

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others - it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Wanting if the Honeymoon.
"I hear you have been getting married, Ardup. Still billing and cooing?"
"Cooing only. Roxley. The—er—billing will come on the first day of the month."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Fitch*

The Limerick Variety.
Some years ago Mons. Paul Villars, London correspondent of the Journal des Debats, went to Limerick on the occasion of a great Nationalist meeting.

On arriving at the hotel he asked for a room in the front of the house. A servant took him to a small dark room looking on to an inner courtyard. Monsieur Villars to the window and satisfied himself that there was a mistake. "This is not the front of the house," said he.

"Oh, yes, sir," the servant said. "It's the back of the front."

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton St., Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp, shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief and finally cured me. They saved my life."



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

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.



The Finest Gardens

Are always reported when Portland Seed Co.'s "Diamond Brand" Seeds are planted. Why? Because we sell you the kinds that grow best on this Coast. Our handsomely illustrated and descriptive Annual tells all about our Seeds, Plants, Roses, Spray Pumps, Fertilizers, Incubators, Brooders, Poultry and Bee Supplies.

Ask for Book No. 260. We also have a special catalog of Trees, Shrubs, Etc. Book No. 261 free on request.

PORTLAND SEED CO.
Portland, Oregon Spokane, Wash.

State Treasuries Overflowing.

Through ingenious methods of taxing railroads the treasuries of some States are so swollen that State officers are puzzled to know what to do with State funds. New Jersey's receipts from corporations have filled its treasury. Pennsylvania had a surplus of \$10,000,000 and no debt to speak of. Back taxes received from railroads and the collection of a war claim of \$1,000,000 have enabled Wisconsin to pay extraordinary expenses, put \$643,000 into the State treasury and cut the school tax levy in two.

Prejudice.

"What do they call this skyscraper on the left?" asked the stranger.
"That's the Reliance building," said the native. "It's occupied almost entirely by doctors."
"By doctors? And they call it the 'Reliance'?" Well, well!"

Indian Woman Mine Owner.

An interesting character is an old Mexican Indian woman, Mrs. Bernina Sarras, who has recently sold a mine near Hawthorne, Nev., to an Eastern syndicate for \$90,000. For years she has dressed in men's clothes and personally worked her claim herself, doing washing for prospectors and miners in order to secure necessary money. She says that she now intends to rest and enjoy the results of her long years of privation and hardship.

Something New About Elijah.

The vicar of St. John's Galushborough, England, says that recently the scholars in his parish were asked to give an account of the translation of the prophet Elijah to heaven, and one boy wrote: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried, 'Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head,' and before he went up he divided the Red Sea."

In Jumping Over.

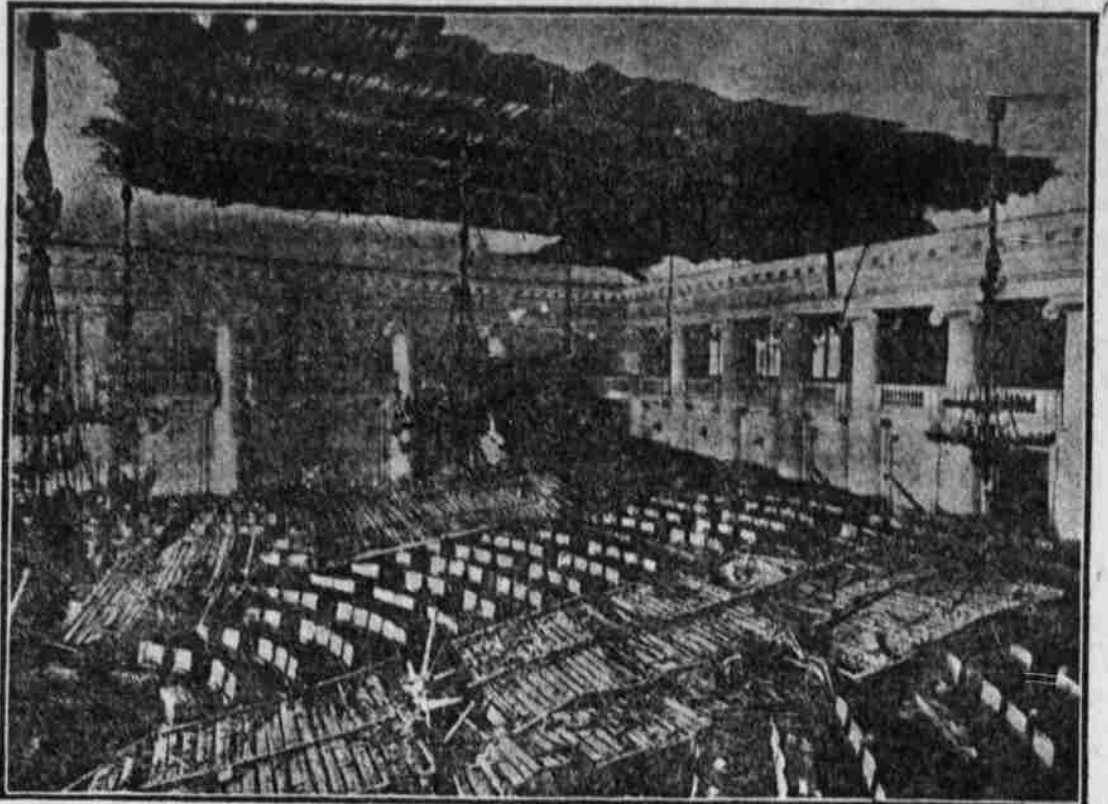
Little Dixon, aged three, had just learned that famous nursery rhyme "Hi diddle, diddle," and electrified his mother one night by exclaiming, as he stood gazing in wonder at the new moon which had just risen.

"OO-oo-oo, mamma, just look!"
"What is it, dear," said she.
"Why," he answered, in amazement "that old cow has gone an' kicked a piece right out of it."

A Nurse for Sick Dogs.

A young New York woman is a trained nurse for sick dogs. For some time she has been a member of the staff of the New York Dog Hospital, where the sick pets of the wealthy are nursed back to health. She often has as many as a hundred dogs to care for. It is her duty to give them their medicine, and in other ways carry out the doctor's orders exactly as a trained nurse would do for human patients.

WRECK IN PALACE WHERE DOUMA MEETS.



The ceiling in the hall in the Tauride Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Douma meets, gave way and fell into the body of the chamber. Nearly 200 of the Deputies' seats were covered with planks and plaster and the chandelier was completely destroyed. Quite three-quarters of the ceiling collapsed. It is believed that the huge

ventilating apparatus fitted above the ceiling was too heavy for the beams. Had the accident happened during a sitting only the ministers, a few Polish Deputies, some members of the extreme right and the journalists would have escaped. The accident created a great sensation in Russia.

WAITING.

Come to the hills, the woods are green—
The heart is high when love is sweet—
There is a brook that flows between
Two mossy trees where we can meet;
Where we can meet and speak unseen.

I hear you laughing in the lane.
The heart is high when love is sweet—
The clover smells of sun and rain,
And spreads a carpet for our feet
Where we can sit and dream again.

Come to the woods; the dusk is here—
The heart is high when love is sweet—
A bird upon the branches near
Sets music to our hearts' glad beat—
Our hearts that beat with something dear.

I hear your step; the lane is past—
The heart is high when love is sweet—
The little stars come bright and fast,
Like happy eyes to see us greet;
To see us greet and kiss at last.
—Leslie's Weekly.

Getting Ready

Jennie always spoke so casually about the collection toward her house-keeping outfit that every one accepted it as a matter of course.

It was when she was only 16 that Jennie's mother, finishing hemming the last of a dozen new napkins, remarked: "There! Those are ready to go into the chest." Questioning brought to light the further information that the chest was to be filled with things for Jennie.

"Of course she'll get married some day," said her mother, "and it's lots handier to be making things along instead of rushing at the last minute. I'm doing table linen now."

By the time Mrs. Markham had finished the set of kitchen towels and had begun on china every one took it without comment. When Jennie was 18 the chest was full and a big dry goods box was called into requisition to hold things. Not that Mrs. Markham was anxious for her daughter to marry and leave her. On the contrary, she often dropped a tear on a completed dolly or bureau scarf as she laid it with the rest of the collection. Adding things to Jennie's store grew to be a habit. Christmas gifts of an attractive nature were ruthlessly sacrificed to the box.

"That'll be nice when you have a house of your own," was the remark Jennie heard sung over numberless things snatched from her before she had a chance to use them at the moment.

All her friends knew about her collection and by the time Jennie left school the older women had begun to say it was lucky that Mrs. Markham had been so far-sighted, for in case anything did come of Ross Whipple's devotion to Jennie all her trousseau except mere clothes would be prepared.

Ross Whipple certainly had a bad case of young love. He haunted Jennie. All the other girls and boys of their age spoke of them as engaged. Their parents said they were too young, but Ross told his chums with glowering brow that he could wait years if he had to, while Jennie rehearsed to her envious intimates the contents of the chest. It was practically settled that Jennie's store of linen and china and knickknacks would come in very handy tolerably soon.

Then Ross went away to college and

in six months his affair with Jennie was broken off. He had fallen in love with a college-town girl.

Jennie bore up well. Perhaps the fact that young Lauderback was calling frequently assisted her to a satisfactory state of mind. Young Lauderback had a high brow and Jennie began to read thick books. Also she took to signing her name "Jane." She said it was more dignified.

Young Lauderback certainly had serious intentions, for he brought his mother and sister to call on Jennie and her mother and Jennie frequently was asked to the Lauderback home for Sunday night tea. Again people rehearsed the contents of the chest and the dry goods box and decided on what extra things Jennie could buy with the money which otherwise she would have had to spend for a bride's usual linen and household outfit.

Nobody ever quite knew what caused the trouble between Jennie and young Lauderback. She carried her head high for a time, while he looked depressed and blue. Before he recovered she was enjoying immensely the visit of a young doctor who had graduated in the same medical class with her brother. He was good-looking—and so was she. He had not been at the Markham home for a week before every one was talking about how desperately in love with each other they were.

"It was at first sight," said Mrs. Markham to her best friends. "Of course Jennie has had fancies like all



HER HOUSEKEEPING OUTFIT.

girls, but this is genuine. His father is rich. Not that that has anything to do with it, but he won't have to struggle. And I think that Jennie's outfit is good enough for any home that even he can give her."

Jennie was invited to visit the young doctor's family later and she went. She had a glorious time and came home to find her mother feverishly hemming a large tablecloth. "I thought you needed another three-yard one," she explained.

After Jennie had broken her engagement to the young doctor because she was tired of writing letters to him she went in for social-settlement work for a year or so. She came near marrying a professor of something or other

who had classes down there, but she changed her mind.

When Henry Smith, a confirmed bachelor, took to calling on Jennie Mrs. Markham cheered up again and hemmed a dozen more tea towels. But he drifted away without having committed himself.

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Markham, taking new comfort in the thought, "there isn't another girl who has the outfit you have."

The years sped on. Admirers were not so plentiful, but Mrs. Markham occasionally added a dolly to the store. The boxes were so full that there was no room for more linen. The friends of the family began to smile pityingly about Jennie's immense stock of household goods. Jennie was nearing 30.

Then of a sudden Jennie married a theatrical man. Now she travels with him everywhere, so she has not the remotest need of the contents of the chest and dry goods box in the attic at home. She lives at hotels the year round.

But Mrs. Markham hopefully turns over the pieces of linen and rubs up the china from time to time. She gets a great deal of comfort out of the fact that there's a fine household outfit all ready and waiting for Jennie if she ever should need it.—Chicago Daily News.

What Words Can Do.

"Any one who swears," declared the bishop of Carlisle, "manifests the beggarliness of his vocabulary." The Concord Patriot puts it in this fashion:

"People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of fire they want. You can do almost anything with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they look standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in when it rained, they can be made to dance like lumps, to frolic like fairies, to float angelwise on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scrawns stiffened up with a fence stake. The cure for profanity—reformers and educators please make a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison."

When Blondin Was Afraid.

One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say, "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own petard.

He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is"—queried Blondin.

"That I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham.

"Not if I know myself," answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"

A woman is apt to make some very striking remarks when she has occasion to hit her husband for a little pin money.