THE WAYSIDE WELL

He stopped at the wayside well, Where the water was cold and deep; There were feathery ferns 'twixt the mossy

stones, And gay was the old well sweep.

He left his carriage alone; Nor could coachman or footman tell

Why the master stopped in the dusty road To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands The well sweep, creaking and slow, While from seam and scar in the bucket's

side The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,

And bent down to the bucket's brim: No furrow of time or care had marked The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy

As he stooped o'er the brink to drink, And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face

That met his own o'er the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,

And the brow undimmed by care,

While from under the brim of the old straw hat

Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh; Nor could coachman or footman tell

Why the master stopped in his ride that day

To drink at the wayside well. -Walter Loarned.

BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

apple that lay withered during a long tation towards his house. Brigitte had winter, such was the good man, Farmer' prepared her master's frugal breakfast of Landry. Indeed, he was one of those nuts and cheese. He placed himself at close-fisted old peasants of whom it is the table, but he could not eat, for his graphically said that they can shave emotion seemed to clinch his throat and something from an egg shell. Since the death of his wife he had re-

tired from agriculture and lived alone in jously asked Brigitee. a httle house at the end of the village.

And yet, not entirely, alone, for he had with him his old servant Brigitte. But the poor woman counted for so little in the household, a little above the dog, but not so much as the donkey, that cost a that she had won 100,000 francs? No hundred and twenty francs. She entered indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was his family at the age of twelve to guard the object of such close scrutiny, she perthe cows, and had been there ever since. formed her daily tasks with her usual She knew no other family life than this one, and the exceeding parsimony of the fever of unrest. master seemed to her entirely natural. She was now a tall, hale woman of fifty, red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet and hands that might have been the pride of a pugilistic trainer. While exacting very little in the way of compensation, she drudged like a pack horse; for indeed, she could not do otherwise in to her-that was entirely too much for Farmer Landry's house. Besides, in her his nature and long life habit. It seemed simple mind existed a canine attachment to him monstrous that another should and real admiration for her master, who was not ashamed to take advantage of hundred thousand franes, produced by her good nature.

Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But days to weeks. A notice in the journal the honest creature was amply satisfied (he really bought a copy of the one conwhen the old peasant, in a patronizing taining the announcement) formally tone, praised her zeal: "What a good, stated that after a delay of three months simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you the unclaimed prizes would be employed not?"

open into a loud laugh.

"Very good!" said her master, repeating the number to impress it on his mind. Be careful not to lose it!" "Never fear, master."

"Because if you do fear sometimes to lose it

"Eh, master?"

"Well, you need only give it to me and I will hide it in my bureau."

"Oh, I shall certainly not lose it!" The habits of daily life in the little household, disturbed by these events, soon settled into their regular course; eating sparely, very temperate drinking, few hours for sleeping and many for

work. Farmer Landry was almost consoled. for his forced prodigality, when one morning, in the barber's shop, where he went from time to time to read gratis the Gazette, a terrible emotion struck him. He read the result of the lottery drawing and at the head these words, like lines of American Cultivator. fire, flashed before the dazled spectacles

of the good man: "The number thirty-four has won the

great prize of 100,000 francs. The old gentleman gave such a sudden cry that the startled barber, in turning towards him, almost clipped a corner from the ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was shaving.

"What's the matter, Father Landry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered the farmer, who quickly recovered his calmness

Rearranging his spectacles, he read again slowly, spelling each syllable to 'make assurance doubly sure.'

There was no mistake; the number 34. Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an the journal and started off in great agiprevent him from swallowing.

"What is the matter, master?" anx-

"Nothing at all." "You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you," he answered angrily.

During several days he secretly observed the poor woman. Did she know good humor, while her master was in a

One day he dared to asked her, trembling while doing so:

"Is there any news, my good girl?" "Nothing, master, except that one of

the hens has the pip. Very good! She knew nothing about

her good fortune. As for announcing it profit by this marvellous windfall of a his piece of twenty sous-his own bright, Of course, in the service of this miser silver bit! Time was lengthened from. for a new capital.

Then the good woman's mouth would . The poor man had no more appetite for esting or drinking, or power to sleep; "He! he! he! master! You have al- he was dying of uneasiness. Twenty

Having crossed the threshold, he hastily demanded in a joyful voice, while energetically rubbing his hands: "Brigitte, my girl, where have you put your ticket?"

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery ticket, No. 34?" "What lottery?"

"You know very well," he cried, impatiently. "The one you bought with my twenty-sou piece, that I gave you!"

The bride began to laugh stupidly. "Ah! the twenty sous! Listen, Master. One seldom wins in those lotteries.

It was very cold last winter, very cold." "Well, well?" interrogated Landry,

who began to grow very yellow. "Oh, indeed," she concluded, "I did not buy the ticket. With the money I bought me some good fur-lined slippers, which I was sure would do me good. Yes, indeed."-From the French, in

The Indian Witch Dance.

The Indian witch, or medicine dance, is very different from the performances before described. It is really a weird affair, and almost as difficult to witness as the celebrations that New England witches were said to indulge in in the olden time. It must have some religious meaning, although the writer was never able to get exactly at what the meaning was. The medicine men of the Sioux do not seek publicity in their incantations, and it was entirely by chance that I came across three Indians going through some peculiar operations, at a point remote from their camp. A stick about three feet in height was stuck in the ground, and from it hung out in the breeze a long-haired scalp. The hair was dark, and looking on from a short distance I could not tell whether the scalp was that of a white woman or an Indian. It might have been either. The three Indians were leaping and gesturing and at intervals mumbling something, not a song apparently, but disconnected words. Occasionally they would point toward the scalp. Then they would mumble again and jump about. They were not painted, and their attire was different from that of the ordinary braves. They noticed me, and, while they made no demonstration of hostility, their expression meant plainly that they would rather be left alone. The shades of evening were falling on prairie and hill and river. The Missouri stretched like a mighty serpent below, its yellow waters tinctured with a ruddy stain by the final gleam of the setting sun, and here on this hill, away from the painted tents and the silent cottonwood, these children of nature were enacting their strange enchantment to move in some way that supernatural power which seemed to have deserted the Indian race. With cerie feelings I withdrew, leaving them to their superstitution, and conscious that perhaps its parallel might be found among more enlightened nations.-Chicago Herald.

How to Visit the Queen.

Should you be invited by Queen Victoria to dinner, the following, according to Edmund Yates in the New York Tribune, is some of the etiquette that you will have to observe:

Guests are expected to arrive in time to dress for dinner, and they leave after

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity has been put to driving drills. It costs sixty-four cents to run a train

a mile in England. Wooden-spoon making is an extensive industry in Russia, about 30,000,000,000 being the annual product.

Electricity has just been applied to the reeling, weighing and making up into balls of silk and similar woven fabrics.

Iron bolts exposed to water in the bridges over the Thames in England, have in twenty-five years been eaten away one-half.

Silk from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about twothirds as strong.

Japan is about to enter the field as a producer of indigo. The soil and climate of parts of the island are stated to be favorable to the cultivation of the shrub.

An Austrian has invented an instrument resembling a piano in appearance. which contains six violins, two voilas, and two violoncellos, and is manipulated by a keyboard.

A machine, said to be a marvel of lightness and ingenuity, has recently been built in Australia for experiments in flying through the air. It is propelled by an engine fed with compressed air.

The group of bodies termed by chemists the carbo-hydrates-because they are composed of carbon united with oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion in which those two elements combine to form water-contain the well known series of sugars, gums and starches.

A 9.2-inch armor-piercing shell, manufactured by the British firm of Thomas Firth & Sons, was recently subjected to being fired at a fourteen-inch compound plate. The projectile passed clean through the plate. Further tests with this shell will soon be made.

At a test of steel manufactured at Reading, Penn., the other day, a oneinch bar broke at a strain of 233,833 pounds, "being about 20,000 pounds in excess of the highest record authoritavely known." The test was made under the supervision of Government officers.

At the Pechiney Works, at Salindres, France, caustic soda is now prepared for the market in leaves or flakes. This is effected by allowing the hot supersaturated liquor to flow from a funnel between hollow rollers, which latter are kept cool down to a low point by the circulation of cold water within them.

Clay which is pure white, and that also which is discolored, and has been washed to bring it to a uniform shade of color, is used by the manufacturers of paper hangings to give the smooth satin surface to the finished paper. It is used by mixing it up with a thin size, applying it to the surface of the pieces of paper, and then polishing it by means of brushes driven by machinery.

Recent investigations by Professor Geddes, of Edinburgh, Scotland, have led him to reject the commonly accepted views of the origin of thorns. He has found that there is a more or less developed general contrast in vegetative habit between thornless and thorny varieties.

Large Fee for Medical Attendance.

Probably the largest fee for medical or surgical attendance ever paid in New York was the sum of \$100,000 to Dr. Willard Parker, about fifteen years ago, for an operation in a wealthy family resident near New York. The case was one of goitre, a rare affliction in the United States, at least among native Americans, although far from uncommon in France and Switzerland. From the side of the face and the neck hung a large fleshy sack, hideously disfiguring and making life a burden to the heir of several millions. He carried the outgrowth in a black silken bag, which hid it from view, but did not render less conspicuous the fact of its presence. The young man appealed to the surgeons of highest reputation in France and London; but they made an examination and concluded that

an operation would result fatally. Then he turned to the well-known American surgeon, who consented. It is said to have been a most arduous task of surgery. But the patient lived, and without the deformity. Under the circumstances the fee does not appear to have been too large.

But if New York leading physicians and surgeons receive large fees from the rich, they more than make up for this good fortune by free attendance on the poor, not only at medical institutions but also at the houses of patients .- Chicago Herald.

Little Use for Flying Machines.

Flying machines are among the neat possibilities-an enthusiast might almost say probabilities. Man may yet harness himself into a light, tough framework of aluminium, and, compelling the electric current completely to his will. mount the ether like a lark or cleave the clouds like an eagle. But the world has as little practical use for flying machines as it has for the North Pole. Scientists would be deeply interested in them; the rich might conceivably use them as luxurious play-things; adventurous craaks would play mad pranks with then, not "before high heaven," but in high beaven; and the managers of the agricultural fairs and Fourth of July entertainments would hail them with joy as the legitimate heirs to that old favorite, the balloon ascension. But the spectacle of a perfect flying machine tomorrow curving its graceful spiral above the New York Exchange need not shake by a ripple the watery instability of the most dropsical railroad stock in that hydropathic centre. The mass of mankind will live and move forever upon carth's surface. The power that binds solid substances to that surface will never be defied or evaded to any beyond the most limited extent .- North American Review.

Picture Framing.

Picture framing seems to have fol-lowed the upward and onward movement of all present art work, and has now attained to the dignity of an art itself. This is as it should be. How often paintings and engravings are ruined by injudicious framing every one who has taken the trouble to investigate knows very well. One of the first things to be considered in the selection of a frame is the subject of a picture.

For studies of peasant life, "The An-" for insta elaborately carved and heavily molded framing is unsuitable and overpowers the picture itself. One of the most attractive frames for a Breton peasant group had roughly carved farming implements on an antique oak frame; there was no varnish nor careful smoothing of the carver's work, and thus the frame possessed the artistic charm that surrounds Venetian glass; where every piece comes directly from the hand of the designer, and can no more be duplicated than a sunset or a frost landscape, on a window pane. Another, a Dutch interior, "The Burgomaster's Family," had a curious frame of pale red and blue tiles surrounded by a carved molding of time-polished and darkened Jak .- Boston Traveler.

Plate Glass Casting Table.

The casting table of a plate glass factory is about twenty feet long, fifteen feet wide and seven inches thick. Strips of iron on each side afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate to be cast. The molten glass is poured on the table and the roller passing from end to end spreads the glass to a uniform thickness. The glass, after cooling rapidly, is transferred to the annealing oven, where it remains several days. When taken out it is very rough and uneven, and in that state is used for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished.—*Chicago News.*

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobblas's Electric B'dp, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

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READY RELIEF.

ways your little manner of joking; he! he! he!"

One day while Farmer Landry was himself replastering his garden wall, so as only might put his servant in the way to not to pay the mason, he made a false learn her good fortune. step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. He splashed wildly about for a few moments, ing in his bed, he arose with a smile on calling vainly for help with all the power his thin lips. He had found the key to of his lungs. At last, worn out by his the problem. He commenced by orderefforts, he was about to sink from sight, ing Brigitte to kill the plumpest chicken, when Brigitte at last heard him. The devoted creature courageously jumped piece of pork. And finally, he gave his into the water, at the risk of drowning servant money to buy coffee and sugar. herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and session of his mind!" she thought with with rubbing and remedies recalled him a thrill of fear. to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.

you are not drowned and buried in that two, asked her to take her place as his hole!"

The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret-the loss of his trowel, which fell into the water at the some time with himself. woman !" However, he had the decency not to express the wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that also. Indeed, in his servant with a touch of emotion :

"It is you who pulled me out of the hole; I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present." "Oh, master, indeed there is no need

of that!"

"But I tell you I will give you some-thing; don't doubt it !"

And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his ver piece of twenty cents.

Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin.

For the service rendered it was not unbridled gene:osity on the part of the that! giver, and the former had some dim intimation of the fact, for he added (as if to enhance its value):

"It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one, my girl, and you may win twenty thousand dollars."

to the thought of it haunted him for a long time; he constantly wondered about the fate of his bright silver piece. He often asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet, master," was her unvarying answer. But at length she decided to end this

constant questioning by pacifying him. So one day she replied : "Yes, master, I have bought one." "Indeed! Whst number?" "Ob- the number is 34."

times he was on the point of speaking of the ticket to Brigitte; and twenty times he bit the tip of his tongue. One word

One morning, after an unusually sleepless night passed in turning and returnand to cook it in the oven with a good Brigitte asked herself if her master had gone mad?

"Surely some demon has taken pos-

It seemed a fearful increase of the malady when the old gentleman, after "Ah, good master, how glad lam that having ordered her to lay the table for vis-a-vis.

"'Oh, master, I should never, never dare to do that!"

"Sit down there, I tell you, foolish

Brigitte had heard that one must not oppose the wishes of maniacs.

So, without answering, she seated herthe first impulse of gratitude, he said to self in great embarrassment on the edge of the chair.

"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my girl," he said, filling her plate generously.

However, this was not the last surprise for Brigitte. When the coffee was served the old gentleman suddenly said :

"You see, my good Brigitte, this means that I am going to get married!'

"Indeed, master, it is not yet too late ; long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a sil-provingly.

"Since that is your view, if you like, we will marry each other." After the roast chicken and pork, and

the coffee and sugar, Brigitte expected to hear almost any strange thing on the part of her master. But that! Oh, not

"You are joking me, master!" "Not at ail," answered the old peasant. He explained that he was growing old, was without children or family, and did not wish to die alone like a dog. Beside he was grateful! He could not for-It was the first time in his life that the get that Brigitte had saved his life-his poor man allowed himself to be liberal, faithful Brigitte. One must not be forgetful of such a service.

Finally, the worthy woman, whose head was turned by this stroke of good fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a humble servant, marry her master? Think of it! It was, indeed, something to turn one's brain.

The bans were published, and the marriage followed. The couple were greeted at the church by the good na-tured smiles of the whole village.

After the ceremony the pew husband hurriedly conducted his wife home.

breakfast the next morning. The rule is for guests to repair to the corridor in full dress at S:30 o'clock, the dinner being 8:45, and the Queen comes in from her own apartments just as the clocks chime the quarter, bows to the company and proceeds into the oak room, where the meal is served. The dinner is always excellent and the wines are superb, but the conversation at the table is of course most vapid and conventional. After dinner the company usually stand about the corridor, or go into one of the three drawing rooms which adjoin it. The Queen speaks a few moments to each person in succession, then retires. and the guests see her no more, as she never appears in the morning; so that a visit to the Castle does not involve much personal intercourse with her Majesty. After the Queen is gone to her rooms, the company remain in one of the drawing rooms for music or whist, and when the ladies reture the men adjourn to the smoking room, in which is a billiard table, a very comfortable snuggery.

A Mexican Farm.

"On one farm in Mexico I saw enough of the luxuries of life produced to make any man happy," remarked C. F. Wood, of El Paso, Texas. "The farm was not large as some farms go in Mexico, it was, to use a slang phrase, a 'stunner.' I don't think the mind of man could imagine a vegetable product that could not be produced on that farm. At any rate I saw growing there coffee, sugar, rice, potatoes, rye, wheat, oats, corn, berries, cabbage, tomatoes, apples, bananas, cocoa, figs, cochineal, and a dozen other products. On the upper end of this farm you could find gold, silver, sapphires, onyx, and other precions stones. Some of these articles were not produced in quantities large enough to pay to market them, but they were all found there, and all at the service of the owner of the land. Oh, I suppose the farm contained 10,000 or 20,000 acres of land, but it extended through all temperatures and all elevations."-Kansas City Times.

Where Coral Comes From.

The largest quantity and the handmest corais come from the Algerian coast. These coral grounds have been worked since the middle of the sixteenth century. Other coral grounds are found on the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, the Balearics and Provence. More than 500 Italian barks and over 4200 persons are engaged in the coral fishery. Beside these, French and Spanish barks are engaged in the same occupation. The Italian fishermen pay a high royalty to the French Government for their right of fishing for corals on the Algerian coast. There are more than sixty workshops in Italy, forty of which are in the little town, Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius. These shops give employ-ment to about 9000 persons, mostly women and children.

The thorny varieties or species show a more diminishing vegetativeness than their thornless congeners; in fact, they frequently develop their thorns by the actual death of their germ points.

The cutting of veneers is now done by electricity. The veneering machine, instead of cutting or shaving around the entire circumference of the log, as usual, takes a thin slice from the flat side of it, The logs are of any diameter, and are cut into lengths of ten feet. The veneering cutting knife is fixed between two parallel shafts, and the log is carried up and down in front of it with a circular motion by revolving cranks, and is fed against the knife by a retchet and pawl, to the ordinary manner.

Race Changes.

Professor George Barbour, in his work on the resources of Florida, describes the strange race of bipeds which isolation and abnormal climatic influences have developed on the border of the tropics, in the next neighborhood of enterprising Yankee-like communities. But it is not possible that those communities, too, will by and by experience the influence of a winterless climate? Thus far their energy has been sustained by a constant influx of Northern immigrants, but that influx will cease after the population of the North and South has reached the equilibrium of its dis-tribution, and the "cracker" of the hummocks will then come to form the type of a new race. Strange metamorphoses have happened in Southern Europe, and only the incontrovertible testimony of historical records can persvade an ethnologist to recognize the present inhabitants of Sicily as the direct descendants of athletic Grecian colonists and of the heroic Normans who followed Robert Guiscard across the Strait of Messina .--

Man-Food.

New York Voice.

On the large islands in the delta of the Amazon River there are banana gardens which have continued to produce enor-mous crops for nearly a hundred successive years, though the cultivators never use any kind of fertilizers or think it necessary to practice irrigation, or rotation of crops. Two hundred bushels of fruit per acre is considered only a moderate yield, while on the Irish potato farms incessant toil and the use of all available fertilizers fails to insure the tenth part of that produce, and too often even fails to prevent complete degeneration of the plant of which millions have staked their hope of survival. It is true that the potato is not indigenous to the soil of the British Islands, but would it be possible to substitute any perfectly re-liable food-plant, and might it not, after liable food-plant, and angle it not, and all, be the best plan to adopt Paul Courier's suggestion to devote the colder latitudes to pastures and factories and raise our field crops in the tropics?---New York Voice.

Everybody a Skin Breather.

A scientific gentleman of Buenos Ayres, M. Cobes, has discovered that all living animals breathe through their skins as well as through their lungs. Hypodermic injections of oxygen into their skin are taken up by the capillaries of the system in the same manner as when oxygen is breathed through the lungs. The practical part of the discovery is that M. Cobes thinks the hypodermic respiration will become of great use in lung discases.

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