Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

"Dis world ain't square," growled little Mickey. "Why not?" asked Jimmy. "'Cause the only ones dat get free peanuts are elephants and policemen."—Chicago News.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond. She—Why? "I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbrance." "Is she looking for one?"—Life.

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

Toned Him Down.

"This photograph doesn't look a bit like me," said Snarley to the photographer.

"I know it," said the photographer. "I was afraid to make it exactly like you for fear you wouldn't take it."

$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.

Economical.

Friend (to amateur artist)—I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?

Amateur—Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents.

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.

Mexican Salutations.

Mexican gentlemen tip their hats to each other or at least salute in passing and shake hands both at meeting and parting, though the interview may have lasted only two minutes.

Lucky Fishermen.

A fisherman at Phippsburg, Me., pulled up a jug of gin on the cod hook the other day. The date of the jug was 1821.

Curious Cucumber.

A freak in the cucumber line was found in Brandon, Vt., last week by Arnold Manchester. It is four distinct cucumbers, yet all grown from a single stem and forming a solid bunch shaped not unlike a Maltese cross.

The Masculine Theory.

Wife—I wonder why the fashions for women change so often?

Husband—Probably for the purpose of enabling them to correspond with the feminine mind, my dear.

Horrible Thought.

Here's an astrologer who predicts that King Edward is shortly to pass through a lot of trouble, a dark cloud hanging over the empire. Some horrible calamity, don't you know.

I'll bet Alfred Austin is writing another ode.—Life.

Seals Being Exterminated.

American and Canadian fishermen are exterminating the seals on the Pribyloff islands, near Alaska. Just for the sport of the thing they shoot the animals instead of spearing; the bodies sink, and the breeding seals are frightened away by the noise.

GORDON M'KAY.

Death of the Man Who Revolutionized the Shoemaking Industry.

Gordon McKay, whose death occurred recently at his cottage in fashionable Newport, was a notable figure in the social and business world. Although starting in life comparatively poor, he accumulated millions through his inventive genius. McKay was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1821, and on the death of his father in 1833, began to study for the career of a civil engineer. When 21 years old he had a machine shop in his native town. He studied machinery and his opportunity came when the shoe stitching machine, invented by L. R. Blake, proved to be an utter failure. He bought the patent outright and perfected a machine which has revolutionized the shoemaking industry. This machine did away with the little cobbler shops, with their pegs and wax ends, and opened up big factories. In a few years every man, woman and child in America, who wore shoes, paid tribute to him, and McKay gained millions.

GORDON M'KAY.

McKay's partner was Robert H. Mathes, a practical man of inventive genius. When the war broke out in 1861 they offered to the government, something unheard of, machine made shoes for the army. In less than ten years it is estimated that more than 10,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes in America had paid royalty to McKay and his companies. In 1878 he formed the McKay Sewing Machine Association, and in a series of lawsuits defeated all rivals, established his patents and became the central power in one of the greatest monopolies.

Gordon McKay married Miss Minnie Treat, of Cambridge, many years younger than himself. They lived together only a few years. There were two sons, who have always been with their mother. Mrs. McKay finally secured a divorce, and became the wife of Adolph A. von Bruening, an attache of the German embassy at Washington, and now charge d'affaires of the German legation to the Sultan of Morocco. McKay, who had always been attached to his wife, sent her jewels and other gifts on her wedding day, and, it is said, gave her a check for $100,000. The Kaiser became angered at such attention, and the young man was in the background for several years. Then, through family influence in Germany, he was restored to favor, after having returned to Mr. McKay the money given his wife.

Mr. McKay did much good with his money. He educated a number of young women abroad in music, gave generously to Harvard college and founded a training college in Rhode Island for negroes, which college bears the name of the McKay institute. He was a good violinist and left a large collection of musical instruments. It is understood that the greater part of his estate will go to Harvard University, including his large library. His next to kin are Mrs. Dexter and Miss Catherine Dexter, of Boston.

Gave Him Away.

Two young fellows at Liverpool, partners in the tea trade, were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as to business matters.

One of them, a simple-minded fellow, was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading to his partner extracts from letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a lady in the North of England, who signed herself "Susie."

The married one went to China for twelve months, and returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and the wife were studies, as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly, "I beg your pardon—my name is Helen!"

GREAT NAMES IN CONGRESS.

Men Whose Patronymics Mark Them for Other Men's Notice.

We cannot depend on the House of Representatives of the United States Congress for a great deal, but we can always trust it to supply a roll call that is interesting and diverting reading—until it becomes an old story, says the New York Mail and Express. Why is it that men of picturesque and even remarkable cognomens tend to drift into Congress, especially in the South and West? Is it that the very nature of their names seems to devolve upon them the duty to render these names illustrious? Perhaps it is.

The Fifty-eighth Congress is no exception to the rule. There are men here whose names ought to have made them famous even if they had never gone to Congrss or done anything else. Not to speak of Prince Cupid Kalaninaole of Honolulu, whose name may be the Hawaiian Smith for all we know, we have on this new roll of our country's fame the priceless name of the Hon. Swanger Sherley of Kentucky, that of Hon. Phanor Brazeale of Louisiana and that of Hon. Justin D. Bowersock of Kansas. The Hon. Jefferson Brick is now absent from the councils of the nation, but the family is ably represented by the Hon. Abraham Brick of Indiana.

There are others. Let us pick out a few patronymic gems at random:

Thetus W. Sims, Tennessee.
Farish Carter Tate, Georgia.
Ollie James, Kentucky.
Halvor Steenerson, Minnesota.
Champ Clark, Missouri.
Jack Beall, Texas.
Carter Glass, Virginia.
Arsene P. Pujo, Louisiana.

The names of Pou, Snook, Moon, Dick, Crumpacker, Mudd, Skiles, Shull, Snapp, Gooch, Licernash, Klutts, Shober and Spight continue to decorate the roll. They surely were not born to die. But why, may we ask, is the name of "Bird" so popular among politicians? The present House has on its list Adam Byrd of Mississippi and H. Burd Cassell of Pennsylvania, and have we not our own Bird S. Coler and Asa Bird Gardiner always with us?

Many a congressional surname of decided commonplaceness is relieved from that fate by the given name. That of the Hon. Choice B. Randell of Texas is an instance, the Hon. Vespasian Warner another and the Hon. Ariosto Wiley another. But for the most part the Congressmen were condemned by their parents to bear the plain names of John, James, William, Joseph and so on. These parents failed to realize that if a man couldn't get his name into the megaphone of fame in any other way it might be done for him with a quaint curious and mouth-filling baptismal designation.

Flaxseed and Mustard.

What a jolly thing a cold is when you
get it good and hard!
How it cheers the drooping spirits of the
energetic bard!
Hear the cheerful way he sneezes!
How he pleases with his wheezes!
And his treasured nose he squeezes
While he rubs his chest with lard.
While the trustiest of nurses by his
verses never flustered
Makes a poultice, like a custard,
Of the flaxseed and the mustard.

What a jolly thing a cold is with the
poultice in its place!
When your heart is filled with gladness
and the sweat runs down your
face!
Does the patient do some cussing
At the fussing and the mussing?
Nay! He's learnedly discussing
The improvement of the race.
Never yelled and never blustered
When he felt that stinging custard
Made of flaxseed and of mustard!

What a jolly thing a cold is! Oh, the
liar that I am!
Am I gently philosophical and gentle as
a lamb?
No, I'm not! I'm fiercely cranky
At this measly hanky-panky.
Will I take that stuff? No, thankee!
'Tis a snare! delusion! sham!
Hang the doctors and the nurses!
Let the druggists hear my curses!
On their shelves permit to spoil
Senna, salts, and castor oil!
Please to let me, carin' nothin',
Go a-coughin' to my coffin!
With my body wrapped in worsted
And a poultice, like a custard,
Made of flaxseed and of mustard!
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Wooden Indian.

Behold the wooden Indian,
Who stands outside the door,
And guards, with frown and hatchet,
The old tobacco store.
He never beat a grocery bill,
He never told a lie,
He never took a longing look
At bourbon, fizz, or rye.

Behold the wooden Indian—
A mass of oak and paint;
He never made a crooked move,
In faith, he is a saint.
He never bought a stack of chips
And sat into a game;
He never rushed a chorus girl,
Or flirted with a dame.

Behold the wooden Indian,
Who, on the other hand,
Was never known to help the poor
That fill our glorious land;
Who never heard the piteous cry
Of him who starved alone—
Who never gave a hungry dog
So much as one small bone.

Behold the wooden Indian
(And clay is much like wood),
Who never did a bit of harm,
Nor yet a bit of good.
His family is not extinct—
In fact, one often meets
A lot of wooden Indians
A-walking on the streets!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Keen Repartee.

Mistah Jackson—Whaffoh yo' grindin' dat razor so shahp foh, Mistah Johnsing?

Mistah Johnsing—Ah's gwine to a watermellion pahty to-night an' dey do say dat de toasts an' repartee gwine be mighty shahp an' skintillatin', sah. —San Francisco Bulletin.

Uncle Sam's Women Employes.

The largest number of women employes in any line of work are in the United States Postoffice Department. More than one-third of them are past middle age and some are past 70. They fill all kinds of positions, even many of the rural free delivery routes being filled by them.

Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. Anderson, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla. —*$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

ODDEST TRIBE IN THE WORLD.

Painful Fashion of Tattooing in Vogue Among the Women.

The Ainu live in the most primitive manner possible. They have adopted the dress of the Japanese, but the houses are very unlike any seen in Japan. They are made of rice straw, roofed with a thatching of reeds. How the natives ever survive the winter is difficult to understand. In the center of the room is the fireplace, from which the smoke floats out into the room, at times becoming almost suffocating. An opening in the roof is supposed to serve as an outlet, but the smoke does not always find it. Over the fire hangs a huge iron kettle and into it are thrust all sorts of fish, animal and vegetable food, to be dished up later in a sort of composite chowder. Around two sides of the room is a slightly raised platform, upon which the whole family range themselves for the night, without bedding of any sort in summer and only a scanty supply in winter.

As a race the Ainu are sturdy in appearance, but are peaceable and not given to war, like the Japanese. The marked feature of the men is a hairy growth upon the entire body, like that upon a wild animal. A creepy sensation takes posesssion of one in looking upon these walking, talking creatures, so intelligent and yet presenting somewhat the outward appearance of gigantic monkeys.

The women have the same large, heavy features as the men. They are generally disfigured by an ancient custom of tattooing a large portion of the face around the mouth, the upper part of which takes the form of mustache. It signifies nothing whatever except a badge of distinction for the race. The process of tattooing is long and painful. When a girl is about twelve years old the mother begins operations on the lower lip and by degrees covers the space of two inches on each side of the mouth. As the child grows this increases in size until it extends half way across the face toward the ears. The preparation used in tattooing is made by the women from ash bark. This is soaked for some days and when ready for use soot, produced by burning birch-bark, is added to the liquid and the concoction is applied to the surface of the skin. The lips are scratched with a sharp instrument, more of the fluid applied and from time to time, as the irritation ceases, the work is continued. In olden times other marks were added as the girls became wives or mothers, but these are now seen only on the very old.—The Housekeeper.

LOST IN AN OLD WORKING.

Missouri Miner Nearly Meets Death in An Abandoned Mine.

For five days recently Tom Morrow, a miner of Joplin, Mo., was lost in some disused chambers of an abandoned mine. He was crazy when he found his way out and his black hair had turned gray. Morrow is a miner with eccentricities, and a month ago he told his wife he believed he could go under the city of Joplin by following the drifts of abandoned shafts. She thought it a wild dream of his and paid no attention, but when he disappeared with the family lantern she knew that he was carrying out the idea suggested some time before. When he had been absent a day or two she became alarmed and his friends were informed of his disappearance. They were not anxious to enter the underground path themselves and took no steps to find him, but waited for his return.

Though a maniac when found, Morrow's reason is returning, and he has some recollection of what occurred. It seems that during the early part of his journey he suddenly came upon a body of men working. They did not see him and he beat a retreat. At another time he came to a shaft that descended from the drift in which he was walking. Although he was already many feet beneath the surface of the earth he descended still further into the ground.

It was after going down into these deep drifts that he completely lost his bearings. In vain he searched for the shaft through which he had entered the deep passageways. He failed to find an outlet to any of the drifts. All of them ended abruptly in walls of dirt and stone. How he ever escaped from this underground tomb he does not remember. It was while in these passageways that his lantern failed him. For four days he told the time by striking matches and holding them near the face of his watch. Then the matches gave out and he lost all reckoning of time.

It baffles his wife and friends to know how he effected his escape from the underground prison. They think that perhaps after he had become deranged an instinct came to him which directed him in the right course.

Morrow thinks that he covered a distance of many miles. He came out of a cave a mile from the opening through which he entered.

HIS NAME IS AN INCUBUS.

Colored Man Couldn't Prosper With His Baptismal Cognomen.

An old colored man called on Judge Rufus B. Cowing of New York City the other day and in asking for advice supplied the court with a good story.

"What I'se gwine to inculcate, jedge, is dis: What mus' I do to change mah prognomen? When I find dat I'se weighed down wif ah prognomen dat's bound to kill mah trade what mus' I do?"

"You wish to change your name?" inquired Judge Cowing. "And why?"

"'Cause mah name is Failure. Yes, sah, dat's mah name. I'se ah whitewasher and dat name jes' queers me."

"Very well, uncle. Why not use the first letter of your name?" suggested the court.

"Dat's wuss," groaned the old man. "I'se tried dat. I had ah big sign painted, 'A. Failure,' and mah trade left me."

"The initial letter does make an unhappy combination," agreed the judge. "But I'll tell you what to do. Use your first name and then people will not notice the last name so much."

"Dt's der mos' discimmodding of all, sah. It's simply downright scand'lous. Mah first name is Adam, sah."—New York Times.

Progressive Forgetfulness.

"One of the consolations of advancing years," said a man well past middle age to a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, "is the privilege we take unto ourselves of jesting on the subject with people just a few years older.

"For instance," he continued, "last night I took dinner with an uncle, aged ninety years, and enjoyed it immensely. I love to hear old men talk, and this is my only great-uncle. Well, my Great-Uncle Elias told a good many stories of old times, and they were good stories, too, but he repeated himself now and then.

"My younger uncle, also Uncle Elias, who was present, got a trifle testy after a while, no doubt because he did not get a chance to talk quite as much as usual, and he muttered to me:

"'Gracious goodness, that makes six times Uncle Elias has told about how he once got even with a schoolteacher who whipped him when he was a boy. Old men get awfully forgetful.'

"'That's so,' I said. 'This makes three times you've said to me that Uncle Elias has told that tale six times.'"

Her Experience.

"They say," remarked the young girl, "that a sensible business man is apt to act foolish when in love."

"Yes, that's right," replied the elderly matron. "A man will make a perfect idiot of himself over his wife so long as she doesn't ask him for money."

In Kansas.

We found the native taking great strides toward the cyclone cellar.

"Why are you going in there?" we asked.

"My wife is coming!" he gasped.

"She isn't a cyclone."

"Isn't she, now? You don't know my wife."

A Suggestion.

Jimblecute—Say, have you forgotten that $10 you borrowed of me some weeks ago?

Bobalong—Oh, no; I still have it in mind.

Jimblecute—Well, don't you think it would be a good idea to pay up and release your mind.

An Impossible Situation.

Flipper—Why does he object to his wife going out alone in her motor car?

Flapper—Because he can't see how one unmanageable thing can manage another.—Modern Society.

Many a man neglects his family in order to pose as a public benefactor.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take.

It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

QUEER STORIES

Burnt gypsum is called plaster-of-paris, because the Montmartre Gypsum Quarries, near Paris, are, and have been, famous for affording it.

The most economical processes are used in the Lake region for the recovery of copper, so that it is found that ore yielding 1½ per cent will pay costs.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans reveled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts.

In a bog on the island of Zeeland, Denmark, a votive bronze chariot has been found with the image of a horse ten inches high in front and with an inlaid gold sun on one side.

Alabaster is a fine-grained variety of gypsum, either white or delicately shaded, and occurs in fine quality at Castelino, Italy, whence it is taken to Florence for the manufacture of vases, figures, etc.

One of the oldest coins in the world, the German thaler, is disappearing. It is to be replaced by a four-mark piece, equivalent to our American dollar, as the five-mark silver pieces have been found to be too heavy.

The electrical roads of the country have a nominal capital of $1,000,000,000, employ three hundred thousand persons who are paid $250,000,000 a year, and run sixty thousand cars over twenty thousand miles of track. Ten miles of electrical road are building to one of steam road.

The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a world's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English-speaking folk it now means the book of books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book whatever, or scroll—to speak by the card, lest equivocation undo us. Tracing the word Bible straight home we find it as bublos, but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt.

HE FELT LIKE A SWINDLER.

Man Who Fooled the Doctors Reproached by His Conscience.

Here and there, along life's busy and diversified pathways, curious reasons for curious moods in man are sometimes encountered, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Ever since I've begun to get well," said a pale-looking gentleman who was strolling along a sunny sidewalk with a comrade, "I've had the blues, now and then. Naturally, I'm very glad I'm alive; but there are circumstances which rather make me feel myself a humbug—an out-and-out humbug. It's this way, you see. All the doctors said I could not get well—I positively could not get well. Of course, that aroused the neighborhood; everybody began to shower me with attentions and kindnesses. All kinds of invalid food—delightfully prepared—poured in upon me; flowers and fruit came nearly every day. The men of our block clubbed together and sent me a beautiful Morris chair; and the club fellows, downtown, sent me a loving cup, touchingly engraved with sentiments of friendship. Dainty china articles for my invalid's table were given me; and so on—I can't recount the half.

"Well, I gave the doctors the slip, and here I am, almost well, and feeling that I shall soon be sounder than ever before my illness. Now, what gives me the blues is this: I have got these things on false pretenses. I've fooled all these people and it makes me sad. They can't have any confidence in me hereafter. No, you can't console me—I'm a fraud and I feel like a fraud."

There are times when originality is impossible—in describing a wedding, and in saying good-by to the hostess at a party.

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

"Does your daughter's husband love her as devotedly as ever?" "He does when I'm around," replied her daughter's husband's mother-in-law, grimly. —Houston Post.

The Anxious Mother—Are you sure my son has appendicitis? The Eminent Specialist—We can tell you better, madam, after the operation.—Life.

Perrin's Pile Specific
The INTERNAL REMEDY
No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

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INVESTORS From $500.00 to $4000.00 a month can be made by parties who can invest from $500.00 to $1500.00. One Eastern investor made $65,000.00 in 1903. Call or write for particulars. ***The Wm. B. White Co.,*** 312 Pine St., Portland, Oregon.

WE WILL BUY ***Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Calves,*** also dressed beef, hindquarters and loins of beef, ***Veal, Pork and Poultry.*** We fill country orders.
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Detroit, Mich.

Dizzy?
Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable. Sold for sixty years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME"
THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME.

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons.
This sign and this name have stood for the BEST during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.
If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow waterproof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and horse goods for all kinds of wet work.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
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Dr. C. Gee Wo
WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure cattarh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS
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253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.
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P. N. U. No. 3—1904.

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PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD!

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WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT.—Chas. Lack, Rosalia, Wash., says he wouldn't be without Prussian Poultry Food.
PRODUCES EGGS.—An egg producer Prussian Poultry Food has no equal—B. H. Payne, Palmyville, Ohio.
25 and 50c Pkg. Prussian Poultry Book, **FREE.** PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Or., Coast Agents.

AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS

That blood poison existed among the ancients has been proven beyond question. It has been traced back thousands of years, and is as old as the Pyramids. This blighting curse has been handed down from nation to nation and from individual to individual till it has spread to all parts of the world.

Contagious blood poison, as it is called in modern times, begins with a small sore or ulcer through which the virus enters the blood. This is followed by inflammation and swelling of the glands of the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores appear in the mouth and the throat becomes ulcerated, and as the disease takes a deeper hold and the blood becomes more thoroughly infected, the hair and eyebrows drop out, the skin is spotted with copper-colored splotches, the bones and muscles ache, and it seems to the victim of this monster scourge there is not a sound spot in the whole body.

The horror of this awful disease can never be told. The one who contracts it suffers in body and mind, and if the poison is not eradicated transmits the taint to his children, and Contagious Blood Poison thus becomes responsible for many of the ills of childhood—Skin Eruptions, Catarrhal Troubles, Sore Eyes, Scalp Disease, White Swelling, Scrofula and others just as bad. S. S. S., the great vegetable blood purifier and tonic, has long been recognized as a radical and safe cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It counteracts the deadly virus and cleanses and purifies the diseased blood, and under its tonic effects the general health improves and soon all signs of blood poison are gone. The strong mineral remedies, Mercury and Potash, which are so often prescribed for the disease, dry up the sores, skin eruptions and all external signs, but leave the stomach and digestion ruined and the system in such condition that the disease usually returns in worse form than ever.

HAD ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

Dear Sirs:
As a result of a serious blood disorder my blood became poisoned and I suffered severely with Rheumatism and other symptoms not necessary to mention. A friend of mine told me that he had been cured of my trouble by S. S. S., and upon his recommendation I began its use. After using it for some time my blood was thoroughly cleansed of all poison and made pure and strong again. I wish also to speak of its tonic properties. While purging my blood of impurities, it built up my general health, improved my appetite, gave me increased strength, and I felt better in every way.
I am a great believer in S. S. S., and with pleasure commend it to all in need of a blood medicine.
Yours very truly,
ROBERT M. ZWEITZIG.
538 Walnut St., Lebanon, Pa.

SSS

S. S. S. is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy. $1,000 is offered for proof that it contains a single mineral ingredient. If you have blood poison write for our special book, describing the different stages and giving all the symptoms, with directions for treating one's self at home. Our physicians will furnish any information or advice wanted free of charge.

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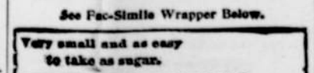
ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
Price 25 Cents
GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE
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Promptly cures all

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