

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

A Well Trained Child.
Mamma (as Ella concludes her prayer)—You prayed the Lord to bless mamma. Why didn't you ask him to bless papa also?
Ella—I didn't think it would be polite to ask for so much all at once.—Illustrated Bits.

Not Hungry.
An Alabama outlaw sent this message to an intended victim:
"I shall shoot you at breakfast this morning."
The recipient of the message replied:
"Thank you. But I'm not hungry."
—Atlanta Constitution.

Reason to Be.
"Why are you looking so glum?" asked the first author of the second.
"I sent a manuscript to a nearby editor, marked 'at your regular rates,' and he sent it back with a schedule of his advertising prices."
—Town Topics.

Womanly Intuition.
"I don't know," cried the excited feminine voice in the darkness, "whether you are my husband or a burglar, but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot."
—Detroit Tribune.

None For Him.



"Why, gov'nor, you've lost the crown of yer 'at."
"I never wear one. Crowned 'ods are sign my anarchist principles."
—St. Paul's.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments, and the endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women.

prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.

Here is testimony right to the point: "The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb.

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.

"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."
—Miss ANNETTA BUCKMEIER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Fun in the West.

The man who asked me for a match for his pipe seemed inclined to enter into conversation as he smoked, and knowing the free handed ways of the west, I had little hesitancy in observing, after a bit:
"As you took off your cap I noticed that you had been scalped."
"Yes, I was scalped by Injuns a few years ago," he replied.
"Any story connected with it?"
"Oh, no. I met a dozen Injuns one day who wanted some fun, and so they throwed me down and skulped me."
"You are carrying some bad scars on your face?"
"Yes, purty bad. A grizzly b'ar made 'em with his claws. I was out huntin one day and met a grizzly who wanted some fun, and he turned to and clawed me."
"He didn't lame you in the left leg at the same time?" I asked.
"Noap. He didn't hev nuthin to do with my leg. I was down to Golden City one day and met Joe Lee. Joe wanted some fun, and so he pulled down on me and shot me in the hip."
"I see you have a finger off the left hand. Was that lost while somebody was having fun with you?"
"Wa-al, yes. I was takin a drink at a bar in Big Bend and forgot to invite the crowd to walk up. The boys thought they'd have some fun with me, and so one of 'em swiped off that finger to make me lose my drink."
"Did a bullet split your right ear?"
"Yes, that was a bullet. A feller named Tom White did that. Met him one day when he was lookin for fun, and he split that ear with hot lead."
"This western country is a great place for fun. I take it?" I said after a period of silence.
"You bet!" he heartily replied.
"And you must have had your share?"
"I oalkeriate! Count 'em!"
And he handed me a gun, and I



"I MET A GRIZZLY WHO WANTED SOME FUN."

counted 13 tally marks on the stock. They don't tally for anything less than human beings out west.

Doing a Man a Favor.

He had been tried for murder and sentenced to be hanged and the day named, and as I happened to be in town on that day the sheriff invited me to witness the execution. Half a dozen of us accompanied him to the cell of the condemned at the proper hour, and he said to the man:
"Well, Jim, it's about time to be movin."
"Folks all ready outside?" asked Jim.
"Yes, all ready. That's a big crowd to see yo' go, and I hope yo' won't make no fuss."
"Say, Bill," said the condemned after a moment's thought, "I've concluded not to be hung."
"Shoo! Why, yo' was reg'larly sentenced."
"Yes, I know, but I'm goin to kick ag'in it. I didn't hev no far' show."
"It was far' as could be, Jim, and only yesterday yo' agreed not to make any fussin. Pears like yo' don't want to do the right thing by me."
"Yes, I do, but this yere hangin don't do a man no good. Mebbe I'll hang next week, but durm my hide if I do it today. Jest go and tell the folks that it's put off."
"Shoo! Shoo!" grumbled the sheriff. "The law says yo' ar' to be hung between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock. Don't be crery, Jim. Jest git ready and cum out and be hung like a man. Hain't I used yo' all right?"
"Yes, reckon so."
"Gin yo' plenty to eat and a good bed?"
"Yes."
"Then why go back on me? If I don't hang yo', what's the governor gwine to say 'bout it? What's the judge gwine to do? I ain't askin yo' to hang 'cause yo' killed yo' ole woman, but to oblige me."
"Is that it? Would it be a favor to yo', Bill?"
"It would, Jim, a big favor. Yo' couldn't do nuthin to oblige me mo'."
"And yo'll remember it of me?"
"I will, and if I kin ever do yo' a good turn yo' kin count on me."
"Waal, then," said Jim as he rose up, "I reckon yo' kin go ahead with the hangin. I don't keer for the governor nor the judge, but when a feller has used me white I'm wrillin to do him a

favor and won't go back on him. Git along to the gallus and hev it over with."

Fare 51.

The ticket agent at Big Bend was not the man for the place, and he realized it as well as many others. He was a nice man and knew his business, but he lacked sand. The fare from Big Bend to Black Hill was \$1, but when any of the crowd wanted to go down they handed in two or three quarters, as the case might be, poked five or six inches of a revolver through the window and called out:
"Ticket fur Black Hill, and don't waste too much time over it."
The agent always handed out a ticket and pretended that things were all right, and the boys played it on him till he had to throw up his job. One day the old man went and the new one took his place, and four or five of the gang went down to the depot to size the latter up. When they returned to camp, there was a majority and a minority report. Bill Thompson was spokesman for the majority, and he said:
"He's the softest thing in these yere parts. I'm not goin to buy any more tickets, but I'll scare 'em outer him. The sight of a gun will make his ha'r curl."
Bob Williams was spokesman for the minority and was also the minority as well. He looked very serious as he said:
"He's a pale faced, humble lookin critter, but don't make no mistake on him. He carries his forefinger kinder curled up, as if pullin trigger, and the first man who shoves a gun in on him is goin to git hot lead in return."
The camp was divided on the question, and after much talk Bill Thompson offered to make the test and settle the problem. In a day or two a score of us went down to witness the performance. We were lounging about the waiting room when I walked Bill with a whoop, and advancing to the ticket window he gruffly inquired the fare to Big Hill.
"One dollar," was the reply.



"I MET A GRIZZLY WHO WANTED SOME FUN."

"A dollar fur me—Bill Thompson?"
"Yes, sir, for you or anybody else."
"And you won't take a half?"
"No, sir."
"You won't take it with this thing behind it?" continued Bill as he shoved the coin along with the muzzle of his gun.
"No, sir, and"—And there was a pop, pop, pop, and six bullets were chasing each other into William's anatomy. He lost a finger, had an ear split, an eyebrow shot off, got a rake across the chin and another across the scalp, and he didn't have time to fall until all was over. Then the agent opened the door of his office and looked us over and said:
"I didn't shoot to kill, and he isn't hurt much. The fare to Black Hill is \$1, exactly \$1. Any one else want to get to Black Hill for a quarter?"
Without a word in reply we picked Bill up and lugged him off. He was also a very silent man. We had got him all bandaged up and put to bed before he was ready to talk, and then he simply inquired:
"Boys, who did all that shootin?"
"Why, the feller you said you could bluff," answered one of the boys.
"—but I thought I did," he growled as he turned his face to the wall and shed tears.
M. QUAD.

Lucky Women.

"I do so envy Mary Jasmyn," said the hostess in that rather high key of voice acquired by one who battles daily with the shrieking of the breeze from Lake Michigan.
"Mary does seem rather lucky in her marriages," assented the visitor.
"Yes, this is her sixth. But the remarkable thing is that she has kept the same hired girl through all of them."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Barriers to Education.
"You know Margaret wanted to get a man to instruct her in politics?"
"Yes. How did she come out?"
"Well, she got one, and after she had listened to him five hours seven other men came along and told her that he was on the wrong side of the question."
—Chicago Record.

A Chicago Conversation.
Mrs. Livewayte—Have you ever been to Niagara Falls, Mrs. Hampack?
Mrs. Hampack—Don't I always go there on my bridal tours?—New York Sunday World.

A French Baptism.

At last our bantling is labeled, registered, catalogued, classed in its place in that closed and guarded society where each one of us stands on his square like a figure on a chessboard. It has not yet breathed the fresh air; its first outing is usually for the sacrament of baptism. Carried to church in sumptuous robes, its sponsors renounce satan's works and pomps in its name, while its forehead is all wrinkled by crying as the holy water trickles on it and its little face all scrowled awry by the salt laid on its tongue. This ceremony, performed before the assembled family, is a very simple one in Paris and all large cities. The godfather gives the godmother a present, another to the young mother and invariably presents his godchild with a silver mug, fork and spoon. Sugared almonds in ornamental and gilded boxes bearing the child's name are distributed to friends, but that is all. The plainest peasant baptism has a much more solemn stamp. It never takes place without a great feast. The file of guests walking to church behind the godparents, arm in arm and two by two, is as imposing as a wedding procession. And in this respect matters take the same course at the chateau as they do on the farm. There is great ringing of bells, a feast and showers of sugared almonds, mingled with pennies for the village urchins. The baby's nurse, overwhelmed with gifts that day, is the heroine of the festival.—Th. Bentzon in Century.

Electric Headlights.

As a number of railroads in the United States are contemplating placing electric headlights on the locomotives in place of the present headlights, Theodore N. Ely, chief of motive power of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was asked recently whether his company contemplated doing the same thing, and he said that under no circumstances would the present system of lighting up the tracks ahead of the engine be changed.
In speaking of the use of the electric headlight, he said that the Pennsylvania railroad experimented with this system several years ago, and while it gives an excellent light, it would not answer the requirements, as on a two track or a four track road the rays from a locomotive coming in an opposite direction were so strong as to blind the engineer, and it would be some time before he got over it. Mr. Ely also said that of late years they had been reducing the size of the headlights for the locomotives. They were formerly 80 inches, but now are 16. Headlight oil, he thought, was more reliable and was cheaper, and he saw no reason for placing a dynamo on the engine or generating electricity for the headlight.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bird That Feeds on Live Sheep.

The kea, or Nestor notabilis, is an outlaw bird of New Zealand, for each of whose bills the government offers a reward of a shilling. The kea is a gourmand. It prefers the kidneys of sheep to any other part of the beast, according to the London Field. Coming down out of the mountains in winter, it attacks the sheep, alighting on their backs and tearing away the hide and flesh until it reaches the tidbits which it seeks.
How the birds learned to tear away the skin to get at the flesh forms a curious story of the development of bird knowledge. The birds had been feeding on the refuse of cattle and sheep killed for human consumption. They learned to associate the idea of meat with the living animal, and now they kill the sheep for the meat without waiting for human aid or consent. The Maoris have a legend about this bird to the effect that it used to be a strict vegetarian, building its nest on the ground. The sheep came and trampled on the nests, and the birds attacked them furiously, drawing blood. They liked the flavor of flesh and have since been eating it. The bird builds its nests in trees now, out of reach of the sheep hoofs.—New York Sun.

Milton at Work.

Milton used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning, but when he could not sleep and lay awake whole nights not one verse could be made. At other times his unpremeditated lines flowed easy, with a certain impetus and castrum, as he himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate 40 lines in a breath and then reduce them to half the number. These may appear trifles, but such trifles assume a sort of greatness when related of what is great.

The Kangaroo Rat.

One of the most interesting little animals known to inhabit any portion of America is the kangaroo rat. This queer little rodent is found only in the Death valley region of California. It has long and powerful hind legs and makes its way wherever it goes by jumping. Its coloring varies from light gray to dark brown, according to whether it frequents the alkali sands or the lava beds, nature probably intending to protect it from capture by likening its hue to the surroundings. The kangaroo rat lives in burrows, as does a smaller species of rodent called the kangaroo mouse.—St. Louis Republic.

Gas Economizers.

"Courtship is a good thing to save gas bills," asserts a gas collector.
"Young women engaged or about to be engaged usually mean a reduction in gas bills of \$2 a month. Cross children, on the other hand, generally raise gas bills \$1 a month. Bicycling has injured the gas trade terribly. First the husband goes out upon a wheel; then the wife follows his example. The gas is turned down, and when they come back they are usually so tired from the long spin that they have no desire to sit up and burn the midnight oil."
—New York Mail and Express.



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