

The Best Spring Medicine

It is as easy to prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine as it is to say it.

Spring ailments are blood ailments—that is, they arise from an impure impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood; and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other medicine does.

It is the most effective of all blood medicines.

There is solid foundation for this claim, in the more than 40,000 testimonials of radical and permanent cures by this medicine, received in two years, this record being unparalleled in medical history.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all spring humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids the digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Get it in the usual liquid form or in choicest tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Business Proposition.

"Your honor," said the convicted beggar, "can't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?"

"Suppose I did," said the judge, "where would you get the money to pay it?"

"Oh," replied the c. b., "I could beg a little every day till I had enough."

Cosmopolitan.

Confused Young Man—Why, Miss Bella, I—I scarcely expected to meet you at a roller skating rink.

Self-Possessed Young Woman—I'm not at all astonished at meeting you, Mr. Smiley. All sorts of people come here.—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Fool Johnny.

Widow Jones—How would my little Johnny like a new papa?

Johnny (aged 5)—Oh, you needn't shove the responsibility on to me, ma! It isn't a new papa for me, but a new husband for yourself, that you are thinking of.—Boston Transcript.

FITs. St. Vitus' Dance and various diseases permanently cured by Dr. J. C. Lee's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 25 cent trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 351 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the Ultra Set.

Mrs. Highpup—Uncle Henry is so stupidly plebeian. Really, I am exasperated every time he calls.

Mr. Highpup—In what way, my dear?

Mrs. Highpup—Why he always asks if our baby cries. As if we had one of those old-fashioned babies!

Why There is So Much Crime.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Say, central, you gave me the wrong number. I didn't want Lawson 11 double 6 double 7. I wanted Woodken 1 double 7 double—"

"All right; I'll ring 'em again."

No Exact Equivalent.

"It would be correct to say, then, that you are on the water wagon, wouldn't it?" asked the reporter.

"No," said the distinguished actor, "that hardly expresses it. I have merely quit drinking coffee and taken to more wholesome beverages. You might say, perhaps, that I am on the milk wagon."

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

Premature.

The era of universal peace had dawned. "How delightful!" exclaimed the suffragettes. "There will be no opposition now to our demands for the ballot!"

Instantly universal war broke loose again.

Not a Regular Nimrod.

Employer—"You'd like to go and spend a week with friends in the country, would you, Roger?"

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Employer—"What's your little game now, Roger?"

Office Boy—Rabbits, sir.

Amplified.

Farmer Honk—Hear ye are gola' to send you son to college, Eben?

Farmer Borakicker—Don't see any reason why I shouldn't—he's too dum lazy to work, has too much hair, and can yell so's you can hear him 'most a mile.—The Circle.

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Any Change an Improvement.

Photographer—Is that the most pleasing expression you can assume?

Sitter—Yes, sir.

Photographer—Then, for heaven's sake, glare ferociously at me!

Preliminary.

"Mrs. McGooze, your husband is a singularly gifted man. It's a wonder to me that he isn't on the lecture platform."

"I think he contemplates taking to that some day. In fact, he has been lecturing in a desultory sort of way, just for practice, for the last ten years."

"Why, where, Mrs. McGooze?"

"At home. I'm the audience."

Restorative Recipe for Men

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, dependent, nervous, and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing and general inability to act naturally and rationally as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without anyone's knowledge.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam-wort; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce common essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not ca damom); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

Inside History.

Indignant Wife—What's the use of my saying anything to you, John? It goes in at one ear and out at the other!

Provoking Husband—Not always, Maria. When you say anything worth minding I stop it on the way through.

Waited.

"So you want to earn enough to buy you a dinner, eh?"

"Yes, boss."

"I wish you had come around here half an hour ago."

"I did, boss."

"Well, there was a ton of coal to be carried in then; why didn't you knock?"

"I seen de coal."—Houston Post.

NAPLEINE

At the Night School.

Teacher—Who's Wordsworth—Shaggy Haired Pupil (interrupting)—A dollar apiece? Any living ex-President's.

Almost Incapacitated.

A colonel in General Lee's division in the late Civil War sometimes indulged in more apple-jack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, the general said: "Good evening, Colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please."

"S-s-cuse me, g-g-general, s-s-cuse me," replied the Colonel. "It's 'bout all I can do stay where I am!"

Sarcasm.

Cleaning the Stage.

"We hope," said the spokesman of the committee, "to enlist your support in favor of a clean stage."

"You have it," responded the theatrical manager, heartily. "Why, almost every one of my plays opens with a girl dusting everything in sight."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lesson from the Past.

Robin Hood had just handed back half the contents of the slender purse he had taken from the plainly dressed traveler.

"If you were a rich man," he said, "I'd soak you for the whole of it, but I'm no hog; I exact only what I think the traffic will bear."

For Robin Hood, with all his faults, lived faithfully up to his idea of what a graduated income tax ought to be.

Getting It Right.

They asked him if his name was Tahft. And merrily the big man laughed.

"Why, no," he said; "my name is Tahft. Which, as you will find by consulting the various dictionaries and paying particular attention to the marks indicating the correct pronunciation of the words therein,

Almost, if not quite, rhymes with 'raft.'—Chicago Tribune.

Uncle Jerry.

"As a general thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peedles, "I believe in letting women have whatever they want; but when I see one of 'em goin' around with a spring hat on her head that looks like an old-fashioned beehive that's been tarred and feathered and then struck by lightning, I begin to wonder, by George, if it would be safe to trust her with the ballot!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Similarity.

Mrs. Gunner—Henry, you would persist in calling that last cook a vision. There was nothing pretty about her.

Mr. Gunner—Not at all.

Mrs. Gunner—Then why did you call her a vision?

Mr. Gunner—Because visions fade away. She remained only two days.

Suspicious Circumstance.

The grocer had warranted the maple sirup to be the real stuff.

"It doesn't taste like any maple sirup I ever bought," said the customer, who had just sampled it, "and I strongly suspect—"

Solved.

"Why," asked the critic, impatiently, "do you have your orchestra play music during the pathetic scenes? Do you imagine it helps the effect?"

"No," answered the manager, "but it keeps the actors from hearing the audience laugh and cough and make fool remarks."—Cleveland Leader.

Revenge.

"I'm going to get even with all the phonograph fiends in our flat."

"How so?"

"Give my kids snare drums for Christmas."—Detroit Free Press.

Fulfillment of a Prophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history."

His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.—Chicago Tribune.

Of a Different Opinion Now.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talking to my lawyer, and he's convinced me that I ain't."—Chicago Tribune.

The Winner of His Discontent.

"What's the matter? Aren't your pictures a success?"

"No."

"But the papers say they are full of warmth."

"That's it; they are all Arctic scenes."—Houston Post.

Telegraph Poles.

Harker—Fine automobile, Cogwood. What do you call it?

Cogwood—Peary.

Harker—After the arctic explorer, eh? And why?

Cogwood—Because it is always making a dash for the pole.

Her Constitutional Right.

Gladys—So you've sent Herbert about his business, have you?

Maybelle—Yes; but I have since used the—er—recall on him.—Chicago Tribune.

Concise Statement.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, what are the seven deadly sins?

Mr. Ferguson—Being a candidate for any office.

REPORT ABDICATION

Abdul Hamid Said to Have Given Up Turkish Throne.

CAPITAL IS FULL OF RUMORS

Abdication of Sultan Cannot Be Affirmed, but Appears to Be Not Improbable.

Constantinople, April 20.—With the Constitutional army steadily enveloping his capital and demanding his head, with a garrison unwilling to defend him, and with a cabinet ready to surrender to the demands of the patriot army, Sultan Abdul Hamid is reported to have abdicated and fled on a warship or sought refuge in a foreign embassy.

The report that the sultan had abdicated caused the greatest excitement in the lobbies of parliament. A rumor of the flight of the sultan or warship followed closely on that of his abdication, but neither could be confirmed.

Large crowds gathered at the British embassy, where other reports had it that the sultan had taken refuge, and there were scores of inquiries at the Russian embassy concerning the truth of the rumor that the sultan was under the protection of Russia on one of its guardships. At both of these embassies all knowledge of the sultan's movements was denied and the Turkish Foreign office gave a strong denial of the rumors.

The abdication of Abdul Hamid, however, appears to be not improbable, and it appears that within a day or two the Constitutionalists may accept as his successor Prince Yussef Izzedin, the eldest son of the late sultan, who is second in line, as they are strongly displeased with Abdul Hamid's attitude.

The Constitutional forces sent out small parties to reconnoiter this afternoon, and at 7 o'clock in the evening they were within sight of the gates of Constantinople. They encountered no resistance, nor does resistance seem likely, unless it is at the palace. The headquarters of the Constitutional army is at Dedeagatch, and General Husni Pasha's forces, which now number between 20,000 and 30,000, occupy a range of hills about 20 miles from the capital.

LOEB AFTER SMUGGLERS.

Declines Offer of \$260,000 to Drop Government Inquiry.

New York, April 20.—The smuggling syndicate that first offered Collector of the Port Loeb \$100,000 to drop the government's investigation of the smuggling of "sleeper" trunks containing \$55,000 worth of Paris gowns increased its offer today to \$260,000, according to Mr. Loeb.

"The amount now offered the government to drop the investigation and probable prosecution is \$260,000," said Mr. Loeb. "The amount represents what would be the penalties of fully \$200,000 above the appraised value of the goods. All offers have been refused. We want the smugglers."

It is believed that worry over this case affected the mind of William G. Bainbridge, confidential agent of the United States Treasury department in Paris, that he committed suicide. The Treasury department had fully approved Mr. Bainbridge's course in the case, but he left a note declaring he was the victim of a plot.

Mr. Loeb's investigation shows that the smuggled gowns had been made in Paris by famous designers for many women of social prominence and wealth in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington and that the reason for offering such a large sum to suppress the investigation was to shield the women from unpleasant publicity.

Short Route to Europe.

Winnipeg, Man., April 20.—Edson J. Chamberlain, general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad, announced tonight that in a few days the road would begin constructing branch lines north and south from Melville, Sask. The company will lose no time in building a through line from the American boundary to Hudson bay, thus providing the farmers of the Middle states with a short wheat route to Europe. He also announced the construction of several other branches from the main line to the north.

Hecate Matter Serious.

Ottawa, Ont., April 20.—The question as to jurisdiction over Hecate straits on the Pacific coast of Canada, between Queen Charlotte islands and British Columbia, is likely to become an active issue within a short time. As these waters lie between two Canadian stretches of territory, the Dominion claims that they are as much her exclusive property as Long Island sound is the property of the United States. The Hecate straits are halibut fisheries, and are resorted to by both American and Canadian fishermen.

Sultan Names Successor.

Berlin, April 20.—A rumor emanating from Vienna says that the sultan has expressed his willingness to abdicate in favor of Mohammed Rechad Effendi, heir apparent to the throne. A dispatch to the Lokal Anzeiger from Constantinople says it is rumored Mohammed Rechad Effendi has been acclaimed sultan at Salonica. The correspondent says it is intended to establish the provisional seat of government at that place.

Young Turks Will Depose Sultan.

London, April 20.—Interest in the Turkish crisis is now chiefly concerned with the fate of the sultan and there is little doubt that he will be deposed. Recent developments have served to emphasize the devotion of the whole country to constitutional government.

Cotton Fire is Burning.

Little Rock, Ark., April 20.—The St. Louis express No. 2, with 1,200 bales of cotton, caught fire after midnight and its total destruction is expected. The loss will reach \$1,000,000.

A Handicap.

"My mamma's yardstick has three feet," said Willie, cunningly.

"I've only two, but I can beat my mamma's yardstick running."—Judge.

Initiative.

"That statesman is a man of wonderful Initiative."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "there is no doubt about his Initiative. He starts things that nobody on earth could finish."—Washington Star.

Making Up for Lost Time.

Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there?

Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room.—Chicago Tribune.

Different Strata.

The irresistible high handshake chanced to meet the immovable low handshake. Whereupon they gave each other the cold shake and passed on.

Not Now.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the "unwritten law?"

Mr. Chugwater—There isn't any. It's been written down in all the papers. I've told you that before.

Why They Don't.

Would some oracle might utter, Giving me the reason why Maidens in a constant flutter Never fly!

—Indianapolis News.

Fame.

Uncle Hiram—So you play base ball, do you, Dick? Has your ball club got a name?

Five-Year-Old—Has it got a name! Gee! You've heard of the Rag Alley Yarnigans, haven't you, uncle? Well, I'm their regular shortstop. We're going to whale the everlastin' stuff out of the Ramtown Billygoats next Saturday!—Chicago Tribune.

The Qualifications.

"I want somebody to report a woman's congress," said the managing editor.

"Some one well versed in parliamentary language, I presume?"

"Nope. Some one who understands such terms as passermenterie, algrette and the like."—Kansas City Journal.

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 280 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those Loving Friends.

Nan (exhibiting her latest photograph)—Don't you think a three-quarter view better than a profile to raise a crop of Fan—No, dear; it shows too much of her face.

More About Him.

Of gardening the city man Oft laments, and is sure to raise a splendid crop of weeds.

Of blisters on his hands.

—Kansas City Times.

And when his M. C. franks to him

A lot of garden seeds, He plants them and is sure to raise a splendid crop of weeds.

—Chicago Tribune.

No Limit to His Ability.

"Now here," said the salesman, "is a cigar I can recommend."

"I know you can, young man," said the customer. "I tried one of them the other day on your recommendation. What I want is a brand you can recommend without lying."

Righteous Judge.

One Sunday morning a minister's wife saw her son chasing the hens with a stick. She went to the door to investigate and heard him say: "I'll teach you to lay eggs in a minister's family on Sunday morning!"—Delinctor.

His Walking Papers.

"My sister'll be down in a minute," said little Clarence, who was entertaining the young man in a parlor.

"I heard her sally" said a little while ago that she was going to give you your written permission to perambulate to-night. What do you reckon she meant by that?"

"I think I know, Clarence," said the young man, reaching for his hat. "You may tell her, if you please, that I have decided not to wait for it."

Arrangement of Wealth.

"What's them apples worth?" asked the farmer, stopping in front of a fruit stand.

"In that pile?" said the proprietor of the stand. "Five cents apiece."

"So? Well, I guess I'll eat about a dime's worth."

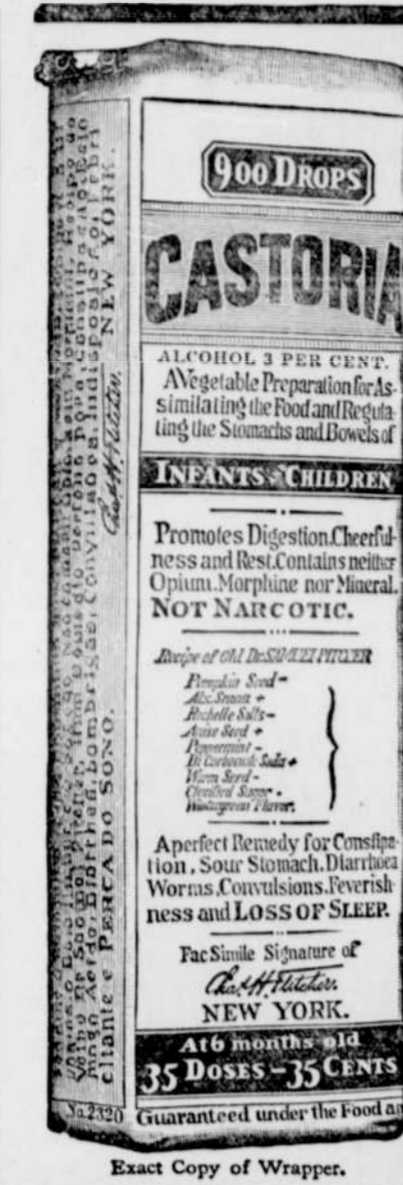
Thereupon he took two big red apples out of a capacious pocket in his overcoat and strolled on, placidly munching one of them.—Chicago Tribune.

RIGID LAWS TO GOVERN AERONAUTS.

A. Leo Stevens, instructor of U. S. Army Balloon Corps, Advocates Government License and Examinations.

Every day I am firmly convinced that there should be government regulation on ballooning. I have held this theory for some time, but the experience of a certain California aeronaut a few days ago in the Sierra Madre mountains has brought the need home to me more strongly than ever. The government regulations should consist of licenses for balloon pilots, and laws within which the pilots should have to confine themselves.

While I do not wish to reflect on this aeronaut, I do wish to point out that he is only a case in point. Some people can never become successful balloon men any more than all men can become successful artists or deep sea divers. It's a part of a man's makeup. There are some men who can make 20 ascensions and still be no better equipped as pilots than if they were going up for the second time. A person who is not skilled in aeronautics, knowing that



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

this man has made say nine ascensions says, "Oh, I'll willingly go." If we had government regulation, where men skilled in aircraft should make the examinations as to whether or not the applicant was fitted to be a pilot, this obvious danger would be dispensed with.

The popular idea is that all one has to do to make an ascension is to jump into the balloon car, cut loose and when one is ready to ascend throw overboard the sand ballast. As a matter of fact along that is not even the alphabet of air riding.

When I heard that this experimenter was to make the trip with that number of passengers and with so small an amount of ballast in my mind "America," I predicted failure. He should be thankful that the escape was so successful. There are some requirements and some theories controlling the ascent and descent of balloons just as fast as those that govern temperature or that of gravitation. A certain sized air ship, with so many cubic feet of gas naturally can carry only so many passengers exclusive of its ballast.

There is a nicety in determining just how many it can carry successfully. To be specific, a balloon with 80,000 cubic feet of gas should start out with 35 bags of ballast and five passengers. Equipped in that manner the pilot need fear no storm, and have no worry. He is just as safe as if he were sitting at his own fireside. When a storm comes, by throwing overboard some ballast he can go above it. When the storm is over, by letting out a little gas through the escape valves he can descend safely to the earth.

When a balloon of this size, that is 80,000 cubic feet, has thrown over all its ballast for one reason or another, except five bags, it should drop to earth at once. To do otherwise is to run a dangerous risk. A law making this necessary would be a great boon to the art and practice of ballooning. A bag carrying between 35,000 and 40,000 cubic feet of gas and two persons besides the pilot should drop to earth when the pilot has expended all the ballast save three bags. If he does not do so he is risking lives that he should not be allowed to jeopardize.

I am in favor of government regulation. At the present time licenses can be granted to pilots in this country by the Aero club of America. There are now 24 men holding these licenses. An applicant must make 10 successful ascensions before he is granted the license. These directions have to be made before he is granted the license, under the direction of other licensed pilots, or after the applicant has made four or five so that he can manage a balloon, he must keep data of his trips. This information has to be exact, and be filed away. For instance, when the applicant drops back to earth, say on a man's farm, he has to give the man's name and where he lives, and who hauled him back to town. This is so that at any future time the authorities may satisfy themselves that the trip was really made and that it was a successful one in every way.

France has a very creditable method of licensing its balloon men. The licenses are not governmental, though. Each pilot, who is going to make an ascent, carries in his pocket a little book with his number and his photograph in it. If any one questions his identity or his ability as a navigator he simply shows the book with his photo behind the isenglass.

I am in favor of government licensing and government regulations, rather than that of state jurisdiction. In this way the laws would be uniform, and all the air sailers of something near equal ability. An applicant would not have to go to Washington to make an ascent by any means. He may make the trip at any place under the guidance of an accredited pilot.

Ballooning is becoming more and more popular. It is now more than a craze. Its possibilities are attracting a great many reckless people to have the experience of seeing the earth slip out from under them. Here is where the trouble comes. I will not say that it is not right for a man to go up in a balloon by himself. I think that is more a matter of ethics. A person may walk on a railroad where there is a third rail. He does it knowing that he is taking his life in his hands, but when he persuades other people to go along with him, he risks their lives without enough experience to get them out of danger should anything happen. When five people go up in a balloon in addition to the pilot, the unskilled

pilot is risking five lives in addition to his own.

Throwing overboard ballast is a science. Ballast is to a balloon what steam is to an engine. And just as steam once gone can never be recovered, just so ballast thrown overboard is lost. One man can get along, make a whole trip without losing more than five bags of ballast while another spends twenty. The latter spends all his time in traveling up and down, making saw teeth, while the other sails along in a comparatively straight line. The pilot who is out with the beginner makes careful notes and gives a full report to the members of the Aero club. He takes into consideration just how much fluctuating the learner does. He assists the new man, but watches him carefully to find out how much grip he has on the science.

The dilettante in search of new sensation is as dangerous as an automobilist with the speed mania. I hesitate to make a trip with a beginner who says the danger is nothing, with the man who says "Oh, I'm not afraid. I've got the nerve." As a matter of fact when good sense is used, there is no more danger than there is in an automobile trip. But there is much potential danger. I am willing to make the trip with a beginner who says: "Now I'm new at this, and want you to take the rudder. I don't know it all."