

# MALARIA A Poison Breathed into the System

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and

**MALARIA IN HIS SYSTEM FOR YEARS.**  
For several years I suffered with Chills and Fever, caused by Malaria in my system, and each summer for several years I would have a relapse. Finally my physician prescribed S. S. S. It entirely cured me; I have never been troubled since. 913 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky. I. SHAFPOFF.

but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it.

**SSS**  
S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alterative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

# BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Alfred Henry Lewis, author of the Wolfville stories and sundry novels, has become the editor of the new magazine called Human Life.

During the last twenty-eight years John Vance Cheney has published 300 poems in the leading magazines, and the best of these are to appear in book form next fall from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This volume should show his lyrical powers at their best.

The Macmillan Company, New York, will publish a new story by Nancy Huston Banks, entitled "The Little Hills." The title refers to the little hills in life we all find so hard to climb. If "The Little Hills" should prove as charming a tale as "Oldfield," its predecessor, the public will have occasion to be grateful to Mrs. Banks.

The home of the Cosmopolitan has been removed from Irvington-on-the-Hudson to New York City. The Twentieth Century home remains at Irvington. It is understood that, though John Brisben Walker has resigned the editorship of the Cosmopolitan and is to be succeeded by Bailey Millard, he retains the conduct of the Twentieth Century Home, and will embark in the book publishing business in the large building he erected for the Cosmopolitan.

About a mile from the western edge of New Haven, on a hillside which commands an extensive view of the city and Long Island Sound, visitors are regularly shown Logwood, the home of Donald G. Mitchell, the 14th Marquis of those much loved books of half a century ago, "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." Though of a previous generation, and the friend, in his day, of literary men like Washington Irving, Mr. Mitchell is still on nearly every spring day to be seen at his home, hale and hearty, even under the burden of his 83 years.

Charles Henry Webb, better known to American readers under his pseudonym, "John Paul," died May 24 at his home in New York, in his 71st year. As a boy he went to sea, but later became a journalist. In 1864 he founded "The Californian," to which Bret Harte and Mark Twain contributed; he afterward edited and published Mark Twain's first book. As a writer he is best remembered by his happy parodies. He wrote a number of books and considerable verse for the magazines. Having also an inventive turn of mind, he devised an adding machine, a cartridge holder and several other contrivances of that kind.

Now that the last of Henry James' articles on New England has appeared in the North American Review it is interesting to listen to the comments of a puzzled public. The general verdict seems to be that unless the reader belongs to the exclusive class that can boast, like Hamilton Crible's fabled lady, of being able to "read Henry James in the original," he will get but the vaguest impression of Mr. James' "Impressions." Yet out of the fog some thoughts shine clearly. We know that the "ancient analyst" found much to admire in American scenery, even though the American sky is "too frequently peeled of clouds." We know, too, that in this "empty sky" the "huge democratic broom" seemed forever being brandished, and that wherever he went he was much struck with the "overwhelming preponderance of the unmitigated business man." Equally forcible is his conviction that over the land the women appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men.

## HIS PRIVILEGE.

No servant, however secure in the affections of his master, ever went farther than little Pagal, who, says Miss Cornelia Sorabji in "Sun-Babies," pulled the punka, or fan, in the "Presence's" chamber. One afternoon the mistress of the house came home earlier than usual, and there she found Pagal on the lowest of the steps leading into the master's room, taking a bath. He was gurgling and dancing in his single wet garment, pouring the water over his head, and trying to catch it in his mouth.

A ring of angry servants stood about him, scolding and threatening; but Pagal cared nothing for them. "Yes, yes," he said, "the water carrier will have to fill the tubs anew in the morning; but what of that?"

And he ran round and round in a ring, to dry himself. It was then that the mistress appeared, and the servants openly exulted.

"Now, at last," cried they, "will the Presence know what manner of fiend thou art!"

Pagal broke through the circle, to fetch his livery, which hung on a low-reaching branch of a mango-tree. It was an old union jack, which had probably been used, in its first estate, as a decoration for some street parade. Pagal draped it about him toga-wise, and then in a moment was back before his mistress and his accusers, standing in his usual manner, head bent, scratching the ground with his toes.

"Pagal," began the mistress, "what would the sahib say if he saw you? You were visible from the drive, and you so careful about the honor of your sahib's house! There was the

well or pump at which you might have bathed, near the servants' quarters."

"It is true," he answered, meekly. "But where should my master's slave live and move except upon his doorstep? Yesterday I saw a little sparrow bathing in this same tub of water. And I—could I be of less value to my sahib than that little sparrow thing? Surely not!"

Then, after a pause, he added, with his most innocent air, "I take great care not to invade the Miss Sahib's part of the building. The Miss Sahib knows that."

He looked up with his sweetest, most beaming smile. He had put the "Miss Sahib" in her proper place.

## MANAGING MOTHER.

How Her Daughter-in-Law Tried to Do It, and Failed.

The first three days of Mrs. Borrow's visit her daughter-in-law stood it heroically; the next three days she fidgeted; the seventh she spoke out. She tried to speak considerably, but she felt that she could not endure it any longer. In the country, of course, it was all right to wear aprons mornings, but in the city—why, no one except servants wore aprons in these days.

Mrs. Borrow's little wrinkled fingers smoothed nervously the immaculate polka-dot apron; polka-dots had always been her favorite pattern.

"They're always fresh, Gertrude," she pleaded.

"Of course they are," Gertrude conceded, generously, "but the point is, nobody thinks of wearing them."

Mrs. Borrow sighed. Gertrude could not guess all that wistful sigh covered—the frugality of long, happy years, when every cent was being saved to send James to college. One wore aprons then to save one's dress, and now—perhaps now, in James' beautiful home, one wore them for memory!

"I'd be real sorry to seem set, Gertrude," she said, "but it don't seem as if I could stop wearing them, somehow. I'd feel as if I wasn't dressed proper. I guess," with a tremulous little laugh, "I'd 'twould take a real upheaval to change me. If you could manage that, now—"

Gertrude smiled at that—she was a splendid manager.

The next morning, when Mrs. Borrow went for a fresh apron, there was none in her drawer. She hunted through all the drawers—not an apron. For a long while she stood looking thoughtfully at a picture which she did not see. When the breakfast-bell rang, she went downstairs smiling and unperturbed; once, happening to glance down at her apronless dress, she started hurriedly, but the next moment she remembered.

It happened to be Gertrude's day for her French class, so that she was away all the morning. When she returned, the two had a harmonious luncheon together, and then went to the library, Gertrude for a book and Mrs. Borrow for her knitting, which she had left there. Presently Gertrude, who had been hunting about the room, stopped in perplexity.

"Mother," she asked, "have you seen that book I was reading yesterday?"

"A novel, wasn't it?" Mrs. Borrow asked, placidly.

"Yes, that red-covered one."

"It always did annoy me," the little old lady remarked, evasively, "to see a grown woman reading in the daytime; it looks so shiftless."

With sudden enlightenment Gertrude glanced again at the table, where she had left half a dozen new novels the day before; every one had disappeared.

"I know you feel about it the way I do," the serene voice went on, "for I heard you say the other morning that you'd ought to break yourself of reading so many novels."

Fortunately, Gertrude had a sense of humor, and it was equal to the situation.

"After all, mother," she said, "I believe I do like your aprons mornings. Somehow you don't look natural without them."

**A Pertinent Question.**  
The late Capt. Alfred Rice, the noted shad fisherman on the Delaware River, was no less remarkable for personal cleanliness than for his unequalled handling of the mile long seine.

Capt. Rice was not only clean and neat himself, he insisted upon cleanliness and neatness in his men. If a new man proved to be a sloven, he very soon mended his ways under the captain's frank criticisms, or else he sought another job.

There was a new man one shad season who always wore a dirty white shirt. In shad fishing it is best to wear a black jersey. If, however, a white shirt is chosen, there is no reason why it should not be a clean one. So, at least, Capt. Rice thought.

He stood his new man's dirty white shirts for a month. Then, calling the fisherman up to him, he said:

"Friend, who the deuce is that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"—San Antonio Express.

**Triplet.**

She tied my bow tie  
And I stooped down and kissed her;  
'Twas done on the sly—  
She tied my bow tie,  
And I wished, with a sigh,  
That she wasn't my sister!

She tied my bow tie,  
And I stooped down and kissed her.  
—Cleveland Leader.

**Dilatary.**  
It seems to be evident that the Sultan of Morocco will have to raise his bid of \$2 apiece for the heads of his enemies. The enemies are very slow about bringing in the heads and claiming the reward.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.



Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

**Dumas and His Economical Son.**  
Alexandre Dumas, the great French story writer, was very fond and proud of his son Alexandre, who also became a famous author. His regard for him was increased apparently by the fact that the son had a very good appreciation of the value of money, a quality which the father did not possess in the slightest degree.

A writer of recollections relates that he once visited Dumas at St. Germain. He had just been bitten in the hand by his dog and was unable to write, but was dictating a novel.

His son went out as the visitor came in.

"Alexandre has just left me," said the father. "What a good fellow that boy is! Just fancy, this morning I received 650 francs. He said to me, 'I'll take 50 francs of it.' I didn't quite hear and thought he was going to leave me only 50. So I called out: 'Hold on! Let me have 100 of it at least!' 'But I tell you I'm only going to take 50!' he called out. 'Oh, oh,' said I. 'I thought you were going to take the 600. Well, take as much as you want.'"

And Dumas added proudly, "What a golden hearted fellow Alexandre is, to be sure!"

**CURTAIN FOR FIREMEN.**

Portable Shield Which Protects the Flame Fighters.

An ingenious Omaha inventor has designed an entirely new fire fighting appliance. While its use is entirely restricted to fires in buildings of small proportions, such as low stores and dwellings, etc., the portable fire shield will no doubt, find many advocates. It consists of a wheel truck carrying a folding fire screen of fireproof material. When collapsed the entire outfit



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**In the Morning.**  
Regularly, every day,  
When my poppa's gotten up,  
I can see him far away  
Mix'n' sump'n' in a cup;  
I can hear him slappy-slap  
With a knife against a strap.

He is such a funny sight  
In the mirror on the shelf,  
With his chin all bloomy white,  
Makin' faces at himself!  
But I musn't laugh, or he  
Comes and rubs it off on me!

Poppa says, when I'm growed up,  
With some troubles an' a wife,  
I can have a mixer-cup  
An' a shiny, crooked knife;  
But he says I must begin  
Gittin' pricklers on my chin.  
—Success Magazine.

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L. A. N. U. 1905—No. 24

**Not Immortal.**

The late General Fitzhugh Lee had a large fund of war-time anecdotes. He used to tell this one.

On account of the shifting of officers to replace losses, a young Irishman was given command of a raw troop of volunteers who were under fire for the first time. Their baptism must have unnerved the recruits, for they never budged at the command to charge. A second command likewise being disobeyed, to their leader's stupefaction, he rode along the line glaring reproachfully at his men, and demanded, sarcastically:

"What ails you fellows, anyhow? D'ye want to live forever?"

**Not a Lingering Fault.**

"Dear George has only one fault," said the bride of three short weeks. "He is such an awful flatterer."

"That fault," rejoined her elder sister who had been up against the matrimonial game for three long years, "will gradually disappear as the honeymoon wanes."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the bride. "I was in hopes it would last forever."

**Chip of the Old Block.**

Growells—What makes the baby cry so when the nurse is trying to wash the dirt from his face?

Mrs. Growells—Oh, I suppose he takes after you.

Growells—Now what in the world do you mean by that, madam?

Mrs. Growells—He evidently wants the earth.

Don't censure a society woman for entering the theater a little late. She probably had to wash the dinner dishes before she started.

## PUBLIC SENTIMENT ENDS DAY OF DEPRAVITY ON STAGE.

That the public no longer will tolerate degrading, morbid, or prurient productions on the stage has been realized by the New York theatrical managers who stage most of the productions in the country. The fact that public opinion would not permit Nan Patterson to exhibit herself was received with some surprise, but with more relief.

Miss Patterson left the stage after she had received chilling receptions in the smaller Pennsylvania cities, and after the district attorney of one county had forbidden her to appear, on the ground that it would be "an outrage on public decency."

Commenting on the case, a well-known theater trust manager said: "Public opinion has improved wonderfully in the last few years. The day



NAN PATTERSON.

of the 'blood and gore' melodrama, if not past, is dying, and people everywhere demand cleaner plays than they did, say, five years ago. 'Off-color' plays used to be popular, and a production that went as nearly as possible toward violating the law was an assured success in many quarters.

"Now even the burlesque is being cleansed, and a person may go to almost any theater without meeting anything objectionable."

**PORTABLE FIRE SHIELD.**

Portable Shield Which Protects the Flame Fighters.

An ingenious Omaha inventor has designed an entirely new fire fighting appliance. While its use is entirely restricted to fires in buildings of small proportions, such as low stores and dwellings, etc., the portable fire shield will no doubt, find many advocates. It consists of a wheel truck carrying a folding fire screen of fireproof material. When collapsed the entire outfit



**PORTABLE FIRE SHIELD.**

does not take up as much room as a hook and ladder, and is drawn to the scene by horses, who are immediately detached and taken out of harm's way. The truck is then wheeled in front of the burning building and the shield raised by means of hand gear operated by the firemen, the general plan of arrangement being apparent from an inspection of the accompanying cut. Such a portable shield would prevent the spread of the flames to adjacent property, and occasionally it might enable firemen to approach near enough to a building which was burning briskly to effect a rescue of life or property which ordinarily would not be attempted because of the danger involved from intense heat, but from which the shield would screen the rescuing firemen.

**High Postage Rates in Italy.**

The postage rates are becoming one of the burning questions in Italy, where they are the highest in Europe, and the circulation of letters and post cards, by consequence, the lowest. The lowest postage for any letter is 4 cents, and for a post card about 3 cents. This heavy rate has often been made the subject of complaint, but now something like an organized movement for a reduction has been set on foot. As chambers of commerce are taking the question up, it is probable that something will have to be done.

**No Misrepresentation.**

"See here," exclaimed the irate purchaser to the typewriter agent, "didn't you tell me the machine you sold me was so strong you could drop it out of a window, go down and pick it up and go right to work on it?"

"I did."

"Well, it fell out of the window accidentally yesterday, and I had to send it to the repair shop."

"Well you could have gone right to work on it yourself if you'd known how to set about fixing it, couldn't you?"

The girl is never satisfied with her newest dress until she discovers that her worst girl friend doesn't like it.

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