

All Humors

Are impure matters which the skin, liver, kidneys and other organs cannot take care of without help.

Pimples, boils, eczema and other eruptions, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, bilious turns, fits of indigestion, dull headaches and many other troubles are due to them. They are removed by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Good Bath.

Aunt Tillie, cook in a Georgia household, took home a dish of macaroni from the "white folks" table for her own family, and after assuring them that it was good, induced her children to eat it.

The next morning she discovered two of them out in the yard turning over stones and boards and scratching vigorously in the earth.

"Huh, you!" she called. "What you-all doin' out dah?"

"We a-buntin'," came the glad response, "foh mo' o' dem macaroni worms."

Yet He Meant Well.

William Henry Harrison had just won the battle of Tippecanoe.

"I felt that it was up to me," he explained, "to give the future novelists of Indiana a sort of historical background."

For, with the simple-mindedness of great men, it did occur to him that Indiana's coming authors would choose to locate the scenes of their best-selling stories in Palestine, Mexico, Graustark, France and other foreign countries.

The Evils of Constipation

are many; in fact almost every serious illness has its origin in constipation and some medicines, instead of preventing constipation, add to it. This is true of most cathartics, which, when first used have a beneficial effect, but the dose has to be continually increased and before long the remedy ceases to have the slightest effect. There is one preparation, however, that can be relied upon to produce the same results with the same dose, even after fifty years' daily use and this is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which has a record of over 100 years as the standard remedy for constipation and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used and can be found in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The Last Run.

There was a vacancy in the ministry of a West Highland parish, for which three candidates preached in the church on three successive Sundays. The first was diminutive in stature, the second smaller still, and the third the smallest of all.

A lady in the congregation spoke with a member of the church committee, and demanded to know why such small candidates had been selected. The explanation, as a writer in the London Telegraph gives it, was this:

"Weel, mum, ye see the steeple has become very small, and they're no bringing out such big ministers as they used to do."

To Break in New Shoes

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, swollen feet, itching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Glimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Growth of a Nevada City.

Less than two years ago a prospector lost his way in the desert near the California line, in Nye County, Nevada, and died of thirst. On the spot where that man's body was found is now the town of Bullfrog. A water works plant costing \$50,000 supplies an abundance of water. There are hotels with baths in many rooms and residences equipped with all the modern paraphernalia that make for comfort. Electric lights illumine the streets where only the stars of heaven looked down on the death of the lonely miner and within the radius of a very few miles there are now about 15,000 people.

The Everlasting Competition.

The eminent shipbuilder was explaining the plans and specifications for the new vessel.

"In addition to being the largest and most formidable battleship afloat," he said, "and the superior of all others, both from an offensive and defensive point of view, having the most powerful armament and being practically invulnerable, it will be the fastest, beyond all comparison. It will be able to steam twenty-eight miles an hour."

"But if it is to be so much better than any other," asked one of the members of the committee, "what is the use of devoting so much attention to mere speed?"

"Why—er—it might be necessary some day. You can't tell when one of the other great powers may build a bigger and heavier battleship."

POWER OF THE NAVY.

Nonprofessional Mind Finds It Hard to Realize Strength.

Figures seem essential to convey to the nonprofessional mind an adequate conception of the stupendous power for aggression or for resistance concentrated in twelve battle ships, four armored cruisers, four protected cruisers, four monitors and a dozen torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, besides submarines and auxiliary craft, says Harper's Weekly. It must here suffice to say that the twelve battle ships alone which were massed off Oyster Bay represented a combined displacement of nearly 154,000 tons; the armored cruisers, almost 55,000 tons; the monitors and protected cruisers, more than 32,000 tons, and the whole fighting fleet, including the torpedo boats and submarines, but excluding auxiliaries, an aggregate displacement of upward of 244,000.

Relatively powerless and insignificant as the torpedo boats may have looked, the truth is that if one of them, the Wilkes, could get near enough to show a floating fort as the little ship West Virginia and spit a torpedo out of her tube in the right direction, \$6,000,000 would go up in the air and 800 men would be food for fishes. We may add, in order to refute some groundless accusations, that the cost of the naval review, imposing as the pageant looked, was negligible. The cost was computed by Rear Admiral Evans at \$200 all told; for, as he pointed out, so long as a ship is in commission, it is just as cheap for her to be at anchor off Oyster Bay as to be steaming across the ocean.

Horror of Needless Noises.

It is the needlessness of most noises that renders them insufferable. You sleep very well through the roar of a whistling steam, but if some one has forgotten to fasten a blind, and it begins to bang, then you are lost; you might as well get up and locate that blind and fasten it first as last. The manifold noises of your steamer's plunge through the night, with the perpetual wash of the sea, unite in a lullaby to which the worst conscience sinks into repose; but a snorer breaking from the next stateroom recalls the memory of all one's sins. The rush and leap and incessant but varied grind and clang of the sleeping car become soothing at last, but a radiator, beginning to fizz and click after the steam has been turned off, seems to leave the would-be sleeper no resource but suicide; if you could get at the second engineer, and leave him wailing in his gore, you could snatch a few catnaps before morning; but you cannot get at the second engineer after midnight in most hotels. Continuous noises and necessary noises are things you can adjust senses or your spirits to; but the noise without a reason, without an apparent right, like the knocking of a rat in the walnut, is what drives so many to perdition.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's.

Tom's Reed's Collar.

Among the prominent men of New England there was none, perhaps, who wore a larger collar than Tom Reed. One hot day in the summer of 1901 Reed was in Portsmouth, and, having to wait over for a train, he decided to make an impromptu toilet, changing his collar, etc. So he tied himself to the nearest haberdasher's and began a general survey of the collar display in the store.

"Waited on, sir?" queried one of the clerks.

"Not yet," responded Reed, and then added, "I would like a collar."

"What size?" piped the clerk.

"Size 20," answered Reed.

"We don't keep collars so large, but I think you may be accommodated three stores above."

Reed went and found the third store above. It was a harness shop.

Disastrous Failure.

The stocky, red-haired man with the Galway whiskers had been in on a charge of too much conviviality and boisterous conduct.

"Brisener," said Police Justice Wachenheimer, "got is your name?"

"Me name, y'r anner," answered the prisoner, "is Gottlieb Lunderschlagel."

"Dot's a lie!" exclaimed his honor. "I gif you sixty days in de workhouse."—Chicago Tribune.

Found Him So.

Ubbert—The idea of Slikker claiming to be a hard working man is the richest thing I ever heard of lately.

Kommans—Well, he is, by George! He's the hardest man I ever tried to work.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Value of a Good Cow.

What are the cows worth that produce 400 pounds of butter per annum? Here I am going to make a statement and undertake to prove it correct, says a writer in Successful Farming. When a cow that produces 200 pounds of butter per annum at a food cost of \$39 and a labor cost of \$12.50 is worth \$35, the cow that produces 400 pounds of butter annually is worth \$400, and the owner can make net \$16 more from her after paying interest on the \$400 than he can from the cow that produces 200 pounds of butter. There is no more labor connected with the 400-pound cow than there is with the 200-pound cow. The price at which butter has been credited, namely, 20 cents a pound, is the net price from the creamery after the making has been paid for. In this herd the increased cost of feed for the 400-pound cow was more than offset by the increased amount of skim milk, so we have the 200 pounds of butter at net profit over the 200-pound cow. Two hundred pounds of butter at 20 cents is \$40. We have \$400 invested in these cows, which at 6 per cent interest is \$24, which we will deduct from the \$40, and we have left \$16 to the credit of the 400-pound cow.

Home-Made Drill.

On our farm we have a shop for repairing machinery. It is an essential factor in farm management to be able to repair breakages and keep the machinery in good working condition, writes a contributor in Orange Judd Farmer.

The accompanying illustration shows a drill made to drill holes for repairing purposes. This machine will drill a hole through steel or wrought iron as quickly as a drill we have that cost several dollars. The main piece upon which the drill rests is a 4 by 4 2 feet 6 inches long mounted upon four legs made of oak 2 by 4 materials. The legs are worked down to two inches square at the bottom to secure steadiness and make the drill as light as possible.

The main standard is a 2 by 4 two feet high mortised into the main 4 by 4. The sub standard is also a 2 by 4 eight inches high and mortised in the same 4 by 4 an inch from the end and two and a half inches from the main standard. The shaft to which the large wheel is attached is a three-quarter-inch bolt fifteen inches long. At the head a hole is drilled into the bolt, heated and then squared in order that the

drill may be securely held. To feed the drill a steel spring sixteen inches long is bolted to the top of the main standard and attached to the drill bolt by a slot in the spring. The small wheel at the end of a threaded bolt does the feeding. The piece upon which the pressure is put while drilling is a 4 by 4 mortised into the main 4 by 4 in the form of a sliding slot in order that any different-class, fancy apples will bring the best of prices, and there is no danger whatever of overstocking the market with such fruit. Such a class of apples will often sell readily at \$5 and \$7 a barrel, when the poorer grades could hardly be given away.—Apple Specialist.

Profit in Apples.

With the passing years there seems to be a more imperative necessity for impressing the fact upon the apple growers that they must have a clearer conception of higher ideals. No matter how abundant or cheap the prices of apples may be in the market, there is always the unbounded assurance that best of prices, and there is no danger whatever of overstocking the market with such fruit. Such a class of apples will often sell readily at \$5 and \$7 a barrel, when the poorer grades could hardly be given away.—Apple Specialist.

Salt in the Butter.

For those who prefer to salt out of the churn the following is the best method: Remove the butter when in the granular state, weigh it and place it upon the worker, spread evenly and salt to suit the taste. Sift the salt evenly over the butter, pass the worker again or until the salt is thoroughly worked in. It may then be set away for a few hours, after which it should be given a second working.—American Cultivator.

Our "Indian Accent."

Every little while some English writer appears with the theory that the physique of Americans is becoming assimilated to that of the aborigines. It is a philologist, Enid Campbell Dawney, who now uses this theory to account for the peculiarities of American speech as "due to a particular formation of the palate, peculiar originally to the American Indians, but now shared by the invaders."

That this is nonsense appears from the fact that Americans taken in childhood to England speak with an English accent. There can be no question as to the marked divergence of English and American speech, particularly in the matter of intonation. American speech is much more monotonous and less spontaneous, the regular fall of the voice at the close of sentences being perhaps bookish rather than conversational. Thus American speech, among the cultivated, is apt to be simple, even and logical, like a page of print, while English speech is much more varied and expressive in its cadences.—Springfield Republican.

Dead On Them.

A statesman, in an argument, had turned the tables rather neatly on his opponent. Senator Dolliver, in congratulation, said:

"You remind me of a Fort Dodge doctor Dr. X—." This gentleman once had a grave dug for a patient, supposed to be dying, who afterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor was joked for many years.

"Once he attended, in consultation with three conferees, another patient. The patient really died. After death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them said:

"Since quick burial is necessary, we might inter the body temporarily, I understand our brother here has a vacant grave on hand."

"Dr. X— smiled."

"Yes," he said, "I believe I am the only physician present whose grave is not all filled."

Pity Them.

An Atchison man and his wife sat down the other night and talked it over. "We have been facing it for six weeks," he said, "and dread of doing what lies before us is not making it any easier. We have it to do; let us begin now." His wife agreed with him and departed sadly for the cellar. When she returned she carried a jar of preserved fruit. They had decided to begin to eat their way through 157 quarts of peaches, 47 quarts of strawberries, 78 quarts of cherries and 43 quarts of plums put up last summer.—Atchison Globe.

A woman may be an angel or a devil, and being an angel is easier than being a devil.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG MAN.

Girl Tried to Keep Conversation on High Intellectual Plane.

The late Maurice Barrymore told a capital story one evening. It has gone the rounds more or less since then, but I have never seen it in print:

"A society had gone to her first big party. It is a gorgeous social event, and she is all fluttering with excitement. The star of this big party is a young man recently returned from a long trip abroad after completing his course at Harvard. He is very handsome, very brilliant, very rich. All the young women are overwhelmingly interested. The brilliant young man meets the little debutante, and falls head over heels in love. He dances with her repeatedly, and then asks if he may call. The girl, very much agitated, says that she will ask her mamma. Mother, equally agitated, tells her daughter to say that they will be delighted to have him call; and he says that he will drop in on the following Thursday evening. The society had gone home, her head whirling with the excitement of her first flirtation and the anticipation of a call from the real catch of the season. Next day she seeks out some of her girl friends.

"Just think, he's coming to call next Thursday evening," she says. "Oh, my, what'll I say to him when he calls? He is so smart and intellectual; graduated at Harvard and traveled abroad and all that. I just know I won't be able to talk about the things that interest him. What do you think he'll want to talk about?"

"I dare say," replied her friend, "that he will want to talk about literature, art, or history."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Why don't you read up? You have four days, and you can do a lot of reading in that time."

"So the young woman read history for four days, so that she might be able to carry on a conversation with the intellectual giant from Harvard, who had traveled abroad. Thursday evening came. He arrived and was shown into the parlor. Presently she came down. He arose and took her by the hand and began to talk to her as follows:

"Gee, but I'm glad to see you again, and say, you're lookin' fine tonight. That gown is a corker. How have you been since the dance? Didn't we have a great time? Say, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. You're the greatest partner I ever danced with. When it comes to two-stepping you're the sure enough limit. Honestly, you are. I'm not stringin' you. I have been thinkin' all week about comin' up here tonight, and you don't know how tickled I am to see you lookin' so well."

"For ten minutes he gabbled on. She leaned back in her chair, calm and self-possessed, determined that this intellectual being should not be compelled to bring the conversation down to her level.

"Finally there was a lull, and she looked across at him and said: 'Wasn't that too bad about Mary, Queen of Scots?'"

"The young man was startled. 'Why, what do you mean?' he asked.

"Haven't you heard about it? She exclaimed. 'Why, gracious me! She had her head cut off!'"—George Ade, in Success Magazine.

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Because we make medicines for them. We give them the formula for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Sold for over 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a remedy that should be in every home. I have used a great deal of it for hard colds, coughs, and I know what a splendid medicine it is. I can't recommend it too highly."—MARK E. CURRY, Hyde Park, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SASSAPARILLA PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

It Sounded Ungrateful.

A frugal and industrious shoemaker has two daughters, of whom he is very proud. He provides a good home for them, dresses them well, and is giving them a good education. Not long ago he drew on his modest bank account for a sum sufficient to purchase a new piano for them. What followed may be described in his own words.

"Oh, yes," he confided to a neighbor, "they were grateful enough for it, of course, and it's a great comfort to hear 'em play and sing, but what do you suppose was the first thing the girls learned on it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the neighbor.

"Everybody works but Father."

Beware of Unintended Cures That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Looked That Way.

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a little while."

"But," protested Willie, "he means to have them always."

"I guess not,"

"I guess yes," cause he's swallowed 'em."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Omissions of History.

Socrates was busily engaged in writing.

"Why do you keep on grinding out that stuff?" sharply asked Xantippe. "It doesn't sell. Nine-tenths of it comes back from the publishers."

"I know it," he said. "I am writing for the benefit of posterity, in the belief that—"

"Posterity," snapped Xantippe. "What has posterity ever done for you, I'd like to know?"

"Posterity, my dear," mildly rejoined Socrates, "has always been polite enough not to interrupt me in the middle of a sentence."

Which crushing retort silenced the good dame for the space of nearly thirty seconds.

Force of Habit.

The modern Sherlock chuckled.

"I'll stake a silk hat against a stogie that man is a New York policeman," he whispered.

"How can you tell?" asked the mystified friend. "He is not in uniform."

"No, but I shouted 'Side door to the right' and you should have seen him duck."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded 50c.

Obvious Explanation.

"I find it difficult to grasp some of your ideas," said the scholarly looking man with the spectacles and the slightly foreign accent. "For example, I tendered to a cab driver this morning a coin which I supposed was the legal fee. He looked at it and said it was shy about one-half. What did he mean by 'shy'?"

"He meant that, you had offered him too modest a sum," said the native.

"O, I see."

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Wonderful Home Treatment

This wonderful Chinese Doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, bark and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. These herbs and roots are the action of over 100 different remedies, which he uses successfully in all different diseases. His guaranty is to cure cancer, asthma, lung, throat, pneumonia, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, etc., has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and envelopes. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.

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CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

NO LIMIT TO ITS POWERS FOR EVIL

Contagious Blood Poison has brought more suffering, misery and humiliation into the world than all other diseases combined; there is hardly any limit to its powers for evil. It is the blackest and vilest of all disorders, wrecking the lives of those unfortunate enough to contract it and often being transmitted to innocent offspring, a blighting legacy of suffering and shame. So highly contagious is the trouble that innocent persons may contract it by using the same table ware, toilet articles or clothing of one in whose blood the treacherous virus has taken root. Not only is it a powerful poison but a very deceptive one. Only those who have learned by bitter experience know by the little sore or ulcer, which usually makes its appearance first, of the suffering which is to follow. It comes in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, unsightly copper colored spots, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, offensive sores and ulcers on the body, and in severe cases the finger nails drop off, the bones become diseased, the nervous system is shattered and the sufferer becomes an object of pity to his fellow man. Especially is the treacherous nature of Contagious Blood Poison, shown when the infected person endeavors to combat the poison with mercury and potash. These minerals will drive away all outward symptoms of the troubles for a while, and the victim is deceived into the belief that he is cured. When, however, the treatment is left off he finds that the poison has only been driven deeper into the blood and the disease reappears, and usually in worse form because these strong minerals have not only failed to remove the virus from the blood but have weakened the entire system because of their destructive action. S. S. S. is the only real and certain cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is made of a combination of healing blood-purifying roots, herbs and barks, the best in Nature's great laboratory of forest and field. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that S. S. S. contains a particle of mineral in any form. S. S. S. goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and by cleansing the blood of every particle of the virus and adding rich, healthful qualities to this vital fluid, forever cures this powerful disorder. So thoroughly does S. S. S. cleanse the circulation that no signs of the disease are ever seen again, and offspring is protected.

Write for our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, which fully explains the different stages of the trouble, and outlines a complete home treatment for all sufferers of this trouble. No charge is made for this book, and if you wish special medical advice about case or any of its symptoms, our physicians will be glad to furnish that, too, without charge.

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