

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hunters cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. Aldergrugs, #1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

If Your Dealer will not sell you the

S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS we will. Write us for free samples showing labels and materials. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c, postage paid. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS: Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. A Good For Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'NEILL, Washington, D. C.

SENSATIONS OF STARVING.

Observations Made by a Man Who Had Gone a Week Without Food.
For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing but his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspcakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages. Would he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body emaciated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous processions through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be bought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion.

The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

Literature and Pedagogy.
There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor; nothing in the teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram: "Only common sense required."—The Century.

Labrador Seals.
The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you are looking at them. The poor creatures are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff finishing them. The hunter then "sculps," or skins, them, inserting a sharp knife under the fat, and with marvelous dexterity taking off the "pelts"—skin and fat together—in about a minute and a half. A party of men will "pan" their pelts—pile them up to the number of about 1,000—and thrust a gaff with the ship's flag into the pan. When there are pans enough, the steamer breaks into the ice and hauls them aboard with a donkey winch, or the men drag them to the vessel's side. The Newfoundland seal hunters always speak of seals as "swiles," and for our word carry they say "spell." A schoolmaster, who had been listening to a seal hunter's story, said, sneeringly: "Swiles! How do you spell swiles?" "We don't spell 'em," replied the hunter; "we most generally haul 'em!"—St. Nicholas.

BOTH SIDES THE LINE

The sound of drums, and a file's shrill cry, float in with the breath of the soft May breeze: Watching the bright groups hurrying by in the sunlight, breaking through branching tree-tops. These college maidens march two by two—I can catch the gleam of their garments light—While above them droops the red and blue of the half-mast flag, with its colors bright. This is to the young a festive day, Just shadowed, perhaps, by a minor strain In the gathering tears that will have way. From some black-robed woman's bitterest pain. Why should I go with the crowds who fling O'er the sleepers their blossoming wreaths? For how could I make a public thing Of the cry which each hour my soul repeats?

How could I weep for the boys in blue, While shuddering no tears for the boys in gray? I—who have fought every battle through, With my heart watching both sides all the way? For Philip was here, my husband true, And my brother, Ned, was across the line; It seemed that my heart was torn in two, Since they both were precious and both were mine.

BILLY'S HERO.

It was the morning of Memorial Day. Billy was covering a grave with wild flowers.

The grave was over in a corner, by itself, and new made. "What hero lies here, my boy?" Billy turned about at sound of the pleasant voice. "That's no hero. It's only Steenie!" "Oh, I thought you must be decorating some brave soldier's grave!" "No, Steenie wa'n't no soger. But ev'ryone else was puttin' posies onto their graves, 'n' I didn't want mine to be the only one 'thout any. 'Sides Steenie liked 'em so!"

"Who was Steenie?" "Steenie! W'y, he was my pard. We tramped it out here together." "You thought a good deal of him?" "Guess I did, 'n' he o' me," rubbing his eyes very hard. "Your brother?" "No, no 'laction. We 'as jes' pards, 'n' I was the littles', 'n' Steenie was a awful good to me allers. A ragged sleeve wiped away some tears from the boy's eyes. "Steenie was good to you, was he?" "Yes, he'd give me the biggest share, 'n' 'th' warmes' place allers, Steenie would," and with a sob Billy added: "That's how he came to die!" Then he smothered his sobs, and buried his face in the wild flowers on Steenie's grave.

"Tell me how it was, my boy." "Ye see," Billy began, trying to choke back his tears, "I didn't hev no one 'n' he, Steenie didn't, neither, 'n' so, one day, when a big chap wore a chaffin' o' me, Steenie he takes my part agin 'th' big feller. "'N' then he sez, 'come on, Small-bones, 'n' I'll take ye home.' "I ain't got no home, sez I, 'n' I was a cryin', cos the bully knocked me down 'n' hurt me. "Steenie took a-hold my hand, 'n' sez: 'Come on 'ith me, then.' " 'N' after that we was allers pards, we was, me 'n' Steenie.

" 'N' oh, we had such good times, we did; Steenie 'n' me! 'N' now, oh— " "But how was it—what ailed him when he died?" "But Billy did not hear, with his head down again among the wild flowers on Steenie's grave. So a hand was laid kindly on the bowed head, and the question was repeated: "What made Steenie die? How was it?" Billy lifted his tear-stained face. "It was all 'long o' me. He took off his piece o' carpet 'n' put it over me, 'n' 'slep on 'th' side o' 'th' barrel towards 'th' wind, 'n' 'nawful cold night, the wust we had all winter! " "He took a 'nawful cold, 'n' he'd jes' cough 'n' cough, 'nough to kill 'im. "I sez to 'im, 'Steenie, w'at did ever make you go to do that?' " 'I wouldn't 'a' let ye, 'f I'd been awake, Steenie!" " 'N' he'd jes' kin' o' smile, 'n' say ez pleasant: "'Course you 'a' wouldn't, Billy! But he didn't get no better, on'y worse, the whole time. " "So one day he said: "'Billy, let's you 'n' me jes' tramp out in the country. I feel 'sif 'f I'd kin' o' see me to see all the green things a-growin', 'n' 'th' posies a-blowin'. I were out to the country onet, Billy; 'n' oh! Billy, it were nice, I en tell ye!"

"So we tramped 'n' tramped, 'n' the folks was good to us, 'n' we got 'nough to eat. " "A woman, she gie' Steenie som'thin' for his coun, 'n' we slep' in barns. But Steenie didn't get well. One mornin' he didn't get up no more a-tall—oh, Steenie, Steenie!" "They found us in 'th' barn, 'n' then they brough Steenie here." "Where do you stay nowadays?" "The man 'tast found us took me." "Ye he good to you?" "Yes, pretty good. But it's awful 'thout Steenie no more!" The veterans had marched with the crowd to the cemetery on the hill, and when the Memorial day exercises there were all through with, their gray-haired commander turned to the soldiers near him and said: "Yonder, in that corner, lies a hero. Let



STEEENIE'S GRAVE.

us do his memory honor. Right about, face! March! march!" At the grave without monument, headstone or name, the commander told the story Billy had told him that morning, and said: " 'Conrades, a hero lies there. Salute!' The band of veterans gave the military salute and silently and gravely marched away from Steenie's grave, decorated only with the wild flowers he loved, gathered and laid there by his faithful "pard" and friend.

My Friend.
No matter how intimate you are with a man, how closely related to him, don't talk against his friends while he is present if you would not win his contempt. Can you expect him to stand by quietly and hear his friends assailed—unless, perchance, he should consider the source a sufficient apology for the offense, and that would be far from flattering yourself—and not defend him? He would defend himself under a like provocation, and would he do less for his friend? My friend! How much the words convey! We have chosen each other from among our many acquaintances, from a similarity of tastes, a congeniality in many things, and our friendship only grows stronger and stronger as time passes, till even death, himself, cannot break the tie, for our friends are as much ours in eternity as in time, we doubt not, else love were not immortal. Friendship is a holy sentiment, ennobling and enlarging all who feel its influence, and if you would not be despised—and few can afford the loss such a sentiment entails upon the offender—be very careful how you talk to a man against his friend.

A Smart Salesman.
Hamburg and Seersucker advertised for a smart boy, and they got him. They put the smart boy behind the counter. The following is the conversation that passed between him and his first customer: "What are these?" asked the customer, picking up a pair of gloves. "Gloves," said the smart boy. "Yes, yes! But what do you ask for them?" "We don't ask for 'em at all. Customers do that." "You don't understand me. How do they come?" "Why, they come in pairs, of course." "No! no! How high do they come?" "Just above the wrist, I believe." "But what do get for them?" "Me? I don't get nothing for 'em. Boss pockets all the money." "What is the price of these gloves per pair?" asked the customer, losing patience. "Oh, that's yer lay, is it? Why didn't you say so afore? One dollar." **Luxuries for Prisoners.** It costs \$600 a year to keep the prisoners in the Denver jail in slippers.

ALL GOOD REPUBLICANS

should make a point of attending the National Convention, to be held at St. Louis, Tuesday, June 16th. The expense is not great—if you take the Burlington. On the 13th, 14th and 15th of June you can purchase a round trip ticket to St. Louis at the one way rate. Think—isn't it worth a few dollars—a few days' time—to see the next president nominated? Full information on application to any agent of the B. & M. R. R. R. or by addressing J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

And now asparagus lovers enjoy visiting their friends' suburban residences. Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The latest calling glove is cream colored with narrow black stitching. Pilo's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 430 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '96

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. etc. A bicycle with a parasol attachment is a reasonable and novel arrangement.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and full directions free in English. Send to Dr. Kline, 538 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents. White is to be very much worn this season. Short white capes of silk lace or chiffon will be a desirable possession at the fashionable summer resorts, and the only permissible black cape is elaborately trimmed with white.

Most of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a
Sprain, Soreness, OR Stiffness,
When ST. JACOBS OIL would cure in the right way, right off.

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Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A No. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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Battle Ax PLUG
A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man. "BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

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SAPOLIO
CUT PRICES and other cuts by the only concern that ever voluntarily reduced prices or, in recent times, originated a new idea in this line, on account of which, and the good works of its goods, it has been awarded one-half the world's windmill business. It prepays freight to 25 branch houses, one at your door. Send now for catalogue for up-to-date ideas. Our imitators may not have in print our latest plans.

The emerald in the May birthstone.
N. Y. No. 889-92. York, Neb.
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.



Here in the grassy realm of signs and tears; Here in the twilight of fading years; Here where the living comrade comes to mourn The traveler to the silent bourne, Silence meets silence; only thoughts intrude Upon the sadness of the solitude; And these in conflict with emotion roll An added grief upon the troubled soul; The glorious past, the fading present, seem As but the phantoms of a troubled dream.

When buying sarsaparilla...
ASK FOR THE BEST AND YOU'LL GET AYER'S:
ASK FOR AYER'S AND YOU'LL GET THE BEST.
The remedy with a record: 50 years of cures.