

Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

WIZARDS OF THE POSTOFFICE.

They Work Out Tough Puzzles in Detective Addresses.

The staff of men in the New York postoffice who are called upon to guess out detective addresses are wonderfully successful at their brain-torturing tasks.

One absent-minded person addressed a letter "2342 Bronchitis" and it was promptly delivered to 2342 Broadway, to correct address. Not long ago O. A. Menger, the chief of the "good guessers" in the New York office, struck a letter mailed from a town in Italy, addressed in vile handwriting to "Vincenzo Marchese, Harpon Harlaad, Spital Carutin."

Applying the phonetic method, he quickly wrote in red ink at the bottom of the envelope, "Quarantine Station (Hospital), Hoffman Island." The next day the letter was placed in the hands of the immigrant for whom it was intended.

The Italian, Russian, Hungarian and Greek mails bring most of the "blind" addresses, which are worked out phonetically. A few recent examples of the originals, with the translations by the postal experts are:

"Sifranost, Tomaville"—Sarah Ann Street, Tompkinsville.

"Merryone"—Mattawan, N. Y.

"Istochinchistommo"—East Kingston, N. Y.

"Socciopias"—Scotch Plains.

Under the name of one address appeared the following: "Chaplin Pomilean." After some study the "guesser" wrote across the envelope "Care J. Pierpont Morgan," and the letter was duly delivered to an Oriental in the financier's employ.

A tougher problem was presented by this: "Hop Lee, 4 10 Colock, Complice, Texas." Long and hard study led to the conclusion that the correct reading should be "Hop Lee, Fort Hancock, Camp Rice, Texas." The letter was sent there and Hop got it.

A letter addressed to "Mr. Frederick A. Swift," with the initial "L" beneath it, was sent to Lowell, Mass., its intended destination.

Apt Lessons.

"Little Johnnie," the fictitiously bright boy of the daily press, is more often rude than witty in his conversations with older folk. When he is polite as well as witty, as in his latest bit which his Boswell has recorded, he is a very delightful boy.

"Well, Johnnie, how are you getting on with your French?" asked uncle.

"Oh, very well, uncle. We translate nice, sensible things now, like 'My uncle never allows my birthday to go by without giving me a present,' or 'It is certain that my uncle will give me something splendid this time.'"

Government inspectors passed upon 59,158,649 live animals last year at a cost of a little more than 1 cent each.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

SLEEPING VOLCANOES

A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater, may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano; but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger, and though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security; when the giant awakes with deafening roars, and they are lost beneath a downpour of heated rock and scalding ashes. Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living upon a sleeping volcano, and are taking desperate chances, for under the mercury and potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victim is happy in the belief of a complete cure; but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these minerals are left off will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, a red rash appears on the body, and these warning symptoms, if not heeded, are soon followed by fearful eruptions, sores, copper-colored splotches, swollen glands, loss of hair and other sickening symptoms. Mercury and potash not only fail to cure blood poison, but cause mercurial Rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any such bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system. We offer \$1,000 for proof that it contains a mineral of any description. S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison, it destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health.

We will mail free our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, with full directions for home treatment. Medical advice is furnished by our physicians without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Joys of Possession.

Doctor Holmes, singing the moderate desires of the contented man, thus describes (with tongue in cheek) his conception of an adequate house:

Little I ask; my wants are few; I only wish a hut of stone, (A very plain brown stone will do), That I may call my own; And close at hand is such a one, In yonder street that fronts the sun. One is reminded of the autosat's gentle irony on the simple joys of possession by this story from the Chicago Post:

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one, we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Yes." "We got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"I see." "Well, we have them all now." "And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."

Kentucky Man's Duty.

Jamboree, Ky., August 29 (Special)—After suffering for years with pain in the back Mr. J. M. Coleman, a well known citizen of this place, has found a complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Knowing how general this disease is all over the country, Mr. Coleman feels it is his duty to make his experience public for the benefit of other sufferers.

"I want to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everybody who has pain in the back," Mr. Coleman says. "I suffered for years with my back. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have not felt a pain since. My little girl too complained of her back and she used about half a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and she is sound and well." Backache is Kidney Ache. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all Kidney Aches, including Rheumatism.

Unexpected Happens.

"The coffee that my mother used to make," began the young husband, as he slowly sipped the steaming beverage, "was—"

"Oh, of course," interrupted the bride of a week who had not read comic journals in vain, "it was the best ever."

"No, my dear," continued hubby, "it was on the bum. I never drank any equal to this."

Whereupon her wifelets promptly fatated.

Unwritten Colonial History.

The captain of the Mayflower had given orders to reverse the engine and swing into port.

Plymouth rock was near at hand. "Why do you plan to land here?" asked William Bradford, with some acerbity.

"Why," responded the captain, in great disgust at the other's ignorance, "if we didn't how would poultry-breeders ever get a name for their big 'dominecker' chickens?"

So humiliated was he by this reply that Mr. Bradford forgot for two hours to elector for the governorship.—Baltimore American.

The vast retinue of servants employed by the late Queen Victoria are being carefully reduced in numbers by King Edward VII.



Corrected.—Willie Peebles—The horse was gold.—Teacher—Don't forget your g, Willie. Willie Peebles—Gee, the horse was gold.—Puck.

Prepared.—"Bedad, the next automobile who runs over me will be sorry for it, O'll bet yes." "Why?" "O'll be a can av nitroglycerin in every pocket."—Life.

Local Oracle—Know t' Dook o' Blankshire? Ay, I dare says I knows 'im better than any one in these parts. Woy, my darter married one o' 'is stable 'ands.—Scraps.

"It serves her good and right." "How now?" "She became engaged on a Friday and married on the 13th." "Well?" "Well, now she can't get a divorce!"—New York Evening Sun.

She—So you think that men are smarter than women, do you? He—Some men, but not all. She—Well, what men are smarter? He—Old bachelors.—Illustrated Bits.

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelted of bay rum. "Court plaster, usually," replied the nervous chap, gloomily.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Does your little girl know how to spell?" "Oh, dear no. That's so plebeian, and we expect her to marry a man who is rich enough to let her have an amanuensis."—Chicago Post.

"Have you heard about the latest insurance company?" "No; what is it?" "Why, it's one that promises to pay all money to both parties in case the marriage proves a failure."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Vane—Some one told me to-day that I was the handsomest girl in our street. Miss Speltz—Oh, that's not incurable. Miss Vane—What do you mean? Miss Speltz—Your habit of talking to yourself!

Baxter—We had some fine music at the concert last night. Caxton—I thought you didn't enjoy high-class music. Baxter—Oh, I didn't enjoy it; that's why I know it must have been high class.—Boston Transcript.

Augustus (no longer the youthful)—Well, there's one comfort; they say at 40 a man is either a fool or a physician. Angelina (nearly swallowing a yawn)—And are you a physician, then? Augustus—No. Angelina—Oh!

Used to it—Tommy was visiting a neighbor's. At dinner the hostess apologized to him because the table linen was soiled at his plate. "Oh, that's nothing," he assured her, promptly; "ours is worse'n that at home."—Brooklyn Life.

"That land," said the city nephew, "is valued at \$800 a front foot." "Thunderation!" exclaimed the old farmer, hastily moving back on to the sidewalk. "And I stood on it most five minutes! Do you reckon they'll charge me rent?"—Chicago Post.

Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence was the following: "Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige, Her Mother."

They had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, look," he exclaimed, "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover.

"Oh, no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

A military officer went downtown with his little daughter one morning. Before long the little lady found herself unable to keep up with her father's swinging stride, and she was obliged to cry a bit. "Please, pa," she said, "I would like you not to walk so fast, for I can't keep up with you. Can't you walk nice and slow like a policeman?"

"A woman can't keep a secret," declares the mere man. "Oh, I don't know," retorts the suttery woman; "I've kept my age a secret since I was 24." "Yes; but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it." "Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."—Judge.

During the late Boer war, just after the fall of Bloemfontein, soldiers were called upon, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary men were lying in camp one night, after a hard day's work, when a sergeant called out: "Any of you wish to put your name down as railway porters, drivers, stokers, guards, or any other appointment connected with the railway?" The silence was broken only by snores. Then one of the men slowly raised his head. "Put me down as a sleeper!" he shouted drowsily.

A curious and amusing mixture of early piety and worldliness came to light in a city school room one day when the teacher had asked the children to write on their pads of paper something about the profession or occupation in which they would like to engage when they became men and women. One little girl wrote briefly but effectively, "I would desire to be a lady rider at a circus if it was the Lord's will." Another little girl with equally mixed ideas wrote, "Missionary, but if not that, millinery or clerk in candy store."

Never pick your teeth unless you first go to your room, look under the bed to be sure that you are alone and then lock the door.

GIRL'S FIGHT WITH ALLIGATOR.

Triumph Comes After Thrilling Encounter with a Mighty Saurian. A frail, slender girl, Miss Nelson, one fine night early in April, 1903, sat quietly beside her mother. From the next room where the two little children had been left playing came a strange grating sound. The older sister stepped to the door between the two apartments, only to turn pale with dismay and horror, for there, fast asleep on the hearth-rug, lay the little brother and sister, and crawling slowly across the floor toward them a great, slimy alligator, evidently attracted to the house by the hope of young kittens or puppies, wriggled and writhed. Its wicked, stony eyes, grim with baleful light, were fixed on the unconscious babes, and the wide jaws, open and ponderous, dripped with a foam of eager, unsatisfied greed. Frantically calling to the dogs outside the front door to enter and help her, the brave girl caught up the large lamp that stood just within the mother's room, and hurled it full at the horrible, gaping jaws. Then, leaping aside to escape the furious onslaught thus brought upon herself, she stooped quick as thought, and tossed upon the high bed in the corner the suddenly roused and frightened children. She turned from this task to find that the infuriated alligator, diverted from its original purpose and confused by the unexpected attack, had dashed straight through the open door and made its way to the bedside of the helpless, terrified mother. Without a second's hesitation the devoted daughter rushed to her aid.

A shovel full of hot coals from the glowing fire thrown directly against the vicious eyes of the angry creature only served to strengthen and intensify his fury. Apparently his entire will was now bent upon the destruction of the helpless woman on the bed. The awful, snapping jaws were within a few feet of her body when the desperate Alice, returned from the kitchen with a stout ax that had just recurred to her memory, sank it to the hilt in the thick neck. Narrowly escaping severe injury in the death-struggle that followed, all but fainting with nervousness and conflicting emotions, the brave girl followed this blow by others no less telling and doughty. When the still quivering, but no longer murderous, creature had been reduced to absolute impotence the entire house looked as though it had been wrecked by vandals, and the weary conqueror found herself suffering from many bruises.—Woman's Home Companion.

A NOTABLE BRITISHER

Is Earl Grey, the Newly Appointed Governor General of Canada. Earl Grey, who is announced to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor General of Canada when the latter's term expires, is one of the most notable men in the present British peerage, and has in a de himself known to the world in several conspicuous ways—as a financier, a philanthropist, and an industrial promoter. He was associated with the late Cecil Rhodes in the development of South Africa, and is executor of the will under which the Rhodes scholarships are assigned. At various times he has been concerned in the river tunnels of New York, having interests in the Hudson River tunnel in its earlier stage and with a tunnel that was planned from the City Hall, Manhattan, to the Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn, a project that apparently has fallen through. Earl Grey is also widely known among temperance workers at home and abroad as the projector of the scheme known as the Public-house Trust Company, by which it is proposed to mitigate the evils of saloons by turning them, so far as possible, into decent resorts, and making the sale of strong drink a secondary feature and without profit. The earl is in the prime of life, and may be trusted to give our neighbor on the north a vigorous and progressive administration. He is a brother-in-law of the Earl of Minto, the present incumbent, who has made an excellent governor, and will retire with the good will of the Canadians.

The Humorist of the Country.

Boy (to fat person)—Please sit still. Father'll be past 'ere in a minute with a new 'orse. 'E wants to see if it'll shy at yer.—The Sketch.

Salesmanship. Crittick—Maulstick's paintings sell very well, don't they? D'Auber (jealously)—No, I wouldn't say that, I would say he sells his paintings very well.—Philadelphia Press.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Books ain't fit'n' for nothing but to give to little children goin' to school, for to keep 'em out'n' mischief. If a man's got mother wit he don't need 'em; if he ain't got it they'll do him no good, no how.—Simon Suggs' philosophy, quoted in Henry Watterson's "The Compromises of Life."

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We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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"By indulging in foolish pleasures, eh?" queried the party of the preface. "No," replied the other, "by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others."

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MAKES PIGS GROW. GOOD FOR STUNTED CALVES. Have been feeding Prussian Stock Food to my thoroughbred swine. It gives them an appetite and makes the pigs grow. I also tried it on stunted calves with satisfactory results.—F. W. SHIELDS, Elgin, Neb.

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Every fertile egg you put into a Chatham Incubator will come out a healthy, sturdy chick. That is the record the Chatham Incubator has made for itself and the Chatham Brooder will bring them up better than the most motherly hen. There is big money to be made in raising chickens with a Chatham Incubator. The farmer who overlooks this branch of his business is neglecting one of the greatest profit producing departments of his farm. The Pacific Coast is not producing enough chickens to supply their own wants. Chicken raising is profitable.

OUR REFER: We will sell you a Chatham Incubator on time. It will make many times its cost to you. We pay the freight. Write me for our "Tinkie Catalog" and useful hints on poultry raising. Costs you nothing. Do it now.

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UNION MADE \$3.50 & \$3 SHOES FOR MEN \$5.00 AND \$4.00 CUSTOM BENCH WORK IN ALL THE HIGH GRADE LEATHERS.

\$2.50 POLICE, THREE SOLES. \$2.50 AND \$2.00 WORKINGMEN'S, BEST IN THE WORLD. \$2.50, \$2.00 AND \$1.75 BOYS, FOR DRESS AND SCHOOL WEAR.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason they are the greatest sellers is, they are made of the best leathers, hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and have more value than any other shoes.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

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W. M. GRAY KNOWLES, Asst. City Solicitor, Dallas. Brockton Leads the World's Shoe Fashion of the World. W. L. Douglas uses Corona Colton's in Bond for Catalogue giving full instructions how to order by mail. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."

MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Sold by Druggists, etc. Lowell, Mass.

Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

A Gentle Reminder.

"After all," mused the shiftless individual as he proceeded to occupy the only rocking chair in the room, "there's no place like home."

"You have said it," replied the wife of his bosom, who was engaged in half-soling his other pair of trousers, "but that's no reason why a man should loaf around it instead of looking for a job."

Keeley LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

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