



MR. F. L. BOULLIQUIN.

MR. F. L. BOULLIQUIN, 2618 State St., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "I have been a sufferer with the asthma for about four years, and I tried different kinds of medicines and could not find any relief for it."

Systemic Catarrh.

Mr. Samuel Burden, 701 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J., writes: "In the fall of 1900 I had repeated attacks of cold, which developed into systemic catarrh."

Weak and All Run Down.

"It also left me with a very weak, all-gone, empty feeling in my stomach, which I thought was dyspepsia, for which I tried different remedies with very little improvement."

Her Little Stuff.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily.

"Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?" "Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it."

"Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"How could I what?" she responded as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such a swindle?"

It Was Mistaken Charity.

The athletic girl had been out in the woods taking pictures, and at evening she started for the car, wearily lugging the camera and tripod. The cars were thronged with workmen returning to their homes, and she had to wait some time before there came one with even standing room inside.

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The Nerve of a Boy.

"Thinking of the nerve displayed by boys," said a man who had a look through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Blue An mountains, in southern Kentucky. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the west, left the camp early one morning and had followed them until he

was near the hills from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a huge rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was taken the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a ligature above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

Not Appreciated.

Apropos of the "delusion deep rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for parliament' in order to better himself one way or another" and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate there is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Tempie, who had returned posts hasty from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect: "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency," but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd, "Oh, what a fool you must be!"—Ian Malcolm in Cornhill Magazine.

Money and Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story of the prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William O. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course you ought to run. Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

Impossible.

Dr. Chargin—Your friend needs vigorous treatment. I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him? Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.—Exchange.

Stopping the "Fire Wagon."

When the first railroad was laid over the western plains and the cars began running to San Francisco the Indians viewed the locomotive from the hilltops at a distance, not daring to come nearer the "fire wagon." A train of cars was to them "heap wagon, no hom."

"When the engineer first saw it he didn't know what on earth was the matter," said the narrator, "but in a minute more he burst out laughing. He caught hold of that throttle, and he opened her out."

"He struck that islet going about forty miles an hour, and he just plied those brakes up everlasting promises."

They're All Good.

Burns-Jones, the famous artist, made many sketches for the children of his friend, J. Comyns Carr. He once laughingly proposed to instruct the eldest boy in the principles of anatomy, and there and then made for him two beautiful drawings representing the anatomy of the good man and the good woman, in both of which the heart, magnificently large, winged and backed by spreading flames, is the central detail.

By special request he made another drawing, illustrating the anatomy of the bad man. On being met with the reproach that the third drawing showed nothing of the details of internal structure he replied: "There are none. The bad man is quite hollow."

On being challenged to illustrate the anatomy of the bad woman he gravely replied: "My dear boy, she doesn't exist."

Kills to Stop the Flead.

The worst foe for 12 years of John Deys, of Gladwin, Mich., was a running ulcer. He paid doctors over \$400.00 without benefit. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve killed the ulcer and cured him. Cures Fever Sores, Boils, Felons, Eczema, Salt Rheum. Infalible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns. 25 cents at all druggists. 37-1m

An Easy Job.

In antebellum days, Colonel Moore of Kentucky owned a large number of slaves. One day one of the field hands, named Juke, was guilty of some negligence and was sent to the woods at once to cut down and split up a black gum tree, practically an impossible task. Juke cut down the tree and labored hard to split the tough wood, but in vain. In the meantime a thunderstorm came up, and Juke sought refuge under a brush heap. Directly the lightning struck a large poplar near by, splitting it into kindling wood. After the storm had passed Juke crawled out from his place of security and after taking a careful look at the remains of the poplar tree, which were scattered all over the woods, said: "Mr. Lightning, I wish you had just tried yo' han' on dis black gum. Any blame fool can split a poplar!"—Cleveland Leader.

How Welshwomen Carry Their Babies.

The quaint old Welsh way in which Swansea women carry their babies attracts every one's notice when visiting that town for the first time. A big shawl over the right shoulder is drawn down to the left hip, where the two ends of the shawl are met and held together, forming a sort of pouch or pocket, in which the baby snuggles cozily and safely. Its weight is so supported by the hip and distributed by the shawl over the whole upper part of the body that there is no strain at all nor any tiring of the arms. This probably accounts for the upright carriage of the Welsh mother. Moreover, the method is comfortable for the child and so safe that in Swansea small boys swathed in their mothers' shawls are seen carrying the family's latest baby.—London Chronicle.

Dean Swift's Complaint.

It is no new thing, this complaint which one bears of the high cost of living. Writing to Stella from London in the year 1710, Dean Swift remarks: "I lodge in Bury street, St. James, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, the dining room and bedchamber at 8 shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern and very seldom in a coach, yet, after all, it will be expensive."

Knew of One.

Traveler (delayed in Druryhurst by washout)—Are there any objects of curiosity in this village? Uncle Welby Gosh—Well, I reckon I've got as much curiosity as any object you'll find. Where are you goin', mister, an' what do you foiler for a livin'?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Tiny Baby

can't tell you in words what the trouble is; but if it's complexion gets pasty, if it gets weaker and weaker, loses flesh and in cross and peevish you can be certain that it has worms. Give it White's Cream Vermifuge, guaranteed harmless. Expels the worms and puts the baby in a healthy normal condition. Sold by Hardee-Smith Co., druggists. 37-1m

Got the Time.

A man was so cross eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him it would be three years.

A Nuisance.

Father—What do you mean, my son, by saying that your teacher is a nuisance? Theobald—Well, that's what you call me when I ask questions, an' teacher does nothin' else.

Going into a Safer Business.

It was Cassidy's first morning as newspaper carrier. From side to side of the avenue he hurried, dropping the moist sheets in vestibules and running them in the space between the door and sill. Finally he came to a house that was separated from the sidewalk by an iron studded yard. Cassidy opened the iron gate and walked up the stone path. He knelt in the vestibule and started running the paper under the door. An upper window was raised, and a woman's voice called:

"Is that you, Harry? You are awful late. I hear the milk carts rattling." Cassidy thought it best to remain quiet. The voice continued: "You needn't think I'm coming down at such an hour! The idea of you, a married man, coming home at such a time! Lost your key, as usual? Well, catch this one."

A heavy piece of brass shot two stories. There was a heavy fall, and the vestibule resembled a press room. Some one found Cassidy smoking his pipe in the "accident ward."

"Going back to the carrier route?" they asked. "Never once more," responded Cassidy. "Of'm goin' back to war-rak in th' quarry. Ther's no fallin' hars ther, only dynamited rocks."—Chicago News.

For Sale.

500 bushels of New York. A few more and I should be highly pleased to see you. I have the best in the world. Apply to G. G. G. 37-1m

Coloring Billiard Balls Red.

It often happens that red billiard balls more or less completely lose their color and then present a disagreeable appearance. But nothing is easier than to restore their original color. To do this dissolve some dried sorrel, after having pounded and sifted it to assure solution, in a small quantity of water placed in a porcelain capsule large enough to take a billiard ball. Heat this liquid till it is tepid only and add as a mordant about ten drops of sulphuric acid. Put the ball to be colored in the capsule and leave it there about three-quarters of an hour on the corner of a stove, the temperature not being allowed to exceed from 40 degrees to 50 degrees C. At the end of that time take it away from the fire and let it cool.

The operation is complete in from two to three hours. Care must be taken to turn the billiard ball from time to time, so that it may be colored all over, for the coloring matter is deposited, and the part of the ball at the bottom would be too deeply colored.

When the ball is withdrawn from the liquid it only requires wiping and then rubbing strongly with a woollen rag to make it brilliant again. It may be further polished by means of chamois leather impregnated with colcothar.—Vulgarisation Scientifique.

Bread and Gloves.

"Did you ever notice that the man who brings bread to this place always wears heavy gloves?" asked the regular boarder at the hashery in addressing his guest.

"No; I don't get here often enough to notice it," answered his friend.

"Well, you see him now. He always wears gloves, especially in handling rye bread."

"Yes?"

"It's a fact. Maybe you would not believe me if I told you that he is more apt to get his hands torn and cut than I am working at machinery all day."

"Really?"

"I never have learned the real cause, but the bread seems to have rough edges which scratch and cut the hands if it is handled in large quantities. Of course one or two loaves would not have any bad effect, but hundreds of loaves a day passing through a man's hands seem almost as dangerous as sandpapered brick would be."—St. Joseph Gazette.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for much sickness and suffering, therefore, if kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are most likely to follow. Your other organs may need attention, but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. A trial will convince you of its great merit.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest because its remarkable health restoring properties have been proven in thousands of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best.

Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

Adler's Chamois Gloves for men, the latest thing, sold only by Chittenden & Co.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore and stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle in your house. Sold by Hardee-Smith Co., druggists. 37-1m

His Share.

Councilman—I've come to see if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery. Old Resident—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—London Telegraph.

Varied Formula.

"Did he tell the whole truth?" "Practically. He told the truth with a hole just large enough for him to crawl out of it."—Puck.

Charming Away Tigers.

No woodcutter will go about his task in the Indian forests unless he is accompanied by a fakir, who is supposed to exercise power over tigers and wild animals generally. Before work is commenced the fakir assembles all the members of his party in a clearance at the edge of the forest and erects a number of huts, in which he places images of certain deities. After offerings have been presented to the images the particular forest is declared to be free of tigers, and the woodcutters in virtue of the presents they have made to the deities are supposed to be under their special protection. If after all these precautions a tiger seizes one of the party the fakir speedily takes his departure without waiting to offer superfluous explanations.—Calcutta Statesman.

Not Mechanical.

A song and dance comedian was working in a cheap vaudeville house where a performance was given hourly. The tired performer had made nine appearances and had fallen asleep on his trunk when the manager poked him in the ribs and said:

"Hey, you—wake up! It's time for you to go on again."

"Say," retorted the performer, "I can't go on again. What do you take me for—a sim?"—Metropolitan Magazine.

His Preference.

Pompano—Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night. Bagley—I know I do. I wish to get rich. I want to die worth a million. Pompano—Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Now, I would much prefer to live worth half a million.—Philadelphia Call.

A Limited "Forever."

"What's the matter, Clara?" asked a father of his daughter.

"Ferdinand and I have parted forever."

"Um! In that case I s'pose he won't be calling for a couple of nights!"

His Delusion.

Howell—I had the nightmare last night. Powell—That so? Howell—Yes; I thought that I was being kicked by the foot of the bed.—New York Press.

The Newest Things. My customers cannot be expected to know the latest improvement in heating, lighting, and plumbing. That is my work, and I keep daily in touch with the offerings of the inventive manufacturers and thus learn of the newest and best things in my line. As I sell none but Reliable Goods, bearing the makers name and guarantee, and employ none but skilled labor, I am in a position to sell you the Right Equipment for your Building, city or Country. It is all the same to me where you are I can supply you with a heating, lighting, plumbing, sewage disposal and water plant. Your inquiries are respectfully solicited. R. J. PHILLIPS.

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