BLACKMAN'S
Medicated Salt Brick

Is composed of the purest Dairy Salt, Sulphur, Saltpetre, Coperas and Nux Vomica, as prescribed by a graduate of the American Veterinary College, of New York City, for the ordinary diseases of animals for which it it intended.

What it Does

Aids digestion.
Purifies the blood.
Removes ticks and worms.
Cures skin diseases, kidney, stomach and bowel trouble.
Prevents colic, blind staggers, Texas fever, heaves, lampers, murrain and chicken.
Creates a healthy appetite, tones up the system, removes old coat of hair and brings out the new.

What it Don't Do

Don't get old and wormy.
Don't lose strength with age.
Don't get eaten up by rats and mice.
Don't have to be hunted up and dosed out at feeding time (often after dark) as do other remedies, for after being placed in feed box or holder it is always where stock can get it as they need it.

Better and Cheaper than Stock Powder

It costs no more per package than stock powders, yet weighs one pound more than the most popular 25c package of stock powders we have examined; besides our Medicated Brick contains no rice bran, cotton-seed hulls or other non-nutritious material. In fact, it contains absolutely nothing but Dairy Salt in which are mixed Sulphur for a Blood Purifier, Coperas for Worms and Bowels, Saltpetre for the Kidneys and Nux Vomica, which is one of the best known Tonics.

It is admittedly true that when stock most need medicine they are least inclined to take it, and though needing nourishment, have but little desire for it, and even this is often destroyed by medicine being placed in the feed.

It is also true that when stock feel badly they crave salt more than at other times, therefore our system of giving stock medicine in salt is not only the simplest and surest but is the very best way—the common sense way—of overcoming the disagreeable taste of the medicine so objectionable in other plans.

The Hair Hardware Co.

H. H. BROWN, General Manager

LIVE OAK, FLORIDA

COMING!
Dr. E. H. Armstrong Co.,
SPECIALISTS

We Straighten Cross Eyes Without Knife

We Straighten Cross Eyes Without Knife

The well known Eye Specialist of No. 9 Laura Street, Jacksonville, will make a professional visit to

Live Oak First Thursday in February

He will remain one day only, and can be seen at

Suwannee Hotel, February 4th

Dr. Armstrong specializes on all Eye trouble and Reflex trouble. It is an established fact that a large per cent. of Nervous and Chronic troubles are caused by latent eye strain. We all know that a derangement of any organ in the body can, through the sympathetic system, derange the whole body. If you are subject to Dizziness, Headache or any Chronic troubles, see Dr. Armstrong. He has cured a great number and may help you. He is a graduate of three of the leading colleges in Opthalmology in America, and for a number of years an understudy of one of our leading Southern Oculists, and now has associated with him one of the leading Oculists in the State.

Remember, One Day Only

The Suwannee Democrat, $1

Rescuing a Camel.

The camel has been called the "ship of the desert." Like the ship, he may be capsized, and in that predicament he is helpless. His manner of lying down to rest is to fold his legs beneath his body. If he happens to roll upon his side he cannot recover his feet again. This infirmity of the animal is mentioned by the Count de Lesdain in the account of his journey, "From Pekin to Sikkim:"

"The caravan was made up of camels. I had brought some new ones and had no idea of taking any other animals into a country largely composed of loose sand. An amusing incident marked the beginning of our march. One camel, awkward as they all are, managed to tumble into a ditch of thick mud between the road and a wheatfield. When once fallen a camel can only get up again if it can arrange its feet conveniently under it and if the ground is nearly flat.

"In this case it was not so. The animal lay with all four feet in the air, perfectly resigned and incapable of a single movement to help itself. To draw it out took more than half an hour and required the united efforts of many men with cords passed under the camel's back."

Welcoming the Traveler.

I have always had a good opinion of the enterprise of the life insurance agent. It has seemed to me that the busy bee is a lazy ne'er-do-well compared with him. Recently this opinion has been strengthened.

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the north.

"Well, 'mong uddah t'ings I done tuk out a life insurance policy fo' fi' hun'ed dollahs."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life insurance policy? You have no wife or children!"

"Dat's what I done tol' him, but I had t' take it, all de same. De agent man, he met me at de boat landin', an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen' me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' 'low me t' land if I didn't buy one. Dey don't 'low no one in New Yawk 'less dey has a 'suhance policy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Economy of Costly Foods.

The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow. As far as experiments go, they substantiate these assertions, for the sight and smell of pleasing food start the flow of digestive fluids, while disagreeable odors and sight stop it. Delicatessen, then, would seem to be staples, for they are necessary. The talk of being able to subsist on a few cents a day is simply nonsense and leads to deterioration of health. What seems to be extravagance in food purchases may be wholesome instinct. The high cost of living is partly due to the cost of the flavors we need. We commend these ideas to our worthy dietetic economists. Laymen may not be so foolish as the physiologists themselves.—American Medicine.

A Novel Method of Advertising.

A storekeeper in a small out of the way town many years ago hit upon a novel method of advertising his store. He conceived the idea of buying up the stock of stamps at the postoffice across the way. The postmaster objected to be denuded of all his stock, but his mysterious customer demanded the stamps over the counter, sheet after sheet, as an ordinary member of the public until he had bought every stamp to be had. Then he took the stock over to his store across the road and plastered his windows with notices that postage stamps were only to be had at his store, and to his mortification the postmaster had to send customers across to the store over the way for any stamps they needed until some days after he once more got in a stock from headquarters.

Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won his wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing colors. He could not go to the nearest store and purchase them, as artists do today.

Drawing the Line.

"I don't mind listening to a man who is paying for my dinner tell me the story of his life," said the woman. "Men's lives are generally interesting, but I won't stand to hear a woman tell everything she knows, even if she does pay for my dinner. I'd rather pay for my own dinner and get an occasional shy at the conversation."—New York Press.

His Wonderful Instinct.

"You haven't been married very long, have you?" said a guide at the state capitol to a young man who was signing "Mr. and Mrs." in the register for visitors at the desk at the entrance.

"How did you know?" demanded the young man.

"Oh, we get used to such people here and can tell them every time," was the response. "You haven't written that name with "Mrs." very long, have you? I believe I can tell how long you have been married from the signature," the guide continued.

"Well, we haven't been married very long, but I don't see how you can tell from the signature. How long has it been?"

"Well, let me see." The guide picked up the book and scanned the name closely.

"You have been married five days today," he said with an air of certainty.

"That's right, it's five days, but I don't see how you can tell."

The young wife had been sitting on the marble bench during the colloquy, and not until the couple went out of the building did she tell "hubby" that the guide had accosted her in the same way and that she had told when they had been married.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bavarian Distances.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance. This is merely an effetsi expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the roads not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there. Not only that, but they make the system still more unsatisfactory to the stranger by a little additional eccentricity of their own.

For instance, one asks, "How far is it to Oberammergau?"

"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means twenty-five minutes, "a good half hour" thirty minutes, "a big half hour" thirty-five minutes, "a small three-quarters of an hour" forty minutes, and so on.

An Economic Protest.

"Did I understand you to ask me if I wanted work?" asked Plodding Pete.

"That's what you understood, if you understood anything," answered the woman with a cold, steely eye and a square jaw.

"You've got some wood that needs chopping, I suppose."

"I have."

"Lady, I'm surprised at you. Don't you know dat de trees gather moisture gradually an' by slowly lettin' it into de ground keep up a steady water supply? Don't you know dat when you leave de hillsides naked an' bare de water comes down in a freshet, same as beer from a barrel wit' de head stove in? Don't you know dat future generations is goin' to miss de umbrageous protection overhead an' dat our grandchildren is liable to be at de mercy of a parasol trust? An' you want me to chop wood! Lady, I'm surprised at you!"—Washington Star.

His Saturday Night.

The pretty, broad faced, blue eyed woman was telling how it happened that her husband came home so late of a Saturday night.

"When he goes to get shaved for Sunday," she said, "he waits so long for the line that gets there before him that he goes to sleep in the chair while he is being shaved. Then the barber, who is a friend of his, lets him sleep as long as he likes after he has finished with him. But I don't see how he can fall asleep with a dangerous razor scraping all over his face. I couldn't. Could you?"

"It isn't the most plausible excuse I ever heard," said one to whom the question was put, "but it ought to pass on account of its originality."—New York Press.

Coloring an Abyssinian Bride.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become the color of cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with woolen stuff, with the exception of her head. Then they burn certain gums and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin, and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive force-meat balls.

Precocious Punctilio.

"So you don't believe in Santa Claus?"

"I didn't exactly say that," answered the little Boston girl. "But I don't approve of him. I understand that he calls after 6 o'clock and doesn't wear evening clothes."—Washington Star.