THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL TRI CITY

Monday, February 10, 1908.

Governor Hugces' press bureau is badly organized.

Mr. Cortelyou still remains the main squeeze in financial circles.

Let there be no whitewashing of state institutions. The people should know the truth.

The greatest trouble that Bryan's foes find in Bryan is that Bryan is becoming a greater man every day.

Mr. Taft is rather slow in announcing whether or not he believes in the full dinner pail or in running for the presidency.

The mails are burdened at present with Philander Knox literature. Philander is little, but, oh my! Taft had better look a leedle out.

Spring will soon be here and our merchants are already arranging to place on their shelves the latest and most approved styles of the season's goods.

Administration organs, says The Commoner, loudly claim that President Roosevelt did not cause the panic. Perhaps not. But the protective tariff did not prevent it.

Billy Sunday is now trying to drive the devil out of Decatur. Having succeeded so well in Bloomington, the baseball evangelist ought not to experience much difficulty in its rival city.

But for the fact that Roosevelt's incompetency for the presidency has so nearly run its course, it is thought Pierpont Morgan would impeach him. That last message was the final aggravating straw.

One of the Knickerbocker's depositors had forgotten all about $20,000 he deposited there in 1884. This is the kind of man who hates to be awakened for a little thing like a fire in his house.

We have heard so much about the Fairbanks buttermilk cocktail—and in the summer time we have drank lemonade, but still we are puzzled in the light of Uncle Joe's popularity as a presidential candidate why some up to date bartender has not invented a drink, which he might call a "Cannonado fizz."

Mr. Roosevelt Versus President Roosevelt.

In 1806 Theodore Roosevelt, then holding the comparatively humble position of police commissioner of New York, published in the Review of Reviews the following opinion as to those who had anything to say against government by injunction:

"The men who object to what they style 'government by injunction' are, as regards the essential principles of government, in hearty sympathy with their remote, skinclad ancestors who lived in caves, fought one another with stone-headed axes and ate the mammoth and whoolly rhinoceros. They are interesting as representing a geological survival. But they are dangerous whenever there is the least chances of their making the principles of this age-buried past factors in our present life."

At the time this was written the chief proponent of the doctrine that the injunction was used unjustly and almost criminally against the labor unions was John P. Altgeld, then governor of Illinois, now dead, but a man known to those who knew him in life, as a sage and admitted by those who disliked him in life to have been a true prophet. What the then police commissioner of New York had to say about Governor Altgeld the proprieties prevent any repeating now that the police commissioner is president. But although Altgeld then knew of the bitter attacks made upon him by Roosevelt, he might today, were he living, forget them all if he could read this paragraph from the presidential message of the man who wrote the paragraph quoted above:

"I again call your attention to the need of some action in connection with the abuse of injunctions in labor cases. * * * This matter is daily becoming of greater importance, and I cannot too urgently recommend that the congress give careful consideration to the subject. If some way of remedying the abuses is not found, the feeling of indignation against them among large numbers of our citizens will tend to grow so extreme as to produce a revolt against the whole use of the process of injunction."

It is worth while for every reader to compare these two paragraphs from the writings of the same man. That Roosevelt has progressed in 12 years we may well admit, and progress, after all, is the best thing for a public man to show. But stability should accompany progress. If in a campaign when the forces of wealth were frankly arrayed against the common people, Theodore Roosevelt took the side of the plutocracy and defended it, if in the next campaign, that of 1900, he did the same thing and profited thereby, if in 1904 he again stood with those wealthy malefactors who could contribute heavily to the campaign fund of the republican party, one is compelled to wonder what he may do now that it is apparent that his polotical fortunes are dependent upon his standing with the very element in American society and politics which up to two years ago, he deserted in fact, while serving by voice.

It is unfair, remarks the Quincy Herald, to say of the Roosevelt who, starting life as a civil service reformer, now ignores civil service reform, who once a tariff revisionist, now postpones that issue indefinitely, who in 1896 a defender of government by injunction is now its assailant, who in that same year defended the courts whatever their action, and who now bitterly rebukes a federal judge who does not do his bidding, that his progress is coming to resemble that of the serpent celebrated in the old verse:

"He wired in and wired out
Leaving the reader still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going out or coming back."

The Greatest Lumber Cut.

More lumber was cut in the United States last year than in any other year of its history. The enormous amount of 37,550,736 board feet was produced, it is stated, and the mill value of this was $621,151,883. In addition there were produced 11,858,200,000 shingles, valued at $24,155,555, and 3,812,807,000 lath, valued at $11,490,570. On the whole, it is safe to say that the present annual lumber cut of the United States approximates 40,000,000,000 feet, and that the total mill value of the lumber, lath and shingles each year produced is not less than $700,000,000. These figures give some idea of how vast is the lumber industry and how great is the demand for its products.

A glance at the kinds of lumber produced shows very clearly the passing of white pine and oak, one the greatest softwood and the other the greatest hardwood which the forest has ever grown. Since 1899 the cut of white pine has fallen off more than 40 per cent, while that of white oak has fallen off more than 36 per cent. Today yellow pine leads all the other woods in amount cut, while Douglas fir—and this will be a surprise to many—comes second. Since 1899 the cut of Douglas fir has increased 180 per cent. Louisiana is the foremost yellow pine state, with Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas following in order. Washington produces by far the greatest amount of Douglas fir.

A comparison of the lumber producing states shows that since 1899 there have been many changes in the relative rank. Washington, which in 1899 stood sixth, now leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led all others, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Idaho and California have made great strides as lumber producing states, though, on the other hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent.

The highest priced native woods are walnut, hickory and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49 per cent, it will not be long before cheap woods are few and far between.

Wholesome Groceries

Our stock of groceries are sold on the merits of their high standard as to quality.

They are pure, wholesome, and always can be relied upon.

Pears—Fancy California Bartlett, put up in thick syrup, none better grown, per can.....25c

Peaches—California Lemon Cling, extra fine, per can 25c

Apricots—California, excellent, large fruit, per can.....25c

Plums—California Green Gage, per can 20c

Prunes—When properly prepared are an excellent dish; plump, meaty prunes, per lb. 10c

3 for 25c; extra fancy, lb 13c; 2 for 25c

Peaches — Evaporated, Yellow Crawford; extra choice, large firm fruit, pound 20c

Raisins—California Seedless Sultanas; they are fine as a filling for pies, pound 10c

We have just opened a large barrel of small sour pickles; they are firm and have the twang; send your jars to be filled; gallon 25c

F. R. Kuschmann,

GROCER. 2207 Fourth Avenue

Talk With Us by Phone.

One Trial Will Convince You That

Henry, the Tailor,

Is an expert in making your old clothes new and, and your new clothes to perfection.

Pants pressed ..... 15¢
Suits pressed ..... 50¢

All other work at moderate prices.

1621½ Second Avenue.

THE OLD MAN WRITES TO BILL

[The following original poem by Robert Rexdale of this city, written for the Lincoln day banquet at the Rock Island Club Wednesday evening appears with illustration in today's Chicago Record-Herald:]

Been sendin' of a message to the fleet at Callyo,
A sort of half-way station on the road to old Japan.
An' tellin' Bill the neighbors hope there'll be no row, you know,
But if trouble starts a-poppin' he will face it like a man.

For glory of the piney hills an' prairies far away,
He'll never shirk from danger where the line of duty runs;
An' I spoke of Abraham Lincoln an' the things he used to say.
Just to make him strong an' steady when he's shootin' off the guns!

I b'lieve in all the nations shakin' hands across the sea,
But likewise that 'a fraidy-cat don't win no lastin' joy.
An' I reckon I seen service in the days of sixty-three,
A-luggin' of a musket with the men from Illinoy.

But spite of all it sets the blood a-tingle in the veins,
To dream about the bugles and the rattle of the drums—
The sailors on the ocean an' the soldiers on the plains,
All a-shoutin' out together they will meet it if it comes!

They're talkin' up in Washin'ton about the how an' why,
The battleships a-sailin' off to greet the rosy dawn;
I writ to Bill an' told him just to keep his powder dry,
An' never take no chances over t'other side the Horn.

An' all the folks in Europe wonders what we're goin' to do—
I seen it in the papers I was readin' at the store,
But I'll betray no secrets if I whispers it to you,
We're a-goin' to fly Old Glory up the whole Pacific shore!

The grandest sight you ever seen was down to Hampton Roads,
(If you should live as menny years as old Methusalum),
When Fightin' Bob put out to sea an' showed his signal codes,
An' off to South Ameriky as brave as kingdom come.

I reckon Mister Roosyvelt was mighty proud that day,
To see the navy hikin' off into a foreign clime—
The people cheerin' ev'rywhere all up an' down the bay,
An' the band a-playin' "Yankee Doodle Dandy" all the time!

Some say ther're on a frolic an' some say they're goin' to fight,
An' others that the fleet is only showin' off its skill;
But I'm for keepin' ready an' a-sittin' hard an' tight,
An' them's my sentimentals, as I just remarked to Bill.

We ain't a-huntin' trouble with the nations anywhere,
We're friendly like an' pleasant with the emperors an' kings—
But Lordy! what a rumpus in the Asiatic air,
If the eagle gits a-screamin' an' a-flappin' of his wings!

ROBERT REXDALE.

Frank Inconsistency.

John Hunter, one of the pioneers in the practice of medicine over a century ago, was absolutely blind to any theory unsupported by facts. While many men were guessing out things he was seeking to prove them.

"I love to think," he said to one of his colleagues, though he afterward qualified the statement by an almost contradictory one:

"But why think? Why not make the experiment?"

Like other men of real genius, he was not afraid of seeming inconsistent. Sir Astley Cooper once asked him, with some surprise, if he had not once stated an opinion directly at variance with one he had just put forth, and he replied:

"Very likely. I hope I grow wiser every year."

Again a pupil inquired if he had not written to a certain effect.

"Never ask me what I have said," he returned, "or what I have written. But if you ask me what my present opinions are I will tell you."

Sometimes, too, he would say to pupils who were taking down notes: "You had better not write down that observation. Very likely I shall think differently next year."

The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50 cents and $1 at all druggists. Trial bottle free.

Bert Barber of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder pills and they have done more for me than any other medicine has ever done." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder pills. They are sold by all druggists.

The Argus Daily Short Story

"Crossing the Divide."—By Azile Aidyl.

(Copyrighted, 1908, by Jessie Morgan.)

The stagecoach rattled out of the little town of Redding at 6 o'clock on a snappy December evening. The driver swung his six horses with great flourish and cracking of whip through the rough but level road of the main street and out at the north end of the town. A brilliant dash down the steep incline to the creek, and he brought the coach far up the road on the other side, where the mountains rose so suddenly from the plains. And so began the climb over the divide.

The three passengers inside the coach, a young girl and two men, apparently accustomed to this mode of traveling, did not brace themselves to resist the pitching and rolling of the ponderous vehicle, but allowed themselves to sway with its every motion.

The road was broken and rough from the heavy autumn rains. Once the coach struck a "chuck hole," which almost brought the inmates to their feet and caused a general friendly laugh.

Up to this time the girl had paid no attention to her fellow travelers. She had been absorbed with her own homesick thoughts. To start the drudgery of a governess' life, miles from nowhere, with no prospect of returning home for a year, was depressing. Oh, well, she must make the best of it. She tried to distinguish the men's faces, but it was too dark, and both were muffled in heavy overcoats. As they boarded the coach at Redding she had noticed one was an old man, the other gray as to hair, broad, strong and youthful as to shoulders.

The older man sat beside her on the back seat. The two men chatted about the rich "strike" in Deadwood, where fortunes were being made in a day. She gathered that the young-old man was mining an old hydraulic property just beyond Lewiston, and he was on his way there. Well, she was going "just beyond Lewiston" also, and she wondered if this huge person was to be a neighbor of hers.

Their desultory talk gradually died away, the old man fell asleep, and his head bobbed and swayed and ducked about until he seemed in danger of losing it, but he slept on oblivious of such alarming possibilities.

At 11 o'clock they reached the Halfway House, and while the driver changed horses the passengers stretched their cramped limbs, pacing the narrow porch of the inn. Later they went into the low, long dining room, where a cold lunch and hot coffee were served them on a table spread with a red and white cloth. The girl saw that the young-old giant could not be more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, though his hair was silver. And such blue eyes! They seemed to belong to a child, so clear and unclouded were they.

He supplied her needs at the table without seeming to do so, and when the driver called "All aboard!" he helped her into the coach in the same unobtrusive manner.

The fresh horses, only four now, as the heavy climb was over, pulled the stage along at a livelier pace, and within a half hour they had reached the summit of the divide and commenced the descent.

The driver cracked his whip, and they whirled down the narrow mountain road, swinging the horses far out on the very edge of the embankment as they turned the outward curve of the mountain and then sweeping rapidly in at the bend—as only a stage driver can and keep his coach in the middle of the road.

It was a magnificent night, the moonlight making it clear as day. The girl from her window could see innumerable lofty peaks of the great coast range stretching in what seemed a level line.

The passengers were startled by a sudden jerking of the coach and a wild imprecation from the driver.

"Something's wrong," said the giant, and he opened the window on the right hand side and looked out. In a moment he drew back.

"The off lead has broken the inside trace and is frightened," he said as he divested himself of his overcoat. The driver must have some help. "Don't be nervous"—this to the young girl. "We'll fix it all right."

He opened the door and stood on the step a second. By this time the terror of the runaway was communicated to the other horses, and they were fast getting beyond control. The coach was rocking and pitching at a tremendous rate.

"Close the door after I get on top," he called to the old man, who was thoroughly awake by this time, and then, waiting until the coach swung around the inner curve, he put one foot halfway up the door on the open window ledge and, grasping the low railing above, pulled himself up on to the top of the coach.

The girl had closed the door and, leaning far out, watched him as the swinging coach permitted step to the seat of the driver and over the dashboard to the tongue. A terrible lurch and he had to pause and hold on for a moment.

"Pull hard on the wheelers," he said to the driver. "I'll look after the others."

Slowly he began moving along the tongue of the wagon, and the girl felt sure he was talking to and reassuring the horses, for his presence did not seem to further alarm the poor frightened brutes.

The girl's hands suddenly grasped the sides of the window as she saw him near the end of the narrowing tongue and realized what he purposed doing. For a moment he paused to pat the neck of the wheeler; then, standing with one foot on the swinging singletree, he gave a tremendous leap and sprang to the back of the maddened leader. He drew himself along over the foaming creature's shoulder and, reaching forward, succeeded in freeing the bit from its clinched teeth, then, talking softly and gently patting its neck, gradually quieted the poor animal, which now, responding to the sawing of the reins, came to a standstill halfway down the mountain side.

The man sprang to the ground, as did the driver, and together they mended the trace and looked over the entire harness. The horses, steaming and trembling, were now docile as lambs.

"You'll have no further trouble tonight," said the man to the driver. "These poor brutes are pretty thoroughly exhausted."

"Smoking Jehoshaphat, but that was a close shave!" said the driver. "We'd all been in kingdom come if it hadn't been for you."

"Oh, not as bad as that, I guess!" answered the man and, turning to the horse who had caused all the trouble, "You would have come to your senses in time, wouldn't you, old boy?" The horse answered by rubbing his head against the man's shoulder.

The giant walked back and climbed into the coach as though nothing unusual had occurred, but the driver as he mounted to his seat and gathered up the reins muttered: "That dodgasted horse never giv' in like that to anybody in his life before. That feller's a reg'lar charmer, like the one in the show at Frisco."

And as the stage rattled on he would say every few minutes, "A reg'lar charmer, that's wot he is."

They made fairly good time thereafter and just at dawn pulled up before the door of a small hotel in Lewiston. As the girl, very pale, stepped to the ground she held out her hand to the silver haired giant, saying:

"I want to thank you. I saw what you did, and it was that which frightened me most. You saved our lives. I shall never forget it. Goodby," and she disappeared into the hotel.

He saw her several times after that at the Peterson ranch just below his mine. He learned that she was the new governess for the Peterson children, but was always busy when he called at their ranch. And how often it seemed necessary to see Peterson lately, even though he never had more than a moment's talk with her.

One day a terrible storm came up, and it rained unceasingly, which kept the giant busy strengthening the reservoirs. The next morning he was awakened by the roar of rushing water. Dressing hurriedly and putting on his high rubber boots, he was soon down at the point of the hill where he could see that Peterson's ranch was entirely submerged, the house seeming to stand in the center of a lake, with the water gradually rising past the window silis. He hurried down the hill and waded through the three feet of water to the house. He climbed through a window, and there on the stairs sat the girl.

"Throw something warm over your head and shoulders and come down," he called.

The girl unhesitatingly complied. He opened the door with great difficulty; then mounting the stairs halfway he gathered her in his arms and without a "by your leave" strode out of the door through the water to the hills.

"The storm is abating, and the water will soon recede, but you could not remain there. My foreman's wife will make you comfortable."

How small and light she was! He could carry her so forever! And how disgustingly narrow the flooded valley seemed! Reluctantly he placed her on the rising ground.

"Where were the Petersons?" he asked.

"They went to visit relatives on the X-Bar ranch. Oh, they left the hired man with me! He had just gone, as you came, to see what he could get in the way of a boat or a balloon."

Then still in a laughing tone, though her eyes filled, she said, "It seems to be your business to come to my rescue."

"Won't you give me the job for life?" he asked eagerly. "I believe I could prevent disaster touching you, even a flood."

And, looking up into his strong, powerful face, she answered, "I believe you could," as she put both hands in his.

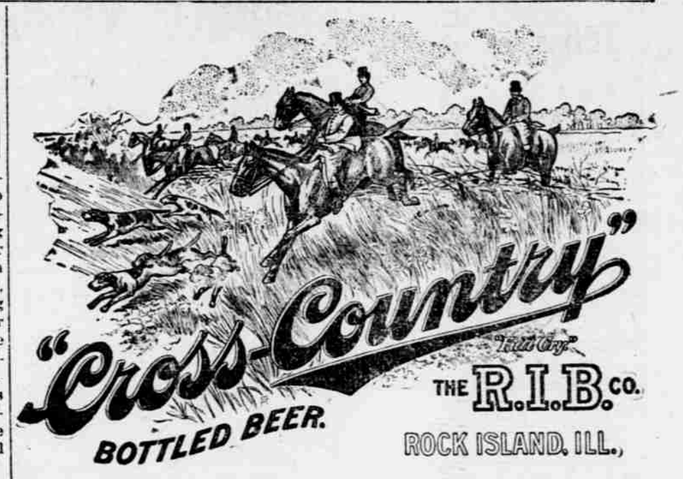
Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier, makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alterative tonic is sold under guarantee at all druggists. 50 cents.

Skin Disease of 20 Years' Standing Cured.

I want you to know how much Chamberlain's Salve has done for me. It has cured my face of a skin disease of almost 20 years' standing. I have been treated by several as smart physicians as we have in this country and they did me no good, but two boxes of this salve have cured me.—Mrs. Fannie Griffin, Troy, Ala. Chamberlain's Salve is for sale by all druggists.

All the news all the time—THE ARGUS.



SLEIGHING IS FINE AND WEATHER NICE IN CANADA

Mrs. Agnes Bleuer-Swartz, Formerly of This City, Writes from New Home in Saskatchewan.

Morse, Saskatchewan, Canada, Jan. 29.—Editor Argus: Perhaps many are thinking that this country is froze up and snowed in this time of the year, as it was in 1906 and 1907. No, one could not wish for a finer winter than the one we are now experiencing. We can say that the weather is grand. We have an average of about 20 to 25 days of beautiful sunshine in every month, the coldest weather we have had being 20 below zero, and that was only one night. Before and after that the mercury has been hovering around 40 above and zero.

Snow? No, we have not an over plenty, about six or eight inches on the level and just enough for excellent sleighing. Say! let that U. S. A. club come up and we will give you one of the finest sleigh rides you ever experienced and there are plenty of bachelors to fill all vacancies if there happens to be any without an escort, as there are scores of those poor fellows that are just dying for an expert cook. We have had two bad storms so far this winter, and they only lasted about six or eight hours, and then the snow was never flying so badly that one could not see 100 feet. Say! how about the Ice Man down there? Guess he will have to retire to the woods. We might send you down a little Jack Frost, just enough to keep cool, when its 98 in the cellar. Guess the equator must be moving north.

All you gentlemen that are in any way at all inclined to be of the sportsman order just pack up your guns next spring and move north and if we cannot show you more ducks, geese and white swans in five minutes than you ever have seen in your life you can board here for a month. This is saying nothing of the four-footed game such as deer, antelope, lynx, fox, wolves, coyotes, badgers and jack rabbits. There are also prairie chickens and snipe and we are only 25 miles from one of the largest rivers in Canada, the Saskatchewan, where the fish abound in millions. The land around here, generally speaking, is rolling in some places, rather too rough for farming purposes, but is fine for grazing. People let their stock run out the year around and the rich prairie grass puts on fat that would put Iowa and Illinois corn to shame, while in the farming line wheat, oats and barley and the finest kind of vegetables and root crops can be grown in abundance.

Speaking of pests, we have some—dear little friends—here in the shape of mosquitoes, they have a bill that is about a foot long and tempered very fine. During their stay, which is from about the 1st of June until the 1st of September, a person is not safe to venture outside of a wire screen without protection on the face and hands. While the live stock does not seem to mind them as much, they can keep one guessing some when he wants to work. Imagine a very large swarm of bees clustering on a person and you have them.

Laying all jokes aside on the mosquito question, we do certainly have the finest summer one could wish, for the days are long and the nights very short. You can imagine how long the days are when it gets daylight about 2 a. m. and one can read fine print in a newspaper at 9 o'clock in the evening on clear nights. Then the days do not get hot, just nice enough to be comfortable. You see the air here is so dry that one does not mind the extreme heat and cold as you would where the air is damp. The evenings are cool, so much so that a person can sleep very comfortable between cotton blankets, and if one is in any way inclined to be on the sick order one-half dozen whiffs of this fresh air that is not smoke laden will be a sure cure.

Our homestead is situated about five miles from the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, the road extending from coast to coast, and we are about six and one-half miles from Morse, a small town that when we landed here contained the water tank and pump house, a small depot, one dwelling and a small store. It has grown this last summer until now it contains one general store, two large livery barns, one 15-room hotel, one boarding house, one blacksmith shop, one butcher shop, one implement yard and a lumber yard and also a public school. You can imagine the rapid growth of the country around here by that. We have excellent train service, the Canadian Pacific running through trains from coast to coast, two each way per day, besides the locals and freights.

MRS. AGNES BLEUER-SWARTZ.

No flower could at all compare,
With this pretty lass so young and fair;
Her step is light, her heart is free,
Since taking Rocky Mountain Tea.
—Harper House pharmacy.

All the Gold IN GEORGIA Could not Buy-

Roding, Ga. August 27, 1906.

Messrs. E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ills.

Gentlemen:—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. Some physicians told me it was Dyspepsia, some Consumption of the Lungs, others said consumption of the Bowels. One physician said I would not live until Spring, and for four long years I existed on a little boiled milk, soda biscuits, doctors' prescriptions and Dyspepsia remedies that flooded the market. I could not digest anything I ate, and in the Spring 1902 I picked up one of your Almanacs as a poor emaciated Dyspepsia wreck will grasp at anything, and that Almanac happened to be my life saver. I bought a fifty cent bottle of KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE and the benefit I received from that bottle ALL THE GOLD IN GEORGIA COULD NOT BUY. I kept on taking it and in two months I went back to my work, as a machinist, and in three months I was well and hearty. I still use a little occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic.

May you live long and prosper.

Yours very truly,
C. N. CORNELL.

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW

This is only a sample of the great good that is daily done everywhere by

Kodol for Dyspepsia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CATARRH A SERIOUS FAR-REACHING BLOOD DISORDER

Even in its early stages Catarrh is almost intolerable, caused by the stuffy feeling in the nose, the buzzing noises in the ears, the continual "hawking and spitting" difficult breathing, etc. But when the blood becomes thoroughly polluted from the catarrhal matter, the inflammation extends to the bronchial tubes, causing hoarseness, and often an aggravating cough; the stomach is affected, resulting in dyspepsia, loss of appetite and strength, and gradually all the mucous membranes of the body become diseased and the system upset and deranged. Frequently the kidneys and bladder are attacked, and the constant passage of impure blood through the lungs, diseases these important members, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption. Catarrh is a deep-seated blood disease, and must be treated constitutionally, for it is beyond the reach of local treatment. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all the impure catarrhal matter and at the same time building up the entire system. It goes down and attacks the disease at its head, in the circulation, and removes every trace of the impurity that is causing the trouble. Then as rich, pure blood circulates through the body, the inflamed membranes commence to heal, the mucous discharges grow less and finally cease, and all the disagreeable and disgusting symptoms of Catarrh disappear. S. S. S. has no equal as a cure for this disease. It refines and purifies the entire circulation and repairs the damage done by Catarrh. Special book on Catarrh and any medical advice free.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.