

Household Remedy

Taken in the Spring for Years.

Ralph Rust, Willis, Mich., writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a household remedy in our home as long as I can remember. I have taken it in the spring for several years. It has no equal for cleansing the blood and expelling the humors that accumulate during the winter. Being a farmer and exposed to bad weather, my system is often affected, and I often take Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results."
Hood's Sarsaparilla is Peculiar to Itself. There is no "just as good."
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsataba.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Who so neglects learning in his youth, loses the past and is dead for the future.—Euripides.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

If you move to another flat this spring you will have to get used to a new set of noises and neighbors.

FOR HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSIDINE Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsidine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50 cents at drug stores.

Justified.

Wagge—Why did Henpeck leave the church?
Jaggs—Somebody told him marriages were made in heaven.—Judge.

Open-Air Schools Increasing.
Since January 1, 1907, sixty-five open-air schools for children afflicted with or predisposed to tuberculosis have been established in twenty-eight states, according to an announcement made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The first open-air school in the United States was established on January 1, 1907, by the board of education of Providence, R. I., at the instance of Dr. Ellen A. Stone. The next school was established in May of the same year at Pittsburg, and the third at Boston in July, 1908. According to the reports received by the National Association, the result of the open-air class-work has been to restore most of the children to normal health and efficiency. One of these open-air schools or classes should be established for each 25,000 population, especially in cities.

THESE MONEY BURNERS.



Miss Bonden Stocks (at Monte Carlo)—What luck yesterday?
Miss Billyuns—I won twenty thousand or lost twenty thousand, I forget which.

DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is Not Sulted.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food; the old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Artzona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried all kinds of breakfast foods, but they were all soft, starchy messes, which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have any headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way. Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

In the Pasture

By EFFIE STEVENS

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NO; I could never bring myself to marry a coward. I've made up my mind to that, Jim. Father says you are one, and the worst of it is I can't deny it."

There was a note of sorrowful regret in Jessie Leighton's voice as she uttered this decision. "I know I am a coward," Jim Barlow acknowledged humbly, as he sauntered along the country lane beside her. "I've been afraid of things ever since I was frightened so in that horrible railroad accident when I was a little chap. Try as I may I can't seem to help it."

"Aunt Martha says a man that's half a man should be able to protect a woman from every danger," Jessie continued, as if she had not heard her companion. "And a coward never could do that. Why, Jim, in battle you'd run away the first minute you sighted the enemy, before even a single gun was fired, you know you would."

Jim Barlow's handsome, bronzed face flushed with anger.

"Your Aunt Martha hasn't ever needed any man to protect her," he jerked out. "What does an old maid know about what a man should or should not do, anyway? And there isn't any war, nor likelihood of it, that I know of, so I don't think you need fret about whether I could face the enemy or not."

"Now, don't get cross, Jim," Jessie begged. "I didn't mean to be unkind. I suppose you can't help not being brave. But when a girl trusts her whole future to a man's keeping she wants him to be brave—she wants to be able to look up to him and respect him."

"I'd make you a good husband, Jessie," Jim pleaded earnestly. "I'm not a half bad fellow, and I've a fairly good education. I'm not afraid to work, either; and to my thinking that counts for more in these days than



"Now, Don't Get Cross, Jim."

mere physical bravery. I own one of the best farms around here, and I have something in the bank besides. I can give you as comfortable a home as a girl could wish. I hate to see you go on drugging at school teaching, year after year, when I know you detest it. If you didn't care for me, it would be bad enough, but I could bear it like a man, and not say a word more. It's the knowledge that it's only my cowardice that's keeping us apart that nearly drives me crazy. If I could only do something to prove to you that I could be brave—that I could protect you from every danger—but I can't, I can't."

Jim's tones had become tragic, and his face showed the anguish he felt, though Jessie could not see that in the fast gathering darkness.

His words smote her heart, however, and the tears filled her blue eyes.

"Please don't take it so hard, Jim," she besought him self-reproachfully. "I'd do as you want me to in a minute if I could. Perhaps some time you'll do something that is really brave and then—" Here her voice faltered and died out.

Jim plunged forward in gloomy silence. He knew his own limitations too well. Besides, her unfinished sentence showed him that her hope of bravery on his part was small.

As Jessie quickened her steps to keep pace with those of her silent companion, she heartily wished that she had not permitted Jim to see her home. She might have known what would happen! This made the third time Jim had proposed to her, and it was very hard for her to keep on refusing.

The two young people were so absorbed by their own unhappy thoughts that they failed to notice the fast gathering clouds, which made it much darker than the hour warranted, until Jessie was brought to a sudden realization of her surroundings by a big drop of rain on her face.

"Oh, Jim, I do believe it's going to rain," she cried, in dismay.

"That's so," said Jim, arousing himself, and scanning the sky. "Looks as if we might have quite a down-pour."

"Oh, what shall we do?" gasped Jessie. "We are half a mile from

home, around by the road, and there isn't a house near. My best hat will be spoiled.

"We'll have to run for it, I guess," Jim declared.

"Couldn't we make a short cut through Farmer Gifford's pasture?" Jessie suggested. "His creatures are all in the other pasture now, you know."

"The very thing," Jim agreed. He let down the rickety bars, and the two started across the field.

When they reached the middle of the pasture Jessie came to a full stop, clutching her companion's arm frantically, and shrinking close to his side.

"Oh, Jim, look!" she breathed. The dim outline of a member of the bovine family loomed up huge and startling, in front of them.

"It's that dreadful animal of Henry Potter's," Jessie shuddered. "Oh, what shall we do?"

Jim's face blanched beneath its tan. A shudder of fear swept through him. He covered back a step or two. Terror was on the point of mastering him. Then a thought flashed into his mind. He remembered having seen a couple of men at work in this very lot that afternoon.

Courage filled his heart.

Here was the very chance he had longed for—well, not exactly that, but one that would answer as a makeshift, he reasoned—to show, Jessie that he could be brave on occasion.

A look of grim determination settled upon his face as he smothered a slight feeling of shame for what he was about to do.

Then he called out, "Run for the fence, Jessie. I won't let him hurt you."

"Oh, Jim, I can't go and leave you," Jessie faltered.

"Run," Jim commanded in a tone that she could not refuse to obey.

She ran as she had never run before, stumbling over hummocks without heeding them, and sobbing aloud like a child, from sheer excitement.

"How cruel I have been," she thought. "And to think he, in spite of his fear, was ready to risk his life for me! Oh, how ashamed I am!"

Jim did not move from the stand he had taken before the huge, gloom-shrouded figure, until Jessie had reached the fence in safety, and had climbed over it.

Then he did a curious thing. He deliberately turned his back upon his adversary, which, by the way, had apparently not moved a muscle since Jessie had first spied it, and ran.

The great form still stood like a graven image where he had left it.

With a bound Jim vaulted lightly over the fence.

"Oh, you are brave," Jessie sobbed, clinging to him. "I'll never forgive myself for calling you a coward. You were splendid. Oh, Jim, I take everything back—everything. I do love you."

Again Jim smothered a feeling akin to shame, as he stooped and kissed the sweet, tear-wet face, upraised to his.

On his way home, a little later Jim stopped in at Farmer Gifford's.

"There's an animal in your south pasture I'd like to buy," he said with assumed carelessness.

"Why, there ain't any animal there except that cow sign-board Potter's men put up there this afternoon," twelve-year-old Willie Gifford burst out wonderingly.

"You shut up, bub," his father commanded sternly.

Then he gave Jim an understanding wink.

"Saw you and your girl going through there awhile back," he remarked. "I guess nothing serious would happen if the thing disappeared right now. Potter didn't even ask leave for putting it there. Only don't leave any kindlings lying around."

Just as the town clock struck 12 long drawn-out strokes a supreme happy man climbed the fence of Farmer Gifford's south pasture, and soon, by the light of a lantern, an ax was singing to the tune of "All's Fair in Love and War."

But the man would have been considerably surprised could he have heard a blushing faced girl whispering to herself, in the seclusion of her own room:

"Oh I hope Jim will never find out that I saw Henry Potter's men putting that sign-board up. He would never forgive me for knowingly playing him such a trick. But I couldn't help it. I had to have an excuse for accepting him."

During the Trial.

"When I got through with my remarks," said one lawyer, "the jury was in tears."

"Yes," replied the other; "they probably realized then that your excellent hasn't a chance in the world."

The Amateur Plumber.

"So far as I know, Twobble has absolutely no crotchets."

"On the contrary, Twobble rides out of the most expensive hobbies imaginable."

"You surprise me."

"He has an idea that he can mend a break in a water pipe."

WAVE OF CRIME SWEEPS RUSSIA

Criminals of Every Class and Sex Run Amuck in Empire.

CITY PRISONS ALL ARE FILLED

Nobles, Officials, Students, Outlaws, Police, All Are Carried Along in the Vicious Flood Which Is Spreading Through the Country.

St. Petersburg.—A fresh wave of crime and violence is sweeping over the Russian empire; in its flood are carried aristocrats, officials, students, desperadoes—all alike. The prisons overflow with political and other prisoners; in almost every university, college and high school collisions between the students and police constantly occur. Daily revelation is made of bribery and theft by the highest officials, some of whom have been the czar's favorites. Of all this not a word is published by the press, but the news spreads—travels underground among the revolutionaries; travels over the heads of the people to those in the court circle.

Gen. Benoboff, chief of police of Moscow, a friend of the czar, was accused of forgery and of protecting disreputable houses. An investigation by Senator Neidhart proved that the police functionary had been taking bribes and committing other crimes. The czar has permitted his friend to resign.

Ten million dollars has disappeared from the coffers of the Siberian railway. Several railway officials are under suspicion, and an investigating committee is trying to learn what has become of the money.

Princess Lebanoff-Rostovsky has been placed under technical arrest and her mansion has been searched. The grand duchesses and grand dukes have been guests of the princess, even the czar has visited her. The kinswoman of a former influential cabinet minister, Princess Lebanoff-Rostovsky



Train Hold-Up in Russia.

has played a great role as grande dame, and has managed the affairs of the Red Cross society and handled its money. It remains a mystery whether her disgrace is caused by a political intrigue or by the disappearance of Red Cross funds.

More than 100 students have been arrested in St. Petersburg during the last week. Simultaneously the students have been in conflict with the police in Kiev, Kazan, Moscow, Tomsk and Odessa. It was almost a pitched battle in Odessa; six persons were killed and 60 wounded.

Four men, masked and armed, seized, bound and gagged the agent at the Babantza railway station, Polen, at midnight. They robbed the safe of \$3,000 in cash and destroyed all the tickets and documents in the office. Twelve desperadoes, armed with the best repeating rifles, halted a train near Tcheliabinsk in broad daylight, bound the engineer and postal agent, stole \$7,500 from the postal car safe and escaped.

SEA'S WINTER DEATH TOLL

One Hundred Vessels Wrecked and 125 Lives Lost on North Atlantic in Severe Storms.

Boston.—Fully 125 persons perished in accidents which befell New England, Canadian and Newfoundland vessels, or other craft which met disaster in western upper North Atlantic waters during the fall and winter season now ended. It is impossible to announce the exact number of lives lost as a missing Gloucester schooner, the Ella M. Goodwin, with her crew of ten men may yet be afloat in northern ice fields, and as statistics of lost Newfoundland fishermen are incomplete.

In all 109 vessels were ashore, sunk, abandoned, burned or in collision during the last six months. Of the number 75 were schooners, seven steamers, seven barges, three barkentines, two barks, two brigantines, two tugs, one a \$25,000 auxiliary steam yacht and one a power boat. Sixty-five of the 109 were total wrecks, the majority hailing from New England ports. The loss of life on stranded vessels was greatest on the Massachusetts and Newfoundland coasts.

AN INVITATION

We cordially invite all ginners and others interested in improved ginning machinery to visit Columbus, Ga. the first week in May and see the wonderful Lummus Air Blast and Brush machinery under actual ginning conditions. There will be a number of fine ball games and other sources of pleasure, and this Company will endeavor to make their visitors enjoy every minute of the time. This is an important demonstration and we hope all interested parties will come. Those who purchase on this trip will have their expenses refunded. Write us at once if you will come so we can provide accommodation.

LUMMUS COTTON GIN COMPANY, COLUMBUS, GA.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS

China cuts off her queue and the rest of the world—curls it and puffs it and wears it. Queer freak of fashion. —Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A consignment of the new Paris skirt has reached New York. It is really somewhat bifurcated, it must be admitted, but please do not call it or them trousers, plead the dress-makers.

A Frenchman has proposed a law taxing all the cats in Paris. We would like to know, however how he proposes to collect the tax from those that appear only after midnight? —Dayton News.

If the Baltimore papers are right, a lady pickpocket is doing business in that city. They should encourage her to marry the gentlemanly burglar and begin life anew.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The St. Louis Times has discovered the first violator of the pure food law—"Yankee Doodle," who stuck a feather in his cap and "called it macaroni." Perhaps a violator of the game law also. What kind of a feather was it?—Los Angeles Herald.

Pearson Hobson will give us a story for boys. Certainly his speeches were largely fiction, but the old boys would not read and he may now pass them down.—Albuquerque Journal.

According to the census, there is to every square mile in Nevada only seven-tenths of a man. To find the rest of him you must just step over into the next square mile.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

The report that 100,000 tobacco growers will raise no tobacco this year will, we presume, have no effect on the cigarette industry.—St. Louis Times.

To enliven the libretto of *The Girl of the Golden West*, its performers should interpolate that great Italian-American classic, *My Great Big Brother Sylvester*.—Chicago Journal.

The "jimslinger," which has been designated the official dress coat of Oklahoma, is described by the governor of that state as "any old thing whose tails will flap in the breeze." This seems to promise a new lease of life for the old-fashioned night-shirt.—Cleveland Leader.

"Helen pink" is a new shade named for the daughter of the president, Miss Helen Taft. We know some girls who are real fetching in other colors, but who look like Helen pink. —Tampa Tribune.

A young man in Wyoming seated himself over a hundredweight of dynamite and then exploded it. And the energetic coroners of four Wyoming counties, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, held separate inquests with the usual fees.—Albuquerque Journal.

If the good die young, must we suppose the bad become oldest inhabitants and lie about their agas, the weather and sundry other things? —Havana Post.

The statement of a New York sociologist that with forty feet of ground and a goat he could easily keep the wolf from the door indicates that the wolf has a discriminating sense of smell.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two waiters of twenty years ago in the Congress hotel at Chicago now own a controlling interest in this valuable property. Perhaps this is another exemplification of the force of the adage that everything comes to those who wait. But you've got to keep hustling while you're waiting.—Topeka Journal.

The poor women have been handed another lemon. The laundrymen refuse to do the peek-a-boo waists by the pound.—Pensacola Journal.

Pearly has given his medals to the nation, but the removal of the duty on hides probably prevents Doctor Cook from doing likewise.—York Dispatch.

Half of Chicago's Sunday mail is said to consist of love letters. The customary holding hands Saturday night seems to leave an unsatisfied longing.—Gainesville Sun.

An accomplished contributor to the World's Work discusses the cost of living under the heading, *Making Both Ends Meet*. But only a miracle worker could make one end meet without the other.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The excitement concerning what is called the new "harem" skirt seems to be unwarranted. It is nothing more than the divided skirt which a few sensible American women have been wearing for nearly twenty years in order to enable them to ride safely and comfortably in the saddle.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

"It has leaked out that King Manuel was playing bridge when he lost his crown and kingdom," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Not a few bridge players fare even worse than that and lose their heads.—Danville Register.

This is the season when the "Black Hand" is conspicuous in the South. It is extended, however, not with revolver or dirk in Italian fashion, but for "Crispus gift."—Columbia State.

The proportion of unmarried women in America is growing larger each year. Is it because the men are too diffident or the girls too discriminating?—Los Angeles Herald.

That woman who married a burglar who had robbed her probably figured it back by going through his pockets while he was asleep.—Washington Post.

The Richmond papers are complaining of "the Ninth street swamp" in that city. It they had that swamp in Norfolk or Charleston they would be calling it a harbor.—Bristol (Tenn.) Herald-Courier.

"Give the wicked Bernhard a wide berth," demands a Boston Jivine. What for? There are enough fat people to fill the wide berths.—Brooklyn Times.

A young man in Indiana killed himself because he could not understand Poe's poetry. What would he have done if he had been reading Browning?—Washington Herald.

Again it is reported that the hoop-skirt is coming back. Not if the wearers have to pass the Williamson building in Cleveland and the Flatiron building in New York.—Cleveland Leader.

"Music hath charms," remarks the New Orleans Picayune. Leaving aside the fact that this can scarcely be called a "scoop," we hope the Picayune didn't have in mind an electric piano.—Austin Statesman.

It doesn't require much provocation to have one-self arrested, nowadays. An American in London has been pinched because he had 2,000 \$1 bills in his possession. And it was only the other day that Explorer Peary escaped a like fate by pawing his overcoat with the waiter to pay for his dinner. What the safe means is to follow can say with certainty.—Rochester Herald.

Time alone can tell whether that carload of motherless and fatherless babies shipped from New York to Texas went from bad to worse.—Des Moines Tribune.

The rumor that Kansas has developed a popular movement discrediting whiskers sounds like a charge of political backsliding.—Washington Star.

Chantecler is a queer thing to be staged in this skeptical age, and to originate in hardheaded France, and to have Maude Adams, petite as she is, for the masterful title role. Can she really crow?—Buffalo News.

According to The News and Courier a Charleston girl received fifteen proposals in one week. But it is not recorded that she accepted either.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

If these tearful scenes between dog-loving and childless women and clerks continue to be enacted in our hotel corridors because of refusal to allow the pups to be taken into the guest rooms, some kindhearted Boniface will be justified in erecting a canine hostelry in the capital city.—Richmond (Va.) Virginian.

Folks who have lived long with the continual bark of the wolf just outside their door will get a little snicker out of the firm name of Uff, Uff & Uff, Kansas City, Mo.—Buffalo News.

Harry K. Thaw can pay one-fifth of his debts. This announcement surprises those people who thought that the lawyers had got all of Thaw's money.—Pensacola News.

A stocking stiletto is the latest weapon to be used by women, and this handy weapon of defense is said to be attached to the garter. The fight against long hatpins is no doubt the cause of women adopting a new weapon in place of the time-honored hatpin.—Pensacola Journal.

Pearly, it appears, walked fifty-five miles in fifteen hours. Pooh! Cook must have done twice as well, at least. Otherwise he would never have reached the pole.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

American Industries has a special article on How an Emergency Currency Works: The paragraphers' union knows how emergency currency works. Usually it purchases breakfast.—Austin Statesman.

Woman has invented the term husbandette to denote the man whose wife is wiser and stronger than he is. Huh! Why not cravenette? By the way, some new word is wanted to describe some roughnecks in woman's garb doing cartilaginous oratory under the yellow flag at saloon side doors demanding votes.—New York Telegram.

"Medical records show," says a nerve specialist, "that persons who are not loquacious have always been remarked for their good health." Let him explain that to his wife.—Cleveland Leader.