

"Saying and Doing Are Two Things."

It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Its great record of cures of all forms of blood diseases, including scrofula, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh, prove its power to cure you also.

Catarrh—"My throat was in such a condition with catarrh that I could hardly swallow and had no appetite. I found Hood's Sarsaparilla an excellent remedy, and now have a good appetite." Ella J. White, Ennis, Texas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Hard Luck Story.

He stood before the police judge a wreck. He suggested an echo of better days. He had been arrested the night before for sleeping in an open doorway. The judge saw that the prisoner had not always been a tramp and questioned him with regard to his past. "Well, your honor, it was this way," the man said quietly. "I haven't always been as you see me now. I was a stock broker once. When I was a younger man I became interested in copper. Copper is usually sold, you know. Well, I made a little pile, then shifted to iron. Iron is hard to handle and I lost. I withdrew from speculating for a time, but the old fascination drew me again into the market. I took a flyer in some glittering mining stock, but it was a loser. I said I would try again. I bought a little train of different railway stock, but I didn't tie to it long enough and went nearly broke. Then I shovelled all my remaining fortune into pork. It turned out that pork was on the hog, and here I am." The judge had listened to the story attentively and at its conclusion dismissed the prisoner. "Have you any money?" he inquired, as the man turned to leave the court room. "No, sir," was the reply. "I'm broke now more than I ever was."—Detroit Free Press.

All candidates for scholarships at the grammar school of Hampton, England, are now required to undergo a phrenological examination. If the bumps are not satisfactory the pupil is not allowed to enter into the competition.

Albert H. Golley, of Rome, N. Y., while bird hunting with W. P. Baylow near Glenmore, was accidentally shot in the eyes by his companion, and will lose his sight. The wife of Mr. Golley is also blind, both of her eyes having been removed some months ago by Dr. Wilbur H. Booth.

Improved Train Equipment.
The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connections made at their Union Pacific line, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Horlbert, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

Liquor in Groceries.
In Connecticut, liquors and groceries cannot now legally be sold on the same premises. For a number of years past many groceries in the state took out what is called a package license under which they sold liquors, not to be drunk on the premises. The last legislature passed a law prohibiting this and now any grocer who wishes to sell liquors will have to give up his grocery business.

A miner in Colorado, disheartened by hard luck, dug a grave for himself with the intention of getting into it and then blowing his brains out. Three feet under the surface of the ground he struck a "pay streak" and sold it the next day for \$20,000. If you are thinking of self-destruction, try digging your own grave.

One of the farm journals remarks that the Indiana man whose horse ate up his pocketbook containing \$65 may be justified in claiming that it is not always profitable to have money in live stock.

Over one-fourth of Hamburg's inhabitants pay an income tax.

In Germany one newspaper is published for every 12,902 persons.

An Excellent Combination.
The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy SYRUP OF FIOS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and promoting a healthy and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, and the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants. The method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
It is the only medicine that cures in 10 to 15 minutes. Sold by Druggists.

THE GOOD IT BROUGHT.

My darling, it is entirely out of the question," Ernest Rodney patted the yellow, clustering curls from his young wife's brow as he spoke, and looked down at her heaven-blue eyes with a troubled light in his own.

"But Ernest, why? She is a woman, this aunt of yours, with all a woman's tender and feminine influences," pleaded Lucy Rodney.

"She is an old maid, Lulu, with all an old maid's unaccountable whims and caprices. And I tell you she would never forgive me if she were to know of my marriage."

Lucy's brown eyes glittered through momentary tears.

"Ernest, I am sometimes tempted to wish that you had never seen me."

"Lucy! By darling! Are you so soon beginning to lose hope and courage?" he asked, almost reproachfully.

"Only for your sake, Ernest, I am happy, just as you are."

"Then, Ernest, dismiss the one shadow from your heart. We will struggle along for the present, anyway—and when my aunt's property becomes ours—"

"Ernest! It seems so wrong thus to look forward to the death of one's fellow creatures!"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the way of the world, my love. And I have certainly nothing to expect from Aunt Esther during her lifetime. Now, little one, give me a kiss, and wish me goodspeed. If I succeed in selling my picture I will be back by noon. If not—why, then, I shall just try again."

And so the young artist parted from his pretty wife.

Lucy ran after him to the steps.

"Ernest! Ernest! You'll be sure and not forget to order the little cradle! Baby came so near falling off the sofa last night!"

"I'll remember," said Ernest Rodney. He would have liked to spring into an omnibus instead of walking on that sultry June morning; he would have enjoyed a cigar—but he remembered Lucy's darning gown and mended gloves, and resolutely buttoned up his slender person.

"No," he said to himself, "it is these indulgences that drain away a fellow's income; I must not give way to a single one—not until I am richer than at present."

While pretty Lucy sat down by the window, its seat filled in with roses and geraniums, toasting her blue-eyed baby to sleep, and contriving how she could turn her own black silk dress inside down and inside out, to make it seem like new again.

The clock in the warehouses of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, furniture dealers and upholsterers, had just struck 2, and Mr. Moulding entered with a brisk step.

"Boy," cried he, breathlessly, to an overgrown specimen of the genus homo, who was polishing a bedstead back, "where's the cradle to go?"

"Name of E. Rodney," the boy speedily made answer.

"Where?"

The boy scratched his head.

"I forget, sir," he reluctantly replied. "But I know the name was Rodney."

"You're a blundering-headed idiot," Mr. Moulding barked impatiently out. "Do you expect an article is to stand here all day after being bought and paid for? Give me the directory quick."

He whirled the pages over with his finger and presently came to a meditative pause.

"Rodney, E.," he muttered between his teeth. "No. General street. Take it around there at once, Martina. None of your loafing around now."

And Martina, shivering the cradle, started with promptitude.

Miss Esther Rodney sat at her worsted work by the front window when Martina tolled up the steps, his brow beaded with perspiration. Now, Miss Esther was a tall, thin old maid, with a brown face, angular jaws and irregular teeth.

"Bless my soul again!" cried Miss Esther, dropping the worsted needle which was about to finish a dog's nose in gray and white zephyr, "what's that thing coming here for?" and she jerked up the window. "Boyl! boy! there is some one here!"

Martina stared.

"Name of E. Rodney, men!" said he, glancing dubiously at the door-plate, which bore a similar legend.

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Rodney, "what on earth do you suppose I want with such an article as that? Who ordered it?"

"Your husband, men, I s'pose," answered Martina, hopelessly.

"Never had a thing in my life," retorted the spinster, sharply.

"It was a young gentleman, men, a tall party with brown whiskers," explained Martina, "name of E. Rodney."

A sudden light broke in upon Miss Rodney's bewildered brain.

"It's my nephew, Ernest!" cried she. "As true as I live and breathe, it's my nephew Ernest. A cradle! Then he's been and gone and married that artist's daughter, after all. But I'll be at the bottom of the mystery, or I'll know the reason why."

"What be I a-goin' to do with the cradle?" vacantly demanded the unsuccessful embassy of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, after waiting in vain for some further advice.

"Take it to 'erich, for what I care," said Miss Esther sharply. "Only don't bring it here. We want no cradles in this house."

Jericho being manifestly out of the question, Martina took the cradle back to the warehouse, where Mr. Newell swore at him until he was out of breath.

And Miss Rodney, whisking on her bonnet and shawl, hurried round to the quarter of the city, where she knew her nephew had secured lodgings.

"Married! and never to tell me," said she to herself. "A cradle, and never to let me know. I wouldn't have believed that of Ernest. Some fine lady with folded hands and rings on her fingers, and a nurse to take care of her baby, I'll go bail. Poor Ernest; he never did have common sense about those things!"

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