

Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

WIZARDS OF THE POSTOFFICE

They Work Out Tough Puzzles in Detective Addresses. The staff of men in the New York postoffice who are called upon to guess out detective addresses are wonderfully successful at their brain-torturing tasks.

One absent-minded person addressed a letter "2342 Bronchitis" and it was promptly delivered to 2242 Broadway, to correct address. Not long ago O. A. Menger, the chief of the "good guessers" in the New York office, struck a letter mailed from a town in Italy, addressed in vile handwriting to "Vincenzo Marchese, Harmon Harland, Spital Carulla."

Applying the phonetic method, he quickly wrote in red ink at the bottom of the envelope, "Quarantine Station (Hospital), Hoffman Island." The next day the letter was placed in the hands of the immigrant for whom it was intended.

The Italian, Russian, Hungarian and Greek mails bring most of the "blind" addresses, which are worked out phonetically. A few recent examples of the originals, with the translations by the postal experts are:

"Srianostr, Tomsville"—Sarah Ann Street, Tompkinsville. "Merryone"—Matteawan, N. Y. "Istochinistommo"—East Kingston, N. Y. "Socloplies"—Scotch Plains.

Under the name of one address appeared the following: "Chaplin Pommilcan." After some study the "guessers" wrote across the envelope "Care J. Pierpont Morgan," and the letter was duly delivered to an Oriental in the city.

A tougher problem was presented by this: "Hop Lee, 410 Colock, Complice, Texas." Long and hard study led to the conclusion that the correct reading should be "Hop Lee, Fort Hancock, Camp Rice, Texas." The letter was sent there and Hop got it.

A letter addressed to "Mr. Frederick A. Swift," with the initial "L" beneath it, was sent to Lowell, Mass., its intended destination.

ASHES OF FUN

Corrected.—Willie Peebles—The horse was gone—Teacher—Don't forget your g. Willie. Willie Peebles—Gee, the horse was gone—Puck.

Prepared.—"Bedad, the next automobile will run over me will be sorry for it, O'll bet yes." "Why?" "O'll be a can av nitroglycerin in every pocket"—Life.

Local Oracle—Know t' Dook o' Biankshire? Ay, I dare says I know 'im better than any one in these parts. Woy, my darter married one o' 'is stable 'ands"—Scraps.

"It serves her good and right." "How now?" "She became engaged on a Friday and married on the 13th." "Well?" "Well, now she can't get a divorce!"—New York Evening Sun.

She—So you think that men are smarter than women, do you? He—Some men, but not all. She—Well, what men are smarter? He—Old bachelors.—Illustrated Bits.

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelled of bay rum. "Court plaster, usually," replied the nervous chap, gloomily.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Does your little girl know how to spell?" "Oh, dear no. That's so plebeian, and we expect her to marry a man who is rich enough to let her have an amanuensis."—Chicago Post.

"Have you heard about the latest insurance company?" "No; what is it?" "Why, it's one that promises to pay!—alimony to both parties in case the marriage proves a failure."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Vane—Some one told me to-day that I was the handsomest girl in our street. Miss Spelts—Oh, that's not incurable! Miss Vane—What do you mean? Miss Spelts—Your habit of talking to yourself!

Baxter—We had some fine music at the concert last night. Caxton—I thought you didn't enjoy high-class music. Baxter—Oh, I didn't enjoy it; that's why I know it must have been high class.—Boston Transcript.

Augustus (no longer the youthful)—Well, there's one comfort; they say at 40 a man is either a fool or a physician. Angelina (nearly swallowing a yawn)—And are you a physician, then? Augustus—No, Angelina—Oh!

Used to it—Tommy was visiting a neighbor. At dinner the hostess apologized to him because the table linen was soiled at his plate. "Oh, that's nothing," he assured her, promptly; "ours is worse'n that at home."—Brooklyn Life.

"That land," said the city nephew, "is valued at \$300 a front foot." "Thunderation!" exclaimed the old farmer, hastily moving back on to the sidewalk. "And I stood on it most five minutes! Do you reckon they'll charge me rent?"—Chicago Post.

Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence was the following: "Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige, Her Mother."

They had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, look," he exclaimed, "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

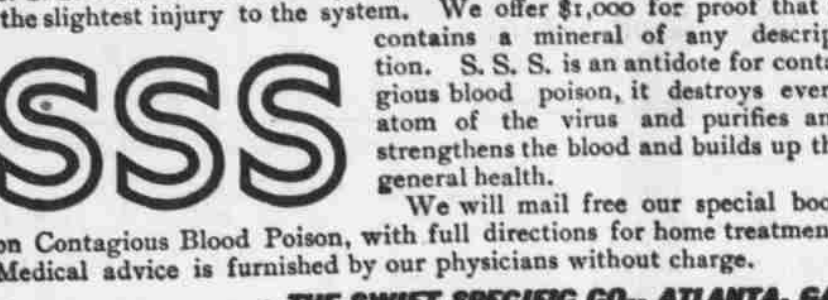
A military officer went downtown with his little daughter one morning. Before long the little lady found herself unable to keep up with her father's swinging stride, and she was obliged to cry a bit. "Please, pa," she said, "I would like you not to walk so fast, for I can't keep up with you. Can't you walk nice and slow like a policeman?"

"A woman can't keep a secret," declares the mere man. "Oh, I don't know," retorts the suttier woman; "I've kept my age a secret since I was 24." "Yes; but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it." "Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."—Judge.

During the late Boer war, just after the fall of Bloemfontein, soldiers were called upon, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary men were lying in camp one night, after a hard day's work, when a sergeant called out: "Any of you wish to put your name down as railway porters, drivers, stokers, guards, or any other appointment connected with the railway?" The silence was broken only by snoring. Then one of the men slowly raised his head. "Put me down as a sleeper!" he shouted drowsily.

SLEEPING VOLCANOES

A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater, may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano; but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger, and though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security; when the giant awakes with deafening roars, and they are lost beneath a downpour of heated rock and scalding ashes. Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living under a sleeping volcano, and are taking desperate chances, for under the mercury and potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victim is happy in the belief of a complete cure; but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these minerals are left off will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, a red rash appears on the body, and these warning symptoms, if not heeded, are soon followed by fearful eruptions, sores, copper-colored blotches, swollen glands, loss of hair and other sickening symptoms. Mercury and potash not only fail to cure blood poisoning, but cause mercurial rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any such bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system. We offer \$1,000 for proof that it contains a mineral of any description. S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison, it destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health.



THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Such is Fame. Fiker—Who is that solemn-looking woman? As Explained. Brownitch—Old Blowits never attends church, does he? Smithinsky—No. It isn't necessary. Brownitch—Because why? Smithinsky—Oh, he's one of those self-made men who are always praising their maker.

The Usual Way. "Time is precious," said the moralizer. "It is," rejoined the demoralizer, "and I've wasted lots of it." "By indulging in foolish pleasures, eh?" queried the party of the preface. "No," replied the other, "by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others."

A Pessimistic View. "Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpkin, "I often read about poor but honest people; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "It would be useless, my son," replied the old man. "Nobody would believe it."

Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine."

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. Ida Haskell, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?" Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

P. Q. DEPARTMENT IS BUSY.

Many Changes Made in Names of Old and Familiar Offices. The Postoffice Department has been playing havoc with the old familiar names of offices throughout the country. It has been obliged to discontinue the mail service at New York. To be sure, it is not the New York of the Great White Alley whose postal facilities have been cut off, but a town of somewhat smaller size, in the State of Iowa. It has also been the unhappiness of the people of Rock Branch, in the same commonwealth, to lose their postoffice, and the records have been transferred to Correctionville. Ominous name! Let us hope the records are straight.

In Michigan the department has amended the name Sault de Ste. Marie into Sault Sainte Marie, and it has established the offices of Hacy and Rescue. In Minnesota that noble office known for years as Proctorville has been shorn of its final syllable, and the famous orator is known only by his Christian name upon the mailing lists now. Skog is a new name in Minnesota, and a good one. In Mississippi Chunky Station has been transferred into Chunky. In Oregon Needy has been stricken from the list, and in Pennsylvania Arcadia has been established.

In the Philippines Maabate has been discontinued. Equality has been established in South Carolina and a new Duncker Hill has arisen in Tennessee. Doeville has also sprouted in Tennessee, and there the much-sought John may have his home.

In Texas Hawley has been transferred into Blessing and an Arp has appeared, doubtless a modest tribute to the humorous gentleman of that pseudonym. Virginia has a new Dot, a Pilot and a School, but has lost a Cool Well and a Dell. Correspondents who have hitherto addressed foreign letters to Beulah, Liandyast, must now use larger envelopes and write to Beulah, Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthen Bay. Likewise Liwyndafydd, New Quay, Cardiganshire. Why has West Lisa, Hants, been complicated into West Lisa, East Lisa, Hants? And why has Tygerfontein, Cape Colony, been changed from the list? Does the "era" of Victoria West Road to Hutehinson indicate a disloyal tendency in the colony?

The Postoffice Department is always busy changing names, establishing, discontinuing, moving offices, reforming their spelling and generally keeping them in order. For light summer reading try the "United States Official Postal Guide," whose yellow covers appropriately hint at its interesting contents.—New York Sun.

A JAPANESE HERO. All Japan has been ringing with the fame of Takeo Hirose, the first great naval hero of the Japanese-Russian war, who was killed in Admiral Togo's second attempt to block up Port Arthur. Hirose was leader of the volunteers who set out to sink their ships and, if necessary, themselves, in the mouth of the harbor. He was killed by a projectile from a Russian quick-firing gun while seeking to save the life of his friend and subordinate, Petty Officer Bugino. The New York World tells of other deeds of courage performed by Hirose.

He first proved his bravery in the war with China. After that war Lieut. Hirose, who spoke Russian and French well, was sent as naval attaché to the Japanese legation at St. Petersburg. He came into prominence there through an incident which occurred at a banquet. A Russian officer declared that the Japanese, so small of stature, could not, as individuals, hold their own in any war. Hirose smilingly defied any three Russians to overcome him at wrestling. Roars of laughter greeted the challenge, for in those days Japanese Jiu-jitsu was not described in every newspaper.

At last, for the fun of it, the Russian officer sent for three large and sturdy soldiers. The little Japanese tried the Russians one after another. Hirose remained in St. Petersburg three years. The daughter of a Russian naval officer fell in love with the gallant young Japanese. Her father, who greatly admired Hirose, let it be known to him that he would not be welcome as the young girl's suitor. Hirose, who also cared for the girl, struggled with his affection for three days.

Then he wrote to her father, and pointed to the inevitable war between Russia and Japan. He said: "When my country calls me to duty I shall have to turn to account all the valuable professional hints received from your kind lips and so help to do mortal hurt to your country's navy. Thus I must patriotic duty make me repay all your kindness. With this in my mind and in my heart, how can I presume to use for your daughter's hand, knowing that after the outbreak of the most likely of wars the hand of fate might destroy the happiness of your daughter in the most ruthless of ways, should I have been so happy as to have won her hand?"

Hirose in his poetic temperament as well as in his dauntless spirit truly represented the old warrior class of Japan, the Samurai.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiments.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. 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, Croup, 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.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA DEPOT, 27 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

POSITIONS GUARANTEED. \$5,000 forfeit placed with a National Bank to make good any failure on our part. Catalogue free. Write today.

Bestel Business College Tacoma, Wash.

Wanted-Salesmen To canvass the farmers and dealers on line of goods everybody needs. \$200 per month can easily be made by good workers. No competition. Good easy sellers. Write for particulars and agency at once.

SPECIALTY SELLING COMPANY 313 Commercial Bk. Portland, Ore.

THE NEW IRRIGATOR No Cost of Operation

Advertisement for Phillips Hydraulic Ram, including an illustration of the device and text describing its benefits for irrigation.

Advertisement for Columbia University, featuring an illustration of a globe and text about its preparatory and grammar courses.

Advertisement for Prussian Stock Food, including an illustration of a horse and text about its nutritional benefits for livestock.

Advertisement for Russell Engines and Boilers, featuring an illustration of a steam engine and text about its high-grade machinery.

Advertisement for The A. H. Averill Machinery Co., featuring an illustration of a large industrial machine and text about its products.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring an illustration of a shoe and text about its quality and price.

Large advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, featuring the brand name in a stylized font and text describing its medicinal properties for blood purification.

Advertisement for Rich Blood, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text about the benefits of the product for women's health.

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, featuring an illustration of a woman and text detailing her testimonial and the product's effectiveness.