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Having returned to Roxboro, I again offer my professional services to the citizens of the the town and surrounding country.
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Has been put in first class order and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to all depots and business portions of the town. Large and well-lighted sample rooms. Also a good Pool room attached. J. R. FRENCH, Prop.
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I am prepared to do all kinds of work connected with the milling business. New mills put in; all kinds of repairing, etc., done in the best manner; prices moderate; satisfaction guaranteed.
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VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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This old company, now more than half a century in successful operation, has paid
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When you come to Roxboro, don't forg t me. I am always willing and ready to accommodate my customers, and always keep up with the latest styles.

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SHILOH'S CURE
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Pocket size, 25 doses, 25cts. Sold by all Druggists on a guarantee. For Lame Back, Side or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster is the best—25cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Then use this Remedy. It will Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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Cash invariably in advance.

SMOKING IN JAPAN.

Three or Four Well Digested Whiffs Exhaust Their Small Pipes.

"One day while traveling in a railway carriage," said a gentleman, speaking of his recent Japanese trip, "we had just pulled out our cigars to commence smoking when the door opened, and a Jap and his wife came in. We forgot for the time being our smoke and were lost in the contemplation of the queer couple. The woman was carrying on her back a baby, which was strapped on in a peculiar fashion. The poor little thing had fallen asleep, and its head bobbed from side to side with the motion of the car. We found out afterward that the women were taught to carry children upon their backs from babyhood up. We saw infants not more than a month old with dolls strapped to their backs to educate them to the method of carrying. Then, when they got older, their younger brothers and sisters were strapped upon them to strengthen their backs for their duty in life.

"I found that the Japanese women considered the carrying of an infant no inconvenience, as the education which they go through fits them for it just as much as walking. Well, having exhausted the peculiarities of our fellow travelers, our thoughts turned to our cigars, which we held in our hands. We were in a predicament, not knowing the customs of the country. We did not know whether smoking in a lady's presence was considered bad form or not. The more we thought about it the more we wanted to smoke. For 50 miles we rode in misery, when finally the woman herself put us at ease by drawing a small pipe from her clothes and filling it with tobacco, lighting it and beginning to smoke. You should have seen how eagerly we grasped our cigars and lit them.

"The Japs smoke in a peculiar manner. The pipes have very small metal bowls, with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a tobacco which is cut extremely fine and looks more like light blond hair than anything else. It is of a very good quality, however. The Japs take a whiff of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time, but if they do smoke a second they dump the little ball of ashes out of their pipe, which they refill, then light it with the ashes taken from the bowl. This small pipeful seems just as satisfying to the Japanese gentleman as the longest cigar to the American. So much for habit."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Evasion.

A story is told in central Maine of a young woman who distanced her pater familias, so to speak, in a matter of parental authority. "Now, Mary Jane," said the stern parent, "I will consent to your going to the dance at the Corner tonight only on one condition." "What is that?" asked Mary Jane meekly, her eyelids drooping pathetically. "It is," said her father, "that you won't let that young scapegrace, ——, bring you home."

"I'll promise," said the maid, and she went to the dance. Scene next morning: "I thought you promised me not to let that fellow bring you home?" said the angry parent with fire flashing from his eyes. "He didn't bring me home," said Mary Jane archly. "But he came home with you, for I saw him." "Yes, but he didn't bring me. I told him what I had promised, so we walked home, and he led the horse."—Lewiston Journal.

Father Taylor's Prayer.

Father Taylor was the pastor of the Seamen's chapel in Boston. He was a very patriotic man and always kept his sailors in sympathy with himself on political questions. One Sunday, just before the state election, his prayers for the commonwealth were peculiarly fervent. He asked that a man might be chosen for governor who would rule in the fear of God and never be afraid of the face of clay, and defeat the ringleaders of corruption and defy his own party if it yielded to wirepullers—and—and suddenly he paused and then exclaimed:

"O Lord! what's the use of boxing the compass in this way? Give us George N. Briggs for governor. Amen!"

The prayer was answered the Tuesday following by the most tremendous majority ever scored.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Mean Insinuation.

Bouvard, one of the most learned as well as brusque physicians of his time, was one day called to attend the archbishop of Rheims, who was suffering from violent colic. "I am coming," said Bouvard, who, however, did not stir. "For the love of God, sir," said the messenger, "do not wait any longer. Monsignor is suffering the tortures of the damned." "What!" exclaimed Bouvard, "already!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Good Appetite.

Happy Bridegroom—Waiter, I want a dinner for two.

Waiter—Vill ze lady and gentleman have table d'hote or a la carte?

Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French)—Bring us some of both, and put lots of gravy on 'em.—Baltimore Telegram.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the Bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at J. D. Morris Drugstore.

FROM MOUNTAIN TO PLAIN.

Modern Civilization Brings This Change In Human Habitation.

In describing the picturesque rock-bound Italian cities between Sorrento and Amalfi, in The Century, Marion Crawford says:

It sometimes seems as though modern civilization tended, broadly speaking, to transfer life from the mountains to the plains, leaving behind just what we are pleased to call romance. In other days no man, as a rule, built in plain or valley when he could possibly build upon the top of a hill. Now no one who can dwell in the plains takes the trouble to live on the top of the mountain unless for some very particular reason.

The security that once lay in stone walls and iron bars is now sought in strategic position and in earthworks. There are no small, daily dangers in our time against which man barricaded himself in towers and behind iron studded doors of oak. The great perils of our age are few, far between and general. Military power once meant an agglomeration of desperate individuals devoted to a common cause, bad or good, not one of whom could find a place in the well ordered, unreasoning and mechanically obedient ranks of a modern conqueror's army.

The more we live in plains the less we can understand the hills; the more systematically we obey laws and regulations having for their object the greatest good of the greatest number the less able are we to understand the reasoning of such men as Alaric, the great Count of Sicily, Tancred, Cæsar Borgia, Gonzalvo de Cordova or Garibaldi.

It is singular that while most intelligent people undoubtedly prefer the conditions of modern civilization for their daily life they should by preference also like to dream of the times when civilization was still unrealized and of lives lived in circumstances against which modern common sense revolts. These are machine made times. Those were handmade, and true art is manual, not mechanical.

A Famous Ride For Kossuth's Sake.

None of the obituary writers on the late Louis Kossuth seems to have referred to an incident in his career which must always have a special interest for Englishmen. This was one of the most famous record rides of ancient or modern times, performed by Captain Charles Townley, a queen's messenger, in the interest of the Hungarian liberator. After the collapse of his cause in 1849 Kossuth and a crowd of his compatriots had fled to Turkey, from which Austria and Russia were menacingly demanding their extradition. But the "great Eltchi," who was then our representative on the Golden Horn, made bold upon his own responsibility to back up the sultan in his refusal to deliver up the fugitives, believing that Palmerston, who was then at the foreign office, would bear him out in his firm attitude of opposition.

Knowing that life and death depended on the speedy arrival of his approving dispatch at Stamboul, "Pam" selected Captain Townley to be its bearer, with instructions "not to spare himself or others" in getting to his destination as soon as possible. Reaching Belgrade on Oct. 20, Captain Townley there took horse, and on the morning of the 26th he rode, or rather reeled, into Pera, having covered the distance of 820 miles in 131 hours—a feat which elicited loud applause when mention was made of it in the house of commons.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Only Phrase He Knew.

Sir Andrew Agnew, the last of the hereditary sheriffs of Galloway, had a strong prejudice against the French, and though often thrown into the society of Frenchmen plumed himself on his ignorance of their language. Once, while journeying to Edinburgh, Sir Andrew halted over Sunday at his daughter's house and attended the parish church.

The minister, having given out his text from the Old Testament, disputed the correctness of the authorized translation. In enforcing his opinion he quoted the text in the Hebrew original, and the words sounded to Sir Andrew's ear as the French salutation, "Comment vous portez-vous?"

The sheriff writhed in his seat, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his daughter kept him from speaking out his feelings. But as soon as the benediction had been pronounced Sir Andrew's wrath exploded. To the amusement of the congregation he roared out:

"The scoundrel! Yet I might ha' forgi'en him had he not used the only French words I ever knew!"—Youth's Companion.

Kind Wishes.

The slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes it, producing generous thought and noble feeling. We should cherish kind wishes, for a time may come when we may be able to put them in practice.—Miss Mitford.

Cause and Effect.

Little Sister.—Does everything need the rain to make it green?

Big Sister—Yes.

L. S.—Is that why your young man carries an umbrella?—Detroit Free Press.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. D. Morris'. Large size 50c and $1.00.

AN ECCENTRIC MAN'S WILL.

A Kansan's Provision For Cremation by Quicklime Carried Out.

A will, which for eccentricity has yet to be outshone, is on file in the probate court. It was made by Henry Smith, an eccentric old southerner, who died in the fall of 1889, in All Saints' hospital. He had most pronounced views on the subject of burial, and in his will he directed with great minuteness of detail that his body be consumed by quicklime. This is the way the will begins:

"In no event must my funeral expenses exceed $30. The coffin to be used must be what is called a rough box, unplaned, no top and uncolored; interment to take place one hour before sunset on the day I die, if possible; if not, one hour after sunrise the following day. The body to be wrapped in common brown muslin. Get one barrel of unslacked lime, more if necessary. Put one-half of the lime in the bottom of the coffin. Place the body therein. Then put the remainder of the lime on top of the body and add water to slack the lime sufficiently to consume my body. One man is to receive $5 for remaining at my grave and pouring water on the lime in order to keep up this cremating process for 12 hours. No carriage at my expense. Flowers declined. The body to be taken to the grave in a common one horse wagon.

"Further, if the doctors of Hagerstown want my body for dissection he or they can have it; but, remember, if you take it, it is your elephant thereafter. Should there be any remains when you are through with it you may bury them on my lot at your expense. This is optional with you."

The provisions in the will of the eccentric old man were carried out to the letter. A barrel of quicklime was carried out to Elmwood cemetery, and a negro was engaged to be at the burying ground at sunset. When he was told that his work was to consist of pouring water on the grave all night, he saw visions of a deserted graveyard in dead of night and of shadowy forms flitting by. His eyes bulged out, and he said: "Oh, no, not me! I don't want dis job," and he jammed his hat down hard on his head and walked away as though some one were after him.

But a man was finally secured who would undertake the task. One hour before sunset an old spring wagon drove into the cemetery with the old man's body. It was garbed in coarse muslin, as he had directed in his will. It was placed in a rough pine box and packed in the quicklime. The sun was sinking beneath the horizon when the lime was thoroughly soaked with water. It sputtered and boiled and seethed as it ate into the body. It was then lowered into the grave and covered with dirt. All night water was thrown on the mound of clay. "Old man" Smith's bequest was complied with to the letter.

Smith's estate was of little value and was not worth enough to pay the bequests in the will. Soon after the will was filed appraisers were appointed. They reported that they had found $562 in cash and "papers of no importance." All of Smith's real estate is encumbered for its full value. Henderson is in charge of what is left of the estate.—Kansas City Star.

History Repeats Itself.

Those who are interested in coincidences cannot but be struck with the fact that Henry IV of France, whom Carnot greatly resembled in personal appearance, having the same nose, a similar beard and much the same figure, was stabbed by Ravaillac, who jumped on his carriage wheel and killed him. Similarly Henry III, the preceding king, was stabbed to death by Clement, who pretended that he wanted to present him with a petition.—Philadelphia Times.

Warm Drinking Water.

Warm water is preferable to cold water as a drink to persons who are subject to dyspeptic and bilious complaints, and it may be taken more freely than cold water and consequently answers better as a diluent or carrying off bile. When water of a temperature equal to that of the human body is used for drinking it is considerably stimulant and is especially suited to dyspeptics, gouty and rheumatic subjects.—New York Ledger.

Collection of Pitchers.

A novel collection is that belonging to Mrs. Martin, wife of ex-Senator Martin of Newark. Mrs. Martin has been collecting pitchers about eight years. She has 500 now, and in all the great company there are but two duplicates. Some of the tiniest in this pitcher family are the most valuable. Mrs. Martin has one scarcely one inch tall of gold, with six jewels set in a circle on the outside. This is the most valuable, so far as money is concerned, in the collection, although there is one made of $3,000 worth of bank notes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wanted to Exchange.

"Be good and go to sleep," a Buffalo mother told her 4-year-old daughter recently. "Mamma must go down stairs and see Mrs. Blank. God is with you. He will take care of you."

Shortly after a voice from the upper regions begged the mother to return to her child. Being unheeded, a still more urgent appeal came floating over the banister. "Mamma, you come up here and stay with God, and I'll come down there and talk to Mrs. Blank."—Buffalo News.

Harris, in his book "Hermes," says that all the nations of the earth, ancient and modern, have ascribed to the sun a masculine and to the moon a feminine gender.

The owner of a carriage which was upset the other day said that he couldn't agree with the spectators who complimented him on his handsome turnout.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

FUNERAL EXTORTION CHECKED.

The Dying Request of the Departed Fulfilled by an Economical Widow.

A committee representing a fraternal organization having been notified of the death of a member waited on his widow, residing in a Boston suburb, to make arrangements for the funeral.

It was a hard experience for the committee.

The widow believed in simplicity and had no liking for ceremony or ostentation of any sort. She informed the committee that its services were not required, and that she would attend to the burial without the assistance of any one save the undertaker.

"You might make yourselves useful," she said, "by sending one here at once."

Her visitors were next requested to depart and in not the most ceremonious fashion.

They left and found excuses for their reception in the extreme age of the woman, whose years numbered fourscore and more. They accepted her hint and sent the undertaker, who arrived in due time. To him she soon made her wishes known. His suggestion of a casket brought out a storm of wrothy remarks anent reckless extravagance. A simple wooden box she declared good enough and an outlay of $5 the limit of the expenditure.

The undertaker was petrified with astonishment. It took him some time to recover his composure, but he finally spunked up courage enough to suggest the necessity of carriages for the mourners. He was informed that carriages would be entirely unnecessary, and the idea of having a hearse was not especially to the widow's liking. After much persuasion, however, she consented to the provision of a hearse and one carriage and agreed to settle for the services of a minister.

Her lamented spouse was interred in the family lot, with his wife and companion of many years as the sole mourner.

"That woman," said the undertaker, "was the greatest freak I ever struck in an experience with all kinds of people during a number of years in the business. She had plenty of means and was not regarded as a penurious person. She seemed to be filled with the idea that all those in any way professionally concerned with the burial of the dead were extortionists, pure and simple. Her husband, she said, had warned her, and she followed his wishes in circumventing any unwarrantable outlay for the interment."—Boston Herald.

Fooled the Landlord.

"Perhaps you would like to be landlord of a flat," said the man who had been talking real estate, "and think you had obtained desirable tenants and were hugging yourself over the delightful knowledge that whatever other landlords had to endure there would be no children in your flats. I rented to a couple, and as usual asked if the family consisted of adults only.

"'Oh, yes,' chirped the young woman, 'and we don't want any children in the building—that is why we are willing to pay you your price.'

"The man didn't say anything, but I thought he looked queer.

"'Any boarders?' I asked.

"'Hardly,' said she, 'in a six room flat.'

"Still I thought there was something back of it.

"'Pets?'

"'No; neither dog, cat, canary nor parrot.'

"They took the flat, and her widowed sister came from Nebraska with five boys to visit them. That was a year ago, and they are visiting them yet, and in consequence all the other flats remain empty. A tornado would be silence compared to the racket those boys make."—Detroit Free Press.

Arc Lights.

One advantage which electric arc lights have on several occasions been pointed out to possess over all other means of illumination is that they give off a very large proportion of chemical rays and accordingly closely simulate the effects of sun light. Dark rooms, cellars and other places into which sunlight does not come, and which are usually unhealthful, may therefore be expected to become quite as desirable from a sanitary point of view and to be as easily protected from foulness when arc lights are used in them as rooms to which sunlight has free access.

In dark stores and other establishments the introduction of arc lights ought consequently to have a decidedly beneficial effect upon the health of employees, and should relieve them to a considerable extent from the attacks of diseases produced by want of sunlight. A practical demonstration of this power of the arc light can readily be obtained by remaining for a short time in close proximity to a large light, when it will be found that all the effects of sunburn will be produced.—Cassier's Magazine.

Broke It Gently.

It is related that it once fell to an Atchison man to break the news to a woman that her husband had been killed. "Do you know," he said, calling at her house, "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you were dressed as a widow?" She blushed and laughed. "And you are one," he added. "Your husband was blown to atoms down in the boiler works, but then black is so becoming to you."—Atchison Globe.

A PALACE OF GHOSTS.

Haunted by Spirits of Women Who Poisoned One Another.

In the midst of the old ruins and palaces of Italy, stained with countless deeds of blood, it remains for one modern structure to be known particularly as the home of ghosts. This interesting building is described by Marion Crawford in an article in The Century devoted to the wonderful Italian coast between Sorrento and Salerno.

Above Agerola, which itself is almost directly above Prajano, on the southern side of the peninsula, stands an enormous palace, visible from the sea at a great distance. It is known as the Plazzo degli Spiriti (the palace of the ghosts), and I once took the trouble to climb up from Prajano and go all over it. It is entirely deserted and has neither doors nor windows, a building almost royal in proportions and plan, standing on a vast terrace overlooking the sea, by no means ancient, and in some parts decorated with frescoes and stucco work, which are fast falling a prey to the weather.

It was built by a personage known as General Avitabile, who came to a tragic end before he had completed his magnificent residence and whose heirs are, I believe, still quarreling about the division of the property, while the building itself is allowed to fall into ruins. It would be hopeless to attempt to disentangle the tales told about the family by the simple hillfolk. There were women in the case who poisoned one another and the general and whose spirits, venomous still, are believed to haunt the vast halls and corridors and staircases and underground regions of the palace.

Whether they do or not, a more appropriate place for hobgoblins, banshees, ghouls and vampires could scarcely have been created by a diseased imagination in a nightmare. Even at midday, under the southern sun, the whole place seems as uncanny as a graveyard on St. John's eve. Bits of staircase lead abruptly into blank walls, passages end suddenly in the high air, without window railing or parapet. Lonely balconies lead around dizzy corners to dismal watch turrets whence a human voice could hardly find its way to the halls within. The most undaunted explorers of the Society For Psychical Research might learn what "goose flesh" means in such a place as this.

A Murderer May Inherit From His Victim.

After six years' litigation the supreme court has decided the case of Ransom versus Shellenbarger, involving the point of whether or not a murderer can inherit property from his victim.

Seven years ago Lee Shellenbarger murdered his daughter in order that he might inherit some valuable property left her by her mother. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but while the case was pending in the supreme court he was lynched. Before this tragic episode he had deeded his interest in the dead girl's estate to his attorneys, Frank Ransom and John C. Watson.

The other heirs contested the attorneys' rights, asserting that the law would not allow a murderer to profit by his crime. The attorneys contended that in this country crime worked no corruption of blood and no forfeiture of property and that Nebraska's statutes contained nothing to prevent Shellenbarger's transfer.

The trial court found for the attorneys, but the supreme court reversed this holding. Since then the personnel of this tribunal has entirely changed, and when the case came up the second time the court upheld the attorneys' contention.—Lincoln (Neb.) Dispatch to St. Louis Republic.

How Vandalia Got Its Name.

Some of the names of towns are arrived at in a peculiar way—for example, the town of Vandalia in Illinois, which was named in a singular manner. The man who owned the land on which the present town of Vandalia is situated was a man without a great deal of education and wanted a lawyer friend of his, who was a wag, to give him a name for his new town. The wag suggested that the Vandals were a very noted people, and that he should name the town "Vandalia," or the "home of the Vandals." It was at that time the coming metropolis of Illinois and subsequently the capital of that state and was named "Vandalia," the home of the Vandals, according to the wit's suggestion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Editor (to graduate who applies to write leaders)—Have you done much descriptive work?

Graduate—Oh, yes, lots of it.

Editor—Well, then get out to Lonesomeville and give us a good column of that dog fight.

Graduate—But you forget, sir, I am a bachelor of arts.

Editor—That's nothing. Our sporting editor is a doctor of laws, and every member of his staff is at least a doctor of divinity. You have mistaken your vocation. Good day.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Willing to Oblige.

Impatient Passenger—Conductor, is this omnibus going on?

Conductor—Well, sir, if you asks me, I should say it was standin still. But I'll inquire of the driver.—London Tit Bits.

Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
Ripans Tabules cure liver troubles.
Ripans Tabules prolong life.
Ripans Tabules: best liver tonic.

No Good Deed Wasted.

No good deed, no genuine sacrifice is ever wasted. If there be good in it God will use it for his only holy purposes, and whatever of ignorance or weakness or mistake was mingled with it will drop away as the withered sepals drop away when the full flower has blown.—Farrar.

Some People Wait

Until after the Holidays

Before Buying

Needed articles—We presume on account of the general close prices that are expected at that time. It's not much fun to swap dollars, but that is about what we are doing. Therefore, if you need

Groceries,

such as Flour, Meal, Meat, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Syrup or Molasses, Salt; or is it something in the Fancy Grocery line, such as Confectioneries, Cheese, Cakes, Crackers, Canned Goods, of any kind, Cigars—best in town, Tobacco, Snuff, or any table delicacies, come to us, and we will give you liberal prices on all these things and so liberal that you cannot afford not to come.

Very Respectfully,
W. J. JOHNSON & CO.

DRESS-MAKING!

Of Interest to the Ladies

IF you want your Dresses made up in the latest style, best work, and best fit, call on me at my residence on Academy street.

Very Respectfully,
MRS. J. A. NOELL,

Skin Eruptions

and similar annoyances are caused by an impure blood, which will result in a more dreaded disease. Unless removed, slight impurities will develop into **Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum** and other serious results of

Bad Blood

I have for some time been a sufferer from a severe blood trouble, for which I took many remedies that did me no good. I have now taken four bottles of S.S.S. with the most wonderful results. Am enjoying the best health I ever knew, have gained twenty pounds and my friends say they never saw me as well. I am feeling quite like a new man. JOHN S. EDELIN, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Don't feel well

Why? Oh! I don't know. Worry I expect.

Worrying about what?

Well, you know the servants are a heap of trouble.

The children worry me a heap.

I am broken down.

In the morning I generally have a headache;

Along towards evening my back feels as if it would break.

Every time the baby cries I nearly jump out of my skin, I am so nervous.

Your system needs toning up. Why not take Brown's Iron Bitters

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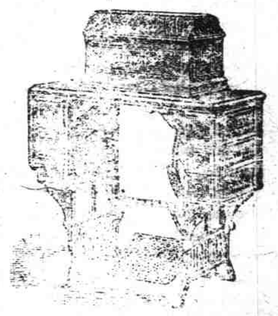

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