

THOUGHTS IN SEPARATION.

We never meet, yet we meet day by day Upon those hills of life, dim and immense...

THE VILLAGE PRIDE.

Mrs. Silvester Dean Leven was polishing her brass knocker. Her long, thin white curls and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children...

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leven tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes she worked on...

Percy soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to...

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said as he doffed his cap. She beckoned to him to come to her.

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt and avoiding her sight and summons...

"Ob, Aunt Martha," he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss. "I am so glad that I know you would after hearing about her. And, say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everybody in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapetine? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the pride of Greenwich village."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile—I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?" "Going on 25 year. Oh, he's almost an old Ninth warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy, I never knew them." "I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded:

"So her father is a grocer?" "Yes, like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortune of his family on never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better." Mrs. Leven winced.

"You might have been a judge like your father or a senator like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any office where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leven looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said gently, "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, and where the best fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more; it's all just New York city. So what is the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone annoyed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her. It did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The old lady straightened in her chair, the lines about her mouth stiffened, and her eyes glistened like her knocker, as she answered: "Percy Dean! You forget to whom you are speaking. You forget yourself, sir, and your good breeding is evidently suffering from the associations you permit yourself."

Percy was frightened. The last time he had been rebuked in this temper by his aunt was when he was a boy. He meant no offense.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha," he murmured. Mrs. Leven took her knitting from the table and worked busily at it till she was quite calm. She looked up after every few thrusts of her needle, indignantly at first, then coldly, and finally the habitual expression of kindness returned to her face.

"I dare say you are in a hurry to go to town, Percy, and I shall not detain you much longer. You may tell me something about this young man—this girl. How old is she?"

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha." "Is she cultivated, educated? Come, Percy, tell me all about her."

"She went through the grammar school, I think, but she had to work after that. So she can't play the piano or sing, but she is a nice girl and can read the house and cook, now that her mother's dead."

"That's right. She ought to be able to manage her husband's house-hold. But tell me more about her. Is her voice soft, are her manners gentle, is she modest? Describe her to me, my dear. Is she pretty?"

Percy was encouraged by the few words of approval he had won. "Aunt, she's a beauty, that's that."

"What do you say—a what?" "I mean she's a beauty. She's got blue eyes and blond hair and the nicest, biggest, reddish cheeks. She ain't what you would call quiet; she's more lively like. You ought to hear her laugh when we're down on the docks nights with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you could hear her across the river in Holokan. And jolly? If she gets a mug as is too fresh, she can jolly him along to beat the band. But she's on the level too. She does the square thing by her old man every clip. The housework has to be done before she's in for the game. And she slaves for her little sisters and brothers, just slaves for them, and yet she does it as willing. But then she's good to everybody; always ready to help out with work when neighbors are behind or sick or have company, and she sticks up for horses and cats and all like that. You wouldn't believe she was that way, though, to see her at a ball or dancing on excursion boats up the river. She's a good locker and a good dresser, and when she's out in full rig—well, say, she's a sight. The other fellows don't do nothing when we're out."

Percy stopped short. Mrs. Leven had risen suddenly, and she stood erect before him, tall and white and proud.

"Why, Aunt Martha?" he exclaimed. "That is enough, Percy. Thank you. I see I have been wrong all wrong in this matter from the first. You shall have your way, for it is right, I consent."

"Ob, Aunt Martha," he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss. "I am so glad that I know you would after hearing about her. And, say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everybody in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapetine? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the pride of Greenwich village."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile—I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?" "Going on 25 year. Oh, he's almost an old Ninth warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy, I never knew them." "I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded:

"So her father is a grocer?" "Yes, like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortune of his family on never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better." Mrs. Leven winced.

"You might have been a judge like your father or a senator like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any office where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leven looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said gently, "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, and where the best fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more; it's all just New York city. So what is the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone annoyed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her. It did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The early Romans found the swift current of the Rhine sufficient defense against the gigantic Germans, but to protect the peaceful settlers against all possible danger every ford on the upper Rhine and every convenient crossing place on the lower stream was fortified, and thus a chain of posts was extended from the sea to Strasburg.

Nearly all the elegant buttons are now shown in three distinct sizes designed for one costume. Many of the smaller buttons are veritable jewels in their artistic beauty of color and design, and they are set exactly like actual gems on low mountings of whitened silver or pure gold or pearl. Jet, plumb colored enamel, and bronze buttons set in riveted points are all familiar styles. Some of the handsome jet and iridescent eop passmenories have buttons to match which are not intended to have any strain upon them, but are merely used as decorations all over the cloth or other costume.

Believed of Terrible Pains R. E. Merce, Traveling Salesman, Galveston, Texas, says Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me of rheumatism of three months standing after use of two bottles. J. S. Doan, Danville, Ill., says he has used Ballard's Snow Liniment for years and would not be without it. J. R. Crouch, Rio, Ill., says Ballard's Snow Liniment cured terrible pains in back of head and neck when nothing else would. Every bottle guaranteed. Price 50 cents.

Sold by The North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

WISER THAN BOOKS.

My love than books is wiser far. I scanned the countless pages Where all the words of wisdom are. The profits of the sages. I saw had I never what meant a kiss. What were component parts of bliss. But, though I conned them o'er and o'er, It was no pleasure than before. At last I found my love, and he Explained it clearly, all, to me. —Kathryn Trask in New York Times.

THE VETERAN.

Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in springtime green. Farther away the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A horse meditating in the shade of one of the hickories lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery store.

"Could you see the whites of their eyes?" said the man who was seated on a soap box.

"Nothing of the kind," replied old Henry warmly. "Just a lot of fitting figures, and I let go where they 'peared to be the thickest. Bang!"

"Mr. Fleming," said the grocer. His deferential voice expressed somehow the old man's exact social weight. "Mr. Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?"

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner the entire group stirred. "What, I guess I was," he answered finally, "pretty well scared sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was falling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared."

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. Moreover, they knew that he had ranked as an orderly sergeant, and so their opinion of his heroism was fixed. None, to be sure, knew how an orderly sergeant ranked, but then it was understood to be somewhere just shy of a major general's stars. So when old Henry admitted that he had been frightened there was a laugh.

"The trouble was," said the old man, "I thought they were all shooting at me. Yes, sir, I thought every man in the other army was aiming at me in particular, and only me. And it seemed so damned unreasonable, you know. I wanted to explain to 'em what an almighty good fellow I was, because I thought then they might quit all trying to hit me. But I couldn't explain, and they kept on being unreasonable—blim—blam—bang! So I run."

Two little triangles of wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. Evidently he appreciated some comedy in this recital. Down near his feet, however, little Jim, his grandson, was visibly horror-stricken. His hands were clasped nervously, and his eyes were wide with astonishment at this terrible scandal—his most magnificent grandfather telling such a thing.

"That was at Chancellorsville, of course afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does. Lots of men, though, seem to feel all right from the start. I did as soon as I got on to it, as you say now, but at first I was pretty flustered. Now, there was young Jim Conklin, old St. Conklin's son—that used to keep the lantern; you some of you recollect him—he went into it from the start just as if he was born to it. But with me it was different. I had to get used to it."

When little Jim walked with his grandfather, he was in the habit of skipping along on the stone pavement in front of the three stores and the hotel of the town and betting that he could avoid the cracks. But upon this day he walked soberly, with his hand gripping that of his grandfather's fingers. Sometimes he kicked abstractedly at dandelions that crept over the walk. Any one could see that he was much troubled.

"There's Sickies' coat over in the meadow, Jimmie," said the old man. "Don't you wish you owned one like him?"

"Um!" said the boy, with a strange lack of interest. He continued his reflections. Then finally he ventured, "Grandpa—now—was that true what you was telling those men?"

"What?" asked the grandfather. "What was I telling them?" "Oh, about your name?"

"Why, yes, that was true enough, Jimmie. It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know."

Jimmie seemed dazed that this idol of his own will, should so totter. His stout, boyish idealism was injured. Presently the grandfather said: "Sickies' coat is going for a drink. Don't you wish you owned Sickies' coat, Jimmie?"

The boy merely answered, "He ain't as nice as our'n." He lapsed then to another moody silence.

One of the hired men, a Swede, decided to drive to the county seat for purposes of his own. The old man loaned a horse and an unwashed buggy. It appeared later that one of the purposes of the Swede was to get drunk.

After quelling some boisterous frolic of the farm hands and boys in the garret the old man had that night gone peacefully to sleep, when he was aroused by clattering at the kitchen door. He grabbed his trousers, and they were out being as he dashed forward. He could hear the voice of the Swede, screaming and blubbering. He pushed the wooden button, and as the door flew open the Swede, a maniac, stumbled inward, chattering, weeping, still screaming: "De barn fire! Fire, fire! De barn fire! Fire, fire, fire!"

There was a swift and indescribable change in the old man. His face ceased instantly to be a face; it became a mask, a gray thing, with horror written about the mouth and eyes. He barely shouted at the foot of the little rickety stairs, and immediately, it seemed, there came down an avalanche of men. No one knew that during this time the old lady had been standing in her nightgown at the bedroom door yelling: "What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

When they dashed toward the barn, it presented to their eyes its usual appearance—solemn, rather mystic in the black night. The Swede's lantern was overturned at a point some yards from in front of the barn doors. It contained a white little bag of powder, and it was, and even in their excitement, some of those who ran felt a gentle secondary

vibration of the thrifty part of their minds at sight of this overturned lantern. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a calamity. But the cattle in the barn were trampling, trampling, trampling, and above this noise could be heard a humming like the song of innumerable bees. The old man hurried aside the great doors, and a yellow flame leaped out at one corner and sped and sped and wavered frantically up the old gray wall. It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes.

The motley crowd from the garret had come with all the pails of the farm. They flung themselves upon the well. It was a miserably old machine, long dwelling in indolence. It was in the habit of giving out water with a sort of reluctance. The men stormed at it, cursed it, but it continued to allow the buckets to be filled only after the wheezy windlass had howled many protests at the mad handed men.

With his open knife in his hand, old Fleming himself had gone headlong into the barn, where the stifling smoke swirled with the air currents, and where could be heard in its fullness the terrible hiss of flames laden with tones of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful ferocity.

He flung a blanket over an old mare's head, cut the halter close to the manger, led the mare to the door and fairly kicked her out to safety. He returned with the same blanket and rescued one of the work horses. He took five horses out and then came out himself with his clothes heavily on fire. He had no whiskers and very little hair on his head. They sused five pailfuls of water on him. His clothes made a clean miss with the sixth pailful because the old man had turned and was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smashed his hip.

They sused five pailfuls of water on him. His clothes made a clean miss with the sixth pailful because the old man had turned and was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smashed his hip.

The cows, with their heads held in the heavy stanchions, had thrown themselves, strangled themselves, tangled themselves—done everything which the indignity of their exuberant fear could suggest to them.

Here, as at the well, the same thing happened to every man save one. Their hands went mad. They became incapable of everything save the power to rush into dangerous situations.

The old man released the cow nearest the door, and she, blind drunk with terror, crashed into the Swede. The Swede had been running to and fro, babbling. He carried an empty milk pail, to which he clung with an unconscious fierce enthusiasm. He shrieked like one lost as he went under the cow's hoofs, and the milk pail, rolling across the floor, made a flash of silver in the gloom.

Old Fleming took a fork, beat off the cow and dragged the paralyzed Swede to the open air. When they had rescued all the cows save one, which had so fastened herself that she could not be moved an inch, they returned to the front of the barn and stood sadly, breathing like men who had reached the final point of human effort.

Many people had come running. Some one had even gone to the church, and now, from the distance, rang the tocsin note of the old bell. There was a long flare of crimson on the sky, which made remote people speculate as to the whereabouts of the fire.

The long flames sang their drumming chorus in voices of the heaviest bass. The wind whirled clouds of smoke and cinders into the faces of the spectators. The form of the old barn was outlined in black amid these masses of orange-headed flames.

And then came this Swede again, crying as one who is the weapon of sinister fate: "De colst! De colst! You have forgot de colst!"

Old Fleming staggered. It was true; they had forgotten the two colts in the box stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamored about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly each to each. "Why, it's sure death!" "He would never get out!" "Why, it's suicide for a man to go in there!" Old Fleming stared absently at the open doors. "The poor little things," he said. He rushed into the barn.

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genius of fable. The smoke was tinted rose hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the color of this soil.—Stephen Crane in St. James Budget.

X Rays and Diamonds. One excellent use to which the new X rays can be put should interest women. It seems that by their aid one can readily determine whether diamonds are real or false, for the rays pass quite through real diamonds, leaving them transparent, and not at all through false ones. A real picture when photographed would show only the mounting, but in a false one all the stones would turn out black. Strangely enough, the X rays will not penetrate glass. Eyeglasses, if photographed, come out black. This proved useful in the case of a Vienna glassworker who got a bit of glass into his finger. By the aid of the rays it was discovered, extracted and the workman cured.—St. James Gazette.

Been a Pay Hipster. Practical Father—I want to buy a watch for my boy—the cheapest you have. Honest Dealer—I'm afraid I can't warrant the cheap ones to keep very good time. Practical Father—Oh, that doesn't matter. Just make it so he can open the back of the case.—Strand Magazine.

Invited to Call. He—I suppose that sip headed dunder has proposed to you a dozen times. She—No. Once was enough. Come and see us when we get settled.—Detroit Free Press.

The writer who has time to explain everything has not much time to write. The reader who is too indolent or indifferent to look up references ought not to read.—Vandiam.

Nails are now made by machinery, ribbons or long strips of iron or steel being fed to machines, which cut out the nails complete, at one stroke.

THE NAME CAME BACK.

And For Awhile the Doctor Could Not See the Reason of It. It is a familiar contention among psychologists that an incident once thoroughly presented to the human mind cannot be effaced from the memory. In this connection Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the well known missionary to Turkey and the founder of Robert College, Constantinople, is reported by the Washington Star as telling a humorous story. Among Dr. Hamlin's friends and substantial helpers was a Philadelphia gentleman, whose name could not be recalled by the doctor, who was then in Turkey. Every incident connected with their interviews, even to the street and number of the house in which his benefactor had lived, was as plain to the doctor as if the events had occurred but yesterday, but to save his life he could not think of the gentleman's name.

As time went on this failure of memory caused him serious annoyance, and he adopted all sorts of expedients to bring back the name. He would take the letters of the alphabet one at a time and think over all the surnames he had ever heard, but to no avail. Then in his imagination he would start down the street where his friend had lived, enter the house, go through the ceremony of introduction and repeat word for word, as nearly as he could remember it, the conversation which had taken place between them, but still he could not recall the name.

When, after 30 years, he returned to his native land on a visit, he took the trouble to go to Philadelphia, in order to settle the question which had been puzzling him so long. He visited the house, but found only strangers, who could tell him nothing of the people who had lived there so many years before. So finally Dr. Hamlin abandoned the search, thinking that here at last was a case where something had been thoroughly presented to the human mind, and as thoroughly effaced.

One night, after he had returned permanently to this country, he attended a large dinner where were several distinguished psychologists. During the evening the conversation turned upon the subject of memory, and the well known scientific principles were discussed. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and Dr. Hamlin proceeded to relate his experience at length, as an example of the opposite kind.

He was, of course, listened to with great interest, and as he approached the end of his story he said, with great impressiveness:

"Gentlemen, there was an incident presented to my mind more than 40 years ago, and I have not been able to think of the name of Captain Robinson from that day to this."

When his climax was greeted by a hearty burst of laughter, the worthy doctor looked round in great astonishment, for he thought he had told a pretty good story and could see nothing in it to provoke mirth. It was some time before the truth of the matter dawned upon him.

Rock Pictures in Oregon. W. B. Whittemore while in Alturas, Or., recently discovered some remarkable hieroglyphics about 15 miles northeast from the north end of Warner valley on the edge of what is locally known as the "desert" in Lake county. Mr. Whittemore says the hieroglyphics had been cut with a sharp instrument in the surface of the hard basaltic rock. They cover the face of the bluff for a distance of about three miles and consist of pictures of Indians with bows, arrows and spears, besides deer, antelope, dogs and wolves, geese, ducks, swans and reptiles of various kinds. Intermingled with these animals are characters which, of course, he could not decipher. He says that the execution of the pictures was very good, and he is satisfied that it could not have been the work of ordinary Indians. Throughout the entire distance the characters and pictures are in rows.

The Indians of the vicinity have no knowledge of the meaning of the hieroglyphics or of the people who ages ago chiseled them on the surface of the rocks. From the description given, the picture writing bears a close resemblance to that found in Mexico and Central America. If this supposition is true, a careful study might reveal to the archaeologist some insight into the origin or wanderings of a dead and forgotten civilization.—Chr. San Francisco Call.

Answered. There is a story of an inquisitive old gentleman who asked a cabman whether he thought that his horse preferred standing still on the rank or drawing the cab.

"Well, sir," replied cabby, "I think on the 'ole, he'd rather pull the cab. You see, he reads the names over the shop windows and they makes him 'h.—Strand Magazine.

SPRING PLANTING will soon be here and we are ready to supply you with Fresh Garden and Field Seeds either in bulk or packages. These seeds come from one of the most reliable growers in the country and we can recommend them as fresh. We have also received our spring stock of GARDEN TOOLS. In the Hardware Line we carry a full stock. A. L. DAVIS, Who no one owes.

First National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB. CAPITAL - \$50,000. SURPLUS - \$22,500. H. S. White, President. P. A. White, Vice-Pres't. Arthur McNamara, Cashier. A general banking business transacted.

A. F. STREITZ DRUGGIST. Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, PAINTERS' SUPPLIES, WINDOW GLASS, MACHINE OILS, Diamanta Spectacles. Deutsche Apotheke. Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts.

C. F. IDDIGS, LUMBER, COAL AND GRAIN. Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

NORTH : PLATTE : PHARMACY, Dr. N. McCABE, Prop., J. E. BUSH, Manager. NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

We aim to handle the Best Grades of Goods, sell them at Reasonable Figures, and Warrant Everything as Represented. Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific railway respectfully solicited.

For Fine Rigs REASONABLE PRICES Elder & Lock's Stable. Northwest corner Court-house Square.

FRANKLIN PEALE'S WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT. WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF GOLD PAINTS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' COLORS AND BRUSHES, PIANO AND FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BUGGY PAINTS, KALSOMINE MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES. ESTABLISHED JULY 1858. 310 SPRUCE STREET.

Scrofula Is a deep-seated blood disease which all the mineral mixtures in the world cannot cure. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy for blood diseases and has no equal. Mrs. V. T. Buck, of Delaney, Ark., had Scrofula for twenty-five years and most of the time was under the care of the doctors who could not relieve her. A specialist said he could cure her, but he filled her with arsenic and potash which almost ruined her constitution. She then took nearly every so-called blood medicine and drank them by the wholesale, but they did not reach her troubles. Some one advised her to try S.S.S. and she very soon found that she had a real blood remedy at last. She says: "After taking one dozen bottles of S.S.S. I am perfectly well, my skin is clear and healthy and I would not be in my former condition for two thousand dollars. Instead of drying up the poison in my system, like the potash and arsenic, S.S.S. drove the disease out through the skin, and I was permanently rid of it." A Real Blood Remedy. S.S.S. never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, or any disorder of the blood. Do not rely upon a simple tonic to cure a deep-seated blood disease, but take a real blood remedy. Our books free upon application. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.