

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



Making the Dog Good.
Two trouble-hunters employed by a telephone company looking for a broken wire or for crossed wires in a suburb, located the trouble in a wire that crossed a private yard. While they were repairing the wire a savage dog of large size pounced on them, and to save himself one of the men struck the enraged brute on the head with the heavy pliers he had in his hand, killing it instantly. It was not a pleasant position to be in, and again, in self-defense, the men lost no time in getting back to headquarters. Not long afterward the telephone bell rang and a feminine voice called for the manager, who was informed that two of his men had killed her pet dog Yoricik—"poor, good little Yoricik, who had never harmed any one in all his life." The manager asked the men if they knew anything about the case, and the guilty one replied, his emotion aggravating his habit of stuttering. "I d-d-don't k-know any-t-t-t-ttting ab-b-b-but what Y-y-yoricik used to b-b-be, b-b-but I k-know Y-yoricik is a g-g-god d-d-dog-g-gie now."—*Forest and Stream.*

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

One that Did.
Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—Are you sure you didn't dream that Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?
Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they come true sometimes.
Lawyer—O, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?
Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketcham, you paid me \$5 the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Kiss that Brought Death.
Courtship in Spain is regulated by the strictest etiquette. As is well known, a young man is never left alone with his fiancée. Near Malaga a beautiful young girl of 20 committed suicide by drinking a cup of coffee in which phosphorus had been dissolved. It appears that the girl had been driven to the deed by the adverse comments of neighbors who became aware that she had given her sweetheart a kiss.—*London Mail.*

FITS 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, M. D., 431 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Perennial.
Ruggles—Is Lollipop as full of good stories as he used to be?
Hannegan—You wouldn't think he'd be. He has unloaded them on all his friends at least a dozen times. But he is, Ruggles; he is.

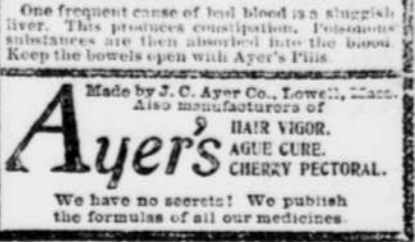
His Dyed Beard Pivotal.
The most striking case in history of the importance of trifles is furnished by the story of Musa, the leader of the Moslem host which won from Christendom in three and a half years dominions which it took the soldiers of the cross twenty generations to win back. He had a red beard. This was a trifle. Musa, though a very great general, was a very vain man and he dyed his beard black. This was another trifle. One of his captains chafed him on the subject and Musa forthwith had him stripped and scourged. For this, at the very height of his conquering career, Musa was recalled by the caliph and disgraced. This made it impossible for him to command the Moslem army at the battle of Tours, on the issue of which, as all historians agree, the destinies of Europe and perhaps of the whole human race depended. It is almost certain that if the genius of Musa had replaced the incompetence of the half dozen tribal leaders whose dissensions made victory impossible the forces of Islam would have joined hands from the west to the east and indeed Europe in their grasp.

SKIN DISEASES HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, sores and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum, its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first-class drug stores.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.



Ayer's
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pile
Make by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERY PECTORAL.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.
L. A. N. U. 1907-18

A Singer's Lungs.
The singer at the end of the practice aria panted heavily. "I sang one hundred and ninety-six notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath."
"Indeed! That must be a record."
"No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang three hundred and sixteen notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farinelli, with three hundred notes. Norman Saimond has sung two hundred and eighty-seven notes in this way. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing; to the singer two hundred would be nothing.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

20 MULE TEAM BORAX
Will produce Whiter Cleaner Clothes
In Your Laundry Than any other article with less labor

Why He Wanted a Pass.
When Jim Fisk was in his glory as a railroad magnate one day he was greatly annoyed by people asking for passes over his road for all sorts of reasons. He was well worked up when a seedy looking individual asked for a pass and asked sharply, "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?"
The applicant replied, "Because I do not want to pay my fare."
Fisk called a clerk and said to him: "Give this man a pass to anywhere and return. He is the first man that has told the truth to-day."—*Boston Herald.*

Lewis' SINGLE BINDER
STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR
You Pay 10c. for Cigars. Not so Good.
F. P. LEWIS Peoria, Ill.

A Skating One.
Yvette Guilbert, the famous French actress, is an excellent skater. In the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, there is an ice rink where Mme. Guilbert's skating is one of the principal attractions. Talking about skating in New York one day, Mme. Guilbert said: "It is only through perseverance that one learns to skate well. I am sure no one ever suffered more than I in learning to skate."
"I remember one day in my girlhood, the second or third time I had ever been on the ice. I was returning home in a crowded omnibus, and a kind old man got up and offered me his seat."
"I shook my head, and the old man laughed a good deal when I said: 'No, thank you. I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting down.'"
Clean Young Men.
There are plenty of bright young men in the country whose hands have not been soiled by the dirt of latter day politics. It will be a good thing for the state and for the nation to have them come forward and take an active part in public affairs. It will be a good thing for any party that recognizes them and gives them proper encouragement.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

No Cause for Anxiety.
Guest—Here, landlord, there's a bug in the soup. See it wriggling!
Landlord—That won't do any harm, sir; he can't get out, anyway.—*Fleecide Blatter.*

"ACROSS THE PLAINS AND OVER THE DIVIDE."

A Mule Journey from East to West in 1852, and Incidents Connected Therewith.

(By Geo. F. McFallan.)
The Broadway Publishing Co., New York.
Almost forty-five years ago—in the spring of 1852—a mule party started from Illinois by such railroad conveyances as then were in use, to travel to the point in what then was the Territory of Nebraska where the California trail crossed the Pullman yielded the right-of-way to the donkeys which did pull man, women and children, in wagons. How the journey was made from Nebraska to the Puget Sound region in Washington Territory show the flourishing State of Washington the book whose title heads this article tells. The author was one of the party, and with no thought of putting his diary into print, simply thought through his fingers, in a delightfully unembarrassed manner, and, having kept the manuscript all these years, now, with not change enough to affect the air of reality, tells us the story of "crossing the plains" with the last of the great herds of buffaloes ranged the plains, and rattlesnakes were numerous. In those days, too, many of the travelers by mule and ox teams, differed as much from those who, with all the luxuries as well as comforts which wealth can supply, are usually accorded from the Mississippi to the Pacific that to our occupants a few days than the months that were consumed by their predecessors of less than a century ago. As the former used the means of conveyance differed from those of these days. While among the latter class were many of the intelligent and sturdy men and women who made the Pacific States what they are proud of being today, not a few were among the roughest and toughest and most law-defying scoundrels who, years ago, gave a bad name to the regions which they disgraced. And among them, and without doubt, among the worst of them, were a great number of those who call themselves "the Latter Day Saints." A few lines from the book before us will give the reader a pretty accurate idea of the peculiar brand of sanctity which the ardent followers of Joe Smith and Brigham Young of those days possessed. "Today a large Mormon train came up with us. A more sinister, brawling, profane crew who would cut a throat or scuttle a ship, it would be difficult to collect from the shores of the coast of California. Foul, vile and more blasphemous talk never flowed from lips." And this, however, is a small part of our author's description of the filthy-mouthed crew of Salt Lake saints who then were on the way to Utah to form a new State of our country. This was a freight wagon, each with a trailer, and each drawn by six or eight yoke of oxen, and with in all, ninety drivers and wagoners of the class before described. By common consent, all the emigrant trains, a line of five miles in length, halted to let the Mormons pass on.

We would be glad to quote many descriptions, most of them far more pleasant than this, but what to take and what to omit would be impossible to decide. The very details of the daily life of our heroes and heroines which give the charm to the narrative, and make the reader unwilling to skip any part of it, cause the writer of a review or book notice the same difficulty. All of us have heard of overland journeys, but few who have not made a trip have any idea of what it was half a century ago had to offer the courageous men and women who ventured the journey. I know of no work which furnishes so clear and so interesting an account of all the hardships and all the pleasures of all these by-gone traveling classes as does this, of which I have shown my own appreciation by reading it three times.

Think of the furious winds rushing over the prairies and casting against the heads of the defenseless travelers their loads of alkaline dust which burns and chokes, so that breathing is almost impossible. And the landscapes; the monotony of the prairie broken in upon by the scarcely less dreary colors of sage-brush, grease wood and prickly pear, and all this in the early afternoon. A long, long time ago to the youth whose only idea of a land journey is a trip by rail in a parlor car, and yet measured by the standards that have come into vogue that centuries must have passed; although scarcely a decade had passed before the old had given place to the new.

Among the most pleasant of all the events of the trip was the good fortune that befel our friends in forming a very agreeable acquaintance with excellent neighbors close to them in the train. For more than three months they had divided the hardships and doubled the pleasures of the way, but with a large part of it still before them, the time and the man came, and they parted. The man was a fellow of some means, with a goodly number of gold, shining, glittering gold. The object of their visit was to buy provisions; but the story which they told of the mining had, up as it was by the precious loads they carried, was too much for the "neighbors"; they withdrew from the caravan and started off with their gold. They had met as strangers, they parted as friends. Among the pleasures of the trip was an occasional fishing, some of the streams well supplied with trout. An elk or deer furnished a variety for the table. Once in a while a stream bordered by cottonwood trees, and here and there a patch of butte grass gave variety to the landscape, but, for the most part, the landscape was dreary and despiriting. But these were not all the things that lent variety to the descriptions of the wonders of nature in which our author delights show that there was much to enjoy. The unspeakably grand mountains, Hood, St. Helens, Rainier, Adams and others not so magnificent, the Multnomah Falls, and others, all prove that in these days of luxurious traveling, it is not necessary to cross oceans if one would revel in the glories of this planet. How many there are who can describe the wonders of the Alps, who never saw what our travelers viewed in what now is the most north-western of the States of the American Union. They, too, they passed through what can never more be seen, the newly born towns, now the flourishing and wealthy cities of Oregon and Washington.

With the first of November, the journey, entered upon on the first of May, came to its end in Olympia, the capital then of the Territory, now of the State of Washington. The mule team, then the only means of crossing the plains, had carried our friends safely the long distance in three months. The story of the journey is a part of the history of our country. We read with intense interest narratives of the journeyings of those who first settled the eastern shores of our country, and societies have been formed to perpetuate the memory of those who brought civilization to the Pacific slope. But how few think of the trials as well as the pleasures of the men and women of those travels Mr. Hewitt tells us in so interesting a manner. Few are we any too near the scenes and the times of which he writes for many to appreciate the story. But, measuring by what time has wrought, the trials of the last century are farther from its last decade than they were from a hundred years before. Let all who would learn and keep in mind the way of the thoroughly live and active, the pushing and enterprising men and women passed through to reach the Pacific coast, read the scenes of their labor, let them read "Across the Plains." The reader, whose mule tracks some now are trying to find, are entitled to credit, not three days, a later day, perhaps less. The trials of the next world, whose immortal consequences we are, should be remembered. We destroy the memorials of the early home in order that in the places of them we may erect magnificent structures for residences and for business houses. But, while all this is right, let us do all that is in our power to treasure up the memory of those who gave to our Union the Pacific Coast States in the territories inhabited only by scattered tribes of Indians. Such books as we have just been discussing can be made the means of doing this, and they can be made a guide and a desire for our improvement, in leading us to "read, mark and inwardly digest" everything of the kind that we can buy. The time is not far in the future when the work of Mr. Hewitt will be a classic of "Western Ho" literature. "Across the Plains" is a volume of nearly 400 pages, including many fine illustrations, all interesting scenes along the journey, together with a map showing the topographical location of the western country at that period, a heavy line indicating the route followed by the expedition.

Spring Humors

Impure or effete matters accumulated in the blood during the winter cause in the spring such disfiguring and painful troubles as boils, pimples, and other eruptions, also weakness, loss of appetite, that tired feeling. The best medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly cleanses the blood, and effects permanent cures by giving healthy functional activity to the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and skin.

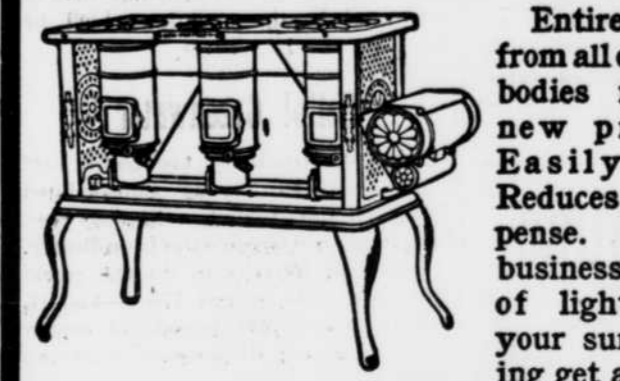


Sarsaparilla is Hood's Sarsaparilla in associated tablet form. They have identical curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy, no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. It is druggists or promptly of us by mail.
C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

Boosting the Millennium.
The Socialist had made it clear to us that all the gold and silver currency in the world was to be thrown into the sea.
"And," he went on, "for the benefit of those who live inland we have provided a neat receptacle which you will find at your right as you pass out."
We thanked him very much, but explained that as yet the home cistern would hold all of ours.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Sea Snakes.
Sea snakes are very plentiful in the south Pacific. They are widely distributed, stray individuals having been secured on the coast of New Zealand. When swimming close to the surface they exactly resemble an ordinary snake, except that the head is always below water. At night they come ashore and lie among the rocks. They feed on fish, and, although their small double fangs appear harmless, they are reported to be very venomous.

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Better Way.
"It's better to take things good-naturedly instead of getting angry," remarked the thoughtful thinker.
"That's right," rejoined the ex-pick-pocket. "When I was in the business of taking things I always let the other fellow do the get-inad act."

But Not Thundering.
In these glad days of phonographs Our orators and sages May talk into a mouthpiece and Go squeaking down the ages.

A cubic foot of new tanned snow weighs five and one-half pounds on the average, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
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