CATARRH

Catarrh has become such a common disease that a person entirely free from this disgusting complaint is seldom met with. It is customary to speak of Catarrh as nothing more serious than a bad cold, a simple inflammation of the nose and throat. It is, in fact, a complicated and very dangerous disease; if not at first, it very soon becomes so.

The blood is quickly contaminated by the foul secretions, and the poison through the general circulation is carried to all parts of the system.

Salves, washes and sprays are unsatisfactory and disappointing, because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does. It cleanses the blood of the poison and eliminates from the system all catarrhal secretions, and thus cures thoroughly and permanently the worst cases.

Mr. P. H. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., writes: "Having been a terrible sufferer from Catarrh, and being now sound and well, the question often put to me is, 'What cured you?' In answer I feel it my duty to state that Swift's Specific is the medicine. I am such a true believer in the efficacy of Swift's Specific that I can honestly and conscientiously recommend it to any one suffering from Catarrh. Have recommended it to many, and am happy to say that those whom I have induced to use it can bear me out in the statement that it will cure any case of Catarrh if taken according to directions."

SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the greatest of all blood medicines and tonics.

If you have Catarrh don't wait until it becomes deep-seated and chronic, but begin at once the use of S. S. S., and send for our book on blood and skin diseases and write our physicians about your case.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Had Forty Homes.

Vollon, the painter, was a unique personage even among the old characters of Paris. While he was essentially a Bohemian there were times when even his patience was taxed to the utmost, and to obviate the necessity of meeting unwelcome people he conceived the idea of multiplying his lodging places.

At the time of his death he owned no less than 40 homes all in apartment houses, situated in all the out of the way corners of Paris, plainly furnished and with just enough accommodation for himself. He changed from one to the another all the time, in order to escape importunate acquaintances and to take refuge from his friends. It was in order to throw them all off the scent that he engaged rooms all over the city.

He finally died in the Rue de Dunkerque, where he had as many as three different apartments, all within a stone's throw of one another.

A French Joke.

Two tramps on the banks of the Seine:

"How can we raise the wind?"

"I have it. You throw yourself in, and I'll jump in after you and take you out. Then I'll get the reward from the Humane society."

"Good! Here goes!" He jumped into the water, and after floundering about for some time he was getting tired out. "Well," he asked, "how long are you going to remain sitting there? Why don't you come in and take me out?"

"Because I think I might make more out of you in the morgue."—Paris Journal.

Corrected.

"In your first edition," said the judge's henchman, "you say, 'Judge Booz, throughout yesterday's session of court, was as drunk as it was possible for him to be.' He was sober, and I want you to correct it."

"All right," replied the editor of The Evening Wasp. "We'll change it in our next edition. You're welcome! Good day, sir. (Pause.) Mr. Copkiller, strike out 'drunk' and insert 'sober' in that paragraph."—Philadelphia Press.

Hit Hard.

"Your husband is not looking well tonight, Mrs. Rhymer."

"He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it."

"No? Has he been overworking himself?"

"It isn't that so much; it's his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises?"

Family Secrets.

Inquisitive Relative—Willie, what floor do you live on in the apartment house in the big city?

Willie (on a visit)—Mamma says I mustn't tell stories.—Chicago Tribune.

When other fail, take Roberts' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It cures chills, fevers malaria and general bad health. 25c. A red cross on the label assures you of the pure, high-class material that makes Roberts' a success. Don't take a substitute. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham.

His Campaign.

Yeast—Has the candidate adopted clean methods in politics?

Crimsonbeak—Oh, I think so; I heard him say he was scouring the town.

Reasons why you should use Roberts Tasteless Chill Tonic: composed of purest ingredients, pleasantest to take, and cures when others fail. It is master of chills, fevers and all other malarial disorders. 25c. No cure, no pay. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham

"The fellow who is always finding other people's faults," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "seldom loses his own."

"Yielding to the persuasion of my dealer, I changed chill tonics and tried Roberts', and found it the best I ever used." W. H. Corprew, Jamesville, N. C., to the Roberts Drug Co., Suffolk, Va. August 14, 1899. Price 25c. Get the kind with a red cross on label. D. R. Davis, F. S. Duffy & Co., C. D. Bradham.

The fellow who has dyspepsia usually makes other people suffer for it.

Mexican Liver Pills cure all liver ills. Price 25c.

SPOILED THEIR RAID.

THE CADETS HAD A LAUGH AT THE OFFICERS' EXPENSE.

How a Billiard Table Was Smuggled Into the Barracks at West Point and the Story of Its Accidental Discovery.

There are many traditions and stories of escapades at the Military academy at West Point that are handed down from class to class, and one of the most interesting of these is that relating to the billiard table. Shortly after the civil war the cadets, always on the alert for some new scheme for amusement, decided that they would like to have a billiard table and accordingly organized a billiard club. A collection was taken up with which to purchase a table, and a suitable place was sought in which to set it up. Until the present steam heating apparatus was installed in the cadet barracks, about 30 years or more ago, the heating was by means of furnaces. The basement of the sixth division of the barracks was used for coal bins, the bins being so arranged that there was a large one near the center of the building, which could only be reached by passing through one of the others. After considering all available places this coal bin was finally selected as being the place least liable to detection, for it must be remembered the table was unauthorized.

The table was bought in New York and sent to Garrisons, across the river, for there was no West Shore railroad in those days. One cold winter night it was hauled by a team of oxen across the river on the ice and up the hill and was safely stowed away in the coal bin before morning. The table was soon set up and became a source of great enjoyment to the cadets. A keg of beer was always kept on tap, and lamps were hung from the ceiling, giving the room a cheery appearance. The members of the club used to gather there at all hours of the day and night, when their presence was not required elsewhere by their duties, and sit around smoking, drinking and telling stories while two of them played billiards.

The authorities soon became aware that there was a billiard table somewhere in the barracks, for they could hear the balls clicking together, but they could not find it. The cadets continued to enjoy the privileges of the billiard club for more than a year.

Finally one night soon after midnight, as two officers were returning from a convivial evening at the mess, they saw two cadets, clad in their undercloothing and dressing gowns, emerge from the north sallyport and disappear down the steps to the areaway in front of the barracks. Instantly the thought of the billiard table flashed through the minds of the two officers, and they started quietly after the cadets. On reaching the basement doorway of the sixth division the two cadets entered, and the officers, arriving a moment later, saw them climb over a pile of coal and enter an open door, through which came sounds of laughter and conversation and the clicking of balls, while the air was laden with fragrant tobacco smoke.

The officers paused for a moment and held a whispered consultation. Finally deciding that they would tell the other officers of their discovery and have all of them come down the following night and enjoy the fun of a raid on the club, they withdrew and went home. Next day all the officers at the post were informed of the discovery, and it was arranged that the raid should occur at midnight.

All might have gone well, and the officers might have had their little fun, had it not been that there were three cadets the previous night instead of two. The third had forgotten his pipe and had gone back for it, while the other two went on and were discovered by the officers. The third, coming along a moment later, saw the officers and quietly followed them, observing all their movements and listening to their whispered conversation.

When they withdrew, he went in and told the members of the club all he had heard and seen. The cadets at once realized that it was all up with the club, but they determined to have a laugh at the expense of the officers. Accordingly all arrangements were made before the club adjourned that night.

The next night the officers met as arranged and crept stealthily down the areaway and into the sixth division. Hearing no sound of clicking balls, some became skeptical and concluded the whole thing was a hoax, but nevertheless they pushed on and climbed over the pile of coal. Opening the door, they were greeted with a glow of light, but still no sound. On entering they found the room deserted, but there were the billiard table, an almost untouched keg of beer, several pounds of tobacco, some chairs and lastly a note on the table, addressed to the officers on duty at West Point. The note was to the effect that as the officers of the post had been so kind as to permit the club to continue its existence for more than a year it desired to present to them (the officers) the table and all its appurtenances, as it was deemed expedient to wind up the club's affairs. The note was signed "The Executive Committee."

The officers, of course, were much chagrined at being thus outwitted by the cadets. Nevertheless the table was removed to the officers' mess and, according to tradition, is the one still in use there.—New York Tribune.

Practice.

Parke—I never saw a child with such a remarkable memory for names as mine has.

Lane—How do you account for it?

Parke—Think of the nurses she has had!—Harper's Bazar.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern which is not afraid to be generous. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases are surely cured by it. Call on C. D. Bradham, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle guaranteed.

FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

The bells of Peking, seven in number, weigh 120,000 pounds.

Forty-two inventions relating to cycles were taken out last year by women.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the state of Utah there is not one Irish Mormon.

The foreign population of Shanghai last May was 6,774, of which 502 were Americans.

Sweden's seventh ironclad of modern type, the Dristigheten, was lately launched at Gothenburg.

A cycle race in midocean took place some time ago on the Empress of Japan, bound for Vancouver.

It is estimated that free rural mail delivery is increasing the value of land in Colorado where it is in operation $5 an acre.

An English curate has been dismissed because he is a poor cricket player, though no fault was found with his theology.

The skin of the elephant Charlie killed in Crystal palace, London, weighed a ton, just one-fourth of the weight of the beast in life.

South Dakota has an aggregate of 11,500,000 acres of vacant government land which is now subject to entry by qualified applicants.

So useful are toads in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen for stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects.

In Paris a journal is published for theater physicians. Nearly every special branch of medical service now has its own particular organ.

The republic of Guatemala has imposed a tax of $70 a head on all cattle exported from the country. It is intended to be prohibitive.

The grape crop throughout Baden and Alsace-Lorraine looks better in quantity and quality than in 1893, which was the best year since 1868.

The jellyfish has no teeth, but uses himself as if he were a piece of paper when he is hungry, getting his food and then wrapping himself about it.

A recent issue of The Pan-American Atlas, published in Berlin, says there are 493,000 persons of German birth or descent in South and Central America and the West Indies.

The New York board of estimate and apportionment has authorized the expenditure of $200,000 for the botanical garden and $150,000 for an addition to the American Museum of Natural History.

Railway whistles inflict torture on so many people that Austria has introduced a system of silent signaling to start and stop the trains. Belgium is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and Germany experiments with horns.

A landslip occurred some time ago in Sattel, Switzerland. An inn and its garden and outbuildings slid down the hillside a distance of 35 feet without being in the least injured. Two stately elms in the garden were also moved without injury.

Race horses are like men. When they have become disabled or incapacitated, they often fall from their high estate. Mansour, the horse that ran third in the Paris Grand Prix in 1894 and came in only a length behind Matchbox, which was sold for $45,000, is now pulling a cab in Paris.

Twenty-three per cent of the pupils of London schools have defective eyesight. The experts who have made a report on the subject declare that residence in crowded districts is injurious to eyes, as in the city 44 per cent are defective, while in Greenwich the percentage is only 18.

The average annual total of water which falls as rain or snow in the United States is 1,467 cubic miles. This amount of rain would more than twice fill Lake Ontario. To raise this water to the clouds from which it fell would require the work of 500,000,000 horses working ten hours a day throughout the year.

The public buildings of the United States have cost since the foundation of the government exclusive of the buildings in Washington and those employed by the army and navy $154,775,384. Of this the sites have cost $22,755,167, and there remains $23,843,575 to be expended on these buildings before they are completed.

There is an idea in India that a lion cannot be induced to attack royal personages. At the same time it is a fact that no scion of royalty ever goes on a lion hunt without a sufficient retinue about him to frighten all the lions in the jungle. Princes are no more likely to attack the king of beasts single handed than peasants are.

The authorities of Cologne are determined that there shall be no infractions of the fast driving laws in that city. One of the provisions of a recently enacted ordinance limits the speed of motor vehicles to 12 kilometers (about 7½ miles) an hour and requires that each machine be fitted with an apparatus preventing a transgression of the rule.

Mexico seems anxious to get back the sons and grandsons of her former citizens who are now citizens of the United States living in California, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. In a colonization concession recently made the government stipulated that all colonists must be from foreign countries, with preference for those of Mexican origin now in the states and territories above mentioned.

The remarkable number of deaths by drowning proves that too many persons venture into waters without knowing how to swim. About 80 per cent of those drowned this summer did not have that knowledge. This is all the more wonderful when a knowledge of swimming may so easily be had. A person of average physique would be able to swim several hundred feet after a dozen lessons.

The Fleeting Hour.

"They say that girl visiting Mrs. Jipp is homely enough to stop a clock."

"Nonsense; I found her so attractive and entertaining that while she was singing for me I sneaked up and stopped the clock myself."

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Price 50c. and $1. Large size contains 2½ times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.

Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.

STUPID TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Don't Hammer the Spirit of a Flunky Into Your Boy or Girl.

Dear American parents, there should be a marked difference between the well trained child and the well trained French poodle. The man who owns a French poodle, black or white or cinnamon edged, is forever teaching that people new tricks and new forms of servility. The poodle comes when any one whistles. He rolls over, plays dead, barks joyfully when you say "Hurrah for France!" growls when you say "Hurrah for Bismarck!" and generally proves that he thinks not on his own account, but in accordance with outside training.

Dear American parents, do not in bringing up your children play the part of a French poodle owner. Remember that the child made to fear you and others above him will fear everybody more or less, which means that he will stand a poor chance of getting on in the world. Don't force a child to think as you think, and do not feel that you serve the best interests of his immortal soul and future when you knock all the originality out of him.

Teach him what he needs to get on in the world. Do not teach him that which is flattering to your pride as a capable parent. Leave to the poodle dog owner the proud boast that his animal rolls over whenever he whistles. Let the training of a child be based on personal pride and a desire for the good opinion of others, not on fear of incurring your displeasure.

Pity the poor child whose father or mother says: "My child when absent writes me a letter every single day. I should never forgive one single omission." That child, slave to a monotonous and unnatural daily grind, is transformed by "training" into an unctious hypocrite. He is forced to express daily love for his parents. What could be more unnatural or degrading than forced expression of affection, which should always be absolutely spontaneous and natural?

Of course there are many American parents—perhaps a considerable majority—who never train their children at all. The children of these parents grow up with the idea that earth is theirs and the fullness thereof and that there are no laws which they are bound to respect. Such children are a nuisance to the general public. But their chance of succeeding in this life is much better than the chance of the poor little overtrained child filled with fear of everything older than himself and too busy with public opinion to develop his own character.

American parents, remember that every child's real stock in trade is his character, his personality, his distinctive way of looking at the world. Knock these things out of your child with foolish training, and you might as well have a white mouse for offspring. Cultivate pride and ambition in your child. Gain his love by kindness and a good example. You can help a child by making it want to be like you and by being what it ought to be. Example will make you proud parents in after life. Training and hammering will simply make you parents of nonentities.—New York Evening Journal.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

How the Midget Got the Name and the Military Title.

The Countess Magri, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, in a paper in The Woman's Home Companion entitled "The Recollections of a Midget," gives the following account of how the famous dwarf came by his name:

"In speaking of Mr. Stratton I have used the name General Tom Thumb, for by that name the public best knew him. Perhaps a statement of how he received his title will be of interest—a story which even Mr. Barnum has neglected to make known, but which Mr. Stratton himself told me. When Mr. Barnum first made his acquaintance and persuaded his parents to allow their child to travel, it was thought a good scheme to introduce him to the public as Tom Thumb. So as Tom Thumb he was heralded by all the skill which made Barnum so famous, and by that name he was introduced to Queen Victoria and many of the royal and titled frequenters of St. James.

"Of his first visit he had amused the queen by asking particularly after the Prince of Wales, and when he was the second time summoned to appear at the palace he was presented both to the Prince of Wales and to the princess royal who afterward became empress of Germany. As he stood beside the children his smallness was more noticeable. The Duke of Wellington was present and noticed this fact, evidently with much interest, as he said to some one standing near, 'Their royal highnesses are head and shoulders taller than Tom Thumb.' 'This remark,' the general told me, 'was overheard by the queen, and, turning to the duke, she said, "General Tom Thumb." Bowing low to her majesty, the duke gave me the military salute, repeating the title, "General Tom Thumb." Everybody bowed, and, although I did not fully comprehend then that her majesty's simple say so could make it unchangeable, I found that ever after that I was always addressed as general.'

"Mr. Stratton also said that he knew enough of the war history of the Duke of Wellington to be greatly interested in him and to feel that an introduction to this 'great fighter,' as he called him, was worth more than a chat with this royal boy and girl."

Easy to Adjust.

"Mr. Scrooge," said the bookkeeper, "this past week I did the junior clerk's work as well as my own. This being pay day, I thought it only right to remind you."

"Very good," said old Scrooge. "Let me see, your salary is $12 and the clerk's $6."

"Yes, sir," replied the bookkeeper, beaming expectantly.

"Then, working half the week for yourself is $6, and the other half for the clerk is $3. Your salary this week will be $9."—Philadelphia Press.

Losing No Time.

"With your permission, Miss de Muir, I shall do myself the pleasure to call occasionally."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Harkalong. Papa will be glad to see you."

"But"—

"In fact, I think he is in the other room now."—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

[illegible]

"Well were they very stiff with him?"

"He had a stroke on the brain, I think they said."

"Aye, upon the beam." Ah, he allus was an awfu' sinner."

Of course the ladies cannot comprehend such conversation.—Alex Leeper.

How They Will Get Even.

"The Chinese will get even with us yet," he said, with a solemn shake of his head.

"I don't see how."

"Well, just you wait until you see the American soldier represented in Chinese art, and then you will know how."—Chicago Post.

More Anon.

"At any rate, Maria, you have had the last word."

"Not yet, John Bilkins. Only the latest. You'll hear a good many more from me if I live long enough." I will tell you, before I get through, who has the last word!"—Chicago Tribune.

Growth in Paid.

Kitty (coyishly) Oh, papa, you are growing, dief

Paterfamilias Growing child? Nonsense!

Kitty Oh, let you see! Your hair is growing up through your hair.—Denver Republican.

Too Generous to Others.

Cadley Jove, I should think you'd live in more comfortable and stylish quarters than this!

Hadley So I would if I had the halves and dollars I am lavish to some people who do.—Philadelphia Press.

Is She Still Wearing It?

"Clarence, how do you like my new fall hat?"

"Oh, I suppose it is stylish, but, honestly, Clarabel, you look as if you were peeping at the world out of a coal hole."—Indianapolis Journal.

Enterprise.

"I'm a lucky fellow, I am. Both my coal bins are running over."

"Got coal to burn, eh?"

"Burn! I guess not. I can't afford to burn it. I'm going to sell it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Corn Fed Philosopher.

"When a man happens to find one of the love letters he wrote to his wife in their betrothal days," said the corn fed philosopher, "he gets mad at her because he can't feel that way any more."—Indianapolis Press.

Supplanted.

Sillicus What has become of Volapuk, that was destined to become the universal language?

Cynicus Oh everybody talks golf nowadays!—Philadelphia Record.

The Blessing of Patience.

Undoubtedly patience is a sovereign virtue. What a nice world this would be if other persons were possessed of patience!—Boston Transcript.

Avoiding Jealousies.

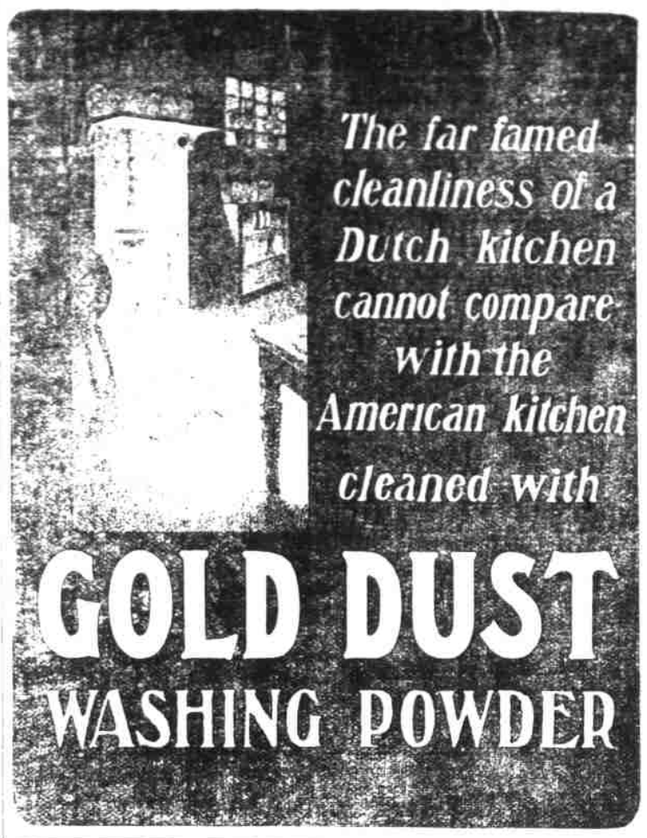
"I'd fix that Hall of Fame all right."

"What would be your basis of choice?"

"Why, I think no man's name ought to go in there until everybody is dead that knew him."

Kindly Beast.

"You'd better eat it slow," said Johnny to the clergyman, who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece o' pie."



The Money In His Pocket.

A young Pittsburger arose from his bed one morning and, dressing, went down stairs to breakfast. As he sat at the table he carelessly put his right hand into his trousers pocket and was surprised to find $7.25. He knew that when he retired for the night he had just 25 cents and had fallen asleep while wondering where he could borrow money the next morning. He was highly elated over the discovery, for, although he thought long and hard, he could not remember how he had come into the possession of the money. After work that day he took a friend to the opera and later to supper. When he returned home about midnight, a brother dropped into his room and said, "Harry, did you pay that bill for me today?"

The young man was almost dumfounded. It all came to him at once. [illegible] had entered the room and placing the money in his trousers pocket, said: "Say, old man, when you go down town tomorrow, I wish you would pay Mr. that bill I owe him. I promised to let him have it by tomorrow."

The young man was dozing at the time, and that accounts for his failure to remember what his brother had said to him. He was kept busy borrowing from friends to make up the amount the next day, and he declares that hereafter his brother will have to pay his own bills.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Chronic Bachelor rises to remark that he wouldn't give two cents for a boy that didn't have a temper, or a pet that didn't sweat.

Life is full of perversities. It's not until a man joins the church that he realizes that fish bite best on cloudy days.

Unaccommodating Stamp Clerk.

"One hundred twos?" said the Post Office clerk. "Yes, Ma'am.

"And charge them to Mr. Newlywed. No. 101—"

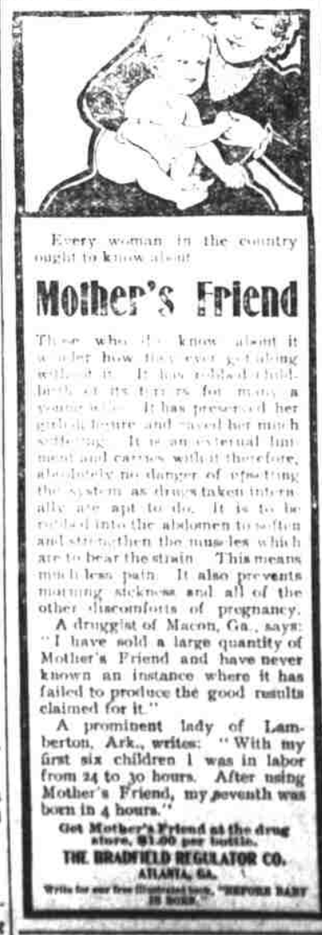
"Sorry, Ma'am," interrupted the clerk, "but we can't do that."

"You can't?" the young bride exclaimed indignantly. "My husband's credit is good everywhere, and, besides, we always get our letters from you."

Her Diagnosis Wrong.

"Jane came home today crying and said she was sure George was no longer loved her with his whole heart. And they've been married only two months."

"Jane's a goose. Anybody who looks at George knows that his heart's all right. It's his liver that's gone back on Jane."



When in Bayboro stop at the Lupton house for good accommodations.

Think Twice

before you put something into your stomach of which you know nothing.

YOU RUN NO RISK WHEN YOU TAKE

IMPROVED.

Cures Chills, Fever, and all Malarial Diseases.

Superior to all So-called Tasteless Tonics

Each Dose contains the same proportion of medicine. No shaking of the bottle required. Formula on the package. Cure guaranteed.

PRICE 50 CENTS

All Druggists Should Have It in Stock

BLOOD HUMORS

Ulcers, Old Sores, Cancers, Eating Sores, Eczema, Etc.

Cured by B. B. B.—Trial Bottle Free.

From impure blood comes all sorts of pains, aches and sores, ending frequently in deadly cancer or some chronic sore. If you can answer "yes" to any of the following questions your blood is diseased and impure.

Do cuts or scratches heal slowly? Does your skin itch or burn? Have you pimples? Eruptions so you feel ashamed to be seen in company? Aching Bones or Back? Eczema? Old Sores? Boils? Scrofula? Rheumatism? Foul Breath? Catarrh? Are you Pale? Do Scabs or Scales form on the Skin, Hair or Scalp? Prickling Pains in the Hair? All Run Down, get easily tired, and as tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Flattering Heart? Have you Ulcers? Eating Sores? Cancer?

TO CURE,

Any Journal reader who suffers is advised to take a few large bottles of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). This remedy is undoubtedly the best and only perfect Blood Purifier made. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) has a record of 30 years of cures, hence is thoroughly tested. By taking a few large bottles of B. B. B. the blood is made pure and rich, all the sores are healed, and aches and pains vanish as the mist before the sun. B. B. B. has cured over 400 cases of cancer, many of them pronounced incurable by doctors and specialists. Eating sores, ulcers and scrofula are healed so that they never bother the patient again. Eczema in its worst form is cured by from 3 to 8 large bottles. B. B. B. cures by draining the poisons and humors out of the blood, at the same time it builds up the broken down constitution.

For sale by druggists, $1 per large bottle, or 6 large bottles (full treatment) $5. Complete directions with each bottle. Be sure the bottle reads Botanic Blood Balm. So sufferers may test it a trial bottle given away. Address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe symtoms and free medical advice given.

Russell House.

While in Beaufort be sure and stop at the Rusell House. First-Class Board. A home for traveling people. Fishing and hunting unexcelled. Terms $1.00 day or $5.00 per week.

G. A. RUSSELL, Prop.

Bagging and Ties

We are ready to supply the trade with Cotton Bagging and Ties, Bag Oats, Heavy Sacks, &c. Prices are tights.

J. E. Latham & Co