

S.S.S. CURES BLOOD POISON A SAFE HOME TREATMENT

In S. S. S. nature has provided a certain, safe, home cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is a medicine made entirely of roots and herbs of recognized blood-purifying value, and is the one medicine which is able to get down to the root of the trouble and remove every particle of the virus, and at the same time benefit and build up the system and general health. No harmful effects ever follow its use, as is so often the case when strong mineral medicines are used. As soon as the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. the disease begins to improve, and when the remedy has thoroughly purified the blood and driven out every trace of the poison, no signs of the trouble are ever seen again. The general manifestations of Contagious Blood Poison such as falling hair, copper-colored spots, ulcerated mouth and throat, sores and ulcers, etc., are merely symptoms of the poisoned condition of the blood, and in most cases respond quickly to local treatment, while S. S. S. is doing the necessary work of cleansing the blood. Our "Home Treatment" book is of great assistance along this line. It is a complete guide for treating the trouble, containing instructions for the different stages of the disease, and also valuable suggestions about the local treatment, that will be most helpful in effecting a cure. We will be glad to send a copy of this book, free of charge, to any who desire it, and if special medical advice is wanted our physicians will take pleasure in supplying it without cost to the patient. If you are suffering with Contagious Blood Poison you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home by the use of S. S. S., an absolutely safe remedy.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR PLAY, "MATCH BOX"

CAST OF CHARACTERS IN STUDENTS' COMEDY TO BE PRESENTED AT EUGENE THEATRE. NAMES OF MEMBERS OF THIS YEAR'S GRADUATING CLASS

Following is the program of the high school seniors' class night at the Eugene theatre Thursday evening:

Plano duet, "Lafayette Overture," Bela: Cella Hager and Lida Garrett. Reading, Bonnie Baker. Presentation of the memorial, Clara Sweeney. Song, "Fairyland Waltz," Helen Koyl, Bonnie Baker, Helen VanDyck, Cella Hager. Acceptance of the memorial, Esther U'Ren.

"MATCH BOX"
Characters in order of appearance: James, servant; Bertie Ruth; Peggy, servant; Pearl Sweet; Tom Lawrence, nephew; Ben Chandler; Blanche, daughter; Laurel Inman; Amy, daughter; Helen Koyl; Wanda, cousin; Fay Clark; DeDeuble, Amy's aunt; Gwynn Watson; Dr. Griggs, Blanche's doctor.

ACT I—Major Radway's Home—morning.
ACT II—Same.

The Senior Class
Following is the personnel of the senior class this year:

Bonnie Mae Baker
Wendell Curry Harbour
Harold Cochrane
Ethel Grace Beebe
Pansy Bella Beebe
Mary Belshaw
Lula Eugenia Campbell
Chester Russell Christian
Fay Clark
Harold B. Cokerhoo
Lida Oakes Garrett
Felida Goldsmith
Cella Hager
Eileen Howe
Glenn Hunter
Emily Laurel Inman
Karl King
Helen Mabel Koyl
Walter Kelly
Mabel Joy Lingo
Daniel Webster Mitchell
John W. Matley
Herbert M. Roome
William Adelbert Ruth
Raymond Salisbury
Ella Slaughter
Arthur B. Stillman
William E. St. John
Henry Charles Sweeney
Earl A. Sweet
Helen VanDyck
Grace E. Wagner
Richard Gwynn Watson.

come home tonight to find your trunks packed and you dressed and ready to leave me—forever!"

His voice broke, and for a moment Mrs. Merriman seemed to waver; then she again picked up the suit case with determination.

"I'll write," she said, "from mother's."

And so he was forced to let her go. He stood for some time on the front steps in the rain, watching the cab as it was swallowed up by the grayness, and then he went into the empty house.

Everything seemed to speak to him of Polly, of their two happy years of married life. There was the mission furniture in the library, the fascinating bookcases with loaded glass, the books that they had read together, the motto over the fireplace on which they had looked night after night when the lamp was out and only the flames lighted the corners of the big room. There was— But he left the library behind him and went upstairs, only to be reminded again and again of Polly as he tripped over her Turkish gold embroidered slippers on the threshold of her pink and white room and noted her frilly dressing gown hanging across a chair, her cut glass bottles on the chiffonier, her ivory brushes on the dressing table.

A sudden thought came to him. Why had she left these things behind? She had been elsewhere looking for the big trunk when he came in that afternoon. "I'll need for it later," she had informed him and had crushed the remaining articles into her suit case.

Why hadn't she taken her dressing gown? Why were the slippers left? As a dawning thought came to him his face brightened. He went over to the trunk and lifted it. It was so light that he moved it easily. Then he sat down on the floor deliberately and picked the lock and opened it. It was empty.

Still smiling, he went over to the

closet and threw the door wide open. It was full of Polly's clothes.

Evidently Polly was coming back. With a mind at ease, he returned to the library and prepared to wait for her. With a book and a cigar and the comfort of his easy chair the time would pass quickly. But it did not pass quickly. He glanced at his watch, and he grew very serious as he thought what it might mean if she should never come back. And in the terror of that thought he went to the telephone and called up Polly's mother.

Polly's mother, answering sleepily, said that Polly was not there, had not been there, and it was midnight. Why was he asking her? What had happened to Polly—what?

Merriman quieted her fears. Polly was out and was late getting home. But, of course, nothing had happened. And then he hung up the receiver.

But he could not quiet his own fears. Polly had never been so late. Perhaps the cabman wasn't trustworthy. Perhaps—oh, there were so many dreadful possibilities.

He stumbled upstairs to get his street coat. He would go out into the night and look for her; he would hunt up that cabman; he—and then he stopped dead still on the threshold of the pink and white room, for there in the big chair, with her shining hair falling all about her, with the gold embroidered slippers peeping from beneath the folds of the frilly dressing gown, was Polly, fast asleep!

And pinned to the top of her chair was a placard on which in big letters was written:

"April Fool!"

As he gazed in astonishment Polly opened her eyes.

"April fool," she smiled sleepily.

"How did you get in?" he demanded as he came and stood over her.

"I had the cabman drive me for four blocks, and then he drove me back, and I slipped through the dining room window. I left it open on purpose. I had expected to run right in and confess that I was fooling, but when I came up and found the trunk open I thought I'd stay here and let you wonder a bit. And then I went to sleep, and that's all," said pretty Polly.

"Oh, Polly," her husband reproached her, "how could you—how could you joke on such a serious subject?"

"I wanted to see how you would act," Polly told him, "if you thought I was going to leave you."

"But"—his voice was very stern. "I wanted to get even." Polly sat up and talked fast. "You remember last year, Bob, you came home and told me the bank had failed and that you had lost your money. You wanted to see if I could love you if you were poor, and then you told me it was an April fool!"

Merriman looked crestfallen. "I forgot," he said, but—

"And what is sauce for the goose is



AS HE GAZED IN ASTONISHMENT POLLY OPENED HER EYES.

Polly's Joke.

By PHILIP KEAN.
Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Having packed everything into a suit case that could be crowded therein, Mrs. Merriman said, "I am ready," with the air of one being led to the stake.

Her husband, watching her gloomily from the top of a trunk, said politely, "At least you will wait until the shower is over?"

"No," said his wife, with decision: "I wish to go at once."

"But"—began the gentleman on the trunk.

"At once," Mrs. Merriman reiterated, and her husband's gloom relaxed suddenly into a smile.

"Oh, Polly," he said, "you look so funny when you try to be stately."

She gasped.

"Will you kindly order my cab?"

Merriman slid down from the trunk. "I'll do anything," he said miserably, "if you will only tell me why you are going."

But Mrs. Merriman had picked up the suit case, the weight of which made her sag dreadfully to one side.

"Let me carry that," her husband insisted. "It's too heavy for you."

But she clung to it desperately.

"I might as well begin to bear my burdens alone," she said, "for I shall have to do it hereafter."

"Oh, piffle," said Merriman and then begged pardon, like a gentleman. "I know how you hate slang, Polly," he said. "I should not forget."

"It is rather late," his wife reminded him, "to be considerate of my feelings."

"Oh, piffle"—her husband began, and then he stopped. "I'll telephone for the cab at once."

When he had gone Mrs. Merriman sat down on the suit case and sighed. The severity died out of her countenance and was succeeded by a sweet seriousness. "Oh, dear!" she murmured.

When Merriman came up to announce the cab, however, she was standing at the window looking out.

"It is raining very hard," Merriman said. "I wish it might lighten you!"

She turned around with uplifted hand. "Not another moment," she said, "will I stay on this house."

Merriman crossed the room quickly. "Polly," he demanded sternly, "what is the meaning of this. When I left for the office this morning you were the same sweet wife I have always known—everything was the same. I

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