

Out-of-Tone

Conditions

Marked by failure of appetite, loss of vitality, that tired feeling, bilious turns, dull headaches, indigestion and other stomach troubles, as well as by pimples, blotches, boils and other eruptions, are all referable to an impure or impoverished condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Corrects all these conditions—it's the medicine that makes the blood pure and rich—the peculiar tonic that strengthens every weak function and builds up the whole system.

"We think there is no medicine that can equal Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me of rheumatism and relieved my husband of catarrh. I have tried it for boils and have found it fine. When we have that tired feeling we take Hood's and in a short time the trouble is gone." Mrs. J. A. REYNOLDS, Stockton, Cal.

Accept No Substitute.

Good Reason.

Lady—Oh, how dirty your face is, little boy.
Boy—Yes'm; we hain't had no company for more'n a week.

THE SALESWOMAN

WHY IT IS SOMETIMES HARD FOR HER TO BE PLEASANT.

A Clerk in a Minneapolis Dry Goods Store Tells How She Became Able to Perform Her Duties Easily.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Have you ever stopped to think that the position of a saleswoman in a large dry goods store is a particularly trying one? Working long hours, being compelled to stand most of the time, and being expected to look pleasant regardless of suffering which she may be enduring, is it any wonder that weak, nervous women find it impossible to follow this occupation? Everyone will be interested in the experience of Miss Nellie M. Tomlinson of 3118 Minnehaha avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., who is a clerk in one of the large dry goods stores of that city. She says:

"When I was eight years of age I had the scarlet fever and it left me with weak kidneys and a complication of diseases. I was nervous and finally became so bad that I left school and did not go for an entire term. I had headache all the time and was too irritable to talk with any one. The least excitement seemed to make my heart flutter and a fainting spell would follow. At times I became so dizzy that I would have to sit down until the feeling passed away. My blood seemed to have turned to water and I had no color whatever in my face. I was a mere skeleton and had to lie down several times during the day. I had one of the best physicians in the city but he did not help me.

"My parents read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of our city papers and thought it would be wise for me to give them a trial. I began to get better when I had taken the first box and by the time I had used two and a half boxes I was cured. I can perform with ease my duties as clerk in a dry goods store. I was never so well as I am today and it is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Signed,

NELLIE M. TOMLINSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of December, 1900.

R. M. Thompson,

Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50.

In Boston.

Gray—Yes; I tell my wife everything I do. Don't you?

White—I did for awhile, but I had to quit. My wife said it was too stupid for anything.

NOTEWORTHY ANNIVERSARY IN THE HISTORY OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

With its issue of April 18th The Youth's Companion entered upon its 75th year.

To commemorate this anniversary, the publishers prepared a richly printed souvenir illustrating the growth of the nation and of The Youth's Companion since the year The Companion was founded, 1827. Perhaps the most significant features of the souvenir are its three maps. The first shows the small section of the continent occupied by the United States of 1827, when The Companion began life with practically no subscribers. Another shows the system of railways which cover the United States in 1901, an aggregate of 187,781 miles. The Youth's Companion traversing every mile of this system once a week. The third map shows the number of subscribers to The Youth's Companion in every state of the union in 1901, the paper being delivered every week to 645,342 American homes.

"IF ALL MY SHIPS COME HOME."

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah! well, the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships came back from sea
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah! well, I should have wealth as great
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be

In half my ships now out at sea,
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah! well, the storm clouds then might
frown,

For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

But if that ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,

With honor, riches, glory, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm. O winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if thou sendest some awrack
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that sail the sea,
But send my love ship home to me.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A DESERTER'S FATE.

CECIL BUTTERWORTH and Guy Chadwick had been chums in college. The acquaintance formed there was cemented by time into a fast friendship, and when war was declared against Spain both offered their services to Uncle Sam. But this friendship, so strong, was one of diametrically opposite natures. Equal opportunities had been given the two men to secure shoulder straps. Butterworth alone took advantage of them. "The Government has need of educated men as officers," he said, in accepting a lieutenantcy. The sentiment of his friend was: "If the country has need of my services, I give them gladly, but a gun shall rest upon my shoulder; I care not for the honors of war." For this speech Private Chadwick was highly esteemed by his comrades in Company B, of the Ninth.

Life in the home camp was drudgery to Lieut. Butterworth. Chadwick, as eager as any to strike a blow at the "dirty Spaniards," as he termed them, took the matter more philosophically. He submitted to the inevitable gracefully. When, at last, the order to break camp was given, there was some regret that the Philippines were the objective point. Nevertheless, it was a jolly crowd that unpegged their tents and rolled their blankets, preparatory to the departure for the coast.

The trip across the continent and the life on the transport, lessened, in a measure, their eagerness for action. To stand once more on firm, steady land, with no longer the pitching, rolling deck beneath their feet was contentment for a time. Barrack life in Manila was begun. Then a new element came into the lives of Lieut. Butterworth and Private Chadwick.

Nina was a Filipino girl. She was the daughter of an insurgent leader. Lieut. Butterworth and Private Chadwick had fallen prey to her snapping black eyes and pretty face, smiling coquettishly beneath a crown of inky black hair. She fascinated one, charmed the other. Butterworth was head over heels in love with the girl. Chadwick, less impetuous, was caught by her sweet simplicity. Yet their friendship did not suffer; rivalry, rather than jealousy, was the keynote of their relations.

"Guy," said the lieutenant, one day, forgetting rank in a burst of confidence, "I can't get away from those black eyes, they follow me everywhere, they are in everything I see, but, somehow, I doubt her sincerity."

"I have my doubts, too," returned Guy, "but knowing how much you care for Nina, I have refrained from mentioning them. I have a fancy myself for the girl. Nevertheless, I believe that she is trying to inveigle us into joining the insurgent cause."

"Oh, Guy," exclaimed Cecil, "Nina is too loyal a girl to conspire for our ruin in such a manner. I laud her strong belief in her father's cause. But no, not that from little Nina."

Private Chadwick said nothing. He prayed for a call to the field to sever this attachment. His hopes were realized—but partially. The Ninth was ordered to join in the chase of the insurgents, but the activity failed to restore to Lieut. Butterworth his equilibrium of mind. Military duties now precluded further intercourse between the two friends. In the excitement of battle Private Chadwick gave the black-eyed Nina but a small place in his thoughts.

Private Chadwick lounged carelessly in front of his tent admiring the beauties of the setting sun, which painted the horizon with glory. He was thinking of Manila and, for the first time since he had taken the field, of the bright-eyed Nina. He wondered if Butterworth had forgotten her. It was pleasant to recall those happy days.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GAMES

FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.



It is not only the knickerbockered small boy who has games of his own. Girls, too, have fads and occupations, though all of them are not monopolized by doll babies. In fact, their historic devotion to these painted beauties seems to be lessening. Dolls of sawdust and paper are good for rainy days and for the twilight hours before or after dinner, when one is not allowed to go out. But the doll day is decidedly on the decline. It is better for girls, as for boys, to be in the open, to chase butterflies with nets, to climb trees even at the expense of clothing, and to jump and frolic with all their might.

There is more to be discovered with the ants, the bees, the birds, the flowers, or in the companionship of a wise dog, than in all the sawdust and china-eyed babies in the world.

However, there are certain games sacred to our grandmothers and still kept up in a measure by little girls, being revived from year to year. Some of them are silly. Most of them date from the time when boys and girls did not study from the same books, and when it was reasoned out that even games must be feminine. Now we know better. The same sports that develop the little male animal are good for little girls, too. Girls now play baseball and even football.

First and dearest of all the girls' games comes tag. The children range in a row and somebody counts.

Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo.

The last "mo" is "it," and the game begins with a nimble scattering and a shrill squeak. The lines are silly and ungrammatical, and the kindergarten does not approve of them because they are such meaningless jabber, but the old doggerel has been used for so many years that very likely its meaning, if it ever had any, has all been rubbed off from

"S-s-s-t."

The sound interrupted his reverie. A dirty, ragged individual stepped from behind the tent. Looking cautiously to the right and left he slipped a grimy bit of paper into Chadwick's hand.

Guy hastily tore open the note. He read:

My Dear American Soldier: Prove to me that you love me. Join us to-night. Papa will make you a big officer.

NINA.

A pang went to his heart. A smoldering fire flamed up. In spite of this evidence of her insincerity, Guy now realized that his feeling for her was more than mere interest in the girl. He was disgusted to discover his weakness.

"Get out of here," he said in a harsh voice. "Go tell the one who sent you that my flag is dearer to me than all the world, and before I leave it I will die. Go."

The effort cost him pain. He crawled back into his tent a miserable man. The sun had set.

"Private Chadwick's sick," commented his comrades.

One ran with the news to Lieut. Butterworth's tent. It was empty.

"The lieutenant went off with a dirty-looking beggar," said the guard. "One of his charities, I guess. Said he'd be back before long."

Private Chadwick knew otherwise. He was torn one way by jealousy toward his erstwhile friend, another by anger at the girl who had played him false. He worked himself into a fever. His comrades attributed it to sorrow for his lost friend, for, after a fruitless search, it was said that Lieut. Butterworth had been trapped into an ambush.

In the gray dawn of morning Private Chadwick paced slowly up and down, with his gun on his shoulder, doing sentry duty. He was still weak from the fever. A rustle, as of some one moving, caught his attention.

"Who goes there?"

His challenge went unanswered. He espied a form disappearing into a clump of bushes.

"Bang." He fired—but into the air.

The corporal of the guard came running down the line. He received the sentry's report: "Marauding party of 'devils.'" But Guy did not tell of all he saw. In the disappearing form he had recognized his deserter friend.

With hasty formation Company B was sent forward. Keeping under cov-

er of the trees, they halted on the edge of a clearing. Not more than a thousand yards away, 900 Filipinos, under the leadership of a young officer in the uniform of the United States army, were stealthily advancing.

"Careful men. Don't fire. Wait for orders," cautioned the officers.

The American lines deployed and now a volley carried death into the opposing force. The battle raged back and forth. Scattering were the shots which returned the regular fire of the boys in blue. The insurgents became disorganized. Their retreat became a rout.

The battle was over. The soldiers returned victoriously rejoicing. As they picked their way over the spot of the first encounter, they came upon a sad scene. In the midst of the dead and dying, lay the lifeless body of a pretty black-eyed Filipino girl, beside the dead deserter lieutenant, and there, with his head buried in his arms and weeping like a child, was Private Chadwick—he mourned the loss of friend and sweetheart.—New York Evening Sun.

Whether you are a girl admitted to the blessed privilege of overalls, or whether you are a girl obliged to look after the unbroken continuity of skirts and stockings, the pleasant spring days are the time for fun. The days are so short and the plays are so many that the little folk stuff themselves at night, after all the vigorous exercise, and go to sleep with skins tight as any drum.

Jumping rope is left to girls, too. Doctors have inveighed against it, but all in vain. The girls are still jumping. Whenever you see boys spinning tops you will find girls jumping rope, and probably the benefit, so far as exercise goes, is on the side of the girls.

It is a matter of pride to be able to jump to twenty or forty or sixty, according to age and strength. How the braids bob and the curls fly! They hold their hats on by main force, while the rope whips the ground beneath the flying feet. There is a double rope called the Spanish rope, which calls for great swiftness of eye and lightness of foot. There is a slow motion of the rope from side to side, called making the cradle. Anybody can jump that.

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Help for Women

Who Are Always Tired.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time."
You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time.
Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings,



Mrs. ELLA RICE.

all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women.

Sobriety Among Railroad Men.

The number of railroad men discharged for excessive use of liquors during the past 22 years has decreased from 20 to one per cent, and during the past 25 years the proportion of men owning their homes has increased tenfold.

Stop the Cough and Works Off the Goid.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

His Explanation.

"What do you mean by having a woman's letter in your pocket?" his wife inquired sternly.

For a moment his face went white. Then a shade of relief chased it away. "On my word, Maria, I forgot to mail it for you."

Thinking of buying a camera? If so, send for our 1901 catalog containing fully illustrated description of every camera made. Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

Small Returns.

Subbuss—No, I won't bother with a garden this year. I had one last year and it kept me thin as a rail.

Citiman—Worked too hard in it, eh? Subbuss—No, I tried to live on what I raised.

Kill Germs of Disease.

The modern way to cure disease is to destroy its germs. Casarets Candy Cathartic are modern germ-killers, and cleansers. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Enfant Terrible.

Mrs. Bilkins (sweetly)—Do have another piece of cake, Cousin John.

Cousin John—Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good I believe I will have another.

Little Johnny (excitedly)—Ma's a winner! She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself!

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KAYNE, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Perfumed Dervishes.

The Sudanese natives eagerly buy clothes, cotton goods, sugar, perfumes, tea, nails, chains, wigs, leather, false jewelry and iron trinkets of Geneva. Great Britain furnishes the cotton goods, but Germany, Austria and Italy have almost the monopoly of the other articles. Germany does a huge trade in perfumes. A single caravan started off recently with 20,000 francs' worth of German scents for the natives.

THE BEST
POMMEL SLICKER
IN THE WORLD
BEARS THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED
IT HAS NO EQUAL
ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE.
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 44