



"Lot's wife was turned to salt." "Yes, that's what a woman used to get for being too fresh."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lugs—"I see the 'Society News' is taking only millionaires' sons on their board." "Sort of putting on heirs, aren't they?"—Princeton Tiger.

Lottie—I have such a dread of growing old! Dottie—Pshaw! I haven't. Lottie—No, I suppose you've got past that.—Cleveland Leader.

His Securities—"Did you succeed in raising anything on your promise to pay?" "Oh, yes, I succeeded in raising a smile."—Baltimore American.

The Modern Way—"There goes the richest man in our city." "Pays more taxes than anybody in town, eh?" "Well, he dodges more."—Pittsburg Post.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband. "No," replied his wife, sweetly; "I've come back for something I remembered."—New Yorker.

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sister. Click! "It's all over, ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."—Cleveland Leader.

A Definition—Tom—What did you understand to be meant by the word "ennui"? Ethel—It means that one does nothing and is too tired to stop.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Bilkins is the most fortunate man in his love affairs I know of." "Why so?" "Three women have broken their engagements with him at the very last minute."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Of Course—"Here is 'Santo Domingo' on your bill of fare," said the guest. "What is that, a cigar?" "No, sir," replied the waiter. "A 'Santo Domingo' is a very warm stew."—Chicago News.

Piggmus—I had two articles in the newspaper yesterday. Dismukes—Is that so? I didn't see them. Piggmus—No; they were a pair of old shoes I was taking to be mended.—Washington Life.

Self-Approval—"Why is the doctrine of the survival of the fittest so popular?" "Because of an inherent egotism. Every one of us thinks in his heart that he is the fittest to survive."—Washington Star.

Handicapped—"Lived with five families last week?" ejaculated Mrs. House-keep. "That isn't a very good record." "It wuz the best I could do, num." responded the applicant. "I wuz sick two days."—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Day Lost—"The appointed Saturday came," wrote the novelist. Then he reflected. "That is terribly commonplace," murmured he. "I wonder how it would be to say the appointed Saturday never came?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Good Reason—Wilber—These are hard times. Why, I heard of a man the other day who couldn't raise money even on government bonds. Slimwitt—Indeed! What was the reason? Wilber—Well, you see, he didn't have the bonds.—London Tit-Bits.

Insult to Injury—Johnny (after his first day at school)—I learned something today, mamma. Mamma (much interested)—What was it? Johnny—I learned to say "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am." Mamma—You did? Johnny—Yes.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Benefactor—Weary Walker—Saw-ty up wood fur kindlin'! I'm ashamed of yer! Ragson Tatters—Aw, g'on! dis is locust-wood. Weary Walker—Wat's dat got to do wid it? Ragson Tatters—Why, yer chump! dis is de kind of wood dat policemen's clubs is made out of.—Philadelphia Press.

Privileges—"Has wealth any special privileges in this country?" asked the tourist. "Certainly," answered the American citizen. "Wealth entitles a man to wear a silk hat every day in the week and also gives a license for the use of light-colored garters and side whiskers."—Washington Star.

"What I want," said the constituent, "is a nice, easy position." "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "give up that idea. When an easy position is discovered so many people are after it that a man has to fight ten hours a day to get it and twelve hours a day to hold on to it."—Washington Star.

Another Sort of Fowl—"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed M's. Nagget. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you." "Well," replied her sympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?" "No, I was a goose."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Mary," said the lady to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your women friends." "Yes, mum, I know," was the reply, "but she couldn't help it. I was tellin' her how you tried to make cake one day."—

The Young Idea—A young woman who teaches a class in a Jersey City Sunday school was recently talking to her pupils relative to the desirability of increasing its membership. When she invited the co-operation to that end of the several members, the youngest nearest her shook his head dubiously. "I might git one boy in our neighborhood to come," he explained, "but all the others kin lick me."—Harper's Weekly.

# Grandfather's Cure for Constipation



**G**REAT medicine,—the Saw-buck.

Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, and make a Success of it.

Because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles, without work.

They don't Purge, Grip, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like Cathartics.

They don't flush out your Bowels and

Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters, always do.

No,—Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles instead.

These are the Muscles that line the Food passages and that tighten up when Food touches them, thus driving that Food on to its finish.

They are the Muscles that turn Food into Strength through Nutrition.

Well,—a Cascaret acts on your Bowel Muscles as if you had just Sawn a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

That's why Cascarets are safe to take continuously in health; and out of health.

Because they move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

They thus work all the Nutrition out of it before it decays.

The thin, flat, Ten Cent box is made to fit your Vest Pocket, or "My Lady's" Purse.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need one.

Thus you will ward off Appendicitis, Constipation, Indigestion,—and other things besides.

Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

### IF FREE TO OUR FRIENDS!

We want to send to our friends a beautiful French-designed, GOLD-PLATED BONBON BOX, hard-enamelled in colors. It is a beauty for the dressing table. Ten cents in stamps is asked as a measure of good faith and to cover cost of Cascarets, with which this dainty trinket is loaded. 713 Send to-day, mentioning this paper. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

**That Youngster Again.**  
"Come, dear," said his mother, pointing to the silvery crescent in the sky, "and look at it. It's the same old moon."  
"Tain't nuther," he said, still sulking. "This one's broke!"

**HOWARD E. BURTON, ASSAYER and CHEMIST, Leadville, Colorado.**  
Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, Zinc, 50c; Zinc or Copper, 5c. Cyanide Tests. Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire Work collected. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

**Full of Human Interest.**  
Nagrus—What are you working at now, Burns?  
Burns—I am writing a story in which there is neither hero nor heroine, no love making, no villain, no detective, and not a particle of plot.

Nagus—That ought to be interesting.  
Burns—It ought to be more than that. I hope to make it touching and pathetic. It's a hard luck story, written for my landlord's exclusive perusal, and sets forth in detail the reasons why I shall have to ask him for another extension of time on my rent.

**Their Fellow Employee.**  
There are stories that are true, and stories that ought not to be. Among the latter, surely, is the tale of the two politicians who drew pay in Philadelphia for work which was supposed to keep them at desks in the city hall. One day, as they rambled along a brook in the country, fishing, one of them picked up a stone and threw it at a grazing horse—a disreputable, worn-out old horse.

"Hold on, Billy," said the other. "Don't shy stones at the poor chap. He has as much right to be here as you have. That is the commissioner's father's horse. He's on the payroll for that desk between yours and mine."

**Pleasant.**  
"Now, that it's all over, darling," said the delighted bridegroom, "I must confess I never expected to win you. Even now I can't understand why you married me."

"Well, George," said the Chicago bride, "I'll tell you. Some time ago a fortune teller told me that my second marriage would make me very happy and wealthy. So, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with."—Philadelphia Press.

**Appearances Against Him.**  
The man with the dog was just drunk enough to be boisterous in his talk and swaggering in his gait, and the policeman on the corner advised him to go home and sober off.

Whereupon he became stentorian and abusive, and the officer escorted him to the nearest box and called up the police patrol.

"That dog goes wherever I go, cap'n," said the man, as the wagon came up.

"Certainly," responded the policeman, bundling the animal in after him. "The dog will be booked on the charge of being found in suspicious company."

**Roused Her Ire.**  
"I'm going to take a stick to that miserable little beast of yours one of these days, madam!"

"I wish you would; neither his father nor myself can do a thing with him."

"Madam, I am speaking of your dog, not of your little boy."

"What! take a stick to my Fido! You horrid brute, you; don't you dare!"

**The Sham and the Real.**  
Bessie—Oh, Tommy! My new baby dolly is almost human! When I squeeze her she begins to cry and when I put her to bed she closes her eyes.

Tommy—Huh! She'd be more human if she closed her eyes when you walk the floor with her and began to cry when you put her to bed!—Puck.

**Arizona's Copper Production.**  
The principal industries of Arizona are mining, agriculture, horticulture, stockraising, wool-growing and lumbering. When Alexander Von Humboldt passed through Arizona in the early portion of this century, he predicted that in the mountains of that section would eventually be found the greatest mineral wealth of the United States, and the immense development now going on in the mining industry of the Territory seems to fulfill this prophecy.

The greatest production is in copper. Last year the copper mines of Arizona produced 241,400,000 pounds of copper, or an increase of 600 per cent in eleven years. Arizona is second among the States and Territories of the Union in copper production. The mining camps are a thing of the past and are being supplanted by mining towns and cities which would be a credit to any community. These cities have municipal waterworks, electric street railways, public libraries, good hotels, two and three-story stone and brick business blocks, and best of all, thousands of substantial homes, the majority of which are owned by the men who live in them.

**Some Tongue Twisters.**  
"A growing gleam glowing green."  
"The bleak breezes blighted the bright broom blossoms."  
"Flesh of freshly fried flying fish."

It is simply impossible for any one to repeat these three sentences fast. They are the gems of a collection of tongue twisters that an elocutionist has made. And almost equally difficult are the following, taken at random from the elocutionist's collection of more than 200 tongue twisters:

"Six thick thistle sticks,"  
"Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury."  
"Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip."

"Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes."  
"She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming him in."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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

**Disappointed.**  
"It's too bad, miss," said the turnkey at the jail, "but the sheriff took that murderer to the penitentiary this morning. The only real ornery cuss we've got here now is a chap that stole a bulldog. If you'd like to—"

"But the young woman with the costly bouquet of hothouse flowers had turned indignantly away."

# A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

### The Two Travelers.

In bygone times it came to pass, A tall Giraffe and a dwarfish Ass, As fellow-travelers, side and side, Were jogging through a country wide. The Ass was much inclined to smile At his companion's awkward style; His great long legs to criticize, And at his neck express surprise; In short, to spare no cruel hit Whereby he might display his wit.

But, as they moved the region through, The vegetation scarcer grew, Until upon the sterile ground But little else than stones were found, And only on the tallest trees Grew aught that could their hunger ease.

And there, with famine worn away, The hungry Ass was forced to stay, And watch his comrade eat the fruit A dozen feet above the root. "Ah, me!" he cried, "no more I'll chaff, Nor at your neck and figure laugh! In truth, I find now, after all, I'd give my ears to be as tall!" —St. Nicholas.

**PILLS** St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Sollicitous.**  
Mother—Dear me! Baby's choking. She must have swallowed something.  
Visitor—Mercy! Make her cough it up. It's my diamond pin I gave her to play with.—Detroit Free Press.

### THE CAUSES OF FAILURES.

**Lack of Capital the Most Prevalent Reason for Crashes.**  
Some interesting figures have recently been published in Bradstreet's showing the number of business failures last year in the United States and the causes to which they are attributable. It is stated that there were 1,201,562 concerns engaged in business in 1901, and that of these 10,648 failed, or considerably less than 1 per cent of the whole, a lower percentage than has occurred in any year since 1882, save in the year 1900.

Bradstreet classifies the causes of failures under eleven heads, and gives also the number which it regards as attributable to each cause. Of the eleven, "lack of capital" takes the lead as most prolific in inducing failures, those ascribed to it numbering 3,323. "Incompetence" comes next on the list, and is made accountable for 2,023, and then "specific conditions," by which is meant such things as strikes, the corn crop failure, the assassination of President McKinley, the lowered price of cotton at the South and similar events of a disastrous tendency. To these 1,753 business failures are traced. Next in number were failures arising from "fraudulent disposition of property," and amounting to 1,154.

### AILING WOMEN.

**Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.**

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Back-aches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headache were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular.

Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several large stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Inconvenient.**  
"Shadbolt has a wonderful memory." "Yes; such a memory as his is a nuisance. Every time I meet him I can see he hasn't forgotten the dollar and a half I borrowed from him five years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

# CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

## HUMILIATING—VILE—DESTRUCTIVE

The very name, Contagious Blood Poison, suggests contamination and dread. It is the worst disease the world has ever known; responsible for more unhappiness and sorrow than all others combined. Nobody knows anything about the origin of this loathsome trouble, but as far back as history goes it has been regarded the greatest curse of mankind.

No part of the body is beyond the reach of this powerful poison. No matter how pure the blood may be, when the virus of Contagious Blood Poison enters, the entire circulation becomes corrupted, the humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer finds himself diseased from head to foot with the vilest and most destructive of all poisons. Usually the first symptom is a small sore or ulcer, so insignificant that it rarely ever excites

suspicion, but in a short while the skin breaks out in a red rash, the glands of the groin swell, the throat and mouth ulcerate, the hair and eye-brows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores.

There is hardly any limit to the ravages of Contagious Blood Poison; if it is not driven from the blood it affects the nerves, attacks the bones, and in extreme cases causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. No other disease is so highly contagious; many an innocent person has become infected by using the same toilet articles, handling the clothing of a friendly handshake or the kiss of affection from one afflicted. But no matter how the disease is contracted, the sufferer feels the humiliation and degradation that accompany the vile disorder.

Mercury and Potash are commonly used in the treatment of Contagious Blood Poison, but these minerals cannot cure the disease—they merely mask it in the system. All external evidences may disappear for awhile, but the treacherous poison is at work on the internal members and tissues, and when these minerals are left off the disease returns worse than before, because the entire system has been weakened and damaged by the strong action of the Mercury and Potash. There is but one certain, reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, and that is S. S. S., the great vegetable blood purifier. It attacks the disease in the right way by going down into the blood, neutralizing and forcing out every particle of the poison. It makes the blood pure and rich, strengthens the different parts of the body, tones up the system, and cures this humiliating and destructive disorder permanently.

The improvement commences as soon as the patient gets under the influence of S. S. S. and continues until every vestige of the poison is driven from the blood and the sufferer is completely restored to health. S. S. S. is not an experiment; it is a success. It has cured thousands of cases of Contagious Blood Poison, many of which had given the Mercury and Potash treatment, Hot Springs, etc., a thorough trial, and had almost despaired of ever being well again. S. S. S. is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and does not injure the system in the least. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that it contains a particle of mineral of any kind. If you are suffering with this despicable and debasing disease, get it out of your blood with S. S. S. before it does further damage. We will gladly send our book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.**

**S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE**

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10ct. package colors Silk, Wool and Cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send postpaid at 10 cts. a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.**

**IMMENSE TOBACCO PURCHASE.**

Forty-Eight Thousand Cigarettes Paid for a Fancy Lot.

The biggest purchase of high grade tobacco ever made in the West by a cigar manufacturer was made last Wednesday by Frank P. Lewis, Peoria, Ill., for his celebrated Single Binder cigar. A written guarantee was given that the entire amount was to be fancy selected tobacco. This, no doubt, makes the Lewis factory the largest holder in the United States of tobacco of so high a grading.—Herald-Transcript.

Dealers supplied by their jobber or direct from Frank P. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. 1906-23 L. A. N. U.