

Contagious Blood Poison.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, who is engaged in the jewelry business at 926 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City, where he is well and favorably known, was a victim of that worst form of disease—contagious blood poison. He realized that his life was about to be blasted, for this terrible disease has baffled the skill of the physicians for ages, and they have never yet been able to effect a cure. His mental despair can better be imagined than described.

In a recent letter he says: "About four years ago I contracted a severe case of contagious blood poison, and it was not long before I was in a terrible condition. I immediately placed myself under treatment of two of the best physicians in Washington city. Their treatment, which I took faithfully for six months, cost me just three hundred dollars, and left me worse than when I began it. My condition can



FRANK B. MARTIN.

best be appreciated, when I state that my throat and mouth were full of sores and my tongue was almost eaten away; I had not taken solid food for three months. My entire body was covered with red blotches, and my hands and feet were sore and my hair was falling out rapidly. I was in a truly pitiable condition.

"I felt that I was incurable, and was in great despair, when a friend recommended S. S. S., stating that it would certainly cure me. I began its use, and when I had finished the fourth bottle, I began to improve, and by the time I had finished eighteen bottles, I was thoroughly rid of the disease; of course, I was not sure that I was cured, but am now convinced, as no sign of the disease has ever returned for four years. S. S. S. is the best blood remedy in the world, and my cure was due solely and alone to it."

Contagious blood poison is the most horrible of all diseases, and has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It has always baffled the doctors, and, until the discovery of S. S. S., was incurable.

For fifty years S. S. S. has been curing this terrible disease, even after all other treatment failed. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and one thousand dollars reward is offered for proof to the contrary. S. S. S. never fails to cure contagious blood poison, or any other disease of the blood. If you have a blood disease, take a remedy which will not injure you. Beware of mercury; don't do violence to your system.

Your books on blood and skin diseases, will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. Quincy, Drawer 156, Chicago, Secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. By so doing you can save membership fee. Has paid over \$600,000.00 for accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

ASK FOR THE LIGHT IN THE MIRROR

Rowen Tablets

ASK FOR THE LIGHT IN THE MIRROR

Ripans Tablets cure constipation. Ripans Tablets for sour stomach. Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative. Ripans Tablets cure liver troubles.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington, England, Measures 240 Feet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate stations, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is "the Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it afoot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually, as one approaches the hill, it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf so as to allow the chair to appear through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snow or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the Long Man, and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures, and, although the very fact of their great antiquity renders it unlikely that historical or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of their peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from the writings of Caesar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames. There is a local saying in Sussex, probably of great antiquity, in which the Long Man is mentioned in reference to the weather. It runs:

When Fife's hill and Long Man has a cap, We at A'ston gets a drap.

SURPRISING THE ORIENTALS.

A Sea of Drifts Watched a Twist Drill Work.

An interesting account of a visit to a Chinese arsenal near Fuchau is given by a correspondent of Cassier's Magazine. He says:

"Taking out two drills, I sent them in and immediately was invited to enter. The official was polite, bowing and shaking his own hands, as is the custom among Chinamen, and offered me a cup of tea.

"There happened to be several forgings in the room, and as I pressed the drills against them and pointed to over the wall he seemed to comprehend what was wanted, and in a few minutes I was in a large, well lighted machine shop. I might say this extensive plant was built and equipped by French engineers some 15 years ago.

"The native foreman examined my tools with great interest and called in several assistants. All looked puzzled and did not seem to know what they were for. Walking to a drill press, I took out the flat drill, and, after considerable packing around the shank, succeeded in getting one of my taper shank twist drills to run fairly true in the spindle. There must have been 50 Chinamen working in the room, and every one had gathered around this press. The foreman ordered them off repeatedly, and then, looking at me, laughed good naturedly and gave it up.

"He brought a piece of cast iron, but I wanted something harder to drill, so I walked over to a large planer and took a long extension tool, made from 3 by 1 1/2 inch tool steel, and clamped it up to the table of the drill press. He shook his head, intimating that the twist drill could not go through, and the crowd of workmen emitted grunts of approval.

"The press started, the lips of the twist drill turned out two spiral chips. The men bowed me to one side. There was a sea of pigtails bending down, watching the marvelous action of that little tool. As the chips grew in length the expressions of wonderment increased.

"It happened that the chips did not break until they were about 14 inches long. Then others started, and each time that they broke off they were eagerly snatched by the men, some burning their fingers, and examined carefully from end to end.

"The dull edges of the drill were shown around and then ground and started again, and the fact that the drill would cut as well as the first time caused increased amazement and murmurs. I have made many tests with twist drills, but never before such an appreciative and demonstrative audience."

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE.

What Six Executives Are Said to Have Told an Englishman.

It was my good fortune to be visiting at the house of a man when he received news of his election to the presidency. To my young mind the mere thought of such high honor was bewildering; I could not picture how I would act in such circumstances. But I did have a vague notion that a man at such a time would act in "dramatic" fashion, call to the gods for aid, ask high heaven to witness his gratitude, register his vow of loyalty to duty and Deity. Here, then, was an opportunity to test my theory, and I awaited results with keen anxiety.

We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open and, her voice all in a tremble, read, "You are elected beyond the shadow of a doubt." I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved; not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed, "Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year." Really, I was tempted to throw my cup of coffee at him, his levity seemed so sacrilegious. I hated him because he was so lacking in human nature. Half an hour later I was passing the stables. Looking in, I saw the "cold blooded" president elect standing by the side of his favorite horse. One arm was thrown over its neck, his face was buried in the mane, and his whole frame was convulsed. That very human side of his nature which he kept out of sight, even when surrounded by his own family, he had revealed to his dear old horse. As I passed on I realized that my boyhood idol was again on its old pedestal and knew that the making of a president had not, in this case, been the unmaking of a man.

Let me close with this one page from Garfield's life. He had won the great prize. Three months of bitter strife with politicians over spoils of office followed his inauguration and exhausted the little store of nervous energy which remained after a long and exciting electoral campaign. Rest was an absolute necessity, and he started on a brief holiday—a visit to his alma mater, in the New England hills. Smiling as he walked into the railway station at a witty speech of his friend Blaine, he fell mortally wounded at the hands of a half crazed assassin. They carried him to the White House—the political Mecca of many millions—and for weeks his sufferings were beyond description. I had a friend who was with him from first to last, and he gave me this little picture of the closing days of Garfield's life. Suffering bred fever, and fever revived his old love of the sea. He begged to be carried to the Atlantic, and his wish was law. One morning my friend, at Garfield's request, lifted him so that his dying eyes might take in a wider sweep of the old Atlantic. And while my friend held in his arms the wasted figure of his old friend he told the president how the whole nation was also looking toward the sea, yes, and praying that God would help and bless their chief magistrate. Garfield pressed the hand of his friend and whispered: "He has blessed me. Could man ask more than such love and sympathy from such a people?" A few hours later the president had put aside forever place and power—paid with his life the awful price of success.

The prize is great; the prize winners are the envy of the many. But I have it on the word of six presidents of the United States that even the winning of this great prize in the lottery of life but throws into clearer relief the great truth, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue?"—Fortnightly Review.

A Coffee Pill.

Take a pill from your pocket, drop it in a cup of hot water and in the twinkling of an eye have coffee as black as your hat and as strong as a team of Percherons.

That sounds like an apocryphal tale, but it is true. This new preparation of caffeine, which is to do away with all the boiling and clarifying and fuss which make the coffee barely worth while, has just been discovered by two German chemists. If their expectations are realized, the making of coffee will be simply the matter of a compound pellet containing the coffee ingredients, along with the milk and sugar.

This is only one of the almost incredible triumphs of German chemistry, which has already produced a quinine which cannot be distinguished, so far as therapeutic quality goes, from the original article.—New York Journal.

An Optimist Hotel Keeper.

Hotel Keeper—What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill? Waiter—Such monstrous prices he never saw. We were an abominable gang of thieves.

Hotel Keeper—Good. So he didn't become abusive, then?—Fliegende Blatter.

FOOD FOR THE FIEND

NEW YORK'S "FIREPROOF" SKYSCRAPERS INVITE A HOLOCAUST.

Once Well Started a Conflagration Might Wipe Out the Best Part of the Business Section—Too Much Iron, Says Chief of Fire Department Bonner.

New York's business section—that part of the city that includes the newest of modern fireproof buildings—is in great danger of being wiped out by fire. Capitalists who furnish the money that pays for erecting these new buildings do not seem to realize this fact, although the veteran chief of the fire department reiterates this statement about once a year. Read what he says.

"That a big section of lower New York some day will be wiped out by fire is probable if existing conditions continue," Fire Chief Bonner said to a Press reporter.

These conditions are the height of the buildings, the material used in their construction, the narrowness of the streets and the inadequacy of the water supply.

It is a favorite argument that if worst came to worst, buildings ahead of a burning area could be blown up, as the farmer turns a dead furrow to check the prairie fire. This theory is not advanced any more by intelligent men, says the chief.

"We can fight a fire 125 feet high, or ten stories. Above that we are well nigh helpless. They say that the modern tall fireproof building needs not as much protection as the ordinary low structure. But the fireproof building is yet to be built. The communists couldn't destroy Paris in 1871 even by the use of barrels of petroleum. In American buildings are all the necessities of a big, hot fire, without the aid of a drop of petroleum. The large structures in foreign cities are built far more solidly than ours. Having fewer floors and less wood, European builders get along with little inside trim of wood. Iron and steel in these days have taken the place in this country of masonry. Nothing withstands fire as well as a well constructed brick wall. Iron columns are covered with four inches of terra cotta or brick, which fire and water can tear off in a short time. Then the stripped iron is left to warp and twist and tumble. I believe the covering should be eight inches.

"With only one night watchman in a building, in danger, like all mortals, of sudden sickness or incapacity, and with no night elevator, a fire could get a good headway in the upper floors of a 20 or 30 story building. Bursting out of the windows and fanned by a strong wind, the flames could easily leap the narrow streets of lower New York and a fire of enormous extent and damage begin.

"I have always opposed putting a big building in City Hall park, believing that the time might come when that area, needful as a base of operations, would be the salvation of the city."

Most of the new skyscrapers have fire fighting appliances of their own of more or less value. Tanks on the roof and in the collar are supplied and kept full by various systems, but these are as much for the ordinary requirements of tenants as for possible use in fire. Some of the structures have standpipes inside or outside the wall. Legally there is no way of compelling the builders of what is called a "fireproof" building to put in more than the most ordinary fire appliances, even above the 125 foot line.

Building a 20 story structure is much like building a dwelling house in one respect—there's always deviations from the plans and improvements upon them. For every alteration from the drawings filed with the building department the permission of the board of examiners must be had. If the alterations are proper, consent is granted, but on condition that approved fire appliances be put in the building, particularly in the upper stories. These include a stipulation that at least one elevator shall be ready to run at any time in the night in order that the firemen can get up and down quickly; the putting of hose and fire buckets on each floor, and, usually, a standpipe, with couplings for each floor. When the builders consent to add these equipments and others deemed necessary, including a competent night watch service, permission is granted to make the alterations. This applies, of course, only to buildings under construction recently. Of those already up there is small hope unless the underwriters' offer of lower premiums appeal sufficiently to the pocketbook.

To the end that the fire resistance of building materials shall be known positively, fire tests have been made under the supervision of the superintendent of buildings. Three such public exhibitions already have been held, and they will be continued at intervals through the winter. When finished, Superintendent Constable will make a report to the board of examiners.

The cry for more water in the lower part of the city has been insistent for years. Many have been the plans for reservoirs at the Battery and on either side half a mile or a mile up stream. Every time an extra line of pipe has been laid with the object of furnishing the needed surplus it has been tapped up town. The fire and building departments hope that the two 48 inch mains being laid in Fifth avenue will be left for the relief of the section below Chambers street. Chief Bonner says the Forty-second street reservoir should not be disturbed until water is flowing undiverted through these mains to the locality that needs it most and for which it is intended.

That New York will be brought face to face with grave peril from the 80 storied structures unless precautions plentiful and timely are taken is not doubted by those who have studied the problem of maintaining safety with mountainous firebrands in narrow streets.—New York Press.

CREAM OF WHEAT

It is not only one of the most delicate and delicious Breakfast Foods ever offered to the public, but, in addition, being composed almost entirely of pure gluten, is one of the most healthful and nutritious foods known.

NORTH DAKOTA MILLING COMPANY, GRAND FORKS, N. D.

Solely for the U. S. Market

For the whole family

Lively Liver, Pure Blood, Beautiful Complexion, Perfect Health in

Cascarets

CANDY GATHARTIC CURE

NEVER GRIPE NEVER SICKEN NEVER WEAKEN.

10c 25c

Purely vegetable, eat like candy, never fail to induce a natural action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Absolutely guaranteed to cure constipation or your money refunded. 10, 25 or 50c. All druggists. Sample and book free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

NO-TO-BAG GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE

Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 50,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bag is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Fully 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impatient man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Quit and Enjoy Your Life Anew" written guarantee and free sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO or New York.

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY YOUR OWN DRUGGISTS

19 Years' Experience

Just think of the wealth of wisdom and experience, accumulated during 19 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$100 you pay for

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows its quality and workmanship are right—the Columbia scientific methods make them so.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

JUST THINK OF IT!

The MIDDLEBURGH POST

--- and the ---

New York WEEKLY TRIBUNE,

Both one Year for \$1.75