

S. S. S. is the Only **Remedy** Equal to this Obstinate Disease.

There are dozens of remedies recommended for Scrofula, some of them no doubt being able to scrothia, some of them no could being able to afford temporary relief, but S. S. S. is absolutely the only remedy which completely cures it. Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics because something more than a mere tonic is required. 8.S.S.

is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, thus permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of wasting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes: "A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began their treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return." Swift's Specific-

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

-is the only remedy which can promptly reach and cure obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases. By relying upon it, and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable. and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Boils, Tetter, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.



THE LITTLE COT. There was a cabin in a land Covered by the Almighty's hand; A savage cot it was, but He Endowed it with His love for me; And what was all that love? I wis, The welcome of a woman's kiss! It was a savage cot-I say But Love was minister each day; And when the lonely twilight came Twas Love that whispered sweet my

name! So that I said: "What e'er I be. It is God's hand that covers me!"

It was God's hand . . . for lo you, now There were sweet kisses on my brow -Such kisses as the rich might deem The memory of a golden dream That passed, and was no more to be-But hers and God's love covered me! Behold! It was a dream; I knew

In many a garden roses grew; That many a palace and dim cot Knew that dear love which I knew not! Yet still I sing to hill and sea; "It is God's hand that covers me!" -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The WATCHMAKER

L'DWARD FENN occupied the position of watchmaker in a large and prosperous jewelry store. He was a man much envied by the clerks in the store, for, as an expert, he demanded and received a generous salary. The clerks all spoke of him, however, as "Old Fenn," and, because they had little in common with him, they regarded him as a most unsocial being. In reality he was a shy, retiring man,

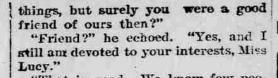
nearly 45 years of age; anxious to be friendly, but unaware of the best method to adopt, fixding it easier to be silent, lost in his own thoughts, than to exert himself and enter in with the chat of the lads behind the counters. He seemed to be always alone; patient, sol-

itary, and content to live out his life in the same narrow groove in which it ran, apparently waiting only for the death that would make so little difference to any human being except him-

"I can't understand what you think of all day, Fenn," his employer had said to him once, and Fenn had looked up. with his rare, singularly sweet smile, and said:

"Mr. White, have you never had a past?"

That was all anyone within the store knew of Fenn. His landlady found him a most excellent tenant, who paid promptly for his one small room, and never found fault, even on the cook's day out. No one had ever seen him an gry, but, on the contrary, no one hao ever seen him joyous. His life ran on evenly, as undisturbed as any clock un gaze never left her countenance durder his watchful eye. He appeared ing their entire interview. each morning on the stroke of eight. and departed with equal promptness when the store closed for the night | the watch my sister brought." As she His lunchcons he had eaten at the same



"That is good. We know few people here, and now I must go to meet Ellen." "You are going to meet-her-

now?" "Yes."

"Well, ask her, Miss Lucy, to step in and get the watch herself, anddon't tell her who I am, you know. Let me have my little surprise."

"Very well, I will. I am sorry I cannot come back with her, but I have an engagement."

Mr. Fenn, with a sudden heartiness, grasped the slender gloved hand extended to him. "Good-by," he said. "You came in like the spring sunshine, Miss Lucy."

After the girl had gone Fenn sat for some moments lost in thought. How many memories the girl had stirred within him! How like she was to that other girl-Ellen-whom he had once known.

With a deep sigh he turned, from

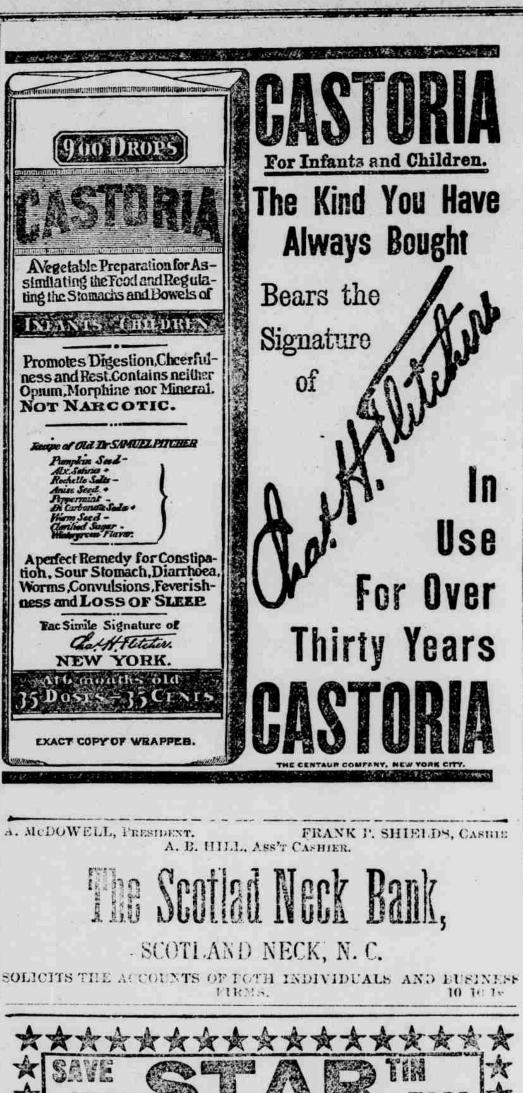
force of habit, to the watch before him. He well remembered that disagreeable little monitor which had disturbed so many pleasant hours! His accustomed fingers pressed the large, old-fashioned plate which protected the works from dust, and there fell into his hands a folded paper, yellowed with age, which opened as he reverently touched it.

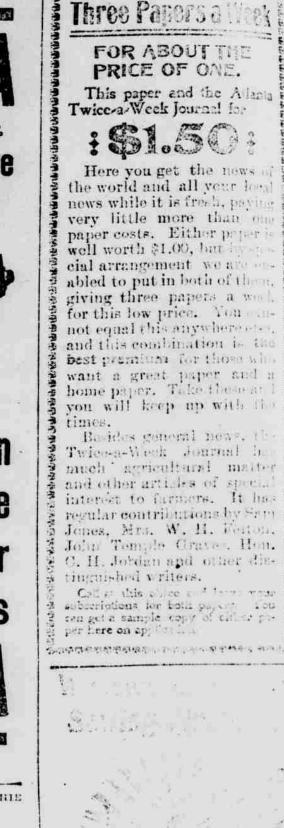
There, exposed to view, was the face of the young man who had glanced back at him from the mirror, and with it was a withered violet, which lightly fluttered out. It was brown and dry, but it preserved its freshness and fragrance in a faithful woman's heart, it seemed-and in one other, as he well knew.

For a long time Mr. Fean sat gazing at these relies of a sunny past, his hand over his eyes, his expression litthe betraying the disturbance within. Finally he shock his head sorrowfully. "Did Fenn look like that?" ne

thought. "Was there ever a time when I was really happy? I have changed in appearance"-he smiled bitterly-"and not for the better, but I have also grown in charity. What a young fool I was! To have such happiness within my grasp and then to scorn it -to throw it away-because I was too proud to demand an explanation! Ah, well!" He roused himself and looked up in his old, absent-minded way at a woman who stood awaiting his attention. Her eyes were riveted upon the paper in his hands-she had not glanced at Mr. Fenn's face-while his

"I see," she said, in low, faltering tones, "that you have already opened spoke the color rose in her face in the





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restaurant for 15 years. Except for the fact he did his work with minuteness of an extraordinary kind, he appeared the most commonplace individual in the city. One bright spring morning, when the

sun poured in through the broad windows, turning the jewels displayed there to liquid fire, and when the soft wind came puffing in at the doors as though determined to lure away every restless clerk for a frolic in the country. Mr. Fenn paused for a moment to speak to one of the men.

"Good morning," he said, courteous ly, "can you tell me what the date is?" "The 15th of May," replied the one ad dressed, somewhat surprised at this de parture from Mr. Fenn's usual rule. "Thank you. It is, as I thought, my birthday." There was a moment's pause before

another spoke up, cheerfully: "Many happy returns of the day, sir!"

"Eh? O, thank you. It is a long time since anyone wished me that," and so saying, Mr. Fenn passed on to his table in the corner, with his usual impassive mien.

"Poor old Fenn," the clerk said, com passionately. "I dare say he is lonely." As the morning wore away towards noon, a young woman entered the shop and approached Mr. Fenn's desk. He glanced up with his customary look of quiet attention, which changed sudden ly to one of keen interest as he eagerly scanned the newcomer's face.

"Is this the watchmaker?" she asked. "Yes." "I have a watch here, which won" go. I wish you would look it over and tell me what the trouble is."

With hands that shook Mr. Fenn took from her an old-fashioned silver watch "This is not yours?" he said. "No, my sister's." "Then I am right; you must be little

Lucv!" "My name is Lucy, but-" she hesitated. "You don't remember me? Well

child, you naturally would not. I have changed since you saw me. Tell me, did you ever hear-" he paused a moment, then continued-"your sister -speak of Edward Fenn?" "Mr. Fenn!" she cried. "You are not the Mr. Fenn I used to call Uncle Ed?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling, sadly, "and your sister. Is she well?" "O, yes, quite well. It must be a long time since you have seen her?" "Twenty years," Mr. Fenn said, quiet ly. "Twenty long years. She probably has forgotten me. Her-her husband is living, I suppose?"

"Husband? Bilen has never married." "Not married?" But surely I heard

that she was to be." "Yes, I know there was an engagement, but I was only a child then, and she never spoke of it to me but once. That was to say, it had been broken off in a moment of misunderstanding, and that she had never seen the man again to make it up. She believes him to be dead now, and cannot bear to have him spoken of.] don't know why I tell you these

same dear old fashion, taking awe the pressure of the years, until shi seemed a girl again in the eyes of the man who watched her.

"Yes," he said, gently, "but do not begrudge me my peep into paradise Ellen-'

At the first sound of his voice she had glanced incredulously up, her knees trembling under her as she lis tened-and looked.

"Edward!" she gasped. "Why, in can't be Edward!"

"Yes," he said, reassuringly, putting his hand over hers as it clutched at his desk. "Why not? We were bound to meet some day, you know." "Yes," she murmured, "I have always felt that if you were living 1 should see you again." Her eyes fellunder his and rested on the relics on his desk. "But these things"-he flush deepened-"I am sorry you ever saw them."

"Oh, no, Ellen, not sorry, but glad. Stay, I will show you my treasures.' As he spoke he drew forth his own timepiece and opened the back. There, smiling up at him, was her own face as it had looked 20 years before, fresh in its girlish beauty.

"All these years?" she asked. "Have you never married, then, Edward?" "Married some one else, Ellen? You know better-you must have known better all the time."

"Yes," she whispered, "I knew." "Ellen," he urged, softly, "one day, ever so many years ago, a boy said to you that he would never ask you for love again. He does not, but a man does-now. He asks you for all that boy threw away, because he has wanted it all his life." "What do you mean?" she asked faintly.

"Nothing to frighten you, dear. I want you to marry me still. I have wanted you every day since we parted, but I thought you had long ago married-there is no use going into that. We are not children now. How do you feel about it, Ellen? Are you willing to pass the rest of your life with me?" Ellen lifted her eyes to his-eyes that appeared young, because redeemed from age by the radiant light of love within them.

"I will do just as you say," she said, simply. Promptly the watchmaker stepped

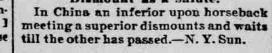
out from behind his desk, passed her hand through his arm and approached the astonished proprietor. "I want a vacation, sir," he said. "I

haven't asked for one in many years, but I want one now. My assistant can do all the work we are likely to have at this time of the year."

"I shall be glad to give it to you, Mr. Fenn. but why have you decided so suddenly?"

"Well, you see, sir," Fenn replied, "this lady has just consented to become my wife, and we have waited so long for our honeymoon that we want a proportionately long honeymoon now."-Chicago Tribune.

Dismount as a Salute.



"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Ecw," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in 会 肉 securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have ImageTAGETAGE1 Match BorTAGE5002 Match Bor5002 Match Bor5003 Match Bor5003 Match Match5004 Match Bor5004 Match Bor5005 Match Match5005 Match Match5006 Match Match5007 Match Match5008 Match Match5008 Match Match5009 Match Ster Match500</ FREES 200 含 会 * 余 -1-* 索 A * 大 * 食 X THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH. 1900. × Special Notice ! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag), are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1990. * 1 OF BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of * STAR PLUC TOBACCO will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any X X other brand. MAKE THE TEGT! Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo. ***** UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO. JOHN M. PATTISON, PRESIDENT. This Company still keeps its pre-eminance as having the lowest Death Rate and the Highest Interest Rate of any Company. It makes the Safest Possible Investments, and the Largest Returns to Policy HOLDERS. -----In 1899 it Maintained its LOW DEATH RATE, STEADY INCREASE IN NEW BUSINESS, LOW RATE OF EXPENSE, LARGE ANNUAL INCREASE IN ASSETS, HIGH RATE OF INCEREST, LARGE ANNUAL INCREASE IN SURPLUS. GAINS IN 1899. Gain in INCO FE. \$570,338.05 Gain in Milli, i' U.S. \$423,467.76 Gain in IN COMMENTS, BEPOTTS, \$128,302.66 Gain in MEan and Hilf. 7,949 \$2,654,976 06 Gain in ASSETS, Gain in AMOUNT OF INSURANCE. \$15,583,808.00 Gain in AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS, \$274,025.00 Every day strengthens the belief of emi-nent physicians that impure blood is the Total Insurance Written in 1899.

