

FRIENDSHIP.

What is the best a friend can be To any soul, to you or me? Not only shelter, comfort, rest—



Amateur Photography

Love's Reward.

PHILIP had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose-lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

And she—she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but a short month before, the dark, handsome face that had lighted into a look of involuntary admiration at sight of her, the face of the wealthy city stranger—Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girl's heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for her love she had no heart to give him. She told him so with womanly tenderness and pity, and he had left her presence a very sad, very silent man.

The following day broke fair and bright, with golden sunlight on the hillsides and June-time meads in the valley. Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence Thorne.

The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst of all this glorious sylvan beauty the elasticity of youth reasserts itself, and the girl's step grows lighter, her heart happier, till she almost forgets her little troubles.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little ones.

Coming home, she passes a house that stands in its own grounds—a house with snowy curtains, stretching verandas and a well rolled tennis ground attached. It is far more pretentious than her own cozy house. And well it may be, for it is the boarding house of this rustic little village. It is filled with fashionables just now who have fled from the crush and heat of the city, and, among others, Edgar Reynolds.

"At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little child is very ill. She will go in and inquire for her. No one save the servant can be up yet. She pushes open the gate and noiselessly fits up the garden path to the rear of the house.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy note paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is no directly overhead.

"She is about to take it to the housekeeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold hand, 'Florence Thorne.' It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all honor in the intensity of her surprise, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. It runs:

"Dear Will—Expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of raticating. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the daughter of Allen Thorne, the millionaire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose—poor, pretty and proud as a princess—but I couldn't stand to ruin my prospects for her, you know. Much as I could do to keep from losing my heart in earnest. Had half a mind to throw over Agatha Vere's thousands, but—pshaw, the bank account carries the day."

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, 'Edgar Reynolds.'

The girl stands stiff and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, great startled horror in her eyes. All the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained intensity of that gaze.

"Hark! Is that some one coming? For a moment she lifts her hand to her head in a confused, helpless way. Then, crushing the letter into her bosom, she turns and flies fast as her leaden weighted feet will bear her down the path, through the gate, along the dusty highway—home.

Her uncle came to her on receipt of Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill she was, his lonely old heart warming with love toward his brother's orphan child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had heard of her illness with his usual well-bred indifference.

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after all," he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made exile from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with shyest pensive purple eyes.

Oil cloth trays may be considered a cheap and sloppy substitute for the real thing, but if you will try them once when making bromide or velox prints you will continue to use them for that purpose. Apart from the small trays around as solutions used, there is the cleanliness. Stains on prints are common annoyances when one tray is used for various purposes. Procure a few rough wooden frames about three inches deep and as large as desired for the size you work, a yard or two of white oil cloth and a few tacks is all that is necessary. Take a piece of the oil cloth four inches larger each way than your frame and tack it around the outside from nature, and don't try to manufacture them in cold blood. Art is largely a matter of seeing. It is the same old story of a young student starting out with his sketching outfit, and walking four miles to find something to paint, and the master doing beautiful things in his back yard. Not that everything is beautiful, and worth painting, for it isn't but there are lots of beautiful things that you will pass every day because you have not the eyes to see them. Keep on the alert for beautiful combinations and arrangements all the time. You are just as apt to see them in the street cars as anywhere else, and if you store up a reserve of souvenirs of this sort you will do more original and better pictures. It is far better than copying what another fellow sees and does before you."

In his address before the convention of the Photographers' Association of America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the following, which is excellent advice for any amateur: "Get your impressions from nature, and don't try to manufacture them in cold blood. Art is largely a matter of seeing. It is the same old story of a young student starting out with his sketching outfit, and walking four miles to find something to paint, and the master doing beautiful things in his back yard. Not that everything is beautiful, and worth painting, for it isn't but there are lots of beautiful things that you will pass every day because you have not the eyes to see them. Keep on the alert for beautiful combinations and arrangements all the time. You are just as apt to see them in the street cars as anywhere else, and if you store up a reserve of souvenirs of this sort you will do more original and better pictures. It is far better than copying what another fellow sees and does before you."

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what is the perfect negative. Of course, the experienced worker will make a negative for a certain paper and with a certain object in view, that

light and beauty. The massive doors are swung open; the perfume of the flowers floats out on the night air. The soft, brilliant light from the chandeliers, through curtains of amber satin and creamy lace, streams forth on the street below.

She has received them all with a sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, and is walking away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

The dark, debonaire face is handsome as of yore, and it brightens as if with new life when he sees her.

"Florence—Miss Thorne!" He has sprung forward eagerly, and regardless of the presence of others, held out both hands.

Florence Thorne looks up at him in calm surprise. She does not smile; she does not cry out. No tinge of the rose flush dies from her face. The pensive purple eyes do not droop; the lily hands do not tremble. So she lays her hand a moment in his, coldly, courteously.

"Have you come back at last—at last?"

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silver voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the ballroom?"

She bows a trifle laughingly to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet.

Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and smiles to see the world bow down before his darling.

"Such wit, such repartee, such matchless grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the season."

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times." She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left him and looks after her with hot, angry eyes.

He has staid single and let Agatha Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

The night goes by for one hour of the old dominion, now for one hour of the new. He sees a servant approach her in the crowd, sees her bend her haughty head and follow him.

"I must have it out with her now," he says, clenching his hands fiercely. "I must awake the old love to-night if ever."

He follows her through the long, gas-

It suits his purpose is a perfect negative, although it may be useless for other papers. But it is to dispel the idea in the mind of the beginner, that a perfect negative must be crisp and clear, black and white. As most amateurs make "snap shots" and these are as a general rule under-exposed, they are especially liable to turn out black and white negatives, more especially if they use prepared developers, which are mostly hydrokinone, on account of its keeping qualities in solution. Now hydrokinone is a harsh developer and only suitable for negatives that have received ample exposure.

Ortol is a good all around developer for snap shots, where pyro is disliked, but with all its staining qualities, pyro can be excelled. Pyro and metal in combination is a developer that can be adapted easily to long or short exposures by diluting the developer and a much under-exposed negative can be made to yield a fair print by leaving it in a diluted pyro-metal developer until well stained through the film.

Such a negative is a disappointment to look at, but the print is better than the negative in detail and contrast. The amber color of a pyro developed negative, although thin, makes it a slower printer than a much more dense, black and white negative developed in hydrokinone, metal, amidol or rodinal. In the perfect negative there should be only absolute opacity in the very highest lights, such as the glancing of the sun on the crest of the waves, and absolute transparency only where the lines require to be pure black. Between these two extremes there must be even gradations through all the tones and half tones. Over-exposure tends to produce the middle tones at the expense of the lights and shadows. Under-exposure gives the extremes at the loss of the half tones. Thus in a known case of under-exposure the pyro developer by its stain retards the printing and tends to bring out in the paper every bit of detail that is in the negative, while black and white negatives, although rapid printers, do not do themselves justice on paper.—Camera and Dark Room.

It room till, parting the velvet curtains at the entrance, she enters a cool, dim, shadowy alcove.

He is just behind her, but draws back quickly in the shade of a tall, flower crowned pillar as he sees a man turn from the marble mantel at the farther end of the room, against which he had been leaning—a man bearded and bronzed and travel stained.

"Oh, Phillip!"

The girl sprang forward, a gleaming light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo," he says softly. It was the old pet name for her when she was a little child. When she grew up a "fair girl graduate, with golden hair," she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips.

Both her slender white hands rest in his own—not reluctantly now. The man in the shadow of the velvet portiere looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now—his rustic rival of three years ago.

"Little Flo," he says again, and this time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hands.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, for she knows how, in spite of wealth, suitors and a countless coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago—the true love that died fourished when the false love died.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!"

"Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks, but Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in his trailing satin robes close in his strong arms as "little Flo" cries out in alarm:

"Oh, Phillip, you have crushed my flowers!"

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.—Waverley.

LONE TRIBE OF ESKIMOS

There has been discovered upon one of the islands of the Hudson Bay, the remnant of a lost tribe of Eskimos, a community which has been for centuries without intercourse with any other representatives of the human species, and whose members never, until quite recently, had an opportunity of seeing a white man. The facts of the discovery are well established, having been reported to the Federal authorities at Ottawa by the Rev. A. W. Buckland. Mr. Buckland says that these strange people will virtually live in the stone age, knowing no metals. Their habits possess many peculiarities. A very remarkable collection of their utensils, weapons of the chase, and other objects, was secured by Mr. Buckland, but to the great regret of the Canadian authorities, it was allowed by him to pass into the hands of private persons.

The huts on the island are built by putting together the great jaws of whales and then covering them with skins. In the middle of the primitive dwellings is a slight elevation, on which stands the stone lamp, employed for lighting, heating, cooking, and melting snow and drying clothes. This lamp is nothing more than an open dish of whale oil, with a wick of dry moss soaked in fat.

The whale is the chief means of subsistence of these poor people. They use the bone for many purposes, making plates and cups and tobogan-like sleds. They also manufacture sledges of walrus tusks, with deer antlers for crosspieces. The members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and they are the most daring of hunters. Not more than sixteen members of the tribe now survive.

Mr. Buckland agrees with the explorers who believe the story that Andrew was murdered by the Eskimos. He has lived for years with these people in their tents, and can not say too much for the kindness of disposition and readiness to assist strangers. He explains the finding by them of instruments and other property by the hypothesis that they belonged to the Tyrell brothers, who in 1864, nearly lost their lives near Marble Island, Hudson Bay, and left many valuable articles behind, including their cameras, plates, etc.

Mr. Buckland is confident that Andrew will never again be heard from. When he was asked by the Norwegian government last year to undertake a search for him, he declined, believing that to do so would simply mean a waste of time and money.—New York Sun.

"At your age I never told stories," said Myron Leflingwell to the youthful one who had been "yarning" as it is a way sometimes with imaginative youngsters.

"At what age did you begin, papa?" was the disconcerting answer.—New York Times.

Now the Miracle Occurred. "Why did the evil spirits enter into the swine?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Cause hogs was all any old thing," replied little Sammy.

Must Forget One. Flannigan—That's the matter wid Hogan these days? Hoogan—He invented an armor that would pierce, and a shield that would pierce an armor, and he doesn't know which to fergit.—New York Times.

Shoes Wouldn't Fit. Clerk—So you want to exchange these shoes because they aren't mates? Mrs. Hogan—Oh do. First 'thi O' put was on me left foot an' 'twort made for the right; an' 'thi O' put was on me right foot, an' 'twort made for the left.

The Truth Will Out. The Parson (to stranger)—This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you at our church. Where is your regular place of worship, may I ask.

Young Man—Why, er—at her father's house, to be sure.

Aluminum as a Substitute for Paper. It is stated that experiments with aluminum as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is now possible to roll aluminum into sheets four-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water proof, and is indestructible by worms.

Like Papa. "I saw Klumsey's baby yesterday. It's a regular chip off the old block."

"Why, I couldn't see any resemblance at all."

"No? Well, when I saw the kid it had just opened its mouth and put its foot in it."—Philadelphia Press.

A wife can read her husband's mind all right. The difficulty is in getting him to acknowledge that she reads him right.

An Excellent Reason.

An old sea captain, under the impression that he was saying a good thing, asked a lady passenger why men never kiss one another, while ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces.

"Because," the lady replied, "the men have something better to kiss and the women haven't."

For forty years Pilo's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Showed Profound Conceit. Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met. Maud—What makes you think so? Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

Anything But Funny. Myer—The average man takes life much too seriously. Gyer—Oh, I don't know. It's no joke to be arrested for murder.

Millions of sufferers use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain every year, and call it blessed. Ask your druggist, he knows.

Living Papa Away. "Mamma," said 5-year-old Tommy. "I'll bet my pony can beat you."

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother. "I mean in a race," replied the youngster. "I heard papa say that you could talk faster than a horse can trot."

Eats Corn Off the Cob. "I can bite an apple as well as I could when a child, and I can eat corn off the cob as well as any person alive," said a lady sixty-eight years old and a customer of Wise Bros., the famous dentists, of Portland, Oregon.

She had been fitted with full sets of upper and lower teeth by Wise Brothers, and was perfectly astonished to find that she is now as well supplied with teeth that she can use as she was when a little girl. Wise Brothers have revolutionized modern dental methods.

There is no more pain to be feared by people who have their teeth attended to, and the cost is very moderate. They make a great specialty of crown and bridge work, and even when it is necessary to take out all of the old teeth and put in full new sets, the result is simply wonderful. The false teeth, of course, cannot be told from natural ones, and the person using them can do everything he or she could do with natural teeth. The sets of teeth are made to fit the gums so perfectly that there is no slipping, and the strength of the possible bite is just like that of a natural healthy set of teeth.

The experience of the lady customer here related can be yours if your teeth need attention. No one can afford to postpone having their teeth put in order. No one need suffer a single day longer because they have lost the use of their own teeth. We hope our readers will carefully watch the advertisements of Wise Brothers in this newspaper, and be persuaded to consult this splendid dental institution.

A Natural Question. "At your age I never told stories," said Myron Leflingwell to the youthful one who had been "yarning" as it is a way sometimes with imaginative youngsters.

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Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PARSONS' CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough, Spasms, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc.

Lady Prompters. Women prompters have been tried at the Berlin theaters with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage and are less audible in the auditorium.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE. Write Allen E. Gossard, Lowell, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chilblains, swelling, chafing, itching, hot feet, corns, bunions, etc. It is a certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. Don't accept any substitute.

His Choice Jury. Lawyer Brief—I see that case of yours is on. Jury drawn yet? Lawyer Skinner—Yes, and it's a splendid one.

Lawyer Brief—Above the average in intelligence, eh? Lawyer Skinner—No; way below it.

False Economy. It is the experience of every good housewife that to practice economy on such articles as spices, baking powder and the like is generally at the risk of health and comfort. The few cents possibly saved may be very expensive if they result in impure and indigestible foods. If you want to be sure you are getting only the very purest and strongest spices and baking powder made, see to it that your grocer supplies you only with the Monopole brand. If your dealer doesn't handle them send us his name. Washams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Or.

Preference. "You say that young woman complimented my singing?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "In a way," the young woman replied. "She said she would rather hear you try to sing than try to converse."—Washington Star.

Old People. Do not always receive the sympathy and attention which they deserve. Their ailments are regarded as purely imaginary, or natural and unavoidable at their time of life. Disease and infirmity should not always be associated with old age. The eye of the gray haired grandaunt may be as bright and the complexion as fair as any of his younger and more vigorous companions.

Good Blood is the secret of healthy old age, for it regulates and controls every part of the body, strengthens the nerves, makes the muscles elastic and supple, the bones strong and the flesh firm, but why is this life fluid so polluted or poisoned and loses its nutritive, health sustaining elements, then there is a rapid decline of the vital powers, resulting in premature old age and disease. Any derangement of the blood quickly shows itself in an ulcer, sore, wart, tumor or some other troublesome growth upon the body, and rheumatic and neuralgic pains become almost constant, accompanied with poor digestion and cold extremities.

S. S. S. being purely vegetable, is the safest and best blood purifier for old people. It does not shock or hurt the system like the strong mineral remedies, that will pierce and thoroughly cleanse the blood and stimulates the debilitated organs, when all bodily ailments disappear. S. S. S. is just such a tonic as old people need to improve a weak digestion and tone up the Stomach. If there is any hereditary taint, or the remains of some disease contracted in early life, S. S. S. will search it out and remove every vestige of it from the system.

Write us fully about your case and let our physicians advise and help you. This will cost you nothing, and we will mail free our book on blood and skin diseases. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

PRUSSIAN POWERS. CURE YOUR HORSE OF HEAVES, COUGH, AND BRONCHITIS. A SURE CURE FOR ALL AFFECTIONS WITH HEAVES AFFLICTED. CURED 34 HORSES.

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JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE. Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best Lagunas in Rollers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

TWO PER CENT DIVIDEND. We will pay a dividend of 2 per cent per month on money deposited, payable monthly; good security. Call or write PORTLAND DIVIDEND CO. L. M. DAVIS, President. 302 Washington St., City.

I WANT TO BUY FOR CASH. Chicken, Duck and Geese feathers. Address O. O. SMITH, 10th and Davis Sts., Portland, Or.

DR. C. GEE WO. WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT. This wonderful Chinese medicine is called great because he cures people without operation. He cures with herbs, roots, barks, and vegetables that are entirely safe and do not hurt the system. Through the use of these medicines, pneumonia, pleurisy, tuberculosis, consumption, rheumatism, nervousness, neuralgia, neuralgic, etc., are cured. He cures with his hands. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patient care of the sick his motto. Send 3 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE.

THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO. 132 1/2 Third St., Portland, Oregon. 807 1/2 Broadway, N. Y. City.

THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD. DEARS THIS TRADE MARK. TOWER'S FISH BRAND. THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED AS A SADDLE SOAP IT HAS NO EQUAL.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GROOMING AND HAIR CARE PRODUCTS. A. W. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Tennessee. "Why do you call your neighbor's pig 'Maude'?" "Because it always comes into the garden."

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

Somewhat Uncertain. "He's what you'd call a professional public speaker, isn't he?" "Well, I don't know. He speaks in public every chance he can get, but the public never waits to hear him."

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES. W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES. CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1500 pairs, \$1,000,000.1000 pairs, \$2,000,000. Best imported and American leathers, Best Patent Calf, English, etc. Call, Visit Kid, Common Calf, etc. Boston, Mass. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. N. F. N. O. No. 45-1902. WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.