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FOLLYS HONEYANDTAR

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

enemy is not a good thing."

"This diamond does not come from an enemy, monsieur." replied D'Artagnan. "It comes from the queen."

"From the queen! Oh, oh!" said M. de Treville. "Why, it is indeed a true royal jewel, which is worth 1,000 pistoles if it is worth a denier. By whom did the queen send you this jewel?"

"She great it to me hersel!"

did the queen send you this jewel?"
"She gave it to me herself." And he related to M. de Treville how the affair had passed.
"Listen to me," said M. de Treville; "shall I give you a good piece of advice—a piece of friendly advice?"
"You will do me honor, monsieur," said D'Artagnan.
"Well, then, go to the nearest gold-smith's and sell that diamond for the highest price you can get from him.

"Then at least turn the gem inside.

you silly fellow, for everybody must be aware that a cadet from Gascony does not find such gems in his mother's jew-

"You think, then, I have something to dread?" asked D'Artagnan. "What

must I do?"
"Be particularly, and at all times, on

your guard. The cardinal has a tena-cious memory and a long arm. You may depend upon it, he will repay you by some ill turn. Take every care.

The least that can be expected is that you will be arrested. Mistrust every-body, your friend, your brother, your mistress—your mistress in particular. A woman is one of the cardinal's fa-

D'Artagnan thought of the appoint

him for that very evening, but M. de Treville did not inspire him with the

Treville did not inspire him with the least suspicion of his pretty hostess. "But," resumed M. de Treville, "what

Aramis at Crevecoeur, with a ball in

his shoulder, and Athos at Amlens, de-

tained by an accusation of coining!"
"See there, now!" said M. de Treville. "And how did you escape?".
"By a miracle, monsieur, I must ac-

me of your three companions?

D'Artagnan ran Rome immediately. Planchet, who had returned from Lon-

Planchet, who had returned from London, opened the door to him.

"Has any one brought a letter for me?" asked D'Artagnan eagerly.
"No one has brought a letter, monsteur." replied Planchet, "but there is one come of itself. When I came in, sithough I had the key of your apartment in my pocket, and that key had never been out of my possession, I found a letter upon the green table found a letter upon the green table cover in your bedchamber. I left it where I found it, monsieur. Beware, monsieur, there is certainly some

monsieur. there is certainly magic in it."

While Planchet was saying this the young man had darted into his chamber and setzed and opened the letter. It was from Mme. Bonacieux and was conceived in these terms:

conceived in these terms:

There are many thanks to be offered to you and to be transmitted to you. Be this evening about 10 o'clock at St. Cloud, in front of the pavilion built at the corner of the hotel of M. d'Estrees.

It was the first billet he had received, it was the first partice yous that had ever been granted him. His heart, swelled by the intoxication of joy, felt ready to dissolve.

ready to dissolve.

At 7 o'clock in the morning he arose and called his servant.

"Planchet," said he, "I am going out

"Planchet," said he, "I am going out for all day perhaps. You are therefore your own master till 7 o'clock in the evening, but at 7 o'clock you must hold yourself in readiness with two horses. By this evening there will be four in the guard stables."

Nodding to Planchet, D'Artagnan went out.

M. Bonacleux was standing at his door. D'Artagnan's intention was to door. D'Artagnan's intention go out without speaking to the worthy mercer, but the latter made so polite and friendly a salutation that his ten-

smith's and sell that chandled for the highest price you can get from him. He will give you at least 800 pistoles. Pistoles have no name, young man, and that ring has a terrible one, which ant felt obliged not only to stop, but to enter into conversation with him. Besides, how is it possible to avoid a little condescension toward a husband whose pretty wife has appointed a may betray him who wears it." "Sell this ring—a ring which comes from my sovereign—never!" said D'Ar-

meeting with you that same evening at St. Cloud, opposite the pavilion of M. d'Estrees? The conversation naturally fell upon

the incarceration of the poor man, M. Bonacieux expatiated at great length upon the Bastille.

D'Artagnan listened to him with ex-

emplary complaisance and when he had finished said: "And Mme. Bonneleux, do you know who carried her off, for I do not forget that I owe to that unpleasant cir-

cumstance the good fortune of having made your acquaintance?"
"Ah!" said Bonacleux. "They took good care not to tell me that, and my good care not to tell me that, and my wife on her part has sworn to me by all that's sacred that she does not know. But you," continued M. Bonscieux in a tone of perfect bonhomie, "what has become of you for several days past? I have not seen either you or any of your friends."
"My dear M. Bonacleux, my friends and I have been on a little journey."
"Far from Paris?"
"Oh. Lord, no! A bout forty leagues

"Oh, Lord, no! About forty leagues only. We went to take M. Athos to the waters of Forges, where my friends have remained.' "May I know Whether you will be ate tonight?" asked Bonacleux.

"Why do you ask me that questi my dear host?"
"Since my arrest and the robbery

I am alarmed every time I hear a dec opened."

am alarmed every time I hear a door opened, particularly in the night."
"Well, don't be alarmed if I come home at 1, 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Indeed, do not be alarmed if I do not come at all."
This time Bonacieux became so pale that D'Artagnan could not do other-

that D'Artagnan could not do other-wise than perceive it and asked him what was the matter.
"Nothing," replied Ronacieux, "noth-ing, only since my misfortunes I have been subject to faintnessea."
"Perhaps this evening Mme. Bona-cieux will visit the conjugal domi-cieux will visit the conjugal domi-

"mma. Bonacieux is not at liberty
this evening," replied the husband seriousiy. "She is detained at the
Louvre this evening by her duties."
"So much the worse for you, my
dear host,"
And the young man departed, laughting at his take.

dear host."

And the young man departed, laughing at his joke, which he thought he
alone comprehended.

"Ah, have your laugh out!" replied
Bonacleux in a sepulchral tone.

But D'Artagnan was too far off to

hear him, and if he had heard him in the disposition of mind he then enjoy-ed he would not have remarked it. He found M. de Treville in the joy of his heart. He had thought the king and queen charming at the ball. The cardinal had been particularly ill tem-pered.

a butterfly on a tapestry." "There again! De Wardest one of the cardinal's men, a cousin of Roche-fort's. In your place I would do one thing. I would take, without the sound of drum or trumpet, the road to Picardy and would go and make some inquiries concerning my three compan-

"Tomorrow! And why not this even-

This evening, monsieur, I am detained in Paris by an indispensable

vice and set out this evening."
"It is impossible, monsieur."
"Well, promise if you should not happen to be killed tonight that you

will go tomorrow."
"I promise you, monsieur."
And D'Artagnan left M. de Treville
penetrated more than ever by his pa-ternal solicitude for his musketeers.

He called successively at the abodes of Athos, Porthos and Aramis. None of them had returned. Their lackeys likewise were absent, and nothing had been heard of either masters or servants. As he passed the Hotel des Garde he took a giance into the stables. Three out of the four horses were already arrived. Planchet, all astonishment, was busy grooming them and had already finished two.

nsieur." said Planchet on perceiving D'Artagnan, "how glad I am to see you. Do you place confi-dence in our landlord, M. Bonacieux?" "I? Not the least in the world."

"While you were talking with him is watched him. Monsieur, his countenance changed so two or three times!" "Indeed!" "Still more, as soon as monsieur had left and disappeared round the corner of the street M. Bonacieux took his hat, shut his door and set off at a

quick pace in an opposite direction."
"It seems you are right, Planche
All this appears to be a little myster "Monsieur jokes, but monsi-see. He has not renounced sursion for this evening?"

"Quite the contrary, Planchet. At 9 evelock be ready here at the hotel. I will come and take you."

Planchet seeing there was no longer any hope of making his master remounce his project heaved a profound sigh and set to work to groom the third horse.

The Pavillen.

T 9 o'clock D'Artaguan was at the Hotel des Gardes the Hotel des Gardes. He found Planghet under arms, The fourth horse bad arrived.

Now," said M. de Treville, lowering his voice and looking round to every corner of the apartment to see if they were alone; "now let us talk about you, my young friend, for it is evident that your fortunate return has something to do with the joy of the king, the triumph of the queen and the humiliation of the cardinal. You must take care of vourself."

Planchet was armed with his musterion and a pistol. D'Artaguan had his sword and placed two pistols in bis bett. Then both mounted and departed quietly. It was quite dark, and no one saw them go out.

D'Artaguan rouself was armed with his musterion and a pistol. D'Artaguan had his bett. Then both mounted and department of the particular in the property of the particular in the property of the property of the particular in the partic

proceeded along the road, much more beautiful then than it is now, which

beautiful then than it is now, which leads to St. Cloud.

As soon as the road began to be more lonely and dark Planchet drew softly nearer to D'Artagnan, so that when they entered the Bois de Boulogne he found himself riding quite naturally side by side with his master. D'Artagnan could not help perceiving that something more than usual was passing in the mind of his lackey and said:

"Well, Master Planchet, what is the matter with us now?"

"Ah, monsieur," replied Planchet, recurring to his besetting idea, "that M. Bonacleux has something victous in his eyebrows, his lips!"

"What makes you think of Bonacleux man and the server." tagnan, "as long as I shall have the good fortune to enjoy the favor of their majesties?" "Everything, believe me. The cardinal is not the man to forget a mystification until he has settled his accounts with the mystifier."

"Do you believe that the cardinal knows as much as you do and knows that I have been to London?"

"London! Was it from London you

brought that beautiful diamond that glitters on your finger? Beware, my dear D'Artagnan; a present from an enemy is not a good thing."

What makes you think of Bonacleux now?"

cleux now?"
"Monsieur, we think of what we can and not of what we will. Is not that the barrel of a musket which glitters youder? Had we not better ower our heads?"
"In truth," murmured D'Artagnan

to whom M. de Treville's warning re-curred, "in truth this animal will end by making me afraid." And he put his horse into a trot.

Planchet followed the movements of his master as if he had been his shadow and was soon trotting by his

"Are we going to continue this pad "No, for you on your part are at your journey's end. You are cold,

Planchet. Go into one of those inns that you see yonder and be waiting for me at the door by 6 o'clock in the D'Artagnan sprang from his horse

parted at a quick pace, folding his cloak around him. "Good Lord, how cold I am!" cried Pinnete as soon as he had lost sight of his master, and in such haste was he to warm himself, that he went straight to a house set out with all the attributes of a suburban inn and

knocked at the door. In the meantime D'Artagnan, who had plunged into a bypath, continued his route and gained St. Cloud. He found himself soon in front of the pa vilion named. It was situated in a very private spot. A high wall at the angle of which was the pavilion, ran along one side of this lane, and on the other was a little garden, connected with a poor cottage, which was protected from passengers by a hedge. He gained the place appointed, and as no signal had been given him by which to announce his presence, he

Not the least noise was to be heard. It might be imagined that he was a hundred miles from the capital. D'Artagnan leaned against the hedge, after having cast a glance behind him. At the end of a few minutes the belfry of St. Cloud let fall slowly ten strokes from its sonorous jaws. o'clock when I heard a noise in the street. I opened the gate and saw three men at a few paces from it. In the shade was a carriage with two horses, and a man held three saddle horses.

His eyes were fixed upon the little knowledge, with a sword thrust in my pavilion situated at the angle of the breast and by nailing M. le Comte de wall, of which all the windows were wardes on the byroad to Calais like closed with shutters, except one on the a butterfly on a tapestry." first story. Through this window shone a mild light.

barragian waited half an honr without the least impatience. The belfry of St. Cloud struck half-past 10. This time, without at all knowing why, D'Artagnan felt a cold shive run through his veins.

The idea selzed him that he had read

"Yes, monsieur, the one with which I gather my fruit."
"Lend it to us and go into your house again; there is a crown for the annoyance we have caused you. Only remember this, if you speak a word of what you may see or what you may incorrectly, and that the appointment was for 11 o'clock. But he had not been mistaken; the appointment was for 10 o'clock. He resumed his post, beginning to "After giving the ladder I pretended to return to the house, but immediate-ly went out at a back door, and, steal-

be pretty uneasy at this silence and this solitude. Eleven o'clock struck. D'Artagnan began now really to fear that something had happened to Mme Bonacleux. He clapped his hands three times, the ordinary signal of lov-ers, but nobody replied to him-not even an echo. He then thought with a touch of vexation that perhaps the young woman had fallen asleep while waiting for him.

At that moment he thought of some trees, upon whose leaves the light still shone, and as one of them drooped over the road he thought that from its branches he might succeed in gettin branches, and his keen eyes plunged through the transparent window into

the interior of the pavilion.

He saw a scene of fearful disorder.

One of the windows was broken, the
door of the chamber had been beaten in and hung, split in two, on its hinges, a table, which had been covered with an elegant supper, was overturned, the decanters broken in pieces and the fruits, crushed, strewed the floor. Ev-erything in the apartment gave evi-dence of a violent and desperate strug-gle. D'Ariagnan even fancied he could recognize amid this strange disorder fragments of garments and some bloody spots staining the cloth and the

He hastened down into the street

and then perceived that the ground, trampled here and hoof marked there, presented confused traces of men and horses. Besides, the wheels of a carriage, which appeared to have come from Paris, had made a deep impression in the soft earth, which did not extend beyond the pavilion, but turned again toward Paris.

At length D'Artagnan, in following up his researches, found near the wall a wpman's torn glove. Then he became almost wild. He ran along the high road, took the path be had before taken, and, coming to the ferry, closely interrogated the boatman.

About 7 o'clock in the evening, the

interrogated the boatman.

About 7 o'clock in the evening the boatman said, he had taken over a young woman enveloped in a black mantle, who appeared to be very anxious not to be seen. Everything conspired to prove to D'Artagnan that his presentiments had not deceived him

and that a great mistortune had nappened. He again ran back to the chateau. It appeared to him that something might have happened at the payillon in his absence and that fresh information awaited him. The lane was still empty, and the same caim soft light shone from the window.

D'Afragan then thought of that should be considered to the extermination of the constant of the consta

D'Artagnan then thought of that sition of the fly four steps are outlined: of a chained-up dog, went up to the cabin and knocked. It soon appeared

"In the name of heaven! Listen to me. Speak!"

D'Artagnan had ended he

would befall me!"

"What do you mean?" cried D'Arta-

gnan. "In the name of heaven, tell me, explain yourself!"
"Oh, monsieur," said the old man,
"ask me nothing, for if I told you
what I have seen certainly no good
would beful me!"

"You have then seen something?" replied D'Artagnan. "In that case, in the name of heaven," continued he, throwing him a pistole, "tell me what

you have seen and I will pledge you the word of a gentleman that not one of your words shall escape from my

beart."

The old man said: "It was scarcely

"Ah, my worthy gentlemen! cried
L. 'What do you want?"
"'Have you a ladder?' said the lead-

what you may see or what you may

ing along in the shade of the hedge, I gained yonder clump of elder, from which I could hear and see everything.

"The three men brought the carriage up quietly and took out of it a little man, stout, short, elderly and commonly dressed in clothes of a dark color, who ascended the ladder very tarefully, looked suspiciously in at the window of the pavillon, came down and whispered:

me approached the door of the pa villon, opened it with a key he had in his hand, closed the door and disap

other two men ascended the ladder. The little old man remained at the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pike Once High Priced Fish. The pike is a fish for which now there is little demand. Yet Edward

L, who regulated the prices of dif-

be at the mercy of the venders, fixed

salmon and at more than ten times

that of the best turbot. Pike are sup posed to live longer than any other fish in spite of their former populari

ty as rood. Geener relates that in 1407 a pike was caught in Suabla with a ring attached inscribed, "I was first put into this lake by the hands of the

governor of the universe, Frederick II., Oct. 5, 1230." This is the fish's story.—London Spectator.

First Commuter—I bought this book, "What He Told His Wife," at the

newsstand Thought it might be spicy.
Second Commuter—You're off! If it were, the title would be "What He Didn't Tell His Wife."—Boston Tran-

y as food. Gesner relates

ent fish that his subjects might not

coach door, the coachman took er

and whispered:
"'It is she!'
"Immediately he who had spe

ing along in the shade of the hedge

to escape.

As the first step addresses on the subject are being made before the va-rious women's clubs and in the schools of the city. Circulars and booklets will

The extermination of the winter fly is a problem for the individual house keeper. Don't let one fly escape you. Hunt for them and kill them, for the winter fly is the most dangerous of the race. The winter fly is the mother of

all next summer's terrible throng.

To do away with the fly breeding places is merely a matter of cleanli-ness, for the fly is a scavenger, a lover of filth and an habitual follower after all that is unclean and unwho Clean houses, gardens and yards, clean streets and alleyways discourage the fly in its breeding proclivities, and therefore the doctrine of cleanliness is to be preached by the anti-fly cru saders, along with the sermons on the

deadly character of the insect.

And carrying out the fourth step all
the house furnishing stores in the city
will be asked to carry in stock and push the sale of fly traps, marvelous little wire screen houses to be baited with milk, wherein a fly once entrap-ped is doomed. With the campaign of to him that he heard a slight hoise education will be given complete in-within, a timid noise, which seemed structions for the use of the fly trap, itself to tremble lest it should be which may be placed on porches on the structions and the structions for the use of the fly trap. that the best it should be which may be placed on porches of the best it should be window sills, on garbage palls—any where that files are likely to congre and prayed with an accent so full of gate, but always on the outside of the house before it has a polary, that his voice was of a nature to reassure the most fearful.

"In the name of heaven!" cried he.

"This city is to be divided into dis-

son and disease.

This city is to be divided into districts and each district divided again into clans and clubs, and from each "Isten to me. I have been waiting for some one who is not come; I am dying with anxiety. Has anything particular happened in the neighborhood? Speak!"

The window was opened slowly, and reach out, grappling with the subject

the pale face of an old man appeared.
D'Artaganan related his story simply, with the omission of names. The old man listened attentively. When

Here He Is-

tion of the fly four steps are outlined:
First.—To educate the people as to
the deadly nature of the fly.
Second.—To kill off all winter flies—
those hidden about the houses, waiting
their season of forage.
Third.—To do away with all breeding
places for flies.
Fourth.—To trap all flies that happen

be distributed among the children of the schools, to be carried by them to their homes; posters and illustrated bulletins will be placed in the schools, in the street cars and other public

Swat Him!



Or, Better Yet-

Prevent the fly from breeding losed pits or bins and sprinkling it

Under the Swatter's Banner. Of course it isn't pleasant to think of flies trailing their contaminated wings over your food, but you can't make war with rosewater, and civilization has declared war on the fly. There-fore you must think of these things. If the pest is to be exterminated it must be in the home, and every housewife must become a crusader and march under the sign of the swatter. When that instrument of man's su-premacy and enlightenment shall hang over every mantel in the land-ever

displacing the crayon portrait of grand-father, if necessary—then, and not till then, the fly's epitaph will be written. In hoc signo vinces (by this sign you shall conquer.)—New York Times, June

A HOMEMADE FLY POISON.

Beat together the yolk of one egg. one-third cupful sweet milk, one level tablespoonful of sugar and a level teaspoonful of black pepper. Put on plates and se where files abound. After a few hours, says Emma P. Telford, you will find the floor covered with dead or stunned flies. Sweep

New Work For Boy Scouts.



Keep This Fly Off Your Sugar



Although flies feed regularly

Dragging their germ laden feet and bodies over foodstuffs, they carry dis-ease germs from infected filth to food. We may thus take into our stomachs ms accessible to the flies, Consideration,

Duke—Why do you call your dog Feathers? Count—Because I dislike to call him down. I suppose the fast mail will not stop here in Hayrille unless it is fisgged? Native Son-Flagged! She won't stop here unless she is wrecked, mum.— Illinois Central Employees' Magazine.

Swat the Fly! It Is the Most Dangerous Animal on Earth!

When bacteriologists inform us that HOUSEFLIES AS

CARRIERS OF DISEASE.

Flies spread tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, summer complaint and fever, summer complaint and fever of babies by carrying disease from one to snother.

Keep everything clean and there will be no flies.

Don't let flies have a place to lay their eggs. lay their eggs.

Keep covered all places where young flies may be hatched.

Put screens at windows and doors. Where is dirt there are flies.

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Rapid Going.

Full many a tourist is a bluff
Who as his devious way he wends
Stops in each place just long enough
To send some postcards to his frient
—Washington S.