Humors

They take possession of the body, and are Lords of Misrule.

They are attended by pimples, boils, the itching tetter, salt rheum, and other cutaneous eruptions; by feelings of weakness, languor, general debility and what not.

They cause more suffering than anything else.

Health, Strength, Peace and Pleasure require their expulsion, and this is positively effected, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which radically and permanently drives them out and builds up the whole system.

Her Spring.

"If man sprang from a monkey, what did woman spring from?"

"Don't know."

"Why, a mouse."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Appalled.

Doctor—I'm slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease or not.

Patient—For heaven's sake, doctor, have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States supreme court to find out whether it is or not?—Richmond Dispatch.

Viewing With Alarm.

"Esmeralda," asked her father with some sternness, "what was that young congressman's business here last night?"

"We were merely holding a caucus, papa," she replied.

"H'h!" he rejoined, glancing at something that sparkled on one of her shapely fingers, "and you adopted a ringing resolution, did you?"—Chicago Tribune.

Waiting for an Order.

Col. Abraham Gruber entered a restaurant recently, and, after waiting half an hour to be served, called the waiter, and inquired how long he had been there.

"Two weeks," was the reply.

"Oh, then you're not our waiter," replied Col. Gruber. "We gave our order at least three weeks ago."—New York Times.

All Explained.

Mrs. Twickenham (to Mrs. Slimson)—Of late we have been having our meals sent in by the various caterers.

Willie Slimson (to his mother)—Mamma, is that what you meant when you said that Mrs. Twickingham didn't know where the next meal was coming from?—Exchange.

Always in Trouble.

Nan—What is she worrying about now?

Fan—Because she can't think of anything to worry about.

Rheumatism

Rheumatic pains are the cries of protest and distress from tortured muscles, aching joints and excited nerves. The blood has been poisoned by the accumulation of waste matter in the system, and can no longer supply the pure and health sustaining food they require. The whole system feels the effect of this acid poison; and not until the blood has been purified and brought back to a healthy condition will the aches and pains cease.

Mrs. James Kell, of 707 Ninth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that I became completely prostrated. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. I was attended by one of the most able doctors in Washington, who is also a member of the faculty of a leading medical college here. He told me to continue his prescriptions and I would get well. After having it filled twelve times without receiving the slightest benefit, I declined to continue his treatment any longer. Having heard of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) recommended for Rheumatism, I decided, almost in despair however, to give the medicine a trial. And after I had taken a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon there after had no use for them at all, S. S. S. having cured me sound and well. All the distressing pains have left me, my appetite has returned and I am happy to be again restored to perfect health.

SSS the great vegetable purifier and tonic, is the ideal remedy in all rheumatic troubles. There are no opiates or minerals in it to disturb the digestion and lead to ruinous habits.

We have prepared a special book on Rheumatism which every sufferer from this painful disease should read. It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind in existence. It will be sent free to any one desiring it. Write our physicians fully and freely about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

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PREMONITIONS OF DEATH

"Premonitions of death are often scouted at," said a well-known Washington newspaper man, "but there are occasionally authentic instances arising which raise doubts as to whether there may not be, after all, some sort of indefinable spiritual phenomena in the incidents.

"It may be recalled that a well-known chief of division in one of the departments, in apparent perfect health on the last day he appeared at the office, died recently of apoplexy on that night. I have since learned that on the evening in question, shortly before he retired, a large dog in his household set up such a prolonged and dismal howling in his yard that he went out with a revolver, under the supposition that there might be intruders prowling about, although the dog howled and did not bark. The dog refused to stop howling upon the appearance of his master, and followed him in the house, whining and showing evidences of distress, looking up into the official's face in such a peculiar manner that the members of the family at the time thought it exceeding strange. The dog continued to follow his master about the house, acting strangely in the manner I have described. On the following morning the official was found dead in his room.

"The above incident is a curious fact, as is also the following, and while not of startling ghostly interest, is also local to Washington, the parties being members of my own family.

"Some time ago my wife's mother started on a journey to California. Several days after her departure an elderly colored woman, who had been a slave in her family, having been raised with my wife's mother, called at the house. As in similar instances in the South, there had been a warm attachment existing between former mistress and slave, which had continued through life. She declared she had been 'warned' that my wife's mother had died at an early hour on that morning on the train. When asked whether she had received a telegram to that effect she replied that she had not, but that at the hour in question she had been awakened by the ringing of the front door bell. In responding to the call she had found no one on the steps in each instance, the bell having been pulled three successive times. Her house, by the way, was on a down town street, and was recently razed to make room for a business structure.

"At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when the former slave had communicated the intelligence of my wife's mother's death we received a telgram from the officials of the railroad, dated from a far Western State, announcing her sudden death at about the hour when the colored companion of her early childhood had heard the pulls at the bell. Had the bell been rung during the ordinary hours of the day we would have attached no importance to the former slave's positive assertion of a spiritual visitation from the deceased lady, but as it was at about 3 o'clock in the morning the incident has ever been one of more than usual interest in our family. If the pulls at the bell were not supernatural, they were assuredly a strange coincidence."—Washington Star.

Volcanic Dust.

The Barbadoes Agricultural Reporter has sent to this office a specimen of the volcanic dust which fell on that island on May 7, 8 and 9. "Borne from St. Vincent," it says, "in the upper strata of the air, and there suspended, this stuff obscured the sunlight, and produced the phenomenon of darkness. In color and consistency it resembles Portland cement." It quotes the following description of the dust by W. G. Freeman of the local department of agriculture:

"From the calculated results of a series of observations made in Strathclyde on the fall of volcanic 'ash,' it would seem that, at a low estimate, about thirteen ounces fell per square foot between the hours of 5 p. m. on Wednesday and 5 a. m. on Thursday. This, perhaps, may not appear a large amount; but look at it from another point of view. Thirteen ounces per square foot means 117 ounces per square yard, or, to express it in familiar terms in an agricultural community, no less than 16.2 tons per acre.

"Leaving for the while minor units, such as acres, we find that 10,240 tons of volcanic 'ash' were rained onto every square mile of this island during the last twelve hours of darkness. Supposing the fall to have been approximately equal in depth over the whole island, the almost incredible amount of 1,699,840 tons of solid matter was added to Barbadoes last night."—New York Tribune.

Depew's Explanation Failed.

About a month ago a constituent of Senator Depew came to him to seek his influence in getting an office.

"You write a letter telling what you want and I will forward it with my indorsement," said the Senator when he had heard the man's story.

Yesterday the man met the Senator in the capitol lobby.

"You remember telling me to write you a letter," he said.

"O, yes," was Mr. Depew's reply, as he cordially grasped his visitor by the hand. "Let me see. You sent me the letter, didn't you, and if I remember rightly, I indorsed it strongly."

"No," said the man, "I never wrote the letter. I've been sick."—Washington Post.

A girl is not the real thing unless she has a beau out of town.

Heredity: "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly: I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

Youngman—I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you? Henpeck—Marry her.—Philadelphia Press.

Dawson—Bjenks is a great believer in fate, isn't he? Lawson—Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something.—Somerville Journal.

An Insinuation. Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation. Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Eastside—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No, I think not; I have only worn it at a few smart affairs this season—Town and Country.

"It says here, Samanthy, thet Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic. Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they git away from hum."—Judge.

Arthur—Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart. Harry—A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more.—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (lately come to parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish. Farmer—Ah, ye needn't mind 'im, sir; 'e's a mouthpiece for other folks.—Tit-Bits.

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you. Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied wit' somebody else!—Puck.

Inducements Held Out. Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Show. "What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y'r honor," said the blear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You wouldn't mind saying this over again to-morrow, would you, dearie? I am a member of the M. P. D. C. Club. "Why, what does that mean?" "Moonlight proposals don't count."—Life.

Convincing Proof: May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals. Maud—How did you come to find it out? May—He proposed to me.—Bazar.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Sure Test: "How can you tell real cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Mr. Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents, don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer (in cart)—Hi, stop! Stop, you fool! Don't you see my horse is running away? Driver of motor car (hired by the hour)—Yes, it's all very well for you to say "stop," but I've forgotten how the blooming thing works!—Punch.

Bobbie—You know them preserves out in th' pantry wot you told me not to eat? Mother—Yes. Bobbie—You know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you? Mother—Yes. Bobbie—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

"Belinda, your brother Georgie tells me that you were sitting on that little Mr. Thomkins' knees last evening. Is it true?" "Yes, papa; but I'm sure you will forgive me. It was just one of those little moral lapses, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Haddock—I met poor old Ruyns creeping towards his office to-day, and he complained bitterly of being all run down this spring. Juddock (defensively)—Well, confound him, he had no business getting in front of an automobile.—Harper's Bazar.

The Floor Walker: First Clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place. Second Clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor walker. First Clerk—You don't say so? Second Clerk—Yes; he's got a new baby.—Judge.

Mr. Williams (Fanny's admirer)—Is your sistah going to the seaside this summar, Tommy? Tommy—That all depends on you. I heard ma say if you and Fanny were engaged before the season opened, there wouldn't be any sense in her going.—Stray Stories.

The Kind That Get Away: "That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

Your Share.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person would get about 23⅔ acres.

Prove It.

We want you to prove our statement that Monopole Spices are the purest and strongest in the world. For sale by all grocers. To enable you to do so, we will send you free a 10-cent tin of white pepper or cayenne or ginger or any other variety you may prefer, if you will send us two 2-cent stamps for postage, and give us the name and address of your grocer. Prize coupons packed with every can. Send to Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Oregon.

To Continue The Dispute.

"I wonder how they came to marry each other?"

"They were unable to decide which was the better ping pong player."—Exchange.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots and is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What Happened.

"Did the sermon produce much effect?"

"Well, it was followed by what you might call a religious awakening."

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By recent act of congress you have a claim for pension at the rates of $8.00 per month. Send to me for application. Address T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C. A Pension Attorney for forty years.

Old Indian War Pensions

Congress has just passed a law granting pensions to the survivors and to the widows of deceased soldiers of the Oregon, Washington and California Indian wars of 1847 to 1856. Full information will be sent by Byington & Wilson, No. 728 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C., or Branch office No. 442 Parrott building, San Francisco, Cal. Fees limited by law.

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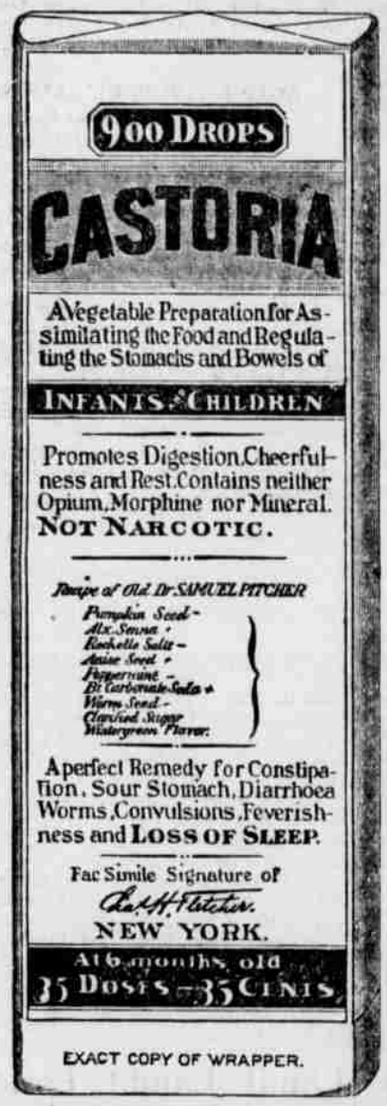

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He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and right now is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with *CASCARETS*, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a 50c box to-day—a whole month's treatment—and see how quickly you will be

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