

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acrid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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The Court—Six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it by—er—correspondence course?—Puck.

Her Given Age. Bacon—The average age of persons arrested in New York City is 22 1/2 years and one out of five is a woman. Egbert—I suppose the age liable to be given by the woman brings the average away down.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Conclusive. Society Leader—What! Is there a report out that I am going to marry Col. Gazoo? Why, I don't even know him! Matronly Friend—That proves nothing, my dear. I have been married to Dr. Permangan for thirty-seven years, and I don't know him even yet.

Said She. Prof. McGooze (suddenly checking himself)—Pardon me, Miss Genevieve, for talking so long. When I get started on my hobby I never know when to stop. I ought not to have assumed, anyhow, that you are interested in antiques. Miss de Muir—Indeed I am, professor. I could listen to you for hours.

Somewhat Different. The honeymoon was only a memory. "On our wedding day," she said, "I was under the impression that you had filled my heart with sunshine." "Well?" he queried.

Pleasant for Clarence. The sharp, penetrating voice of the young woman's mother rang out on the still night air. "Marie, come in the house this minute! Haven't I told you—"

"Mamma," interrupted an equally sharp voice, appearing to come from somewhere on the front porch, "this isn't Jack! This is Clarence!"

All Tangled Up. The boy temporarily in charge of the "morgue" in the office of the Daily Thunderbolt was not sure whether he had found the portrait the night editor wanted or not, as there was no name on it.

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Sir Henry Samuel, who was a Unionist candidate for Parliament, is the author of this bull: "The legislative garden of the Liberals is an arid swamp."

The Limit. Biggs—The Dopsos are very exclusive, I understand. Diggs—Yes, indeed. Why, they even have wire screens on their doors and windows so their flies can't get out and associate with the flies of their neighbors.

"Hurrah." The history of many a race may be read in its battle cry. The "Banza!" of the Japanese, the "Faghghallah!" of the Irish, and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "Hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battle cry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur aie," meaning, "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "Huzza" and pronounced "Hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.

"Pass the East Wind." Miss Agnes Slack, secretary of the International W. C. T. U., told on the Merion, as she was about to sail for Liverpool, a temperance story:

"A little boy, one evening at dinner, gazed at his father's face a long while, and then said: "Papa, what makes your nose so dreadful red?"

"The east wind, of course," the father answered with gruff haste. "Pass that jug of beer, and don't talk so much!"

"Then, from the other end of the table the boy's mother said sweetly: "Yes, Tommy, pass your father the east wind, and be careful not to spill any on the table cloth!"

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Hewitt—What did they charge you a day at that summer hotel? Jewitt—I only know the minute price.—Town Talk.

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Wise—He's very wealthy. Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean. Wise—Come now, yer not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes. Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

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My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair, so now there is not a gray hair to be seen.—J. W. HANCOCK, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SASSAPARILLA PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

He Took a Rest. As it is undoubtedly true that one man's meat may be another man's poison, so it happens sometimes that what seems like work to one person is regarded as recreation by another.

"Had a good lecture on Alaska, didn't we, Eb?" asked one of Mr. Dodd's neighbors, meeting him the day after the lecture. "To sit there peaceful as pie for two hours, hearing him reel off the information and seeing those pictures cast on the screen, was a grand rest for me, beat out with cranberrying as I be."

"It was a good enough talk," admitted Mr. Dodd, in a grudging tone, "but it didn't rest me any to speak of. Between having to set stock still without a chance to get in a word for two mortal hours and crane my neck looking at those views, I was pretty well wore when I got home."

"But I took the lantern out into the woodshed, and by the time I'd split up a week's kindlings I felt kind o' rested an' calmed down."

Dogs and Musical Tones. The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kallischer, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kallischer trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

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How the Ball Wound Up. "Yas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom." "Mingled, yo' say?" "Mingled 'til 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

The London milkman covers his route on foot, pushing a hand cart with three wheels, which carries his cans of milk and his different measures.

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

Clever at That. "Who is that seedy-looking man over there?" "That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories." "Oh, an author, eh?" "No, I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, ited, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

A Distinction. "So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country." "No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

He Had Enough. "Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly." "What's his name?" asked the chief. "Vladevolodewschowski." "Huh! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

Mica Axle Grease. The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time to make money, when wheels are greased with Mica Axle Grease.

—The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world. STANDARD OIL CO. Incorporated.

Too Much of a Good Thing. "Didn't you get an order out of that buyer?" demanded the head of the firm.

"No," replied the salesman, "you see, I didn't begin to talk business to him until I'd given him a good big dinner."

"Maybe the dinner wasn't good enough."

"I think it was too good. It gave him dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

OLD "PINOCHLE"

Odd Character Who is Getting Rich Off Needs of Cornell Students. With the close of the school year at Cornell University, Aaron Wells, more widely known as "Pinochle," reaps a golden harvest. Students who are hard up go to him at this time and borrow money, sometimes on notes and frequently "on honor" only, but they one and all have to pay old Pinochle fat interest.

Wells began business there ten years ago practically without a dollar. Too poor to pay rent, he stood on the street offering to buy second-hand wearing apparel of any kind. Now he has a pretentious clothing store and it is as much of a landmark as the Dutch Kiteben or the office of the registrar of the university. Five men are now employed by the industrious clothier, who makes a small fortune in this business alone.

His agents still hang around on the corners, but Pinochle only goes up the hill when telephoned for. Every once in a while a swell fraternity men will summon him up to the house and there is a grand clearance sale. Suits that have only been worn for one season, dress clothes that are a bit too small, overcoats of the most fashionable styles, all are thrown toward the little clothing man with the query, "What am I bid?" Sometimes the clothes are fairly worn out; more often the owner is pretty hard up, and in both cases they are sold for a ridiculously low price.

A suit that cost \$40 will go to Pinochle for \$2, and dress coats and overcoats bring from \$5 to \$10. Sometimes the student will kick, but the best he can get out of the imperturbable dealer is: "Well, I'll match you. Five dollars or nothing." And even at this game he usually wins. He makes about 500 per cent on every article he buys, but the students need the money, so they let it go.

But it is in the money-lending business that Wells has acquired the greatest celebrity. Almost any fraternity man in Ithaca with whom he has done business in clothes, or any well-to-do student who can get an introduction to him, can make a "touch" when he is hard up, and thousands of dollars are loaned out every year. Money to go home on, to bet on football, baseball and track games and crew races, to pay bills that are about to be sued on, to play poker with—in fact, money for everything can be obtained from Wells.

In small sums or large, it makes little difference. Sometimes the men leave town without paying up; there have been cases of loans as high as \$500 standing out for years, but in the end they are collected. Either the borrowers themselves pay or their parents pay for them, as Pinochle keeps close watch and knows the addresses of all his clients. He is the best pinochle player in Ithaca.

MUTUAL SERVICE. The experience of Capt. Robert Benham, during troubles with the Indians in Ohio in 1778, is one of the strangest in the history of Indian warfare. The author of "The Ohio River" gives a description of it. "Having broken through the line of Indians during a battle, Benham made his escape, though wounded by a musket-ball in both legs near the loins. He reached an immense fallen tree, crawled under it, and lay still through the ensuing night and the next day