

# S.S.S.

Mrs. Geo. P. Smoot, a highly cultivated and estimable lady of Prescott, Ark., writes under date of April 22, 1900: "During the summer of 1897 my eyes became inflamed, and my stomach and liver hopelessly disordered. Nothing I ate agreed with me. I took chronic diarrhoea, and for some time my life was despaired of by my family. The leading physicians of the country were consulted, but the medicines administered by them never did me any permanent good, and I lingered till May, 1898. I became diagnosed with physical and mental prostration. I dropped from all and depended solely on Switt's Specific (S. S. S.), a few bottles of which made me permanently well from then until now."

**It Builds up Old People.**  
My mother who is a very old lady, was physically broken down. The use of Switt's Specific (S. S. S.) has entirely restored her to health.

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Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 25th & 1911

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**Hicken's America Salve.**  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, eczema, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

It is remarkable how seldom people who fall into bad habits break them.

**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS,** made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.

**CATARH CURED,** health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free by T. C. Smith & Co.

Autumn takes the verdure from the trees, but spring will bring them to their real life.

If you feel "out of sorts," cross and peevish—take Dr. J. McLean's Sarsaparilla; cheerfulness will return and life will acquire new zest. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

Everything that is nice in this world grows on the other side of a barbed-wire fence.

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Far Wine Lung Balm. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

"You needn't try to play it on me," as the fire up in the steeple said to the hose man.

**SHILOH'S VITALIZER** is what you need for Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Debility, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

**ROUP, WHOOPING COUGH** and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

The fly season ends with the base ball season, but the fowl season will last till Christmas.

The blood must be pure for the body to be in perfect condition. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and imparts the rich bloom of health and vigor to the whole body. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

He had been a teacher. Snorer—Have you ever paid school tax? Sinner—No, but I have sat on them.

**She Was Completely Cured.**  
A daughter of my customer suffered from suppressed menstruation, and her health was completely wrecked. At my suggestion she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, which cured her. J. W. Williams, Water Valley, Miss. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If any one doubts the power of music, let him try to think while a small boy sings on the back fence and a piano is being tortured downstairs.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Admiring Friend (to struggling artist)—That drawing is grand! Is there anything you can't draw? Struggling Artist—Yes; my check and a prize in the lottery.

**For Ladies Only.**  
Ladies—why is it, that when your husband or your children are ill, you consult the best physician at once, care for them day and night, wear yourself out with sleepless watching, and never begrudge the heaviest doctor's bill, if only the dear ones are restored to health; while day after day, week after week, you endure that dull pain in your back—that terrible "dragging-down" sensation—and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure? For ten years you will be helpless invalid, and soon your broken hearted husband and motherless children will follow you to the grave. Perhaps delicacy prevents you consulting a physician—but even this is unnecessary. Poor sufferer, tell your husband how miserably you feel—persuade your never-did—and ask him to stop to night and get you a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has cured thousands of women suffering from weaknesses and complaints peculiar to your sex.

"Do you remember that awfully smart boy you used to have in your office, Johnny Smith?" "O, yes." "How did he come out?" "He hasn't come out. He got twenty years in Sing Sing."

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can now cure them using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

The trees are leafless all and serene. The meadows erst abound with clover. The eye now rests on landscapes drear. The storm clouds in the skies appear. But do we grieve that fall is here? Oh! no, the base ball season's over.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails. 50 cents, by all druggists.

Pank-stricken Audience (at the theatre)—Fire! Fire!  
Manager (rushing in)—There is not a particle of danger, ladies and gentlemen. Put on the cork jackets you will find under the seats and we'll let loose the tank.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

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CREATES many a new business;  
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REVIVES many a dull business;  
RESCUES many a lost business;  
SAVES many a failing business;  
PRESERVES many a large business;  
SECURES success in any business.

To advertise judiciously, use the columns of "The Citizen." Everybody reads it, and in proportion to the returns it yields advertisers, its rates are the cheapest in the country.

If you are all run down—have no strength, no energy, and feel very tired all the time—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will impart strength and vitality to your system. For sale by F. L. Jacobs, druggist.

Landladies are famous gossips; they pay great attention to roomers.

## HER LITTLE SISTER.

"Lizzie has gone again," said Mrs. Crest. "Lizzie's no sort of use to me of late. I don't know what's come to the child, but she does act to me as if she was bewitched."

Frances Crest set down the blue rimmed plate she was wiping with a coarse homespun towel.

"Where is she, mother?" said she. "Out in the woods, I suppose. It's where she always goes."

"Mother, you must remember that Lizzie is young. Don't be hard upon her!" pleaded Frances.

Mrs. Crest was Farmer Obed Crest's second wife, and Frances, the tall, pale girl with the somber brown eyes and the oval, colorless face, was the good woman's stepdaughter, while pretty 18-year-old Lizzie was her own and only child.

"But for that," said Mrs. Crest, "I put a deal more dependence on Frances than I do on Lizzie. Frances is all the same to me as my own child."

"Hard upon her!" she repeated querulously. "What I'm afraid of is that Frances is too easy with her. She's always had her own way in everything. And she takes it dreadful hard that you should be going to Albany and she left at home. I never knew such nonsense in my life!"

A disturbed expression passed over Frances' face.

"It's natural," she should feel so, mother," she urged gently.

Frances Crest had diligently taught school for three consecutive seasons to earn the money for this coveted winter in Albany, during which she had promised herself to take music lessons and add to her knowledge of art and literature.

For she was engaged to Stephen Ellsworth, and she longed with an exceeding great desire to make herself worthy of his love.

"I'm only a country girl," she said to herself, "and he lives in the city, where he is meeting brilliant women every day. And it would be dreadful if, after we were married, he should be ashamed of me."

Rigney, a distant cousin of the Crests, had offered to give Frances a home for the winter for what she could render in household matters, and the money she had saved was to be spent in suitable dress, lessons and other expenses.

And, best of all, she would see Stephen Ellsworth every day.

She finished her household tasks and went quietly out to the nook in the woods where she knew that she should find Lizzie.

And here, with her head leaning listlessly against a tree trunk, sat a lovely girl of scarcely eighteen, with deep blue eyes, full, cherry red lips, and a complexion like a lily and a rose. One hand was immersed in the cool, running water; the other held a crumpled pocket handkerchief, drenched with tears.

"Lizzie!" exclaimed Frances, "you have been crying?"

"Crying? Of course I've been crying!" retorted Lizzie Crest. "Who wouldn't cry, to be left alone in this dismal hole all winter long, while you are enjoying yourself in the city? But I won't stay here. I'll run away and go on the stage, or else I'll drown myself in Packer's pool."

"Lizzie! Lizzie! think what you are saying!"

"I don't care!" pouted Lizzie. "What is life worth in a place like this?"

And she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Frances sat down and took the golden head tenderly into her lap.

All her life long she had been accustomed to subordinate her will to that of this lovely, tempestuous spirit. What signified one sacrifice more or less?

"Don't cry any more, Lizzie!" she whispered. "I've made up my mind. You shall go to Aunt Josie instead of me."

"And I'll wait another year," added Frances, swallowing a lump in her throat. "You shall have the music lessons and the art lectures; you shall see what a winter in the city is like."

Lizzie's eyes sparkled; her cheeks were red. She flung her arms around Frances' neck, with a sudden cry of rapture.

"Yes, I do," bravely uttered Frances. "But mother won't consent."

"I will see to that."

Once more Lizzie showered soft, warm kisses on her sister's cheek.

"Oh, you darling! you sweet, guardian angel!" she cried. "And I am a selfish little beast to allow you to sacrifice yourself in this outrageous fashion! But if you know how I have longed to escape from this dreadful groove of housework, and sewing, and butter making!"

"You shall escape, Lizzie," said Frances. "And no one ever knew the bitterness of the tears she shed when Lizzie went to Albany."

Mrs. Crest remonstrated stoutly, but Frances held to her own way, and Lizzie's entreaties were not to be withstood.

"Frances don't care," pleaded she. "Frances always was a human being. And I'm so much younger than she is, and—"

"And so much prettier," quietly spoke the elder sister. "Yes, Lizzie dear, I know it."

Lizzie laughed and tossed her golden curls.

"At all events," said she, "I think I ought to have a fair chance."

Lizzie's letters from Albany were full of life and sparkle. She was like a bird let loose. Everything was couleur de rose to her. The city streets were a dream of delight; the opera was an actual reality. Her new dresses filled her with delight; she was improving so fast in music and drawing, and she could not imagine how she had ever lived all those dreary, dragging years in the old farm house at home.

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She'd see that scarceness out there in the field. He—that isn't a scarecrow. It must be, see how motionless it is. That's the hired man at work."

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One House, 12 rooms, \$20 per month.  
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One House, 8 rooms, 10 " "  
One House, 6 rooms, 10 " "  
One Farm of 50 acres, and 8 room brick house, adjoining Vanderbilt property, \$10,000, or \$30 per month. Apply to

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out sleighing and to the picture galleries and theatres, "all on dear old Frances' account, of course," she added, with a smile of merry mischief.

She could not say enough in praise of Stephen Ellsworth. He was so handsome, so stylish, the old Ellsworth mansion on State street was so elegant, he sent her such exquisite cut flowers and baskets of fruit!

And Frances, reading those letters at home after her day's work of school teaching was over, tried to rejoice in her young sister's happiness.

"Oh, dear," she said one day. "I should like to see the child in her new dresses. I think I'll go up to Albany and surprise her. Lucy Lampson will take the school for a week. Dear little Lizzie! how astonished she will be!"

"Wife," said Farmer Crest hoarsely, when Frances had gone up to bed, full of her new plan, "I don't know's we ought to let her go."

"Why not, Obed?"

"I saw Dr. Jones' son (his name being He is just home from the Albany Medical college, and he says every one is talking of our Lizzie's engagement to Cap'n Ellsworth."

"Obed Crest, you're a dreamer!"

"I wish I was, wife—I wish I was! But it's only what we'd ought to have expected. Lizzie is as pretty as a picture and as frothy as a bowl o' soup, and brimful o' mischief into the bargain. And Ellsworth's only a mortal man, after all. Frances ought to have married her to do so, only she wouldn't leave us until we'd paid the mortgage on the farm and got even with the world."

"But, Obed, what are we to do? I can't tell her," sobbed the old lady.

"Not I, neither. There's no help for it, wife; she's got to find it out for herself."