

BLOOD POISON MAN'S GREATEST ENEMY

The disease that has done more than any other to wreck, ruin and humiliate life, is Contagious Blood Poison. Sorrow, shame and suffering go hand in hand with this great enemy, and man has always hated and fought it as he has no other disease. It is the most powerful of all poisons; no matter how pure the blood may be, when its virus enters, the entire circulation becomes poisoned and its chain of horrible symptoms begin to show. Usually the first sign is a small sore or ulcer, not at all alarming in appearance, but the blood is being saturated with the deadly poison, and soon the mouth and throat begin to ulcerate, the hair and eyebrows drop out, a red eruption breaks out on the body, copper-colored spots and sores make their appearance and the poison even works down into the bones and attacks the nerves. Not only is the disease hereditary, being transmitted from parent to child, in the form of scrofula, weak eyes, soft bones, weak, puny constitutions, etc., but is also so highly contagious that many a life has been ruined by a friendly hand shake, or from using the toilet articles of one infected with the poison. To cure this blighting, deadly curse the blood must be purified, and nothing will do it so quickly and surely as S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, drives out every particle of the poison and makes the blood clean and strong. It does not hide or cover up anything, but from the first begins to expel the poison and build up and strengthen the system. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that it contains a particle of mineral of any kind. Book on the disease, with instructions for home treatment, and any advice desired, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER

KILLS LICE on poultry, hogs, cattle, etc. Paint the patches, nest boxes, etc. For hogs: apply to bedding.

KILLED ALL LICE AND MITES. "I bought a can of Prussian Lice Killer, used it thoroughly three times and cleaned my poultry house entirely free from lice."—A. BLOCKER, Channahassen, Minn.

JUST THE THING FOR LICE ON HOGS. "I tried many lice killers but this is just the thing for lice on hogs and worth five times its cost."

IN CANS, 50c and \$1.00. Prussian Remedy Co. St. Paul, Minn.

Hay Box Keeps Food Warm.

The familiar but hitherto little utilized fact that food when once sufficiently heated will continue and complete the process of cooking itself, if removed from the stove and placed in a closed receptacle where it can retain its heat, is now being exploited in Germany. The day of the "hay box," or "fireless stove," is heralded. It is called the hay box because the simplest and cleanest method has been found to pack hay about the pots containing the cooking food. The hay serves well to prevent the too rapid loss of heat and is cheap and easily replaced. A German woman, wife of a director of an industrial school, states that she has used the hay box for thirteen years and that it has both simplified the cares of housekeeping and been a saving in expense.

The chief advantages set forth are these: The cost of fuel can be reduced four-fifths by transfer of food to the hay box as soon as it has reached a proper heat; kitchen odors are obviated, time and labor saved, and no stirring is necessary, nor is there any fear of scorching or burning while the food is left to cook itself; where workmen's families live crowded in one or two rooms the additional suffering caused by the kitchen heat in summer is obviated, since all the preliminary cooking can be done in the cool of the morning. Any dish can be cooked in the hay box and kept hot as long as desired. Almost any box with a tight-fitting cover will do. Old trunks have been successfully used.—Springfield Republican.

Undoubtedly.

"According to statistics," said the typewriter bander, "women live about ten years longer than men do."

"Huh!" growled the scanty-haired bachelor, "they might live fifty years longer if they were not so all-fired slow about passing the 30 mark."

Natural Inference.
Mrs. Smith—I called my husband back to kiss him good-by this morning.
Mrs. Jones—And what did he say?
Mrs. Smith—He said, "What's the matter, Cordelia? Did you forget to go through my pockets last night?"

Ever Notice It?

Joe—Women are all more or less cowardly.
Fred—Oh, I don't know. I never heard of one who was afraid to get married.

Too Deep for Him.

"There's one thing I can't understand about farming," said the city chap who had contracted with a farmer for a week's board, as he watched the hired man turning the soil.
"What he that, young fellow?" queried the honest old granger, as he bit off a generous hunk of home-made tobacco.
"I can't understand," said the city chap, "why the ground was placed bottom side up, so that it has to be turned over with a plow before the crops can be planted."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The Borrower.

Mr. Tightfist—My wife thinks it's lovely that you can make all of your own clothes!
His Sister—I should think she would; she wears most of them!—Detroit Free Press.

THE DAISY KILLER

It kills all the flies and gnats, and keeps them from coming in the house, and keeps the rooms and places clean and sweet. It kills the flies and gnats, and keeps them from coming in the house, and keeps the rooms and places clean and sweet. It kills the flies and gnats, and keeps them from coming in the house, and keeps the rooms and places clean and sweet.

Had 'Em Crossed.

There was consternation among the women passengers on a North Side trolley car the other day as they saw the car cut across a funeral procession. Out of the women screamed. One recovered and voiced her sentiments thus:
"The dear! Right across a funeral! That motorman ought to be ashamed of himself."
The driver who had been cut off hurried an oath at the motorman and the funeral proceeded on its way. The incident furnished gossip for the women all the way to the stores down town.
The conductor smiled as he held out his fingers doubled up, and said to a man on his end of the car:
"I had my fingers crossed."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gravity.

"His poems are worth their weight in gold, he says."
"Then he ought to be a millionaire by this time. They're heavy enough."—Cleveland Leader.

"POLLY PORTER."

A Parrot Who Never Forgot What He Once Had Learned.

Perhaps all parrots have equally remarkable memories, but twenty-five years' acquaintance with "Polly Porter" enables me to say that he never forgets what he has once learned. Like other parrots, when he is alone he exercises his memory, as if amusing himself. Then it is that Polly Porter chatters in sentences; laughs aloud, hysterically; calls, in various tones, commandingly or beseechingly; calls the names of servants who, but for Polly, would have been forgotten; calls the cat; whistles for dogs who were about him years ago.

Polly's cage is in the bow window of the dining room—a good place for keeping an eye on the family. When the father rises from the breakfast table Polly advises: "Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry!"

Later, with the first movement preparatory to the children's start for school, he repeats sharply: "Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry!"

When a guest comes in he says briskly, "Why, how d'ye do?"

When he calls "Good-by" to persons passing on the street it seems almost certain that he reasons about the coming and departing guest. He quickly notices little children; coming to one particular corner of the bottom of his cage, he flutters before a little one, attempting baby talk, which is very funny, ending with "Beautiful child! Beautiful child!" and a loud laugh.

When the house is quiet and his mistress has a visitor in the parlor Polly craves attention.

He repeats the children's names, almost as if he were calling the roll, in sweet, low tones. Then he says "Mama" over and over, in a child's voice, till it is common for a visitor to say, "Do answer that child," or "Some one is calling you." He comes very near to telling tales, saying, "Ah, ah, naughty boy!" with great severity.

Polly is most impatient at breakfast time, when he strikes till he receives attention: "Polly wants coffee! Polly wants breakfast!"

He takes a piece of bread cautiously; examines it; if it is not well cut, he throws it down. He enjoys a bunch of grapes, holding it down with one claw while with the other and his beak he opens grape after grape, eats the seed and casts the pulp away. He easily crushes a pear or an apple to get at the seeds.

Last Christmas Polly was sent by his owner, a New York boy, to friends as a present. They were told of his liveliness and astonishing powers of speech.

For some months Polly moped and said nothing, but at last began calling members of the family by name. If let out of his cage he fought the pug and whipped the cat; when shut up in his cage for punishment he would persistently work at the wires till he would force them apart and walk out defiantly. Recently he began upon his old lessons, and now repeats the cries of the newsboys in the street: "Extra! Extra! Journal—Sun—Herald!" And he sings quite well "Yankee Doodle," which was taught him last summer.

Good-by, Polly!—St. Nicholas.

Speaker Reed's Joke.

Henry H. Rogers and the late Thomas B. Reed were close friends, says the World's Work. "After Mr. Rogers took a party, including Mark Twain and Thomas B. Reed, to the West Indies on his steam yacht. On the way back Mr. Reed was compelled to leave the boat at Old Point Comfort to argue a law case. The yacht struck a storm after Mr. Reed left it. When he heard of it he wrote Mr. Rogers the following letter (which is now framed and hanging in one of his offices), to which Mark Twain added a characteristic postscript:
"New York, April 7, 1902.—Dear Mr. Rogers: I still think we had a most lovely trip and I am still grateful. I am told, however, that you had trouble immediately after I left, which leads me to counsel you not to take the yacht out except when you have on board persons of such weight with the community that they can keep the boat level.
"The Colonel, Hilton, Foote, Dr. Rice and Mr. Twain are all well enough in their way—quite interesting people, but they lack gravity. Very truly yours,
T. B. REED.
This is well meant, but not well reasoned, for a yacht needs virtue as well as ballast. MARK.
"Lattakia Tobacco, an article of commerce well known in Europe and America, is black in color owing to its fumigation by the Nusalrieh mountaineers in the smoke of a tree called "elezer" or "ezr," which imparts to it a peculiar aromatic flavor. The "ezr" grows wild, seldom attaining the size of the oak, and gives out its aromatic odor when burning in the green state.
"Making a Cheerless Prediction.
"Do you think that our country will ever succeed in getting rid of grafters?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "There will be a time when grafters are unheard of. But it will be due to the change that is constantly going on in our vocabulary. There will be a new word that means the same thing."—Washington Star.
"Bad All Around.
"She thinks about her troubles so much that she makes herself sick."
"True. And she talks about them so much that she makes everybody else sick."—Detroit Tribune.
A man measures his own greatness by the littleness of his neighbors.

FABRICS MADE OF PAPER.

Textile Cloths That Are Warm and May Be Washed Easily.

Garments made of paper have long been used in Eastern Asia, but only in default of other clothing or on special occasions. In western countries the only articles of dress made of paper, until recently, were collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms, that is to say articles which are usually starched. Now, however, numerous inventors are endeavoring to introduce woven paper fabrics, says the Scientific American.

Some time ago an Italian, Prof. Zanetti, devised a method of making fine and strong yarns by twisting very thin silk paper, cut into strips about one-tenth of an inch wide. As yet these yarns are used only for wicks of wax candles and in the manufacture of incandescent gas mantles.

A greater advance has been made in Saxony. Here, also, narrow strips of paper are spun, by a process patented by Claviez & Co. Paper and cotton are also spun together, so that in the finished yarn the paper envelops the cotton. These yarns are used as fillers, in conjunction with cotton warp, in weaving drillings suitable for toweling and summer waistcoats, trousers and skirts.

Heavier and warmer cloths is made by combining paper and woolen yarns. This fabric is cream colored and may be washed repeatedly without injuring the surface. It is well adapted for tennis and lounging suits. Sufficient cloth for a jacket, waistcoat and trousers costs only 10 marks, or \$2.50, and still cheaper garments are made for laborers. This new product is named xylolin.

For such use, however, raw material even cheaper than finished paper are sought. Spinning mill refuse, consisting of very short, smooth fibers that cannot be spun, goes, as a rule, to the paper mills. Many attempts to utilize this material have been made in spinning mills, and experiments in spinning it wet suggested the idea of further comminuting the short fibers in paper machines. In this way a thin fibrous paste was produced. This, when poured on sieves, yielded a thin soft paper which, partially dried and cut into narrow strips, could be spun into yarn. Other cheap paper stock, including wood pulp, can be converted into yarn by a similar process, and so spinning and paper making meet.

One brand of these cellulose, or wood pulp, yarns is called silvalin. During the last ten years many similar processes have been patented. The manufacture is still in the experimental stage, but definite progress has been made and the industry has a promising future before it.

Resistance to the action of water is another important quality in which fabrics differ greatly. Prof. Pfuhl gives an example from experience. A lighter laden with grain in jute and canvas bags sunk in the Volga. Thirty-six hours afterward the canvas (flax) bags were raised, with their contents, but the jute bags had disintegrated so that the grain which had contained was lost. Jute yarns, however, withstand several hours' immersion, but wood pulp yarns fall apart after very brief soaking.

STRENUOUS BALZAC.

He Lived in a Frenzy of Toil and Died Pleading for More Time.

"To be celebrated and to be loved—these were Balzac's two supreme and passionate desires," writes Tighe Hopkins, the English author. "He gave the preference to fame and killed himself with work if ever author did. His books—each one of which, when he had settled down to the 'Comedie Humaine,' he proclaimed a masterpiece—were a veritable obsession. We know now with what ceaseless and almost insane toil he brought them forth and can see him wrapped in the monk's robe of white flannel, the big throat laid bare, veins swollen, the great black eyes aflame, agonizing over plot and scene, supplicating and cursing the phrase that would not come, sustaining this through the days and nights of three dreadful weeks at a stretch in the sealed and curtained chamber where the candles were never extinguished. Then, livid, unwashed and half clothed, he would drag himself to the printer's. Thus only in a nation of stylists could the man that never achieved a style make himself the first novelist of his day and a classic.
"Wearing and wasting as this travail was, Balzac's splendid strength of body, the sure and ready return of his inspired and seer-like periods, his quenchless belief in himself and intrepid faith in the future enabled him to continue it, with a minimum of repose, for thirty-one successive years. And what a bulk of work! From 1821 to 1824 he wrote thirty volumes, and in 1824 he was but 25 years of age and had not even begun to think of the 'Comedie Humaine.'
"Between 1830 and 1842 seventy-nine novels of the 'Comedie' saw the light, and with all this the great work was never completed. On his deathbed he pleaded with his doctor for six months, six weeks, six days in which to consummate his task and sank into coma while pleading for six hours."

"Above Suspicion.
"What a fine thing a reputation for scrupulous honesty is!"
"Apropos of what?"
"I was thinking of Dr. Goodman. He walked down the street this morning with an umbrella under each arm and nobody winked."—Cleveland Leader.

Should you contemplate drowning yourself make the attempt in shallow water, so that you can wade out when you change your mind.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the blood is in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small, laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar coated.

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

Caught the Habit.
"Be ye worried, Mirandy?"
"No, Zeke."
"Ain't got no secret troubles?"
"No, Zeke."
"Be ye expectin' anythin' on pieasant?"
"No, Zeke. Why ye askin'? What's yer reason?"
"O, I ain't got no reason. I was just askin' fer nothin' in perticular, like wimmie do."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Original CANADA SAP MAPLE SYRUP. Statistics show that 98 out of a 100 people have a cold. We can cure you with each package. Beware! Little sachet has solvent giving off most delicate perfume. Sent free on receipt of two cent stamp, to request for FREE ST. PAUL SYRUP REFINING CO. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Logical Deduction.

Hawkins (to the club)—More than two hours ago I sent a messenger boy with a note requiring an answer. He should have been back in fifteen minutes, but hasn't returned yet.
Jenkins—That's strange. By the way, have you seen the evening papers?
Hawkins—No; why do you ask?
Jenkins—Another case of kidnapping is reported. Perhaps it may be the kid you sent—fell asleep while walking along, you know.

Misrepresented.

"The man who sold me this carpet," said Homer, as he paused to take a fresh hold on the club he was wielding, "told a deliberate lie."
"Why? John, what do you mean?" asked his good wife, who was bossing the job.
"He told me," explained Homer, "that it couldn't be beat."

His Sad History.

Friendly Visitor (in penitentiary)—"To what unfortunate circumstances, my friend, do you owe your incarceration here?"
No. 787—Absent-mindedness, ma'am.
Friendly Visitor—Absent-mindedness? Is it possible?
No. 787—Yes, ma'am. I absent-mindedly signed another man's name to a check one day.—Chicago Tribune.

Light that Fails.

She—it is said that the light of a parlor match will frighten a wolf.
He—That may be true, but the light of a love match will not keep the wolf from the door.

Another Financial Crash.

Shortleigh—My congratulations on your marriage with the wealthy widow, old chap! I suppose you are in clover now.
Ardapp (to his wife)—Not me, she isn't the lovin' widow I thought she was.

True Love.

Her—My uncle in Texas who died last week left me \$50,000.
Him—And I, alas! am but a poor clerk on a salary of \$10 a week.
Her—Well, what of that? Would you let my wealth separate us?
Him—No; so any one could notice it. Darling, come to my arms. I would strangle my pride and marry you had the old gent left you twice as much.

A man suggests that a little lard or vaseline be applied on a door or window to the part which rubs and prevents opening.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CHENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or convulsions after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 31 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

QUEER STORIES

Moscow's orphan asylum, founded by Catherine II., is supported by a tax on playing cards.

It is supposed by a scientist of eminence that the average man's eyelids open and shut four million times during the year.

Spain has a lawsuit that has been before the courts since 1517. It is the most conspicuous legal example of "manana" in the history of the world.

Though they do not readily enter water, but only when put to it from necessity, the squirrel and the rabbit are among the fastest swimmers of all land animals.

The house of the Capulets in Verona, where Juliet is supposed to have lived, is to be sold by auction to satisfy creditors. Owing to its ruinous condition, the house is valued at only \$400. The municipality intends to bid, in the hope of acquiring it for a museum.

An odd church is that in the redwood forest of California, near San Jose. It is maintained by the miners, and has a sterner a minister. It is built in one of the hollow trees and accommodates a congregation of twenty-five, with space for a recess chapel, which contains a small organ.

The electric waves of Herz were found by him to measure 150 feet from crest to crest, but those used by Marconi in telegraphing across the Atlantic are six hundred feet long or more. These waves travel at about the same rate as light waves—which measure only a few millionths of an inch—or with the almost inconceivable velocity of 184,000 miles a second.

A Viennese naturalist declares that nearly all reptiles that die from natural causes close their lives between nightfall and midnight, only a few between midnight and morning and fewer still in daylight. Most reptiles seem aware of their approaching death, seeking out particular places and there awaiting the end, while those whose lives are spent underground come to the surface before death.

German papers report that a new anesthetic juice has been discovered in Japan, the product of a plant growing in that empire. This anesthetic has been called scopalamine, and is said to be superior in its effects to all other articles of this kind. It is administered hypodermically and produces a deep sleep lasting from eight to nine hours. It is claimed that it does not produce the slightest ill after-effects.

The rural telephones are making a change in farm life. A Shelby county (Kan.) farmer got into trouble in town the other day. Later he was called up over his rural telephone and informed that a warrant had been issued for him and that he might consider himself under arrest, and he was asked by the officer if he would come into town or would he have to come after him? The farmer asked the nature of the charge, and was told that it was disturbance and that the fine and costs would be \$14. The farmer telephoned back that he was too busy to quit work, but would plead guilty and send the money by the rural carrier the next day, and he did. Up in New York State the hired man eloped with a farmer's daughter. Before going he took the precaution to cut the rural telephone wires, so there was nothing left for the father to do but wait till the wires were repaired and telephone his blessing.

It Was Hard on the Family.

Modern methods of dealing with contagious diseases are a severe trial to many an old-fashioned person who in childhood lived through epidemics of various kinds.
"I thought your grandson was looking pretty peart again after his illness," said one of the residents of Canby to Mr. Zenas Sprawle, "but it struck me the rest of you looked kind o' wore out. I s'pose he was pretty sick for one spell there."
"No, he wa'n't," said Mr. Sprawle, stoutly. "There never was a thing the matter of him excepting a sore throat, 'bout same as I've had dozens o' times, toweled my neck up for a night or two and come out all right. But my son's wife she had that city doctor to him, and he made out 'twas one o' them itises, an' had him an' his ma quarantined off from the rest of us."
"He had the full use of his legs, an' the way he run over that floor above our heads was enough to wear out a hen. An', when he was able to be moved, they had that part o' the house fumigated. It laid the foundations for a stomach trouble with both Marthy an' me, that fumigation did, an' I don't know as the 'smell will get out o' my clothes enough for me to go to church this whole winter. Get now in a middlin' warm place and that fumigatin' essence begins to try out o' my overcoat same as if 'twas kerosene. I guess there's reason enough for Marthy and me to look wore out."

Misery of Mal de Mer.

Two congressmen, discussing the discomforts of travel, happened to branch off on to the subject of seasickness. One of them said: "Talk about seasickness; the fellow that traveled with me on my last European trip beat anything I ever met in all my experience before. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. He kept repeating, 'Oh, but I am so sick—I am so sick.' Finally I cried out, 'Can't you keep anything on your stomach?' 'Only my hands, Tom; only my hands.'"

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.