer. "These were on a lot of mussels which came in a little while ago I thought I would save them. There is life everywhere in the water. Look at this!" He held up a dozen mussels, held together by what appeared to be a vegetable growth. "That is an animal growth, known as setularia," said he. "In this bunch you will find all sorts of animal life. There are scuds, or sand fleas, and rock crabs. Look!" He held up one of the valves of a mussel shell. On it was a sea anemone. "Notice that reddish coating, part of which has flaked off. Look at it closely. Doesn't it look like lacework? That is the Bryozoa coral, the lowest form of mollusk coral. You will find life on nearly everything that comes from the sea. Here's one of the rock crabs." He took out of the nest of mussels a little crab, about the size of one's finger nail, and dropped it into a jar of water.—New York Tribune.

Something of Real Value.

DISGUISED CATARRH

A Stealthy, Insidious, Weakening Enemy to Women—Many Thousands and Women Suffer Needlessly From This Cause.

There are a multitude of women, especially housewives, and all other women obliged to be on their feet constantly, who are weakened beyond description, simply because their strength and vitality is sapped away by catarrhal discharges from the pelvic organs. These women get up in the morning tired, drag themselves through their daily duties tired, only to go to bed at night as tired as before.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes:—"I suffered for three years with what is generally known as leucorrhoea. In connection with ulceration of the womb. The doctors advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to it. Reading of the value of Peruna, I thought it best to give this well known remedy a trial, so I bought three bottles of it at once. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me of my trouble, and I feel so much improved I am going to try it again. I am now in perfect health, and have not felt so well for fifteen years."

Mrs. Eva Bartho.

MISS LOUISE MAHON.

Miss Louise Mahon, 3 Glenville Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Secretary of the Kings Daughters and Secretary of Lady Maccabees, writes:—"If all women knew of the benefits to be derived from taking Peruna we would have many happier and more beautiful women. My health has never been so robust, and I am easily fatigued and can not stand much. About a year ago I was so run down that I had to take to my bed, and became weaker and weaker. A friend advised me to try Peruna, and I have great reason to be grateful for it in two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was perfectly well, and I now find that my health is much more robust than formerly, so that I take Peruna once or twice a month and keep well."

Peruna is such a perfect specific for each case that when patients have once used it they can never be induced to quit it until they are permanently cured. It begins to relieve the disagreeable symptoms at once. The backache ceases, the trembling knees are strengthened, the appetite restored, the digestion made perfect, the dull headache is stopped and the weakening drains are gradually cured. These results certainly follow a course of treatment with Peruna. Barbara Alberty, corner Seventh and Walnut streets, Appleton, Wis., writes as follows in regard to Peruna:—"For years I have suffered with backache and severe pains in the side. I do not so much that I became discouraged. A school friend told me how very much Peruna had benefited her and I sent out for a bottle, which did much to relieve me than all the other medicine I have ever taken."

Mrs. Anna Martin.

Mrs. Anna Martin, 47 Hoyt St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"Peruna did so much for me that I feel it my duty to recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted. About a year ago my health was completely broken down, had backache, dizziness and irregularities, and life seemed dark indeed. We had used for Peruna in our home as a tonic, for colds and catarrh, and I decided to try it for my trouble. In less than three months I became regular, my pains had entirely disappeared, and I am now perfectly well."

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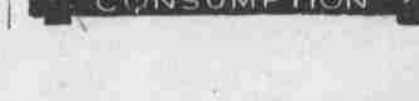
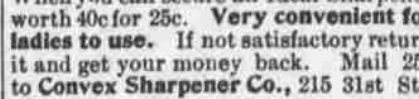
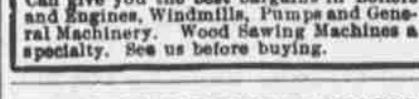
Mrs. Wm. Hetrick, Kennard, Washington county, Neb., writes:—"I am fifty-six years old and have not felt well since the Change of Life began ten years ago. I was in misery somewhere most of the time, my back was very weak and my flesh so tender it hurt me to lean against the back of a chair. I had pain under my shoulder blades, in the small of my back and hips. I sometimes wished myself out of this world. Had hot and cold spells, dizziness and trembling of the limbs, and was losing flesh all the time. After following your directions and taking Peruna I now feel like a different person."

Mrs. Wm. Hetrick.

If you do not desire prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Peruna can be purchased for \$1 per bottle at all first class drug stores.

Dr. J. C. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



en. I used it faithfully for two weeks and it completely cured me. I have not had any pain since, anywhere, but feel like a new woman. I am truly thankful for what Peruna has done for me." — Barbara Alberty.

Mrs. Kate Mann, 804 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada, Vice President of the Ladies Aid Society, writes:—"I am pleased to give praise to Peruna for the blessed relief I found through its use. I suffered for years with backache and dragging down pains and often had to go to bed and stay there when I was busy that I could not be spared. It was therefore a simple pleasure to me when Peruna was brought to my notice. Every drop seemed to give me new life, and every drop made me feel much better, and I promised myself that if I found that it cured me I would advocate it so that other suffering women should know of it. I have been in perfect health for one year. I am now and have been in such fine health, and so much pleasure in my life, when you are in good health, Peruna has simply been a household blessing, and I never will be without it again."

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