

Scrofula

Makes its presence known by many signs,—glandular tumors, buncbes in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, catarrh and wasting diseases.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Effects permanent cures.

An Author Pensioned.

Two British authors are at present in the public eyes on account of pensions they are receiving. Joseph Conrad has \$1,500 from the British Society of Authors, which generosity is explained by the fact that the author, whose writings are among those in greatest demand by the publishers to-day, yet seems to have difficulty in providing for his daily wants, says the New York Globe. The immediate reason for the pension, moreover, was the accidental burning of a manuscript, which catastrophe so depressed Mr. Conrad that his friends thought it wise to relieve him from the necessity of anything so humdrum and sordid as looking out for his bread and butter.

The case of Conrad can hardly fail to recall that of Carlyle, who, when Mill brought the disastrous news of the destruction of a complete book of the "Revolution," spent the evening in attempting to cheer the culprit—and then set about the rewriting.

Of Wide Interest.

Breed, Wis., July 18.—Special—Charles Y. Peterson, Justice of the Peace for Oconto Co., has delivered a judgment that is of interest to the whole United States. Put briefly, that judgment is, "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best Kidney medicine on the market today."

And Mr. Peterson gives his reason for this judgment. He says: "Last winter I had an aching pain in my back which troubled me very much. In the morning I could hardly straighten my back. I did not know what it was but an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking one box I can only say they have done more for me than expected as I feel as well now as ever I did before."

Pain in the back is one of the first symptoms of Kidney disease. If not cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills it may develop into Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism or some of the other deadly forms of Kidney Disease.

Thinks Soap Injurious.

An English writer asserts that the English people have greatly deteriorated physically because of the too frequent use of soap. The English he says, are too clean. The Creator gave us a natural oil to protect the skin and make it supple, and we pass our time removing this oil with soap. In consequence, we are more vulnerable to colds, to rheumatism, and to all sorts of disease. Soap opens the pores of the skin, and disease enters with ease.

Her Private Opinion.

"No, ma'am," said the hobo who was figuring on a handout, "I ain't no regular tramp. I was a sailor 'free years ago, but me ship got wrecked and I was washed ashore."

"And it's a safe bet," retorted the unsympathetic female, "that you ain't been washed since."



The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."

Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

MOST THRIFTY OF NATIONS.

United States Government Expenses Smallest Per Capita.

The expenditures of the United States government are much less in proportion to population than those of many other of the leading nations of the world. This fact is shown by a statement just published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of statistics, showing the population, revenues, expenditures and indebtedness of the principal countries of the world. It shows that while the expenditure of the United States, with 80,000,000 people, is \$840,000,000, that of the United Kingdom, with its 42,000,000 people, is \$898,000,000; that of France, with 39,000,000 people, is \$905,000,000; that of Germany, with 58,000,000 people, is \$553,000,000; while in practically every country, aside from China and India, with their enormous population, the per capita of government expenditures is greater than in the United States.

Even in the case of Russia, with its population of 141,000,000, the per capita of government expenditures is about the same as that of the United States. While it is true that a larger proportion of public expenditures is borne by state and local governments in the United States than in many of the more centralized governments of Europe, these figures of the relative national expenditures of the various governments are at least interesting at the present time.

The table puts the population of the United States at 80,372,000, the government expenditure in 1903 at \$840,232,000 and the per capita expenditure \$7.37. The per capita government expenditure of Canada is given at \$9.30, the German Empire \$9.45, Italy \$10.97, Austria-Hungary \$14.27, Belgium \$17.40, France \$17.94, the United Kingdom \$21.39 and Australia \$37.09. Russia's annual expenditure is put, for the latest available year, at \$1,114,095,000, as against \$844,883,000 in the United States; but the fact that Russia's population is given as 141,000,000 brings the per capita expenditure to about the figure shown by the United States.

THE PRIDE OF THE ZOO.

A dainty little girl in pale blue frock, her golden hair prettily tossed by the wind, seated on the broad back of a rhinoceros is the most interesting picture to greet the eyes of the visitor who is spending an afternoon at the Berlin zoo. Little Veilchen, or Violet, the diminutive lady who has succeeded in taming one of the most intractable of beasts, is the daughter of Keeper Schwartz, of the animal house at the zoo, and although she can count



VIOLET SCHWARTZEN AND STRANGE PET.

but seven summers, her fame has gone far abroad.

For every one else in the world, not excluding his keeper, the huge thick-skinned animal is one of the ugliest and crossdest members of the zoo family. But the moment little Veilchen appears on the scene the great monster becomes as mild and docile as a lamb and tries by the most absurd amblings and twisting of his ungainly body to express the pleasure that her dainty presence affords him. But the happiest hour of the big beast's day comes when his fragile little mistress is lifted to his huge back for their afternoon amble through the park. He is quite a picture of contentment, and not even the ugly tusk that adorns his upper lip is able entirely to destroy his air of satisfaction.

A SPREADING FASHION.



If hats and veils get much bigger, what about the man in the middle?—Punch.

Opinion Based on Experience.

Father—Daughter, Algernon Von Spook wants to marry you.

Daughter—What, that man? Why, papa, I wouldn't have him. He hasn't any sense.

Father—Of course not, of course not. You don't suppose he would be wanting to get married if he had, do you?—Detroit Free Press.

Genuine Luck.

"Did you ever play poker?"

"Once, and I was very lucky."

"Won a good deal of money, eh?"

"No. I lost, and it cured me of ever playing any more."—Philadelphia Press.

During the courtship it is a case of suspense with the girl and a case of expense with the youth.

Ayer's

Losing your hair? Coming out by the comb? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and

Hair Vigor

promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?

Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right."—W. C. Lonsdale, Lindsay, Cal.

for Thin Hair

Russia's Awakening.

In Russia it is the government only that sleeps. The people are awake and astir, says the author of "Greater Russia." They are making new demands and feeling a new freedom which is apparent every day in the absence of the former rigid repression, and in the frequent indulgence in license that is mislabeled liberty.

One will sometimes see on the palace quay at St. Petersburg a line of people waiting for the steamer to take them to the islands. Along comes some high official who, instead of awaiting his turn, drives to the head of the line and crowds in ahead of the others. Formerly such an occurrence would have been received in silence as a matter of course, but now the people hiss and denounce the official, and police do not interfere.

If a street car is delayed for a connection at some transfer station, the passengers often become riotous and demand their fare back, or begin to pound on the floor and even break windows until the police make the driver go ahead without waiting for the other car; and he is not allowed to stop again until he reaches his destination.

If an officer remonstrates with a street car conductor for lack of courtesy to a passenger the crowd will at once interfere, and even the offended passenger turns on him. The officer is told to give his orders to soldiers who have to obey, not to free men who do not, and not to interfere between men who are as good as he is.

These are trifling things in themselves, says the traveler, but to one who has long known Russia they are startling signs of a new spirit of freedom.

Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were made recently in the Madison Square Garden, New York, to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,700 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

Failed to Hear Her.

"It is said," remarked the moralizer, "that fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"I guess the old girl forgot to remove her gloves when she knocked at mine," rejoined the demoralizer.

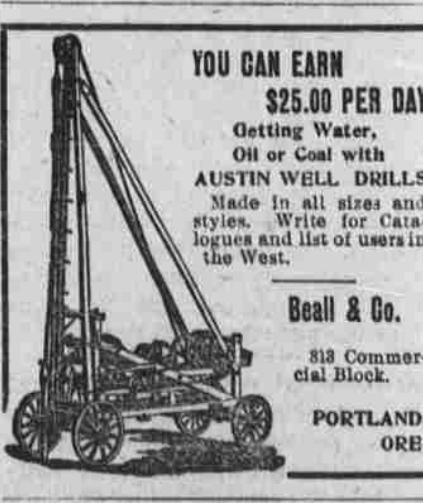
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Betwell Business College, Tacoma, Wash.



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P. N. U. No. 30-1904.

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FLASHES OF FUN

Reporter—Senator Bilkins has absolutely nothing to say. Editor—Well, boll it down. We are terribly crowded to-night.—Puck.

Brown—Is Smith the boss over at his house? Jones—Mrs. Smith says he isn't, but I take notice he picks out all the new wall paper.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Mr. Tim Idity—is your chauffeur a safe man to ride with? Mr. Knote Slowe—Why, certainly! No policeman has succeeded in catching him yet.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, where is there such a thing as a laundry trust? Mr. Chugwater—Where? What do you suppose the Flatiron Building in New York is for?

"Arthur, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."—Tit-Bits.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again? Prisoner—Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.—New Yorker.

"Are you at all familiar with Plato?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, that's one thing Josiah always blames me for. He says I never make real close friends with anybody."—Philadelphia Ledger.

After a more severe reproof than usual, little Bessie, who is extraordinarily sensitive, thought diligently for a minute, and then said: "Mamma, isn't there any way a child can get a divorce from its parents?"

"Some scientists," began Mr. Gay, significantly, "consider kissing dangerous. Do you?" "Well," replied Miss Smart, "I think it would be for you. My big brother is within call."—Exchange.

Fair Passenger—I've paid my fare once. Why do you ask for it again? Conductor—I beg pardon, lady, but you look so much prettier every time I pass through that I thought you were another passenger.—Chicago News.

Farmer Hoptoad—I dunno as them city folks is so lazy, after all. Farmer Trefrog—How's that, Miram? Farmer Hoptoad—One of the clerks at that hotel where I put up wuz up ahead of me every mornin', try to beat him as I would.—Philadelphia Press.

"When young fellows begins a court-in'," said Farmer Halcedo, "they jest gits crazy, an' thet thar boy Jim o' mine ain't no exception." "What's Jim bin a-doin'?" asked Farmer Soanreep. "Hanged if he didn't go inter town yesterday an' spend a hull sixence fur a toothbrush!"

"Yes," said the boarding-school teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write your fiancé. But for course you will copy it, leaving out those numerous spaces." "Oh, dear, no!" replied the girl. "Those are for 'dearest.' I have it on a rubber stamp."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Phoxy—I was going to ask you to try this little trick. Multiply the years of your age by three, subtract twenty-one from the total and what's the answer? Miss Kute—You should be able to guess the answer at once. Mr. Phoxy—What is it? Miss Kute—None of your business.—Philadelphia Press.

The honest man (to theater-door tender)—I see that you have signs in the lobby saying that tickets bought of speculators will not be accepted. Now, I want to inform you that I bought my ticket of a speculator. Door Tender (with a sickly smile)—Say, you reformers give me a pain in the solar plexus! G'wan in!—Exchange.

"Edgar had been asked to write a composition about the camel. This is what he evolved: 'The camel has four stomachs, and can go four weeks without feeding them, remembering the week by counting the stomach he happens to be using at the time; and so, coming in out of the field once a month, as regular as a clock, for his breakfast, which is mostly water.'"

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked parenthetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman." "Indeed it must," was his response. Then after a while, with sympathetic disingenuousness, she exclaimed: "I don't think that I could ever have the heart to do it." And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—Tit-Bits.

In a small village in Yorkshire an old laborer once went into a neighbor's cottage. In the corner of the little kitchen stood a grandfather clock, on the dial of which was the customary figure of an old man holding a scythe, and above was the time-worn inscription, "Tempus fugit." Looking wisely up at the clock, the old man said to the owner: "Aye, tempus fugit! Same man as made ours, I see!"—Tit-Bits.

General "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if ye're goin' to get on, O'll get off!'"—New York Tribune.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers

A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissues beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly

and detract so much from one's personal appearance. Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy polluted condition, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves, for the sore is the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need—something to cleanse the blood, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy. It counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system; and when the blood has been purified the healing process begins and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone. S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, external or internal, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my arms. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctor intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again, and some 12 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred.

JOHN W. FUNDIS, Care Schmuckbach Brewing Co.

One More Crash to Come.

"A traveling man stopped at a hotel at Monticello. The proprietor told him he could not lodge him—not a room in the house," said a commercial traveler. "The traveling man protested. He must have a room. Finally the proprietor told him there was a room, a little room separated by a thin partition from a nervous man who had lived in the house for ten years."

"He is so nervous," said the landlord, "I don't dare put anyone in that room. The least noise might give him a nervous spell that would endanger his life."

"Oh, give me a room," said the traveler. "I'll be so quiet he'll not know I'm there."

"Well, the room was given the traveler. He slipped in noiselessly and began to disrobe. He took off one article of clothing after another as quietly as a burglar. At last he came to his shoes. He unlaced a shoe and then, manlike, dropped it."

"The shoe fell to the floor with a great noise. The offending traveler, horrified at what he had done, waited to hear from the nervous man. Not a sound. He took off the second shoe and placed it noiselessly upon the floor. Then in absolute silence he finished undressing and crawled between the sheets."

"Half an hour went by. He had dropped into a dose when there came a tremendous knocking on the partition. The traveler sat up in bed, trembling and dismayed. 'What's what's the matter?' he asked. Then came the voice of the nervous man: "Blame you! Drop that other shoe!"—Indianapolis News.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded 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 list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Only Refuge.

It was a well-dressed young man, with a sad, faraway look in his eyes, that stood on the steps as the lady opened the door.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "but could you direct me to the Home for the Friendless?"

"Do you mean to say that you are seeking it as a refuge?" she asked in surprise.

"I am, madam," he replied. "I am a baseball umpire."—Chicago Daily News.

Public Schools in Russia.

Social Service gives some late statistics regarding public schools in Russia. There are 84,544 public schools in the Empire, of which number 40,131 are under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Public Education, 42,588 under the jurisdiction of the Holy Synod, and the remainder under other departments. Of the pupils, 73,167 are adults, 3,291,694 boys and 1,203,902 girls. The teachers number 172,000. The maintenance of these schools costs more than \$25,000,000. The average school tax for city schools is \$9.50 and for village schools \$5 per pupil.

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CURED 34 HORSES.

I have been using Russian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 34 horses of Heaves, 14 of Distemper and 9 of Chronic Cough. The Russian Heave Powders have gained a great reputation in this section.—Brent Belenko, Newark, N. Y.

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