For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the strongest Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla. The liver will quickly respond, and so will the bowels.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Old-Time Gingham Apron.

The little gingham aprons that they wore,
Those dainty queens of sunny days of yore—
One was a-rent where flowers tumbled through
Upon the bare feet paddling in the dew.
No bannerets of glory ever yet
Fashioned by the cunning hand of skill
Can hide the signal flag I'll ne'er forget.
No silken sheen and satin ever will
Displace the modest, sometimes tattered thing—
The little gingham aprons that they wore.
Ah! queens beyond the ransom of a king!
Ah! vanish gingham aprons of the yore!

Dear little gingham aprons of the days
Of sandy paths and primrose-scented ways;
There is a glory in each string and check
Heart gathers from the flatsam and the wreck.
They used to scurry o'er the mossy stile,
They used to sway upon the grapevine swing.
Ah, me! there was no sophistry or guile
In e'en a puckered ruffle or a string
I close my eyes—and see the merry train
Anon come trooping down the sunny shore;
The bare feet paddle in the dew again
And flowers drift through the rents the briers tore.
—New York Sun.

In After Years.

"Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the weary-looking man.

"What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.

"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

"Well?" queried the family friend.

"Only last week," continued the other, "she tried to get me to insure my life for $10,000 in her favor."

Taylor—What is meant by the spirit of the press?

Tyler—One of those ghost stories that they print, I presume.

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

RICHEST OF ALL REDSKINS.

Osage Tribe of Indians Are Called the Wealthiest People on Earth.

Much has been written about the wealth of the Osage Indians. These fortunate people as a tribe are perhaps the richest people on earth.

To begin with, they have something like $8,000,000 on deposit with the United States government. This large sum is drawing a good rate of interest, sufficient to give each member of the tribe $164 per annum. They also have about 1,600,000 acres of land, which, in view of the immense fields of gas and oil now being developed, is worth at a conservative estimate $5 an acre. This augments their money holdings $8,000,000 and gives a grand total of $16,000,000. If this sum should be divided equally among the 1,913 living Osages, each would have $8,272.85.

Besides the regular annuity derived from interest on funds on deposit, each Osage gets a considerable sum of money received from the annual rentals of the tribal pastures. To this is now being added that of oil and gas royalties. The full value of this item is difficult to arrive at, from the fact that frequent new developments augment the monthly revenue from this source. At this time the tribe is drawing something like $12,000 monthly from oil and gas royalties, or about $75 per capita per annum, amounting in all to nearly $250 a year which each Osage receives as his pro rata share of the income from their tribal funds.

Aside from this, the Osage Journal reports that there are many members of the tribe who have private fortunes of considerable volume. These private holdings ranged from the common farm home, equipped with the ordinary conveniences and comforts of life, to palatial mansions and live stock and other personal property holdings valued at many thousands of dollars. More than a dozen Osage Indians are rated as owning property valued at from $10,000 to $20,000 or more, and several of them have commodious country homes, containing from ten to twenty rooms. These persons are not all mixed bloods, but a number of them are full-blooded Osages, who have by their own industry and thrift added to their original patrimony.—Kansas City Journal.

Lost a Good Opportunity.

"Yes, they accused me of adulterating my canned fruit. They named a certain formula that is designated for adulterating and asked me if I didn't use it."

"What did you say?"

"I said I didn't, and then they wouldn't let me copy it. You see, it's a good deal better formula than the one I'm using now."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Light Distress.

A new term was heard the other day. An old lady and her two daughters came into a millinery store. The young women wore mourning hats. The old woman said to the clerks: I want a mourning hat, for I am in mourning. But my datter here," indicating, "is a widder of two years' standing, and she is in light distress. Give her a hat with blue feathers on it."—Chicago News.

Schoolboy Humor.

Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth.

The zebra is like a horse, only striped and used to illustrate the letter Z.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.—Definitions by London School Children.

CUBAN MINISTER TO THE U. S.

Recommends Pe-ru-na.

Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States.

Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, is an orator born. In an article in The Outlook for July, 1899, by George Kennan, who heard Quesada speak at the Esteban Theatre, Matanzas, Cuba, he said: "I have seen many audiences under the spell of eloquent speech and in the grip of strong emotional exitement, but I have rarely witnessed such a scene as at the close of Quesada's eulogy upon the dead patriot, Marti." In a letter to The Peruna Medicine company, written from Washington, D. C., Senor Quesada says:

"Peruna I can recommend as a very good medicine. It is an excellent strengthening tonic. and it is also an efficacious cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."--Gonzalo De Quesada.

Congressman J. H. Bankhead, of Alabama, one of the most influential members of the Houes of Representatives, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., gives his endorsement to the great catarrh remedy, Peruna, in the following words:

"Your Peruna is one of the best medicines I ever tried, and no family should be without your remarkable remedy. As a tonic and catarrh cure I know of nothing better."—J. H. Bankhead.

There is but a single medicine which is a radical specific for catarrh. It is Peruna, which has stood a half century test and cured thousands of cases.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

Humorous

One day I gave my little cousin a wintergreen lozenge, and, as it burnt her tongue, she turned to her mother and cried, "Oh, muzzer, put dis in 'frigerator, quick."

"To-day," said the minister, "I think you'd better take up the collection before I preach my sermon. "Why so?" asked the vestryman. "I'm going to preach on 'Economy!'"

Mrs. Casey—An' phat did th' doctor say ailed ye? Mr. Casey—Appendicitis. Mrs. Casey—Och, worra! Oi knew he'd say that if ye wore thot new Sunday suit.—Judge.

Papa—How did you get your clothes so terribly torn? Tommy—Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked. Papa—Ah, a brave deed! Who was the little boy? Tommy—Me.

"You?" snorted Miss Sharpe. "Marry you? Why, you're only an apology for a man." "But," protested Mr. Small, "you will not——" "No; I will not accept the apology."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I fell over the bulwarks," said the sailor, "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg." "And what did you do?" "I let him have the leg. I never dispute with a shark."—Chicago Journal.

"As Shakspeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larnin'" occasionally, "what's in a name?" "Well," replied Casey, "call me wan that Oi don't like an' Oi'll show ye."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," snapped Saint Peter, "what have you to say for yourself?" "I am not a good man," replied the applicant, "but I didn't go about making apologies for myself on earth, and I don't intend to begin now." And he got in.

Now that Ann's age has been thoroughly discussed, the Council Bluffs Nonpareil springs this one: "A young woman goes upstairs to dress at 7:45 for the evening. She is 19 years old and weighs 102 pounds. State the wait of the man below."

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday. Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son. Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.

"What do you think of her vocal ability?" asked the manager of the show after the prima donna had ceased to warble. "Well," replied the man who had come in on a pass, "she has an admirable voice for destroying silence."—Chicago News.

A well-known judge was standing at the door of a ballroom when a very beautiful woman passed him. "What a lovely woman!" said the Judge, but so loud that the lady overheard it. Turning her head, she recognized the speaker. "And what a good judge!" she said.

Magistrate—Why did you steal that ham, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus—Bekase mah pooh fambly was starvin', you' honner. Magistrate — Family starving, eh? But they tell me you own five dogs. Uncle Rastus—Dat's er fack, yo' honner; but Ah reckon yo' all wudn't 'spect mah fambly ter eat dem dawgs.—Chicago Daily News.

One afternoon little Johnny happened to look up and see the moon, and as he had never seen it before in the daytime, he ran into the house and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on God." "Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the astonished mother. "He forgot to take the moon in this morning," explained John.—Exchange.

Motorist—Are all the tools in the toolchest? Valet—Yes, sir. Motorist—Are all the cushions and laprobes in the tonneau? Valet—Yes, sir. Motorist—Is the tank full of gasoline? Valet—Yes, sir. Motorist—Have you brought down all our goggles? Yes, sir. Motorist—Well, run up to my room and bring the roll of bills out of the top bureau drawer so that we will have enough money to pay our fines. Then we shall be ready to start.

Lawyer—You have taken your oath, and I want you to answer each of my questions honestly. Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I am a driver. Lawyer—Do you drive a wagon? Witness—No, sir; I do not. Lawyer—Now be careful, and remember that you are on your oath. You admit that you are a driver; now, honestly, don't you drive a wagon? Witness—No, sir; I drive a horse.—Albany Evening Journal.

"My dear," said Miss Flagstaff to her country beau, "I thought I ought to tell you beforehand that I'm a somnambulist. You might not like to marry a woman who——" But the impatient Mr. McCoy cut short her remarks, saying: "That makes no difference, Caroline—none in the world. I'm a Methodist, you know, and I can go with you to your church in the morning and you can go with me to my church at night."—Lippincott's.

"I never was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said Jobiots, the commercial traveler, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travelers.' I supposed the stairs led to the counting-house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls where pointing boards directed the way. I passed through the hall and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and, opening the door at the lower step, found I was—in the street again!"

Premature Repentance.

The sick man seized his wife's hand in his feeble grasp.

"Tell me the truth at once," he begged.

"Oh, William! It's all right. The crisis is past and the doctor says you will recover."

"Is he sure of that?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, say, dear, run and telephone my partner that I didn't mean what I said yesterday about not foreclosing that mortgage. I was delirious, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

Some men trust to luck for a living and some others trust in trusts.

HAND HAD LOST ITS CUNNING

Old Man Found He Could No Longer Play Marbles.

"Sometimes men grow old but their hearts stay young," said the philosopher, according to the Kansas City Journal, as he walked to the open window and watched the smoke from his cigar curl outward. "Saw something out on the boulevard that proved this a little while ago," he continued.

"An old man whose steps were feeble and faltering approached a crowd of merry youngsters playing marbles. It was evident that the old man had been out little during the winter and he keenly relished the return of spring and all that, you know. When he reached the place where the 'kids' were playing he stopped and watched them intently for a time. The boys paid no attention to him, but he entered into the game with relish despite his white hair.

"'Makes an old man feel almost like a boy ag'in,' he remarked as I stepped up to him. 'I believe I could shoot marbles better than that little feller in the red cap. My ole knuckle is kindy rusty, but I'd like ter try.'

"The more he thought of it the more fidgety he became and every time one of the boys would miss the old man would make some remark about it. One of the boys, a particularly atrocious player, resented the old man's actions at last and said:

"'Well, maybe you can do better!'

"'You jest better bet I kin,' said the old fellow with conviction. 'I'll show you when your shot comes next time.'

"The old man prepared and waited for his turn. At last it came and he knelt down and took the 'glassie' 'taw' from the little shaver in the red cap. Carefully he aimed at the 'fat ring' and the five marbles placed therein. The boys guyed him and kept telling him to shoot, 'little finger rooster' and everything else, and finally he let his thumb slip. The marble barely left his hand and rolled harmlessly half way to the 'fat ring.'

"'Oh, pshaw!' exclaimed the old fellow, as he rose, rubbing his rheumatic knee, 'it slipped before I was ready.'

"'Reckon you were the champion marble player in your district,' said the boy in the red cap, as he recovered his marble, 'but you're no heavyweight now.'

"The old man lost interest in the game and wandered away."

Rights of Chorus Girls.

The time is past when wealthy young men can sit in the front row of a first-class theater and ogle the young women in the chorus. Certain managers used never to make strenuous objection to this sort of fun, providing the young men didn't interfere with the enjoyment of the rest of the audiance, but no manager will permit it now.

Five well-known young men about town tried it at a Broadway theater a few nights ago and the management put up with their nonsense until the first part of the show was over. Then the five left their seats and started out for a drink. When they returned they were allowed to enter the theater, but two ushers barred the aisle leading to their seats. Near the ushers stood the manager of the house. Said he to the five young men:

"The ladies of the chorus have complained of your unwelcome attentions. You have seen half of this show and can get half the price of the face value of your seats at the box office if you desire. You can't return to your seats. If you try to I will have you all arrested."

The five young men consulted. Then they apologized for their conduct. The manager said he was sorry, but he couldn't let them return to their seats. They saw the rest of the show standing up in the back of the house.—New York Sun.

In Search of a Mark-Down

Whatever generosity a man may have usually shows itself at his wedding, but Dr. Lapham, in his "History of Woodstock, Maine," gives an instance of prudence on the part of a bridegroom which is, to say the least, unusual. Cases, he says, have been known where the future husband has tried to beat down the parson employed to marry him, but it is not often one hears of a bridegroom who tries the market as he would if he were selling farm produce.

Mr. Smith prepared his little farmhouse for his prospective bride, who had promised to marry him on a certain date. He went to a justice of the peace and asked what his terms were for a wedding. The justice replied that the legal terms were one dollar and a quarter, but that people usually paid two dollars.

"That's too much for ten minutes' work," asserted Mr. Smith, and he applied to another justice, with the same result.

"Can the fee be paid in shingles?" he asked.

"Yes."

The man scratched his unkempt head.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "My cart-wheels have got to be repaired, and I can get Elder Ricker to do it for one dollar a day. He can marry us at noon time, and it won't cost a cent."

Settled the Controversy.

"James," cried Mrs. Timmid, sitting up in bed, "there are burglars downstairs."

"Oh, no, there ain't, my dear," replied Mr. Timmid.

"I'm sure there are."

"Your husband is right, mum," interposed a low-browed individual who thrust his head into the room at this juncture. "We're upstairs."

And as he started down the steps he was heard to say to his pal: "I always believe in helping a husband out whenever I kin. I'm a married man myself."—Houston Chronicle.

All Siamese Girls Marry.

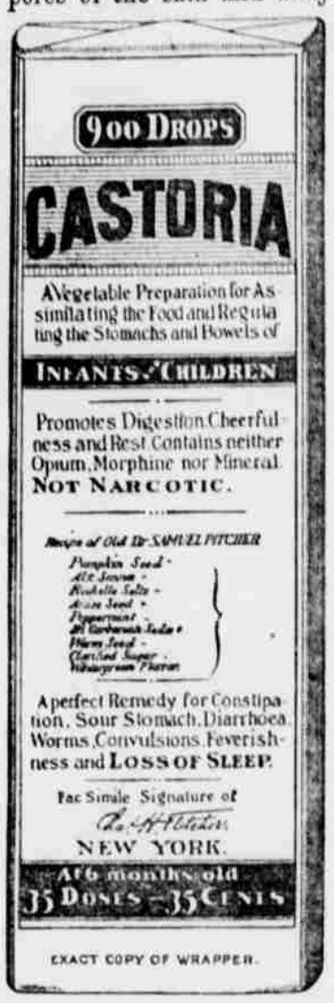
Girls who are not married in Siam before they reach a certain age are put under the care of the king, and he finds a husband for them. This is a simple thing to do, for he goes through the list of prisoners in the jails, picks out one man, and tells him he can have his liberty if he will marry one of these girls.

When a man is financially embarrassed he is apt to feel sorry that he has friends who only feel sorry for him.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Feeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. J. E. Waggoner, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can most heartily recommend your Castoria to the public as a remedy for children's complaints. I have tried it and found it of great value."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

Dr. F. H. Kyle, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "It affords me pleasure to add my name to the long list of those who have used and now endorse your Castoria. The fact of the ingredients being known through the printing of the formula on the wrapper is one good and sufficient reason for the recommendation of any physician. I know of its good qualities and recommend it cheerfully."

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Muzzles Needed.

"See here!" exclaimed the angry man. "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake."

"I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined the neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my dog."—New Yorker.

Two Views.

Western Farmer—The corn crop is ruined. Why, sir, the hot winds just burned it right up.

Western Real Estate Man—The great and glorious West is the place to live. Why, sir, this summer we just feasted on hot roast corn right out in the fields.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Equal to Leap Year.

Slowboy was wearing a gaudy tie for which he had recently given up 48 cents in real money.

"What kind of a tie do you admire most?" he asked of his fair companion in the parlor scene.

"Why, er—feel here!—the marriage tie," she giggled.

And the next day Slowboy hunted up a minister and contracted with him to make one.

Oregon Blood Purifier is rightly named, because it purifies the blood and tones up the body.

Grateful Change.

Clara—Did you have pleasant weather at the springs this summer?

Dora—No. It was hot, dreadfully so.

"Really uncomfortable, was it?"

"Awfully. Why, the weather was so warm that when a man with a cool million proposed to me I accepted him at once."

Mr. Grosvenor's Articles.

The articles by Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor on "Inoculating the Ground," and "The New Method of Purifying Water," which have appeared in The Century, have attracted wide attention, especially the first-named, which appeals to the great audience of people who are interested in the cultivation of the soil. The article has been translated into many languages (including Chinese), and has been the subject of editorial mention in papers all over the globe. Mr. Grosvenor is now engaged upon several articles for The Century on timely subjects connected with agriculture, the first of which, on the Weather Bureau, will appear in the June number.

The Difference.

Little Rodney—Papa, what is the difference between climate and weather?

Mr. Wayout (of Dismalhurst-on-the-Blink)—Climate, my son, is what a locality has when you are buying a home there, and weather is what it has afterward.—Puck.

A Malicious Satisfaction.

"Do you ever have mosquitoes here?" said the relative from the city.

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntassel.

"And malaria?"

"Some."

"How's the weather?"

"Hotter'n blazes most of the time."

"You don't seem to worry much."

"Not a bit. We've got a family here that's three weeks behind in their board an' we're gettin' even with 'em, even if they never pay."—Washington Star.

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

Antiseptic Telephones.

The French telephone service has just accorded to the public one of those little amenities of civilization which might, with obvious advantage, be extended throughout the world. In every public office there will henceforward be hung with a white linen handkerchief, treated with a chemical solution, with which every person can cleanse and disinfect the plate or tube before using it. If he will only do so also after breathing into it himself for several minutes, so much the better. These handkerchiefs are renewed daily.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

Benefits of Proper Breathing.

The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will in a greater or less degree be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inspired air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs are of the utmost importance to every vital process.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. Six Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Foot of Morrison Street Portland, Oregon

Plunder's OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. HEALTH RESTORER. USE IT!

WET WEATHER WISDOM!

THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
BLACK OR YELLOW
WILL KEEP YOU DRY
NOTHING ELSE WILL
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
CATALOGUES FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.

P. N. U. No. 17—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

The Hand of Fate.

"This line in your hand," said the girl who had studied palmistry, "indicates that you have a brilliant future before you."

"Is that so?" queried the dense young man.

"Yes," answered the fair maid; "but this other line indicates that you are too slow to ever catch up with it."

SCROFULA A Disease We Inherit

The tainted blood of ancestors lays upon the shoulders of innocent offspring untold suffering by transmitting to them, through the blood, that traced to some family blood trouble, or blood-kin marriage which is contrary to the laws of nature. Swelling, ulcerating glands of the neck, catarrh, weak eyes, sores, abscesses, skin eruptions, white swelling, hip disease and other deformities, with a wasting of the natural strength and vitality, are some of the ways this miserable disease manifests itself. The poison transmitted through the blood pollutes and weakens that health-sustaining fluid and in place of its nutritive qualities fills the circulation with scrofulous matter and tubercular deposits, often resulting in consumption. A disease which has been in the family blood for generations, perhaps, or at least since the birth of the sufferer, requires constitutional treatment. S. S. S. is the remedy best fitted for this. It cleanses the blood of all scrofulous and tuberculous poisons, makes it rich and pure and under the tonic effects of this great blood medicine the general health increase is cured permanently while posterity is protected. Book on the blood and any advice wished, furnished by our physicians, without charge.

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old, and spread rapidly over her body. The disease next attacked the eyes and we feared she would lose her sight. It was then that we decided to try S. S. S. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.
MRS. R. BERRY.
150 S. 5th St., Salina, Kan.

SSS

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.