

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, . . . LOUISIANA.

IN THE MORNING.

"Grind your ax in the morning, my boy,"
"Twas a gray old woodcutter spoke,
Beneath whose arm, on his backwoods farm,
Had fallen the elm and the oak;
The hickory rough and the hornbeam tough
Had yielded to wheat and corn,
Till his children played 'neath the apple tree's
shade.
By the cabin where they were born.

"Grind your ax in the morning, my boy,"
He said to his lassy son,
"Or the hearts of oak will weary your stroke
Long ere the day is done.
The shagbark's shell and the hemlock knot
Defy the dull, blunt tool;
And mail as you may, you will waste your day
If your strength is the strength of a fool.

"Grind your ax in the morning, my boy,
Bring the hard, bright steel to an edge;
The bit like a barber's razor keen,
The head like a blacksmith's sledge;
And then through maple and ironwood, and ash,
Your stroke relentless shall drive,
Till the forest monarchs around you crash,
And their rugged fibers rive.

"Grind your ax ere the sunrise shine,
With long and patient care,
And when, with oilstone sharp and fine,
Till the edge will clip a hair,
And what though you reel o'er the stubborn
steel,
Till the toll your right arm racks,
Pray, how could you cut the white oak butt,
If you had but a pewter ax?

"Grind your ax, and be ready, my lad;
Then afar in the forest glen,
With a steady swing your stroke shall ring,
Keeping time with the stalwart men;
But if you miss your grinding at dawn,
You'll never know manhood's joys;
No triumphs for you, the long day through;
You must hack the brush with the boys."

"Grind your ax in the morning!" I heard
Life's watchword rude and clear;
And my soul was stirred at the homely word
Of the backwoods sage and seer!
O youth, whose long day lies before,
Heed! heed the woodman's warning!
Would you fell life's oaks with manly strokes,
You must grind your ax in the morning!

And he who dawdles and plays the fool,
Nor longs for virtue or knowledge;
Who shirks at work, plays truant from school
Or "cuts" and "ponies" at college;
Whose soul no noble ambition fires,
No heroic purpose among the briars,
Or hack the brush with the boys.
—George Lansing Taylor, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

IN A SNAKE'S COILS.

An Orchid Hunter's Unpleasant Experience in Zululand.

Several Dangerous Encounters with Deadly Serpents—Chased by a Cobra—A Decidedly Unwelcome Sleeping Companion—A Country to Avoid.

Go to Zululand if you are fond of snakes; if you are not, but fear their poisonous fangs and murderous embraces, cast your lines elsewhere.

In the summer of 1884, three young Englishmen and myself purchased a wagon and a span of oxen and, providing ourselves with the necessary arms, provisions and servants, started for D'Urban, Port Natal, on a hunting trip through Zululand and the Transvaal republic.

It was a bright sunny morning, when, leaving my companions at the wagon, I strolled into the woods near our encampment, accompanied by one of our Zulu servants. My object was a peaceful one, viz., to make a collection of the orchids in the vicinity, an occupation always absorbingly interesting to anyone possessing the slightest botanical knowledge. I had been fairly successful in the accumulation of terrestrial orchids and we had advanced into the heart of the forest, when a beautiful epiphyte on the upper branches of a grand old forest king attracted my attention and I started to climb the tree to secure the prize. The climbing was not difficult, as the limbs of the tree were close together, and I was soon within reaching distance of the plant. As I stretched out my right hand to grasp it, I heard my servant yell out in unmitigated terror: "Buka, buka, bukosi! nyoka pezulu n'bhloko yako" (Look, look, captain! A snake above your head). Glancing upward, I saw, swinging to and fro, level with my head and slightly in front of me, a large green snake, known in South Africa as the boom slang (tree snake), very venomous and greatly dreaded by the woodcutters of the country. The reptile's jaws were stretched to their utmost, and its forked tongue was working nervously in and out of its mouth with the rapidity of a lightning flash. Backwards and forwards it swung, while I, dangerously attracted by the concentrated evil expressed in the bright glitter of its infernal eyes, felt no inclination for the moment to stir.

Its tail was entwined around a thin branch about four feet above me and its body undulated gently, as it moved by the zephyr breeze which stirred the leaves of the tree. For two or three seconds we remained thus when his snakeship made a rapid snap at my up-lifted hand, which had not yet seized the orchid I was after. In making this pass at me he had drawn his eyes from mine and the spell was broken. I withdrew my hand instantaneously, and as its fangs snapped horribly together seized the snake tightly by the neck. The reptile wriggled violently, nearly causing me to lose my balance, but I contrived to maintain my hold for about half a minute when it loosened its tail from the bough above and attempted to coil itself around my body. My fear was that he would succeed in getting his tail around my neck, in which event I stood at great chance of being strangled as I did of dying from the effect of his bite should he get out of my hand. Consequently I extended my arm as far as possible from me and bent my body back. In this position I began to descend the tree by dropping from bough to bough with my left hand. I had not gone many feet when, despite my strenuous efforts to prevent his accomplishing it, the snake managed to throw his body over the thick part of my arm, and instantly coiled itself round and round from wrist to elbow. The pressure of its coil

was so intense that I feared that I should be compelled to break my grip on its neck. Apart from the actual pain of the pressure and the weight of the serpent, my arm was twisted completely around and I almost fancied I could hear the bones cracking. It was therefore with extreme difficulty that I descended from bough to bough, until within eight feet of the base of the tree, when grasping a decayed branch, down I came head first to the ground, with my friend still in my hand. Fortunately the fall did not stun me, and my clutch did not relax sufficiently to allow the snake to extricate his head. The Zulu boy, who had been an open-mouthed witness of the occurrence, now drew his knife and while I held the serpent against the trunk of the tree, severed its head from its body. The rest of the snake was easily uncoiled from my arm, which had become all shades from black to green, owing to the tight fit of my singular bracelet. It was a couple of weeks after this before I could use the muscles of my arm with freedom.

I had still another snake episode daring my rambles that day. We had retraced our steps, and were out of the thick part of the forest when I noticed a covey of small birds circling wildly above a tree and twittering excitedly. Looking closely to ascertain the cause of the commotion, I saw a huge snake just rearing its head an inch or two above the topmost branches, around which the little songsters were convulsively fluttering. Their shrill notes betrayed the great alarm they were experiencing, and yet the magnetism of their enemy's brilliant eye seemed to draw them ever nearer to him. Suddenly the snake's head shot out, and one of the poor trembling little warblers fell into the open jaws. The remainder of the birds flew off at once. I determined to have that snake or know the reason why, but I did not feel very much like shinning up the tree to get him after my experience of the previous hour, so I determined to move him by other means. My servant and I collected a number of stones and proceeded to make it pretty warm for the bird catcher. Two or three of our missiles struck him, but not one in a vital part, and after awhile the snake seemed to think that sort of fun had been going on long enough, and he came rapidly down the tree. We did not succeed in hitting him during his descent, and he was soon gliding down the trunk. It chanced to be of the cobra species, which will attack a man if disturbed. Directly it touched the ground it made straight for the Zulu, who dropping his stones, made the best running time on record towards an acclivity close to where we stood. Attaining the summit of the hill, he looked quickly behind, only to find his pursuer close at his heels. The descent before him was very steep, one, in point of fact a man under ordinary circumstances would carefully pick his way down, but the exigencies of the Zulu's position did not leave much margin for reconnoitering. With a yell like twelve basketsful of devils, as Friend Rabelais would say, he started down the hill, closely followed by the snake. I followed, but a regard for my neck made my progress much more moderate. Besides I had not such an important engagement to keep as the Zulu. The latter had lost all control of his movements, and flew down the declivity at express speed, the cobra making prodigious bounds behind him. When the distance between the Zulu and the snake was not more than three feet, the former caught his toe in the root of a tree and fell full length on the ground, clutching some tufts of grass to prevent rolling. The snake's impetus was evidently uncontrollable also, for it bounded clear over the prostrated Zulu and continued the pace to the bottom of the hill.

I hastened to join the boy, thinking the snake might return to attack him, but it had abandoned the hunt. I was bent on having the snake, however, and told the native to cut two stout sticks, armed with which we proceeded to hunt up our whilom pursuer. It took some little time in the thick grass, but we eventually spotted him, stretched out near a tree. As we came in sight he made for us viciously, but a blow from my stick made him retreat. Following him up I saw him attempt to hide in a hole about twelve inches deep, scratched in an ant heap. He was obviously under the impression that he had struck a deep hiding place, and as he touched bottom turned sharply around to come out again, when I placed my stick below his head and held him to the ground to watch his antics. The fierce look of baffled rage and malignant hatred which shone in his eyes was simply indescribable. As I bent down to look into them I forgot the danger I was incurring and became quite interested in watching the reptile, when pht! pht! the cobra discharged its venom at me. A second later and I crushed its head with my stick.

When we returned to the wagons the first remark my companions made was: "What the mischief is the matter with your hair? It is quite green." And so it was; the poison from the snake's fangs had struck my hair above the right temple and turned it as verdant as young corn. I lost no time in shaving that portion of my head, as there was some risk in the venom becoming absorbed through the pores of the scalp.

Of course this incident naturally led to snake yarns, and one of our party related a sad misfortune which befell a relative of his, who had, under somewhat similar circumstances to those related, been spat upon by a snake in Natal. The venom, in his case, had entered his eye, causing excruciating agonies and completely blinding it. After a fortnight the other eye had also lost its sight, and the man is now totally blind. My escape was therefore a very fortunate one.

A few days after this we were in another part of Zululand, and my three companions had gone on a two days' hunt with some traders, I remaining to look after our outfit. The evening was very sultry, and instead of sleeping in the wagon, as I usually did, I spread

my blankets on the ground and slept with the azure canopy of heaven above me. I know no more delightful feeling than that of waking up under a starlit summer sky in Africa, with a refreshing night breeze softly fanning your cheek; but on this special occasion as I woke I was conscious of a creepy sensation about my neck, which took all the romance out of the situation. Feeling cautiously to ascertain the cause, I was horrified to feel my fingers come in contact with the moist body of a snake. The position was fearfully trying to the nerves. I dare not shout to the wagon boys, who were sleeping within ten yards of me, still less could I venture to roll away. The least movement on my part might cause the visitor to fasten its fangs in my neck. So there I lay, hoping against hope that one of the snoring natives would wake up and discover my position. To make the situation still more intolerable, first my nose began to itch combedly, then the tickling sensation spread to every individual inch of my anatomy and each itched worse than the other, and I dare not scratch or move in any direction. I had no means of knowing where the snake's head lay or how far it had coiled itself around my neck. In fact, it seemed to me, as I lay counting the seconds, that its body was in contact with every part of my frame. Slowly and wearily the minutes dragged on until I began to think that eternity had surely arrived, and that the sun never intended lighting up this globe again. Then the gray light in the east gave me some comfort, but not much, for I was now tortured with the fear that my companion might wake and perhaps give me a bite or two just by way of reminder that we had passed the night together, or that the Zulus in getting up would disturb the snake and anger him.

My head was fortunately turned toward the wagon, and as the sun rose one of the boys sat up and yawned. At that moment he caught my eye, and I presume the expression of it was alarming, for his yawn was suddenly strangled and he approached me softly. The Zulu immediately grasped the situation and, returning to the wagon, brought a spade. The snake's head was resting, fortunately for me, on the blanket, while his body was partly on my chest and neck, where he had crept for warmth. With one swift scoop the native swept the snake's head off the blanket with the spade and instantly decapitated it.

Perhaps I did not feel relieved as I rose and viewed my late sleeping partner. Perhaps not.

It was a puff adder, one of Africa's deadliest serpents, and its bite would have proved fatal in half an hour.—J. W. Edmunds, in Detroit Free Press.

A LAWYER'S STRATEGEM.

He Ate Poisoned Cake in Court and Cleared His Client.

A well-known Kansas Cityan tells this story: Fifteen years ago Judge McSweeney was a famous criminal lawyer of southern Michigan. He was called upon to defend a young woman from the charge of having poisoned her old husband. It was a question of whether or not she had placed poison in a cake, of which the old man had eaten. A portion of the cake had been analyzed by a chemist and found to contain a great deal of deadly poison. The chemist testified to this in court. Other witnesses succeeded in making a chain of damaging evidence against the pretty young widow. The time came for the summing up speeches of the attorneys. The prosecution began and finished and all looked hopeless for the prisoner at the bar. Judge McSweeney, the only speaker for the defense, arose amid breathless silence. The room was crowded, and all were listening. One could almost hear the quiet, it was so intense. He began in a low tone to sum up the evidence in defense of the prisoner. He had been allowed an hour in which to plead his side of the case. He dealt with everything but the cake. It rested upon the table just at his right hand, where it had stood during all the weary trial. Thirty minutes passed, and the people were still motionless, charmed by the sweet eloquence of the gruff old lawyer. Three-quarters of an hour passed by, then another ten minutes. When the clerk over the big desk told him there were but five minutes left, he reached his hand out to the cake, half of which stood upon the table, and broke off a ragged chunk. He held this in his hand and between sentences took great mouthfuls of it. The chemist had declared that there was enough poison in it to kill fifty men. The good people looked at him in amazement and the jurors turned to each other and whispered. McSweeney wound up his speech, took another chunk of cake, and walked quietly from the courtroom eating it. He closed the door behind him, ran into a small room close by and locked the door. Two physicians stood ready with a stomach pump, and in ten minutes the cake was all in the slop jar. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the courtroom.—Kansas City Times.

Had Weather.

Travelers are seldom without topics for complaint. If everything else fails they can at least fall back upon bad food and bad weather.

Mr. Elson, in his "European Reminiscences," mentions a man who declaimed against Pisa as the wettest of cities.

"Why," said he, "twenty years ago I left Pisa and it was raining. I come back, and it is raining still!"

Mr. Elson is sarcastic; but he is not beyond a little fault-finding on his own account. His great trouble was at Rotterdam.

"The weather reminded me of home," he says. "If ever a meteorological bureau is started in Holland, its reports will run about as follows: 'Cold and clear, followed by warm and rainy, interspersed with thunder showers, followed by light frosts, after which the weather will become changeable.'—Youth's Companion.

DISASTROUS RESULTS.

A Girl's Flirtation Which Caused Two Deaths and a Ruined Life.

There lives near the beautiful and picturesque little city of Ste. Genevieve a woman about fifty years of age whose face yet shows traces of beauty. She is a descendant of the celebrated family of Don Ferdonio Leyba, who was lieutenant-governor of the post of St. Louis when this country was under Spanish control.

She lives in an old house near the suburbs of that historic city all alone with the exception of an old negro "mammy," who was her slave in the good old times before the war. She sits and sings the live long day—low plaintive songs they are that touch the heart—and when the evening comes she kneels before the picture of the Blessed Mary and prays awhile, and then she sleeps. And in the morning she rises early to see the sun as it peeps over the mountain tops and listen to the music of the larks. She knows no one, and talks to no one, except the good old negro woman who cooks her meals and consoles her when she is sad.

O, what a beautiful life she lived years ago! And if her lips would respond to the feelings of her heart she could tell a story of a terrible tragedy that has since made her life a weary burden, that happened when the bloom of womanhood first kissed her cheeks.

"You jes been hearing of Miss Marie," said the kind old colored face, as I met her at Ste. Genevieve. "She's mighty poorly now, and I b'lieve it's gwineer please God to call her home mighty soon. She doan' do nuthin' now but sing, she does, and cries mighty nigh all de time jes if her hart break. 'Way in de night time, when de whipperrill singing and tellin' 'bout Jack marryin' de widder, an' when eberybody ought tubbe 'sleep an' de whipperrills too, dat de time she cries 'em res?' I can do nuthin' for her den, so I jes' lies dere and cries too, an' next mornin' de bedclo's wet wid her precious tears. She doan' eat nuthin' hardly, jes' er wastin' body and min' till she ain' much more'n a skeleton. 'Taint gwinter be long 'fore de good Lord take her to His bosom, and den no mo' tears an' no mo' heart-aches, fer ain't de Master above den say: 'Let all dese healy laden come ter Him en he'll give 'em res?' Yes, chile, He said that, caus' Miss Marie dun read ter me many times out'er de big book what her mammy lef'er when she's little chile no bigger'n dat."

"You want to hear what happen ter'er to make'er sad, does you? Hit's a long story an' happen way 'fore de wah. Miss Marie went down ' New Orleans on one de big steamboats wid'er sweetheart, a monstus' fine gentleman he was. Dey stop at de St. Charles hotel an' went to de opera patty nigh e'ry night and saw the Molly Graw and went to de big balls. Course I went down wid'er, 'cause Miss Marie ain' gone no whar since she was born 'cepting I went, too. Her mammy tol' me on her deffed to take care of her chile and I tol' her I'as gwineer do it long's I live, and I ain' broke dat promis' and Gawd willin' I ain' never gwineer break it. De night de Molly Graw ball Miss Marie dress fit ter kill. I combed her hair; 'n' such purty, wavy, black hair it wuz! She wore'er white silk dress 'n' white slippers, an' on her bosom she pinned er big bunch lilacs. My! my! but she shore did look putty, 'en when she turned from de glass whar she'd bin 'mirin' herself, I said: 'Miss Marie, de gemmen gwineer get dey heads turned dis night cause dey ain't nobody in dis town nigh as purty as you,' an' she laffed an' sed: 'Do you think so?' an' I tol' her I certainly did. How I remembers dat night! I sits up waitin' to undress her 'n' 'twas nigh outen daylight when she cums in an' say she jes' had 'lightful time, she did, an' den she's 'sleep 'fore I could say Jacl' Rabbit."

"Dat day a kard wid'er mighty curious name han'ed Miss Marie an' her face blush an' she tol' de boy to tell de gemmen she be down presently. 'N' den she prim and dress up and I doan see her no more 'fore midnight. When she came in I jes' tol' er what'er sweetheart say 'n' how mad he look when he call'd for'er 'n' she dun gon', 'n' he say he doan like dat way fer a sweetheart'er his ter act. Nex' day Miss Marie wen'er riding wid'er same gemmen, 'n' when she cum hom'er sweetheart met her on de big stairway and dey quarrels so loud dat dey woke up de people. Dis was on er Friday. Monday mornin' de papers had er big 'count about a duel dat had bin fo't at sundown under de big oaks at Chalmette on er Sunday, an' dat bo'f'er de men killed each ud'er. Miss Marie read de paper an' giv'er scream, 'n' faint away, 'n' de doctor cum an' tended on her fer a month, 'n' when she got well we tuk de boat fer home, 'n' here we be ebber since. She ain' bin ter see none er de ladies, 'n' when dey use'er call she wudden see 'em."

"Was that her sweetheart that was killed?"

"Course it wuz, 'n' she ain' had'er right min' since. She jes calls his name all de time, she does, and sings dem same songs which she use ter sing when dey was'er courtin' togadder 'n' use'er sit on top'er de big hill over yavander in de ebenings and watch de stars, an' dem silber shadders whut de moon makes on de waters."

"Well, good day, sah. I se got ter be gettin' home 'n' cook supper now, 'n' bring in de clo's hangin' on de line 'fore de night dew make'em black," and the good old "mammy" hurried toward her heart-broken missus.—St. Louis Republic.

Power of the Police.

Mr. Murray Hill—You can do me a favor, captain, if you will. Police Captain—Cheerfully; what is it?"

"I'd like to have a good dinner at my house to-morrow, properly cooked. I'd like fried oysters."

"What can I do about it?"

"A great deal. One of your policemen is visiting our cook, and she cooks to suit him. Now, if you were to hint to him that we would like fried oysters to-morrow, I'd be much obliged to you, fer they would be properly fried—see?"

—Texas Siftings.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John I. Blair, of Blairsville, N. J., is reported to be worth all the way from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000. He has never sold a share of stock in any enterprise with which he has been associated, and has money invested in scores of railroads, some of which he absolutely controls.

—Rev. Samuel Wakefield, D.D., L.L.D., and wife of Latrobe, Pa., are a very remarkable couple. He is 94 years old and his wife is but a few years his junior. They were married seventy-one years ago and have ten children living. No death has occurred in the family for sixty-one years.

—Capt. Thomas J. Spencer, late of the United States army, and now employed in the pension office at Washington had as varied an experience during the war, probably, as any other union soldier. He was present in forty-five battles, was captured three times, and escaped twice, and saw the inside of seven confederate prisons.

—Some people are too trusting for this world. At a recent trial the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jury put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" cried the juror; "why, he acknowledged that he is not guilty!"

—A shrewd scheme to make tardy subscribers pay up has been invented by a western editor. Whenever a delinquent subscriber is mentioned in his paper, the name is inverted. Here is an example: "suop' uqoj and his wife are spending a few days in Chicago." As all the readers know what this means, the shamed subscriber hastens to have his name appear right side up.

—An affecting incident was witnessed at a concert in Vienna. A lady had just performed a piece on the piano, composed by a resident of the city, and was enthusiastically applauded. She bowed repeatedly, and then rushed off the stage, to return presently, leading the composer forward. He kissed his hand when the fresh applause greeted him and pointed to the lady, intimating that to her the credit was due. He could not see the audience, for he is blind.

—A well-dressed stranger, accompanied by a boy, entered a hat store in Frankfurt, Germany, and after a time the man was fitted to a hat. Looking in the glass he said to the youngster: "How do I look in this hat?" "Like a thief!" promptly responded the lad. The man angrily darted toward him, but the lad fled from the store, pursued by the man. The shopkeeper thought it all very funny until their long absence made him realize that he had been robbed.

—Russell Sage has for some years been in the habit of giving five dollars once a year to a friend of his boyhood days. This year, when the pensioner made his annual visit, Mr. Sage was unable to find five dollars in his roll of bills, and was on the point of putting his old friend off, when the latter exclaimed: "But I am in more desperate need of money than ever before, Mr. Sage. Why not give me one of those ten-dollar bills?" "Well, I never thought of that," replied Mr. Sage, in a matter-of-fact way; "here, you take this ten-dollars and give me a receipt for two years."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Mrs. M.—"Bridget wants to go to the plumbers' picnic to-morrow." Mr. M.—"Heavens! I thought plumbers had one perpetual picnic!"

—Lucie—"Ned made a ringing speech last night, monner." Monner—"Un—um?" Lucie—"Yes. He asked me to be his wife."—Jewellers' Circular.

—Young Mrs. Fitts—"Are these pool rooms some sort of bathing arrangement, dear?" Mr. Fitts—"No. They only clean a fellow's pockets."—Indianapolis Journal.

—They Are No Suckers.—He called them "speckled beauties," and He fished till day was done; His tackle cost a fortune and He never caught a one.

Detroit Free Press.

—Van Arndt—"She told me it was her first year out." Maid Marian—"Why she's been out four seasons." Van A—"Ah, well, she counts four seasons to the year, I suppose."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"I see that O'Grogan has got him a coat of ar-r-r-rs since he was appointed deputy sheriff." "The dirty aristocrat! Wance he was glad enough to go out in his shirt-sleeves wid the rest of us."—Chicago News.

—May (disdainfully)—"No; I don't think I ever could love a man." Frank (brightening up)—"That's only another proof of the similarity of our tastes, darling. I don't believe I ever could, either."—N. Y. Herald.

—Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too ill to care about anything)—"Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."—Demorest's Magazine.

—A military captain, desirous of inspiring a soldier with patriotic sentiments, asked him the following question: "What would you think if you saw a banner waving over the field of battle?" "I should think the wind was blowing," was the man's reply.—Le Margherita.

—"I heard your father express a very liberal view," said one youth to another. "He said that if you played cards at all, he wanted you to play at home." "Yes. That's simple enough. He gives me my allowance on the first of the month, and wins the most of it back on the second."—Washington Star.

—The earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away, when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be so kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

TRADE MARK
SSS
ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.
SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
Wm. S. Loomis, Shreveport, La.
SSS CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.
I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleaned my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since.
C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.
SSS HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE BANNER ROUTE
TO THE
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
WHAT WILL IT COST
TO GO TO
CHICAGO and BACK
AND WITNESS THE
Dedicatory Ceremonies
OF THE
WORLD'S FAIR,
OCTOBER 20 to 22 NEXT?
'Twill cost BUT A TRIFLE
If you go via the Splendid Trains of the
WABASH LINE.
For Particulars Apply to Nearest Ticket Agent.
WHITTIER.

The life of John G. Whittier was a perpetual benefaction. Everything he wrote and everything he did was for the benefit of his fellow men. Born of Quaker parentage he possessed all the gentleness and patience that characterize the believers in that faith. But with it he had an intense hatred of every form of oppression, and some of his early writings in the anti-slavery cause were in fiery denunciation of the great wrong. Mr. Whittier in his youth was of feeble constitution, yet he lived to a great age. The reason was that he took care of himself. It is the abstemious liver who reaches a great age. It is not necessary to starve one's self to do this; but moderation is the great law of nature. If you are dyspeptic or troubled with indigestion take the Laxative Gum Drops, and they will effect a complete cure, and save you from many a fit of sickness. They not only regulate the stomach and the action of the bowels but they expell all waste material, all undigested substances, that hamper the free action of the digestive organs. Get these of any dealer. The small boxes 10c., the large ones 25c.
SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

"German Syrup"
I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlsyville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

Bile Beans
Small
Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 5c. For sale by druggists.
Picture "1, 17, 19" and sample dose free.
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SALVATION OIL
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup