Terry McGovern's Own Love Story, Written by Himself.

Written Exclusively for The Evening World.

Copyright, 1900, by the Press Publishing Company, New York World.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

McGovern at the age of eighteen is tally boy in a lumber yard. He loves Grace Smalley, but has quarrelled with her owing to stories about him circulated by Phil Geoghan, an amateur boxer. McGovern decides to box Geoghan at the interclub bouts of the Jackson and Huron amateur athletic clubs. Terry wins the preliminaries in his class and at last meets Geoghan in the ring.

McGovern knocks Geoghan out. Terry and Grace become engaged. They go on a river excursion. She falls overboard. He jumps into the water after her.

He saves her life at the risk of his own. Through Geoghan's influence Terry loses his job in the lumber yard. Terry meets Sam Harris, who persuades him to become a professional pugilist under Harris's management. Terry loses his first professional fight on a foul, but boasts that soon or late he will be bantam and feather weight champion of the world.

Terry works his way up till he gets a chance to fight Harry Forbes. It is his first big fight. Geoghan tries to drug him by means of a doctored bottle of mineral water. Terry drinks a little of the water just before the fight and is made ill by it. One of his seconds who drinks most of the bottle becomes violently ill.

CHAPTER V.

The Fight and the Reward.

WHAT Harris said was the truth. I'd only swallowed perhaps a tablespoonful of the doctored mineral water, but even that small amount had got hold of me, and I felt more like going to the hospital than to the prize-ring.

I was due in the ring that very minute. I could hear the crowd clapping and hooting at my delay.

I knew that Grace was waiting at the upper window, wondering what was the matter with me, and praying for my good luck against Forbes.

"I'll tell them you're sick and try to get the fight postponed," Harris said, after working over me with ammonia and a lot of other stuff. "They'll put on some one in your place against Forbes."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I said, thinking of Grace and how disappointed she'd be; and of how Phil Geoghan would start the story that I'd backed out because I was afraid of meeting Forbes.

"I'm going on, and I'll beat him, dope or no dope."

I began to feel a little stronger, but the pain began to give place to stupor. I felt indistinctly and my arms and legs didn't seem to belong to me.

McMichael had stopped writhing and was in a dead sleep, snoring away like a thunderstorm.

"Should see the medicine was a kind that sends a man into agony first and stupefier him. I had heard of such being given to racehorses.

"Michael's dead to the world," I thought. "He'll likely sleep like that for an hour or two and then wake up with nothing worse than a roaring headache. Guess the stuff was only dope, not poison. I'm ready to go to the ring now."

All this time Sam and my seconds had been working over me just as they would if I'd been barely saved by the bell from a knockout. And I began to feel able to move again, though I was crazy to lie down and sleep, and my head still felt thick and stupid and my limbs were unresponsive.

We went out into the arena and along the aisles of shouting people to the ring. Forbes was already in his corner. The people all seemed tangled up before my drugged mind, and I could hardly tell which was Forbes and which his seconds.

I hardly heard the referee as he called us to the centre of the ring and gave us instructions. I shook hands with Forbes and wondered in a vague sort of way how it happened that such a big crowd had gathered just to see two boys like us shake hands.

"Brace up, and do what you can against him," whispered Harris as he lifted me to my feet when the bell rang. "You may get to feeling better as the fight goes on."

I'm not going to describe that fight in detail, for the best of all reasons—because I don't remember most of it. It was a sort of vague dream.

It was then that my twenty-five or more fights during the past six months came in handy.

Fighting had become a sort of second nature to me. In a sort of daze I went through the motions of countering, ducking, side-stepping and all that sort of thing. The few leads I made amounted to nothing. As the bell would ring I'd go to my corner and Harris would give me ammonia to keep me from falling asleep between rounds.

I was like a man walking in his sleep. Several times I was knocked down, and why I didn't fall asleep then and there on the floor I can't imagine.

Luckily I was as hard as a rock, and my mechanical motions saved me, too; but it's none the less a miracle to me to this very day that I wasn't knocked out in a round.

Through the first twelve rounds of the fight Forbes put it all over me and knocked me all about the ring. And all that time I was trying to remember his name and what grudge he could have against me to make him hit me that way. I even came near asking him please to stop. Queer as it seems, my body was fighting hard, without any guiding from my mind.

This sounds like a lie, but when I told a well-known doctor about it once he said such things are very common. In sleep-walking, for instance, a man may walk over dizzy heights, on the edge of a roof, or do some other daring act that he doesn't remember when he wakes up, and that his mind and nerve would never let him do when they have control of his body.

But all that exercise and the time, as well as the restoratives between rounds, was slowly working me around into shape again.

In the thirteenth round I almost came to myself. I found I was worn out and sore and I remembered who I was fighting, but that was all.

I braced up and made a slightly better showing, but Forbes still had things pretty much his own way till the middle of the fifteenth round.

Then, in a clinch, I happened to look upward.

There, just in line with my eyes, and framed in the little window, was Grace's face.

How it came there—whether it was real or a vision—I couldn't think for a moment.

She was pale and there was a look of wonder and sorrow in those lovely eyes that shall never be there again if I have to cut off my right hand to prevent it.

All in a flash the truth came to me, and my brain was clear right away.

She had come to see my fight. This was the fight on which our whole future hung. She had been so confident, and that afternoon she had shown me her wedding dress. She had come to see me win.

And here I was being knocked about the ring like an amateur, and losing the fight as surely as if I were throwing it.

That wedding dress must hang in the wardrobe till it grew time-stained and dusty, unless I did something very quickly to change the course of the fight.

All this flashed through my mind in that little moment, and as we broke from the clinch I was myself again.

I guess Forbes must have thought he had run up against a streak of lightning, and I forgot my fatigue and soreness and sailed into him with all my old-time force.

I suppose he thought it was a last rally of my dying strength. We mixed it up all over the ring, and his face, which hadn't a mark on it up to that time, began to show signs of local damages.

Still he came back at me with a grand effort, and I had my hands full.

He swung two or three times for me, and each time I copped him on the face, but too high to harm him.

I never swing. I think, it leaves a man too open. What the papers in describing my fights call my "swings" are really half hooks.

As Forbes sent in a more than usually vicious left swing I brought my right arm inside his left, sending my shoulder after it, and catching him square on the point of the jaw.

Forbes went down in a heap, like a huge sack of bones, and lay there.

The referee stood over him, swinging his arm pendulum-fashion and counting off the seconds.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—TEN!"

I looked up at the window where Grace stood.

Our eyes met and I read in hers my reward.

* * * * * * *

We were married the next week, she and I.

Our prudent friends shook their heads at the notion of "two mere children," as they called us, getting married on so little money; but we laughed at them and got married, just the same. It was the greatest stroke of good luck I ever had.

My fortune began to improve from the day of my wedding, and has kept on steadily ever since.

Let me say before I go on that while my victory over Forbes was my first big step toward fame I was anything but satisfied with it.

It was more of a fluke than an earned victory, or so it seemed to me then. And I vowed I wouldn't be content till I met him again in a fight where both of us would be in decent shape.

My friends advised me against this and told me to let him alone, because he'd come near licking me once and he might do the trick next time. But I said:

"Next time I meet Forbes he'll go down and out in less than two rounds."

We didn't come together again until last December. But then my prophecy came true, for I put Harry Forbes to sleep in a round and a half.

But to get back to my story:

During the next year I added to my laurels by knocking out Tim Callahan, Caspar Leon, Patsy Haley and a number of lesser lights. I rose fast in my profession, and people who had guyed me for that boast about becoming feather and bantam weight champion began to stop joking me about it.

And now I come to two of the most important points of my whole career.

One was my forthcoming fight with Pedlar Palmer for the bantam-weight championship of the world.

The other event came much closer home and meant a thousand times more to me.

(To Be Continued.)

TORCH IN N. CAROLINA.

Attempt to Burn Town to Destroy Election Registry.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 2.—An attempt was made early to-day to burn the town of Faison, N. C., about fifty miles from Wilmington.

The fire began in a drug store in which the registration books for to-day's election were deposited, and the local Democrats allege that a plot was afoot to nullify the election in Faison Township, a Democratic stronghold.

The election here—the scene of the late racial troubles—proceeded quietly. The county will probably give 1,000 majority for the franchise amendment.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 2.—Election proceeding quietly, with no disturbances at the polls up to 1 P. M. No interest in the contest was taken by the negroes.

CROKER OFF TO SARATOGA

Richard Croker was at the office of his real estate partner, Peter F. Meyer, 111 Broadway, during the early afternoon to-day.

He said he would leave for Saratoga this afternoon. He thought he would stay there at least two or three weeks.

He will be the guest of Fire Commissioner John J. Scannell, who has a villa at the Spa.

NEW TENDERLOIN BONDSMAN

Benjamin J. Gipekey, hotel-keeper at 13 West Thirty-sixth street, is a new bondsman in the Tenderloin. He was on twenty-five bonds in the Tivoli raid.

He gave property at 842 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street as security.

SPECIAL MIDSUMMER

TROUSERS SALE

The sale which we inaugurated a week ago has been productive of enormous business, and we now propose to close out the entire balance of our stock of

FASHIONABLE FANCY WORSTED, FLANNEL AND TWEED MEN'S TROUSERS, at $3.50

Our prices for these goods have been $5, $6 and $7 throughout the season.

Our FAMOUS BLUE and BLACK HAND-FINISHED, MAN-TAILORED SERGE SUITS ARE STILL $10.

Other Special Values which will interest you are:

Striped Flannel OUTING SUITS reduced to $6.75
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THE Thompson COMPANY CLOTHIERS 245 BROADWAY

Opposite City Hall Park. Just Below Murray St.

GIANTS PLAY ORPHANS; BOSTONS IN BROOKLYN.

Davis Confident His Men Will Do the Orphans Again.

(Special to The Evening World.)

POLO GROUNDS, Aug. 2.—The third and final game of the present engagement between the Giants and the Windy City team was played at these grounds this afternoon under weather conditions which could not have been improved upon.

This was the last game which the Giants were scheduled to play in this vicinity for some time, and as they have been making a wonderful record for themselves they were determined to keep up their good work by winning another game from the visitors.

After to-day's game Manager Davis and his men will bid farewell to this city, for they are to start on a Western trip to-night, which is to keep them away from home until Aug. 22, when they will come back and tackle the slugging Quakers.

The Giants will first go to St. Louis, where they are to meet Muggsy McGraw's aggregation on Saturday. Manager Davis and his men are confident they will duplicate their present great winning streak in the West, and before the game started he said that while he expects his team to win the majority of the games which they play, he feels sure, however, that the worst they will get will be an even break.

Both teams were bent on winning to-day's game, and with the hope of carrying off the victory they trotted out their best twirlers, Mercer being selected to do the pitching for the Giants, while Griffiths was sent in by the visitors.

President Freedman notified Manager Davis this morning that he would pay Jack Warner his full salary as long as he was laid up with his broken arm, no matter if he was prevented playing ball for two years.

The Batting Order.

New York.	Chicago.
Van Haltren, cf.	McCarthy, lf.
Selbach, lf.	Childs, 2b.
Doyle, 1b.	Mertes, ss.
Smith, rf.	Green, cf.
Davis, ss.	Dexter, rf.
Gleason, 2b.	Ganzel, 1b.
Hickman, 3b.	Bradley, 3b.
Bowerman, c.	Donohue, c.
Mercer, p.	Griffith, p.

Umpire—Mr. Terry.

First Inning.

McCarthy passed a scorching grounder to Gleason which he fumbled at first, but by a quick pick-up and throw to Doyle just nipped the batter at the bag. Childs tried to bunt, but instead raised a pop fly which Hickman made a running catch of. Mertes waited until four balls had gone wide of the plate and then ambled to first. Green also got a free walk. Mertes was too gay at the bag by playing off too far and was caught napping on Mercer's quick throw to Davis. No runs.

Van Haltren got in a bunt to Ganzel and easily reached first. Selbach lifted a fly off first base which Ganzel captured after a backward run. Van Haltren stole second without any trouble as Donohue dropped the ball. Doyle was the next dead one on his pop foul fly, which droped into Donohue's big mitt. Smith was unable to advance Van Haltren for his high skyscraper to short centre and Van Haltren got under it. No runs.

Davis sent a grounder along the first-base line, but Ganzel stopped it and retired the Giants captain at the bag. Gleason was only able to soak a slow bounder to Childs, which resulted in his retirement at first. Hickman ended the running by pushing a grounder to Bradley, who threw him out by a close call. No runs.

Third Inning.

Griffith's low line fly was captured by Hickman, who had to run sideways in order to get it. McCarthy laced the ball to centre for a bag and reached second, while Hickman and Doyle were disposing of Childs. Mertes sent a slow grounder to Davis, and beat the latter's throw to first, McCarthy moving up to third. Mertes attempted to steal second, but was an easy victim on Bowerman's line throw to Gleason, who touched him out after running him down the line. No runs.

Bowerman drove a fast grounder straight into Mertes's hands and perished at first. Ganzel then made a neat pick-up of Mercer's grass cutter, and stepped on the bag, retiring Winnie. Van Haltren tried the bunt trick again, but this time was successful, for Bradley shot the ball to Ganzel to dispose of him. No runs.

GROOMS VS. BEANEATERS.

Champions Tackle the Hub Men at the Washington Park Diamond.

(Spec! to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN, Aug. 2.—This was a day on which the schedule-makers decided should be farewell day. The champions, who for the past two weeks or more have been entertaining representatives of seven other cities, will start for the West this evening.

The Boston crowd was the assisting adieu performers. Though they seem just now nothing better than second division players, they nevertheless seem an attraction for Brooklyn fans.

The Batting Order.

Boston.	Brooklyn.
Hamilton, cf.	Jones, cf.
Long, ss.	Keeler, rf.
Stahl, rf.	Jennings, lb.
Collins, 3b.	Kelley, lf.
Freeman, lb.	Dahlen, ss.
Duffy, lf.	Cross, 3b.
Lowe, 2b.	Daly, 2b.
Sullivan, c.	[illegible]dre, c.
Nichols, p.	[illegible], p.

Umpire—Mr. Swartwood.

First Inning.

Hamilton struck out, but Swartwood awarded him a walk. Long was given a life on Kitson's poor throw of his bunt to catch Hamilton at second, with the result that Beaneater went on to third. Stahl's boost fell to McGuire. Collins's rap to Dahlen finished Long at second. Hamilton scored on the play. Collins annexed second. Freeman's bid for a homer was taken by Jones off the centre-field fence. One run.

Jones slapped out one for half the circuit. Keeler's drive for a corner seat Jones home. Wee Willie purloined second and advanced to third when Jennings floated the sphere to Hamilton. Kelley's boost went to Stahl, who, by an accurate throw, caught Keeler at the plate. One run.

Second Inning.

Dahlen chucked Duffy's bounder over. "Bad Bill" made a bungle of Lowe's swat, and the Bostonian was safe. Kitson put three over that Sullivan didn't see. Nichols's rap to Dahlen forced Lowe. No runs.

Dahlen's smash was just a little too warm for Long. Cross stopped a Nichols's shoot with his rise and walked. Daly's bunt to Daly disposed of him but advanced his two mates on bases a peg each. Freeman fussed McGuire alone, but Dahlen scored on the play. Kitson pounded out one good for a corner that scored Cross. Kitson swiped the middle corner. A wild fling promoted him to third. Nichols flung Jones's roller over. Two runs.

Third Inning.

Cross did the right thing with Hamilton's roller. Long strolled on four. Stahl bounced a single over Dahlen's head. Collins's slash to Cross resulted in Stahl's demise at second and his own at first. No runs.

Keeler tore off a one-timer. Jennings's rap was of the same value, and it sent Keeler to third. Kelley pushed out a double that tallied Keeler and Jennings. Dahlen shot one skyward that Lowe got. Cross's smash was nicely stopped by Long and sailed over. Daly fly fell into Duffy's tuft. Two runs.

Fourth Inning.

Jennings stoped Freeman's cranky one and tossed it to Kitson, who covered the bag. Three bases resulted from Duffy's slam to centre. Lowe's long boost that Jones collared scored Duffy. Sullivan's fly was scooped by Dahlen. One run.

McGuire landed on one for a bag. Kitson's rap to Long forced McGuire, but Lowe's wild throw to double up Kitson resulted in the Brooklyn's pitcher getting to second. Duffy was under Jones's boost. Keeler slammed out a single and Kitson landed on third. When his vain effort was made to catch Keeler stealing second Kitson scored. Collins attended to Jennings. One run.

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How much Discomfort a Gas Range would save you, this hot weather!!

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25 YEARS CURED.

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Abbey's Salt is made from the salts extracted from the juices of fresh pure fruits; it is endorsed by the public and profession of two continents. Sold by most druggists, or sent by mail.

25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., 9-15 Murray St., N. Y.

Booklet free on request.

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1570 ASBURY AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILL., Dec. 21, 1899. "Your Effervescent Salt is an excellent article, being gently laxative and cooling, and agreeable at the same time. I consider it also an excellent adjunct in the treatment of nervous affections on account of its soothing qualities." DR. WM. B. MANN.

450 PUTNAM AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1899. "I consider Abbey's Salt a most excellent aperient and cooling drink." CHARLES E. MANNING, M.D.

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WATCH AND DIAMOND FOR SALE.

Last week a gentleman came in and asked me to sell a solid 14-karat gold "Waltham" Watch and Chain he paid $45.00 for on commission for him, saying he would take $25 cash for the outfit. I will give my personal guarantee for "20 years" with it. Used about seven months. Also a Diamond Solitaire Ring, solid 14-karat gold mounting, that cost $60.00, for sale at $25 cash. Many other bargains this week. KEENER, 140 FULTON ST., New York (near Nassau st.). Hours 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., Saturdays included. Telephone "5201 Cortlandt."

ALSO 1391 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

CREDIT FOR EVERYBODY—Anything you want, clothing, shoes, jewelry, furniture, dry goods, stoves; business strictly confidential. AARONSON CREDIT CENTRE, 62 Bowery, cor. Canal (over bank). Open evenings.

FURNITURE, $50 WORTH ON $1 DOWN AND $1 WEEKLY. PRICES THE LOWEST. LEWIN & CO., 343 WEST 14TH ST., 267 WEST 125TH ST.

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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED $5.00 FULL SET.

You can have your teeth extracted FREE, PAINLESSLY, in the morning and go home at night with new ones.

Full Sets of Teeth.....$5.00 Gold Fillings.....$1.00 up
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We make the above prices for the express purpose of introducing our work and proving that we are the only PAINLESS DENTISTS in Greater New York.

If you have a few old roots or badly decayed teeth, do not have them extracted, but let us restore them to their natural beauty with our Painless Crown and Bridge System, which is undetectable and everlasting. The cost is small, while the results are great. CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK. NO PLATES REQUIRED

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

New York, 54 West 23d St. (Opposite Eden Musee).

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GARRY HERMAN'S TRIAL.

Western Colt Works Six Furlongs in 1.14 3-4 Easily at the Saratoga Track.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, SARATOGA, Aug. 2.—Garry Herman, the two-year-old belonging to C. H. Smith, of Chicago, worked a phenomenal trial her this morning at six furlongs that is the talk of the track. With a colored exercise boy up carrying 110 pounds, the colt was sent the first quarter in 24 seconds, to the three furlongs in 36 3-4, the half in 49; five furlongs in 1.01 1-2 and three quarters in 1.14 3-4, finishing in hand.

He is a grand looking colt of very even disposition. His first engagement here is the Fleischmann Stakes Tuesday, Aug. 7, in which he may meet Commando, Criterion, Black Fox, Alard Scheck and Elkhorn.

TWO LONG BOUTS ARE CONEY'S NEXT OFFERING.

Another double attraction for a 50-cent admission will be presented next Tuesday night at Coney Island in the shape of two twenty-five round bouts. The first pair will be Willie Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, and Harry Lyons, of Chicago, two 126-pounders. Fitzgerald is a great favorite in Brooklyn, having defeated all of the best local lads, while Lyons has walloped everything of his pounds and inches in the West.

The final bout will show Jack Downey and Joe Handler. Downey is working hard for this fight, but he needs to be at his best for Handler, who is coming very fast of late.

REIFF FINISHED THIRD.

Mazagan Won the Rich Goodwood Cup, in England, Over a Two and One-Half Miles Course.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—At the third day's racing of the Goodwood meeting to-day the Goodwood Cup of 2,000 sovereigns, two miles and a half, was won by Douglas Baird's bay colt Mazagan; J. W. Larnach's bay colt Strong Bow was second and Lord W. Beresford's bay gelding Jolly Tar, ridden by J. Reiff, was third.

The Halnaker Stakes resulted in a dead heat between W. C. Whitney's chestnut colt Water Shed and Sir J. Blundell Maple's bay colt Mackintosh. W. Raphael's bay colt Lord Kendal, with Rigby up, was third.

The Rous Memorial Stakes was won by Mr. Theobald's Volodyovski, guided by J. Reiff. L. Brassey's Ursula ran second, Rigby having the mount, and Sir E. Cassel's Sang Bleu, came in thir, with Reiff in the saddle.

CUBAN X-GIANTS AGAIN.

This Season's Series with West New York Team Will Be Ended Sunday.

There has been a sharp rivalry for the last four years between the Cuban X-Giants and the West New York Field Club. This season's series between the teams is closer than ever. Up to date each has won two games from the other. Next Sunday they will play the deciding game at the Weehawken grounds.

CANCER Cannot be Cut Out or Removed with Plasters.

Surgical operations and flesh destroying plasters are useless, painful and dangerous, and besides, never cure Cancer.

No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, another comes at or near the same point, and always in a worse form. Does not this prove conclusively that Cancer is a blood disease, and that it is folly to attempt to cure this deep-seated, dangerous blood trouble by cutting or burning out the sore, which, after all, is only an outward sign of the disease—a place of exit for the poison.

Cancer runs in families through many generations, and those whose ancestors have been afflicted with it are liable at any time to be stricken with the deadly malady.

Only Blood Diseases can be Transmitted from One Generation to Another

—further proof that Cancer is a disease of the blood.

To cure a blood disease like this you must cure the entire blood system—remove every trace of the poison. Nothing cures Cancer effectually and permanently but S. S. S.

S. S. S. enters the circulation, searches out and removes all taint, and stops the formation of cancerous cells. No mere tonic or ordinary blood medicine can do this. S. S. S. goes down to the very roots of the disease, and forces out the deadly poison, allowing the sore to heal naturally and permanently. S. S. S. at the same time purifies the blood and builds up the general health.

A little pimple, a harmless looking wart or mole, a lump in the breast, a cut or bruise that refuses to heal under the ordinary treatment, should all be looked upon with suspicion, as this is often the beginning of a bad form of cancer.

Mrs. Sarah M. Keesling, 341 Windsor Ave., Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I am 61 years old, and for three years had suffered with a severe form of Cancer on my jaw, which the doctors in this city said was incurable, and that I could not live more than six months. I accepted their statement as true, and had given up all hope of ever being well again, when my druggist, knowing of my condition, recommended S. S. S. After taking a few bottles the sore began to heal, much to the surprise of the physicians, and in a short time made a complete cure. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is splendid, sleep is refreshing—in fact, am enjoying perfect health."

SSS

Our medical department is in charge of physicians of long experience, who are especially skilled in treating Cancer and other blood diseases. Write for any advice or information wanted, we make no charge whatever for this service. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.