A Bad Stomach

lessens the usefulness and mars the happiness of life.

It's a weak stomach, a stomach that can not properly perform its functions. Among its symptoms are distress after eating, nausea between meals, heartburn, belching, vomiting, flatulency and nervous headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures a bad stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the cure is permanent. Accept no substitute.

Science AND Invention

In the caves of La Mouthe and Font de Gamme in France have been discovered some remarkable engravings and rough paintings on the rock, made in prehistoric times, and representing animals long since extinct. Among these the mammoth figures conspicuously. There are also striking pictures of the reindeer, which is known to have once been an inhabitant of Western Europe.

Meterorological instruments of gigantic size have been designed by M. Janssen for the summit of Mont Blanc, and are to be read by telescope from Chamonix, at the foot of the mountain. The barometer is to have a huge dial, with hands moved by a platinum float on the mercury. The thermometer will contain several quarts of alcohol, and will have degree marks an inch or more apart. The force and direction of the wind will be estimated from the deflection of an iron ball, filled with mercury and suspended from a post.

Arizona engineers regard the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as affording one of the greatest fields in existence for the development of electricity from water power. In addition to the immense power of the Colorado itself, large stores of energy are available in the smaller streams that leap into the vast chasm. The plan by which the power of the main stream will, it is now thought, eventually be utilized is that of "picking up" the fall of the river by means of tunnels. At a point about seventy miles north of Williams it is said that a fall of 5,000 feet can be found in a distance but little exceeding a mile.

The Department of Agriculture is at present investigating the curious behavior of certain plants growing on the Western prairies which are known as loco-weeds. "Loco" in Spanish signifies crazy. Cattle and other animals feeding upon loco-weeds suffer a derangement of the brain that prevents co-ordinating movements. Several weeds belonging to the bean family are included in this poisonous category. It has been asserted that a single dose of some of these weeds will cause insanity; but V. K. Chestnut, of the Department of Agriculture, expresses the belief that several days of feeding are required to produce a bad effect.

A cloud is white because its corpuscles of vapor are large enough to reflect all rays, large and small. But the upper air has infinite numbers of particles so minute that they throw back only the smaller—or blue—waves of light, and not the larger red, yellow and green waves, and thus blue is the predominant, but not exclusive, color of the sky. This long-accepted theory of Prof. Tyndall's is now questioned by M. Spring, the Swiss physicist. He has experimented with luminous rays under many conditions, getting all colors except blue, which failed to appear, until, by the aid of electricity, he secured a pure atmosphere. This was clearly tinged with blue, leading to the conclusion that the blue of the sky is an essential quality of the air, of chemical origin.

Poor Child.

"I hear Jack Kandor was here to see the baby," said Mr. Hoamley.

"Yes," his wife replied.

"I suppose the first thing he said was: 'He looks just like his father.'"

"No, the first thing he said was 'Good Heavens!' Then he said that."

CUTPUT OF TOOTHPICKS.

Millions Manufactured in America and More Imported.

There is one article of manufacture that is used so extensively in the United States that no one has an idea of the annual quantity consumed, namely, wooden toothpicks. According to an expert, the number is simply incalculable. Millions upon millions of the tiny wooden slivers are turned out every year from American factories alone, and on top of this tremendous output come importations from Portugal and Japan and other countries nearly as large as the domestic product.

Most of the American toothpicks, according to the New York Times, come from Franklin County, in Maine, near the forest home of the white birch, out of which 95 per cent of the domestic toothpicks are made. This wood is soft and pliable and of admirable resistance for the purpose for which it is used. Whole mills in Maine are devoted to supplying the country with toothpicks, and in the industry is to be found some of the finest and most intricate of machinery. So tremendous is the output of these machines that in a brief season, during the spring, enough toothpicks can be made to supply the markets of the entire country for the year to come.

A further idea of the capacity of the machines may be had from the fact that only 100 men are necessary to operate and run all the mills in Franklin County. Other mills of this kind are scattered throughout Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and western New York, but the real home of the toothpick is Maine.

White birch is not the only wood used for the domestic toothpick; maple and poplar are employed as well, but birch has the property of retaining its forest odor and sweetness.

The felling of toothpick trees is only incidental to the regular lumber work of the Maine foresters. No especial men are sent out to hunt up suitable trees. But whenever the foreman of a gang of woodsmen comes across a tree especially adapted to toothpicks he orders it felled and laid aside. The branches of the tree are then trimmed and only the trunk itself is transported to the mills. There the bark is skinned and the naked trunk is run through a machine which severs it into veneers. "Veneers" is the technical expression for thin strips of wood no thicker than a piece of blotting paper and no wider than the length of a toothpick. Once the trunk has been cut into these sheets of wood, only one process remains to turn out the toothpicks fit for packing and shipping to market. The veneers are fed into a second machine supplied with sharp, rotary knives that whirl at tremendous high speed, snipping the veneers into toothpicks at the rate of hundreds of thousands an hour.

It is only the so-called "fancy" toothpick that is not made in this country. In Portugal, from where most of the orangewood picks are imported, the sticks are sharpened by young girls who, in return for turning out "picks" sharp as needles and smooth as ivory, are paid 3 cents a day.

The Japanese toothpicks are made of fine reeds, and are distinct from those sent to this country by the Portuguese manufacturers. A Japanese toothpick is delicate and thin as tissue paper, and nevertheless strong and pliable. The Japanese toothpick-maker earns even less than his Portuguese fellow craftsman, his remuneration being a fraction more than 2 cents a day. In short, a thousand toothpicks may be bought in Japan for as much as it costs to pack and box 5,000 of American make.

Children's Favorite Dead.

Miss Elizabeth W. Martin, whose stories for children were widely known, is dead. She was a cousin of Samuel L. Cemens and Col. Henry Watterson.

Well Described.

"What is a trust?" asked the teacher.

"A trust," replied the newspaper man's boy, "is a subject for an editorial when there is nothing else to be discussed."—Chicago Post.

Antwerp Strongly Fortified.

Few people are aware of the enormous military strength of Antwerp. Since 1860 $15,000,000 has been spent on fortifications.

GOOD Short Stories

A certain weekly wakes up its delinquent subscribers in this lively fashion: "It is said that a man who squeezes a dollar never squeezes his wife. A glance at our subscription book leads us to believe that many women in this section are not having their ribs cracked. Come in and settle and show that all's right at home."

Not long ago a certain door company received an order for a carload of doors from an embryo Texas town. The order was filled and the doors ready for shipment, when a telegram was received canceling the order, and announcing that a letter of explanation would follow. The letter arrived, and was found to be brief and much to the point. It read: "Cancel order for carload of doors. The town has suddenly gone prohibition, and so many doors could not be used in twenty years."

Recently an American traveling in Russia, who had neglected to provide himself with a passport, when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains, was held up by an official with a demand for his passport. For an instant the American was stumped, but, so the story goes, he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket, he pulled out his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinizing the imposing-looking seal and the array of signatures. Then, with a satisfied air, he handed back the paper, and the American passed on.

The first Lord Ampthill once called upon Bismarck, and, while he waited in an ante-room before being received by the German chancellor, out came Count Harry Arnim, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman entered the apartment he found Bismarck apparently gasping for breath at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," the chancellor said; "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."

A suburban Philadelphia banker tells with great satisfaction a story that illustrates well the almost incredible prowess in egg-laying of his hens. "Some time ago," he says, "an egg was left for a nest egg in the place where my hens lay. This nest egg, the other day, hatched, and I have now one lonely little chick, which several dozen mothers care for. Here is the explanation of this miracle: My hens are such steady layers that one would no sooner get off the nest egg, having deposited a fresh egg beside it, than another would slip on, and in her turn lay. Thus by dozens of different mothers the solitary egg was hatched. Though no one hen 'sat' or 'clooked' on it, nevertheless it was kept always warm, and in due time there stepped forth from it a lonely but vigorous chick."

"TWO KITTIES."

Some Queer Errors Made by Children in Titles of Books.

The children who make use of public libraries usually know quite as well as their elders what they want, although they make occasional mistakes in asking for it.

A very natural confusion of a modern with an earlier classic was in the mind of that small boy, for instance, who recently demanded "Golliwog's Travels," and the librarian, who finally induced him to accept Gulliver's instead, was excusable for being momentarily puzzled.

Nor was the little girl immediately served and satisfied who requested a book by Hannah Sanderson, of which she could not remember the title. She knew it was in the library, because "Mamie Johnson had had it, and it was lovely."

It was quite useless to inform her that no such book appeared in the catalogue; she merely thought the attendant very stupid, and proceeded, by way of enlightening her, to describe the contents. When she mentioned that one story was about a frog princess, the official mind was suddenly illumined, and she received the fairy tales of Hans Andersen—which was what she wanted.

An incident which, as the narrator truly says, would have delighted Dickens himself, occurred at the Jackson Square branch of the New York Public Library not long ago, when a little girl—needless to say a very little girl—artlessly inquired for "A Tale of Two Kitties, by Charles Dickens." She was not of an age for novels, nor for thrilling incidents of the French Revolution; the librarian saw her error, kindly explained that C in "Cities" sounded like S, and offered her a book of pussy-cat stories suitable to her years.

She was quite satisfied to accept it. It was not Dickens she wanted, it was "kitties."

ENGLISH PLEASURE GARDENS.

Magnificent Heritage Maintained Admirably Since the Tudor Period.

English gardens are distinguished from those of continental Europe, because they have had a continuous existence and history since the Tudor period. Italian gardens were at their best late in the sixteenth century and early in the seventeenth century, says the Architectural Record; but thereafter they declined just as all Italian art declined. During the eighteenth century the local and cardinal princes maintained them; but they did not build new ones; and during the nineteenth century they have scarcely been kept in repair.

The French garden reached its consummate expression in Versailles late in the seventeenth century. The crown so completely overshadowed French life at that time and during the eighteenth century that the royal gardens are something more than royal: they are also national. But since the revolution social and economic conditions have not favored in France the laying out of new and elaborate gardens. Such gardens are a luxury, to be enjoyed only by the very rich, and French wealth tends to be distributed rather than concentrated. Moreover, French people, while they love the country and delight in flowers, are so social that the characteristic expressions of their modern life are urban. They have made Paris something both of a garden and a park, but individual Frenchmen have not indulged in elaborate formal gardens for their personal pleasure.

In England other conditions have prevailed. Ever since Tudor time there have been resident on the soil an energetic and efficient aristocracy and landed gentry who were to a greater or less extent the real leaders of the country. They have for the most part been prosperous and progressive, living on their estates and adapting their social habits to country life. Consequently throughout the whole of the time old gardens have been altered and new ones built; new ideas and influences have been constantly creeping in; and at the same time the conservative habits of England, the continuity of its life and the comparative absence of revolutionary and military disturbance have all contributed to the maintenance almost unimpaired of their magnificent heritage of gardens. There is no parallel in England to the partial decay and ruin of the great Italian and French gardens. Englishmen either maintain or improve, or they destroy. It is true that their improvements are more destructive than the negligence of Italians, but it is at least the evidence of a fresh and living interest.

HIS FIRST SUCCESS.

Famous Portrait Painter Tells of an "Ecce Homo."

The first success of an artist is always interesting. G. P. A. Healy, the portrait painter, tells of his in his "Reminiscences." A Miss Stuart, who had taken some interest in him, had lent him a print of Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo." He copied this on a canvas, and then colored it as best he could, without any help except as the study of his own face afforded for the flesh tints.

Such as it was, says Mr. Healy, I carried the picture to a good-natured bookseller, who consented to put it in his shop window. I own that I often found an excuse for passing along that street, so as to give a rapid glance at my work.

A Catholic priest from the country happened to pass that way, and stopped to look at the picture. After hesitating, he went in and asked whether the picture was for sale. My friend the bookseller must have had a twinkle in his eye as he answered that doubtless the artist would consent to part with his work for a consideration.

"I am not rich," said the priest. "All I could scrape together would be ten dollars."

"I will speak to the artist and give you an answer to-morrow." And on the morrow the priest carried away the "Ecce Homo" and the "artist" pocketed the ten dollars. I do not know which was the happier of the two; but I rather fancy it was the boy painter.

Some thirty years later, as I stood talking with some friends at the Capitol in Washington, I saw an old man wearing a Roman collar. On hearing my name pronounced by one of my friends, he came up to me and said: "Are you Mr. Healy, the painter?" I bowed, and he continued, with a smile: "I believe that I am the possessor of one of your earliest works, if not the earliest. Do you remember an 'Ecce Homo' which you had placed in the window of a Boston bookseller? A country priest offered ten dollars for it. I am the priest, and your picture still hangs in my little church. I have always felt that I had something to do with your success in life."

I shook my first patron heartily by the hand, and told him what joy his ten dollars had given me.

A ROYAL ART STUDENT.

The Sultan of Morocco Became a Very Tractable Pupil.

Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, who often in the last year has drawn the eyes of the world to his monarchy in northern Africa, has learned that some things European are better than some things Moorish, and has set out to acquire them. Among other things, he learned that Europeans paint, and he sent for an artist to teach his royal hand the art. The artist was Arthur Schneider, who tells the Century Magazine his experience with his lordly pupil.

At the first audience with the Sultan he showed some of his sketches.

"Draw me a man," said the Sultan.

Mr. Schneider drew a charcoal sketch of an American Indian. The Sultan took paper and pencil, which he had never used before, and made a fair copy. The artist complimented him.

"No, no," he replied; "but by and by, God willing, I shall be able to do as you do. Now I am only a beginner." Rather a modest spirit for a lord of the earth.

The next day the Sultan showed the drawing of the Indian besmudged and streaked. "Why has thy friend gone?"

"It was done in charcoal and should have been fixed."

"The same charcoal we burn in the fire-pot?"

"Very like it."

"Wondrous! Canst make a likeness of one standing by thee?"

"Yes, my lord." So Mr. Schneider drew the Moorish doctor, sprayed the drawing with "fixatif" and passed it to the throne, where the royal fingers streaked it through but did not remove the charcoal.

"Wonderful!" said Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz.

The Sultan soon learned to draw fairly well. Some of his drawings are reproduced in the magazine with Mr. Schneider's article.

Thousands of New Federal Jobs.

The last Congress created 11,316 new offices and employments, at an annual compensation of $7,927,639. As the Congress also abolished 1,815 offices, the net increase is 9,501, with an aggregate of $6,985,158 in salaries and wages.

Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in my back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable Compound."—MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., President Household Economics Club.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Women should remember there is one tried and true remedy for all female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Refuse to buy any other medicine, you need the best.

Bird's Nest in Letter Box.

At the village of Weald, near St. Neots, England, the public letter box contains a bird's nest with four eggs. The postman whose duty it is to take away the letters time after time found pieces of moss in the box and threw them out, but the bird always took them back, so at length he left the nest materials alone. The box is opened three times a day, but the bird sits on quite unconcerned.

A Wonderful Actor.

Winks—Talk about stage realism! You should see Strident in "Love and Woe."

Jinks—He can't hold a candle to my friend, Mouther. Why, sir, he played the heavy villain in "Woman's Wrongs" so realistically that his wife sued for a divorce the next week."—N. Y. Weekly.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Not to Be Thought Of.

Housewife (to tramp)—If you saw that wood I will give you 10 cents.

Tramp—My dear woman, I would be happy to favor you, but you see if I did that job for 10 cents I would be prosecuted under the new anti-trust law for charging you less than I charge your neighbors.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

One Woman's View.

"I suppose you turned me down because of my poverty," said the impecunious youth who had just been handed the frosty mitt; "but you should remember that it is possible to have plenty of money and still be unhappy."

"True," replied she of the refrigerator mein, "but I would rather be unhappy with money than without it."—Chicago News.

Austria Never a Colonizer.

Austria is the only empire in the world which has never had colonies or even trans-marine possessions in any quarter of the globe.

Drains Large Area.

That low lying territory of the Mississippi should at times be overflowed is not surprising if one considers that the "Father of Waters" draws supplies from twenty-eight states, draining one-third of the area of the United States.

A Domestic Mystery.

Hobby (walking the floor at 2 a. m.)—I'd just like to know why this baby persists in staying awake every night?

Wifey—Really, I can't imagine. I never have any trouble in keeping him awake in the daytime.—New York Weekly.

Lost Prestige.

"They used to move in the best circles."

"Yes, but they've moved into a less fashionable square."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Strenuous Vacation.

Caterby—What are you doing in town? I thought you were living in the country, playing golf, ping-pong, tether ball and going to dances.

Peterkin—I am. But I have to come to town occasionally to get rested.—Detroit Free Press.

The Country Editor.

A great British statesman has declared that all reform movements begin in Lancashire and end in London. It may likewise be affirmed that the policies of this nation are primarily shaped in the comparative seclusion of the rural sanctum, the directors of the metropolitan press being for the most part middlemen in ideas, as city merchants are in commodities.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wants Husband's Statue in View.

Mrs. John A. Logan and the residents of Iowa Circle, Washington, where the statue of Gen. Logan is located, are at odds because Mrs. Logan wishes more of the trees cut down in the circle so that the view of the statue will not be obstructed.

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

The Deacon's Opinion.

"Yes, suh," said the old colored brother, "dat boy is so fond er traum' dat I ve'ly believes dat ef he wuz in heaven en dey let him come back fer a holiday he'd sell his return ticket and trust to lein' blowed back by a hurricane!"—Atlanta Constitution.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Exchange of Compliments.

She—And what did father say when you asked him?

He—He said he didn't want any fool in the family.

She—And he really doesn't know you at all!

He—Except that I want to marry you.—Boston Transcript.

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

Next Thing in Order.

"How proud he is now that he owns an automobile."

"Naturally. You know the old proverb."

"What's that?"

"'Pride goeth before a fall.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pipe Cob Corb.

Some of the farmers in Lafayette county, Missouri, are making a specialty of growing pipe cob corn. They say it yields them as much of the grain as any other kind and the cobs bring them in revenue besides.

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.

Enough to Kill Him.

Hobo Charley—Soy, loidy, if dat c'awg lites me he dies see?"

Lady—I believe you; I don't see how he could recover.—Baltimore American.

LOWEST RATES

To Chicago, Dubuque and the East; to Des Moines, Kansas City and the Southeast, via Chicago Great Western railway. Electric lighted trains. Unequalled service. Write to J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, for information.

A Dire Threat.

"Here's a letter from Mr. Smith saying he can't pay his bill this month."

"Just write him a note and say if he doesn't pay up within a month we'll quit sending him bills."—Chicago American.

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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

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Bilious? Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Gently laxative; all vegetable. Sold for 60 years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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London will have an international food exhibit at the Crystal Palace next September.

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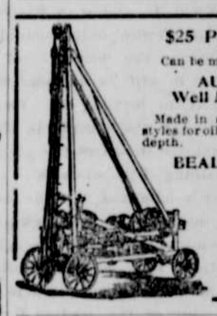

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P. N. U. No 37—1903.

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GENTLEMEN:—I have been feeding your PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD to my thoroughbred swine. It gives them an appetite, and makes the pigs grow. I also tried it on stunted calves with satisfactory results. F. W. Grosse, Blair, Neb.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents.

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.

SSS

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.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.