

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them of the mission with which she had been entrusted. At last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind. Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Col. Graham. "I believe that he has never heard that the ship does not stop at Southampton now. Never mind, Polly; he can go on board if he wants to catch us at Cairo."

At Tibbury there was the usual scramble of getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender. When, after long delays, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lancer crew were the most conspicuous points of color.

"There he is—I can make him out," observed Col. Graham, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane deck, leaning over the rail, and watching the approach of the tender. There is Jack Douglas, and young Mackenzie of Slat—oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay—there's young Fraser, too, eye-glass and all—a regular gathering of the clan."

By this time everybody was scrambling on the paddle boxes of the tender, and from thence according to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gangway, awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, slim, well built, with a pale, olive complexion and a perfectly clean-shaven face; and he had the square forehead, the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant gray eyes with dark lashes that his sister had.

"How are you, Graham? How are you, Polly?" he said.

"Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said, angrily. "Why were you not at the station? Why did you not tell

me that again, was dark; but a dark night pleased her much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And then they sat down with their friends; and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long, thin, dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and sorrows, and hushed joys, all hidden away there in the silence. And perhaps Yolande was thinking most of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that night with its aching sorrow. It was her first actual contact with human misery.

It was the third evening out that she had to put the flowers overboard on the wide and sad and uncaring grave. She did not wish anyone to see her, somehow; she could not make it a public ceremony—the compliance with the pathetic, futile wishes of the poor mother. She had most carefully kept the flowers sprinkled with water, and, despite of that, they were sadly faded and shriveled; but she had purchased another basket of flowers, and these were fresh enough. What mattered? The time was too vague; the vessel's course too uncertain; the trifles of sorrow would soon be swallowed up in the solitary sea. But it was the remembrance of the mother she was thinking of.

She chose a moment when everyone was down below at dinner, and the deck was quite deserted. She took out the little baskets to the rail; and there, very slowly and reverently, she took out handful after handful of the flowers and dropped them down on the waves, and watched them go floating and floating out and out on the swaying water. The tears were running down her face; and she had forgotten whether there was anyone below or not. She was thinking of the poor woman in England. Would she know? Could she see? Was she

to chat with him, or walk the hurricane deck with him, and seem to treat him precisely as she treated any of the others. If there was one whom she especially favored, it was Col. Graham, whose curt, sardonic speeches amused her.

At last they arrived at Port Said, that curious, rectangular-streets, shanty-built place, that looks like Cheyenne painted pink and white; and of course there was much wonder and interest in beholding land again, and green water, and the swarming boats with their Greeks and Maltese and Negroes and Arabs, all in their various costumes. But it was with a far greater interest that they regarded the picture round them when the vessel had started again, and was slowly and silently stealing away into the wide and lonely desert land, by means of this wire or highway. The Suez canal had been rather a commonplace phrase to Yolande; mixed up with monetary affairs mostly, and suggestive of machinery. But this was strange and new, and the vessel was going so slowly that the engines were scarcely heard; she seemed to glide into this dream-world of silver sky and far-reaching wastes of yellow sand. It was so silent, and so wide, and so lonely. For the most part the horizon line was a mirage; and they watched the continual undulations of the silver-white waves; and even the strange reflections of what appeared to be the sky on the water were not even a palm to break the monotony of the desert—only the little tamarisk bushes dotting the sand. From a marsh a red-legged damingo rose, slowly, and the moonlight shone down on a string of camels came along with forward-stretching heads and broad, sloping feet; the Bedouins either perched on the backs of the animals or striding through the sand by their side, their faces looking black in contrast to their white wide-flowing garments. And so they glided through the silent, gray, silver world.

The night was another scene. They were anchored in another part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep; and the moonlight was surprisingly vivid. On one of these banks seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark-blue vault where the stars were; the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silver clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes—some said it was a jackal—disappeared up and over the sand-mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance after dinner. The scene was brought on deck from the saloon. The women folk had put on their prettiest costumes. There had been perhaps a little of the beggling and half promising going on beforehand. The smoking room was deserted. From the supports of the awnings a number of large lanterns had been hung; so that when the ladies began to appear and when the first notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one; but so strange with the moonlight desert around. The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande; he had been watching for her appearance.

(To be continued.)

QUAINT OLD SHOES.

An Interesting Collection Dating Back to the Revolution.

A Lynn shoemaker of to-day would be amused by the quaint shoes in the collection of the Essex Institute in Salem. There are rough shoes that the forefathers wore in the field, slippers in which colonial foot coverings appear a trifle smaller than the mannish footwear for women of to-day; strong boots for boys to kick about in days before the revolution, and tiny boots for babies in the cradle. There are also large square shoe buckles, almost as big as those the summer girl wears at her waist to-day, one fine pair being those worn by Capt. John Treason, of Lynn, during the revolutionary war.

The first shoe pegged by machinery in the country is also displayed. It is a clumsy-looking shoe, and its thick sole has a double row of pegs. The machine evidently did a good job. Deacon Samuel Pipston of Danvers invented the machine in 1833, according to the inscription, but the history of the good man and his machine is lost. The wooden shoes, pegged by the way, were invented by Joseph Walker of Hingham, Mass., in 1818.

One of the earliest pairs of shoes made on a McKay sewing machine is also an interesting feature. The shoes are square-toed, like the end of a box, cloth-topped and congress style. They were "sporty shoes" in 1864. The firm of Bancroft & Puritan of Lynn made them. A. M. Glass presented them to the institute. The collection of old slippers suggests the splendid balls and parties and perhaps the happy weddings of the forefathers' days. A slipper, the pride of some fair dame of 1700, is of green satin, a broad rounded toe and high heel.

Then there are somber black slippers of 1785, with toes pointed like a lead pencil, a pretty white satin slipper of 1810, and another pair of pointed slippers of 1819, and another pair of slippers of 1825, of black satin elaborately embroidered with flowers, a spring heel and a round toe. A white satin slipper has a pointed toe, and a 1 1/2-inch heel that swells out like a balloon from its lead pencil sole on the ground. A boy's shoe, worn previous to the revolution, shows that the youngsters of those times kicked out their feet; just as they do to-day. This shoe, like something like it, was a life the very small incidents of which excited interest, simply because people had plenty of time to consider them—and each other.

There was no doubt that Yolande had become a pretty general favorite; for she found herself very much at home; and she put aside a good deal of that reserve which she assumed in traveling on land. These people could in the sense be considered strangers; they were all too kind to her. The ship's officers brought her the charts out of the chart room, to show her how far the vessel had got in her course. The captain allowed her to go on the bridge, and gave her his own glass when a distant sail was to be seen. And the young soldiers, when they were not in the smoking room, and when they were not picking up rope knots for Mrs. Graham, had an eye on the many starred birds fluttering about, and when they could they caught one and brought it to Miss Whitebourne, who was glad to take the wild-eyed, fluttering wanderer down into the saloon and put it back for a second or two into a glass of fresh water. Once or twice Yolande caught one of these swallows.

Day after day passed without change. The young Master of Lynn very gently, and with a Jacob-like modesty and patience, strove to win Yolande's regard; but although she was always most friendly toward him and pleased

Blessed is the influence of one true, loving human soul on another.—George Eliot.

We cannot be just unless we are kindhearted.—Vanderburg.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

The title of W. D. Howells' new novel is now announced as "Miss Belard's Inspiration." The Harpers, of course, will publish it.

The abiding popularity of Dickens is attested by the fact that more than 200,000 copies of his various books were sold in England alone during December last.

During his incarceration Maxim Gorky was not idle. He wrote a new play, "The Children of the Sun," a drama dealing with the revolutionary movement, which he regards as his masterpiece.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady has decided to accept, permanently, the pastorate of the church in Toledo, where he has occupied temporarily. It may be inferred, then, that his literary output will be larger in sermons and less in fiction.

Mr. Walter Scott's autograph manuscript of "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," as originally written in ten verses of eight lines each, has just been sold in London for \$410. The song was introduced in the drama of "The Doom of Devergoil," and was written at Christmas, 1825.

Stephen Phillips is about to undertake the rehabilitation of the character of Nero, in a careful confidence that he will be able to give quite a different presentation of Nero from that usually made. Mr. Phillips regards the tyrant of odious memory as an aesthetic placed in a position of omnipotence.

William Cowper Prime, who died, was the author of that little classic of outdoor life, "I Go A-Fishing." He was a well known figure in New York, lawyer, author, and for a number of years one of the editors and owners of the New York Journal of Commerce.

Philip Merrill Mighels, author of a sentimental little story, "Brüver Jim's Baby," has written another novel which the Harpers will soon publish. Mr. Mighels has left babies and the West behind him, and his new story is of New York politics and the ways of money. One of the honest young men who join them to spy out their methods and propose to remain uncorrupted under temptations many and varied.

Hgre is another Beaconsfield anecdote, from the two volumes diary of the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. A famous diplomatist went once to see the statesman, conversed with him for some time, and found him very agreeable. Soon after the waiter who had shown him up came and asked the visitor for a present. "But why?" "Don't you remember?" "The answer," "I showed you up to Lord Beaconsfield." "What of that?" said the other. "Oh, sir, after you had gone he did damn me uncommon for telling you he was at home."

Keeps His Auto Parrot. The automobile dog has had his day, if the somewhat startling innovation of an automobiling resident of Rye, N. J., finds many imitators. There is a practical side of this idea which may appeal to many who have not taken up the dog-carrying idea to an extent, for this man carries with him a gorgeous-hued parrot that has been trained to cry, "Look out! Look out!" whenever anyone is endangered by his master's car.

Fashionable London was but recently in the throes of a most serious and earnest discussion as to what breed of dog was best fitted to wear goggles and sit at the guest's head of the chauffeur, but, perchance, the news of this latest Yankee notion may give the British motorist further food for discussion.

According to the cables, a young American woman who has been touring in Europe in her motor car has been carrying a pet pig with her, to the great wonder and scandal of continental holders. One of New York's fashionable women, who carries her own car, is nearly always accompanied by a pet black cat, from which she possibly can get an electric spark when the igniter of her car refuses to do its usual duty.

The man who carries his parrot with him professes to be highly pleased with the idea, as the bird perches on the steering wheel, seat or dashboard, and its penetrating voice has proved far more efficacious as a warning signal than the too familiar sound of an automobile horn.

Navigation in Louisiana. Louisiana, says that of New Orleans, his State, in the early nineties, when that district was visited by a severe flood, one of the expeditions for relief organized by the government one day encountered an old negro who, in a dilapidated dug-out, was having considerable difficulty in keeping afloat. The old fellow was busy paddling with one hand while he bailed out his craft with the other.

At this juncture the red boat came within hailing distance and the captain called out: "Hello, there, uncle! Anything you want?" "Nothin' 'cept wings, boss," was the grim reply.

Poppi in Too Rapid Transit. "I see that a California inventor claims to have a machine of some sort which will enable people to travel 200 miles an hour."

"Tremendous! Can the machine be stopped instantly if necessary?" "The inventor says it can."

"And how about the passengers? Do they stop too?" "No; they keep right on for about fifty miles farther."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you closely investigate yourself, at course you frequently have commitments paid you that you recognize as insincere.

Do you like to cause people to rub their eyes?

FOREIGN NEWS GATHERING.

Four Great Agencies Formally Cover the Happenings of the World.

Annually the members gather in general convention in New York and elect a board of directors of fifteen members. By common consent, the members of this board are chosen from different parts of the country, so that each important division is represented. They are trained newspaper men, who bring to the discharge of their duties an intimate knowledge of the business and a high sense of responsibility. The board of directors in turn elect a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and general manager, an assistant secretary and treasurer, and designate from their own number five members to serve as an executive committee.

The world at large is divided, for the purpose of news-gathering, among four great agencies. The Reuter Telegraph Company, Ltd., of London, gathers and distributes news in Great Britain and all her colonies, China, Japan and Egypt. The Continental Telegraph Company of Berlin, popularly known as the Wolff Agency, performs a like office in the Teutonic, Slav and Scandinavian countries; and the Agence Havas of Paris operates in the Latin nations. The field of the Associated Press includes the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Central America, as well as the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Each of these agencies has a representative in the offices of the others. Thus the Associated Press bureau in London addresses the Reuter offices. The telegrams to the Reuter company are written on manifold sheets by the telegraph and cable companies, and copies are served simultaneously to the Associated Press bureau; the Wolff representative, the Havas men, and the Reuter people. A like arrangement obtains in Paris, Berlin and New York, so that in each of these cities the whole panorama of the day's happenings passes under the eyes of representatives of each of the four agencies.

But the scheme is much more elaborate than even this arrangement would indicate. Operating as tributaries to the great agencies are a host of minor agencies—virtually one such smaller agency for each of the nations of importance. Thus in Italy the Stefani Agency, with headquarters in Rome, gathers and distributes the news of Italy. It is the official agency, and to it the authorities give exclusively all governmental information. It is controlled by Italian, but a large minority of its shares are owned by the Agence Havas of Paris, and it operates in close alliance with the latter organization.

Thus, if a fire should break out in Milan, the "Secolo," the leading newspaper of that city, would instantly telegraph a report of it to the Stefani Agency at Rome. Thence it would be telegraphed to all of the other Italian papers, and copies of the "Secolo's" message would also be handed to the representatives, in the Stefani headquarters, of the Reuter, Wolff, Havas and the Associated Press agencies.

In like fashion, if the fire should happen in Chicago, the Associated Press would receive its report, transmit it to the American papers, and furnish copies to the representatives of the foreign agencies stationed in the New York office of the Associated Press.

Of the minor agencies the most important are the Fabri Agency of Madrid, the Norway Agency of Christiania, the Swiss Agency of Bern, the Swedish Agency of Stockholm, the Correspondence Bureau of Vienna, the Commercial Agency of St. Petersburg, and the Agence Balkanique of Sofia.

But the Associated Press is not content to depend wholly upon these official agencies. It maintains its own bureaus in all the important capitals, and reports the more prominent events by its own men, who are Americans and familiar with American newspaper methods. These foreign representatives are drawn from the ablest men in the service, and the offices they fill are obviously of great responsibility. They must be qualified by long training in the journalistic profession, by familiarity with a number of languages, and by a presence and bearing which will enable them to mingle with men of the highest station in the countries to which they are accredited.—From Melville E. Stone's "The Associated Press" in the Century.

Titles in Kentucky. A part of Congressmen one day were discussing in a humorous vein the prevalence of titles in Kentucky. In this connection one of the statesmen told an amusing story of the meeting between himself and Colonel Blank in the State mentioned.

"I chanced to ask him," said the statesman, "whether he had been in the militia."

"No, sir," answered the Colonel, in a tone that showed his surprise at my question.

"Then," I continued, "I presume that you were a participant in the late unpleasantness."

"Wrong again, sir," said the Colonel, this time breaking into an expansive smile.

"You'll pardon my persistence," I added, my curiosity aroused, "but would you mind telling me how you became Colonel?"

"Not at all, sir," answered the obliging Kentuckian. "The fact is, sir, I married the widow of the late lamented Colonel Rutherford, sir."

Fully Prepared. Since the Boston Board of Health announced that milk contained more than 500,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter would be condemned, all the Boston girls now carry a high-powered microscope in addition to their spectacles and gloves.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Aggravated Case. "Dustin Dink" strikes me as being pure proof," said one citizen.

"No. He doesn't bother about anything as small as a purse. He's a national-bank proof."—Washington Star.

Merely the Morning After. Guest (to bell boy)—Is this a four-day?

Bell Boy—No, sir; this is a hotel. That thumping you hear is on the inside of your head.—Detroit Free Press.

In Nation of Chauffeurs.

The French nation so closely guards her supremacy in the motor world that plans are being made so that every French boy will be made familiar with the operation and the principles involved in the construction of the automobile, says the Philadelphia Record.

A course of instruction is being arranged for introduction into the public schools. There are a number of technical schools where the details of automobile instructions are imparted to those who desire such knowledge.

It is said that no city in the world gives the same encouragement to automobilism as Paris. It has been decided that all the public hospitals shall be equipped with self-propelled ambulances and a very speedy car has been ordered to be attached to the municipal laboratory, where all the bombs found on the streets of that city shall be taken for investigation and destruction.

A Jealous Elephant. A large elephant, formerly the center of attraction in a certain Zoo, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. This camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel the elephant prepared for action. He filled his trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

Different Views of It. (Nellie Munson Holman in "Success Magazine.")

"What is the secret of success?" asked the magazine.

"Do write," said the pen.

"Be progressive," said the eunuch.

"Be exact and on time," said the clock.

"Be careful not to break your word," said the typewriter.

"Don't be afraid to strike when you find your match," said the lamp.

"Push and pull," said the door.

"Stand firm and unyielding," said the flagstaff.

"Don't change your every wind that blows," said the weather vane.

"Never become dull and rusty," said the hoe.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower; "Even I always carry a pistol."

Just Discrimination in Railway Rates. All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjustly discriminatory devices and practices of whatever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which export rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries, cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the international railway congress, published yesterday.

"Rates should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the service rendered. With the exception of rates that shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, making of rates as far as possible have all the elasticity necessary to permit the development of the public and the railway."

The present proposal is, as Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, showed in his remarkable testimony to the effect before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates, which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to increase "the temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition"—New York Sun.

Not a Favorite Breed. Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will appreciate the story of the English piddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"He wants a kind of dog about so high as my knee. He's a kind of greyhound, and yet it ain't a greyhound, because 'a' is shorter nor any of these 'ere greyhounds an' 'a' is now is shorter, an' 'a' ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of greyhound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drowns 'em."

You'll pardon my persistence," I added, my curiosity aroused, "but would you mind telling me how you became Colonel?"

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Come Now Own Up

You don't like those gray hairs, do you? And your husband certainly doesn't like them. Then why not try a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor? It restores color to gray hair every time, all the deep, rich color of early life. And it cures dandruff also.

"I certainly believe that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a splendid preparation for the hair and scalp. I have used it for years, and it has done me much good. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a preparation."—MRS. KATE HOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHEMICAL FACTORY.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS. Patent, lightest and strongest stump puller ever used. It is made of malleable iron, and will pull any stump with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

RIEHLERSON MACHINERY CO. Feet of Main Street Portland, Oregon

Iowa Improved SEPARATOR. LOW CAN. Waist High. Skins Cold or Warm. Milk. 50 Per Cent Cream.

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P. M. U. No. 27-1905. Write to advertisers please mention this paper.

Off Duty. "Hello!" cried the policeman, "reading a paper, eh? I thought you were a blind man."

"So I am during business hours," the blind beggar replied, "but I'm off duty now."—Philadelphia Press.

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

Her Purpose. "Mother, think you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw, "you tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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

A Non's Suggestion. Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all.

Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?—Glasgow Times.

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

Particular. "Darling," whispered the ardent suitor, "may I press you with my manly arm?"

"I am from Missouri," replied the beautiful girl, "and you will have to show me."

"Show you what?"

"Proof that you belong to the Pressers' Union."

FITS. Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. J. M. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Deep for Him. "There's one thing I can't understand about farming," said the city chap who had contracted with a farmer for a week's board, as he watched the hired man turning the soil.

"What be that, young fellow?" queried the honest old granger, as he bit off a generous hunk of home-made tobacco.

"I can't understand," said the city chap, "why the ground was placed bottom side up, so that it has to be turned over with a plow before the crops can be planted."

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Dr. J. M. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ECZEMA A FLESH FIRE

Those afflicted with Eczema know more than can be told of the suffering imposed by this "flesh fire." It usually begins with a slight redness of the skin, which gradually spreads, followed by blisters and pustules discharging a thin, sticky fluid that dries and scales off, leaving an inflamed surface, and at times the itching and burning are almost unbearable. While any part of the body is liable to be attacked, the hands, feet, back, arms, face and legs are the parts most often afflicted. The cause of Eczema is a too acid condition of the blood. The circulation becomes loaded with fiery, acid poisons that are forced through the glands and pores of the skin which set the flesh afire. Since the cause of the disease is in the blood, it is a waste of time to try to cure it with local applications; the cause must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. has no equal as a remedy for Eczema; it enters the blood and forces out the poison through the natural channels, and builds up the entire system. The skin becomes smooth and soft again, and the Eczema is cured. Cases that have persistently refused to be cured under the ordinary treatment yield to this purifying, cooling effect on the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

ECZEMA made its appearance on my left limb the size of my thumb in 1893, and spread until it was large as my hand, burning, itching and painful me, and for which I could get no relief, until seeing the other cures advertised by you I wrote and secured the advice of your physicians, commenced S. S. S. and it cured me.

Mayetta, Kan. J. H. SPINCH.

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SSS. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.