

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

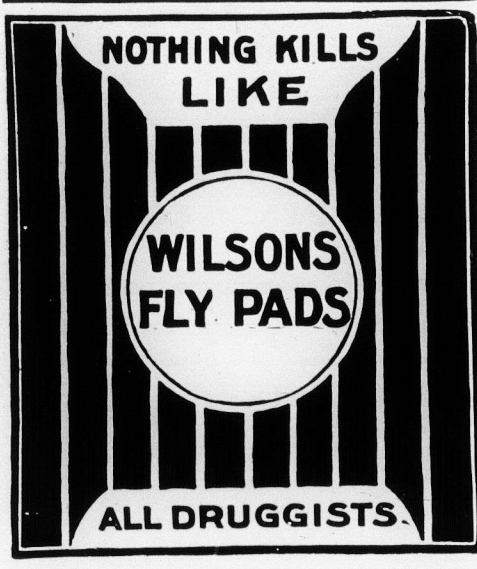
If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

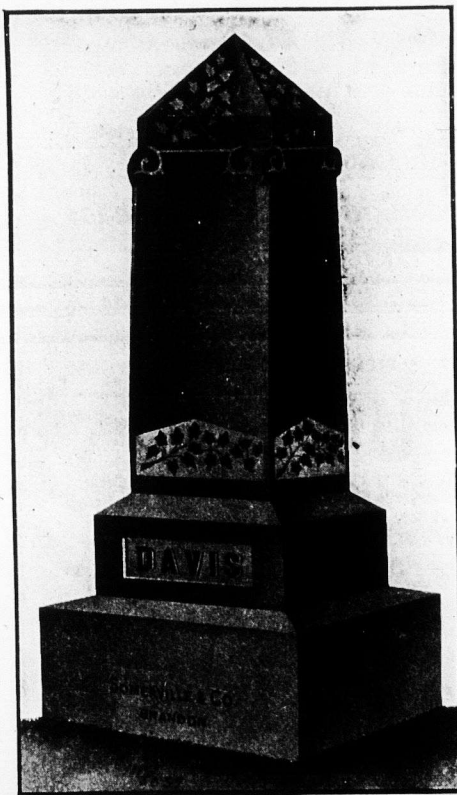
Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

**DR. SHOOP'S
HEADACHE TABLETS**
All Druggists



**SOMERVILLE
Steam Marble and Granite Works
ROSSER AVE., BRANDON**



ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES
with cross handles carried in stock.
Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

In Lighter vein.

The Old Time Games.

I want to go back to the old home nest, And swing on the sycamore tree. I want to go home again and rest And let my heart go free; And play the games with the old time zest.

With the boy I used to be: "Chica-ma-chica-ma-cra-nee-crow. Went to the well to wash her face. When she got back her chickens were gone! What time, old witch?"

I want to play hide and seek again, And climb in the old hay loft. Oh, the world is empty and all in vain Its riches, and oft and oft I turn aside from the path of pain To list to a whisper soft: "One zall, two zall, zickerzall, zan, Bobtail vinegar, tickerrall, tan, Harum, scarum, Irish narum, Swingerlum, Swangerlum, Washumbuck."

A Witness.

The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness in an accident case.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you, Aw am not vera well."

"I did not ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"On, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard work; it ees puddy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on a railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"On, yes; Aw work in a factory."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees a vera big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on I think we'll have to have an interpreter."

Then he returned to the witness:

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?"

he asked.

"Oh, yas; Aw un'erstan; you want to know vat Aw make 'n factory, eh?"

"Von dollar an' a half a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.

Cleaning Windows.

John S. Cox, speaker of the Tennessee senate, had an old negro servant who liked his drink just as well as the best Kentucky colonel in the Blue Grass State. One morning, just after the cold spell broke, the darkey came to Senator Cox:

"Marse John," says he, "I'll just up an' clean dese winders this mornin'."

"All right Caesar," replied the senator.

"Ise got to hab a half tumbler of whiskey, Marse John. D're ain't nuffin' like whiskey for cleanin' winders."

The half tumbler was promptly given Caesar, who carried the whiskey to another room to begin work. A few minutes afterward Senator Cox had occasion to enter his room. Caesar was busy polishing the windows. The tumbler was on the table, but no whiskey was in it.

"Wh, Caesar, what's become of the whiskey?" asked the senator. "I thought you used it in this work?"

"So I does, Marse John; so I does," was the answer. "Ye see, sah, I drinks de whiskey an' blows my bref ag'in de winders."

Cain's Marriage Explained.

"I never discuss marriage," said the late Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark-skinned congregation, when a white man rose up in the back of the building."

"Mr. Preacher," said the white man.

"Sir, to you," said the parson.

"Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry?"

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt:

"Huh! he said, 'You hear dat, bredren and sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de Good Book tells us, an' in de land o' Nod Cain gits so lazy and shiftless dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no' count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word.'"

Playing School.

How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried.

No one knew.

"And yet," said the school inspector, "all of you eat apples in the course of a year, and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and they earnestly discussed the matter at recess time.

The teacher the next day overheard

this conversation in the play yard. A little girl, getting some of her companions around her, gravely said: "Now, children, just s'pose that I'm Mr. Inspector. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll all grow up to be fools. Now tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"

Gathering Knowledge.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Wakeman, pausing on the sidewalk to let the grade pupils, just released from bondage, rush by, "that school must be more interesting than it was in my time. The children acquire so much general knowledge nowadays—so much that is useful."

"They do," agreed Mrs. Northron, promptly. "Now here comes little Johnny Greenfield—we'll ask what he learned. Here, Johnny! Tell us what your lesson was about today?"

"About octagons," replied blushing Johnny.

"And what," pursued Mrs. Wakeman, "is an octagon?"

"It's a many sided animal," piped the lad, "that grabs you when you go in swimming."

Going to Move.

"Yes, we are going to move to escape house cleaning."

"And so are we. If I must confess it myself, I think it will take the new tenants two weeks to get rid of all the rubbish we are leaving behind."

"Same here. Our house will need a mop and soap from cellar to roof. By the way, where are you going?"

"15 L— Street."

"What? Why, that is where we are leaving!"

"Well, I declare! Where are you going?"

"11 B— Street."

"Why, that's where we are leaving."

"Great Scott!"

"Then!"

Bicycles and Cows.

A farmer went into a hardware store and while purchasing some tools was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat it's head off," said the man, "and you can ride around your farm on it. They're cheap now and I can let you have one for thirty-five dollars."

"I'd rather put the thirty-five dollars in a cow," replied the farmer.

"Oh, well," said the hardware man, sarcastically, "you'd look almighty foolish riding round your farm on a cow, now wouldn't you?"

"No more foolish, perhaps," said the farmer, "than I would milking a bicycle."

The Kid Had to be Saved.

Harold Frederick used to tell a story of a darkey who was out fishing with a little boy about three years old, and while at play on the bank of the stream the youngster fell into the water. Immediately the colored man waded in, and, catching him by the seat of his pantaloons, pulled him on to dry ground.

A minister who happened to have seen the occurrence complimented him on his quick action, and his bravery, for the stream was a swift one.

"Well," said the darkey, "I had to save dat kid's life, boss, for he had de bait in his pocket, shore."

Better to Keep Below Stairs.

One evening, in the card-room of a certain club, a man was caught cheating, and exposed before the whole company, whereupon the indignant members rose in a body and kicked him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Rising painfully, and full of wrath, he hobbled away to the residence of the president of the club, and there complained of the treatment he had received.

"What would you do in my place?" he asked.

"Well," said the president, "I should play on the ground floor in the future—it is safer."

Ladies, Beware!

A well-known humorist tells the following story, evidently meaning it to convey a warning:

"When I was a boy in Geneva," he says, "I was once taken through an asylum that was not far from the town."

Many strange, many terrible things I saw in this place, but what affected me most deeply was the sight of a young man, of intelligent and refined appearance, who sat with his head in his hands, mumbling over and over and over again without a pause:

"I can't strap it round my waist, and it won't go in my pocket. It isn't a motor horn, because it won't blow. It isn't a lamp, for it won't light. I can't put it on my feet, and it will not go over my head. It is neither a fountain pen, a pipe, nor a balloonist's barometer. It looks like a golf glove, but it is not a tennis racket. I can't."

"Turning away, I asked the keeper the young man's history."

"Ah, sir, a sad case," the keeper said. "One year ago that there man was prosperous and renowned—the finest puzzle inventor and decipherer for miles round. But last Christmas his young lady friend gave him a present made with her own hands, and in tryin' to determine its name and its use, the poor fellow became what you see."

And Home He Went.

The old soldier was in a talkative mood.

"Did I ever see Wellington? Why, of course I did. I was lying on the ground when I heard the sound o' 'osses' hoofs, and soon a voice called out:

"Is that you, Saunders?"

"I knowed the voice in a hinstant—it was the Dook of Wellington."

"Yes, sir," sez I, most respectful.

"Come, ere," sez the Dook.

"I riz reluctant from the ground, for I was tired out. He sez to me when I came near him:

"Saunders, I want you to go back 'ome."

"Why?" sez I.

"'Because you're killin' too many people," sez the Dook.

"And 'ome I went!"

A Briefless Barrister.

Ambassador Choate, at a dinner recently given him in London by the Pilgrims' Club, said: "My elation here to-night is great. It is great as it was on the occasion of my first lawsuit. That was a happy time; I remember that I sat brooding and idle. The afternoon was grey. The law as a career seemed hopeless. Suddenly there was a caller, and an excellent case offered me by a wealthy man. An hour after I got a second case. It was incredible. Two cases, my first two cases, and both given me the same day. How I worked that night over my two cases! How I thought about them as I walked offward with my green bag the next morning! I remember that a shabby person, accosting me as I walked, said: 'Old clothes? Any old clothes to sell?' He seemed to be regarding the green baize bag. I held it up for him to see. 'Oh, no,' said I, 'not old clothes, my friend. New suits.'"

An Awkward Mishap.

Mr. Figgins, the head of the family, observing that the wooden scrouting and fall pipe hopper over his kitchen had become clogged by autumn leaves, climbed a tree, standing near the house, with the intention of removing the obstruction.

Just as he was about to scoop out a handful of the leaves the dead limb on which he was standing gave way, and he started to fall. Instinctively grasping at other limbs, and managing to get his legs round the trunk of the tree, he checked his fall, and hung there, head downward, holding on with all his might.

"Sophia!" he yelled. "Come out here quick!"

"O, Arthur!" she exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

"Never mind how it happened!" he shouted. "Get a chair!"

The chair was brought.

"Now stand up on it!"

"Arthur, I'm not strong enough to help you down!"

"I'll get down all right," he panted, as soon as I can get right end upward. What I want you to do is to take this fountain pen out of the holder in my vest pocket. It's leaking like anything."

On a Mississippi Steamboat.

Forty years ago, although the "flush" times had already passed away on the Mississippi, they still had some queer customers on the river boats. During the year 1869, on a trip of the "High-flyer," crowded with passengers, the clerk had allotted the last stateroom, and was about to close his office, when he was confronted by the apparition of a tall Missourian, who exclaimed, "I say, stranger, I want one of them chambers."

"Sorry, sir," said the official blandly, "but our staterooms are all taken."

"The doose they are," shouted "Missouri." "I've paid my fare'n I want one of them chambers."

"Allow me to see your ticket," said the still polite clerk.

Putting his hand behind his neck, the would-be passenger pulled out a ten-inch bowie knife, and driving it quivering into the counter, said, "I'm from Pike County, young feller, and that's my ticket. I want one of them chambers."

Before the steel had ceased to vibrate, the prompt clerk quietly thrust a loaded six-shooter under Pike's nose, and coolly answered, "I've got only six 'chambers,' and you see they are full."

The Missourian edged out of range, and putting up his "toothpick," strode off to seek such quarters as he could find.

Doctor and Patient.

In "A Journalist's Note-Book," Mr. F. P. Moore tells a curious and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said gravely, "I will write you tomorrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone, and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs.

"Of course, you may live for weeks," the letter said; "but you had best not