Hood's Sarsaparilla
Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable *Merit.*

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Unites the best-known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism — prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla
the best blood purifier ever produced.

Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

JOURNEY OF LAFAYETTE.

Letters of His Son Describe Famous Trip Through United States.

In Lippincott's there are some entertaining letters written by a son of Gen. Lafayette while traveling in the United States with his father. These letters have never before been published.

"We have already spent twenty days in the United States," says the son, "and this is the first leisure I have had for writing you a line; even as it is, I am not sure of being able to dispatch my letter. The Stephanie, whose captain is one of our friends, is to sail from New York for Havre to-day, and will take our letters, if only we can arrive in time.

"Ever since we have been here my father has been the hero, and we the spectators, of the most imposing, beautiful and affecting sights, the most majestic population in the world welcoming a man with common accord and conducting him in triumph throughout a journey of 200 leagues. Women wept with joy on seeing him and children risked being crushed to get near to the man whom their fathers kept pointing out to them as one of those who had contributed the most to procuring them their happiness and independence. This is what it has been reserved for us to see. I am knocked off my feet—excuse the expression—by the emotions of all kinds I experience. I won't enter into details; you know me, and I do not suppose that, amidst the excitement of a happy people's rejoicings and sharing in the extraordinary gratitude with which my father is overwhelmed, I shall forget at any time those who have a claim on all the sentiments which my heart is capable of feeling. God grant that I may always enjoy the necessary strength to discharge the whole of my duties. But since being here I have not slept more than four or five hours each night!"

FAMINE IN TIMBER TREES.

Growing Scarcity of Wood Suitable for Manufacturing Purposes.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now fifteen cents each, and red cedar posts twenty cents apiece, undressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough land to trees. The eucalypts are now grown in the southwestern portion of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of antifever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous gases of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus rostrata for fuel, railroad ties and for windbreaks. On account of their rapid growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many parts of the southwest the eucalypts are utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pastures. If set along the fences and along the irrigating ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work. Seedlings may be had from the nurserymen in 100 lots at five cents each. There are some thirty different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the middle and southern States. Plant the hillsides in forest trees and farm the low ground.—Baltimore American.

My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly."
A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; $1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

GOOD Short Stories

A friend of Edward MacDowell attended a recital given by a mediocre teacher's pupils, and when he met the American composer, he remarked: "I heard one of the pupils, a little girl of 8, play your 'To a Wild Rose.'" The composer sighed dejectedly. "I suppose," MacDowell remarked, "that she pulled it up by the roots."

During the protracted sessions of the Parnell commission, Justice Day habitually sat with closed eyes. It was commonly supposed that his lordship was sleeping, and the late Sir Frank Lockwood, observing that the learned Judge was very much awakened by a little tiff between the president and Sir Charles Russell, exclaimed, quite audibly: "This is the dawn of Day!"

The late W. E. Henley once met Robert Louis Stevenson, and found his friend distressed because he was not a Voltaire or a Dumas, though he had an equipment which ought to have made him their peer. Stevenson put his "failure" down to the weakness of his lungs. "Perhaps you are right, Lewis," said Henley; "I've always felt that, if I had not been a blessed cripple, I could have taken the earth in my hand and hurled it into the sun."

A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to the late James McNeill Whistler politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal Academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months, the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead-letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope, was the word, repeated numberless times: "Unknown," "Unknown."

It is related that one evening last winter, at a dinner given in honor of Mrs. Pat Campbell, in New York, the English actress remarked, loftily: "They wanted me to play Tess of the D'Urbervilles in England, but I thought it a vulgar character, and I can't be gross, you know." This from the woman whose whole fame rested on her impersonations of women with malodorous pasts or notorious presents was astounding to all present, each one of whom had said something in extenuation of the sins of poor Tess and in admiration of Hardy's masterpiece as a dramatic character-drawing. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence, and then Miss Warren, who is to star in the play this season, spoke up innocently: "It is dreadful to be so sensitive. I expect, Mrs. Campbell, you find it hard even to accept your share of the gross receipts."

A pretty story, illustrative of the change of feeling which has come over the Irish peasant toward King Edward since the recent royal visit, appears in the English press. Two London journalists, on their way from Dublin to Cork, accosted a shaggy, farmer-looking native at a Queen's County station with the words: "Well, Pat, what do you think of the King of England now?" "King of England, is it?" replied the Irishman, and there stole over his face an inimitable expression of drollery as he went on in a stage whisper: "Sure, avic, ye'll want a viceroy over there, I'm thinkin'. Himself an' herself are not goin' back to yez at all!" An old dame in Galway who had spoken with the King, was questioned as to what she thought of his majesty. She delivered herself of a long and enthusiastic eulogy, to the effect that "Edward the First of Ireland" was "a grand man entirely," closing with the remark that she had "only wan thrifling fault to find with him," and that was that "they keep the poor man so long in the Phaynix Park beyant that they have him talkin' with a strong Dublin accent."

CORRECT BREATHING.

In Ordinary Life Few People Breathe as They Should.

"Do you know how to breathe?" asked a dyspeptic-looking man of his companion, whose full, florid face denoted a jolly nature. "In fact, I should ask how long it has been since you drew your breath." The fat-faced man moved nervously and cast a suspicious glance at his friend. He was about to reply when he was interrupted again. "The truth is you haven't breathed in weeks, perhaps months, and I can prove it. Don't be alarmed; I do not intend to hold an autopsy on you, and the coroner will not be called in to furnish evidence of what I say. Breathing is something that very few people do. It is not a universal habit. Less than 5 per cent of people breathe as they should. Even a larger per cent of tomato plants or oak trees breathe in the way that they should than men. You may demonstrate this fact to yourself. All that is necessary is to carry out a few simple suggestions which I will make, and consider well the indications which will be presented after you have made the experiment. Breath is life. The delicate organs and still more delicate muscles which are involved in breathing require action as much as do the biceps or triceps. Lie on your back for thirty days and observe how weak the muscles of the legs and body become. They would be shrunken and flabby and entirely too weak to carry your weight. They would be impoverished. Think not, then, that the more delicate and sensitive organs and muscles of the inner man do not need exercise. This is given them by breathing. Now, take a man who has not exercised his biceps or triceps for several weeks and let him do so for the space of three minutes. Then observe how exhausted he feels. It is because the muscles are not used to such violent action. In the same way let a man start a violent respiratory motion and continue it for three minutes. You will see the most perfect picture of that tired feeling that you could imagine. That will be proof enough that the person who is thus rendered tired is not accustomed to breathing. The proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the bag, as the old saw says. Just try this plan once. Breathe heavily and deep for two minutes on rising in the morning and see what a feeling of exhaustion will be experienced. Then you will understand that very few people breathe as they should, and that much of sickness is due to this fact. Catch your breath, my friend, and you will profit by it. You'll soon admit that there's a great deal in breathing," and the dyspeptic swallowed all the ozone he could gulp down at one time.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

The Chronic Smoker Kicked, and Then He Was Sorry.

"Will you tell me why it is that women always crowd into the three back seats of an open car?" asked the man with the bone milk-can charm on his watch chain. "There may be seats to burn in the rest of the car, but they've got to butt in on the smokers' seats and keep some poor suffering man from his cigarette.

"If it was an arrangement of the street car company's I could understand it. Take a train of cars and you'll see a crowd on the rear platform of one smoking up to beat the band, and the fellows on the car behind getting their second-hand whiffs, but not daring to smoke themselves because its against the rules. Then on some lines you've got to go in front to smoke. Oh, they're dandies!

"But when it comes to women getting into the smokers' seats there's no exception. They'll take 'em for choice every time. They make men already there feel uncomfortable because they know they ought to be polite and stop smoking, and then they keep the other smokers out. Maybe they do it in the interest of reform. They must know. There's some reason for it. They——"

"Beg pardon," said the conductor, touching the man on the shoulder. "You can't smoke in these seats. Last three behind for smoking."

The man started. "Eh?" he said. "What! Why—er—blamed if that ain't so! Well, that's one on me."

He was in a fourth seat.—Chicago News.

Maizie's Artistic Bent.

Maizie's father was a poet, her mother a painter, and everybody said that Maizie was sure to be a genius; it was her fate by inheritance. No one predicted the direction in which she would eventually turn, but when she was 8 her Aunt Mirabel was sure she would be a great singer. What her uncles thought is of no importance. They had little or no imagination.

About the time that her aunt had settled Maizie's career, Grandpapa Wilkie said he had hopes of the child. "She'll turn out just like anybody," he chuckled. "See if she don't."

It seemed, that first summer night on the farm, as if grandpapa had struck the right note. There had been a wonderful sunset. Maizie's mother, with half-shut eyes, had compared it to Claude Lorraine's paintings. Maizie's father had looked lyrics, and the lay members of the family also expressed their delight in the scene. Maizie looked depressed.

"See her!" whispered Aunt Mirabel. "What exquisite feeling in her face!"

Maizie's parents looked, but it was the grandfather who spoke.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," pouted Maizie, "only everybody's so taken up with the sunset, and I wanted to see the pigs fed!"

Mount Cenis Tunnel.

The gradients are very severe in the Mont Cenis tunnel, and trains coming from France, with an incline of one in forty against them for several miles at a stretch, when followed by a current of air in the same direction, produce what might almost be described as an Inferno. For here, as in all other steep tunnels, engines drawing heavy loads steam along with their regulators wide open, emitting huge volumes of smoke and steam, and with an atmosphere of, say, 90 degrees Fahrenheit the discomfort of the custodians of the tunnel may be imagined far better than it can be described.

At regular intervals of a kilometer in the tunnel there is a refuge, or "grande chamber," for the workmen. This refuge is supplied with compressed air, fresh water, a telephone in each direction, a medicine chest, barometer and thermometer. As it is the practice of these custodians to go in pairs, if one man succumbs to the lack of oxygen or dense smoke his companion can render assistance or telephone for further help. If a man can manage to drag his swooning comrade inside one of these chambers he has merely to close the door, turn on the store of compressed air, and wait either for the tunnel to clear or for a locomotive to come to their rescue.—Strand Magazine.

World's Output of Minerals.

The total amount of coal produced in the world in 1901 was 789,000,000 tons, of which the United States yielded rather more and the whole British Empire rather less than a third. Germany's output was almost one-fifth. The United States, the British Empire and Germany, taken together, produced six-sevenths of the world's supply. Of the total output of minerals the British Empire yielded about one-third of the coal, one-ninth of the copper, one-half of the gold, one-eighth of the iron, one-fifth of the lead, one-seventieth of the petroleum, one-quarter of the salt, one-ninth of the silver, five-eighths of the tin, and one-fiftieth of the zinc. More than 4,500,000 persons are engaged in mines and quarries the world over. One-fifth of them are employed in the United Kingdom and one-third in the British Empire.

Cost of Refining Copper.

Two students of Cornell University have discovered that by using higher temperature and electrical currents in the refining of copper the cost, which is now $5 a ton, can be reduced by half. About $80,000,000 worth of copper is refined in this country annually, and $12,000,000 worth of silver and $4,000,000 worth of gold are recovered therefrom.

Some men brag about their wives as if they wanted to sell them.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY ENDORSES PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen:—"I can cheerfully say that Mrs. Schley has taken Pe-ru-na and I believe with good effect."—W. S. SCHLEY—Washington, D. C.

Amiral Schley, one of the foremost, notable heroes of the Nineteenth Century. A name that starts terror in the heart of every Spaniard. A man of steady nerve, clear head, undaunted courage and prompt decision.

Approached by a friend recently, his opinion was asked as to the efficacy of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy. Without the slightest hesitation he gave this remedy his endorsement. It appeared on later conversation that Peruna has been used in his family, where it is a favorite remedy.

Such endorsements serve to indicate the wonderful hold that Peruna has upon the minds of the American people. It is out of the question that so great and famous a man as Admiral Schley could have any other reason for giving his endorsement to Preuna than his positive conviction that the remedy is all that he says it is.

The fact is Peruna has overcome all opposition and has won its way to the hearts of the people. The natural timidity which so many people have felt about giving endorsements to any remedy is giving way. Gratitude and a desire to help others has inspired thousands of people to give public testimonials for Peruna who heretofore would not have consented to such publicity.

Never before in the annals of medicine has it happened that so many men of national and international reputation have been willing to give unqualified and public endorsements to a proprietary remedy. No amount of advertising could have accomplished such a result. Peruna has won on its own merits. Peruna cures catarrh of whatever phase or location in the human body. This is why it receives so many notable and unique endorsements.

Address The Peruna Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

HUNDREDS OF PIANOS RUINED.

Flood Caused Loss of $200,000 in Musical Instruments.

More than 500 pianos were totally ruined in the recent floods in Kansas City. The piano houses of the city are busy tearing apart the water-soaked instruments, saving some of the hardware, and sending the polished wood to the kindling heaps.

"There is no salvage to a soaked piano," said a prominent piano man. "When they get wet up to the keys they are ruined."

The J. W. Jenkins Music Company lost two carloads of new pianos that had not been unloaded from the cars. They were soaked and rendered useless in the boxes in which they came from the factory. Then there were approximately 350 rented pianos in the flood. These are a total loss to the dealers who had placed them in the various homes.

A piano is made up of very delicate parts. One fine-looking instrument which had apparently fared well in the immersion was all in pieces at the workshop of the Jenkins Music Company yesterday. It did not look to be a ruin, good only for the scrap heap, but that was its announced condition. The polish on the outer surface was as fine as ever. All the interior mechanism was in apparently good shape. But there were faintly perceptible warpings and a trace of rust on the metal. The keys had become swollen and warped until they were immovable.

It is the intention of the companies who have damaged pianos to make some experiments with the better ones in an effort to find out whether it be possible to rejuvenate the instruments. But every piano house in the city has announced that it will never send out for sale or hire any of the instruments that have been flooded.

The collection of damaged pianos in the Kansas City warehouses embraces instruments from the aristocratic $1,500 symphony in mahogany to the humble $150 kind in imitation of something which it is not. And they are all valueless. The salvage is not worth more than the cost of taking the instrument to pieces.

"The hardware in them," said one of the men at work wrecking pianos in the warerooms of F. G. Smith, "is all that can be saved. It is worth about 60 cents in each instrument."

The value of pianos destroyed in the Kansas City flood exceeds $200,000.—Kansas City Journal.

His Solitary Satisfaction.

"Does Jawjye chew gum habitually?"

"No. Why?"

"I never see him that his jaw isn't wagging."

"Oh, that's because he delights in saying to himself the things he would say to his wife if he dared."—Harper's Bazar.

Romantic.

"Their engagement was rather romantic, was it not?"

"Yes, rather. They went in bathing got beyond their depth and were comp etely carried away with each other."—Puck.

Origin of Ox-Tail Soup.

Ox-tail soup, now regarded as a national English dish, was first made by the very poor of Huguenot refugees from France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, because ox tails then had no market value.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior parter 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.

Something Amusing.

"You mustn't cough so much, Willie," his mother said.

"I can't help it, mamma," replied the little boy with the long, golden curls. "Something amuses me in my throat."—Chicago Tribune.

Habits of the Tailor Bird.

This wonderful bird lives in India. It has a beak shaped very much like a shoemaker's awl. The little bird, which is yellow in color and only three inches long, says the Philadelphia Ledger, derives its name from the way in which it makes its nest. It selects a large leaf, hanging from the end of a twig; then it pierces a number of holes along the edge of it with its awl-like beak, and then gets the long fibers of plants, which make excellent thread, and carefully sews the edges together like a purse or a bag, using its bill for a needle to carry the thread through. The ends of the thread are knotted, to prevent them from slipping through the leaf. The stalk end of the leaf is bent and crushed so as to form a hood over the opening of the nest, protecting it from sun and rain.

When the leaf is not large enough to make the nest, this bright little bird gets another leaf, pierces it with holes and pieces the two leaves together. The interior of the nest is lined with cotton and silky grass, making a very snug and comfortable home for the little birds. The bird and its nest full of eggs are so very light that they can be suspended from the end of a slender twig.

Only One Wellington.

That was a graceful compliment which was paid to the Duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not every one recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn nowadays, bore the name of Wellington.

When the duke was prime minister he once visited Windsor Castle to consult with the queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the duke left the castle her majesty remarked, "I hope your grace is well shod?"

"Oh," said the duke, "I have on a pair of Wellington's, and am proof against dampness."

The queen retorted. "Your grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons."

Rigid Etiquette for Women.

In northern India it is still considered not genteel for a woman, even when veiled from head to foot, to walk on a railway platform to get into the cars. She has to be carried in a closed palanquin right up to the window of her compartment.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing syrup the best remedy to use for their children the teething season.

The Retort Courteous.

Snapp—He's got a scheme for making money that seems to be all right in theory.

Skrapp—Huh! all men with theories are fools.

Snapp—Indeed. That's your theory, is it?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cross?
Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME" THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME.

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons. This sign and this name have stood for the BEST during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.
If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow waterproof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and horse goods for all kinds of wet work.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
THE SIGN OF THE TOWER'S FISH BRAND
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PILES
"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Nevell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.
CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313
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You can save from $3 to $5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas $3.50 or $3 shoes.
They equal those that have been costing you from $4.00 to $5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.
Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.

That Douglas uses Corona Colt proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Corona is the highest grade Pat. Leather made. *Fast Color Eyelets used. Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.*
Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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

Where We All Quail.

"Colonel," asked the beautiful grass widow, "have you ever really known what it was to be frightened?" "I should say I have," replied the gallant warrior. "At the dentist's office the other day I could actually feel the blood congealing in my veins when he came at me with his buzz saw."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Battle of Lexicon.

Bruiser—I heard you were laying for Snoozer to make him fight. Did you succeed?

Broncubuster — No. I called him everything I could lay my tongue to, but there was no fight in him.—Boston Transcript.

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

Largest Boy in the World.

In a certain Paris establishment the largest boy in the world is exhibited. His name is Anton Mochty. He weighs 150 pounds and is 10 years old. His breast measures 45 inches from armpit to armpit, and his head is 22 inches in diameter. Nature gave Anton six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand. In his village they call him the "rubber ball," on account of the rotundity of his features.

You can play the piano at sight. BY OUR SYSTEM OF MUSIC. Price 20 in Dimes or One Cent Stamps. Address THE BURNETT MUSIC CO. 1526 O'FARRELL ST. SAN FRANCISCO. BIG DISCOUNT TO MAIL ORDER DEALERS.

Stickney Gasoline Engine
Fifty dollars can be saved by buying the above. Will run cheaper, chopping 15 to 20 bushels per hour, wood saw, well drilling machinery, pumps, etc. Write for catalogue. REIERSON MACHINERY CO., Foot of Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon.

For Sale or Exchange.
Two 160 Acre Tracts and two 120 Acre Tracts of unimproved prairie land in Nebraska, clear title; will grow corn, oats, wheat, rye, alfalfa. Will exchange any or all for small saw mill, shingle mill, timber or ranch property in Washington or Oregon. A. B. NEWELL, Box 818, Seattle, Wash.

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DISAGREEABLE REFLECTIONS

The mirror never flatters; it tells the truth, no matter how much it may hurt the pride or how humiliating and disagreeable the reflections. A red, rough skin is fatal to beauty, and blackheads, blotches and pimples are ruinous to the complexion, and no wonder such desperate efforts are made to hide these blemishes, and cover over the defects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigorously and often without regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisons contained in these cosmetics.

Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and poisons in the blood, and to attempt a cure by external treatment is an endless, hopeless task. Some simple wash or ointment is often beneficial when the skin is much inflamed or itches, but you can't depend upon local remedies for permanent relief, for the blood is continually throwing off impurities which irritate and clog the glands and pores of the skin, and as long as the blood remains unhealthy, just so long will the eruptions last. To effectually and permanently cure skin troubles the blood must be purified and the system thoroughly cleansed and built up, and S. S. S., the well known blood purifier and tonic, is acknowledged superior to all other remedies for this purpose. It is the only guaranteed strictly vegetable blood remedy. It never deranges the system or impairs the digestion like Potash and Arsenic and drugs of this character, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of food and improves the appetite. Being a blood purifier and tonic combined, the humors and poisons are counteracted and the blood made rich and pure, and at the same time the general health and system is rapidly built up and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth, soft skin and beautiful complexion.

Cartersville, Ga., R. R. No. 2.
I suffered for a number of years with a severe Nettle-rash.
About twelve years ago I started using S. S. S., and after taking three bottles I felt myself cured and have since taken a bottle occasionally, and had little or no trouble along that line. My general health has been better since. I recommend S. S. S. as a good blood medicine and all round tonic. Yours truly,
Mrs. M. I. PITTARD.

Some two years ago I suffered a great deal, caused on account of bad blood. Small rash or pimples broke out over my body and kept getting worse day by day for over a year. Seeing S. S. S. advertised in the papers and having heard also it had cured several people in this city, concluded to give it a fair trial. After using the medicine for some time, taking in all six bottles, I was entirely cured.
EDWARD C. LONG,
1020 Clay Street, Paducah, Ky.

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If you have any skin trouble send for our free book, "The Skin and Its Diseases." No charge for medical advice. Write us about your case.
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ALSO ALL KINDS OF GRASS AND CLOVER SEED
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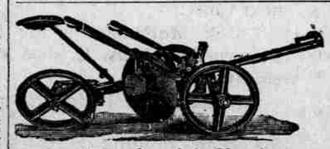

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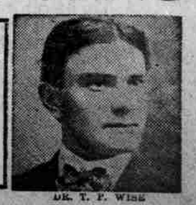

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