

# Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, disease of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes. It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system. Accept no substitute.

Wait for the Bill  
Mrs. Prattles (suddenly sitting up in bed)—Hark! The bell tolls! What does that mean?

Mr. Prattles (drowsily)—Bell tolls? Must mean telephone rates. Better go to sleep and quit worrying.

For bronchial troubles try Pilo's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Value of Wild Animals.  
The lion is worth to the animal dealer \$1,500, the lioness \$500, the leopard \$300, the panther \$250, bears \$50 to \$100, elk \$200, the camel \$300, and the elephant \$500.

Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Testimonial. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Fruitless Quest.  
"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked a wanderer at the rear door of a Germantown house one morning this week. "Poor old sailor?" echoed the housewife, who had opened the door. "Yes, I followed the water for twenty years." "Well," said the lady, as she slammed the door in the face of her visitor, "all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it."

Motherly wit finds Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children's teething season.

Grave Opened by Tree.  
In the Gartenkirchhof, Hanover, is a grave covered by a mighty stone, on which an inscription appears to the effect that the grave should never be opened by human hands. The seed of a birch fell through a crack in the stone, and, developing to a large tree, opened the grave in its upward growth. The tree has now withered and decayed. When it is removed the grave will again be closed.

1500 REWARD \$100.  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full testimonials.

Sold by druggists, J. C. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Kidney and Bladder Cure.

He Had Been Helped Once.  
Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the end of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things."

Teasdale and Billion Dollar Grass.  
The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Green Teasdale, 300 lbs. dry weight, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and 100,000 lbs. pig feed per acre.

Did It Tickle His Fingers?  
"Pong—How did that old deaf mute injure his knuckles so?"  
"Pong—Why, he tried to crack one of Chaney's latest jokes.—Columbia Jester.

Chinese Fireman.  
Chinese firemen seem to be immune to the fierce heat of the fireman on ocean steamers and can stand up to temperatures that would speedily prostrate white men. There are over six lines of European steamers trading with the far east. Out of this large number only three have European firemen and these have coolies to assist them.

FROM CALF OF THE LEG TO ANKLE A SOLID SORE.  
New Castle, Pa., July 20, 1903.  
Three years ago a common bull appeared on the calf of my limb. Not yielding to simple home remedies, I consulted a physician, who prescribed a poultice, flax seed, supposedly. By some fearful mistake he gave corrosive sublimate, and after having it on for a few minutes I could endure the pain no longer, and took off the application and found that my limb from the calf to the ankle was in an awful condition. I immediately sent for another physician, who told me I had been poisoned. My limb from the calf to the ankle was one solid mass of pus. I was advised to begin S. S. S., and improved rapidly under its use, but about this time I had an attack of typhoid fever, and this settled in the original sore. This, of course, caused a setback, but having confidence in the ability of S. S. S., I began it again as soon as I was over the fever, and to make a long story short, was completely and permanently cured. Two years have elapsed, and I have never had a return of the trouble. MRS. K. A. DUFFY, 214 W. Washington St.

Big Task to Sweep Floor.  
It is enough to blister one's hands just to contemplate the job that confronted the men who swept the floor of the mammoth palace of agriculture at the St. Louis world's fair. When the contractors finished their work all that remained to be done was to sweep the floor. It never dawned on anyone how great the task was. Caldwell & Drake, the contractors, ordered a dozen brooms and set twelve men to work. When night came their brooms were scarcely noticeable. They increased the force next day to forty men and ordered 100 brooms. These forty men worked ten days before the big floor was thoroughly swept.

One Better.  
Stubb—That strange man walk d o t with Dudley's umbrella.  
Penn—Why, Dudley had his name on it.  
Stubb—Yes, but the o b r f e l l o w had his hand on it.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.  
Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.  
WO-THIRDS of the average pastor's time is spent in "coddling" the saints instead of going after the sinners.  
Honors do not create honor.  
You cannot amble to heaven.  
Works of love are words of life.  
Empty vessels never know enough to be silent.  
A hypothetical religion is apt to be hypocritical.  
The Gospel of another life gives new life to this one.  
Sinners blame the law for the fruits of their lusts.  
We are all liable to be tripped up by our triumphs.  
To-morrow's burden prevents today's blessing.  
No one praises a bad man even for his good works.  
The calm of complaisance is not the peace of pardon.  
Selfishness in our worship puts sulphur on the altar.  
Only the grateful heart grows in time of goodness.  
This life may be for our passage, but it is not our port.  
Better be handicapped by God than paced by the devil.  
They who love the world find it hard to leave the world.  
They who obey God blindly often see Him most clearly.  
Our petitions cannot go up if our practice is going down.  
Sighing Christians see their sorrows without seeing their Savior.  
Of course charity is born at home; but it cannot grow up there.  
The guide book to hell is not a primer on the way to heaven.  
The men for public trust are the men who can be trusted in private.  
When serpents' eggs hatch out doves the saloon will benefit society.  
Obscurity is to be preferred to immortality through immortality.  
When the heart is God's abiding place His peace is always there.  
You cannot lay up treasure in heaven by leaving out charity on earth.  
Men who have to condescend to worship will never climb to heaven.  
Praise on the tombstone does not scratch out harsh words in the life.  
The cynic finds the world empty because he is too little to look into it.  
Spiritual things are all mystery where the Spirit has not the mastery.  
It is poor policy to try to avoid your premiums with the heavenly company.  
No man has ever led this world up without the use of the light of God.  
You cannot build a pious memory out of what is stolen from the poor man.  
Tolerating the debauchers of our men is but training the devil for our boys.  
It may be that all our weeping has its part in the oratorio of the universe.  
The materialist fills his eyes with mud and then says that there is nothing else.  
Death may mark the difference between the walking and the winging of the soul.

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McKinley Day.  
"The Carnation League of America," instituted as an annual memorial to the late President William McKinley and dedicated to national patriotism, is a fixed institution and insures a perennial observance of January 29th, the anniversary of his birth, as "McKinley Day." To wear the late president's favorite flower, the carnation, in the lapel of the coat, in the hair, or at the throat, in silent memory of a departed public servant, is what is contemplated by this movement, in which the young and old of both sexes can have a part. The custom was first observed on January 29th, 1903, with the greatest unanimity throughout the country, and by Americans all over the world. It is a simple, inexpensive act and full of patriotic sentiment. All through Mr. McKinley's life, both public and private, there ran a distinct vein of sentiment, and a memorial of this sort is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate to him. The custom will undoubtedly be observed the coming 29th day of January more universally, if that is possible, than on the initial day, a year ago. Interest in the memorial has increased wonderfully during the past year, and Mr. Lewis G. Reynolds, of Dayton, Ohio, who suggested the idea, has received letters of the most unqualified approval from Americans everywhere. No expectation is had of giving the movement the importance of local organizations or annual meetings and conventions, but in a quiet, unobtrusive way it can be made to wield an influence for good almost incalculable and to foster a spirit of true patriotism worthy of our country and of the man whose memory it is proud to honor.

Then He Got Foolish.  
"No," said the new arrival at the temperance hotel, "I can't understand why all those sensible men take that foolish tramp every Sunday morning to see the hermit."

"You'd understand if you went along," said the wise guest, with a wink. "The hermit is bartender."—Chicago News.

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