

PLUNGERS OF IRON NERVE

Three Men Who Showed No Feeling, Win or Lose.

COLD PLUCK AT ALL TIMES

No Complaint Made by Mike Dwyer About Bad Luck that Cost Him Thousands—Big Wagers of Pittsburgh Phil.

NEW YORK, March 12.—"You mark my words," said an old-time speculator on turf events, "it is the fellow who bottles up his feelings and shows no signs of emotion who goes away quicker than the chap who yells his head off when his horse wins."

"I've noticed the quiet ones down the line and the best examples of their kind have gone. I refer to Mike Dwyer, Pittsburgh Phil and Pat McCarran. None of them ever batted an eye when he had a nose finish for thousands, but they burnt up internally and would have been long if they had yelled now and then. It's the way a high-strung chap has of letting off steam and it relieves the tension tremendously."

"I remember the day that Previous failed to get away from the post for the Futurity, which the cool subsequent form book would have won easily. Mike Dwyer owned Previous, and he had, I think, \$50,000 on the son of Meddler. "It was Dwyer's custom to view the race from the end of the grandstand nearest the clubhouse when they were running at Sheepshead Bay, and he was pacing up and down with his field glasses in his hand while the big bunch of 2-year-olds were at the post. From time to time he would stop and look anxiously through the glasses. Finally there was a shout of 'They're off!' and with a cloud of dust three-quarters of a mile away indicated that the race was under way. Dwyer's glasses were on him at the starting point when Mr. Pettigall raised the barrier and the moment the start was made he began pacing to and fro taking no more interest in the race."

"Somebody's left!" ejaculated a bystander. "Yes, it's Previous," remarked the iron-nerved plunger, as he continued on his walk."

"It was no fault of the starter that Previous failed to get away, nor was it through any remissness on the part of Silms, the famous colored jockey, who had the mount. It happened that Previous had drawn the outside position at the post and that the farmer had the field next to the Futurity chute planted in oats. The waving grain away temptingly near the colt, and he turned his head for a hasty bite just as Mr. Pettigall released the barrier and called 'Come on!' The jockey and colt were both caught unaware and it was too late to rectify the mistake, though there are some who still think that Previous could have gone after his field and won."

"It is not recorded that Mr. Dwyer ever made any complaint to anybody or murmured over his hard luck. He realized that he was up against fate and accepted what came as his share of the uncertainty of the sport."

"Those who were most familiar with Dwyer found it just as hard to gauge him and his methods as the most utter stranger. He dearly loved a favorite and the shorter odds the more money he bet. Dwyer's 'On one occasion he bought a horse named Joe Cotton for \$10,000 and started to win him out. The odds were 1 to 3, and at those figures he wagered \$30,000. The race was at the Bay and the California mare, Birette, was at Coston's throat-hold all the way through the stretch and only the judge knew which had won at the wire. Not a muscle of the plunger's placid face moved as Cotton's number was flashed to the announcement board, and his only remark, as a friend who sat with him in the timers' stand slapped him on the back in congratulation, was: "Tight squeak!"

"Pittsburgh Phil was much like Dwyer in some ways. He was equally as silent in the early days of his career, but when the disease which carried him off subsequently had made severe inroads into his system, he was at times querulous and would argue vehemently when the soundness of his judgment on a race was disputed. Pittsburgh was not as fond of favorites as Dwyer, but like his great rival there was nothing that occurred during the running of a race that he could not tell with great accuracy. "Whether he was betting or not he always watched the horses run, and there was nothing that occurred during that race that was not put away in a corner of his marvellously retentive mind for future use. He played fewer races than Dwyer, going on the theory, always sound in any country, that the man who tries to bet every race has only one sight in view—bankruptcy sure and certain. When he had viewed the possibilities of the various candidates in a race from all points and made up his mind that a certain horse could win, nobody could talk him out of betting on the colt of that particular horse or mare."

"He was cunning to a degree in his methods, and it is on record that he has through his agents wagered as much as \$5,000 on a horse in a race in order to mislead his sworn enemies, the bookmakers. When the detested peddlers had offered a sufficiently tempting figure against the horse Pittsburgh resolutely wanted to wager on, his money appeared most mysteriously. He had many confidential betting agents or commission men, but was constantly springing surprises on the fraternity. It is said that he bet on the favorite, it was a true saying so far as the bookmakers were concerned, for they had such wholesome respect for the young plunger's judgment that they cut the price the moment it was apparent that it was

his money that was coming into the ring in such chunks.

"In the early days of his career, which he began at about 1880, the smart bookmakers of the Wheelock and Lichtenstein type thought they could break him, and they took his money every time it was offered and on anything that he cared to wager. Some heavy wagers, one in particular over Holke, a horse named at the time by the late A. J. Casant, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, and afterward sold to Garrison, the jockey, caused them to look for safer game."

"The race where he made his star winning was over a 2-year-old owned by himself and whose private form had been carefully concealed. This youngster's name was King Cadmus, and Fred Targal, who is still riding horses, was engaged to ride the colt in a dash down the old straight course at Morris park. Targal was in the heyday of his career and could outflinch any jockey then in the saddle. It took an hour and a half to run the race. Sometime later driving and lifting to land King Cadmus first by a nose. Pittsburgh was the stand, the least excited man in the show, and the only sign of emotion he showed was a slight smile in response to Walter Holke's jubilant announcement of 'George, George has beaten the ram!'"

"Smith was never very fond of giving information to those who he thought were not entitled to it and he would never admit how much money he won that day on King Cadmus. It was rumored that the records of the ring, which could be got at pretty freely, showed that the smart bookmaker, not lambasting, showed that Smith took more than \$100,000 out of the ring over that particular race."

"But Smith won on other people's horses very largely and frequently scored when the owner and trainer of the horse did not. He was a very successful man in an exchange of opinions would demonstrate clearly that the horse under discussion should win that day, taking form shown on a previous occasion as a line by which to figure. Commenting on the fact that he had not had any practical knowledge of horses, he developed into one of the best judges of condition to be found anywhere, and if a horse did not warm up to suit him or show the sweat running clear and profuse in the paddock before the race he would have a word to say, or by chance his money was already down, he hastened to bed."

"Smith was clever enough, too, to always have some good riders that were friendly to him, and one of them, Willie Shaw, who is now riding in Germany, was as close to the plunger as his brother, Bill, who trained the horses running in the name of Pittsburgh. Shaw was never much of a finisher, but he had that rare quality which made Isaac Murphy, Jimmy McLaughlin and Willie Martin great jockeys—he could tell you everything that happened during a race after it was over."

"Of course you all know that the best horse does not always win. Half a dozen things can happen during the running of a race and any one of them may be fatal to the chances of the best horse. Getting into a pocket is one of the ways a good horse can lose, and especially if he is a jockey riding who has a grudge on the rider on the horse that is in the tight place. They won't pull out and let the unfortunate through, and in taking back and going around the field much precious time is lost. "Shaw could not only tell what had happened to his own mounts, but to every horse in the race, and perhaps you don't think that sort of news was valuable to Smith. The horse that met with all the trouble would probably be at a much lower price the next time he faced the barrier, and plenty of folks couldn't understand how anybody could bet on the chances with the degree of confidence Smith displayed when he put down his thousands. They knew more about it though when the horse romped home, however."

"Did you ever think that Pittsburgh Phil was about the only one of the big plungers who brought next to nothing into the game and left more than \$2,000,000 in good, hard cash and securities when he died a few years ago? Just run your mind over some of the high rollers. Mike Dwyer made money and lots of it in the metal business here and in other places, but he was a thoroughbred. John W. Gates, as you know, got his easy money in Wall street. The old timer Bernard, had a profitable business working for him, and it kept him going for years, and so it goes on down the line. But Pittsburgh Phil came from a poor man's family, he had no money, and all between the ages of 20 and 37."

"Did you ever hear of the time he got his tickets mixed at old Monmouth and got into trouble for a day or so because of his youthful appearance?" interrupted one of the listeners. "No? Well, I'll tell you about it."

"Phil had grown tired beating George Price's paddock at Pittsburgh and he yearned for actual racing and a sight of some of the horses and jockeys he had been reading about and figuring on for a few years. He packed his bag and landed in New York, knowing not one of the thoroughbreds. John W. Gates, as you know, was a printer who had worked in the composing room of a Pittsburgh newspaper, and being fond of the races himself and a frequent visitor at Price's had made the acquaintance of Phil who, by the way, gained the sobriquet which stuck to him through life by giving it up whenever he bought a pool, much the same as a broker in the street gives a name to the purchaser of stocks."

"Pittsburgh always looked youthful, and when he first appeared at Monmouth he was not more than 21 and looked 18 or younger. It was the day he burned the ring up on Eolian and he was in such a hurry getting his money down that some body else in the excitement of the speculation had first appeared at Monmouth for \$2,000 against \$500, while in return for \$200,000 his possessions when Eolian breeged home a pastebread reading \$25 to \$35. As he hadn't a less sum than \$100 in any of the books he knew right away that a mistake had been made."

"He rushed into the ring and up to the particular bookmaker with whom he had made his wager, and before they had begun to pay off protested against the payment of the larger ticket. The first man in line waiting to get his money was the holder of the \$250 to \$500 ticket, and he loudly called for his money when the question of his having gotten the wrong ticket was debated. It happened, fortunately for the youngster, that he had bet with one of the squeamish men in the profession, and he sent for Mr. Withers, the president of the track."

"You remember the old gentleman. He was a man of few words. Pittsburgh had a heap of winning tickets calling for upward of \$20,000, and the \$25 in dispute was the only small wager in the bunch. The other man had his lone \$2,500 to \$500 and he didn't like that kind of a bet, Mr. Withers thought Pittsburgh a very young man to be betting that kind of money, but he very graciously ordered both men to appear before him at 1 o'clock the next day and to submit proofs of their identity and bring some evidence of their financial standing."

"Pittsburgh hunted up his printer friend, who was stoking type on a morning newspaper. The printer knew the sporting reporter of the newspaper and he brought Smith to the office and explained the matter. When the reporter saw the ticket Mr. Withers the next day. He would and did. Smith showed bank books on New York and Pittsburgh institutions indicating

deposits of upward of \$200,000. The other man was braced up to a certain point, but finally confessed that the \$25 bet was his, and they both got their money."

"Yes, I remember hearing something about that at the time," commented the veteran, "and it taught Pittsburgh a lesson and he always as long as the ticket system was in operation would find a quiet spot and inspect the paddock, indicating his wagers before the horses went to the post. There would be a heap of them at times that looked at a distance like a pack of playing cards."

"I have often seen him amusing himself in the train on the homeward trips scanning the tickets, his hand not ceasing and occasionally, if he had a friend along with him, making such comments as these: 'Totten luck! Should have won that one. Horse got cut off or he would have walked in. Bad judgment to bet on that mare, cost was dry and dull, not as good as she was. Got a bad ride for that bunch, and so on all through the rest of the trip."

"It was illuminating to listen to him and I picked up many a bet by remembering some of the things he said. Take him all in all as a horse player he was in a class by himself. His devotion to his mother and brother was beautiful and he left them a handsome sum."

"But say, the boy that would pick them higher than a cat's back was the late Senator McCarran. He would fall for tips and you know any man who throws away his figures and the dope sheets and takes the promiscuous tip that floats around the paddock has his finish in plain sight."

"McCarran's record of success as a racing man was way back in the late '80s and early '90s, when in partnership with Frank Seaman, he owned three real good horses—one stakes animal named Strideaway and two topnotch selling placers, Balston and Drumstick. Connel-Bill threw the race on the 2-year-olds and whatever else you could say about Bill he knew when he had a good horse keyed up to concert pitch."

"These horses were the sort you could rely upon, as they were game to the core and they were fast. Balston and Drumstick were always a shade lower than they belonged—and let me remark that that's the way to play the racing game; try to make the public believe you have a stalling placar when you really have a stalling horse, and if you can get the boys for a while you will cash more bets than you will lose."

"Bob Tucker bought Strideaway for \$10,000, and a disagreement between the partners which resulted in the Counselor taking Balston and Drumstick, and the Senator was out of the game for some time. However, like most of those who want action, he got back again and followed the horses until he died. I guess he lost and won as heavily at times as any of them, and he certainly took greater chances than anybody I know of. There was one particularly disastrous day at Saratoga, when he went beyond his limit and walked in from the course with one of his bosom friends."

"Well, I had a grand day," he remarked with his usual smile which earned him the undesired sobriquet of Chilly Pat. "I want to say right now that McCarran was not chilly to those whom he had confidence in. Naturally, playing the game he did, he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but if there was a case of anybody that deserved help and Pat had the money he gave it up cheerfully, and he didn't talk about it either; that was the best of it."

"But I'm getting away from my yarn. When Pat said he had a grand day his friend knew what it meant, and being a man of few words, himself, he remarked in the vernacular: "How much did you go for?" "Only a hundred and five," was the reply."

"A prolonged whistle was the only comment of the senator's companion for a moment, and then with a grin illuminating his ruddy face he asked: "How much have you got?" "About sixty-five."

"And where are you going to get the balance?" quipped the inquirer. "From you, my friend," he instantly replied. "The 'you' you're," was the only comment from the rubicund one, who knew the senator spoke the truth."

"He paid up that \$105,000 on Monday morning with as good grace as though he were doing those he had lost the day before a very great favor. It was the same year that Pat made his famous plunge on a filly named Ocean Tide, owned by himself. "The occasion was the Great Filly stakes at Sheepshead Bay and the race was worth upward of \$50,000. You would think that any ordinary man who had satisfied himself in any respect and he planned to make the winning of his life. The most dangerous opponent Ocean Tide had was the afterward famous filly Beladame, owned by August Belmont."

"This young man, the apple of the eye of the chairman of the Jockey club, was the favorite for the race, having shown some very good performances. Not much was known of Ocean Tide, but she had shown phenomenal speed in her training exercises, and Frank Brown, who trained her, told the story that no man's 2-year-old could beat her."

"Nobody can find out how much money McCarran bet on her that day. He sat in a box in the second gallery of the big stand at Sheepshead and watched the race without the quiver of an eyelash. His eye was on the inside next to the rail and as the Senator's box was below the finishing line the angle made it appear as though Ocean Tide had won from Beladame by a short head after a most furious struggle, the pair running like a team throughout the last furlong or so."

"Mr. Belmont was seated in a box near by. He was among the first to congratulate the Senator. While the men were shaking hands a shout of surprise came from one of McCarran's companions. "Why, they've given it to Beladame!" "The senator smiled and still holding Mr. Belmont's hand remarked dryly: "She was wrong it appears. I congratulate you most heartily, Mr. Belmont. 'Wann't it a great race?" "That was the last big plunge that McCarran made," said the old timer as he bit the end off a fat black cigar preparatory to lighting it."

"Ray, Gates never loosened up much unless he had a hunch good and strong that he was liable to cop," commented a sporty looking fellow who had listened intently to the narrative, "and maybe he couldn't holler when he got stung for a week. I remember once when Bob Darnell was training Nealon and that bunch that one of their good things hit the rocks at Brighton and I think it was Doggett laid him a long price on something that looked juicy to the big fellow, but say, kids, horses, something else, that horse that one friend the night before—he got occasionally. Course if horses could only talk and tell us when they had a headache it would help them when their minds wasn't on the game."

KEEPS FISH WITHOUT WATER

Device of a Woman Who Has a Private Hatchery.

OXYGEN-FED TANK THE MEANS

Mrs. Frank M. Johnson the Successful Experimenter—She and Her Husband Deeply Interested in Study of Fish Life.

NEW YORK, March 12.—Mrs. Frank M. Johnson, wife of a Boston surgeon, has the means of raising all sorts of fishes in her private hatchery. Both Mrs. Johnson and her husband are deeply interested in fish culture and have at Springfield, N. H., a private fishery of their own."

Mrs. Johnson, who is now staying in New York, gives this account of her device: "I always was a lover of outdoor life, and after my husband became wrapped up in his fish hatcheries I was soon so enthralled by his experiments that I took it up with him."

"After a time we naturally fell to experimenting with all manner of fish life, not only together, but in a sort of rivalry. It was in some of these experiments that I perfected my device that enables fish to live without water. I was not at our hatchery at the time I made the discovery, but in my house in Boston, and when I actually proved that my theory was right I called the more and more all up my husband at his office and told him of it. 'No!' he replied. 'Yes!' I said. Then he came home to see it."

"I first took a large glass jar, much longer than wide, in the bottom of which I placed a thick pad of dampened felt. Then near the top of the jar I put in an intake of fresh oxygen, which not only keeps the fish agitated, but results in great loss of life often, as well."

"A car built on the oxygen plan, which now I have proved to be practical, will keep the fish quiet and the oxygen will keep them alive until they reach their destination, when it can be returned to the water. "Fish are experimented upon, you understand, by governments in order to bring fish life up to its highest standard as a food. The poor of this country and other matters must have fish as a food, and this is why hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended to breed certain species to a hard-hoof will make it possible to live in waters hitherto unknown. Take the Mississippi river, for instance, slow, sluggish water, where all sorts of experiments have been done in determining what fish will live there. Carp were put there by the government because they will live there and was something that the poor depend upon as an edible. Catfish, buffalo fish and other heavy fish were placed there for the same reason by the millions."

"At one fishery in New Hampshire, which by the way, is named Ko-le-mo-ko, an Indian word meaning good fishing and good hunting, we are back in the hills twenty miles from railroad, and stay there from the first of March until the streams are frozen over. Our fishery is the only one where artificial feeding is not resorted to. All our fish feed naturally. We have one large lake of thirty acres with a system of several ponds, all connected by dropping the water level of each little lower than the other."

"The government people have been particularly kind to me, too, and have afforded me many opportunities to experiment in fish life. Whenever they want a palatable experiment performed they not only send me the material, but they pay for it. Our life up to Ko-le-mo-ko is simply roughing it all summer long. We have a so-called shanty to live in and the hills and ponds to fish our lives. I have been experimenting in fish culture myself over seven years. Fish are attacked with all sorts of diseases and get out with the process to cure some of them. I also carry fish and breed hybrids and each year grow more interested. We have a superintendent on the farm, and Dr. Johnson spends every minute of time there that he can take away from his practice."

"Bonhag is to quit the game. Studies Prevent Best Man of All from Competing. NEW YORK, March 12.—George Bonhag, who proved himself the greatest distance runner in the world by running two miles in nine minutes and fourteen seconds in Buffalo recently, will probably run his last indoor race during the present season. Bonhag has announced his retirement, said: "This will be my last year on the boards without a doubt. Next winter will be my hardest year in the pursuit of my engineering studies and I will be obliged to forego running to give every minute of my time to college work. Very likely I will compete in outdoor events after this winter, but there is little chance of my doing any more indoor racing."

Bonhag has already smashed the two-mile, three-mile and four-mile indoor world's records this winter and will very likely bring down other marks ere the season is done. Negotiations are already under way for the indoor king to meet Jack Tait, the crack Canadian, in a mile and one-half mile. Tait is the runner who forced Bonhag to run the two miles within five seconds of Shrubbs' 5:09 in the Bison City."

JOHN BULL SKATES ON ROLLERS. Popularity of the Game in England is Immense. NEW YORK, March 12.—In an interview with J. Walter Spalding, who arrived from England recently, he stated that he was simply astounded at the remarkable growth in popularity of American roller skating in England, Germany, Russia, and especially in Italy. Rinks are going up in all the leading continental cities and the skating is carrying everything before it. Mr. Spalding was also very much impressed with the game of soccer football as played at present in England. This game has been worked up to such proportions that on one single day a tabulation of attendances at the important championship matches would show that over 20,000 spectators were watching soccer football contests at one time."

Kentucky Objects to the New Rules

Trotting Horse Breeders Do Not Like the Shortening of the System of Racing.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' association is the first to take exception to the rule passed by the recent congress of the National Trotting association shortening the system of racing. That exceptions would be taken by a number of racing organizations to this rule was fully expected, consequently the announcement from Lexington and its final result will be of timely interest to trotting horsemen."

According to reports from Kentucky, Secretary H. Wilson has officially announced that the 2-year-old division of the Kentucky Futurity, entries to which will close March 15, will in the future be a special race, in place of a best two in three as it has been for years under the old rule."

As the entries do not close for this stake or purse until more than a month after the rule was adopted by the congress, it naturally comes under the new law and has to be raced accordingly, yet by making the event a "special" the Lexington association intends to evade this rule and have the 2-year-old division of the Futurity under practically the old system."

The new rule, which has all horsemen know, is that in two-in-three races none but the winners can start after the second heat, or in case of a split heat, so that there cannot possibly be more than three heats for the race, with only two starters for the third heat."

In making this division of the Futurity special race, the Lexington association announces that the race will be limited to four heats, and a horse not winning or making a dead heat in three heats will be ruled out, though sharing in the money according to the summaries. A horse winning two heats wins the race. In case the fourth heat be a dead heat the money will be divided according to the summary of all heats."

ROWING DATES STILL IN THE AIR

According to Custom They Will Be Held in the East. NEW YORK, March 12.—The executive committee of the National Association of Rowing Associations will meet in this city on March 19 to fix the time and place for holding this year's championship races. Other matters may come up, but no changes affecting the amateur status of any oarsmen have been received. Last year the races were held in Detroit, and as there is a misunderstanding that they shall alternate between the east and west, the committee will undoubtedly agree on a course convenient to the oarsmen of this section. There are two cities anxious for the honor—Boston and Washington—and the rowing associations representing these centers are conducting a vigorous campaign for the Middle States Regatta association, and his committee will also have the support of the Baltimore oarsmen."

Recently the New England Amateur Rowing association met and decided to send a delegation to the meeting to urge the fixing of the Charles river course, at Boston. Two offset an opposing view, the effect that the course is not dependable for shell rowing and that on several occasions races have been postponed on account of rough water, the representatives will state that they propose to lay out two courses—one on the Charles river straightaway course—one on the Boston and Washington on the Cambridge side of the Charles river; therefore, if the water is rough on one of the courses they will simply move to the other side. They will point out that never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant has it been rough on both sides of the course on the same day."

The New England contingent has the advantage of Washington in the important matter of funds—in fact, this is all-important in rowing regattas. The national championships were held in Boston several years ago, and after all the expenses were paid, which is a serious matter insisted on by the national committee in each section where championship races are held—there was a balance of \$1,300 from profits on grand stands, which has been drawing interest since that time. It is also learned that in event of the committee deciding on Boston a serious effort will be made to bring over the Belgian eight who won at Henley last year, and try to arrange a special race with some star crew, preferably the winner of the Harvard-Yale race. Whether this can be done is, of course, extremely doubtful, but the New England contingent insists that it will do its best, having taken official action to that effect."

So far as amateur oarsmen in this neighborhood are concerned, they are especially interested in making the national regatta a success and securing transportation facilities for their boats. The water line to Boston has generally been more careful in transportation and care of shells than most railroads, and as this is a matter of the greatest importance, the feeling is obviously in favor of the Charles river course. All followers of the sport know, too, that Boston is the greatest city for amateur rowing interests in the country. It is predicted among those in the "inner circles" that the committee will favor Boston and give Washington the regatta in 1912."

CORNELL HAS VETERAN SQUAD

Nearly All of Last Year's Team to Appear on Diamond. ITHACA, N. Y., March 12.—The Cornell base ball squad contains nearly all the 1909 variety, and several good men are available for the 1910 team. Practically the only loss due to graduation is in the pitching staff, where former Captain Caldwell and Ward Gable will be missed, but E. E. Goodville and Murray Howes remain. C. F. Abbott and R. F. Hyatt have been recruited from last year's freshman team. Other veterans who are eligible are Captain Paul Williams and C. V. Lally, catchers; Tip Watson, first base; W. W. Matchner, second base; Wagner, shortstop; Howard and Jones, third base, and Judson and Thompson in the outfield. The prospect of a heavy hitting team are excellent. Hughe Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, recently spent three days in Ithaca and looked over the squad. He predicted a fast varsity nine for Cornell this season."

JOHN BULL SKATES ON ROLLERS

Popularity of the Game in England is Immense. NEW YORK, March 12.—In an interview with J. Walter Spalding, who arrived from England recently, he stated that he was simply astounded at the remarkable growth in popularity of American roller skating in England, Germany, Russia, and especially in Italy. Rinks are going up in all the leading continental cities and the skating is carrying everything before it. Mr. Spalding was also very much impressed with the game of soccer football as played at present in England. This game has been worked up to such proportions that on one single day a tabulation of attendances at the important championship matches would show that over 20,000 spectators were watching soccer football contests at one time."

HOW WE CURED HIS CATARRH

I wrote you some time ago, giving you an account of my sufferings with an awful case of Catarrh. I had all the symptoms which accompany this disease, such as mucus dropping back into the throat, a constant desire to "hawk and spit," feeling of dryness in the throat, cough and spitting upon arising, scabs forming in the nose which required much effort to blow out, sometimes causing my nose to bleed and leaving me with a headache. I had thus suffered for five years, all the time trying different local treatments of inhalations, snuffs, douches, etc., with no real good effect. Of course I was greatly discouraged. As soon as I heard from you I commenced S. S. S. as you advised and after using it a short while noticed a change for the better. I continued to take it believing the trouble was in the blood, and S. S. S. made a permanent cure for me. I am now entirely free from Catarrh."

JUDSON A. BELLAM, 224 Randolph St., Richmond, Va.

The symptoms Mr. Bellam describes in his case of Catarrh are familiar to every one who suffers with this disease. For five years he had endured the discomfort and suffering, and was greatly discouraged as one treatment after another failed to cure him. When at last he realized that Catarrh is a blood disease, he knew that the former treatments had been wrong, and only a blood purifier like S. S. S. could produce permanent good results."

Catarrh is not merely an affection of the mucous membranes; it is a deep-seated blood disease in which the entire circulation and greater part of the system are involved. It comes from impurities accumulating in the circulation, and as the blood goes to every portion of the body the catarrhal matter irritates and inflames the different mucous surfaces and tissues causing an unhealthy and inflammatory discharge, and producing the other well known symptoms of the trouble."

The failure of local treatment to produce permanent good results in Catarrh is due entirely to the fact that such measures do not reach the cause of the trouble. Temporary relief and comfort may often be had by using some douche or inhalation, but no cure can be effected until the blood is purified of the irritating cause."

S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all impure catarrhal matter, and at the same time building up the system by its unequalled tonic effects. It goes down into the circulation and removes every trace of foreign matter or impurity. In other words S. S. S. cures Catarrh by purifying the blood so that the mucous surfaces and linings

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Quaker Maid Rye with a Reputation. A Whiskey of Exquisite Flavor. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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SNAPP'S HOTEL. Excelsior Springs, Mo.

ASTHMA. To Florida—Cuba.

Divine Tiger. Drawing-Room Sleepers.