RHEUMATISM
CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, erves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of heumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other xternal application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing ounter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain tempoarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it oes not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more han skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be ached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. heumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by he accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues f bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This efuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms ric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the ody, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains re only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time y surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or ampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumaism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated ith irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift om muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing flammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes eformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and novates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign atter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acrid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-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 Rheuatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is ade entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and arks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time ying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write about your case and our physicians will give you any information or dvice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

At Culross Abbey in Fife, Scotland, a mbstone has been found which is beved to date from the fourth century of e Christian era.

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, ted 1695, £200 was given at a recent le in London; while one by Nicholas upot fetched £240.

Americans and American capital are ing into Ceylon to assist in the development of the tea growing industry this ar as never before.

Gesture language still exists in parts Australasia. Some tribes possess so cellent a code that it is almost as ficient as a spoken language.

Preference.

The Court—Six years at hard labor. ou'll get a chance to learn a trade, y man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be peritted to learn it by—er—correspondce course?—Puck.

Her Given Age.

Bacon—The average age of persons rested in New York City is 22½ ars and one out of five is a woman. Egbert—I suppose the age liable to given by the woman brings the averw away down.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Conclusive.

Society Leader—What! Is there a reort out that I am going to marry Col. anoop? Why, I don't even know him! Matronly Friend—That proves nothg, my dear. I have been married to r. Permangan for thirty-seven years, d I don't know him even yet.

Pleasant for Clarence.

The sharp, penetrating voice of the ung woman's mother rang out on the ll night air.

"Marie, come in the house this minute! aven't I told you——"

"Mamma," interrupted an equally arp voice, appearing to come from newhere on the front porch, "this isn't ck! This is Clarence!"

Sir Henry Samuel, who was a Unionist candidate for Parliament, is the author of this bull: "The legislative garden of the Liberals is an arid swamp."

The Limit.

Biggs—The Dopsons are very exclusive, I understand.

Diggs—Yes, indeed. Why, they even have wire screens on their doors and windows so their flies can't get out and associate with the flies of their neighbors.

"Hurrah."

The history of many a race may be read in its battle cry. The "Banzai!" of the Japanese, the "Faghaghballah!" of the Irish, and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "Hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battle cry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur ale!" meaning, "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "Huzza" and pronounced "Hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.

"Pass the East Wind."

Miss Agnes Slack, secretary of the International W. C. T. U., told on the Merion, as she was about to sail for Liverpool, a temperance story:

"A little boy, one evening at dinner, gazed at his father's face a long while, and then said:

"'Papa, what makes your nose so dreadful red?'

"'The east wind of course,' the father answered with gruff haste. 'Pass that jug of beer, and don't talk so much.'

"Then, from the other end of the table, the boy's mother said sweetly:

"'Yes, Tommy, pass your father the east wind, and be careful not to spill any on the table cloth.'"

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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SHEAR NONSENSE

"Why is Jones growing a beard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—Punch.

"Do you think we should let women vote?" "Certainly. Why not? We let them earn money all other ways."—Life.

"So she's about to be married again. Do you know who is the lucky man?" "Yes, the dead one."—Detroit Free Press.

The Man—None of their relatives will speak to them since their elopement. The Girl—They ought to be a very happy couple.—Puck.

"I notice your daughter dances with such graceful, free movements." "They ain't free; she takes reg'lar paid lessons."—Baltimore American.

Little Girl (after a domestic scene with her mother)—The best thing for us to do, mamma, is to agree to a separation.—Transatlantic Tales.

Duff—Howell believes in the eternal fitnes of things. Cuff—That's so; he wouldn't run for a car if he had a walking suit on.—Town Topics.

"Willie Green," said the teacher, "you may define the word memory." "Memory," said Willie, "is what we forget with."—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—Puck.

Rector (showing a stranger the church monuments)—My grandfather has slept in this church for eighty years. Stranger—Is he living?—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Neighbors—Are you aware that your new hired girl is a somnambulist? Mrs. Meadowgrass—My goodness, no! She told me she was a Baptist.—Chicago Daily News.

Little Girl (telling of the Garden of Eden)—Yes, Mummy, Adam and Eve lived very happily there till the Evil One came in the form of a servant.—Canadian Courier.

First Little Girl—When you grow up are you going to advertise for a husband? Second Little Girl—No; I'm going to be a widow. They don't have to.—Harper's Weekly.

Mother-in-Law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet? Son-in-Law—Yes, indeed, he has already made his apologies.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Clara—You may not believe it, but I said "No" to seven different men during the past winter. Maude—Oh, I don't doubt it. What were they selling.—Chicago Daily News.

Mistress—Why don't you boil the eggs? Cook—Sure, I've no clock in the kitchen to go by. Mistress—Oh, yes, you have. Cook—What good is it? It's ten minutes fast.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"May I ask your father for your hand to-night, Miss Keichem?" "Can't you wait until to-morrow night, George? I think Charlie Chumpley is going to ask him to-night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Anxious Housewife (startled by a crash in the room below)—There! Another of my best porcelain tureens gone. Husband—Never mind, dear; it has stopped the cook's singing.—Portland Oregonian.

Voice from the parlor—Mary Ann, did you get the milk for the children and Fido in separate bottles? Mary Ann—Yes, ma'am. The voice—Have Fido's milk sterilized. Mary Ann—Yes, ma'am.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Geck (who has already wearied the guests with many songs)—Now I will sing you one more song and then go home. Lady—Pardon me, but do you attach much importance to the order of your program?—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I can't quite tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Scrappington (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that full-grown rhinoceroses cost $12,000 apiece. Mr. Scrappington (meanly)—Eh-yah! And isn't it a pity that women can't wear them on their hats?—Smart Set.

Boston Newsboy.

New Yorker (in Boston)—I say there, boy! Mave you an extra?"

Boston Newsboy—I have an especial edition issued at 12 o'clock meridian, sir!—Yonkers Statesman.

Watch any man long enough, and you will see him make a mighty bad break.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

One Exception.

Mrs. Wickler—Dear me! how all the necessaries of life have gone up.

Wickler—No; they haven't all gone up.

Mrs. Wickler—Well, I should like you to mention one thing that hasn't gone up.

Wickler—Certainly. My salary.—Illustrated Bits.

Dogs and Musical Tones.

The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kallscher, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kallscher trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

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.

How the Ball Wound Up.

"Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom."

"Mingled, yo' say?"

"Mingled till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

Not Committing Himself.

"Do you find my daughter's voice improving, Mr. Sculcher?" asked Mrs. Upmore.

"Improving?" said the professor of vocal training. "Why, my dear madam, it's—er—not the same voice at all."

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

Clever at That.

"Who is that seedy-looking man over there?"

"That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?"

"No. I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

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.

A Distinction.

"So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country."

"No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

He Had Enough.

"Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?" asked the beief.

"Vladevoledoweschowski."

"Huh! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

Mica Axle Grease Helps the Wagon up the Hill

The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time *to* make money, when wheels are greased with

Mica Axle Grease

—The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world.

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

HERE'S A 'VEATHER SHARP.

High Meteorological Standing of the Green Tree Frog.

Few animals have survived the attacks made by science upon their reputation as weather prophets. The green frog is a conspicuous exception. He is, to be sure, a croaking prophet, but plenty of people still pin their faith to him. Even so scientific a journal as Symons' Meteorological Magazine has a kind word to say of the little fellow.

Here is a picture of the frog's ladder which is provided for this weather prophet in Germany and Switzerland. In many houses the frog is kept in a bottle half filled with water and provided with a ladder, and the little fellow is carefully watched as to his behavior in uncertain conditions of the atmosphere. A number of weather maxims are based upon his posture and activity. If he remains on one of the lowest steps of the ladder it is considered a sure sign that bad weather is coming. If he emerges from the water and rests upon the steps above it fine weather may be expected, and the higher he sits on the steps the finer the weather is sure to be. He is also supposed to

SWISS WEATHER PROPHET.

give warning of bad weather by croaking loudly before a storm.

The magazine says that there is really some reason to believe that the green tree frog is somewhat experienced as regards climatic conditions and acts accordingly. In fine weather he skips about among the branches of trees, when at liberty, catching flies. At the approach of winter he seeks the water and finds himself a bed in the mud until the following spring calls him out to resume his war on the flies.

Now the frog on the ladder without doubt watches the weather conditions keenly and rises to look out for flies when the circumstances seem favorable. On the other hand, when the weather is cold and damp he is reminded of winter and instinctively retires to bury his sorrows in the imaginary mud which he sees at the bottom of his prison.

NOT A SAFE MAN TO WED.

The notions in regard to courtship and marriage held by Tibble, the young Scotchwoman who presided over the Jameson kitchen, were a never-ending source of amusement to her mistress. "I've taken me mind off Archie MacLachlan, ma'am," Tibble announced one day, referring to a young carpenter who had haunted her domain for some weeks. "He's no the man for me. I can see that weel."

"What has poor Archie done?" asked Mrs. Jameson, her heart filled with joy at the knowledge that she was not to lose her domestic treasure, as she had feared.

"It's what he has na done, ma'am," responded Tibble, briskly. "I put a few tests to him. I said, 'Archie, if ye had a wife, an' come home some day to find she'd gone gadding with her kin and left the hoose in disorder what'd you do?' And he looked at me with that foolish smile o' his, an' said he, 'I'd put it to rights mysel'.'

"Again I tried him with churchgoing. Said I, 'Archie, if ye had a wife that some Sawbeth morning would up an' tell ye she was too tired to bide the thoughts o' sitting under the minister, what'd you do?' An' again he smiled foolish at me, an' said, 'I'd go an' listen for two.'

"And at last I tried him with the vanities o' this world. I said, 'Archie, if ye had a wife that would take some o' your hard-earned money an' spend it for gay ribbons an' kickshaws to put on herself, what'd you do?' An' he smiled broader than ever, an' says he, 'I'd take my pleasure lookin' at her wi' 'em on her.'

"So then I up an' told him he's beat be looking elsewhere for a wife.

"You'd be a fearfu' pleasant man to wed,' I said to him, 'but such easy-going ways would na train a lass like me.'

"The answer to every one o' the three questions should 'a' been, 'I'd take a stick to her,' an' you know it!

"So now we've parted, ma'am."

England has 30,000 persons with a single leg or arm.

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On savings deposits of a dollar or more, compounded twice every year. It is just as easy to open a Savings Account with us by Mail as if you lived next door. Send for our free booklet, "Banking by Mail," and learn full particulars. Address

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Sixth and Washington Sts.

Getting Out from Under.

From the depths of her inner consciousness Mrs. Shelley had evolved a hideous monster in the shape of a human being, but destitute of all the moral attributes of humanity.

"Still," she reflected, "no fair minded person can accuse me of being a nature faker. I am not charging nature with having any hand in the production of this monstrosity."

In elaborating the story, however, she cleverly dodged all responsibility by putting the entire blame on a helpless and unsuspecting student of the name of Frankenstein.

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