

## That Tired Feeling

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of eczema." Mrs. C. M. Boor, Glend, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Keeping in Practice.

The Washington's birthday masked ball was in full swing. The hour for unmasking had arrived.

"Where is George Washington?" asked the Spanish inquisitor of Louis Quivra.

"The last I saw of him," said Louis, "he was in the buffet cutting down the visible supply of cherry bounce."

A Quandary.

"Jones is in a bad fix mentally."

"What's his trouble?"

"He can't decide whether it is better to lose his soul cursing the icy pavement or lose his life trying to whip the man that throws ashes on them against the wind."—Baltimore News.

No Substitute.

Little Elizabeth was impatiently demanding a piece of bread and butter. Her mother was busy and said:

"Have patience, Elizabeth!" To which Elizabeth replied:

"I don't want patience; I want bread and butter."—Little Chronicle.

Fine Outlook.

"What's the outlook for a newspaper in this town?"

"Finest in the world. Editor's up in a tree, an' sees over the whole country."

A Work-Weary Suicide.

John McCartney, a 16-year-old, work-weary lad, employed by a dairyman, living in Baltimore, shot and killed himself in his employer's home. This note was found on a bureau:

"I am tired of work. I am better off dead. I do nothing but work."

British Manufacturers Left.

The Birmingham Post calls the attention of British manufacturers to the fact that contracts involving the sum of \$65,000,000 have been obtained by American interests during the last few weeks for the construction of electrical traction systems in England, Russia and Holland.

Understood.

Linnee—There's nothing I like better than hard work.

Morris—There's nothing you like better when someone else is doing it.

Linnee—That's understood. I hope you didn't think I was such a fool as to like to do hard work myself, or any other kind, for that matter.

## Chronic Sores

### Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because, while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract so much from one's personal appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy, polluted condition healing is impossible, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need.

Something to cleanse the blood, restore its lost properties, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic, a blood purifier and tonic, and the physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## His Idea of Happiness.

Mrs. Enpeck (reading from novel)—"And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Now what do you think of that?

Mr. Enpeck—I think they must have secured a divorce right away.

Similarity.

Jewshap George—I suppose after your rolled around in de street an' got full of mud de lady in de wayside cottage thought yee had been intoxicated.

Cinder Charley—Not at all. I told her I had been ridin' in a racin' automobile.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Biggs (smoking)—This is something like a cigar, old man.

Diggs (getting a whiff)—Yes—er—something like one. What is it, anyway?

The Mean Man.

"Never heard of such an ungrateful man."

"In what way?"

"Why, I heard he was freezing and I had a bushel of coal dumped on his pavement."

"What then?"

"Well, he had the nerve to say as long as I had mused on his sidewalk he hoped I would send someone around to clean it."

Scientific Fact.

Fred—Do you know anything about love?

Joe—Do I? My dear boy, I've made it a life study.

Fred—With what result?

Joe—Well, I've succeeded in reducing my ignorance of it to a science.

No Dash About Him.

Jones—Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

Brown—In some ways, yes, but then he's so terribly deliberate. Why, I've known him to spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

Will Sometimes Happen.

"You wouldn't believe it, Lieutenant, but only yesterday a lieutenant lay at my feet."

"Oh, yes! Lieutenants sometimes stumble!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Justifiable Hatred.

"Why does Mrs. Dinsmore hate Mr. Templeton so relentlessly?" asked Ho-jak.

"He once alluded to her as a well preserved woman, and some one repeated it to her," replied Tomdick.—Detroit Free Press.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or, if the inflammation is not so bad, you have a feeling of fullness in the ear, and when this is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by S. S. S. which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 73c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Great Show.

Ernie—Mabel was engaged four times down at the beach last summer. She said it was a regular circus.

Edith—Sort of a four ring affair, I suppose.

Getting at the Causes.

Mrs. Muggins—How did you break your husband of swearing?

Mrs. Diggins—I had the telephone taken out and gave the alarm clock away.—Philadelphia Record.

## OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg. Have you heard the story that goes to tell Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!

Brief is the glory that hero earns. Briefer is the story of poor John Burns: He was the fellow who won renown—The only man who didn't back down—When the rebels rode through his native town;

But held his own in the fight next day. When his townfolk came to see him, That was in July, sixty-three. The very day that General Lee, Flower of Southern chivalry, Ruffled and beaten, backward reeled From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell you how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage door, Looking down the village street, Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine, And felt their breath with luscious sweet; Or I might say, when the sunset burned The old farm gate, he thought it turned The milk that fell in a babbling flood Into the milk pail, red as blood.

Or how he fancied the hum of bees Were bullets buzzing among the trees. But all such fanciful thoughts as these Were strange to a practical man like Burns, Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine.

Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact, Slow to argue, but quick to act. That was the reason, as some folks say, He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right Raged for hours the deadly fight, Thundered the battery's double bass—Difficult music for men to face; While on the left—where now the graves Undulate like the living waves That all that day unceasing swept Up to the pits the rebels kept—Round-splashed the upland glades, Sown with bullets, reaped with blades; Shattered fences here and there Tossed their splinters in the air; The very trees were stripped and bare; The barns that once held yellow grain Were heaped with harvest of the slain; The cattle bellowed on the plain, The turkeys screamed with might and main.

And brooding barn-fowl left their rest With strange shells bursting in each nest. Just where the tide of battle turns, Erect and lonely stood old John Burns. How do you think the man was dressed? He wore an ancient long buff vest, Yellow as saffron—but his best; And, buttoned over his manly breast, Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling collar.

And large gold buttons—size of a dollar—With tails that the country-folk called "swallow."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, White as the locks on which it sat. Never had such a sight been seen For forty years on the village green. Since old John Burns was a country beau.

And went to the "quittings" long ago. Close at his elbows all that day Veterans of the Peninsula, Sunburnt and bearded, charged away; And stridings, downy of lip and chin—Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore.

Then at the side his right hand bore; And bailed him, from out their youthful lore, With scraps of a slangy repertoire: "How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through."

"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!" Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd disclose The name of the tailor who made his clothes.

And what was the value he set on those? While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff, Stood there picking the rebels off—With his long brown rifle, and bell crown hat, And the swallow tails they were laughing at.

"Twins but for a moment, for that respect Which clothes all courage their voices checked, And something the wildest could understand Spoke in the old man's strong right hand; And his corded throat, and the lurking frown.

Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown, Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw In the antique vestments and long white hair

The Fate of the Nation in battle there; And some of the soldiers since declare That the gleam of his old white hair afar, Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre, That day was the oriflamme of war.

So ragged the battle. You know the rest: How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Broke at the final charge and ran. At which John Burns—a practical man—Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows, And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns. This is the moral the reader learns: In fighting the battle, the question's whether You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

—Bret Harte.

HAS LEFT HIS HIGH POST.

Grand Duke Alexis No Longer Head of the Russian Navy.

The Grand Duke Alexis, who has been compelled by a severe illness to retire from his position as head of the Russian navy, is the uncle of the czar and one of the three living brothers of the late Emperor Alexander III.

The grand duke is 53 years old and has had a tempestuous career. Several years ago, during his brother's reign, he was dismissed in disgrace from his post, but more recently he was restored to full favor. Several years ago he paid a visit to the United States.

The larger the town, the older the women are before they quit dancing. Tell us of a town in which the women quit at 40, and we can tell you how large the town is.

Great as you are, your friends will laugh merrily after your funeral.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it. Mrs. L. A. Barnes, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

Valuable Collection of Stamps.

A collection of stamps formed by G. Owen Wheeler of the London Philatelic society was sold by auction recently for \$5,575.

PROPER KISSING.

If You Want Your Lover to Love You, Have Good Teeth.

There are a good many people in love, and love leads to kisses. At least, if it does not immediately lead to kisses, it is usual that fond persons while conversing sit near each other.

At such a time they can see whether each has a nice, white set of teeth or not. And it is more than likely that if either has neglected his, or her, teeth, the resulting offensive breath will be noicable to the other person.

The question is: Are fine, white, perfect teeth admirable and attractive? Will they tend to enhance your charms in the eyes of your lover? Will yellow teeth, or the pungent odors that exude from uncleaned or decaying teeth, have the opposite effect upon one who otherwise might be fond of you?

Aside entirely from the fact that it is more comfortable and practically helpful to have perfect teeth and keep them in good order, you should not forget that the very persons whom you would wish most to like you may be strongly repelled by a neglected or foul condition of your teeth.

These considerations are eminently sensible things for people to consider. They are suggested by a recent talk with Dr. W. A. Wise, of the famous dental firm, Wise Brothers, Falling building, Portland, Oregon. This firm is probably the most up-to-date concern in the Northwest. They put teeth in order without causing any pain, and their prices are extremely moderate.

The moral of this story is that lovers should not neglect their teeth. There are probably 50,000 bad-toothed lovers within 50 miles of Portland, all of whom should go immediately to Wise Brothers and get fixed up for proper kissing.

John Burroughs has an article on "The Ways of Nature" in the forthcoming June Century, which contains high praise for Kipling's work in natural history. He says that we are never at a loss how to take Kipling in the "Jungle Books," and of the story of "The White Seal." Mr. Burroughs says that he could not detect one departure from the facts of the life history of the seal so far as it is known.

The Life of Prayer.

Prayer is the abiding background in the life of the Christian.—Ram's Horn.

Two Very Stylish Waists.

No. 1 shows a stylish elbow sleeve shirt waist of white brilliantine. The round yoke is made with a deep bias drop plating like a tuck over the shoulders and gathered seam of the bodice. The deep bias folds run about the bust and about the belt and give a chic, bouffant effect which is particularly becoming to slender figures.

No. 2 shows a pretty and simple mode for figured lawns or batiste. White cuffs and collar add to the effectiveness of the waist.

His Money's Worth.

"Yesterday, when I gave you a dime, you called me 'colonel,' now that I give you a dollar, it's plain 'boss.' How is that?"

"Well, you see, boss, 'kunnel' is so common that I thought I'd better distinguish you—set you ter one side, in a row all ter yo'self."—Atlanta Constitution.

Study of Textiles.

North Carolina and Mississippi have State schools for the study of textile fabrics.

It isn't what a man is that makes him happy. It's what he thinks he is.

## "SLEEPY GRASS."

It Has a Sedative Effect Upon all Horses Eating of It.

There is a species of grass, Stipa vaseyi, growing in the mountains of New Mexico and in some of the neighboring regions, that has the remarkable effect of putting to sleep every horse that eats it. Until recently there have been only vague and unauthentic accounts of it. But at a recent meeting of the Washington Biological Society, Vernon Bailey, an official of the Biological Survey, described the effects of this grass on the horses of the exploring party of which he had charge last year.

They had camped in the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico, at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. Their horses had just been turned loose to graze on a grass that had an abundance of green blades and tall heads full of ripe seeds, when a passing ranchman warned them that it was "sleepy grass," and added, "If they get a good feed of that grass you will not get out of here for a week." After the horses had grazed about half an hour the warning was heeded, and the horses were picketed in another spot.

The next morning all the horses were drowsy, and one was sound asleep, standing with legs braced and ears and lower lip drooping in a most unusual and grotesque fashion. He had almost to be dragged to camp, and would not eat his oats or drink water. He preferred to sleep. All the horses but were sleepy for about three days, but no ill effects followed, except profuse sweating while traveling and a little loss of flesh from preferring to sleep instead of eating full rations.

The range horses are said never to eat sleepy grass, and those that are brought into the region where it grows and turned loose eat of it only once. Horses that were thought to have strayed and were lost for days have been finally found asleep in the bushes near camp. Cattle are said either not to be affected by eating this grass or to refuse to eat it. The exact facts are not known. It is possible that when more is known about this sleepy grass, an extract may be made from it which will be of use as a sedative.

Subordinate.

Mr. Byrre Coyne—Ah, sweetest one, may I be your captain and guide your bark down the sea of life?

Mrs. Berrymore (a widow)—No, but you can be my second mate.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or convulsion after first day's use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and booklet. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 411 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

On Their Dignity.

He—I kind o' think I've seen you before. Ain't you a shop girl at Bagen's?"

She—Sir! I'm a saleslady!

He—That so? I'm an elevator gentleman at the same place.—Philadelphia Press.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pico's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

A Butterfly Farm.

Near Scarborough, England, a farm exists for rearing moths and butterflies. Half an acre of land has been planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. In their season the stock of caterpillars is twenty thousand. From thirty to forty thousand preserved insects are kept in reserve, so that butterflies and moths can be supplied irrespective of the time of the year.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AUSTRALIAN BOTANICAL REMEDY.

For the Cure of all Diseases and a One Dollar Book Free.

We will mail free to any person having a disease, our tenth annual edition, "a Gateway to Health and Wealth," really a one-dollar book. Treats on new ways to get health and wealth, as "crucial" for the cure of many diseases, how to nurse and care for the sick, how to prolong old age and live 100 years, wrinkle removal and complete beautification—worth its weight in gold. Many valuable miscellaneous receipts for household, farm, business and professional men, valuable miscellaneous information, trade secrets and money-making schemes, a real botanical wonder encyclopedia, and a book doctor book, value to all that want health and wealth. Send your address today and the address of two friends, name the doctor who has cured you, and we will mail you the book free on receipt of ten cents to pay postage. Address—

The California Botanical Medicine Co., Inc., 1008 North Alvarado St., Los Angeles, Cal.

P. N. U. No. 22-1903.

W. H. N. writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 and \$5.00 Shoes Made in U. S. A. You can save from \$3.00 to \$5.00 by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$5.00 shoes. They are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. The genuine have name and price stamped on the bottom. Take no substitute. Foot Color Yellowed, W. L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

Established 1876.

The Douglas shoe process of tanning the leather produces more flexible and longer wearing shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. \$25,000 Reward will be paid to anyone who can improve this statement. Made of the best imported and American leathers.

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## Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds." J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then