

# Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—containing the best blood-purifying, alterative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and permanent cures of all humors and all eruptions, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings, and building up the whole system—is true only of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

"I was troubled with scrofula and came near losing my eyesight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see to walk, and when I had taken eight bottles I could see as well as ever." SUSIE A. HARRISON, Withers, N. C.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.**

### The Hairs of the Head.

Red-haired people are less subject to baldness than others. A doctor explains the matter thus: The hair of the red-headed is relatively thick, one red hair being almost as thick as five or three brown hairs. With 30,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched, whereas with the same number of fair hairs one is comparatively bald. It takes nearly 100,000 fair and 105,000 brown hairs to cover adequately an ordinary head.

### Conflicting Evidence.

The Widow—I wonder why Minerva was called the goddess of wisdom? The Bachelor—Probably because she wasn't foolish enough to marry. The Widow—Then why was Solomon, who had a thousand wives, called the wisest man?

Eight relatives of Premier Selden of New Zealand draw on an average of \$25,000 each in salary from the government.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The total annual revenue of Russia, according to the last report, was \$1,011,128,000.

### Little Willie.

Willie—Mr. Oldboy, why do they say you are in your second childhood? Mother—Willie! Willie—Oh, I know; it's because you are baldheaded, just like baby Dick.—Boston Transcript.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 285 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Continued.

We are told that, in many directions, it is the impossible which is true. Perhaps the extravagance of the following story, told by the New York Times, may help vouch for its accuracy:

A book club had engaged in the study of "Hamlet." But two meetings had taken place when one member met another at an afternoon tea.

"Aren't you dying for the next meeting of the club?" she asked.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Why, because we're studying 'Hamlet'! Aren't you simply crazy to know how it comes out?"

### The Cause of It.

"What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?"

"Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose."

### Latest Electrical Novelty.

Down near Atlantic City, N. J., there has been in successful operation for several months an experimental trolley road minus the trolley. More astonishment still there is no third rail or storage battery to be seen on this unique bit of road. Without any apparent means of obtaining the all-important electric current, motor cars will draw a 200,000-pound load on this road. Of course, the secret of it all lies in the application of a new system. Every sixteen feet a point of connection is established midway between the rails where a metal button projects above a box through which passes the powerful current carried along wires in a subway. A person might step on this button and one of the rails at the same time and not receive a shock, but as the car passes over, a powerful magnet underneath attracts the button and in raising it establishes the circuit which supplies the motor with enough of the essential fluid to propel the car along the sixteen feet of track to another point of contact. The saving of expenses in installation and maintenance over that of the old systems, the freedom from overhead wires which so seriously interfere with the fighting of fires in the cities, and the immunity from fatal shocks which it insures are factors which will no doubt bring about its rapid adoption.

### Meant What It Said.

Mr. Leighton has none of the spirit of a bargain-hunter, and Mrs. Leighton decided that to have him accompany her on one of her Monday expeditions was more of a trial than a pleasure, in spite of his capabilities as bundle-carrier.

"Edward, I wish you would look at that golf vest and see if you don't think it is exactly, in every particular, like the one we saw at Brown's. That was only \$3.75, and this is \$4.25. I'm sure I don't know what they mean by calling these bargains," said Mrs. Leighton.

"I can't see that it says they are bargains on that placard," said Mr. Leighton, in an uncomfortable clearing tone. "It says, 'These goods are being sold regardless of cost,' and probably they are, my dear."

### Facts About Japan.

Among the Japanese one divorce takes place for every four marriages. The Emperor of Japan is the direct descendant of the Emperor Jimmu, who ascended the throne 2,564 years ago, making the dynasty older than any other dynasty that exists or ever did exist.

The true name of Korea is Choson, meaning "Land of the Morning Calm." It is by this name that the country is designated in diplomatic papers at the State Department in Washington.

Japanese soldiers are fed on rice, salted fish, dried seaweed and pickled plums—a diet that is almost universal in Japan, except in the navy, where rations of meat are served. Soldiers are allowed meat when on campaigns, but rarely eat it.

### Bad as a Bullet.

Hospital Physician—This man seems to be half dead, and yet I cannot find anything the matter with him. Where is he from?

Ambulance Driver—I got him at the door of the St. Francis Assembly Hall. There is a ball going on there.

Physician—Ah, I see. He probably stepped on a lady's dress and she said "Sir!"

### It All Depends.

"They tell me," said the youth, "that men who work live longest. Do you believe it?"

"Well," remarked the sage, "it depends a good deal on who they try to work."

# OLD FAVORITES

### The Mistletoe Hough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas holiday, The baron beheld with a father's pride His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride; While she with her bright eyes seemed to be The star of this goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried; "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!" And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace The clew to my secret lurking place." Away she ran—and her friends began Each tower to search, and each nook to scan; And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide? I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day, And they sought her in vain when a week passed away; In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot, Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not. And years flew by, and their grief at last Was told as a sorrowful tale long past; And when Lovell appeared, the children cried: "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid, Was found in the castle—they raised the lid, And a skeleton form lay mouldering there In the bridal wreath of that lady fair! O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest She hid from her lord in the old oak chest. It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom, The bride lay clasped in her living tomb! —Thomas Haynes Bayly.

### "Only Waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is down;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home,  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, resolutely gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor and desolate,  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is down.  
Then from out the gathered darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.  
—Frances Langton Mace.

### THE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

Millionaires Whose Lives Are Made Miserable by Cranks and Promoters.

Three men in the Wall street district, New York, receive requests in the course of a year to back schemes the financing of which would break the Bank of England or bankrupt the government of the United States. They are John W. Gates, J. Pierpont Morgan and Edwin Hawley. These proposals run through the whole gamut of human ingenuity, from a new method of scratching matches to the promotion of a South American revolution or the prevention of earthquakes and other seismic disturbances. They pour in by letter and persons from all quarters of the globe.

These things are the penalty of spectacular wealth. They are some of the troubles that beset the man who makes his millions with a blare of trumpets and under the glare of limelights.

Mr. Gates has been hounded so by importunate persons that he hardly dares set foot in the street. He was imported in restaurant after restaurant, until in self-protection he had a dining-room fitted up in his office and there he now takes his luncheon. Mr. Morgan has been forced to adopt the same method.

One of the things that bothers Mr. Morgan most, although it costs him no money, is the camera with a lens behind it. If there is one thing he hates more than all others it is being photographed, and he has become an adept in springing from the door of his office building into a coupe and banging the door behind him. It was he who was the recipient of the proposal that he finance a scheme for making earthquakes impossible. Just after the eruption of Mount Pelee a Frenchman wrote him, most earnestly asking his help and assuring him there were millions of dollars in the plan. Scarcely a day passed but some man writes to him of the unearthing of a priceless painting, disfigured by time, but bearing beyond all doubt traces of the work of some dead master. Another class of men whose palms itch for some of the Morgan money are the book agents, not only the inoffensive ones who have editions de luxe to

sell, but the ones who are preparing volumes of biographies of the moneyed men of the country in which the person approached may have his history written up at so many thousand dollars a page. There is also the bibliomaniac, who fastens himself upon Mr. Morgan to dispose of some ancient tome, colored in red by a monk and in yellow by Father Time.

Mr. Gates has had opportunities to place himself in the class with Santos-Dumont as a navigator of the air and to become a second Castro in the formation of a new South American republic. Three men with theories of airships who needed only money to make them fly have offered Mr. Gates a handsome share in ventures if he would produce the capital for construction.

Mr. Hawley, who was a protege of Collis P. Huntington, has been besieged more by Western promoters because he came from the Pacific coast. Offers of interests in mines in the Western States and in South America, Mexico and Europe have been cast at him as if the whole world were a Klondike and he the first miner on the ground.

### THE CITY BOY.

Why He Is Generally Left in the Rear by the Country Boy.

That the country is the better place to raise boys is the teaching of all experience. Go over the list of the men who have done things in your city. A large majority of them are country bred. Why?

The boy wherever you find him needs wide spaces for the development of the vital forces that are in him. He instinctively covets elbow room. The boyish swath is a wide one. He is necessarily noisy. He bubbles over for the same reason a tea kettle does. He is full of spontaneity and runs over. In the city he is cribbed, cabled and confined. He has little chance to let himself out. What wonder the roundly developed country lad beats him to the goal.

Poor city lad. Here is the picture Secretary Shaw gives of him, in a recent address: "The boy is the most valuable product of society, but in the city he is not fairly treated. He lacks a chance for the free play of his nature. His parents seldom give him a gymnasium or a shop or even a room of his own. They are afraid he will spoil the furniture. It is too expensive to let him do as he pleases. So they give him money and let him go to the streets which are often an open gate to hell." The picture is true.

Poor city lad. There are no wide echoing fields or shady woods where he may wander at his will, giving full play and proper vent to the life forces that run riot in his veins. To him there is no call of the wild. For him there is no company and touch of Nature which the country boy knows and feels.

At home they say of the city boy that he is rude and awkward and destructive. What wonder! The only wonder is he doesn't explode. He is all boy. That's why he is worth raising! Expressions of energy in the boy spell force. He has in him the making of a man. Why scold him and spoil his temper for being what he is? Why spoil him by trying to make him what he is not?

An unspooled boy—city or country—is about the finest thing on two legs. He is affectionate—under his vest. He is sympathetic if you know how to reach his sympathies. He is honest. And frank. And above all, he stands for fair play. Later on, as a man, he may lose many of these virtues, but as a boy he is admirable.

Give the city boy his chance. Let him go to the country at every opportunity. Let him build a shop in the back yard or in the cellar if he chooses. Give him a room of his own. Of course the room will be tosy turvy betimes. Of course. He is not a young gentleman. He is a boy, God bless him. Let him bring his comrades home with him. Let them together romp and raise Cain. Give the city boy a vent. The country-raised boy has beaten the city-raised boy because he has had a better chance.—Des Moines News.

### Making a Good Citizen.

A 13-year-old Italian boy lately prepared an essay on the duties of citizenship, for a club in New York. Among the rules which he laid down are the following:

"If I want to be a good citizen I must be true to my country, true to my state and true to my city. If I do not vote I will not be doing my duty. I must have my own judgment to vote for the man I think is best qualified for the office for which he has been nominated. If I don't I won't be doing my duty. I must not let anybody bribe me to vote for a man I think not fitted for an office. It will also be my duty to be industrious and self-supporting, so as not to be a burden and a nuisance to the public. I must pay taxes, so that the government can be maintained and the officers of the government paid, because the government is for my good. When it is necessary I must help to maintain order and always be ready for public service, and in case of war serve my country. I should know the history of my country and be an intelligent reader and close observer of current events."

### Russia's Purchases.

Russia bought from the United States in 1908 nearly \$20,000,000 worth of goods, which is double the average for previous years; and sold the United States nearly \$11,000,000 worth, which is an increase of 10 per cent over previous years.

We give a man credit for being level-headed if he isn't above our level.

# A MICHIGAN MAYOR SAYS

"I Know Pe-ru-na Is a Fine Tonic for a Worn Out System."



Hon. Nelson Rice of St. Joseph, Mich., knows of a large number of grateful patients in his county who have been cured by Peruna.

Hon. Nelson Rice, Mayor of St. Joseph, Michigan, writes: The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio; Gentlemen: "I wish to congratulate you on the success of your efforts to win the confidence of the public in need of a reliable medicine. I know Peruna is a fine tonic for a worn out system and a specific in cases of catarrhal difficulties. You have a large number of grateful patients in this county who have used Peruna and have been cured by it, and who praise it above all other medicines. Peruna has my heartiest good wishes."—Nelson Rice.

## MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Weak Nerves, Poor Digestion, Impure Blood, Depressed Spirits.

The sun has just crossed the equator on its yearly trip north. The real equator is shifted toward the north nearly eighteen miles every day. With the return of the sun comes the bodily ill peculiar to spring. With one person the nerves are weak; another person, digestion poor; with others the blood is out of order; and still others have depressed spirits and tired feeling.

All these things are especially true of those who have been suffering with

catarrh in any form or la grippe. A course of Peruna is sure to correct all these conditions. It is an ideal spring medicine. Peruna does not irritate—it invigorates—it strengthens. It equalizes the circulation of the blood, tranquilizes the nervous system and regulates the bodily functions. Peruna, unlike so many spring medicines is not simply a physic or stimulant or nerve. It is a natural tonic and invigorator.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

### Jarring an Actor.

"What did you think of my death scene?" asked the actor.

"Well, it seemed to me it came a little too late in the piece," was the reply.—Chicago Evening Post.

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

A drop of blood which might hang from the point of a needle contains 1,000,000 red flattened corpuscles.

The president of the Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees, gets the smallest salary paid by any civilized government. It is only \$15 a year, and he thinks of asking for a ten per cent increase, which would make it \$16.50.

### Perrin's Pile Specific

The INTERNAL REMEDY  
No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

**YOU CAN EARN \$25.00 PER DAY**  
Getting Water, Oil or Coal with AUSTIN WELL DRILLS  
Made in all sizes and styles. Write for Catalogues and list of users in the West.  
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Specimen prices, Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, Zinc, 50c; Zinc or Copper, \$1. Cyanidists, Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Unpaid work collected. Leadville, Colo. Reference Carbonate Nat'l Bank.

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**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50  
UNION MADE SHOES  
BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make. The reason is, they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and have greater intrinsic value than any other shoes.

Sold Everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin, which is everywhere conceded to be the finest Patent Leather yet produced. Fast Color Eprints and Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Write for Catalogue. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

P. N. U. No. 18-1904.  
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**"BEE LINE" BUGGIES**  
Are not manufacturers regular construction, but  
**Our Own Special Construction**  
Put up with full knowledge of the requirements of this rough western country. Made to stand up, and will stand up, better than any buggy sold at anything like the price. If you want a good buggy at a moderate price, try our "Bee Line." You can't beat it. We have the "Bee Line" Road Wagons.

# BOILS PYRAMIDS OF PAIN

Boils show the blood is in a riotous, feverish condition, or that it has grown too weak and sluggish to throw off the bodily impurities, which then concentrate at some spot, and a carbuncle or boil is the result. To one already enfeebled by disease, boils seem to come with more frequency, causing the intensest pain and greatest danger to the already weak and debilitated sufferer. All skin eruptions, from the sometimes fatal carbuncle to the spiteful little cat-boil, are caused by bad blood, and the only way to avoid or get permanently rid of them is to purify and build up the deteriorated, polluted blood, and counteract the humors and poisons; and nothing will do this so quickly and thoroughly as S. S. S., which is the acknowledged king of blood purifiers and greatest of all tonics. Where the blood has become impoverished and is poor and thin, no medicine acts so promptly in building up and restoring its richness, purity and strength. The time to cure a boil is before it develops, when it is in a state of incubation or formation in the blood; for boils are, after all, only the impurities and poisons bubbling up through the skin, and this will continue in spite of poulticing and lancing till the blood gets rid of its accumulated poison. The way to stop boils is to attack them in the blood, and this is what S. S. S. does. All danger of boils is past when the blood has been thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all morbid, impure matter. If you are subject to boils, then the same causes that produced them last season will do so this, and the sooner you begin to put your blood and system in good order the better the chance of going through the spring and summer season without boils or other painful and irritating skin eruptions. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and can be taken with perfect safety by old and the most delicate constitution. It is mild and pleasant in its action, and unequalled as a cure for boils and kindred eruptions. Write us if you would like medical advice or other information.

**SSS**  
young, and without harm to the most delicate constitution. It is mild and pleasant in its action, and unequalled as a cure for boils and kindred eruptions. Write us if you would like medical advice or other information.  
**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**



Allegheny, Pa., June 11, 1903.  
From the age of twenty or thirty I was sorely afflicted with large, awful boils on my face and body. As soon as they would heal up in one place they would break out in another part of the body, and this continued for ten years. I tried everything I could hear of to get relief, but nothing did me any good. I had but little faith in S. S. S. doing me good when I began it, but after taking it for a short while the boils began to disappear. I continued on with the medicine, taking six bottles, and all the boils entirely disappeared. Five years have elapsed since that time, and I have never been bothered since, showing that the cure was permanent. I had some thirty or forty of the most painful boils one ever had, and to be entirely rid of them by your great purifier, S. S. S., puts me under a debt of gratitude to you.  
HENRY ZINN.