

RHEUMATISM BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgment in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently.

While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

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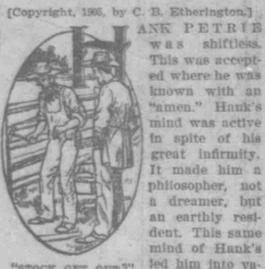
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Hank Petrie and His Turkey

By L. K. DEVENDORF



STOCK GET OUT? It made him cautious, the cautiousness that bred laziness and shiftlessness, for when the roof leaked he put a pin under the hole, instead of making the repairs. Some one suggested shingles. "Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "You see my ladder is old. The rounds are rotten, and I have a family to support. Suppose a round should break and I break my leg—who'd look after the old woman and the kids? Besides, the ladder is part of the garden fence, and as for puttin' the pin under the hole, why, that's no bother. If the old woman wants to use the pin, why, she can wait till it stops rainin'—a rest will do her good anyway. There's no use makin' a slave out of a woman because she's ambitious. Besides, on a rainy day a man can't do nothin' but mend harness anyway. My harness is borrowed. What's the good of mendin' a borrowed harness? No sooner a man gets it mended than the feller comes after it. I never knew it to fail."

When every one else was planting potatoes Hank was wondering if it was going to be a dry summer or like the one they had nine years ago. And when Bill Gleason, with a boldness that he might have known would have stirred the very dregs of Hank's mental cup of reason, asked him why he didn't turn up a little ground and put in a few hills of potatoes, Hank tapped the bowl of his pipe and replied: "What's the use? If it's a good year for potatoes most anybody will give me enough to carry me through the winter; if it's a bad year, why, they won't nobody have any." This closed the potato incident.

Hank was the possessor of an old bay mare. The feed was very poor in Hank's pasture. "Jennie knows every blade of grass in that pasture," said he, "and she's got every one timed when it will be long enough to eat again."

Squire Whipple had a fine piece of grass growing next above Hank's place. About dusk every evening the philosopher would slowly saunter down the road and inquire after the squire. He would spend a few minutes hanging over the fence and notice if the squire was preparing for bed, talk a few minutes and then go back home. Jennie, when it grew darker, would be led into the squire's meadow for her evening meal. Of course it wasn't long before the squire noticed that his meadow was fast becoming bald in spots and suspected Hank and Jennie, Hank from his lack of good pasture and Jennie from her unusual rotundity of person.

Becoming aware of the squire's suspicions, Hank devoted part of one evening to taking down part of the squire's fence and turning Fan, the squire's own horse, into the meadow. Next morning the squire was out early mending fence.

"Stock get out?" asked Hank. "Yes; last night old Fan got into the timothy," and then with just the slightest touch of sarcasm, he added, "It wouldn't be doin' any great harm if you'd patch up your fence a bit, Hank."

"Well, I guess old Fan wouldn't find any great pickin' over in my pasture, squire," replied Hank with a low chuckle. This ended Jennie's nocturnal banquets, and she fell back into her observance of the tardy growth of grass in Hank's well cropped pasture.

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"ASK THE REVENUE OFFICER"

along down to the barnyard, and there in the yard was a fat turkey with a piece of flaring red flannel tied to one of its legs. "There's my bird, squire, sure enough," said the crafty Hank, and the squire once more felt the unsatisfying but convincing force of Hank's reasoning. "Take her, Hank. She's yours, I guess," said the squire as he sat down on the tongue of a wagon, scratched his head and watched Hank round up the turkey with its scarlet ankle.

THANKSGIVING IN JAPAN.

"Yankees of the Orient" Have a Day of Their Own.

Americans have fondly imagined that Thanksgiving day is an institution peculiar to themselves. Not so. The wonderful "Yankees of the Orient," as the Japanese have been called, are like us in more ways than one. One of the resemblances lies in the fact that both countries have a national thanksgiving. Perhaps it would be more modest to say that we are like the Japs in this respect, for they had their Thanksgiving first. It is not known just how old the institution is with them, but it must date back some centuries. The day is celebrated on the 17th of October, and thus, with them as with us, it is a thank offering for the harvest and so occurs in the autumn.

The day opens in Japan by the mikado going to the shrine before sunrise and offering thanks and supplications to God and to the spirits of his ancestors. After the rising sun, which is Japan's emblem, comes out over the picturesque hilltops of the island empire a state banquet is ordered, and similar banquets are had all over the kingdom. The Japs have no turkeys to grace the occasion, but they have other toothsome dishes peculiar to themselves. It is probable that they do not indulge in gluttony quite as much as we, for they are an abstemious people. Then the day, if not inclement, is spent in parks and under the trees.

It is safe to say, however, that while the Japanese Thanksgiving antedates ours, nothing was known of it by our Puritan ancestors.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.



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