CURE BLOOD POISON, CANCER.

Aching Bones, Shifting Pains, Itching Skin, Pimples, Eating Sores, Etc.

If you have Pimples or Offensive Eruptions, Sploteches, or Copper-Colored Eruptions, or rash on the skin, Festering Swellings, Glands Swollen, Ulcers on any part of the body, old Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pains and Aches in Bones or Joints, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, persistent Sore Mouth, Gums or Throat, then you have Blood Poison. Take Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) Soon all Sores, Pimples and Eruptions will heal perfectly. Aches and Pains cease, Swellings subside and a perfect, never to return cure made. B.B.B. cures Cancers of all kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eating Sores, Ugly Ulcers, after all else fails, healing the sores perfectly. If you have a persistent pimple, wart, swollen glands, shooting, stinging pains, take Blood Balm and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. Druggists, $1 per large bottle, including complete directions for home cure. Sample free by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 55 Balm Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Porcelain making gives employment to 20,000 persons in Japan.

Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Positions GUARANTEED BY A **$5,000 BANK DEPOSIT**
Railroad Fare Paid. 500 FREE Courses Offered. Board at Cost. Write Quick
GEORGIA-ALABAMA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

U.M.C.

cartridges and shot shells are made in the largest and best equipped ammunition factory in the world.

AMMUNITION

of U. M. C. make is now accepted by shooters as "the worlds standard" for it shoots well in any gun.

Your dealer sells it.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Bridgeport, - - Conn.

DISEASE Caused by Constipation 50c. Dr. THACHER'S LIVER and BLOOD SYRUP Cures by removing the cause.

CAPUDINE
CURES ALL HEADACHES. Also for sickness and Traveler's Nausea, dizziness, nervous headache, neuralgia. Has no effect on brain or heart. 10c, 25c and 50c bottle. (Liquid.)

KEEPING TRACK.

"Won't you have another biscuit?" asked the hostess.

"No, thank you," she replied; "really, I don't know how many I have eaten already."

"Oh," said little Robbie, eagerly; "you've ate seven. I've been counting."—Town and Country.

ANOTHER ODD THING.

"And there is another strange thing I have observed," remarked the aged philosopher, stroking his long white beard.

"There is?" asked the interested listener. "What is it?"

"That the coming man is always one who has got there."—Judge.

TRANSLATED.

"I heard her boasting that her dinner party was a success from the beginning, and ended with the greatest 'eclaw' What's eclaw anyway?"

"Why, of course, dessert, of course. Didn't you ever eat a chocolate ?"—Philadelphia Press.

MOST UNREAL.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was just full of the loveliest bonnets, and—

Husband (hastily)—But that was only a dream, my dear.

Wife—I knew it was before I woke up, because you brought me one.—Phipadelphia Press.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTHER'S WEDDING RING.

A circle pure and golden
Upon my mother's hand,
Her wedding ring is worn and thin—
A plain and simple band.

Simple and plain as virtue,
For years it has withstood
The burden and the moil, as life
Bears out her years of good.

'Tis worn by toil and trouble
And fingers clasped to pray,
Till now 'tis but a golden thread—
Her wedding ring to-day.

Pure as the troth it plighted,
It shall not break or part,
But wear as noble love should wear,
True gold unto the heart.

O may the future give me
A woman's helping hand
To wear so long and faithfully
That simple golden band!
—Aloysius Coll, in Good Housekeeping.

At Flood-tide

MRS. DELMAR'S voice broke abruptly in the middle of a sentence, for the play seemed suddenly transformed from jest to earnest and every word of it rose and struck singly at her heart. The curtain had risen on the second act when a couple passed her, a woman whose flashing, sumptuous beauty attracted the eye irresistibly, in company with the man whom she had loved and honored for five years. So it was true what they said of him, so true that he flaunted his infatuation openly, in flagrant disregard of the world's opinion. She sat very still, trying to stifle the furious beating of her heart, which threatened to rise up and choke her. Then Mrs. Downing leaned toward her and said sweetly: "Isn't that Mr. Delmar? He is lucky to be able to get off when he likes. Few men can indulge in matinees. My poor Fred never has an hour of daylight to himself."

"Yes, Ned is rather fortunate," answered Mrs. Delmar in a ghastly voice. "He enjoys the leisure, too."

"So it seems. Isn't that girl magnificent? You know her, of course?"

At that instant some malevolent fate prompted Mr. Delmar to turn and gance over the audience, which consisted largely of handsomely gowned women, with a few very young men scattered here and there, like sombre moths among a flock of gayly winged butterflies. He met his wife's gaze direct with a look of cool surprise, then bowed gravely and immediately resumed his conversation with the girl beside him, at whose beautiful face many glasses were leveled.

Billy Norman, who had strayed in five minutes before the curtain rose on the second act, took in the situation in one comprehensive glance; then he changed his seat to the vacant one beside Mrs. Delmar.

"Who is the girl?" Mrs. Downing asked eagerly.

"Isn't she magnificent!" Billy exclaimed warmly, unconsciously repeating Mrs. Downing's previous remark which had roused him to action. "She is as clever as she looks, too, isn't she, Mrs. Delmar? But for all that she couldn't have hit it off as great if it hadn't been for Ned. He put himself out a lot to get her the part that started her upward, all because he happened to know her father. Just like Delmar. He always finds time and means to boost some other fellow along. That is a mighty rare trait nowadays," he sighed.

"You are a model wife to permit that sort of thing, Mrs. Delmar," said Mrs. Downing, with a hint of incredulity. "It isn't every wife who would be willing to allow her husband to exploit the affairs of such an extraordinarily lovely woman."

"That goes to prove how entirely she knows her husband," said Billy airily. "By the way, Ned brought Miss Eldridge here to-day for the express purpose of introducing her to the English playwright who wants to find a star for his new play. Ned happens to have some sort of a pull with the Englishman. When I met Miss Eldridge at your house the other evening, Mrs. Delmar," he went on jauntily, entirely satisfied, according to his lights, in lying to save a friend from the venom of slanderous tongues, "she told me that Burke wouldn't have taken her if it hadn't been for Ned. Both she and her fiance swear by Delmar."

Mrs. Delmar heard not a word of the play after that. Billy filled the conversational pauses with airy remarks that required no answer, and which satisfied Mrs. Downing's insistent curiosity concerning the beautiful actress in whom Edward Delmar had evinced such a substantial interest.

"I am going home with you, if I may," said Billy, as he handed Mrs. Delmar into her cab and seated himself beside her. "We will drive through the park, where there is less noise, so that we can talk."

"I don't feel equal to talking, Billy," she answered miserably. "For no particular reason I am dreadfully tired. I suppose I take too little exercise."

"Then don't say a word, but listen to me, will you? I want to talk about Ned. Please don't feel as though you ought to resent my attitude," he added gently, "for it isn't the least bit disloyal to him. I simply want to help you both."

"Billy, you can't. No one can. You are too young to understand, dear boy."

"Yes, I'm young," he admitted cheerfully, "but I've managed to pack an awful lot of living into my twenty-six years. Out West life is different, you know. Things happen so thick that you've got to keep well braced to meet whatever comes, and in that way you learn to keep a stiff front. It is like slugging. When you're in good trim you can knock out a man twice your strength, but if you're in poor shape you're certain to go down. Both you and Ned are out of good running. You lack vitality."

"I lack everything that makes life worth while," she exclaimed bitterly.

"What I should like to know is this: Are you willing to do the one thing that will pull Ned out of the nightmare state he's in?"

"Billy, that very question shows that you don't understand in the least."

"Oh," said Billy in a relieved voice, "if you feel that way you'll win all right. I know that Ned has let himself go off inexcusably, but I am very sure he is still worth saving at a big cost. I have watched you both pretty closely, and know just how the case stands. Ned is unbearably tired of the hollow life he's leading, for, truthfully speaking, it isn't worth that," with a crisp snap of his brown fingers. "That man is deathly sick of soft living; tired of the eternal sameness of the gilded prison you've forced him into. His great, rough, splendid strength is petrifying for the want of use. You think, because of certain lapses of propriety or morals, or whatever you may call Ned's indiscretions, that you are the injured one, whereas you are really to blame for the whole misfortune. You took a big, splendid fellow out of his rightful sphere of healthy, wholesome work and loaded him in your narrow, stilted society life, where he couldn't stretch hand or foot at will, and fed him on cloying sweets till his whole nature revolved and became mawkish—"

"Is it kind or just to taunt me with his weakness?" she asked chokingly.

"Truth is sometimes discourteous and even cruel, but always just. Is your love for Ned big enough to sacrifice your personal inclinations and instincts? Can you go home to-night and greet him as a comrade—as his best friend, and listen to his confession without one word or look of reproach? If so, give him back his freedom. Send him away for a year, or two, or five years, to win back his moral health and strength and power. He'll do it if you start him right. Is he worth, say, five years of separation and waiting?"

Mrs. Delmar's hand closed spasmodically over Billy's. "Don't uphold any false hopes," she said huskily. "It is too late—the poison has gone too deep to be remedied. While he loves that woman——"

"Loves her!" Billy repeated in wholesome scorn. "Don't you see that she stands to him only for his one diversion from the deadly monotony with which society through you has cursed his existence? She interests and sways him by her amazing vitality. She is to him what a spar is to a drowning man. Give him a better craft and let him fight his way out of deep water. Will you take my advice?"

"Billy, God is my witness that I would do anything to save him from ruin. But I feel so helpless, so bewildered."

"I know. Everything looks out of focus. Try my way. Make him tell you everything, and try to listen as justly as if every word did not strike at your own heart. Then send him away — west, south, north, anywhere that he can work out his own salvation."

"I will, Billy, God helping me."

"You'll never regret it, never."

"What if he shouldn't come home?" she asked, with a new terror in her voice. "He knows now that I saw him with her."

"Then you must find him, wherever he is, and go to him. Remember, this day is the flood tide of events."

Mrs. Delmar delayed dinner half an hour beyond the usual time, then she ordered her carriage and drove to the club where he sometimes put up during her absence. As the servant answered her ring she heard a voice say sharply, "Banks, I can see no one."

She passed the nonplussed man and went directly to the room where Ned's voice came from. In the midst of a set of traveling paraphernalia stood a young man with a pale, harassed face and weary, discontented eyes, who started when he saw her and squared himself as if for battle. Laura Delmar closed the door and leaned back against it.

"Where are you going, Ned?" she asked in a voice that struggled vainly to be calm.

"I don't know," he answered, with dogged obstinacy that gave his face a sinister hardness. "To some remote country where I will never hear nor see anything that I have ever seen or heard here."

She went over to him and put both hands on his shoulder. "Tell me everything, Ned, please, just as you would to a comrade, a man whom you love and trust — your best friend in the world, for I am that still with all my heart. I will listen understandingly and without one thought of blame. Only let me help you."

Ned drew back instinctively, but her hands tightened their hold. "You wouldn't understand," he muttered.

"I would! I want only your confidence. I know that things have gone terribly wrong between us, and that I have been blind and unreasonable, but try to forgive that and let me prove to you that I can be a better friend than I have been a wife."

"Tell you, Laura!" he echoed, in awed amazement. "Do you mean that? It sounds so unreal, so impossible from you!"

"Only trust me," she pleaded.

Then, because he was all wearied out with the long losing struggle, and because the marvel of her changed attitude compelled obedience, he told her the weary story of his downfall, of the surfeit of affluence, the discontent and unbearable ennui of unaccustomed wealth and its hollow vanities; of how he had longed for the old free, useful, striving life, with its simple pleasures, and lastly of his infatuation for the woman who stood to him for all that he had missed of personal achievement.

"I have been horribly slack and negligent of my duties toward you, Laura," he said contritely, "but the life you led repelled me. It stifled me. I seemed unable to draw a deep breath in your presence. Your people affected me still more harrowingly; they seem so vapid, so useless. Yet I couldn't pull away from the hateful surroundings because, having married a rich woman, I owed it to her to at least try to adjust myself to her manner of living. Laura, if you really mean that you want to be just, you must try to understand about Miss Eldridge, too. She is so vital, so masterful! She made her way by climbing, in utter disregard of your little idols of traditions and public opinion. She is different from the vast horde of puppets one meets, and for that reason I allowed myself to be attracted by her. As for loving her—I would not care if I should never see her again!"

"Poor Ned!" said the listener gently, with an uncontrollable catch in her voice. "If I had been wiser and we had understood each other better so much of all this suffering could have been averted. But it is not too late to make amends. You must not go off on an aimless quest. I have thought of another plan. Why can't you go down to the mines in Arizona and work there for a year or so, work as hard as you wish, with the day laborers, if you like?"

Ned subsided suddenly into a nearby chair. A faint, incredulous smile lighted his haggard face to a fleeting semblance of the old, care-free, buoyant youth that she had loved so dearly. "To think of leaving it all honorably," he murmured, "and that you should be the one to suggest this thing! It doesn't seem quite true yet."

"What shall you do?" he asked, after a sentient pause.

"Probably go to Europe with mother and May," she answered with forced cheerfulness.

"Would that please you best, Laura?"

"Oh, I dare say I shall manage to get some pleasure out of it. You will write me often, won't you, Ned?"

"Very often," he answered heartily. "Don't think that I won't miss you, Laura?"

"Will you, Ned? But not half as much as I shall miss you."

For the space of ten long heartbeats they looked into each other's eyes silently. Then Laura suddenly took a step toward him with outstretched hands. "Ned, won't you take me, too?" she cried in a voice that brought a glow to his face.

"Take you?" he echoed. "Laura, do you know what that would mean to you? Would you be willing to live in the wilderness, to sleep out under the starry sky, and to cook our primitive meals week after week with those little white hands that have never known one stroke of labor?"

"Yes, yes, all that, only to be happy—with you! To see you growing back to the old sunny, buoyant fellow that made life so sweet to me when first I knew you. Edward, that would be all my heart's desire of happiness."

* * * * * * *

Billy Norman, sitting in his club window the next afternoon, received the following note, which seemed to have been written in great haste and under rather damp circumstances, for the ink was blotched in one or two places, but he made out to read it all without much trouble.

"I know I can't make you understand everything just now, because I haven't fully realized it all myself—it is so incredibly joyful. Ned is going to the mines in Arizona to work from dawn till dusk and live in that great, untrammeled wilderness until he swings back to the starting point. He is as happy as a boy—but not half as happy as I, for I am going with him.

"Billy, you are the wisest, dearest friend I ever knew, and I love you from the sacredest depths of my grateful heart. LAURA."

—New York Times.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

The Chinese Have For Centuries Been Adept at Making Imitations.

The Chinese were the first to make artificial pearls. They were at it centuries ago. Some of the Chinese artificial pearls used to be very deceiving. The French caught the idea from the Chinese, and nowadays they make a wonderfully fine imitation of the genuine article. Pearl making in China is confined to two villages in the northern part of the province of Chili-Kiang. In the months of May and June large quantities of mussels are brought in baskets from a lake thirty miles distant, and the biggest of them are selected for the operation that is to be performed. Into the shell of each mollusk are introduced small objects which it is intended the bivalve shall coat with the pearly substance it secretes. Sometimes little balls of earth are used. Such pellets are made of mud from the bottom of water courses, dried and powdered with the juice of the seeds of the camphor tree.

To place these nuclei inside of the mussels is a process of no little difficulty. The shell is opened with a small instrument of mother-of-pearl, the mantle of the animal is gently lifted and the pellets are laid beneath the mantle. The shell is then permitted to close. Finally the mollusks are deposited in canals or pools. They are placed five or six inches apart, at depths of from two to five feet, in lots of from 5000 to 50,000.

In November they are lifted and opened. The animals are removed from the shells and the pellets are detached with a sharp knife. By this time they are fastened tightly to the inner surface of the shells and have become covered with a coating of nacre. Next a little hole is cut in each pearl at the point where it has been attached to the shell of the mussel. Through this opening the earth which composed the nucleus is removed. The hollow pearl is then filled with melted yellow rosin, and the orifice is artfully covered with a piece of mother-of-pearl. The pearls thus formed are flat on the bottom and in shape are somewhat more than hemispheres. They have much of the lustre and beauty of the real gems, and are sold so cheaply as to be procurable by all who care to possess them. They are employed to a considerable extent by jewelers, who set them in tiaras and ornaments for women.

Queerly Named Streets.

English towns are entering into a sort of newspaper competition for supremacy in curious names, having taken our Saturday's paragraph as a direct challenge. Thus, one correspondent presses the claim of Leicester. "One of the numerous ancient roads," he writes, "which radiate from the centre of the town is spelt 'Gallow Tree-gate,' which popular use has shortened in pronunciation to 'Gal-tree-gate.' A series of streets round what was once a fortified inclosure bears the name of 'The Newark.' The most curious of all is simply termed, 'The Holy Bones,' a title which bears an added strangeness when displayed on a very modern cast iron tablet."

Hull, too, has a small but well-known thoroughfare which bears the extraordinary name of "The Land of Green Ginger," for what reason we cannot tell. Yarmouth has a street which is curiously named "Conge." But here there is a suggested explanation. It is said that the name was originally "Conge," and that it commemorates the spot whence Nelson once left his native shores. But London must not be out of the contest. Even within hail of our own Whitefriars street may be found "Hanging Sword alley," with the name proudly blazoned for the recognition of all who come to find it after reading "The Tale of Two Cities."—London Chronicle.

Selium's Qualities.

The discovery of a new metal called selium is attributed to M. Edward Mollard, a Frenchman. The discoverer asserts that sellum costs only one-twelfth as much as aluminum, and is lighter and stronger. It does not rust, and is, therefore, suitable for shipbuilding, for the manufacture of pipes, etc. It is asserted also that it is capable of taking a fine polish resembling nickel. Its hardness is not quite equal to that of iron, but is greater than that of lead or zinc. Its strength is said to be greater than that of iron, but less than that of steel.

Sir Arthur Fairburn, a deaf mute, is the only holder of an hereditary title in England so afflicted.

A PROMINENT CHURCH WORKER SAYS SHE OWES HER LIFE TO PE-RU-NA.

Mrs. Hattie LaFountain

Mrs. Hattie La Fountain, Treas. Protected Home Circle and Catholic Ladies of Ohio, writes from Galion, O., as follows:

"After my first child was born I suffered for several months with bearing down pains accompanied by dreadful headaches. I was afraid my health was ruined for life, and felt very downcast about it. One day when a friend was visiting me she told me of Peruna and what it had done for her when she suffered with irregular menstruation. My husband procured a bottle the same evening and I began to take it daily according to directions. Before the first bottle was used I was entirely well, and you certainly have one grateful woman's blessing. I have also advised my friends to use it." MRS. HATTIE LA FOUNTAIN.

Secretary Woman's State Federation Says: "Pe-ru-na Does More Than is Claimed For It."

Mrs. Julia M. Brown, Secretary of the Woman's State Federation of California, writes from 131½ Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal., as follows:

"I have never known of any patent medicine which did what it professed to do except Peruna. This remedy does much more than it claims, and while I have never advocated any medicine I feel that it is but justice to speak a good word for it because I have found it to be such a rare exception.

"I have known several women who were little better than physical wrecks, mothers who dragged out a miserable, painful existence, but were made well and strong through the use of Peruna. I have known of cases of chronic catarrh which were cured in a short time, when a dozen different remedies had been experimented with and without good results. I use it myself when I feel nervous and worn out, and I have always found that the results were most satisfactory."
JULIA M. BROWN.

HER GREAT FORTUNE.

A Woman Saved From Life-Long Misery and Made Happy and Useful.

A woman confined to the house for several years with a chronic female derangement had finally given up hope of being cured.

She had tried physician after physician, and remedy after remedy, without any permanent improvement.

Her treatment had cost her husband who was a poor man hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians.

The woman had become weak, nervous and wretched, and scarcely able to keep out of her bed. Her children were growing up neglected and ragged, because of the want of a mother's care. Her husband was becoming discouraged and broken down with overwork.

Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms.

She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do, and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principal remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks she was well and strong again, able to do her own work.

This offer of free home treatment to women is still open to all who may need the services of this eminent physician. All letters applying for treatment will be promptly answered, and be held strictly confidential.

Miss Annie Hoban, Post Pocahontas of Yemassee Council of Red Men (Women's Branch), writes from 872 Eighth Ave., New York:

"Three months ago I was troubled with backache and a troublesome heaviness about the stomach. Sleep brought me no rest, for it was a restless sleep. The doctor said my nervous system was out of order, but his prescriptions didn't seem to relieve me. I was told that Peruna was good for building up the nervous system. After using it for two months I know now that it is. I want to say that it made a new woman of me. The torturing symptoms have all disappeared and I feel myself again. Peruna did me more good than all the other medicines I have taken."
ANNIE HOBAN.

Miss Mamie Powell, Lake Charles, Louisiana, writes:

"I sincerely believe that Peruna is woman's best friend, for it has certainly been that to me. I had had headaches, backaches and other aches every month for a long time, but shortly after I began taking Peruna this was a thing of the past, and I have good reason to be grateful. I take a bottle every spring and fall now, and that keeps my health perfect, and I certainly am more robust now than I have been before and am weighing more. I do not think any one will be disappointed in the results obtained from the use of Peruna."
MISS MAMIE POWELL.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

The Stealing of Cattle.

One source of immense trouble to the cattleman has been the calf thief. Many a large "outfit" has gone out of business on account of the "rustler." Where cow herders have to ride the range for fifty or seventy-five miles they are likely to be forestalled in branding a calf by some vigilant rustler, whose little mountain ranch is near the usual grazing place of a bunch of cattle. Or very possibly the puncher for the big 3C ranch has caught and branded the calf with its proper mark; and when many months later he rides on a yearling branded BOB he has no means of knowing that the owner of the latter brand has deftly touched up the 3C with a running iron by the artistic addition of two strokes and an added letter. It may be stated parenthetically in passing that more than one large "outfit" of today got its start entirely from the "rustled" cattle. In the more arid Southwest rustling is not so common because most of the water is pumped and cattle get into the habit of coming home often to drink and can be watched more closely, but even there it is a factor of no slight importance.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Oldest Ferry.

Perhaps the oldest ferry in the world is the cross-channel service from Calais to Dover. It has been in existence for more than twenty centuries, and the vessels which have been engaged in it include every variety of shipping, from Caesar's high-peaked galleys, propelled by banks of oars, to the new turbine steamer.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults, and slowest in the aged. It goes on more rapidly in summer than in winter.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to carry a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than $1,000,000.

DIDN'T DARE.

"Why don't you try to demonstrate to your constitutents that you are capable of an unselfish action?"

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "if these people who have known me for years were to find me doing something in which I had no apparent interest they'd get suspicious and decide that I was engaged in a deep and diabolical plot."—Washington Star.

KEEPING UP THE RECORD.

Traveller (to the ferryman crossing the river)—Has any one ever been lost in this stream?

Boatman—No sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE REAL THING.

"How can you tell, papa, when people are way up in society?"

"When their diamonds are genuine, and their manners are not."—Life.

FREE STUART'S GIN and BUCHU

To all who suffer, or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, Liver, Heart, Bladder or Blood Disease, a sample bottle of Stuart's Gin and Buchu, the great southern Kidney and Liver Medicine, will be sent absolutely free of cost. Mention this paper. Address STUART DRUG M'FG CO., 28 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.

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SUCCESSORS TO
AVERY & McMILLAN,
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Reliable Frick Engines, Boilers, all Sizes. Wheat Separators.

BEST IMPROVED SAW MILL ON EARTH. Large Engines and Boilers supplied promptly, Shingle Mills, Corn Mills, Circular Saws, Saw Teeth, Patent Dogs, Steam Governors. Full line Engines & Mill Supplies. Send for free Catalogue.

SAW MILLS Our Latest Improved Circular Saw Mills, with Hege's Universal Log Beams, Rectilinear, Simultaneous Set Works and the Heacock-King Variable Feed Works are unexcelled for ACCURACY, SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY AND EASE OF OPERATION. Write for full descriptive circulars. Manufactured by the SALEM IRON WORKS, Winston-Salem, N.C.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3 SHOES WORTH MORE
You can save from $3 to $5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas $3.50 or $3 shoes.
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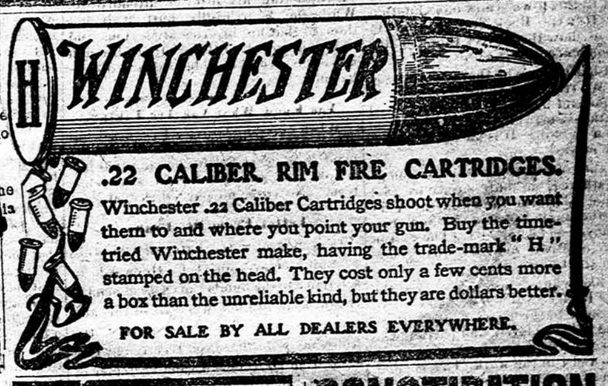

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