

Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

False Hopes.

Flannigan—Say, Moike, this won't do. People say you are shwate on Mrs. Flaherty—and she a married woman.

Mike—'Pwist! Not a wurd.—That's only so Oi can go on borryin' terbacky av old Flaherty. He's in hopes O'll slope wid'er.

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

Special Inducement.

Prospective Purchaser—I see you advertise a special inducement in engagement rings. What is it?

Jeweler—Well, we guarantee to re-purchase any ring we sell within six months.

Five Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 507 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fine Finish.

They had bought an upright piano on the pay-weekly plan. "John," she said one day, "I want you to stand off and take note of the exterior of this piano. Can you see its finish?"

"I should say so," sighed John. "When the installment man comes."

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

Quite a Pretentious Structure.

Marla—What did Martha's new hat look like?

John—Goodness, I can't tell! It looked more like a basket phaeton full of flowers than anything else.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sorry He Spoke.

"Oh, we have some very strong men in England," boasted the new arrival from London.

"How strong are they?" queried the American citizen.

"Oh, I've seen them lift cannons, trucks and even cars."

"Indeed. Then it is strange that none of them can lift such a small object as the yacht cup."

How Crane Mimicked Robson.

When Robson and Crane acted the "Comedy of Errors" together, Mr. Crane's "Dromio" was the most notable feature of the performance, for while Robson simply represented himself in the garb of the Syracuse servant, Crane gave an excellent exhibition of his mimetic powers by duplicating the "Dromio" of his associate. He thus describes the opening night:

"It was one of the most intensely exciting nights I ever experienced behind the scenes. In making up, Robson dropped a huge daub of grease paint on the front of his tunic. Out of pure consideration for art, I painted a similarly dirty device on my garment. But Robson nearly destroyed the fine fabric of consistency, to the construction of which I had sacrificed the cleanliness of my attire, by walking on absent-mindedly in the second act with a smoking cigar protruding from his mouth. Just previous to his entrance in the first act he declaimed his speech in the wings, and from this I took the key, which I had to hold constantly in mind. My lines were only partly committed, so that between thinking of Robson's peculiar voice and mannerisms—which I was expected to imitate faithfully—and of my own speeches—which should have been delivered with equal fidelity to Shakespeare—I sweated in body and mind all night.—Leslie's Monthly.

It Pays to Read Newspapers.

Cox, Wis., July 4.—Frank M. Russell of this place, had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor." Mr. Russell's is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa county. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

Romas Plebeian Provender.

The Romans were great sticklers for formal dinners. Their appetite-producers consisted mainly of egg salad, spiced fruits, oysters, asparagus, and snails in vinegar. Then, having stirred up the juices of the stomach to the point of keen expectation, they proceeded to realization by way of fish—principally mullet, which was regarded as the "top-notch" of fishes, served with a paste prepared of the flesh of the sea hedgehog reduced to pulp, with oil, pepper, onions, dates and mustard; while, when the emperor was served with the priceless liver, the dish was but faintly seasoned with salt, pepper and oil, and served with chicken livers garnish. After fish and game, pork was the most esteemed meat dish, and it was served in the form of a roast stuffed with sausages. The dessert was formed of fruits in season, the luscious grape being a close competitor with the apple.



Cheese Fritters.

Cut some long, rather thin strips of cheese about two inches long and one inch wide. Lay them for half an hour in a little oil, vinegar and pepper. Next make some frying batter by putting two ounces of flour into a basin with a few grains of salt; make a hole in the middle and mix slowly into it three tablespoonfuls of tepid water, to which half a tablespoonful of oil or melted fat has been added. Beat all well together, then whisk stiffly the white of one egg and stir it in lightly. Have a pan of fat so hot that a faint smoke arises from it. Dip the slices of cheese into the batter with a skewer, then drop them into the fat and fry a golden brown. Drain on paper, and serve very hot with chopped parsley.

Calif's Head

Scald off the hair, leaving the skin on, divide down the center, remove the brains, leaving the tongue, soak in cold water with vinegar and salt for three hours, then place the head in a large pot, covered with salted water; boil ten minutes, pour away the liquor, cover again with water, add two turnips, two carrots, two onions (one stuck with cloves), a bunch of herbs, a stick of celery, a piece of ham bone; boil gently and skim very carefully till the head bones can be drawn out; strain off the liquor, roll the head tightly together, keeping the tongue in the middle; place between two dishes; on the top one place a heavy weight.

Five O'clock Tea Sandwiches.

Cut your bread thin and shape as fancy dictates after the crust is removed. Butter smoothly, and lay on a damp cloth until ready to use. For a filling use boiled ham, hard-boiled eggs and pickles, if liked, in equal proportions. Cut the ham with a pair of sharp scissors into long threads and slice the eggs into thin, round slices. Mix a dressing of mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar and celery seed and add a raw egg. Boil, and when it begins to thicken remove from the stove, mix lightly and spread. This is a most delicious mixture.

Potato Salad.

Boiled potatoes passed through a coarse sieve make a more digestible salad than when sliced or chopped. Allow a tablespoonful of butter and a finely minced onion to half a dozen boiled potatoes, to be added while hot. Add salt to taste. Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, season with a little dry mustard, celery salt and cayenne and beat into gradually four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add the potatoes and the whites, finely chopped. Set on ice until ready to serve; heap lightly in a salad bowl; add mayonnaise if desired.

Leeds Pie.

Take the weight of two eggs in butter and beat to a cream, and stir into it the same weight of sugar and two eggs. Mix with the same weight of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, the grated rind of a lemon, and pinch of salt. Beat all together for a few minutes. Line a pie-dish with puff paste and cover the bottom of the dish with preserve; then pour in the mixture and bake for an hour. Serve hot with sugar sifted over.

German Kaffeebrod.

One cup light bread sponge, one-half cup sugar, one-fourth cup melted butter, one-fourth cup warm sweet milk, one egg, a little salt. Mix down with food not quite so hard as for bread, put in a warm place and let rise over night. In the morning roll out flat, put in a dipper, cover the top with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise and bake.—What to Eat.

Tomato Sauce.

Put one pint of tomatoes into a saucepan, with a slice of onion. Cook five minutes; then strain. Put one tablespoonful of butter into a pan, add one tablespoonful of flour, when smooth, add the tomatoes, stir until thick, and season with salt and pepper to taste.

Short Suggestions.

Dishcloths are quickly made fresh and sweet by boiling in clean water with a good lump of soda added.

Always put the sugar used in a tart in the center of the fruit, not at the top, as this makes the paste sodden.

When peeling onions, begin at the root end and peel upward, and the onions will scarcely effect your eyes at all.

One of those "in" and "out" registers in the front hall and a little care on the part of the members of the household to keep them adjusted will save the maid many unnecessary steps, as well as much valuable time to the caller.

EIGHTY MILLION POPULATION.

More People Than Any Other Nation Except China and Russia.

It is only by association and comparison that we can grasp the dimensions represented by the 80,000,000 population which the census bureau at Washington estimated were in the United States in 1903. This is more people than are in any other nation in the world except China with its 400,000,000 and Russia with its 130,000,000. Computed on the capacity of its units this 80,000,000 stands for an immeasurably greater productive value than does China's or Russia's total, according to Leslie's Weekly.

When Alexander, of Macedon, in the middle of Asia, was woeing because there were no more earths for him to conquer he had fewer subjects than the United States of 1904 has sovereigns. Under Caesar's eagles, when Rome ruled the world, were less people than are under the stars and stripes in the days of Theodore Roosevelt.

With seven per cent of the world's land area and five per cent of its population the United States has twenty-five per cent of the world's wealth. The value of the United States' property, real and personal, in 1900 was \$94,000,000,000, as compared with \$59,000,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland, \$48,000,000,000 for France, \$45,000,000,000 for Germany, \$32,000,000,000 for Russia, \$22,000,000,000 for Austria-Hungary, \$15,000,000,000 for Italy and \$12,000,000,000 for Spain. Moreover, the United States' lead of all the other nations in wealth is increasing faster than is her preponderance over them all, except Russia and China, in population.

Franklin told the British parliament just before the revolution that the population of the thirteen American colonies was doubling every twenty-five years. The gain is slightly less than that now, though it is greater than that of any other nation. Through natural increase, immigration and annexations the population of the United States multiplied fifteen times between 1800 and 1900, while it multiplied 105 times in those hundred years in wealth.

Without allowing for increase in territory, but keeping the diminishing ratio of growth in mind, our 75,000,000 population of 1900 will, there is good reason to believe, be 150,000,000 in 1930, 300,000,000 in 1970 and 500,000,000 by the year 2,000, while the aggregate of its wealth in the last-named year will be up in the dizzy heights of mathematics.

Nothing in the Arabian tales is so marvelous as is the expansion in population, wealth and power of the United States.

Why Women's Teeth Crumble.

It is estimated by a surgeon dentist who caters to the wealthiest families in the fashionable world that fully 60 per cent of the women in society who have reached the age of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs wear false teeth. He says their teeth begin to ache and crumble soon after 35, whereas the average man in the same station in life maintains his dental integrity until he is past 60. Sweetmeats are put down as the principal cause for the early decay of the teeth of women—not because there is any effect on the protecting enamel by actual contact with the saccharine substance, but because of the creation of an acid condition in the stomach, which appears to have a corrosive effect on the outer hard case of the teeth. Men do not eat much candy—smokers especially—and they have almost enough tooth strength to bite a tenpenny nail in half.

This same dentist, in common with many of his fellows in the profession, has discovered it is possible to fill cavities in the human tooth with a substance far more enduring than gold, and absolutely to retard disintegration. Gold has been the favorite "filling" for years because of its non-corrosive qualities. A cement came into vogue about fifteen years ago, but it possessed no lasting qualities, and its use was only a temporary expedient. The new filling is of porcelain hardness, and can be tinted to the exact color of the tooth—so perfect in resemblance that if the operator is skillful a powerful magnifying glass is necessary to detect its presence. The operation is an extremely delicate one. The smaller the cavity the more difficult the filling. The substance is not a proprietary article, but can be manufactured by any dentist who has a bake oven and who has been taught the proper proportions of the ingredients. Once set, it will outlast the natural enamel itself.—New York Progress.

A Hard Worker.

"You oughter git me a job," the office seeker said. "Why, I done the work of a dozen men fur you on election day."

"You did?" replied the successful candidate, incredulously.

"Sure! I voted for you twelve times."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

All Wasted.

"I begin to realize that there's no satisfaction in saying 'I told you so.'"

"No?"

"No; because you can never get anybody to admit they remember that you did."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Little Country Town.

He sits there at the fireside, where the mellow light is gleaming O'er the columns of the little country paper that he holds, And something he has read there seems to set his fancy dreaming, While memory's panorama of forgotten days unfolds, Its quaint and homely phrases all incline him to reflection, Some sweetness of enchantment as he lays the paper down, Strips the bitter peel of sorrow from the fruit of recollection, He tastes the mellow sweetness of the little country town.

He sees at eve, a cottage with the lamp-light dimly straying Through the window, thickly bowered with the honeysuckle vine, To his ears come strains of music, there's a sound of someone playing On a little cottage organ, and the notes of "Auld Lang Syne." He hears the tea things clatter, sees a woman's figure flitting Here and there, belike some fairy, and the shimmer of her gown, And longing leads his fancy to the place where he is sitting, Just across from her at table in the little country town.

Yet he sits here alone, with all the dreamy shadows dancing, And silent save for voices that his memory may hear, The eyes that o'er the columns of the little paper glancing Like violets, dew-misted, in the passing of a tear, From some, as he, are missing from the circle once unbroken, And one he knows lies sleeping where the autumn leaves are brown, His hair is white like silver, yet in fancy he has spoken With all those lads and lasses of the little country town.

The misty eye of sorrow at the bush of dreams is seeking The rose of recollection with the fragrance of its morn, And in the ear of memory the voice of grief is speaking, The hand that plucks the blossom knows the sharpness of the thorn, His dreams die with the embers at the fireplace—ah, the pity! The paper falls from listless hands and idly flutters down, How lonely, lonely, lonely, is the sullen, smoky city, When the heart has come from straying in the little country town. —New York Times.

She Read My Palm.

She read my palm, and, from her eyes, I would have sworn that she was wise.

"Fear not," said she, "though long you drop, Some day you'll shine 'way at the top."

For weary years I toiled away; I worked by night, I strove by day.

Yet fame and wealth seemed just as far Ahead of me as any star.

All else I bore, nor thought to grieve, Until my hair began to leave.

Oh! then I wept and cursed the day That palmist maid had crossed my way.

When at the glass I chanced to stop— Behold! I shone upon the top. —Lippincott's Magazine.

His Letter.

When Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer his father wrote to him quite frequently, and in each letter inclosed 10 cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter-writer, but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which he sent to his father:

"Deare Papa—I got all your letters, and you have put some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your loving son, WILLIAM." —Woman's Home Companion.

Easily Done.

Tess—Well, I believe I'm rid of Mr. Staylate at last.

Jess—How on earth did you accomplish it?

Tess—While he was calling upon me last night I remarked that "all handsome men were conceited bores." Then he said: "Indeed! I can take a hint as well as the next one," and left.—Philadelphia Press.

Russia has 150 regiments of mounted Cossacks.

BUY THE WASHINGTON SOLID SHOES SHOE MFG. CO. SEATTLE FROM YOUR DEALER

BOILS PYRAMIDS OF PAIN

Boils show the blood is in a riotous, feverish condition, or that it has grown too weak and sluggish to throw off the bodily impurities, which then concentrate at some spot, and a carbuncle or boil is the result. To one already enfeebled by disease, boils seem to come with more frequency, causing the intensest pain and greatest danger to the already weak and debilitated sufferer. All skin eruptions, from the sometimes fatal carbuncle to the spiteful little cat-boil, are caused by bad blood, and the only way to avoid or get permanently rid of them is to purify and build up the deteriorated, polluted blood, and counteract the humors and poisons; and nothing will do this so quickly and thoroughly as S. S. S., which is the acknowledged king of blood purifiers and greatest of all tonics. Where the blood has become impoverished and is poor and thin, no medicine acts so promptly in building up and restoring its richness, purity and strength. The time to cure a boil is before it develops, when it is in a state of incubation or formation in the blood; for boils are, after all, only the impurities and poisons bubbling up through the skin, and this will continue in spite of poulticing and lancing till the blood gets rid of its accumulated poison. The way to stop boils is to attack them in the blood, and this is what S. S. S. does. All danger of boils is past when the blood has been thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all morbid, impure matter. If you are subject to boils, then the same causes that produced them last season will do so this, and the sooner you begin to put your blood and system in good order the better the chance of going through the spring and summer season without boils or other painful and irritating skin eruptions. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and can be taken with perfect safety by old and young, and without harm to the most delicate constitution. It is mild and pleasant in its action, and unequalled as a cure for boils and kindred eruptions. Write us if you would like medical advice or other information.

From the age of twenty or thirty I was sorely afflicted with large, awful boils on my face and body. As soon as they would heal up in one place they would break out in another part of the body, and this continued for ten years. I tried everything I could hear of to get relief, but nothing did me any good. I had but little faith in S. S. S. doing me good when I began it, but after taking it for a short while the boils began to disappear. I continued on with the medicine, taking six bottles, and all the boils entirely disappeared. Five years have elapsed since that time, and I have never been bothered since, showing that the cure was permanent. I had some thirty or forty of the most painful boils one ever had, and to be entirely rid of them by your great purifier, S. S. S., puts me under a debt of gratitude to you. HENRY ZINN.

Allegheny, Pa., June 11, 1903.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

