SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became intrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad Ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the Ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S. and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.
Bristol, Va.-Tenn. W. J. CATE.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers.

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immenely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in all courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two kinds of lawyers—those who stay in their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly distiguished in America, but they work together as partners to the great advantage of the client.

Somewhat Similar.

"Women and men are very much alike in one respect," said the homegrown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the inexperienced youth.

"Men," explained the philosophy dispenser, "lie about the fish they didn't catch and women lie about the men they could have married had they wanted to."

Never Smiled Again.

"How do you manage to write all those funny things?" asked the inquisitive female of the jokesmith.

"With a typewriter, madam," answered the so-much-per-yard grin producer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the i. f. "Don't you know, I imagined you used some sort of copying apparatus."

His Game.

"I understand our friend, Mainchanz, is working on a scheme to remove weeds."

"I didn't know he had any interest in gardening."

"He hasn't; he's merely laying his plans to capture old Gotrox's young widow."—Philadelphia Press.

Art Note.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older—You surprise me.

Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

Smallest Coin Current.

The smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value intrinsically, is the Greek lepton. Some idea of its smallness may be had from the statement that it takes 100 of them to make a drachma, and the latter coin is worth a trifle less than twenty cents of American money.

Mystery of the Pug Dog.

It's awfully hard to understand how pug dogs can like the sort of people that like them.—Cleveland Leader.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—MRS. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

It Appeared in a Recent Issue of a London Newspaper.

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address I. F. 3, Maclise road, West Kensington.

The sublime candor of the above advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of the London Times has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men, says the London Express.

Many declared that "I. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "I. F." himself. His object, he said, was to attract the attention of employers by going out of the beaten track.

"I. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more alert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers tired of superlative virtues, and I have not been disappointed.

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms and a large number of letters and post cards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers should have advised me to apply at once to the war office, 'where I would be sure of a billet.'

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."

Staggers a London Waiter.

He was a sad-faced American tourist and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"'Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your horder, sir?"

"I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

This time he was gone longer and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and patiently, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another and fainter, "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."—Baltimore American.

Well-Deliberated.

At a bend in the river opposite a likely pool a portly gentleman in new fishing "togs" stopped a native, says Life, in order to get some necessary information about the surrounding country.

"Do you suppose," asked the man with rod and reel, "it would be worth my while to try fishing round here?"

"Wal," said the native, thrusting his hands into his pockets and settling back on his heels, "the fishin' ain't good, but of course I don't know how ye value yer time."

China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed-eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food substances.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"Dod b'ess all the family dear;
Dod b'ess mamma, papa, too;
Dod b'ess 'little sister Fan—
An' bring me a sled, nice an' new

"Dod b'ess all the chil'ren poor,
An' make all the sick folks well;
An' dear Dod, p'ease don't forget
To send a pony, big an' swell.

"Dod be gracious to your lambs,
An' keep sin out of my life;

Dod b'ess all my 'little frien's—
An' p'ease don't forget a fife.

"An' Dod b'ess ole Santa Claus,
He is such a sprendid man!
An' tell him to not forget
To bring a gun, too, if he can.

"An' a box of marbles, too,
An' a lot of picture books—
An' a toolchest full of tools,
Wif tacks, nails, screws, an' hooks.

"An' dear Dod, some other fings
To fill in corners wif, you know,
Ginger cakes an' nuts an' figs
An' a lot of candy, too.

"An' I wouldn't mind some skates,
(I'll give my ole ones to some frien')
An' I reckon dis is all—
So dood-night, dear Dod, amen."
—Detroit Free Press.

Talbot's Christmas

BY FRANCIS HART.

"JAMES," said Gerry Talbot suddenly, looking up from the letter he had just received, "you needn't mind about the rest. The dinner will not come off, after all."

The decorated end of the big, sumptuous studio looked oddly distasteful to Gerry Talbot since the reading of Miss Wakefield's telegram, which had shattered his enthusiastic plans. He had invited her—and her brother and his wife—to a Christmas studio dinner which he meant to make as festive as possible. Of course, her rejection at the last hour had been a gentle invention prepared to avert a greater disappointment, for he had let her know unmistakably how it was with him, and he had been so hopeful of success that he had selected a ring for her Christmas gift—a little golden circlet set with a clear white solitaire.

* * * * * * *

The streets were thronged with bustling Christmas shoppers, glad of heart, with merry, expectant faces, and here and there a wistful one, too, looking on, but not buying. Talbot noticed two little girls gazing wistfully into a confectioner's window.

"Yes, Min, I would. I'd do it fust thing," said the taller of the two. "Oh, my, wouldn't it be nice to be rich an' invite all your friends to a big turkey an' ice cream dinner!"

They were very poorly clad, thin-featured and ill-nourished, but not unpleasant to look at. Talbot was conscious, all at once, of an inexplicable impulse to gratify the child's wish.

"So you would really like to give your friends a Christmas dinner!" said he, smiling down at her astonished eyes. "I have a great mind to let you have your wish."

"Oh, dear me, Min!" gasped Lou. "I can't hardly believe it, can you? It sounds just like a make-believe thing. Won't Mis' Posey be s'prised! An' Jonas an' Meg an' Tom. Oh, won't they be jest too pleased!"

"How many shall you invite?" Talbot asked gravely, taking out his notebook.

"Well, there's Aunt Katie an' Uncle Tim an' the baby. Mis' Posey, Jonas Boggs, Meg an' Pat Fooley—Min, can you think of anyone else?"

"Lame Betsy an' Moll."

"How many's that?" asked Lou.

"Twelve, counting us three."

"Don't you think it would be nice to have a little present beside each plate?" asked Talbot.

Both girls gasped, but looked immensely pleased.

"Suppose you two go round with me and pick out what you consider suitable for each of your guests, because I should not know what to select."

When Lou appeared at the studio on the following morning she was a very different looking girl, and any one would have known by the pure joy of her voice that some great and festive event was at hand. Talbot had finished the decorations which had been so harshly interrupted by Miss Wakefield's message, and the result was extremely gratifying, especially after Lou's rapturous acclamations.

At precisely 12 o'clock the bell rang for the first time to announce the arrival of Aunt Katie and Tim and the baby, all polished and prinked to the verge of painfulness. Next came Mis' Posey, a little, faded, bowed, ancient woman in rusty black, with long gold loops in her wrinkled ears. Lame Betty thumped in on her crutches, closely followed by Moll, in borrowed finery, of various sizes. Meg brought blind Jonas, and a merry little wraith of a man called Tom Doom.

Talbot shook hands all around with a "Merry Christmas!" after which they all took their places at the beautiful table, the like of which none of that humble party had ever looked upon. But it was a kindly madness that possessed the host of that bountiful dinner, for his stories were of the pleasantest and his watchful care was unflagging. His guests rewarded his efforts by a spontaneous enjoyment of all that was set before them. It was good to see them wait upon blind Jonas, who could not help himself, and upon lame Betty, whose crippled hands made difficult the use of knife and fork.

Talbot rose to replenish a half-emptied plate as the hall bell thrilled merrily. There was a pause; then James' quiet, well-trained voice said: "Yes, madam; he is at dinner in the studio."

The door swung in. Talbot knew that he was not dreaming when she came toward him with outstretched hands and a ripple of explanation of which he heard not one word. Indeed, to him one isolated fact filled the world—that she was smiling up at him with a great promise in her eyes.

"A little friend of mine wanted to give her friends a Christmas dinner, and I persuaded her to let me share it," he explained jauntily. "It has been a great treat to me."

Miss Wakefield read the whole truth for herself as she looked into the good, homely faces that reflected their host's praises in every glance. She said nothing, but her eyes told what Talbot would have given all he possessed to hear from her lips. Then Mr. Wakefield and his wife ventured in, and Talbot bethought himself to ask if they had dined, which they had not.

Lou and Talbot made room for three plates here and there, and as there was a plenty of crullers and turkey and icet cream, all went well to the very end of the function, when the eleven originally invited gzuests rose and made their adieus with glad hearts and beaming faces.

Miss Wakefield stood before the grate while her brother and his wife examined a row of pictures half hidden behind the holly wreaths.

"I was so sorry to disappoint you yesterday," she said, "but poor Ted's telegram was so urgent that we were afraid he was worse, and hadn't the heart to refuse him. When I discovered that we could take an early train home I made up my mind to run in and wish you a Merry Christmas, anyway, and so we came, you see."

Talbot thought of the ring. He had taken it from its hiding place. "For a long while I have wanted to ask you to accept this—and what goes with it," he said simply, holding the glittering bauble toward her.

A red glow crept into her face. She made no audible answer, but when the young couple at the other end of the room sauntered toward them they were smiling.

CHRISTMAS TREE FIRES.

How the Danger of Parlor Conflagrations May Be Minimized.

Several accidents on Christmas eve and day each year recall the fact, apparent only on that day, that the Christmas tree is quite as dangerous as it is pretty, and that the proud father personating Santa Claus should take the precaution to equip himself with asbestos whiskers. About the usual number of fires are recorded in the country each year as a result of the inflammable nature of the Christmas tree and its decorations and their careless handling.

This warning always follows Christmas just as the outcry against toy pistols is raised after the Fourth of July. Of course no rose is free from thorns, and apparently no holiday can be observed in the conventional fashion without risk of accident to the merrymakers. Sputtering candles on a Christmas tree are a very real danger, and the same may be said of the trees themselves, the wreaths of evergreen and the mistletoe. After a day or two they become dry and inflammable to a high degree, and in the joy of the celebration risks are run and precautions neglected. A tree thus loaded down with presents and decorations may become in an instant a torch capable of starting a disastrous fire, as many cities discovered the other day, to their great cost and to the serious discomfort of their fire departments.

By taking preventive measures thousands of dollars will be saved every year. Trees should be bought late and kept out doors until used. In the case of fresh, green trees the risk will be minimized. Candles should not be too close together and should be constantly watched. Above all, a wet blanket should be at hand, also a sponge on a pole long enough to reach any point of the trees or ceiling. So, at least, say the fire fighters, who every year have their own Christmas spoiled by the neglect of these very obvious precautions.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

One Day When There Are Neither Rich Nor Poor.

If you were in Sweden on Christmas eve you would hear the church bells begin to ring at 5 o'clock, for everybody stops work then and the festivities begin in great earnest everywhere in the kingdom. Class distinctions are forgotten and servants are allowed to sit at table with the family. After supper comes the universal Christmas tree, for Sweden is one of the early homes of this beautiful custom.

On Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, while it is still dark, you would go to church, for everybody goes, unless you stayed at home to mind the lights in the house, for every home in the kingdom is illuminated. There is almost sure to be a deep snow, and you would go to church in a sleigh. Behind every sleigh you would see two boys standing on the runners and holding pine torches—a beautiful spectacle as a long procession of sleighs glides over the snow on a forest road. These torches are stuck up in a circle around the church. A whole week is given to good cheer and hospitality.

The Christmas Traveler.

When Christmas day dawns many a traveler will be unfortunate enough to find himself far from home with no prospect of getting there for the celebration of the greatest holiday of all the year. To many of these this necessary absence is a bitter misfortune, but there are others who have not the good fortune to deem it such a misfortune. They have perhaps no settled home or no relatives or no especial friends with whom they yearn to be on the festal day. But these people are comparatively few in numbers. Most of the people who are traveling on Christmas day are doing so because circumstances make it necessary. They are longing every minute of the day to be where they could join in the merriment and festivities with those who are dearest to them.

ORDERED OFF.

The New Year—You'll have to move on, old man.

BUYING LARGER FARMS.

Rural Population Decreasing As Wealth Increases.

It seems a paradox, but is nevertheless well established as true, that in certain of the best farming regions of the United States great and abounding agricultural prosperity has resulted in decreased rural population. A no less striking than surprising illustration of this is given in a recent State census report of Iowa, which is reported to show a falling off of 2 per cent in the population of that great and glorious State since the general census of 1900. Of course, such a result was not acceptable to Iowa's pride, and it was not readily accepted. Close inquiry, however, is reported not only to confirm the general correctness of the new count, but to show a sufficient reason for its disappointing result.

The explanation offered is that it is all due to the land hunger of the prosperous Iowa farmer. Having money ahead and well knowing that good farm land in the Mississippi valley is one of the safest and most profitable of investments, he has been buying in the adjoining farms of his less forehanded neighbors to such an extent, the reports say, that vacant farmhouses dot every township in the State. Many of these vacant farmhouses may again be occupied by the sons and sons-in-law of the purchaser; some of them will be abandoned, and the newly acquired lands consolidated into larger farms. And if Iowa follows the course of development that has been going on for many years in the magnificent farming regions of Central Illinois, the consolidated farms will be leased in tracts of 80 or 320 acres, or more, to thrifty and prosperous tenant farmers.

The process as it has gone in Illinois for a number of years is that the wealthier land owner buys out the 40 and 80-acre farms of his neighbors, tile drains and otherwise improves them, often renting the same land or larger tracts to the vendors, who generally made more money as tenants than they had done as owners. The tenant farmers of Central Illinois put their capital into the best of farm implements and machinery and live stock. Their prosperity is seen in their comfortable and well furnished houses, the well kept vehicles and horses which their families drive to church and to country gatherings. In Central Illinois just now the tendency is to larger farms, the tenant generally desiring to increase his area and the landlord regulating the quantity of land he will lease by the proved capacity and success of each tenant. For its best farm lands Iowa appears to be approaching the same system.—Springfield Republican.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Trick of the Trade.

"Madam," began the peddler as he opened his red satchel, "can I sell you something this morning?"

"No," snapped the elderly matron, raising her broom ominously, "and you better move on."

"Just as you say, madam. I was going to offer you the greatest wrinkle remover on earth, but I see you don't need it."

"Ah, I—"

"And also this wonderful remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but you have no use for that, either."

"Why, how kind of you to think so! I—"

"And this little volume entitled 'How to Remain Beautiful Forever.' But it would be superfluous to offer it to you. Good-day, madam."

"Come back here! Come back here this instant. I do not need them, as you say, but I will buy them and give them to some friend. I always encourage truthfulness."

A Regular Customer.

Uncle Erastus, the village plasterer and whitewasher, who had married and buried four wives, was about to acquire a fifth. He went to the house of the Presbyterian minister, a venerable man who had officiated at several of his previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the following evening.

"Of course I shall be glad to marry you to your new wife, Uncle 'Rastus," said the minister. "This will be the third or fourth time for me, won't it? How does it happen, uncle, that you never have a colored preacher tie the knot for you?"

"Well, sah," he answered, "I's kind o' got in de habit o' gittin' a white man to do my marryin', an' I recon I'll allus do it. I's turrible set in my ways, Mistah Pa'ker."

All the Comforts of Home.

"Nat" Goodwin, the comedian, once possessed a fine country house on the banks of the Thames River, near New-London, Connecticut. Every summer he used to invite some of his Thespian friends to join his house party.

On one such occasion Goodwin delivered himself of a bon mot that is worth repeating.

"Nat," said some one, "you certainly have a fine place here. Just think of it, a lawn right on the river!"

"Yes," drawled "Nat," "it's fine. In the spring we have the lawn on the river, and in the fall we have the river on the lawn."

'Ware of the Dog.

Bob—Miss Subbubs has asked me to call to-night.

Dick—Yes?

Bob—Yes. What shall I wear?

Dick (who has been there)—'Ware of the dog!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prove It By the Oven Fire

Put the wonderful K C Baking Powder to the test. Get a can on approval. Your money will be returned if you don't agree that all we claim is true. You'll be delighted with the delicious, wholesome things that

K C BAKING POWDER

will bring to life in your oven. K C Baking Powder is two-thirds cheaper and makes purer, better, more healthful food than other powders anywhere near K C Quality. 25 ounces for 25 cents. Get it to-day!

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago

Send a postal for "Book of Presents."

Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to Jame's savings, enabled them to go nto the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set us. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

Chinese Ruler.

The Empress Dowager of China was sold into slavery at the age of eleven, to save her family from starvation. Afterwards she was presented to the late emperor, and, upon his wife's death, became Empress. Her feet were never bound, and she was taught to read after persistent pleading. The sterling qualities of this wonderful woman, like those of Pillsbury's Vitos, have overcome every obstacle. And she holds herself at the head of China, as does Vitos at the head of breakfast foods.

Knowledge.

Johnny—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure ter hurt yer.

Jimmy—Go on! Where did ye git dat idee?

Johnny—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw! He wuz jist stringin' yer.

Johnny—No, he wuzn't stringin' me; he wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts.—Philadelphia Press.

English-Speaking People.

English is now spoken by about 125,000,000 people. A century ago it was spoken by 20,000,000 people only. During that period no other leading European language has made the slightest advance. German has held its own, and is now spoken by 80,000,00, but this is no higher percentage of the total number of people of European descent than it had a hundred years ago.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Seclusion Necessary.

Mrs. Psmith—But how did you manage to keep that secret a whole week, dear?

Mrs. Kjones—It wasn't hard. I simply stayed away from the Browning Club and when callers came I sent word that I wasn't at home.—Cleveland Leader.

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

Correcting a Misapprehension.

Wasn't that same young man here to see you last night?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, what does he mean by coming every night in the week?"

"He doesn't come every night in the week. I never met him until last Thursday, and he was only here Thursday and Friday and Saturday evenings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

Trusts vs. Kings.

"What," queried the fair maid, "is the difference between a trust and a ring?"

"I'm afraid I cannot explain the difference in so many words," replied the young man in the case, "but if you'll put your trust in me I'll blow myself for the ring to-morrow."

And she put her trust in him.

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa as much as he loves you," said the visitor.

"Oh, I love him more," replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he only loves me when I'm good."—Philadelphia Press.

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.

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

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Fastest, lightest and strongest Stump Puller on the market. 119 Horse power on the sweep with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.
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"The School of Quality"
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THERE IS NO PROTECTION IN THE WORLD LIKE TOWER'S SLICKERS
FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST DEALERS
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
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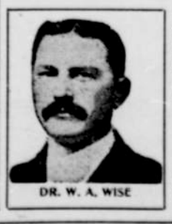

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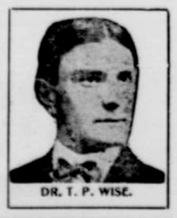

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