

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 acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, healthy, 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

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Eye of the Crook.

Now you may or may not know it, but the confidence man of tip-top attainments cultivates the control and expression of his features with as much care as does the professional beauty—for the reason that his looks are among his most valuable assets. For the first stage in "turning a trick," whether this be done in a Broadway hotel or a downtown office building, is for the operator to get a hold on the confidence of his victim by impressing him with his, the former's, frankness and honesty through the medium of his steady gaze, cheery smile, and sincerity of expression in general. But "wise" people are not taken in by these things. Apart from all else, those who have had much to do with criminals—whether mugged or unugged—will tell you that there is such a thing as the "crook eye," which inevitably gives its owner away. It is, as I once heard a clever detective put it, "an eye behind the eye"—a something sinister peeping out from the bland and child-like gaze which the "con" turns on his prospective gull.—*Joiah Hyatt in Success Magazine.*

Anything to Please.

Servant girl No. 29 was inquiring into his qualifications to become her employer. He had answered five questions with apparent satisfaction, and his hopes were running high. Then the fatal question: "How many children have you?" "Two," he answered, reddening with his sense of guilt. "Nothing doing," was the sippant response. "I never enter a family where there are children." His strained patience snapped. He seized her by the arm. "Say," he whispered hoarsely, "come with me and I'll throw the children out of the window. Nay, more, I'll divorce my wife and marry you. Anything else that you want? Just mention it, and it shall be done."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Elucidated.

While visiting the south recently a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama. "Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler. "Am I a what?" languidly asked the one addressed. "Are you a native of the town?" "What's that?" "I asked you whether you were a native of the place?" At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, snail and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said: "Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was 'yo' livin' head when you was born, or was 'yo' born before 'yo' began livin' head. Now answer him."—*Success.*

Those Dear Friends.

Nan—Jack seemed crazy last night. He tried to kiss me. Fan—His effort was crazy if he thought any of us on his part would be needed. "Percy, papa says you mustn't come to see me any more." "Why, Aggie, how could I? I'm all ready coming seven times a week!"

Valuable Now.

Customer—This steak has an old taste about it. Waiter—Sorry, sir, but we can't help it. There have been several burglaries in this neighborhood, and at night we have to put our porterhouse steaks in the safe, you know.

Her Little Fiat.

Mrs. Noobridge—Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little fiat I have.

Miss Jelliss—

I've seen him, my dear!

Hoosier Wonder.

Iadiana claims among its other human peculiarities a 3-year-old boy who can read Shakespeare.

But why should he read Shakespeare

and neglect home talent?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Three of the Commandments

in the kitchen: "The first is, 'Thou shalt not quarrel with the boy who can read Shakespeare.' The second is, 'Thou shalt not quarrel with the boy who can read Shakespeare.' The third is, 'Thou shalt not quarrel with the boy who can read Shakespeare.'"

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"So you think these calamity prophets hurt business?" said the drummer who was introducing trick matches in Bacon Ridge.

"Wait, I should say so, stranger," drawled Storekeeper Jason. "Just the other day Hiram Hardsapple was going to buy a new suit of clothes, but when he heard that one of them that prophets predicted that the world was coming to an end in 1914 he changed his mind. Said he couldn't think of spending money for a suit of clothes if he couldn't wear it over seven years, so he reckoned he'd have to make the old suit do."—*Chicago News.*

Envy.



Little Millie—Granddad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Grandfather—The woman—Plek-Me-Up.

Winning Compliment.

The beautiful girl shook her head in the negative.

"No," she said after a moment's deliberation, "I can never—no, never—be your wife. But I'll tell you what I will do. Just to show you that there is no hard feeling on my part, I will be present when you marry some other girl and bombard you with my shoes for luck."

Ah, here was an opportunity. Quick as a flash the young man responded: "Please don't. If you must throw old shoes borrow them."

"And why not use my own?" "Because they are so small we could never detect them from the rice."

Flattery won. The beautiful girl decided then and there that the young man was altogether too clever for any other girl, so she reversed her decision and the cards are out.

Always Near.

"We would like you to go on our personally conducted tours," said the ticket agent.

"Don't care about it," replied the meek little man behind the mountain of baggage.

"But wouldn't you like to know that some one was always keeping an eye on you?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. My wife is going along."

Good and Bad.

"I was walking down the street this morning when I ran across a horse shoe and it brought me good luck."

"I ran across one yesterday while one," said Jake, shaking his fist.

"Well," said the teacher, "we'll put it this way. Suppose you gave him one."

"Yes; but I wouldn't do it," said Jake.

"Just supposing you did, what would remain?" said the weary teacher.

"A big fool, that's what," replied Jake.—*Judge.*

King Edward is quite six inches shorter than Queen Alexandra.

A Base Hit.

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, snail and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said: "Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was 'yo' livin' head when you was born, or was 'yo' born before 'yo' began livin' head. Now answer him."—*Success.*

ROOF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Houseboats Now Are Extensively Used in the Metropolis.

Now that summer has come in earnest New Yorkers have perched themselves on the houseboats. A few years ago the roof was a haven of rest and comfort for the sweeter and panting poor in summer. To-day, clad with vines and beautiful hanging lanterns, it is the rendezvous of the wealthy who have come to the city for a day or two, the playground of the middle-class pleasure-seeker, the Mecca of smart diners, the refuge of invalids and the nursery for babies.

They had been engaged all of ten minutes by the engine dock. "Darling," said the young man in the case, "I'll do anything in the world to prove my love for you."

"Then," rejoined the dear girl, "please give up smoking."

"Oh, come now," he exclaimed, "that's asking too much."

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.

Mrs. Athome—That's a lovely new gown you have on. I thought you said you could not afford this season.

Mrs. Ardyp—So I did; but my husband struck a streak of luck recently.

Mrs. Athome—Indeed!

Mrs. Ardyp—Yes. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays \$40 a week.

A Hopeful Future.

"Our boy Josh don't seem to be satisfied with anything around the place," said Mrs. Cortosuel regretfully.

"Let him alone," answered her husband. "Maybe it's a good sign. You can't tell but what he'll grow up to be one of these reformers that cause a sensation in politics."—*Washington Star.*

His Promise Fulfilled.

"You told me," she said with a pout, three months after their marriage, "that you intended to die a bachelor."

"To all intents and purposes," he sadly replied, "I have lived up to my declaration. I am known now merely as my wife's husband."—*Judge.*

A Disparaging Comment.

"Who discovered America?" asked the teacher.

"Columbus discovered it," answered the boy whose father is under suspicion of graft; "but he didn't know how to get the money out of it."—*Washington Star.*

Where They Should Go for Summer.

Saloonkeepers—Bar Harbor. Card players—Deaf beach. Flour merchants—Ire. Depositors—Red Bank. Wrestlers—Freehold. Pigeon fanciers—Dover. Pugilists—Bangor. Quarrymen—Rocksway.—*Judge.*

Business is Business.

There are six shirts down in the book and you have only sent back five.

"Yes, one got lost, sir."

"Well, but you have charged me for six."

"Oh, yes, it was washed before it was lost."—*Peis Meis.*

Personal Experience.

"Do you think women ought to vote?"

"I don't care whether they vote or not," answered Mr. Meekton rather testily. "But in the interests of harmony they ought not to be encouraged to make speeches."—*Washington Star.*

Why He Approves of It.

"My doctor says I must take several successive deep breaths three or four times a day."

"That's a good thing."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it will give somebody else a chance to break into the conversation."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

He is Wondering.

"In a few weeks," murmured he, "I shall be far away in the Alps. What do you think of that?"

"I think it will be delightful," replied she, and he is still trying to figure out just what she meant.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Under Protest.

"Your husband should take more exercise."

"He always walks home from the races."—*Houston Post.*

Variety.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the sweetering tourist. "Is this the kind of weather you have all summer?"

"Certainly not," replied the native; "why, we have half a dozen different kinds every day."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Old-Time Views of Tobacco.

It was a sixteenth century parson who wrote: "In those days, the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herb called tobacco by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth into the mouth into and used in England, against Rome and some other diseases ingored in the lungs and inward parts, and not without effect." Barnaby Ratch in "The Honesty of the Age" complained, however, of the money spent in 1614 on tobacco, estimating it at something like \$300,000 (\$1,000,000). He admits the general belief that smoking is good for some ailments, "but can not see but that those that do take it fastest are as much subject to all these infirmities as those that have nothing at all to do with it."

Misunderstood.

He (very fond of dogs)—Miss White, don't you think you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house that would protect you, and—

She (candidate for matrimony)—Oh, Mr. Muffins, this is so sudden!—*Illustrated Bits.*

BIRD FANS NOW THE RAGE IN PARIS.

Parisians owe their latest and most original fancy in fads to the gallantry of a well-known dramatist. One of his friends, Countess—, famous sports-woman and capital shot, sent him a pheasant of unusually beautiful coloring. This prize bird the playwright, who is also something of an artist, took to a chic fanmaker whose jeweled creations of gauze and precious lace complete the court attire of many a royal princess. Under his workman's skillful hands the countess' gorgeous trophy was fashioned into a unique fan which, when shut, looks like a pheasant in repose and when opened like a pheasant in full flight. The wings of the bird form the two sides, while the central part is made of the body and tail. The pheasant's exquisitely shaded head is used as a handle.

After it was finished the dramatist sent it to the huntress. When she exhibited it to her friends, they were so delighted with it that they declared they would carry bird fans and no other this season. So now the most recherche balls and evening receptions show a bewildering array of birds of paradise and peacocks with spread feathers flaunting their gaudy plumage against a background of light colored decorative gowns.

Months will find Mr. Winstler's soothing balm the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Shade of Regret.

"Are you happier now that you own your own home?" asked the solicitous friend.

"Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "there is a proud satisfaction in having my own place. But occasionally I can't help longing for the time when my wife kicked to the landlord for repairs instead of coming to me."—*Washington Star.*

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Peculiar Damage Suit.

In a certain town in Indiana a man brought suit against a hardware company for \$100,000 damages. He claimed that a rope he had bought to commit suicide with broke and thus foiled his plans. After the rope broke, he said, he could not get up courage enough to try it over.—*Judge.*

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, itching and hot, chafing feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 5c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Glimsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Getting Practiced.

"I counted seven girls taking down my sermon in shorthand this morning," said a suburban minister. "I am getting tired of this business of turning church into school. It is a desecration of the Sabbath and of the sanctuary, and it gets worse year by year."

"When the thing first began, I admit that I was flattered. I thought the solitary shorthand writer in my front pew was a reporter. I took unusual pains that morning, and I searched all the newspapers the next day. In vain, of course. The shorthand writer was merely a student of stenography, using me to practice on."

"Students of stenography should practice on actors and on lecturers, but not that would cost money. Nothing suits them but ministers, and every Sunday, all over our land, young men and women, with their pads and fountain pens, go to church solely to improve their shorthand."

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They really are just as fine in quality as any preserves, jellies or jams can be. There's simply cannot be anything better, for only the best of materials are used and they are put up in great, modern "preserving kitchens" by expert cooks.

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INDIANS AND WAR PAINT.

The Indians have a tradition that tells how the custom of painting their faces originated. A certain big chief while hunting deer was chased by a lion and fell exhausted, calling upon the Big Bear, which Indians believe was the grandfather of man, to save him.

"The Big Bear heard and went to the man's assistance, scratching his foot and sprinkling the blood over him. No animal will eat bear or taste his blood, and when the lion smelled it he turned away. But in doing so he scratched some of the blood off the Indian's face with his claw by accident. When he found himself unharmed, the Indian was so thankful that he let the blood dry on his face. With the marks of the lion's claws this gave the effect of stripes, and ever afterward when going on hunting expeditions for man or beast the Indian painted his face in stripes as a charm against danger.

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