THE STORY TELLER

THE POPPIES.

They rode into battle at break of the day,
With sashes and sabers and gonfalons gay,
The clashing of harness, the flashing of steel,
The beat of the drum and the trumpet's loud peal,
Not a heart nor an eye but was merry and bright,
And the poppies were white.

All crumpled and silken and snowy they grew
In a tangle of grasses, starred over with dew.
But the wheels of the cannon above them were rolled,
The hoofs of the horses struck deep in the mold,
And trampled and tattered at fall of the night
Were the poppies of white.

They lay in the meadow distilling their sleep
Till the soldiers were wrapped in a slumber so deep
That the call of the bugle would never unclose
To visions of glory their lids of repose.
The mist drew a veil o'er the brows of the dead
And the poppies were red.

Both scabbards and sabers have crumbled to dust,
And roses have bloomed from the bayonet's rust,
But unbleached by the sun, and uncleansed by the rain,
The crimson of blood must forever remain
On the blossoms that over the battlefield spread,
For the poppies are red.

—Minna Irving, in The Smart Set.

To Tame the Tyrant Man

Bachelor Girls Hold a Confab as to the Best Way to Do It.

THE studio of the Fashion Illustrator was the scene of an informal meeting of the Bachelor Girls' Confession club. A luncheon was spread out on the green oak table on lace doylies, with candles shaded in violet crepe paper, which gave the occasion the appearance of a seance. The room had a delightfully Bohemian look, that, as the Typewriter said, was almost dissipated. There were Japanese umbrellas so thick that you couldn't see the walls or the ceiling. Lanterns hung here and there with grinning Chinese dolls that twirled uncannily on the ends of strings.

A Turkish water pipe was on a tabouret and an Aeolian harp that hung on a door sounded with weird sweetness, swayed by some unsuspected breeze. Of course, there was a couch, with a hundred cushions which were the star feature of the place. There was a rumor of a folding bed in the refrigerator for guests, not to speak of a cuckoo clock with a painfully well-regulated bird, that grew more insulting every hour as it grew later.

"For our informal talk this evening," said the President, helping herself to a nut sandwich tied with baby ribbon, "we have the interesting subject suggested by Miss Hunt-Ballot, our new member—"

Here the President paused to bow pleasantly at a young woman wearing eyeglasses, who sat on the floor with her tailor skirt hitched slightly over her knees to prevent bagging. All the girls turned and nodded. The strong Woman's Rights advocate.

"The Tyrant Man; How to Manage and Subdue Him," went on the President. "It is an interesting and useful theme for us to discuss, as there is always a possibility of contingencies arising in which a knowledge of the subject will come in handy."

A low murmur of approval greeted this announcement. The Woman's Rights girl pulled down her shirt waist in the back and passed the stuffed prunes, which she had brought, insisting on each member taking two.

"Most of us," went on the President, "can speak only theoretically. The views of our widowed member and those of us who are, or who have been, engaged, will prove of interest, I am sure."

The Widow girl arose with some importance. To-night she wore half-mourning that was almost gay, a violet and white polka-dotted taffeta silk gown, made with a transparent yoke. There were some rumors afloat that she had come to the meeting in a cab, as she also had on open-work silk stockings, and suede slippers embroidered with jet beads.

"The management of man," she said, "is one of the most difficult subjects the female mind can cope with until"—she paused eloquently—"until it is mastered. After this it is simple—ridiculously simple. But there are no set rules. The methods must vary with the subject. There is but one general principle. He must not suspect the process. This is absolutely necessary!"

"How does one begin?" asked the Fluffy girl.

"Begin at the beginning," answered the Widow girl; "when one is engaged."

"But," said the Fluffy girl, with a puzzled look, "you have to know how to manage him to get engaged. You can't be engaged without a proposal."

"No," said the Medical Student, with some bitterness, "and when you manage to work things to this point, it is a good plan not to threaten to break off the engagement every time you quarrel. Sometimes—he takes the dare."

She sat down with a gulp, and the members noticed with sympathetically averted glances that the emerald solitaire she had been wearing was gone from her hand, and in its place she wore her skull and cross-bones class ring.

"Certainly not," said the Widow girl, with emphasis, "for, after all, when a man has proposed, you have everything on your side. He has capitulated; given in; thrown up the sponge."

"I should think," drawled the Woman's Rights girl, "that it is the girl who gives in, capitulates; forfeits her freedom; her individuality?"

"Oh, not at all," said the Medical Student, with the air of one who knew. "Nine men out of ten propose without meaning it. They are attracted to some girl, but without any definite intention of matrimony. In fact, nowadays most men look upon matrimony as a trouble that they must avoid. But there are various influences—usually another man who may appear upon the scene; often a quarrel, and he finds he's engaged. A girl, on the contrary, expects it. And then it just happens!"

"And sometimes it doesn't happen," said the President. "There are many ways in which a man may avoid proposing. A favorite plan is for him to tell every girl he knows that he never intends to marry while his mother lives. Then he calls on a girl seven nights a week and objects to have anyone else call, and finally she finds herself unconsciously waiting patiently for his mother's demise."

"But those cases are all simple to deal with," said the Newspaper girl; "when you contrast them with the system of wordless wooing which is most confusing. It is impossible to come to any conclusion. Some men lie eloquently, and we believe them, or pretend to, and then others tell the truth, and we disbelieve them. But the man who says nothing is hard to make out."

"Those are the really earnest ones," said the girl who wrote verses; "you know a poet once wrote about 'empty hearts resounding with words of vacant promise.' A man who is absolutely mute has depth—"

"Yes; too much," broke in the Typewriter girl, "they go on looking volumes—"

"But not saying a word," said the Fashion Illustrator, speaking for the first time. "Yes, I know that kind. Those are the foxy ones."

"I know one," said the Fluffy girl, blushing slightly, "who called on me quite often, brought me violets and candies; but never—well, always acted with perfect politeness."

"Yes" said nearly all the members in one breath.

"One evening," however, went on the Fluffy girl, "he rudely attempted to kiss me in the hall—"

"Well" said the girls in chorus.

"I think he succeeded," said the Fluffy girl, gaining confidence as she saw the deep impression her words were making on the club. "I felt something tingle on the tip of my left ear. I wasn't sure if it was that or his collar that had scraped it—"

"I should think you could easily detect a collar," said the Woman's Rights girl.

"Naturally, I was indignant," said the Fluffy girl.

"You will notice," said the Widow girl, "that a cowardly man always kisses a girl on the nose or the ear and then pretends it's nervousness."

"I should never forgive him," said the President, emphatically.

"I looked at him sternly for several moments," said the Fluffy girl, "while he positively cowered before me. Then I began. I had made up something to say in case anything so dreadful should occur. 'Sir,' I said."

"Did he speak?" asked the Medical Student.

"No—I expected him to speak, but he only stood there looking foolish, so I went on. 'I have no idea why you should act in such a rude and uncalled-for way. I thought you were a gentleman. I shall never speak to you again under any circumstances. I shall tell my brother.'"

"Did he seem scared?"

"No; he only said: 'Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you.' What do you think of that?"

"You made a mistake," said the Widow girl. "You should have laughed, and it would have made him so mad that he would have proposed right off. When in doubt what to do always laugh. You gain time and a man will do any desperate thing to make a girl think he's a serious proposition. Many a man has proposed under such circumstances."

"What should a girl do?" asked the Fashion Illustrator, "under circumstances—er—well, somewhat similar—er—only not in the hall—and—er—not on the ear—?"

"Yes—go on," said the President as the cuckoo created a forced pause to announce the hour of nine.

"And then when one grew indignant, apologized, grabbed his hat, went home and didn't call again?"

"Perhaps you were too abrupt," suggested the Widow girl. "Under such circumstances, you might write a note saying: "Deeply as you offended me the other evening, by your unpoliteness, I do not feel that a friendship of so many years—'"

"It was only three weeks," said the Fashion Illustrator.

"That such a pleasant friendship," went on the Widow girl, easily, "should be thus hastily broken off. I therefore write to say that I have accepted the courteous apology which you offered me, and shall hope to see you as usual to-morrow evening at eight."

There was a soft round of applause as the Widow girl sat down after her diplomatic dictation, which many of the girls took down in books. The Woman's Rights girl made notes on her cuffs.

"One of the best ways in which to hasten a proposal," said the Medical Student, "is to keep a man out in a rainstorm."

"In a rainstorm," said the girl who wrote verses. "I should think it would be easier by a glowing grate fire or a hearth with crackling logs or on a yacht deck—anywhere but in the rain."

"No, they are too comfortable then," said the Medical Student. "That's the sort of thing encourages those wordless trances that the Newspaper girl talks about. More men have proposed in bleak boarding house parlors with wax fruit under a glass bell on a marble-topped table and Washington Crossing the Delaware on the wall than ever popped the question by the fire."

"Very true," said the Widow girl. "The more uncomfortable he is the more he pictures a pleasant domestic picture that is an exact counterpart of the present cheerless scene. Then it gives him courage. He knows the girl can't be in love with her environment and that she'll probably accept him as an escape."

"But about the rain," said the Fluffy girl.

"It's the same principle," said the Medical Student. "In the rain it is as unpleasant as possible. The weather is a mutual discomfort. It creates a bond of sympathy. When you get one of the really balky ones, take him out in the rain and walk him about."

The Fluffy girl wrote rapidly, underlining her notes. She refused the toasted marshmallows tendered her politely on the end of a hat pin and turned down a leaf in her book to keep the place.

"But when you are married—when you have secured him," said the Widow girl, "you must go to the other extreme. "Make him so comfortable that he will unconsciously become sodden with domesticity. Learn to play poker and to mix drinks."

"What?" said the girls in a chorus.

"Then he's yours," went on the Widow girl, nodding her head. "That is to create an antidote for the domestic reaction which is bound to take place. Introduce a slight flavor of club life into the home. Insist on his smoking. Let him win your chips—"

"He'll probably do that anyhow?" suggested the Medical Student.

"Not necessarily," said the Widow girl. "There are several simple methods for winning in poker, which I shall be glad to teach you some evening, and while some might call it cheating, you absolutely must win a game now and then?"

"It's the end, not the means, that we must consider in cases of this kind," said the President. "The happiness of the home depends upon it."

"Then you, see," said the Widow girl, "he brings home his friends to show them why he has shaken the club. By and by he won't want to go out any evening, for he knows some of his friends are sure to drop in to contemplate his happy surroundings and he may miss them."

"I don't think men are worth so much sacrifice," said the girl who taught Sunday school.

"It's too much like leaving a mountain top for the level of the earth," said the girl who wrote verses. "They look up to the mountain peak. They have to."

"Yes, they look up to it and spend their evenings on earth," said the Widow girl. "And there you are."

"I knew a girl once," said the Medical Student, "who cured her husband of staying out nights by a very simple but effective method. She at first complained—not having had the advantage of a club like this—she even wept. She said she was afraid to be left alone with the servants all upstairs. Then he had some sort of safety message service put in. A company guaranteed to be on hand with an armed messenger two minutes after a button was pressed in the house. Then there were means of calling the police and all that, that made it perfectly safe.

"One night he came home and found a young man in the hall reading an evening paper. The young man explained that he was from the company; that the lady was nervous and had rung them up, so he concluded to stay. She thought she heard some one moving about in the dining-room. So hubby thanked him and went upstairs to find his wife sitting up. She said that once that young man was in the hall she felt perfectly safe. She said he looked like the sort of a man that nothing could frighten. After that he used to be there often when the husband returned and one evening he returned to hear a steady rattle of chips going on in the sitting-room. When he went softly upstairs he found his wife playing poker with the guard. At first he felt angry and then he thought he'd frighten his wife. So he stepped suddenly into the room, threw down $10 and said, sarcastically: 'I'd like to get in this game, if you please?' She looked up curiously at him as though she didn't quite recall him. 'Let him have one white chip,' she said to the guard. 'I'll take two cards, please.' After that he staid home nights."

"That was a good plan," said the Widow girl, "almost as good as mine. When my late husband first gave symptoms of going out after dinner he invariably alleged business. That's always the first excuse. So I would say it was too bad that I had planned such a pleasant evening, and I would get into my most stunning gown and illuminate the drawing room and play the piano and tell him not to delay and not to hurry back on my account; that I was a sensible woman, and besides some one might drop in. Then I would act nervous and excited, and he'd hang around with his overcoat on until finally he'd say it was too late to keep the engagement—that a business man had to have some rest, anyhow."

The cuckoo here hopped out and announced that it was 11 o'clock. The supper which had been contributed to by each member was served, the cream puffs which had been made by the Woman's Rights girl being decided the banner dish of the evening. A vote of thanks was tendered her and the meeting adjourned.—N. Y. Sun.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A Few Suggestions Regarding Various Things in the Domestic Department.

The most delicate way of serving the various small fishes which are usually fried is by broiling. Treated in this way, fish which many have been unable to eat will be found far more healthful and quite as delicious. Take that choicest little fish of the sea, the smelt, whose flesh exudes the fragrance of violets. The conventional way is to skewer their tails in their mouths, so that they form little rings, and then fry them; but a delicious change may be found in the broiling. Select for this purpose the larger "green" smelts. With a sharp penknife split the flesh, loosen the spines from the flesh and draw out the entire backbone. Mix two or three tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil with a half teaspoonful salt and a little white pepper; wipe the smelts inside and out with this preparation and lay them out flat on a double broiler, wiped over with olive oil. The head and tail may be left on or cut off, according to individual choice. Broil over glowing coals for about five minutes, searing the flesh side first. They may be served plain, with slices of lemon, or with sauce Allemande, Hollandaise or Bearnaise. Small whitefish or any other dry fish are equally delicate when cooked in this way, says the Washington Star.

To prepare the delicate puffy souffle potatoes, which are such a feature in French restaurants is not a difficult matter, once you know how. It is necessary, however, to follow directions accurately. While the French cook uses for this purpose the small yellow Holland potatoes, the mealy kind will produce equally good results. The potatoes must always be sliced lengthwise, else they would not puff, and cut a little thicker than Saratoga potatoes, in order to make the two crusts. If they stand in cold water an hour or two after cutting, so much the better. Have ready two kettles of fat for the frying; one smoking hot, the other at even a little higher temperature. Drop a few pieces of the potato at a time into the first kettle. When half done skim out and drain for three or four minutes in the oven or on the back of the range, where they will keep warm. Then drop in the second kettle, when they will immediately puff up. Cook until a golden brown.

A novel idea, which, like young Lochinvar, "comes out of the west," is a mattress made from a feather bed tufted like a comfortable. Those who have tried this expedient claim that it makes a delightfully soft bed, and that from a hygienic standpoint it is quite as sanitary as any other mattress filling. Feathers can always be renovated and freshened by laying the bed out on the grass during a hard shower, or by putting in the pounding barrel with plenty of cold water. When dry—and they will require several days in the fresh air to become so—they may be whipped and shaken up until as light as the original and proverbial feather.

Before putting away furs and woolens for the summer spread them piece by piece on a table, and with a switch in either hand give them a smart whipping. At the largest furrier's in New York men are employed to attend to the frequent switching of the valuable garments left in their care during the summer. This, it is claimed, is a certain precaution against summer lodgers.

Hang your broom in the cellarway when not in use and it will keep soft and pliant and wear much longer than when kept in the dry air of the kitchen.

Watercress is the only salad leaf which is never dressed with oil, but is simply eaten with salt and vinegar.

SOME ONE'S DARLING.

But Her Adhesive Endearments Did Not Please the Cranky Bachelor.

A cranky bachelor was in the balcony at a vaudeville performance the other afternoon. In the seat on his left was a nice little four-year-old girl, in charge of an aproned mamma. The little girl was sucking a stick of peppermint candy when the cranky bachelor took his seat beside her, but she abandoned her attentions to the candy to size up the just-arrived seat mate. She seemed to like the cut of his jib, for after a careful inspection of a minute or so she put the business end of the stick of peppermint within two inches of his face and flirtatiously invited him with her eyes to take a nibble.

He smiled a grim smile of declination, and studied the stage curtain, says the Washington Post. Then the little girl rose to a standing position on her seat and planted both her sticky hands against the bachelor's crabbed countenance in a cordial endeavor to induce him to join her in her candy revel. The bachelor stood it for quite awhile, until it appeared as if the little girl's hands were going to become glued to his face.

"Little one," he said to the child, gently but firmly removing her tiny hands, that appeared to be pasted to his phiz, "you are a cute young one, and you're no doubt gladdening some happy home. Consequently I don't want you to ruin your young life by getting stuck on me." And, while the bachelor occupied himself in removing the stickiness from his face with his spotless pocket handkerchief, the women in all the seats around said out loud: "He's just as mean as he can be, ain't he?"

To Brighten Carpets.

Warm water in which a few drops of ammonia have been poured will brighten carpets. Apply with a sponge.—Washington Star.

PITH AND POINT.

If a woman is a good cook she owes the world no apology if she does not show off well in society. — Atchison Globe.

Everybody says he likes people who say straight out what they think, but nobody does like them. —Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Knowledge is power. If a man empties his purse into his head no one can take it away from him.—Chicago Daily News.

Book Agent—"Is the lady of the house in?" Cook—"We're all ladies here, yez moonkey-faced divil! If yez mane the misthress, say so!"—Harlem Life.

Willie Lightcoat—"I hear that Mr. Perry married an old flame." Maud Smith—"Yes, and now that flame has to light the fire every morning."—Judge.

"What kind of a man is he?" "Oh, he's the kind of a man that's always coming into your office when you are hurrying out to catch a train."—Ohio State Journal.

He—"Ah, my darling, so you will really marry me? My love, I would willingly die for you if—" She—"Yes, Harry, just before you do you'll work for me just a little. It would be awful to be a poor widow, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

In the roar of battle the commanding general was heard to exclaim: "Cover that retreat!" Therewith, the press censor, ever alert, hastened quickly to push the blue pencil through the articles written by the war correspondents. — Indianapolis Sun.

"Were you ever crossed in love?" "Yes, once. There was a beautiful girl whose father was rich and she loved me. I called her up by telephone to arrange the details of our elopement, but wires were crossed that morning and the old gentleman heard what we said."—Boston Traveler.

A PROFITABLE MEETING.

There Were Only Two in the Audience, But Much Good Came from It.

It costs more in the way of strict morality to become a Metlakhtla Indian than to become a citizen of the United States. Before a man can be admitted to the Arcadian band of civilized Indians he must pledge himself not only to obey the powers that be, but also to keep the Sabbath, to attend divine service on that day, and, in a word, to follow the golden rule in all his dealings with those about him. The first step in the civilization of these most happy and prosperous Indians is a bit of missionary romance, says Youth's Companion.

On a raw night in December, 1856, a missionary meeting was appointed to be held in London. "Is it worth while to have the service on such an evening?" asked one of those intrusted with the management. "Perhaps not," replied the missionary who was to speak, "but I don't like to shirk my work, and as it was announced some one might come."

The meeting was held, although the night was black as ink and rain fell heavily. A gentleman passing the brightly lighted chapel in Covent garden, went in to take refuge from the storm. He composed half the audience that listened to a powerful plea in behalf of the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"That was labor thrown away," grumbled the Londoner who objected to holding the meeting.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's work."

That night one-half of the audience which had listened to the appeal was sleepless. The gentleman who had dropped in by accident had never before heard the story of the horrors of heathenism. He could not rest. Within a month he had sold out his business and was on his way to engage in mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years later we find that London business man surrounded by his children, as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast. He is known as William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakahtla Indians.

Of these Indians Mr. J. Wallice, of Metlakahtla, Alaska, says: "They are the farthest advanced in civilization of all the Alaskan Indians, having renounced all heathen rites about 35 years ago. Like the Pilgrim Fathers they left their homes in old Metlakahtla in order to be able to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. Their religion cost them something for they sacrificed property of the value of $50,000 to make the move."

Calaveras Pines.

California has several groves of mammoth pine trees, the most celebrated of which is located in Calaveras county. Some of them reach a height of 320 feet and are 30 feet in girth. Their age is computed to be 2,300 years, and they are a great object of interest to tourists. Congress donated this great grove to the state of California, the stipulation being that it should be retained as a public domain. The state accepted the grant, and a board of commissioners now has charge of it. Mariposa county has a similar grove, which is also visited by many tourists.

Flags of Europe.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1785. The French tricolor was first used in 1795; the red English ensign, with the present union jack in the upper canton, in 1801; the present Italian flag in 1848; the present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867, and the German flag in 1871

HIS TREASURE.

An Incident of City Life That Shows Up a Masculine Failing That Is Universal.

Vanity seems to spring eternal in the masculine breast, and the less it has to feed upon the more it thrives, apparently.

One day, says the Baltimore News, a tramp of high degree in vagrancy stopped before the window of a house at which two young women were standing. He was tattered and torn and melancholy looking to such an extent that he aroused a feeling of deep sympathy in the hearts of the maidens who looked down upon him as he stood gazing intently at some object he held in his hand.

"I wonder what he has," said the sentimental one of the two, as she peered down on him; "a lock of some woman's hair, I shouldn't wonder."

"More likely a coin he's found; he looks pleased," rejoined the practical one, scoffingly, as she maneuvered for a position that would reveal the object to her.

But it was neither, they discovered. It was just a bit of looking-glass, in which the man was surveying his features with a satisfied air that told of his entire contentment with his very rugged physiognomy.

Which shows, as was said at the beginning of this story, that vanity springs eternally in the masculine breast just as curiosity does in the feminine.

Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In a like manner, when men and women keep up their bodily strength with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of attacks from disease. The old time remedy enriches the blood, builds up the muscles, steadies the nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.

Ostentation.

"Such ostentation I never saw in my life," declared Mrs. Nugget, of Dawson City, after her return from church on Easter Sunday.

"What was it, my dear?" asked Mr. Nugget, who had remained at home.

"Why, that odious Mrs. Placer had her new bonnet festooned with strings of dried beans."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Not Too Well Done.

Pepprey—No, I won't have anything more for you. Your work last week displeased me very much.

Laundryman—What's the matter; wasn't it well done?

"Yes, too well done. I like my shirts rare."—Philadelphia Record.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen B. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Recreation.

"Have you had a vacation this summer, Mr. Cavil?" asked Tenspot.

"Well, my wife took me to the cemetery once to see the grave of her first husband."—Judge.

To Win Undying Fame.

Some day, to shift the small boy to an earthly paradise, somebody will introduce a fenceless baseball park and his fame will last forever.—Pittsburgh Times.

The Shriners at Washington.

On May 19th, 20th and 21st the Big Four and C. & O. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Washington at one fare for round trip. For maps, rates, etc., address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.

It is not considered good form for a red-haired girl to ride a white bicycle. This is important and should be remembered.—Danville Commercial.

It sometimes happens that a man of resources is one who has ingenious methods of contracting liabilities.—Chicago Daily News.

The hen-pecked husband finds small consolation in the fact that she won't let anyone else nag him.—Chicago Democrat.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

In every family you'll find an old man trying to quit smoking, and a young one trying to learn.—Atchison Globe.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Be polite to some people, and they will at once become disagreeable and impudent.—Atchison Globe.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

It's funny that a fellow isn't "in the swim" when society throws him overboard.—Philadelphia Record.

Carter's Ink Is the Best Ink made, but no dearer than the poorest. Has the largest sale of any ink in the world.

All liars are not horse jockeys.—Chicago Democrat.

A Blood Trouble

Is that tired feeling — blood lacks vitality and richness, and hence you feel like a laggard all day and can't get rested at night. Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you because it will restore to the blood the qualities it needs to nourish, strengthen and sustain the muscles, nerves and organs of the body. It gives sweet, refreshing sleep and imparts new life and vigor to every function.

Felt Tired—"In the spring I would have no appetite and would feel tired and without ambition. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla in small doses, increasing as I grew stronger. That tired feeling left me and I felt better in every way." W. E. Baker, Box 96, Milford, Ohio.

Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS