

**Where Americans Are Modest.**

The American is shy of proclaiming to the world his deepest sentiments and superstitions, if he has any. He prefers to take himself either as a joke or as a matter of business. Hence when he has a town to name he calls it "Smithville" or "New Bristol" or, as actually happened in the case of one town, "O. K." He may believe in a local ghost, he may love his wife, he may admire the view from his windows and pine when torn from the woods and mountains among which he passed his boyhood, but he does not want to put those emotions into the postoffice directory.—Washington Times.

**Why He Didn't Go to Church.**

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time and wad like to know the reason."

"Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I hae three decided objections to goin'—firstly, I dinna believe in bein' whaur ye does a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in s' muckle singin, an, thirdly an in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife."—Albany Argus.

**Awful Affliction.**

Junior Partner—I received a note from our bookkeeper this morning saying that he wouldn't be able to come to work for several days.

Senior Partner—What's the matter with the man?

Junior Partner—His wife has been cutting his hair.—Town Topics.

**The Case.**

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried the counsel for the defendant, "if there ever was a case which in any case must be carefully compared with other cases this case is that case."

"Which case?" asked the puzzled judge.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Mrs. Chatterton: Henry for goodness sake, don't wear such short trousers. Give them to the rag man.

Chatterton: Not much! You women haven't any patent on the rainy-day costume idea. These are my rainy-day trousers!—Ohio State Journal.

**Adam's Sarsaparilla Pills.**

act gently and promptly on the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. They cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, stomach disorders, sallow complexion and are the only pills that will also purify and enrich the blood. Sold in 10ct. and 25ct. boxes by all druggists. Every box guaranteed.

"Yes, I was going to propose to that Boston heiress, but the novel she was reading gave me a setback."

"What was its title?"  
"The Frozen Pirate!"—Detroit Free Press.

**\$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. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Banks: Dumleigh is not such a dunce as they make him out. He gets a good thing once and a while.

Hill: But that isn't original.  
Banks: Still it's bright in him to remember it.—Boston Transcript.

**YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING**

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No pay, 10c.

**WOMEN AND DREAMS.**

**Superstition That Is Rife Even Among the Educated Fair Sex.**

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worthy of a negro mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visitors they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly open and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling. "I don't care," she says to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage. "I am not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same for days until her troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visit of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She is an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course no woman does, not even the one who wouldn't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make light of her until she exposes some fetch of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Baltimore American.

**THE CONQUEST OF KOREA.**

**Japanese Legend of Emperor Chual and His Valiant Wife.**

Seventeen centuries ago the Japanese Emperor Chual was playing his lute in the presence of his wife and prime minister. Whether on account of the music or from some other cause, the empress became inspired with a divine afflatus and began to utter the thoughts put into her mind by the deity. "There is a land to the westward," she exclaimed, "and in that land is abundance of treasure, gold and silver, dazzling to look upon. This land I will now bestow upon you."

The emperor pushed away his lute. "If you go up to a high place and look toward the west," said he, "there is no land to be seen, but only the great waters. They are lying spirits who have spoken to you."

Then the good god was filled with anger, and again he moved the empress to prophesy. "You are not fit," she said, "to rule this empire. Go the one road!"

But the prime minister trembled when he heard these words and said to his master: "I am troubled, my heavenly sovereign, by this terrible message. Continue, I pray, to play the august lute."

The Emperor Chual commenced to play softly. Gradually the sound died away; all was still. They held a light to his face and saw that he was dead. But the empress put herself at the head of her fleet, invaded the land of gold and silver with her warriors and soon made the three kingdoms of Korea tributary to Japan.

These things happened, we are told, in the year 201 A. D., and the story of the valiant empress is as familiar to a Japanese as is that of Boudicca to our selves.—Nineteenth Century.

**Willing to Help.**

"The echo is much more effective," said the guide in the Alps, "if a shot is fired. Has anybody a revolver?"

"I don't happen to have my gun with me," remarked the Chicago man of the party, "but here's a knife."—Exchange

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.—Chicago News.

**The Way the Boy Cut It.**

Different women may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them.

"Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him and succeeded in pulling him out."

"There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her 10-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water?"

"Why, mother," said the boy in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!"

Mr. Morse coughed and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.

**The Lazy, Stupid Shag.**

"The shag is the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It is an aquatic fowl, with big, clumsy looking beak and with a form something like the dodo, now extinct," said a western man. "I have spent much time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they gig for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl."

"Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long legged, long necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish, the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around, the shag will continue its watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished a meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts.

"I have on one occasion seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."

**Hoitt's School**

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

"What do you chillun been doin'?"  
"We ain't been doin' nothin'."

"Deah me! You grow moah like youah pa every day."—Indianapolis News.

**Not a Violent Purge.**

The day of the cannon-ball pill is past. Sweet fragrant, mild, but effective Cascarets Candy Cathartic take their place. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

"Git onto her givin' him a flower!"  
"But yer can's depend on goils, Chimmy. Today dey'll give yer a flower an' termorrer a t'row-down."  
—Puck.

**The Best Prescription for Malaria.**

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

A meeting was called at a church to pray for rain. "No use praying for rain," said a hard-headed old brother, "till the wind changes."—Atchison Globe.

**A SAN FRANCISCO PHYSICIAN.**

**Uses Herpicide Successfully in Treating Sycosis of the Beard.**

He says: "I recently treated a case of sycosis (similar to 'barber's itch') of the lower lip, with Newbro's Herpicide. There was an extensive loss of beard with inflammation extending well down on the chin. The result of the application of Herpicide was most gratifying. The loss of beard ceased and a new growth of hair is now taking place over the once inflamed area."  
(Signed.) Melville E. O'Neil M.D.  
"845 Howard street,  
"San Francisco, Cal."

Herpicide kills the dandruff germ and causes the hair to grow abundantly.

**A Puzzler.**

Lady Passenger—Do you know, captain, I have never been able to understand how you find your way across the ocean?

Captain—Why, by the compass. The needle always points to the north.

Lady Passenger—Yes, I know, but supposing you want to go south?—Glasgow Times.

**Time's Changes.**

Before marriage a man's display of affection is very apt to be overdone. After marriage it is more likely to be rare.—Chicago News.

**Slow Healing SORES**

With rich, pure, strong blood one is never troubled with sores or ulcers. A cut or any injury to the flesh heals in a few days, nature supplying the healing balm in the form of healthy, new blood; but when the circulation is tainted with poisonous germs, humors or any effete matter, a slight scratch or abrasion of the skin becomes a festering sore, tiny pimples grow to be boils, swollen joints and inflamed glands often break out into offensive, slow healing sores. A polluted blood is always a menace to health; not only does it keep the skin in a chronic state of inflammation, but every organ and fibre of the body suffers from an impure and sluggish circulation. You never feel well, you are not and never can be well until the system is relieved of its terrible load of impurities. With the blood so contaminated, so deeply poisoned, ulcers, boils and sores of every kind are apt to become chronic and often develop into Cancer.

Sores and ulcers are most often caused by poverty of the blood and a weak and slow circulation, brought on by long continued sickness, malarial poisoning, torpid liver, the use of mercury, or whatever is calculated to destroy the vitality of the blood and break down the constitution. These old chronic sores last sometimes for years, eating into the flesh, muscles, tissues, and even down into the bones, and are such a tax upon the system that it is hard for the patient to recuperate, and a simple malady often proves fatal.

Nothing so quickly or surely restores lost strength and vitality to the blood as S. S. S. It is an antidote for the severest forms of Blood Poison, as well as the irritating humors that cause the eruptions and sores that sap your very life and so greatly disfigure you. S. S. S. is the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. It contains no mercury, potash, arsenic or other hurtful drug. It cleanses the blood and purifies the circulation, thus ridding the system of the impurities that keep the sores feverish and painful. At the same time your general health improves under the tonic effects of S. S. S., and the skin becomes soft, smooth and healthy. If you are troubled with boils, carbuncles, sores or eruptions of any sort, write our physicians all about your case; don't risk your own judgment when you can get medical advice from experienced doctors free. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases to all who desire it.

Box 245. Winona, Miss.  
**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.**