SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became intrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad Ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the Ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S. and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.
Bristol, Va.-Tenn. W. J. CATE.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers.

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immenely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in all courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two kinds of lawyers—those who stay in their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly distiguished in America, but they work together as partners to the great advantage of the client.

Somewhat Similar.

"Women and men are very much alike in one respect," said the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the inexperienced youth.

"Men," explained the philosophy dispenser, "lie about the fish they didn't catch and women lie about the men they could have married had they wanted to."

Never Smiled Again.

"How do you manage to write all those funny things?" asked the inquisitive female of the jokesmith.

"With a typewriter, madam," answered the so-much-per-yard grin producer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the i. f. "Don't you know, I imagined you used some sort of copying apparatus."

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa as much as he loves you," said the visitor.

"Oh, I love him more," replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he only loves me when I'm good."—Philadelphia Press.

Mystery of the Pug Dog.

It's awfully hard to understand how pug dogs can like the sort of people that like them.—Cleveland Leader.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

It Appeared in a Recent Issue of a London Newspaper.

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address I. F. 3, Maclise road, West Kensington.

The sublime candor of the above advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of the London Times has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men, says the London Express.

Many declared that "I. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "I. F." himself. His object, he said, was to attract the attention of employers by going out of the beaten track.

"I. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more alert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers tired of superiative virtues, and I have not been disappointed.

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms and a large number of letters and post cards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers should have advised me to apply at once to the war office, 'where I would be sure of a billet.'

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."

All the Comforts of Home.

"Nat" Goodwin, the comedian, once possessed a fine country house on the banks of the Thames River, near New-London, Connecticut. Every summer he used to invite some of his Thespian friends to join his house party.

On one such occasion Goodwin delivered himself of a bon mot that is worth repeating.

"Nat," said some one, "you certainly have a fine place here. Just think of it, a lawn right on the river!"

"Yes," drawled "Nat," "it's fine. In the spring we have the lawn on the river, and in the fall we have the river on the lawn."

English-Speaking People.

English is now spoken by about 125,000,000 people. A century ago it was spoken by 20,000,000 people only. During that period no other leading European lauguage has made the slightest advance. German has held its own, and is now spoken by 80,000,00, but this is no higher percentage of the total number of people of Europeau descent than it had a hundred years ago.

Corrects a Misapprehension.

"Wasn't that same young man here to see you last night?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, what does he mean by coming every night in the week?"

"He doesn't come every night in the week. I never met him until last Thursday, and he was only here Thursday and Friday and Saturday evenings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

JOLLY JOKER

A New Way.—Mr. Corrigan: How much d' yez charge fer pullin' teet'? Dentist: With gas, one dollar. Mr. Corrigan: An' how much wid electric loight?

Appetite Decides.—Teacher: Can you tell me the difference between "like" and "love?" Small Boy: Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

The Ruling Passion.—"Yes, I quarreled with my wife about nothing." "Why didn't you make up?" "I'm going to. All I'm worried about now is the indemnity."

Queer Charge!—"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice." "Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."

Seeing the Metropolis—Stephen Ruralborn: Father, that tall structure is the famous "flat-iron" building. Hiram Ruralborn: Well, well! thet's where they make the flat-irons fer the hull world.

He Proved It.—Lady (in party viewing stone quarry): And which is the foreman?" Casey (proudly)—Oi am. Lady—Really? Casey—Oi kin prove ut. (Calls to laborer). "Kelly. Kelly! yer foired!"

Pretty Lucky—Friend of the Family: You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune. Son No. 7: It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers.

"Do you think that the automobile will displace the horse?" asked the conversational young woman. "It will," answered the nervous young man as he gazed down the road, "If it ever hits him."—Washington Star.

Parson Coopah—De choir will now sing dat beautiful hymn, 'We hain't Got Long to Stay Here;' arter singin' which day will consider demselves discharged and file out quietly. We will hab only congregational singin' hereafter."—Puck.

A Rehearsal.—"Elsie!" exclaimed the girl's mother, "why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet, like Willie?" "He's got to be quiet, the way we're playin'," replied Elsie. "He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."

Visitor—Digging potatoes, eh? Farmer's Boy—Yep. Visitor—What do you get for digging potatoes? Farmer's Boy—Nawthin'. But I git somethin' fer not diggin' 'em. Visitor—Indeed? What would you get for not digging them? Farmer's Boy—Licked.—Judge.

Careful.—Philip had gone to bring in the new kittens to show them to a visitor. His mother, hearing a shrill mewing, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip!" From the hall came the reassuring answer, "Oh, no. I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

Absent-minded—"Talk about absent-mindedness! Jenkins is the most absent-minded man I know." "What's he done now?" "Why, he wrote the combination of the safe on a piece of paper to keep from forgetting it, and then locked the paper in the safe to keep from losing it."

Contrary Counsel.—The church was packed, even the aisles lined with chairs. Just before the benediction the thoughtful clergyman, who loved order, thus admonished his hearers: "In passing out, please remain seated until the ushers have removed the chairs from the aisles."

Fully Explained.—Teasing Friend: "What makes that new baby at your home cry so much, Tommy? Tommy (indignantly)—It don't cry so very much; and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

"I wish to adopt a child," said the wealthy woman in the orphan asylum, "what have you?" "Oh, we have them in all shades," replied the polite lady superintendent, "which do you prefer?" "I think a blonde child will be most appropriate," answered the wealthy woman, "my auto is finished in blue."—Puck.

Clear as Mud.—"I was going over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Patsy Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are ye?' 'Purty well, thank ye, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly?' says I; 'that's not my name.' 'Sure an' mine isn't Hewins,' says he. An' so we looked at each other again, an' it turned out to be neither of us."

A Trifle Unconventional—An eccentric farmer was married the other night. "Do you," said the preacher, "take this woman to be your wedded wife, to love and to cherish in sickness and health, for better, for worse, for rich or poor, until death do you part?" There was an awkward pause. Then the bridegroom finally replied, "Them's the calculations."

Punctuation—A high school girl said to her father the other night: "I've got a sentence here I'd like you to punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?" "A little," said her cautious parent. This is what he read: "A five dollar bill flew around the corner." He studied it carefully. "Well," he finally said, "I simply put a period after it, like this." "I wouldn't," said the high school girl; "I'd make a dash after it."

BUYING LARGER FARMS.

Rural Population Decreasing As Wealth Increases.

It seems a paradox, but is nevertheless well established as true, that in certain of the best farming regions of the United States great and abounding agricultural prosperity has resulted in decreased rural population. A no less striking than surprising illustration of this is given in a recent State census report of Iowa, which is reported to show a falling off of 2 per cent in the population of that great and glorious State since the general census of 1900. Of course, such a result was not acceptable to Iowa's pride, and it was not readily accepted. Close inquiry, however, is reported not only to confirm the general correctness of the new count, but to show a sufficient reason for its disappointing result.

The explanation offered is that it is all due to the land hunger of the prosperous Iowa farmer. Having money ahead and well knowing that good farm land in the Mississippi valley is one of the safest and most profitable of investments, he has been buying in the adjoining farms of his less forehanded neighbors to such an extent, the reports say, that vacant farmhouses dot every township in the State. Many of these vacant farmhouses may again be occupied by the sons and sons-in-law of the purchaser; some of them will be abandoned, and the newly acquired lands consolidated into larger farms. And if Iowa follows the course of development that has been going on for many years in the magnificent farming regions of Central Illinois, the consolidated farms will be leased in tracts of 80 or 320 acres, or more, to thrifty and prosperous tenant farmers.

The process as it has gone in Illinois for a number of years is that the wealthier land owner buys out the 40 and 80-acre farms of his neighbors, tile drains and otherwise improves them, often renting the same land or larger tracts to the vendors, who generally made more money as tenants than they had done as owners. The tenant farmers of Central Illinois put their capital into the best of farm implements and machinery and live stock. Their prosperity is seen in their comfortable and well furnished houses, the well kept vehicles and horses which their families drive to church and to country gatherings. In Central Illinois just now the tendency is to larger farms, the tenant generally desiring to increase his area and the landlord regulating the quantity of land he will lease by the proved capacity and success of each tenant. For its best farm lands Iowa appears to be approaching the same system.—Springfield Republican.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Trick of the Trade.

"Madam," began the peddler as he opened his red satchel, "can I sell you something this morning?"

"No," snapped the elderly matron, raising her broom ominously, "and you better move on."

"Just as you say, madam. I was going to offer you the greatest wrinkle remover on earth, but I see you don't need it."

"Ah, I—"

"And also this wonderful remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but you have no use for that, either."

"Why, how kind of you to think so! I—"

"And this little volume entitled 'How to Remain Beautiful Forever.' But it would be superfluous to offer it to you. Good-day, madam."

"Come back here! Come back here this instant. I do not need them, as you say, but I will buy them and give them to some friend. I always encourage truthfulness."

A Regular Customer.

Uncle Erastus, the village plasterer and whitewasher, who had married and buried four wives, was about to acquire a fifth. He went to the house of the Presbyterian minister, a venerable man who had officiated at several of his previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the following evening.

"Of course I shall be glad to marry you to your new wife, Uncle 'Rastus," said the minister. "This will be the third or fourth time for me, won't it? How does it happen, uncle, that you never have a colored preacher tie the knot for you?"

"Well, sah," he answered, "I's kind o' got in de habit o' gittin' a white man to do my marryin', an' I recon I'll allus do it. I's turrible sot in my ways, Mistah Pa'ker."

Art Note.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older—You surprise me.

Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

Prove It By the Oven Fire

Put the wonderful KC Baking Powder to the test. Get a can on approval. Your money will be returned if you don't agree that all we claim is true. You'll be delighted with the delicious, wholesome things that

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JAQUES MFG. CO.
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Send a postal for "Book of Presents."

Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to Jame's savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set us. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

Chinese Ruler.

The Empress Dowager of China was sold into slavery at the age of eleven, to save her family from starvation Afterwards she was presented to the late emperor, and, upon his wife's death, became Empress. Her feet were never bound, and she was taught to read after persistent pleading. The sterling qualities of this wonderful woman, like those of Pillsbury's Vitos, have overcome every obstacle. And she holds herself at the head of China, as does Vitos at the head of breakfast foods.

Knowledge.

Johnny—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure ter hurt yer.

Jimmy—Go on! Where did ye git dat idee?

Johnny—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw! He wuz jist stringin' yer.

Johnny—No, he wuzn't stringin' me; he wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts.—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Seclusion Necessary.

Mrs. Psmith—But how did you manage to keep that secret a whole week, dear?

Mrs. Kjones—It wasn't hard. I simply stayed away from the Browning Club and when callers came I sent word that I wasn't at home.—Cleveland Leader.

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

'Ware of the Dog.

Bob—Miss Subbubs has asked me to call to-night.

Dick—Yes?

Bob—Yes. What shall I wear?

Dick (who has been there)—'Ware of the dog!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when 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 ten fold 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.

Trusts vs. Rings.

"What," queried the fair maid, "is the difference between a trust and a ring?"

"I'm afraid I cannot explain the difference in so many words," replied the young man in the case, "but if you'll put your trust in me I'll blow myself for the ring to-morrow."

And she put her trust in him.

China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed-eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food substances.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Correcting a Misapprehension.

Wasn't that same young man here to see you last night?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, what does he mean by coming every night in the week?"

"He doesn't come every night in the week. I never met him until last Thursday, and he was only here Thursday and Friday and Saturday evenings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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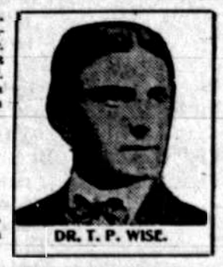
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