

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so receptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been cured with Mercury and Potassium for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—hidden from the eyes.

Like Bogies Like surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life.

The Sin of the Parents. It remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. B. S. is the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease unless it is caused by a new virus.

SSS Cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure.

Send for it to
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

In a Strange Land.

At a stranger in a strange land he was, this youth aimlessly wandering the streets of the great city. His garments were ill-fitting and coarse. His large, red hands hung awkwardly at his side. Two inches of his wrists showed below his coat sleeves. His trousers bagged significantly at the knees and his heavy plow shoes were strangers to his feet. But his face was honest—honest and brown as the autumn fields.

A healthy tan covered his features, but in his large blue eyes a sadness lingered. He glanced into a thousand faces and saw not one he knew. He was jostled by the passing throng, but no friendly hand grasped his. He was weary with his tramping and hungry for the sound of a familiar voice.

Painfully he was from the country. In his eyes there seemed to shimmer the glitter of the sunlight on the ripples of a brook, and his freckled face seemed dappled with the shadows sweeping over meadows clover-covered. Around his worn and faded garments there seemed clinging the wild fragrance of the cornfields far outstretching and the sweeter, subtle perfume of the tangled, nodding grasses.

His movements were slow and ungraceful, but his shoulders were broad and his muscles hard as steel. Neither tramp nor beggar was Robert Lane, but in his pockets there was not a penny. A light luncheon he had eaten, but he knew not from whence his dinner was to come.

He was searching for work—searching in strange and unfamiliar places. Few could bunk more corn or bind more grain in a day than he, but he was of small value in the busy marts of trade.

He had adrift from his quiet, peaceful home upon a farm to drift amid the whirlpool of the metropolis, lured by wrong impressions, by misguided hopes.

And so it was not strange that his heart was heavy and his eyes dim with unshed tears. Ever before him was a picture of the sweet faced girl waiting for him in the neat white farm-house in the Iowa hills.

He has meant to make her so proud of him. He had meant to work and prosper, and then return to the old farm and bring her back with him to the city and dress her in the latest fashions.

He remembered how she smiled up into his face as they stood beside the river that last night they were together; he remembered how tenderly she placed her hand upon his shoulder; he remembered how softly the starlight glimmered on the smooth surface of the water; how distinctly there came to them, through the fragrant air, the baritone of Wilson's dog on the hilltop a mile away, and the lowing of the cattle in the lowlands; how the beetles boomed through the dusk; how the wind whispered among the corn, and how, over all, hung the peacefulness of a summer evening in the country.

And this was the end of it all—the end of his dream, of his hopes, of his ambitions.

A lump arose in his throat and he drew the back of his hand across his eyes. Cable cars rattled past; elevated trains thunder overhead. An endless stream of humanity flowed by like a boundless ocean about to engulf him.

Suddenly above the tumult and the din arose a piercing scream, the rattle of swiftly moving wheels over the brick pavement, the shouting of men and the sound of scurrying feet.

Then Robert Lane beheld a spectacle that drove the blood from his temples, that made him

clench his fists and stare with cold lips pressed together.

Along the thoroughfare a frightened team was madly dashing, dragging a carriage that whipped from side to side as the animals fell on his freckled face. Perhaps the innate strength and courage of the man impressed her childish mind—perhaps it was but a desperate hope of success. At all events she partly arose and reached out her hands towards him, while into her eyes there flashed an appealing gleam, awful in its intensity.

"Help!" she cried. "Oh, save me!"

Robert Lane could never listen with deaf ears to the week's appeal. To him, womanhood and childhood were the most sacred things on earth. Forever he would have deigned himself as a coward had he hesitated at a time like this.

And so it was, that almost before the bystanders had realized what was transpiring, he had leaped directly in the path of the team and had clutched the horses by the bits in a grasp of steel.

The maddened animals dragged him roughly over the hard pavement in their headlong flight. His legs were bruised and mangled by their hoofs; his head was battered by the baggy tongue. But he did not relax his grip. He had spent all his life with horses; to handle them—to master them, was a second nature with him.

He exerted the whole of his giant strength upon the bits. The muscles on his arms, from which the coat and shirt sleeves had been torn, stood out like hickory knots. Slowly but surely he drew the horses, heads down, down, down, until their necks were all but broken. He pressed their muzzles beneath their breasts and held them until they knew that they were conquered—until they stopped and groined for mercy.

After that he had a faint recollection of being pulled from beneath the horses' feet. Then he knew nothing more until he awoke in a hospital and saw a bright-eyed nurse with a snowy cap and apron bending over him.

He was covered with cuts and bruises. Every inch of his body seemed to ache and pain. But, looking into the bright eyes of the nurse he forgot all his pain. For, somehow, those eyes reminded him of the sweet-faced girl in the Iowa hills.

The nurse smiled and smoothed the pillow under his head.

"You have been delirious," she said, softly, "but you are not seriously injured. In a few days you will be quite recovered."

"I have been delirious," he replied.

"Yes, you have talked a great deal. Mostly about Annie and the Iowa river, and, let's see—Marrietta. Is that the name?"

"Yes," he laughed. "I live on the Iowa river near Marrietta, and Annie—Annie has eyes like you."

"There," she said, you brushing his dark hair back from his temples, "you must be quiet now."

Then she moved away, and he watched her with dreamy eyes until she disappeared through the door.

On the third day he had a visitor. He was an elderly man with eyeglasses attached to a gold chain. The nurse conducted him to Robert's cot, and he took the boy's brown, rough hand in both his suit, white ones.

"Young man," he said, in a manner intended to be matter of fact, but in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, "young man, it is needless for me to try to thank you for saving my daughter's life. Nothing that I can say or do will sufficiently express my gratitude. But I will say this: My wealth, my influence and my experience are at your command. I am ready to do further, to the best of my ability, your most cherished ambition. Tell me, my son, what is your most ardent desire?"

From the kind face of the grateful father, Robert shifted his glances to the bright eyes of the smiling nurse. A wistful look came into his face and his lips trembled. Then again he looked into the eyes of the aged man.

"My greatest desire," he said, "Oh, sir, I want to hear the wind whistling in the corn; I want to see the starlight fall in the river, and I want to look at Annie and to hold Annie's hand."

The Way Women.

Nell—But you must never mention what I have just told you.

Bess—Why, is it a secret?

Nell—Oh, no, but—

Bess—Then it isn't worth repeating.—Chicago News.

Favorites Nearly Everywhere.

Constipation means distress, depression, headache, generally disordered health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers stimulate the liver, open the bowels and relieve this condition. Safe, speedy and thorough. They never grip. Favorite pills. L. R. Irwin.

FORAGING OR STEALING.

From the Daily News.

The prosecuting attorney sat down. As he mopped his brow he gazed triumphantly at the judge and at the lawyer who represented the prisoner.

The prisoner was an old darkey. His face was as black as the ace of spades and as wrinkled as a piece of crumpled. In his kinky hair strands of white outnumbered those of black.

During the trial of the case his eyes had never once left the judge. "Fo' de Lawd, ef dat ain't Marse Jim!" he exclaimed when brought into the courtroom by a stalwart deputy. And two long, regular rows of white teeth had been revealed by his pleased smile.

The testimony of the witnesses had been of no interest to him. He laughed scornfully when the young lawyer who had been appointed by the court to represent him poured forth college rhetoric. The prosecuting attorney had been ignored. "My ol' Marse Jim gwine ter fix hit," he whispered softly to himself.

The judge straightened himself and wiped his glasses solemnly. "The prisoner is guilty as charged," he said, as he adjusted the gold-rimmed affairs of his nose. "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say to show cause why he should not be sentenced?"

In his turn the old darkey straightened up. The stern look of the court caused his face to fall. Then he stood up. His eyes were sparkling with indignation.

"Yes, sah," he said. "I has somen ter say, an' I'se gwine ter say hit. Ef dey's trouble comin' doan' you blame 'case you ast me ter talk."

"Now looky heah, Marse Jim, you knows me jes' as well as I knows you. I'se know you eber since you was knee high ter a duck an' you ain't nebbor done nothin' right mean till jes' now."

"Dey brought me in heah an' told me I stole a shoat, but I didn't tink nothin' ob dat; and you nebbor did befoah till jes' now. I come heah afta justice. I thought I was ter git hit 'case you was judge. But I fin's I is mistaken. If I'd er know I'd er got ter make er fight for hit, I wouldn't er had nothin' ter do wid his heah piece of pizenfaced white trash heah—P'd er got er lawyah. He ain't none ob de quality, I know 'case my folks befoah de wah was be right kin'. But I didn't know dat an' now you axes me if I'se got anything ter say. Yes, sah! I has somen ter say an' as I tote you, I'se er gwine to say hit."

"Marse Jim, doan' you 'member dat I was yo' body servint durin' de wah? Didn't I use ter rattle fer grub fer you an' yo' chum when de rations got sho'?' An' didn't you use ter smack yo' lips over my cookin' an' say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager?' Why, I stole chick-ens an' turkeys an' shoats for you 'clean from Chattanooga ter Atlanta, Georgia! An' ebery time you got er squab meal, which was most genally 'casionaly, you and yo' chum 'od say, 'Jim's er powerful good forager!' You didn't say nothin' agin' hit then. No, sah! An' I wants ter know, if yo' was foragin' then, buccome hit stealin' now?"

"An, doan' you 'member, Marse Jim, dat one day you come ter me an' say, 'Jim, ter-morrer's Christmas, and we'se got ter have a fine spread?' An' didn't I git out an' steal er turkey an' ham an' er bottle er dewdrop whiskey? An' didn't you invite yo' brother officers in nex' day an' order things jest sean'lous an' make 'oper dey eyes? Ef hit was foragin' durin' de wah, buccome it stealin' now?"

"Yes, an, doan' you 'membah, Marse Jim, when you was shot an' de Yanks took you prisoner at Chancellorsville?"

"Didn't you gib me yo' grav uniform er lock ob yo' lah en' yo' sword, an' didn't you say kinder hoarse like, 'Take 'em ter her!' Ef didn't I take 'em? I toted dem 'tings through de brush a hundred miles, and when I come to de front gate dah stood Miss Emly! Sh's dah, an' God knows, Marse Jim, dat dare ain't no purer or whiter angil up erbove de clouds dah her! En when she saw me, didn't she hug dat little bald-headed baby dah that you so proud of, up close an' cry: 'He's daid, he's daid; my Gawd, he's daid!' Ef didn't e tears of grief come rollin' down ober these old black han' an' wash de stains ob trabbel erwas? Ef when I nips an' says: 'No, he ain't daid, Miss Emly, de Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimety; didn't de tears of joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears of grief erwas?"

"Now, looky heah, Marse Jim, my ole woman an' three pickaninies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods near Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat. En when I come by Sam Johnson's hog pen de yather day eu sees dat skanky little shoat dat, honest to Gawd, was so poah dat

you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from stippin' 'tween de pain's, I jest began foragin' agin. You can't call it stealin', nohow, 'case I'se gwine ter pay Marse Johnson's back jes' es soon as my ole sox has pigs. You ain' gwine to sen' yo' ole body servint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Marse Jim?"

There was silence in the courtroom for a moment. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes. He wiped them furtively and vainly tried to hide the movement by vigorously rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief. Finally he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up the house with me."

Saved His Child's Life.

"In three weeks our chubby little boy was changed by Pae—monia almost to a skeleton," writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, O. "A terrible cough set in, that, in spite of a good doctor's treatment for several weeks, grew worse every day. We then used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was sound and well. We are sure this grand medicine saved his life." Millions know it's the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung diseases. B. Schmidt guarantees satisfaction. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Opening of Winter Tourist Season.

The Southern Railway, which operated its own lines over the entire South and forms the important link in the great highway of travel between the North and South Florida, Cuba, Mexico, the Pacific Coast and Central America, announces for the winter of 1901 and 1902 the most superior service ever offered. Its splendid regular service will be augmented by the Southern Palm Limited, a magnificent Pullman train, which will be operated between New York and St. Augustine Florida.

His Choice.

"What would you like to be when you grow up?" asked an old gentleman.

"I'd like to be a bricklayer," replied the boy.

"That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?"

"'Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."

Danger of Colds and La Grippe.

The greatest danger from colds and la grippe is their result in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous malady. It will cure a cold or an attack of la grippe in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by L. R. Irwin, Druggist.

"Oh, darling!" exclaimed the young man as a look of pain chased itself across his open faced countenance; "you have broken my—"

"Your heart?" interrupted the maiden faintly; "I'm so sorry."

"No, not my heart," he rejoined, "but every cog in my vest pocket—and they cost ten cents apiece, too."

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WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c., Repaired on Short Notice, AND BY—FIRST CLASS WORKMEN.

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Wagons ironed at liberal rates.

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On Jellies preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of PURE REFINED PARAFFINE

Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof. Pure Refined Paraffine is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each package. Sold everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO.

Don't kick about the weather. When it rains, it settles the dust; when the sun shines, it dries the mud.—Chicago News.

Likely to Have It.

"He likes excitement," said the young man.

"S' I supposed," replied the dear girl.

"Why?"

"Well, his choice for a wife made that the natural inference."—Chicago Post.

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Women's Ways in Japan.

The Japanese woman is apt to treat her wife kindly, but he is in no way accountable to her. She is obliged to trot meekly several paces behind him when they go out together on the street and must eat her meals in a separate room after he has finished. If a man should get up to offer his seat to a woman in a crowded railway car, he uses woman's name as a slur. Japanese women are very much liberty. Often they are virtually treated as companions by their husbands, and sometimes a strong mutual regard grows between husband and wife, but the women of Japan are yet far from occupying the position to which they are entitled. Japan needs the slow growth of comradeship between the sexes to make more perfect her civilization.

Few casual visitors of Japan have an opportunity of knowing the real Japan to women, the sweet little home-makers, who are as pure and gentle and modest as any women in the world, who are gifted with a rare intelligence that, however, they are seldom trained to use.—Amie's Magazine.

Rev. Cyrus T. Brady.

In a letter to the Living Church the Rev. Cyrus T. Brady writes as follows: "I have seen several pertinent and pointed by the wide currency which the secular papers have given to the statement that I intended to abandon the pulpit or to give up the ministry of the church. Such is not my intention. I have too high an idea of the ministry, its privileges, its opportunities and its obligations to dream of such a present or future resignation. I have felt in my very great regret, in which regard, I am sure, the parish entirely shares, on account of the state of my health. I have simply overworked myself, and I must have a rest. I had to relinquish something temporarily to lighten the burden upon me, and circumstances required that I should give up the parish. When I have a chance to re-occupy it, I should be glad should I be enabled thereto to take up the work once more."

Marriage as a Sacrament.