We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetable. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Terrible Temptation.

An eminent English surgeon, whose brusqueness with grown-ups recalls that of the famous Abernethy, is quite another person when children are his patients. Then he is as amiable as an angel of a big St. Bernard dog.

A short time ago, according to St. James' Budget, this gentle giant got up out of a warm bed at 3 o'clock in the morning to attend a tiny boy in piteous plight from diphtheria. He performed the operation of tracheotomy and saved the child's life.

Time went on and his general condition improved, but there was one disquieting symptom. He refused to use his voice. When he was questioned he nooded or shook his head, but would not speak. Finally the surgeon found a way. One morning he talked at his stubborn little patient.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and sha'n't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

There was a brief silence. The surgeon and nurse waited breathlessly. Then a tiny finger stole up to a wounded throat, and the ghost of a baby boy's voice said:

"Please, doctor, bwing me a lickle gun!"

Kentucky's Girl Blacksmith.

Miss Clara Medlin, of Pilot Oak, Ky., bears the distinction of being the only female blacksmith on record, says a St. Louis Globe-Democrat special.

Miss Medlin is a comely young woman with a wealth of dark-brown hair and a pair of bewitching brown eyes. She can shoe a horse or weld a tire as quickly as any smith, and as for neatness, no other smith will dare compete with her.

She is also an expert carriage painter. This is really her specialty, she having painted over seventy buggies the last season.

Notwithstanding all of this, Miss Medlin has not neglected to educate herself in housekeeping and cooking.

Unusual Land Deal.

The regents of Kansas university have purchased fifty-one acres adjoining the campus on the west. The terms are a little peculiar in that no fixed price was established. The seller, an elderly person, is to receive an annuity of $900 during her life. The first payment was made by a popular subscription contributed by the citizens of Lawrence. The legislature will be asked to make provision for future payments.

MISS MILDRED KELLER.

RESTORED TO HEALTH THANKS TO PE-RU-NA

Friends Were Alarmed—Advised Change of Climate

Miss Mildred Keller, 718 13th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I can safely recommend Peruna for catarrh. I had it for years and it would respond to no kind of treatment, or if it did it was only temporary, and on the slightest provocation the trouble would come back.

"I was in such a state that my friends were alarmed about me, and I was advised to leave this climate. Then I tried Peruna, and to my great joy found it helped me from the first dose I took, and a few bottles cured me.

"It built up my constitution, I regained my appetite, and I feel that I am perfectly well and strong."—Mildred Keller.

We have on file many thousand testimonials like the above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is receiving.

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

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER IV.

There are a hundred passengers on board the Astara—a large number of them Caucasians trading with Turkestan, and who will be with us all the way to the eastern provinces of the Celestial Empire.

As I am going to pass the night on deck, I return up the cabin stairs. The American is there just finishing the repacking of his case.

"May I ask how many teeth you are imposing into China in those cases?"

"Eighteen hundred thousand, without counting the wisdom teeth!"

And Ephrinell began to laugh at the little joke, which he fired off on several other occasions during the voyage. I left him and went on to the bridge between the paddle boxes.

A rather large deal case, covered with a tarpaulin, attracts my attention. It measures about a yard and a half in height and a yard in width and depth. It has been placed here with the care required with these words in Russian, written on the side, "Glass—Fragile—Keep from Damp," and then directions, "Top—Bottom," which have been respected. And then there is the address, "Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Cous, Pekin, Petchili, China."

This Zinca Klork—her name showed it—ought to be a Roumanian, and she was taking advantage of this through train on the Grand Transaslatic to get glass forwarde! Was this an article in request at the shops of the Middle Kingdom? How otherwise could the fair Celestials admire their almond eyes and their elaborate hair?

The bell rang and announced the 6 o'clock dinner. The dining room is forward. Ephrinell and installed himself nearly in the middle. There was a vacant seat near him; he beckoned to me to occupy it.

Was it by chance? I know not; but the Englishwoman was seated on Ephrinell's left and talking to him. He introduced me.

"Miss Horatia Bluett," he said.

Opposite I saw the French couple conscientiously studying the bill of fare. At the other end of the table, close to where the food came from, was the German with a ruddy face, fair hair, reddish beard, clumsy hands and a very long nose which reminded one of the proboscidean feature of the plantigrades.

"He is not late this time," said I to Ephrinell. "Do you know his name?"

"Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer."

"And with that name is he going to Pekin?"

"To Pekin, like that Russian major who is sitting near the captain of the Astara."

I looked at the man indicated. He was about fifty years of age, of true Muscovite type, beard and hair turning gray, face prepossessing.

"You said he was a major, Mr. Ephrinell?"

"Yes; a doctor in the Russian army and they call him Major Noltitz."

Evidently the American was some distance ahead of me, and yet he was not a reporter by profession. Ephrinell chatted with Miss Horatia Bluett, and I understood that there was an understanding between these two perfectly Anglo-Saxon natures.

In fact, one was a traveler in teeth, and the other was a traveler in hair. Miss Horatia Bluett represented an important firm in London, Messrs. Holmes-Holme, to whom the Celestial Empire annually exports two millions of female heads of hair.

The pitching now becomes very violent. The majority of the company cannot stand it. About thirty of the passengers have left the table for the deck. I hope the fresh air will do them good. We are now only a dozen in the dining room, including the captain, with whom Major Noltitz is quietly conversing. Ephrinell and Miss Bluett seem to be thoroughly accustomed to these inevitable incidents of navigation. The German baron drinks and eats as if he had taken up his quarters in some bier-halle at Munich or Frankfort.

A little way off are the two Celestials, whom I watch with curiosity. One is a young man of distinguished bearing, about twenty-five years old, of pleasant physiognomy, in spite of his yellow skin and narrow eyes. A few years spent in Europe have evidently Europeanized his manners and even his dress. His mustache is silky, his eye is intelligent, his hair is much more French than Chinese.

His companion, on the contrary, whom he always appears to be making fun of, is of the type of the true porcelain doll with the moving head; he is from fifty to fifty-five years old, like a monkey in the face, the top of his head half shaven, the pigtail down his back, the traditional costume, frock, vest, belt, baggy trousers, many-colored slippers; a China vase of the Green family. He, however, could hold out no longer, and after a tremendous pitch, accompanied by a long rattle of the crockery, he gave up and hurried on deck. And as he did so, the younger Chinaman shouted after him, "Cornaro! Cornaro!" at the same time holding out a little volume he had left on the table.

What was the meaning of this Italian word in an oriental mouth?

Madame Caterna arose, very pale, and Monsieur Caterna, a model husband, followed her on deck.

CHAPTER V.

It is half past ten when I sit down on one of the seats in the stern of the Astara. But with this increasing wind it is impossible for me to remain there. I rise, therefore, and make my way forward. Under the bridge between the paddle boxes, the wind is so strong that I seek shelter among the packages covered by the tarpaulin. Stretched on one of the boxes, wrapped in my rug, with my head resting against the tarpaulin, I shall soon be asleep.

After some time I am awakened by a curious noise. Whence comes this noise? I listen more attentively. It seems as though some one is snoring close to my ear.

"That is some steerage passenger," I think. "He has got under the tarpaulin between the cases, and he will not do so badly in his improvised cabin."

By the light which filters down from the lower part of the binnacle, I see nothing. I listen again. The noise has ceased. I look about. There is no one on this part of the deck, for the second-class passengers are all forward.

Then I must have been dreaming, and I resume my position, and try again to sleep. This time there is no mistake. The snoring has begun again, and I am sure it is coming from the case against which I am leaning my head.

"Goodness!" I say. "There must be an animal in here!"

Now I am off on the trail. It must be a wild animal on its way from some menagerie to some Sultan of Central Asia.

I light a wax vesta, and as I am sheltered from the wind, the flame keeps upright. By its light what do I read? The case containing the wild beast is the very one with the address:

Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Cous, Pekin, China.

Fragile, my wild beast! Keep from damp, my lion. Quite so! But for what does Miss Zinca Klork, this pretty Roumanian, want a wild beast sent in this way?

My thoughts bewilder me. I have a two-pound weight on each eyelid. I lie down along by the tarpaulin; my rug wraps me more closely, and I fall into a deep sleep. It is not yet daylight when I awake.

I rub my eyes, I rise, I go and lean against the rail. The Astara is not so lively, for the wind has shifted to the northeast.

The night is cold. I warm myself by walking about briskly for half an hour. I think no more of my wild beast. Suddenly remembrance returns to me.

I look at my watch. It is only 3 o'clock in the morning. I will go back to my place. And I do so with my head against the side of the case. I shut my eyes.

Suddenly there is a new sound. This time I am not mistaken. A half-stifled sneeze shakes the side of the case. Never did an animal sneeze like that!

Is it possible? A human being is hidden in this case and is being fraudulently carried by the Grand Transaslatic to the pretty Roumanian? But is it a man or a woman? It seems as though the sneeze has a masculine sound about it.

The eastern horizon grows brighter. The clouds in the zenith are the first to color. The sun appears at last all watery with the mists of the sea.

I look; it is indeed the case addressed to Pekin. I notice that certain holes are pierced here and here, by which the air inside can be renewed. Perhaps two eyes are looking through these holes, watching what is going on outside.

At breakfast rally all the passengers whom the sea has not affected; the young Chinaman, Major Noltitz, Ephrinell, Miss Bluett, Monsieur Caterna, the Baron Feissschnitzerdorfer, and seven or eight other passengers. I am careful not to let the American into the secret of the case.

About noon the land is reported to the eastward, a low, yellowish land, with no rocky margin, but a few sand hills in the neighborhood of Krasnovodsk.

In an hour we are in sight of Uzun Ada, and twenty-seven minutes afterward set foot in Asia.

CHAPTER VI.

As may be imagined, it hardly takes an hour to see Uzun Ada, the name of which means Long Island. It is almost a town, but a modern town, traced with a square, drawn with a line on a large carpet of yellow sand.

As the train starts at four o'clock this afternoon, I must telegraph to the Twentieth Century, by the Caspian cable, that I am at my post at the Uzun Ada station. That done, I can see if I can pick up anything worth reporting.

Nothing is more simple. It consists in opening an account with those of my companions with whom I may have to do during the journey. That is my custom, I always find it answer, and while waiting for the unknown, I write down the known in my pocketbook, with a number to distinguish each:

1. Fulk Ephrinell, American.
2. Miss Horatia Bluett, English.
3. Major Noltitz, Russian.
4. Monsieur Caterna, French.
5. Madame Caterna, French.
6. Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer, German.

As to the Chinese, they will have a number later on when I have made up my mind about them. As to the individual in the box, I intend to enter into communication with him, or her, and to be of assistance in that quarter if I can do so without betraying the secret.

The train is already marshaled in the station. It is composed of first and second-class cars, a restaurant car and two baggage vans.

Russians will take us up to the frontier of Turkestan, and Chinese will take us through China. But there is one representative of the company who will not leave his post, and that is Popof, our head guard, a true Russian of soldierly bearing, hairy and bearded, with a folded overcoat and Muscovite cap. I intend to talk a good deal with this gallant fellow. For ten years he has been on the Transcaspian between Uzun Ada and the Pamirs, and during the last month he has been all along the line to Pekin. I call him No. 7 in my note-book.

It occurs to me to have a look at the mysterious box. Has it not a right to be so called? Yes, certainly. I must really find out where it has been put and how to get at it easily.

The famous box was still on the platform. In looking at it closely I observe that air holes have been bored on each of its sides, and that on one side it has two panels, one of which can be made to slide on the other from the inside. And I am led to think that the prisoner has had it made so in order that he can, if necessary, leave his prison—probably during the night.

Just now the porters are beginning to lift the box. I have the satisfaction of seeing that they attend to the directions inscribed on it. It is placed with great care near the entrance to the van, the side with the panels outward, as if it were the door of a cupboard. And is not the box a cupboard—a cupboard I propose to open?

"There it is all right!" said one of the porters, looking to see that the case was as it should be, top where top should be, and so on.

"There is no fear of its moving," said another porter; "the glass will reach Pekin all right, unless the train runs off the metals."

The American came up to me and took a last look at his stock of incisors, molars and canines.

"You know, Monsieur Bombarnac," he said to me, "that the passengers are going to dine at the Hotel du Czar before the departure of the train. It is time now. Will you come with me?"

"I follow you."

The dinner ends ten minutes before the time fixed for our departure. The bell rings and we all make a move for the train, the engine of which is blowing off steam.

The Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer is not behind hand this time. On the contrary, it is the train this time which is five minutes late in starting; and the German has begun to complain, to chafe and to threaten to sue the company for damages. Ten thousand roubles—not a penny less!—if it causes him to fall. Fall in what, considering that he is going to Pekin?

At length the last shriek of the whistle cleaves the air; the cars begin to move, and a loud cheer salutes the departure of the Grand Transaslatic express.

For fifteen years our guard had been in the Transcaspian service. He knows the country up to the Chinese frontier, and five or six times already he has been over the whole line known as the Grand Transaslatic.

I asked him if he knew anything of our fellow travelers. I meant those who were going through to China, and in the first place of Major Noltitz.

"The major," said Popof, "has lived a long time in the Turkestan provinces, and he is going to Pekin to organize the staff of a hospital for our compatriots, with the permission of the Czar, of course."

"I like this Major Noltitz," I said, "and I hope to make his acquaintance very soon. And these two Chinese, do you know them?"

"Not in the least, Monsieur Bombarnac; all I know is the name on the luggage."

"What is that?"

"The younger man's name is Pan-Chao, the elder's is Tio-King. Probably they have been traveling in Europe for some years. As to saying where they come from, I cannot. I imagine that Pan-Chao belongs to some rich family, for he is accompanied by his doctor."

"And the two French people, that couple so affectionate," I asked. "Who are they?"

"Stage people who are going to a theater in Shanghai, where they have an engagement at the French theater."

That is capital. I will talk about the theater, and behind the scenes, and such matters, and I shall soon make the acquaintance of the cheery comedian and his charming wife.

As to a certain scornful gentleman aboard, our guide knew nothing beyond that his luggage bore the address in full: Sir Francis Trevellyan, Trevellyan Hall, Trevellyanshire.

"A gentleman who does not answer when he is spoken to," added Popof.

"Now we get to the German," said I. "Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer?"

"He is on a trip round the world."

"A trip round the world?"

"In thirty-nine days."

And so after Mrs. Bisland, who did the famous tour in seventy-three days, and Citizen George Francis Train, who did it in seventy, this German was attempting to do it in thirty-nine?

"He will never do it!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" asked Popof.

"Because he is always late."

(To be continued.)

CANADA ADOPTS SIGNAL.

Submarine Bells Will Be Installed in the St. Lawrence River.

The Canadian government, by an order adopted in council at Ottawa, will enter into an agreement with a submarine signal company of Boston for the installation of thirty bells in the St. Lawrence River and off the coast of the maritime provinces. Of the thirty stations to be established, twenty-six are to be operated from the shore and four from lightships, says the Boston Transcript.

It is expected that all ships making Canadian ports will be equipped with the telephonic apparatus for picking up the sounds of the bells. Already provisional arrangements have been made with the principal steamship companies of the Dominion for the installation of the apparatus.

Although Canada has taken precedence of the United States in the formal adoption of the signal system as an aid to navigation, it is believed to be only a question of a short time when the United States government will adopt the system. It has been investigated thoroughly by the navy department and by the lighthouse board, and all of the officials who observed the working of the system unite in recommending it as the most important invention, for the safety of ships at sea, that has yet been discovered.

The system has been installed experimentally for some months at Boston lightship, Pollock Rip Shoals lightship and Vineyard Sound lightship, and scores of government officials and ship owners and masters of the United States and Canada have made the trip from New York to Boston on the ships of the Metropolitan line, which are equipped with the receiving apparatus, to test the working of the system. These tests have been uniformly satisfactory.

The telephone wires on the ships never fail to pick up the sounds of the bells at distances ranging from four to ten miles. As there is no difficulty in locating the direction from which the sounds come, the mariner, by the use of the signal system, is enabled to know his position, when near a signal station, if he has wandered from his course for any reason, or if he is picking his way through a dangerous passage in fog or storm.

Many of the recent accidents at sea would have been avoided had the submarine signal service been in use. If these bells had been on the lightship near where the City of Rockland went on the rocks, that accident would not have happened.

Perseverance Rewarded.

"Mebby youse won't believe it, ma'am," said the hungry hobo, "but I've been a-lookin' for work fer more'n ten years."

"Well, you need look no farther," said the stern-faced kind lady. "I have plenty of it right here, and——"

"'Scuse me, ma'am," interrupted the patient looker. "As I sed, I've been lookin' fer work, but now that I've found it me curiosity is satisfied. Orry voor, ma'am."

Sleep Producers.

Mrs. Stubbs—John, here is an article stating that Sunday papers keep people from church. Do you believe it?

Mr. Stubb—Why, yes, Maria, you can go to sleep over a Sunday paper just as quickly as anything else."

Willing to Oblige.

The Hostess—The conversation is beginning to lag. What shall we do to entertain our guests?

The Host—I have an idea, my dear. Suppose we leave the room for an hour and give them a chance to say things about us.

Doesn't Need Help.

Yeast—Does your daughter help her mother with the dishes?

Crimsonbeak—Not when she's firing 'em. Mother don't need no help when she takes to firing dishes!—Yonkers Statesman.

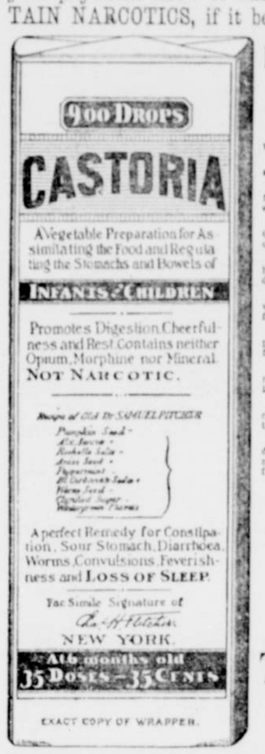
Trying to Hedge.

Wife—John, I'd like to have a short talk with you after breakfast.

Husband—It's no use, Mary. I'm short myself.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: *"A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death."* The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria is, deserves the highest praise. I find it in use everywhere."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Bearman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."

Dr. J. J. Markey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

Dr. Howard James, of New York City, says: "It is with great pleasure that I desire to testify to the medicinal virtue of your Castoria. I have used it with marked benefit in the case of my own daughter, and have obtained excellent results from its administration to other children in my practice."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

"He" Is a Girl.

A tired mother with two children, a baby of 2 years that sat on her lap and a bright-eyed boy of perhaps 4, who sat beside her, were trying to enjoy a little luncheon in a restaurant in the business section of the city. Two young ladies entered and sat down at the same table. Seeing the difficulty the woman had in eating lunch and holding her younger child at the same time, one of the young ladies leaned over and said in a propitiating tone: "What a sweet little boy! Won't you let me hold him until you finish lunch?" The mother gladly granted the request and was transferring her charge into the arms of the younger woman, when the little boy, with never a smile, raised his voice and exclaimed: "He ain't a boy; he's a little girl!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Present Rate Law.

The duties of the present Interstate Commerce commission are to correct all discriminations in railroad rates. If it finds that an unjust rate is in effect, the railroad is notified. If it declines to change it, the commission can bring suit in court and if the court decides in favor of the commissioners' findings, the railroad must obey, or its officers may be brought up for contempt of court and summarily dealt with.

The Curious Limpets.

The limpets are a curious kind of shellfish. They resemble the abalones in their habits. The interior is made of the most brilliant colors, bronze and iridescent hues predominating. They are found on the west coast of Mexico and are so large that the people use them for wash basins.

They are ferocious animals and prey with great ferocity on clams. The process seems slow, but the limpet always gets there. He gets his cover over the unsuspecting clam and puts his big foot on his shell, generally on a weak spot. Then he whips out a long, wiry tongue and proceeds to bore a hole in his captive. When this is done the shell flies open, and the limpet is free to feast on the poor clam's carcass. He eats but a part and leaves the rest for the fishes of the sea.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

As the Optimist Sees It.

There had been a sudden and violent change in the weather. The mercury had gone down below the zero mark. Blue-nosed and shivering, the boarders at Mrs. Hashcroft's gathered round the breakfast table and proceeded to criticize the climate.

"You ought not to find fault with the cold weather," observed the philosophical boarder. "It's good for the crops."

"That's the old story," retorted the argumentative boarder. "When it rains a week at a stretch we're told we mustn't complain. It's 'good for the crops.' When there comes a snow three feet deep we must bear it meekly. It's 'good for the crops.' But I'd like to know what crop a cold wave like this is good for?"

"The ice crop," the philosophical boarder replied, calmly buttering a biscuit.

Marriage in Spain.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or godmother. Neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive departure after the ceremony. The wedded pair go quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before leaving they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

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

One of Many.

Mifkins—Has Skinner any capital?

Bifkins—No. Nevertheless he gives employment to a number of men.

Mifkins—What do they do?

Bifkins—Try to collect money due his creditors.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Bad Break.

She—I had an uncle who was killed by electricity.

He—How awfully shocking! Trolley car or electric chair?

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.

John Waterworth, the oldest engineer in the world, has just died at Preston, England, at the age of 85 years. He began driving in 1840, and drove an engine 2,000,000 miles in his thirty-seven years of service without a single accident.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS

Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 2½ Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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He Had Been There.

Singleton—Are you superstitious?

Wedderly—About some things, yes.

Singleton—For example?

Wedderly—Well, when I see a woman wearing a new bonnet it's a sure sign that her husband has been divorced from a goodly portion of his hard-earned wealth.

SKIN DISEASES SPEAK FOR THE BLOOD

Skin Diseases speak for the blood and tell of the acid-laden, poisonous condition of that vital fluid, and of its effort to throw off and rid the system of the poisons and waste matters that have accumulated in it. Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Boils and diseases of this type are all caused by a weakened and polluted blood circulation, and though they may have lain dormant in the system during the cold weather, at the coming of Spring and Summer, when the blood is reacting and making extra efforts to expel all morbid and poisonous matter, they make their appearance. External remedies cannot cure; they soothe and give temporary relief, but often clog the pores and glands, and the poison causing the trouble is thus shut up in the system to break out afresh later on. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cures all skin diseases by going down into the circulation, driving out all poisons and waste matters, strengthening the blood, leaving the skin soft and smooth, and building up the entire system by its tonic effect. S. S. S. cures Nettle Rash, Poison Oak and all skin diseases that enter the system through the pores and glands, as well as those that have their origin in the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

In 1896 I experienced at times patches on the inside of my hands that itched and burned, causing much discomfort. I was convinced I was afflicted with a type of Eczema. I consulted several physicians, and used several external applications, receiving but slight temporary relief. I decided to try S. S. S., and soon I found myself entirely cured.
Station A., Kansas City, Mo. W. P. BRUSH.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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