MILES OF VARYING LENGTH.

Measures of Distance Differ Greatly in Several Localities.

Among the English-speaking peoples of the earth there are four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference between the two of about one-seventh; then there are the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its standard mile. The German mile today is 24,318 feet, more than four and a half times as long as ours. The Dutch, Danish and Prussian mile is 18,499 feet, three and a half times as long as ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five of ours, for their mile is 9,153 yards long.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

New Zealand Dairy Business.

The dairy business is increasing rapidly in New Zealand, and the govern ment is doing all in its power to boost the trade.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Bobrikoff Gets Sensitive.

Governor General Bobriakoff has commanded the Finnish local government to make extensive preparations for the Northern Scientific congress, as it would be most regrettable if anything should occur to give the foreign visitors an unfavorable impression of the conditions in Finland. The local government is quite willing, however, that the visitors should realize fully what Bobrikoff has done for Finland.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rough on Pa.

"What is a vacuum, ma?"

"That part of your father that is directly under his hair."

Raising Eagles.

Nils Dvag, a farmer living some miles from Rorvik, earns some extra moeny by capturing eagles. He knows where the nests are and scales the high cliffs and takes the young, which he sells for good prices in Christiania. He has had many fights with the parents, but never harms or kills them, as by their death his source of revenue would be gone.

His Occupation.

"Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt, "I am a hunter."

"A hunter? Of what?"

"Grub, ma'am."

Agree to Norway's Demands.

The Swedish-Norwegian commission to draft a plan for the revision of the consular system of Sweden and Norway, proposes separate services for the two kingdoms. This was generally expceted in both cos. and in untieNorway no other soluti the difficuion olt question would havn acceptable.e bee

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

What Had He Done.

Husband (reading the paper)—What fools some men will make of tquemselves.

Wife—Now,H enry, dear, what have you done this time?

Water in Wood.

Green wood contains fully 45 per cent of water, and thorough seasoning usually expels 36 per cent of this fluid.

Millions of sufferers use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain every year and call it blessed. Ask your druggist; he knows.

Heard in a Book Store.

"I suppose that work in sixty volumes is an encyclopedia?"

"No; it is called 'The Love Letters of a Mormon Elder.'"

Unforseen Results.

Dolly—I believe Julia Gibbs is a mesmerist.

Polly—Why?

Dolly—I went to sell her a ticket to our piacnica nd she sold me one.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

MISS MILNE AND I.

CHAPTER IV.

Eight months have passed since the close of the last chapter, and things are much as they were. The love of occupation and the occupation of love have combined to make the time pass very happily and very swiftly. About once a month I have visited Chiselhurst and stayed over Sunday. Edith, my Edith (of whom more presently), and I have learned to love each other intensely, more so than any quantity of type can convey, and life without her now would be very dreary and not worth the living.

Of Miss Milne I have seen nothing. Her shop was closed the week after I last saw her there, and although various reports have come to me of her terrible goings-on, I have myself seen nothing of her.

One Monday evening I was sitting after dinner, readng the evening paper, when Ann came in with a note: a child was waiting in the hall, she said, to take me somewhere. The note was from the wife of our clergyman. I opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Dr. Rigby—I am sure that under the circumstances you will forgive me for troubling you. I have this morning been sent for to the most wretched house imaginable, and found there a girl in the most utter state of poverty, and in need of your help. If you will come, and I am sure you will, the bearer of this letter will show you the place. Believe me, very truly yours, E. N. CARPENTER."

As hurriedly as I could, I collected in my bag the few things I might need, and putting on my coat—the night was bitterly cold—I joined my little guide in the hall.

As we hurried along the pavement I tried to learn something of the case I was going to see, but the girl knew nothing of it. She had, she told me, been hailed by the lady while walking down Arlington street, and requested to bring me the letter and show me the house.

Before the door of the most miserable of all the miserable tenements of that wretched quarter my guide stopped. "It's up them steps, sir," she said, and up them I went as rapidly as their rickety condition would allow.

On landing at the very top I found the lady who had sent for me. "I am afraid," she said, "I have brought you to a very terrible place, but you must forgive me; I could do nothing else. But come; will you follow me?"

She led me into a room, the stench, the misery and the absolute squallor of which no one but those who have visited the slums of London can possibly imagine. I walked to the window, and from the broken panes pulled out the pieces of carpet, old linen and newspapers that did duty for glass. With the little light thus obtained I saw in one corner a mass of straw, and over and about it soiled underclothing and old dresses. This was evidently the bed, for under the clothing I could distinctly discern the angular outlines of a woman's form. On the back of the door other dresses were hung, but these were of a very different character; they were gaudy, if not expensive, and carried a world of meaning to me—I recognized by them not only the kind of room I was in, but also the knd of patient I had to deal with. Mrs Carpenter had stood perfectly still during the few seconds I had been taking stock of the place. "I think," she said, "we ought to be doing something," and then added, significantly, "there are two lives involved."

"Two?" I asked. "Where's the other?"

She pointed to another bundle in the other corner of the room, and walkng over to it, I threw off a piece of sacking, and exposed to view an infant that, though but a few hours old, had the wrinkled skin, troubled expression and monkey-like cast of features peculiar to some of the aged poor. Its limbs were about the thickness of an ordinary walking stick, its fingers long and talon-like, and as the cold air from the broken window awakened it, it began to emit the cry characteristic of its order, a far-away, piping, half-whistle kind of cry, that contrasts so markedly with the hearty shriek of a newly born healthy child. With natural tenderness Mrs. Carpenter covered up the poor little creature, and I, walking over to the mother, knelt down beside her bed and spoke to her. It was the first time I had raised my voice above a whisper, and at the sound of it the inanimate picture of starvation, with an evidence of strength which astonished me, threw her head around and stared at me. If her body showed evidence of starvation, her face did so in a thousand-fold greater degree; her cheek bones and the angles of her lower jaw were standing out in painful prominence, and her eyes, always larger than human, were now perfectly startling in their size and brilliancy. It was only for a moment she stared at me, then turning back to the wall, she buried her face in the clothing.

"Who sent for you? who told you to come?" she asked, loudly. "Go," and then more loudly still "go at once, and leave me!"

"Of course, you know I shall not go, Miss Milne," for it was none other than she. "I shall not leave you until I have seen you have some food and are made comfortable."

"I'll take nothing you offer me." And then she groaned again, "Go, go, both of you, and leave us to die; that's all we want, and why can't we have it?"

Mrs. Carpenter walked to the bedside, and taking in hers the thin hand of the patient, in the kindest tones implored of her not to talk like that, but to let us do what we could for her.

"But I don't want you here; I didn't send for you. Why can't people mind their own business?"

I beckoned Mrs. Carpenter to join me on the landing outside.

"What is to be done?" she said. "Do you know her., Dr. Rigby?"

"I know her very well," I replied; in fact, I may almost say I owe my life to her. She nursed me through a long illness."

"But what has happened to her? Is she mad?"

"No, I don't think she is mad, and I don't think she is sane. But I will tell you more about her some day. We ought to be seeing now what we can do for her—that is, if anything can be done; but you will find it exceedingly difficult; bringing her food is a simple thing, but making her take it is a different one. I warn you that girl will do everything in the world to starve herself and her infant. It's very unfortunate that I should have been sent for; of course you know I like to come, but I am certain you will do nothing with her with me in the room; the girl has a great horror of my seeing her in this condition. Didn't you see how she drew away from me?"

"Yes, I noticed it and wondered what it meant."

"If you will allow me to suggest, I think the wisest course to follow would be this: I will leave her—she needs no medical care—and send you at once as good a nurse as I can get about here, some food and wine from my house, and a few old things in the way of clothing."

To this suggestion Mrs. Carpenter assented, and on my road home I called upon the only woman I could think of as available. She was a widow, a Mrs. Best, who, although better than the majority of her class, belonged to a very distinct and very low natural order. I must pause here a moment to say one word about this order. I had christened them "the vultures." They were very common in every street in my district, and, I presume, in all parts of London; not necessarily widows, though widows predominate; not necessarily drunkards, although they have a great weakness for "Old Tom."

I found Mrs Best at liberty, and very glad to undertake the duty. I told her as much as but no more than was necessary of my relationship with Miss Milne. I found afterward that what I had told her was just enough to awaken her woman's curiosity, and on the basis of her surmises she built conjectures and theories that in after days gave me much trouble.

"I want you, if you will," I said, "to take the entire charge of her; pay no regard to any remonstrance or protest; get food for her, and make her take it. As to the child, it's a wretched specimen, but do what you can to save it. I will meet you each day at 11 at the street door."

The first day that I met Mrs. Best she told me that Miss Milne had neither eaten anything nor spoken to her.

"She's a rum woman," she said, "and I thing she's trying to kill herself; but the child's all right."

The second day I learned that Miss Milne was in the same condition, and on the third day Mrs. Best did not appear at all. I just caught sight of her as I entered the street; she was peeping round the corner of the door, watching for my coming; the moment she saw me she withdrew her head and disappeared. I was waiting at the bottom of the stairs, wondering what I should do, when a woman who livod opposite came over to me.

"Is it Mrs. Best you wanted to see, sir?" she asked,

"Yes—why? Do you know where she is?"

"She's upstairs, sir; she went but a moment since. Shall I run and fetch her?"

I thanked her, and, although I knew that her only motive was her wretched curiosity, I was very glad of her help, for I was very anxious to hear something of Miss Milne. In a few moments she returned, followed by Mrs. Best. The moment she appeared I saw why she had not kept her appointment, she was wearing one of Miss Milne's showy dresses, and the color of her cheeks showed the consciousness of her guilt.

"I couldn't come down before, sir," she said, "for the lady is not so well; she's raving. I think you ought to see her."

I thought a moment, and decided to commit her to the care of a medical friend of mine. It was utterly useless for me to try and do anything for her. I had little difficulty in securing his help, and a promise to report in the evening as to her condition. In the evening he came and told me that although Miss Milne had no symptoms of illness that in other people would be serious, yet he was very doubtful as to what the result in her case would be.

"You see," he said, "she's not like anybody else; she'll neither speak to you nor take food."

"Has she taken no food?" I asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, she has now, but it was not until I had gone home and got the stomach pump and actually opened her mouth with the object of forcing her, that she consented to swallow it. What a strange character she is! Do you know her well?"

"Yes, I know a good deal about her, and am much interested in her welfare, and anything you can do for her I shall take as a very great favor to myself."

"You may depend upon my doing everthing I can. But what about that nurse?"

"Oh, she's a brute; but then they all are."

"But she's worse than any of them. She's actually wearing the woman's dresses; she drinks all the brandy, and at 11 o'clock this morning the baby was neither washed nor dressed. When I remonstrated with her she said, 'Oh, he's all right; he's too well, I expect, to please his father.' 'Do you know the father?' I asked. She didn't reply, but gave me a very significant look. I'd keep my eye on that woman, if I were you."

"I wish I could, but you see I can't go near the house; but you must for me, and report anything you notice."

I did not see my medical friend for about four days, and then he came in to tell me that the whole aspect of the case had altered; he found Miss Milne each morning sitting up in bed, taking her food freely and reading a French novel; there was no difficulty in getting her into conversation."

"And," he added, "her conversation interests me immensely."

"In what way?"

"I don't know; she's such an awful cynic. She believes in nothing, in neither man nor woman, churches nor chapels, hell nor heaven. I should think she must be pretty hard-hearted when she's well, from what I see of her sick."

"Perhaps," I replied; and then, to his astonishment, I added, "and yet, do you know that girl nursed me through my attack of typhoid with a devotion almost maternal?"

"Really! Well, she's a puzzle then."

CHAPTER V.

"I almost regret I ever saw her; 'tis strange, too, that one can regret doing good."

The speaker was Mrs. Carpenter. She had called upon me with reference to Miss Milne.

"I don't see why you should regret it."

"Not when one is the means of restoring a girl only that she may go back to her career of vice?"

"Are you sure she has?"

"Yes, quite sure; and not only that, but she has enticed the nurse to join her; they are out every night, and all night, and the poor, wretched baby is left to the care of heartless neighbors at so much the hour."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; yesterday afternoon I saw her, and tried to reason with her, but she is far too clever for me."

"Was she defiant, or simply careless as to her future?"

"Well, neither; she simply contended that she was making the most of her life, getting the most pleasure obtainable. But I called about the baby; just now it is being left each night in the care of the woman opposite, herself a wretch, and it appears the child does not sleep, and the woman, to make it sleep, gives it gin. Now, the probability is that the child is ill, and I want you tonight, when they're gone, to run in and see it if you will."

"I shall be very glad, and I'll try and substitute something for the gin that will be less harmful."

Half-past eleven found me standing by the side of this woman, and over the wretched and woe-begone specimen of humanity I had come to see.

"But it'll die if you continue to give it gin," I was saying.

"And what matter? She doesn't want it to live, nor he either," she added, significantly.

It was no use talking to the woman; there was no sense of morality that I could awaken, and so I left her with the promise that I would send her something to take the place of the gin, and I went home to put up something from my own surgery.

It is one of the unwritten laws of the profession that no narcotic drugs shall be given to children; but in cases like that of the infant of whom I have just been writing, this law has constantly to be broken; but for them the cruelty of mothers and foster mothers to sleepless infants would know no bounds. And, therefore, I unhesitatingly sought in the chlorodyne bottle a substitute for the woman's gin, and, having written the necessary instructions, I sent it to the house and went to bed.

At four in the morning my bell rang, and in reply to my question down the speaking tube, there came the hoarse, unsteady, spirit-laden voice of a half-drunken woman, requesting me to come instantly to Miss Milne's lodgings. I dressed hurriedly and made for the house, a messenger having gone on before. When I reached the room, a sight never to be forgotten presented itself.

On the bundle of stray that represented Miss Milne's bed lay the dead body of the infant; it had been "laid out" in the usual way, but was still clothed in the dirty rags in which I had last seen it. At the bedside and leaning over it stood Miss Milne. She had on all her war paint, her gaudy dress, many ribbons and much jewelry, but from her face there was a marked absence of that levity that one usually associates with such a costume. She was looking unutterably sad, and unless I am very much mistaken was reviewing her life, especially her life of late, and finding it wanting. The death of the child had evidently awakened her older and better self—if permanently or only temporarily, remained to be seen.

(To be Continued.)

Some Short Sermons.

Supreme.—Jesus was supreme in religion because he was supreme in love. He can take me nearer to my heavenly father than any other of whom I have ever heard. He can make me surer of heaven than any other.—Rev. Dr. Harris, Universalist, Worcester, Mass.

The Guiding Hand.—Whoever reads history aright can not fail to see the guiding hand of God in all the great events that have occurred in this country. It is well that this directing power should ever be recognized.—Rev. Dr. Woods, Baptist, San Francisco, Cal.

Science.—The Christian should thankfully welcome all facts of science. But science attempts to tell the method of God's creation by eaons of evolution, but cannot rule God out of nature. He but indicates the way that God works. —Rev. Dr. Babbitt, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wisdom.—Wisdom in the Anglo Saxon meant wise judgment. The mind must be trained to judge wisely. In one sense of the word education and wisdom are synonymous. The first point in the education of children is that they acquire knowledge.—Rev. G. S. Murphy, Lutheran, Mount Vernon, O.

God's Love.—Some claim that preachers do not preach enough on God's love, and too much on punishment. The minister must show the love of God in all the ways he can; he must also show the terrors of hell. Some people need it to make them think.—Rev. J. W. Romich, Lutheran, Allegheny, Pa.

A Prophet's Mission.—A prophet's mission is forthtelling rather than foretelling. A prophet is a man sent into the world to utter great divine truths for the correction and guidance of human life. Christ was greater than all the prophets who had preceded him.—Rev. Dr. Morgan, Presbyterian, New

Strength.—There is no courage like the consciousness of strength. There is no fear to compare with the strength of weakness and inferiority. Life would be one long triumph and delight if it were always certain of the power to accomplish its best and worthiest wishes. Real strength is not cruel or revengeful.—Rev. E. White, Episcopal, Worcester, Mass.

Progress.—The progress of the ages consists in learning by experience to distinguish between the temporal and the eternal, the essential and the non-essential. The sin of the church has always been the reluctance to let the non-essential go, the deification of the ephemeral and accidental, lack of insight to discern between what is of consequence in God's sight.—Prof. Fagnani, Union, New York.

Spiritual Manhood.—Heaven is possible only for those who, through the grace of God, have a Christlike character. The man who sets his face toward the goal of spiritual manhood may rest confident of his sure reward. Only that man grows in grace who realizes his imperfections. We all need to feel that we are capable of unlimited approach to the divine.—Rev. Dr. Vosburgh, Baptist, Denver, Col.

His Great Catch.

"What was the biggest catch you ever made?" asked his fishing companion.

"I caught the speaker's eye once last spring," replied the congressman.

For Connoisseurs.

"Richard Harding Davis is going to farming in Connecticut."

"I wonder if he'll have a Charles Dana Gibson scarecrow?"

Half-Sick
"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.
If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THREE STORIES IN ALL.

How a Witty Guide Described Mr. Cleveland's Boathouse.

During Clevaland's first term as president he had built for himself a handsome boathouse on the shore of Upper Saranac lake, near the Saranac Inn. It was a long, low affair, with a deep excavation beneath for the storing of boats and fishing tackle. Dave Kronk, a famous guide of the region, never tired of describing the glories of the president's boathouse, which he regarded as the real wonder of the neighborhood. On one occasion Richard Harding Davis, then a reporter in Philadelphia, visited the president socially, and was met at the station by a native, who said he had been sent with his wagon to drive the guest to the inn.

"There is Mr. Cleveland's new three story boathouse," he said, passing the structure.

"Three-story?" asked Mr. Davis. "I see but one."

"Well," said the native, "there's the story you see, the story underneath, and the story Dave Kronk's allus tellin' about it."

Positive Proof.

Judge— hat proof have you that this man s absent minded?

Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a wtaering fountain.

SLICKERS?
WHY TOWER'S FISH BRAND OF COURSE!

THE STANDARD BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT
Made in black or yellow of the best materials and sold with our warrant by reliable dealers everywhere.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1836.

Take Time for the "Good Things."

Come back into the life of thought again! Read and converse with family and friends. Get out your music, and practice again at the piano and organ. Go to church on Sunday even if the Sunday dinner must be plain as a consequence. Take time to think. Concentrate into little time the necessary home work; master it, and do not let it master you. Choose what shall occupy your thoughts, what shall engage your tongue and what shall take up your time. Stop living in the small tea-cup round of house-work and neighborhood society. Live with your children. That is the only way you can live for them. Enter into their higher life. Learn to foster the first sparks of generous ambition, and to fan into a glow the early and feeble glimmerings of deep feeling. Give up what is small, and see that you learn to know great from small and to choose wisely. Art, literature and music, all the refinements of intellectual and emotional being, stand ready for those who invite them in.—Woman's Home Companion.

Pigmy Camels.

The western portion of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is a pigmy of its kind. There camels are snow white, and are on that account almost worshipped by the people. The shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is 27 inches high and weighs 61 pounds. The other is four inches less, but the weight is not given.

Air.

"I tell you," said the landlord of the summer resort near the top of the mountain, "a man can't get too much of this pure air."

"No," gasped the tenderfoot, who was unused to the elevation. "I can't get half enough of it!"

Partly Familiar With It.

"How do you manage to make two kinds of apples grow on one tree?" asked the alderman, who was on his vacation.

"I don't know as you'd understand it if I was to tell you," said the owner of the orchard, "but it's done by a process of graftin', and—"

"Oh, I know all about grafting," interrupted the alderman, impatiently. "What's that got to do with it?"

YOUR HEALTH IS PRECIOUS
Don't endanger it by using questionable or adulterated foods. Ask your grocer for Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder and Canned Goods called
...MONOPOLE...
WADHAMS & KERR BROS., PACKERS, Portland.

Mitchell Wagon.

Best on Earth—
Because it is made of the best material possible to buy. The manufacturers absolutely pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of best grades of wagon timber for the privilege of culling over and skimming off the cream of the wagon stock, which is carried for 3 to 5 years before making up, which means an investment in wood stock of nearly one million dollars.
MITCHELL Wagons are unsurpassed for quality, proportion, finish, strength and light running.
Why—take chances on any other?
Why—not get the best?—A MITCHELL.
Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
Portland. Seattle. Spokane. Boise.
Agents Everywhere.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY
PORTLAND, ORE.
Founded 1870
A Home School for Boys
Military and Manual Training
Write for Illustrated Catalogue
ARTHUR C. NEWILL
PRINCIPAL

Columbia University
Boarding School for Young Men
Finest situation on Pacific Coast. Excellent Faculty. Largest indoor college athletic field in the world. Over half an acre under an arched roof.
Catalogues Free.
Address
REV. M. A. QUINLAN, C. S. C.
University Park, Oregon

FOR SALE.
One Second Hand Nichols & Shepard Separator, size 40-60, with wind stacker, only run 40 days; a bargain. Inquire of
JOHN POOLE.
Foot Morrison St., Portland, Or.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED
Who can sell Road Graders, Rock Crushers, Rollers, Plows and Scrapers to county officials. Good pay. BEALL & CO., Inc., 28 Front St., Portland, Ore.

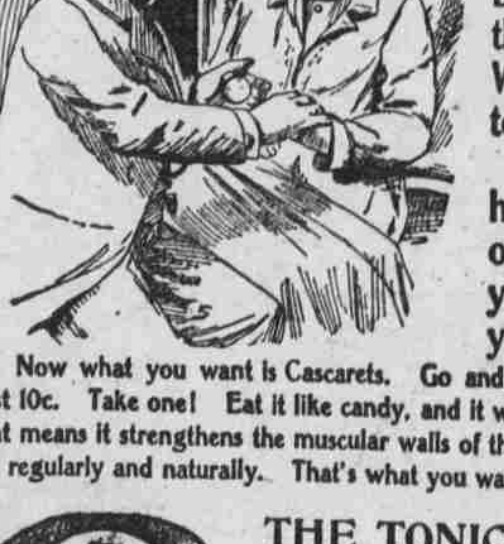
THE NEW PENSION LAWS SENT FREE
Apply to Nathan Bickford, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

N. P. N. U. No. 36—1902.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Rheumatism

The liniment bottle and flannel strip are familiar objects in nearly every household. They are the weapons that have been used for generations to fight old Rheumatism, and are about as effective in the battle with this giant disease as the blunderbuss of our forefathers would be in modern warfare.
Rheumatism is caused by an acid, sour condition of the blood. It is filled with acrid, irritating matter that settles in the joints, muscles and nerves, and liniments and oils nor nothing else applied externally can dislodge these gritty, corroding particles. They were deposited there by the blood and can be reached only through the blood. Rubbing with liniments sometimes relieve temporarily the aches and pains, but these are only symptoms which are liable to return with every change of the weather; the real disease lies deeper, the blood and system are infected. Rheumatism cannot be radically and permanently cured until the blood has been purified, and no remedy does this so thoroughly and promptly as S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and sends a stream of rich, strong blood to the affected parts, which dissolves and washes out all foreign materials, and the sufferer obtains happy relief from the torturing pains.
SSS
S. S. S. contains no potash or other mineral, but is a perfect vegetable blood purifier and most exhilarating tonic. Our physicians will advise, without charge, all who write about their case, and we will send free our special book on Rheumatism and its treatment.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

How Are Your Bowels?

About the first thing the doctor says--
Then, "Let's see your tongue."
Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well.
You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.
Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today--Cascarets--in metal box--cost 10c. Take one! Eat it like candy, and it will work gently--while you sleep. It cures, that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, gives them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. It's guaranteed to be found in
THE TONIC LAXATIVE
Cascarets
LIVER TONIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c.
ALL DRUGGISTS.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.
GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied, after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Address: STERLING REMEDY CO., NEW YORK or CHICAGO.