W. A. Mitchell, dealer in general merchandise, Martin, Ga., writes:

"My wife lost in weight from 130 to 68 pounds. We saw she could not live long. She was a skeleton, so we consulted an old physician. He told her to try Peruna.

"She gradually commenced improving and getting a little strength. She now weighs 106 pounds. She is gaining every day, and does her own housework and cooking."

According to His Folly.

The present chief justice of Ontario, Sir William Meredith, is a man of fine presence, with a leonine mass of white hair. One night he was speaking in Toronto at a turbulent meeting, when he was sharply interrupted by a strident voice from the top gallery:

"Aw, Wilium, go an' get your hair cut!"

Instantly Meredith threw back his magnificent head, and, fixing the offender with the stern eye of the practiced examiner, exclaimed:

"My friend, if my memory serves me, I once had something to do with getting your hair cut."

There were no more interruptions.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Same Old Feeling.

Gladys—I feel sure he has never loved before. Penelope—Oh, I felt the same way, dear, when he used to make love to me!—New York Press.

FADED TO A SHADOW.

Worn Down by Five Years of Suffering from Kidney Complaint.

Mrs. Remethe Myers, of 180 South Tenth St., Ironton, O., says: "I have worked hard in my time and have been exposed again and again to changes of weather. It is no wonder my kidneys gave out and I went all to pieces at last. For five years I was fading away and finally so weak that for six months I could not get out of the house. I was nervous, restless and sleepless at night, and lame and sore in the morning. Sometimes everything would whirl and blur before me. I bloated so badly I could not wear tight clothing, and had to put on shoes two sizes larger than usual. The urine was disordered and passages were dreadfully frequent. I got help from the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and by the time I had taken four boxes the pain and bloating was gone. I have been in good health ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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 she 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.

S. S. S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

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 harge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Huguenots.

Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils:

"The Huguenots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Hugonots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme."

"The Huguenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squoshed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no huguenots enny more."

Finesse.

"Senator, everybody is commending that speech you made the other day on the subject of the trusts."

"I think myself it was a pretty fair effort."

"Unfortunately, I didn't hear it. What position did you take?"

"Bless you, I didn't take any. I managed, however, to assure each party to the controversy that its position was the only correct and logical one."

Time to Run.

Gunner—There was a bad, bold burglar up in the girls' college the other day.

Guyer—You don't say. And did the girls yell?

Gunner—I should say so. They gave the college yell and the burglar hasn't stopped running yet.

But the Other Side Objected.

Attorney (for the defense)—Do you know anything about the merits of this case?

Ventreman—I should say not. It hasn't any merits.

Attorney—We'll take this man, your honor.

The Humorist.

Mr. Depew threw aside the paper in which he had just read that as a Senator he was a joke.

"In that case," he said with decision, "I will not resign. I wouldn't spoil a joke for anybody."—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Diagram with This.

"Smythe, you called on that Boston girl, did you? Was she at home?"

"Yes, she was at home, but you see——"

"Yes?"

"She was at home, but you see——"

"Well?"

"She was at home, but you see——"

"Go on."

"As I said, she was at home, but you see——"

"Yes, yes; she was at home, but I see——"

"Well, that's the answer."

Too Much.

There come times when the desire and need for a vacation are quite overbalanced by other things. When Mrs. Hanson had nursed the children of Berryville through an attack of scarlet fever, she resisted all suggestions from grateful parents that she go off for a month's rest at their expense.

"No," she said, with weary firmness, "I'm obliged to all, but I haven't got strength. I could either get ready and stay at home, or I could go without getting ready; but I couldn't do both anyway in this world."

Cynical.

"Permit me to ask you, madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband."

"He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller.

"My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home in the country."

Dubious.

Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings? Dobber — I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobbler—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler — Well, that's praise. Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves in a Meadow."

Ancient Instance.

Moses was numbering the children of Israel.

"What are you doing that for?" somebody asked him.

"They wouldn't stand for a referendum," explained Moses, "and I had to turn it into a census."

Not even his worst enemies, however, accused Moses of doing it for political purposes.

The Old Question.

"Say, if you put all your money into building a house?"

"Yes?"

"And an earthquake came along and shook the house down?"

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't that jar you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Margie—Do people get into heaven free? Johnnie—No, of course not. They have to be good.

"Papa, are there such things as locks of hair?" "Certainly, my son." "And is a wigmaker a locksmith, papa?"

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of 'repentant?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "It's how a fellow feels when he gets caught at it."

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged 4)—Put your tongue out, please. Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor—No, no, put it right out. "I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

Mamma—Willie, did you see any one take my blackberry jam from the pantry? Willie (whose mouth looks suspicious)—Mamma, I guess I must be like some of the Bible people who had eyes and saw not.

"Now, Freddie," said his mother, who was entertaining company, "you must not talk while the ladies are talking. It isn't polite." "Huh!" exclaimed Freddie in disgust. "Do you want me to grow up and be a dummy?"

A little girl, the daughter of a minister, was up later than usual one night, and for the first time in her life was present at family prayers. During the reading of the Bible she was very quiet, but when her father knelt down to pray she went up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said: "Pa, I don't like to play at this game."

GOSLINGS FOR THE DIMES.

Question of National Bird Decided Without a Duel.

Documents in the congressional library at Washington show that when the establishment of the mint was under discussion in Washington's time there were some amusing debates in Congress concerning the devices the coins should bear.

There is one account of a squabble over the design for the silver dollar.

It appears that a member of the House from a Southern State bitterly opposed the choice of the eagle, on account of its being the "king of birds," and hence neither suitable nor proper to represent a nation whose institutions and interests were wholly inimical to monarchical forms of government.

Judge Thacher, in reply, had playfully suggested that perhaps a goose might suit the gentleman as it was rather a humble and republican bird and would also be serviceable in other respects, as the goslings would answer to place upon the dimes.

This reply created considerable merriment, and the irate southerner, considering the humorous rejoinder an insult, sent a challenge to Judge Thacher, who promptly declined it.

The bearer, rather astonished, asked "Will you be branded as a coward?"

"Certainly, if he pleases," replied Thacher. "I always was one, and he knew it or he would never have risked a challenge."

The affair was finally adjusted, cordial relations being restored, the irritable southerner concluding that there was nothing to be gained in fighting one who fired nothing but jokes.—New York Herald.

DOGS FLEET AS THE TRAIN.

Turkish Railroads Do Not Make the Most Rapid Time.

Ours was not a rapid train and yet when compared with those of the Spanish railways it could not be called slow. In fact, it went as fast as a dog can run. I know this because I tried the experiment.

At one of the stations I fed a sleek-looking animal. As the train started he followed and I kept on feeding. The dog kept on running. His eyes were upon my window. Never once did he look to the ground, save when I threw a morsel of chicken or a bone and even then he did not slacken his speed. With a slight movement his head would bend, there would be a snap and if a bone or morsel was picked up, well and good; if not, he looked to me for further donations.

Everyone on the train became interested in the race. From every window Turks held tempting morsels to entice the cur. Mile after mile and still our companion kept pace. The engineer drew his head out of the car window and put on extra steam and the dog an extra spurt.

Ten miles farther on we reached the next station and our dog was with us. Everyone was delighted and I have seldom seen a more enthusiastic and promiscuous reception given to any human being. After that it was the sport of everyone to tempt the dogs of each station to run races with the train. At one time we had a line of dogs stretching out for miles behind.—Appleton's Magazine.

Had No Coat to Wear.

During the journey from Victoria Falls to Kimberley a big sun-browned man boarded the Zambesi express minus his coat, with his shirt sleeves rolled up. He took a seat at dinner and the chief steward remarked to him that as there were ladies present he would have no objection to putting on his coat. "Great Scott!" the man replied. "I haven't worn a coat for nineteen years. You will have to wait, my friend, until I can buy one at Kimberley!"

Placing the Blame.

Mother—Aren't you ashamed to be caught stealing the jam?

Willie—No, ma'am; I ain't got any reason to be ashamed of anything that ain't my fault.

Mother—Not your fault?

Willie—No; it's your fault that I got caught.—Philadelphia Press.

David said in his haste that all men were liars. It would have sounded better had he taken time to say that they were diplomats—and it would have amounted to the same.

Engagement Rings on Loan.

It is said that there is a regular traffic in lending engagement rings in Australia.

IT PAYS TO HAVE A BEARD.

One Man Tells How Much He Saved by Letting Whiskers Grow.

"I've got nothing against the barbers," said a bearded man, "but let me tell you how much money I've made for myself by letting my beard grow.

"When I was shaving I used to have to get shaved every day, which cost me a quarter; 15 cents for the work and 10 cents for the barber, $1.75 a week, $91 a year. And then every two weeks I got my hair cut, which cost me in the course of the year $9.10 more, because every time I got a combination hair cut and shave I paid out 60 cents; the price of the work was 40, but I gave the barber 20. Twenty cents may seem an extravagant tip, but it was a double job, and as I figured it, if the barber ought to get any tip at all he ought to get for a double job a double tip.

"So my barber bill amounted to $100.10 a year.

"Then I thought I'd let 'em sprout, and I did; and I haven't had 'em shaved off since. Every two weeks I drop in at the barber's and get 'em trimmed and my hair cut at the same time, a double job, again—counting the beard trimming the same as a shave—for which I pay 40 for the shop and 20 for the barber, 60 cents or making now a total of $15.60 for a year, instead of $100.10 I had paid in when I got shaved daily, hair cut bi-weekly.

"When I first started the whiskers I got me a nice strong soap box and cut a little slot in the top of it; and every morning since I have dropped into the box the quarter that I had formerly paid daily for my shave, except that every two weeks when I got my hair cut and my beard trimmed I omitted the quarter for two successive days, and put in only 15 cents on the third, keeping out the 60 cents for the present job of hair cut and beard trim; that is, the equivalent of the former hair cut and shave.

"It is ten years now since I began the Vandyke, and on the last rainy Sunday, which happened to be the tenth anniversary of the starting of the same, I got out the soap box, broke it open, and counted the contents thereof, finding them to amount to the not altogether negligible sum of $845 which I had saved in ten years by letting my beard grow instead of shaving.

"I did think I'd buy a house and lot with this money, but I don't know now but what I'll buy instead a nice second-hand automobile and get out on the road and let the wind blow through the whiskers that bought it."—Washington Post.

PARLOR ENCYCLOPEDIA.

One man with a knowledge of statistics and a desire to impart it can break up a pleasant party in a short time. A group of young people were chatting about one thing and another before the crackling fire in a hotel parlor, when the statistician came in, brisk and alert as usual.

"The man found that when he had agreed to empty that chest he had undertaken a tremendous task," one young man was saying. "A half-million dollars in silver weighs a good deal. It——"

"It weighs twenty-nine thousand four hundred and sixty-three and sixty-one one-hundredths pounds, avoirdupois," announced the statistician.

There was a short pause, and then one of the young women said:

"Next week I'm going to Hester Lawton's birthday party. It's always lovely. I do think birthday celebrations are so nice, and I was reading the other day that the custom dates back to the Saxons. I——"

"Much farther than that," said the brisk voice, through the dusk. "In the fortieth chapter of Genesis, the twentieth verse, you will find, 'And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants.'"

"Doesn't it seem to you that we've had more rainy days this October than for several years?" hazarded a reckless one. "I'm sure last year and the year before——"

"Three years ago," came in the cheerful, irritating tones, "there were seventeen full days and parts of five others when—Why, where are you all going?"

"It's time to dress for dinner," came a chorus; and the statistician was left to enjoy the fire in solitary state.

The Limit.

"Want your hair cut?"

"Yep. Both."

Judge Understood.

The late Judge Pottingill of the Malden District Court concealed under an apparently stern exterior a kind heart, and nothing touched him so quickly as an unintentional witticism, especially if it were at the expense of the court.

One day a prisoner arraigned before him for drunkenness, and still under the influence of liquor, pleaded as hard as he could to be placed on probation.

"Why should I place you on probation?" said the judge, sternly. "Why, you're drunk now."

"No, I'm not, your honor," said the poor prisoner, earnestly. "I'm as sober as a judge."

He was placed on probation.—Boston Herald.

Nothing but a whole lot of worry usually comes to those who wait.

How He Knew.

A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates of the asylum. "You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked. "I do," was the firm response. "Why are you so sure?" "The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus." "And," said the lawyer, "you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus it's a clear proof of his insanity?" "I do." "Why?" "Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself."

Limits.

The train was called the limited, but what was limited about it? It ran at an unlimited speed, the incivility of the conductor and the brakemen was unlimited, as was the rapacity of the porter.

"It's a mystery!" exclaimed the little party of foreigners.

But in a moment they entered the drawing room car and their wonder vanished.

"Of course, it's the good taste of the decorations!" they whispered, and, remembering their manners, pretended not to notice.—Puck.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

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Exceptional.

Mrs. Wylde—Mr. Winkley is quite an unusual man, isn't he?

Mr. Wylde—Oh, I don't know.

Mrs. Wylde—Oh, but he is. Why, I saw him leaving Mrs. Winkley at a street corner the other day, and he took off his hat and was just as polite to her as if they hadn't been married.—Somerville Journal.

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

Rubbing It In.

Miss Redpep—You are better, are you not, Mr. Feathertop? You were not looking at all well the last time I saw you.

Mr. Feathertop—Why, when did you see me last?

Miss Redpep—At the Swellham reception. You were waltzing, I think, with Miss Flutterby.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Couldn't Stop Him.

"Speaking of success in life," remarked Hojax, "there goes a man who has left hundreds of people behind despite their strenuous efforts to overtake him."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Tomdix. "Who is he?"

"Oh," replied Hojax, "he's a motorman on a trolley car."

Worth Knowing About

If you need a first-class laxative, there is nothing better nor safer than that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills. Each pill contains one grain of solid extract of sarsaparilla, which, with other valuable vegetable products, make it a blood purifier of excellent character. If you are troubled with constipation, one pill at night will afford great relief.

Brandreth's pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

A Memento.

A gentleman was calling upon the widow of a valued friend, says Le Figaro. During the visit he said:

"I was a good friend of your late husband. Is there not perhaps something which was his and which I could have as a memento of him?"

Tearful widow: "How would I do?"

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Musical.

Hicks—Miss Flatly sang with much feeling at the concert last night."

Wicks—Ah?

Hicks—Yes. She spent most of the time feeling for the right note.—Somerville Journal.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Unappreciative.

Mrs. Homer (reading)—An ordinary piano contains about a mile of wire.

Homer—Huh! The one next door sounds like it contained a wagon load of tinware.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Out in the Cold.

"Old Fullerplunks, who died a month or two ago, didn't leave you anything, hey? I thought he was a near relative of yours."

"Near? He was closer than the shrunken jacket on a sixteen-inch gun!"

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One that Did.

Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—Are you sure you didn't dream that, Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?

Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they come true sometimes.

Lawyer—O, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?

Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketcham, you paid me $5 the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it.—Chicago Tribune.

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