

General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions. In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Not a Good Plan.

Gyer—It isn't always a good plan for a man to try to make a name for himself.

Myer—Why not?
Gyer—Well, I knew a man once who tried it, and he was arrested for forgery.

Brutality.

Here the far western orator waxed fervent.

"Fellow citizens," he exclaimed, "ordinarily I pay no attention to campaign slanders, but the candidate on the other ticket has lied about me so persistently and maliciously that torporance has ceased to be a virtue and I am going to handle him without gloves!"

"You can't!" hoarsely bellowed a man with short hair, a thick neck, and a bulldog face.

"Why not?" demanded the orator.
"Cause it's agin the rules. Anywhere in this State you've got to have gloves weighin' at least two ounces!"

"Origin" of Mahogany.

The origin of the use of mahogany is said to have been as follows: A West Indian trader brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast for his ship. The trader's brother, a London physician, happened to be building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to his workmen accordingly, but their tools were not able to make an impression on the hard wood. The doctor ordered fresh tools to be made, and at length succeeded in finding implements which would cut the timber. Delighted with his discovery he ordered a bureau to be made, and so beautiful was it that it attracted general attention.—New York Tribune.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says:



"I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Story of a Flirtation.

"She wasn't one bit like the girls who indulge in public flirtations; she was so tall and cold and stately," began the car conductor who observes things. "When she got in at 35th street I saw her catch his eye immediately."

"He seemed indifferent and turned his head away. She squeezed into the seat next to him and he became absorbed in looking out of the window."

"She went to all sorts of trouble to attract his attention, that girl. I saw her myself. Finally she jangled her chatelaine loudly and looked at him alluringly from beneath her long-lashed eyes."

"Then he turned and gazed at her questioningly. She smiled, a bright, unabashed smile, with the whole car looking at her.
"Something in that smile warned him, and"—here the conductor paused impressively and tried to hide the twinkle in his eye—"he reached out two pink, chubby little hands to grasp her dangling chatelaine."

"Well, sir, she kissed one of those chubby little hands and pinched his little apple red cheeks and then asked the woman who held him a question. Guess it was his mother and she asked how old he was."—New York Sun.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Belgians are the greatest smokers, 6.6 pounds being used for each man, woman and child. Aside from this, 70,400 pounds of cigarettes are imported annually.

SIMIAN LOVE AND REVENGE.

Peculiar Conduct of a Monkey Causes Sailors Much Trouble.

A curious story of love and revenge comes to us from the far east and the fact that it is the love and revenge of a Javanese monkey doesn't abate the human interest in the narrative. Nor should the further fact that the tale comes to us via the crew of a tramp steamer abate all confidence in its truth. It appears that the sailors who manned this steamer had collected in Java a number of monkeys for speculative purposes and these were confined in the hold.

Among them were two unusually intelligent simians who were released during the voyage and permitted the freedom of the ship. Unhappily a sudden storm came up and one of the playful creatures was washed overboard. The remaining one, who had not seen his comrade's sudden taking off, searched the ship for hours and finally betook himself to the rigging, where he remained three days, refusing food and avoiding all efforts to capture him.

No doubt he held the sailors responsible for the death of his partner and it would appear that he was formulating a scheme for revenge. Anyway, the third night he released all the monkeys in the hold and for two days the simians made life miserable for the sailors. They bit and scratched and fought and it was only after a number of them had been flung overboard that the balance could be captured and secured. And in all the forays and fierce charges the revengeful monkey was in the van.

Whatever may be contended concerning the reasoning powers of the brute creation, there have been many instances recorded of their remembrance of past injuries. And this fact would seem to give the story of monkey vengeance some semblance of truth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY MARRIAGE IS THE GREAT LOTTERY.

By Helen Oldfield.



Marriage essentially is a partnership, the closest possible association known to humanity, and as such necessarily implies community of interest between man and wife. In all legendary myth woman is said to have been created as mate for man; and in Genesis we are told that the Lord God, saying "It is not good for man to be alone," made Eve as "an helpmeet for him." "And they twain shall be one flesh," the halves of one harmonious whole. For which cause no marriage can be a happy one in which there is not complete and thorough sympathy between the two who are joined in the "holy estate."

It is cause for wonder that so many marriages turn out well, rather than that some are failures, when one reflects how often a young girl stands at the altar to utter the words which bind her for better or worse, for good or evil, with only the most superficial knowledge, if any, of her husband's past; of his real character; his true disposition. If only women knew men as men know men, and if men knew women as women know women, there might be fewer weddings, but marriage would cease to be a lottery, and be a pleasant game in which all prizes and no absolute blanks would be the rule.

BEWARE OF FIRST STEP ON DOWN GRADE.

By E. G. Minnick.



The "down grade" seems to me to be an apt expression. It means an unexpected slipping down the hill in life. I imagine that there are few people who have not had a little experience of it. Millions get upon the down grade, and slide far enough to find themselves in awkward and uncomfortable positions as more or less failures in life.

The "down grade" to unhappiness in the home is found by thousands. Bluebeard, I expect, commenced his course gradually, and I dare say that he never realized that he was not a husband of a tender disposition. As to extravagant wives, I have known a woman who managed once on a time to keep house comfortably on \$750 a year bring ruin to her husband's head when his income was \$5,000, all through not being able "to make ends meet," and who could never believe that she was extravagant.

An occasional hour or so of self-questioning would lead to some wonderful revelations of the most useful

character to most people. It would save them also from a great deal, and afford them many hints as to the best course to pursue for success in life. Many people have a dread of being "impertinent" to themselves. They remind me of the man Mark Twain described, who would never look at himself in a looking glass without he had kid gloves on.

BACHELORS ARE ABNORMALITIES.

By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.



In the long run, what upholds the family will uphold the state. The state cannot exist without the home. If the home is left out none of that solid moral fiber can exist in the nation which must come from home virtues. Good morals are nothing less than the regularities and the ordinaries of social life between morals and religion. There can be no dividing line. Good morals are a constituent part of life.

Individualism is danger to the state. Bachelors and club men are the bandits, guerrillas and outcasts. I would be in favor, if it were possible to do such things by law, of a special tax upon bachelors. They don't take part in the moral work of society. They are abnormalities, and abnormalities should pay the taxes. The unit of society and the state is the family. Beware of the doctrines which base themselves upon false conceptions of individualism instead of the family, which is the only social unit.

"NO WOMAN POLITICIANS."

By Pope Plus X.



The church blesses every movement tending to raise the intellectual and social level of humanity. We ought all to work, and why should not women do their part? They should study everything, with, of course, the exception of theology. They should become lawyers, doctors and teachers. The care of the poor is in all its forms a woman's calling above all. What is the exercise of Christian charity except maternity in the widest sense of the word?

Women in Parliament! The idea is preposterous. Men there make blunders sufficient. At most, women can exercise an indirect influence on politics in urging their male kindred to vote aright. But, before all, they should bring up their children in the consciousness of their civic duties. But let us have no women politicians!

TWO GODS.

A boy was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky—
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and ploughed his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The Cosmos widened in his view—
But God was lost among his stars.

Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
God greatness in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And as the universe grew great,
He saw in it a greater God.
—New England Magazine.

His Wife For Five Minutes

BILLY sat looking disconsolately out upon the chimney tops.

"I never dreamed I could owe so much money!" he groaned. "I guess I owe all there is in the world—\$1,500! Here I'm engaged to Ellen, and the old gentleman writes he will give me \$5,000 the day we are married, and I shall be dead of starvation or in jail, one or the other, long before that. And Ellen's gone to the country, and—oh, hang it!"

"Morning, Mr. Billy!" cries Mrs. Ames, a pretty little woman who lived in the next room, her army husband having been sent to some particularly inhospitable country. "Why, you look real comfortable and miserable."

Whereupon Billy told her all about it, adding that his father had written him he was confined to home with the gout.

"So he's sure to be in a bad humor," he added.

"Nonsense," laughed Mrs. Ames. "If you had that \$5,000 you could pay all your debts and have money over, couldn't you? Listen!" She was opening the door to go out. "You are already married—married this morning. Think it over," and she was gone.

Did he dare? He must! It seemed reasonable. His father could not come to the city. He would risk it.

"Dear Father," he wrote. "Circumstances in my wife's family made it necessary, so we were married this morning, and leave for our honeymoon tomorrow. Please send check. Billy."

Then he sat down and thought it over.

Next morning Mrs. Ames heard an awful crash in Billy's room, and ran to see what was the matter.

"Here!" he gasped. "Telegram—father better—coming to see wife—Ellen in country!" He rushed to the window. "Father here now. Getting out of carriage! Mrs. Ames, you have got to be my wife!"

"I couldn't!" she exclaimed.

"You've got to!" insisted Billy, and as he spoke, his father entered.

Mrs. Ames hadn't been kissed so thoroughly for years. The old gentleman bubbled with joy over his son's acquisition.

"What made you marry so quickly?" he demanded.

"Now, father," blurted Billy, "we haven't a minute. Run, dear, and get ready for the train. One moment—I'll go with you. Excuse me a moment, father!" and Billy leaped after Mrs. Ames to induce her to keep it up.

No sooner had they gone out of the room before a gentleman entered, in army dress.

"Looking for my wife," he said, pleasantly. "Little surprise for her—oh, I beg your pardon!" This to a



"TELEGRAM—FATHER—COMING."

very pretty girl who was standing in the hall, a puzzled look on her face.

"I am looking for Billy Blake," she said.

"That's my son," said the old gentleman.

"We are engaged," said the girl, approaching him confidently.

"Engaged! Bless my soul!—Why, Billy's— There came a sound of voices approaching, and an inspiration dawned on Mr. Blake. "Here—behind the door, both of you," he ordered, and

they hid themselves obediently, as Billy returned with his rather unwilling bride.

It was an astonishing tableau that greeted Billy a moment later, when he saw Ellen returned to the city, and a rather upset officer who called himself Captain Ames, so, as there was nothing else to do, he owned up.

"What a boy!" cried Mr. Blake. "Well, we'll forgive you, eh, Captain Ames? Billy, here's your wedding present with this stipulation—the first you spend of it must go for a dinner for us all, including—"

"His wife for five minutes!" laughed Mrs. Ames.—Kansas City World.

INVENTING FOR THE INVENTOR.

T. A. Edison Learns How He Made Great Discovery.

In a certain New York State factory given over to the manufacturing of electrical appliances visitors are of daily occurrence and guides a necessity, says Lippincott's. A guide named Steve took such pride in the work that if surprise and enthusiasm did not always respond to his personally conducted tours he would promptly imagine various things, to awaken what he believed to be the proper emotions. One day, with an unusually undemonstrative man in tow—a man seemingly not even interested in the "features" shown him, while he paid close attention to details of apparent insignificance—Steve began on the subject of the incandescent light.

"It was discovered purely by accident," said he. "Mr. Edison says himself that he would never have thought of the thing if he hadn't seen some lightning playing around a fork that had been left in an empty pickle bottle."

The visitor looked up rather oddly at this information, but still so quietly that Steve, to cap his climax, added: "And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light."

At that instant a passing employe caught sight of the visitor and, coming up to him with hand outstretched, exclaimed: "If it isn't my old boss! How are you, Mr. Edison?"

Steve sat down on the first object handy and, with his head in his hands, tried to recall what he had said and think quickly of some way out. When he looked up the "Wizard of Menlo Park" had departed, undoubtedly wiser than when he began his tour round the factory, but also undoubtedly considerate of Steve. And a fortnight later that gentleman received from West Orange a book on electrical science, "written down" to juvenile readers, and on the fly-leaf, beneath a sketch of a fork in an empty bottle, were written these words:

"And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light!"

A child's first impression is usually made by the paternal slipper.

BAD BLOOD

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.