

That Tired Feeling

that is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone. I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsatabs.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Carter

If afflicted with sore eyes, use

Thompson's Eye Water

The man who has been married fifty years is willing to let his wife do the boasting about it.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Wanted an Officer.

The sheriff was snoozing away in his seat in the coach, when he heard some one call out: "Is there an officer in the coach from New Castle?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff very emphatically.

"Loan me your corkscrew, please, sir," calmly continued the drummer.

Who She Was.

"Well," laughed Squiggles, "some men never know when they are snubbed! That lady you just spoke to was about as distant as they make 'em in her greeting."

"Well, why shouldn't she be?" retorted Jabbers. "She's a distant relative of mine."

"By marriage?"

"No—by divorce. She got rid of me at Sioux Falls back in 1898."—Harper's Weekly.

NATURAL EVIDENCE.

Adelaide—Why, Cornelia, your hair is all mussed up.

Cornelia—Yes, dear; you—you see, George stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Adelaide—But why don't you step in front of the mirror and rearrange your hair?

Cornelia—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill!

People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

Anthem.

Blends sacrificial red, white, honor's hue, Today, the stripes and bars, And somber is the field of loyal blue, And darker draped in amber memories true

Of deeds no shadow mars; Through all, undimmed, fulfillment ever new, Shine glorious destined stars!

Her flag great freedom bears in noblest Of mingled joy and grief, While loveliest blooms the ivy, olive, palm,

Fresh gathered May day sheaf, With blessings deep she strews and chants her psalm Of gratitude's belief For myriad graves mid tenderest green's embalm

To virtues this, the chief! The muffled drums, low plaint of cyresses, And nation's proud acclaim, Tell in celestial blending syntheses, The history of fame;

The theme of love's sublimest harmonies, Undying, yet the same, Hails to that than which none greater is Of patriotic flame!

—Selected.

In Two Chapters

A Decoration By Day Story. MANDA L. CROCKER

In the next room lay the roses and lilies with the sweet-scented heliotrope he loved so well; then there were the daisies, the pansies and sweet alyssum, as finishing flowers.

Over there on the wall, where the streaming sunset light burnished the hills, hung his sword, with which he cut his way through in that deadly charge at the awful battle of Shiloh.

Yes, there it was, where Abner was wounded, and he, so handsome and strong when he marched blithely away to the sound of the merry martial music, came home a cripple.

But she would always remember how proudly he looked up to the stars and stripes and touched the shining shoulder straps when, with sorrowful exclamation, she took hold of his empty sleeve. And somehow she caught the patriotic fire, and was prouder of her one-armed soldier husband than she had ever been of the able-bodied Abner. He had lived to celebrate several Decoration days, and how much he made of them.

Since he had gone to rest in an honored grave she had always tried to do the same for his sake. Today she had a double incentive for being patriotic.

Mrs. Neville counted her life as in two chapters, and felt that the whole story pulsed to the sound of fife and drum.

We have touched on the first chapter, which reached its blaze of triumph April 7, 1862.

But after the setting light had beautified the sword of sixty-two, it fell in golden halo on a boyish, yet manly, face beyond.

And the blending folds of the American and Cuban colors just above the picture marked the second chapter, which today was in the hands of time and circumstances, and was coming out in story form as fast as they could "set it up."

She was thinking of this so deeply that she had entirely forgotten the girl at her side.

The silver hair and care-lined brow of the one, and the sweet, dimpled face of the other told that a life-time lay between them, notwithstanding their nearness to each other.

They could hear the training on the green, although neither cared to hear it. Their eyes met. "Tomorrow is his birthday, too, and he has never been away from home on his birthday before."

"But we can think of him, Letty, and of course, he will remember us, of all days, tomorrow."

"What is something dreadful, isn't it, grandma?" the girl whispered across the grand-maternal knee, in a frightened way.

"Dreadful things come out of war, and grand things, too, Letty. It brings out the bravery and nobility of mankind, and unfolds the love of country, but the greatest heartbreaks of earth are the heartbreaks of strike. Have you seen to the office this evening, child?"

"Yes, but there was nothing."

"Well, we will hear tomorrow, maybe. You must be ready early, Letty, to carry the flowers. I cannot do it this year, but I am not getting any younger; the martial music will hurt me so, child; it always does on Decoration day. But I am loyal to the dear old flag, and true to your grandfather's memory, and to your brother's loyalty. I would not have you think I am disloyal."

"I understand, grandma." And the girl went softly out on the porch to cry by herself, with no one to see but the sleepy wrens clinging to the old trumpet creeper along the eaves.

"I don't see," she began, "I don't see what Ted wanted to get away from grandma for. She has kept us and loved us ever since mamma died years ago. And what if he should not get well? There'll be just us two in Vine cottage, O, dear!"

But inside the door sat grandma, knowing why. Of course, Letty was a child; she didn't know. Over 30 years ago Abner had marched away in the prime of his life and manhood's strength, and she was left with the children at the knee, to be loyal "by the stuff," and she knew why; and she knew how, too.

The clear, martial music sounded on the church square, and the people were gathering for mevery direction. A perfect sea of flags surging in from a given point announced the coming of the schools, and the different "orders." The lovely wreath had been made, watered with her tears and sanctified by a prayer for her grandson in southern camp.

And Letty had gone with it, trying hard all the while to be patriotic enough to keep back her tears. Grandma Neville stood looking proudly, yet wistfully, the way she went.

And the boy? Yes, Theodore had marched away down the square street to the same national air that Abner's grandfather, did. Would "history repeat itself?" Would Ted come home with honors, even though it cost a sacrifice?

A great fear choked her. She put out her thin hands deprecatingly to some unseen presence, and went out into the sweet May weather. She went and stood where she might see the crowds go by. A white dove from the cote came and perched on her shoulder, while a songster in the old trumpet vine warbled forth a melody triumphant and pure as heaven.

"That means peace and victory!" she exclaimed, with joyful reverence; "the Good Lord will keep Theodore."

There they come, the battle-scarred veterans. There were not so many of the white post as on last Decoration day and their steps weren't quite so steady as a year ago, but they had not forgotten to keep step, had they?

Next came the provisional guards, Ted's schoolfellows; and Ted was in today.

HIS PROPERTY.

Abner was 31 when he "cut his way through" and won his honors and his sword. But the rest were getting into line now. The stars and stripes floated triumphantly ahead and the same merry martial music rang clear on the notes of "Yankee Doodle" as they came.

There were the merry lassies in white, carrying armfuls of flowers and keeping time with springing steps to fife and drum. In between the guards and their sweethearts came the juvenile band; boys in knee pants with curls of childhood still on their brows.

They were preparing for harder marches than this one, maybe; and their music seemed the sweetest of all, while the folds of the old flag floated over them.

She turned and went in the house, trying to hum "My Country 'Tis of Thee," but gave it up at the end of the second bar. Abner would have sung it vigorously, but some way she wasn't quite like Abner—the mother-heart was in the way.

The sunshine flooded the dining room. It must be nearly noon now, and Letty would be tired and hungry. There are many hard battles fought and won without bayonet or bloodshed, and "though women must weep" they come off victorious in scores of hard-fought battles when the world notes nothing.

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PLEDGE POLICIES FOR LOAN

Imprudent Act That Really Means Man Is Borrowing From His Widow.

Many men, pressed for money, go to the life insurance company, deposit their policy as security and borrow as much as the company is willing to lend. That the practice is common is proved by the fact that most companies have loaned from a fourth to a third of the aggregate face value of their policies in this way.

"Very few of these loans," says the annual report of the Connecticut Mutual—and this company's experience is typical—"are ever repaid to the company. The moneys are swallowed up in business enterprises, in speculations, and the total result means embarrassment and distress in a great many cases and poverty in the place of competence, when the claims mature, and there is nothing left above the loans but a mere margin in cash on the policies for the protection of families or estates."

Men who borrow on their policies are taking away protection from their families. It ought not to be done.—Collier's.

Politician and Preacher.

A politician in a western state, long suspected of crookedness and noted for his shifty ways, was finally indicted and tried. The jury was out a long time, but eventually acquitted him. After the verdict was in and the politician was leaving the courtroom, a minister who had been in part responsible for the indictment and trial approached the politician and said: "Well, my friend, you have escaped; but you had a close shave. I trust this will be a warning to you to lead a better life and deal more fairly with your fellow men."

"That may be," the politician replied. "That may be; but I ain't pledged to any one."—Saturday Evening Post.

"When a Wife Is Cruel."

The husband rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear," said he, excitedly. "Guess what? Intelligence has just reached me—"

The wife gave a jump at this point, rushed to her husband, and, kissing him fervently, interrupted with:

"Well, thank heaven, Harry!"

He Got It.

"Won't you give me an order?" pleaded the too-persistent traveling salesman.

"Certainly. Get out!"

The herb laxative, Garfield Tea, promptly overcomes constipation, biliousness, sick-headache and insures better health.

A man can get along without doing much if he has sense enough to know what not to do.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not allowing trifles to vex us.—Sharp.

Two women prominent in St. Louis have started a movement to induce \$100,000 of their sex in the south to pray every day for the rich. They explain their hope by organizing systematically groups of women who will pray often and well for the more affluent, wealthy persons will be led to contribute to a fund for the evangelization of the world. Belle H. Bennett, president of the woman's missionary council of the Methodist Episcopal church south and Mrs. R. W. McDonnell are the originators of the plan.

Frightful.

"They say she looked daggers at him!"

"Worse than that. She looked long hatpins."

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes New Size 5c. Murine Liquid 25c-50c.

Their Time.

Fools! Fred—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their salad days.

Do your feet feel tired, achy, and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning and so will you.

Many a fellow who falls into a fortune goes right through it.

Garfield Tea cures constipation, keeps the blood pure and tones up the system.

Don't let your money burn a hole in some other fellow's pocket.

People who say just what they think are more numerous than popular.

If constipation is present, the liver sluggish, take Garfield Tea; it is mild in action and never loses its potency.

Many a girl has too many strings to her beau.

Backache

Is only one of many symptoms which some women endure through weakness or displacement of the womanly organs. Mrs. Lizzie White of Memphis, Tenn., wrote Dr. R. V. Pierce, as follows:

"At times I was hardly able to be on my feet. I believe I had every pain and ache a woman could have. Had a very bad case. Internal organs were very much diseased and my back was very weak. I suffered a great deal with nervous headaches, in fact, I suffered all over. This was my condition when I wrote to you for advice. After taking your 'Favorite Prescription' for about three months can say that my health was never better."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. Tones and builds up the nerves. Do not permit a dishonest dealer to substitute for this medicine which has a record of 40 years of cures. "No, thank you, I want what I ask for."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

For DISTEMPER

Spohn's Pink Eye, Eczematous Pimples, Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Spohn Medical Co., Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

MADE FATHER BESTIR HIMSELF.

When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—she is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

"Dandruff in the lion's den," was her answer.

Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange.

The Way of It.

Knicker—How does marriage affect accomplishments?

Bocker—A girl drops her music and a man takes up his smoking.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

DAISY FLY