



PERU-NA
FOR
CATARRH
OF THE
HEAD,
THROAT,
LUNGS,
STOMACH,
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
AND
FEMALE ORGANS.

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 Peru-na."
"She gradually commenced improving and getting a little strength. She now weighs 100 pounds. She is gaining every day, and does her own housework and cooking."

Dobblers.
Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—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."

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 motor-man on a trolley car."

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.

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 the 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 charge.

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 Huguenots 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 squashed 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 any more."

Finesses.
"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.

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.

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.

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. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JUSTICE THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.
Among the dark problems of life we must make a place for the injustice that noble men sometimes suffer. Long ago Jerusalem crucified its Saviour. Athens poisoned its master, Florence burned its hero, but today every town and village holds at least one martyr to cruel and unjust judgments.

Ours is a world in which the clerk suffers in the financial failure of his employer; where the officeholder is ruined by the political mistakes of the party leader; where the child is destroyed by the sins of the father. Employers sometimes suffer grievously by reason of economic events over which they have no control; sometimes the citizen suffers through the sensational press; sometimes the author or editor suffers through cruel criticism over events for whose evil consequences he is in no wise responsible. This problem of unjust judgment and this bearing of injustice in silence is one of the hardest problems that man experiences. Injustice public men have to endure in silence.

The need of the hour is for justice and truth in judgment. The full facts are perhaps never before any of us. But in general men are far better than they are believed to be. The good in the world outweighs the ill. The prophet saw man as part gold and part clay, but the proportion of gold is more and more and the clay is less and less. The world has had too many teachers poisoned unjustly. Too many reformers martyred without cause. Too many heroes who are victims of malignity, jealousy and hate. There is too much good in the worst men and too much bad in the best men to leave any place for injustice, harshness or cruelty.

THE MATTER OF FIRE INSURANCE.

By F. W. Fitzpatrick.
Since 1860 we have paid in insurance premiums \$3,622,000,000, or just in the last ten years, \$1,610,885,000. In 1905 we carried into the insurance companies, over \$100,000,000 in premiums and got back in paid losses the sum of \$95,000,000, which was supposed to console us for the loss of about \$180,000,000 in smoke and fully that much more for fire departments and other alleged "protection." San Francisco offers the latest illustration of how much insurance really does protect. Property to the value of fully \$350,000,000 was destroyed; the city and country suffered a business loss by the fire in that city of nearly a billion dollars; it will take at least \$12,000,000 to clean up the city, and undoubtedly \$400,000,000 and twenty years' time to rebuild it. For all of that terrific loss and cost the citizens will receive from the insurance

companies \$132,000,000, a goodly portion of which sum they themselves contributed.

It is late in the day, but at last people are beginning to learn that of all "insurance" the best is to build properly in the first place, to construct so that internal fires or conflagrations can inflict but the minimum of damage. And it can be done so easily and at such slight additional cost above that of the most flimsy construction. Why, take for instance, the Board of Underwriters' laboratory in Chicago, the most perfectly fireproof building in the country, with all the "frills" and accessories that we have been clamoring for for years to make buildings more thoroughly proof against fire, and, in spite of all that, it has cost but a trifle over 10 per cent more than if it had been built in the usual shoddy way. Considering its longevity, freedom from repairs, and the elimination of insurance, or, at least, the payment of heavy premiums, and that building within a few years of its erection means an actual and great economy to the individual, and from the day of its completion a godsend to the community.

PURE FOOD IS GREAT TRIUMPH.

By P. M. Hanney.
Well and properly administered, the pure food law cannot fail to work an immense improvement in the condition of the general people, to elevate and dignify the tone of the nation. It is indeed high time for it to come, for serious and pressing is the need of it. If there is one thing in the world that needs looking after and repairing it is the American stomach. It has long been the most abused and outraged of organs, with the result that we have almost become a nation of dyspeptics. It has been the victim of legalized wholesale poisoners before whom the Borgias of Italy and all other infamous toxicologists of history fade into utter insignificance. There is no more ominous and appalling sight in the world than the innumerable red lights that flash from the drug stores of American cities; they are the danger signals that tell every citizen of the continual menace to health and life that lurks in his daily food.

The world keeps moving, and the march of science and civilization goes on over shams, frauds, and humbugs of every kind. Without reviving the days when every man smoked his own bacon and grew his own cabbage, we are getting so that every man may obtain genuine and wholesome diet, be he carnivorous or vegetarian, that every man may know what he is eating, even if he be newly married and his wife does the cooking. The era of the wooden nutmeg is gone, the era of the painted strawberry is going. The clouds of gastronomic doubt and danger drift away behind; the sun of health and digestion glows in front; and soon, according to the signs, we may reach the happy period when the food color artists cease from troubling and the adulterators are at rest.

GOLD MINING IN SIBERIA.



SIBERIAN PEASANTS WORKING THEIR OWN MINE.

Siberia is phenomenally rich in the precious metals and has developed a system of mining peculiarly its own. A curious feature is the way the ground is prospected and opened up by the peasant "tributors," as they are called. Permission is readily granted to sink shafts wherever they like, subject to the conditions that they can only go down as far as water-level, usually about sixty feet, and that all the quartz extracted must be treated at the mill of the ground landlord, and all gold extracted sold to him at a rate previously decided upon, leaving a fair profit for the peasant and an extra good one for the landlord. There is no philanthropy about the transaction, and the peasant is in no way bound to accept the terms. No charge whatever is made for the use of mill. The field is thus practically developed for nothing—rich reefs which would probably remain undiscovered are opened by up "tributors," who frequently make fortunes out of rich strikes. The mine owner is thus continually in touch with all that is going on, and duly records the results of the operations for his own benefit. In the mining operations women as well as men do their share of the work.

NOVEL CURES FOR SNORING.

Case of Offending Policeman Suggests Remedies for Disease.

Very many of our readers will be interested in the ultimate fate of the unfortunate snoring policeman who has been banished from his fellow sleepers and caged at night in sound-proof quarters. Perhaps the dreadful infirmity, now that it has the official recognition of his superiors, may call for some suitable scientific treatment. If so the great army of snorers can covertly watch the outcome with all the cunning and complacency of undiscovered transgressors.

We are glad we can make the start with a perfectly fair case, for conviction of the nuisance is always most difficult to obtain. The culprit must be caught with the snore on him and in the presence of reliable ear witnesses. No one has ever been known to acknowledge his fault voluntarily. On

the contrary, one of the surest signs of the confirmed malady is his persistent denial of its existence. He is not satisfied to plead lack of premeditation and absence of accountability, but openly impugns the motives of his clamorous accusers. The worst of it is that on all other matters he is perfectly reasonable. This makes it extremely difficult to obtain his consent for treatment of any sort.

We speak now of snorers as a class. The only easy way is to tackle them when they cannot resist. There are various approved methods not only ingenious but effective for temporarily arresting the sonorous, rasping and vibrating respiratory spasms. The most popular, perhaps, is the elbow thrust in the ribs. Next comes the gentle pinch of the nose, whereby part of the wind current is shut off. Some have advised that the nose be clasped by a clothespin even before retiring, but unfortunately the subject of the experi-

ment almost invariably demurs. Others have recommended sitting on the chest, but this is rather a hazardous proceeding for both parties, and so also is a temporary twist of the windpipe, unless performed by skilled manipulator. But no matter what is done the disease is well known to recur indefinitely.

In most instances death appears to be the only common relief for the peace disturber and his surviving relatives. But the end should never be hastened. The poor policeman for the present can be safe in his cupola, but how long remains to be seen. Twice last summer the place was struck by lightning. The main hope now is that man and cupola may both alter their habits before it be too late. Meanwhile the neighborhood must plug its ears and wait.—New York Herald.

Odd Habits of Pheasants.

There is some curiosity as to how many English pheasants will be raised in Kansas this year. The average number of birds raised by each pair of parent birds is sixty. With 2,000 in the State this would mean about 7,000,000 birds in two years. The woods and fields would be overrun with them at this rate. However, there are many foes of the birds and they are killed every year in great numbers. The sleet storms are particularly hard on them, as the water freezes on their long plumage and they are unable either to fly or run fast. When in this condition they are easy prey to dogs and wolves.

One of the queerest habits the birds have is to migrate in the late winter thirty-five miles. It is claimed that the birds always migrate exactly thirty-five miles and always to the south. The young never stay where they were hatched, but make this move as soon as they are large enough. Naturalists have never been able to explain this. The only theory advanced is that the birds know if they stay where they were hatched the country would soon be overstocked with them.—Kansas City Journal.

Over a Million Arrivals.

The total number of cabin and steerage passengers landed at the port of New York during the year 1906 by all the trans-Atlantic steamship lines was 1,159,551. In 1905 992,005 were landed, which gives the year just ended the record by a margin of 167,486.

You can live way off on a lonely farm, but trouble will come to you out there.

A critic is a man who couldn't have done it himself.