

Bellefonte, Pa., March 8, 1907.

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam, and followed her low and high, and the moonbeam fled and hid her head, she was so shy, so shy.

WELLINGTON'S GIRL.

Rainey, the news editor, went to Blake, the managing editor, with a telegram.

"Wellington wires to know if he can't have his vacation now," said Rainey. "He wants to stop over at Newton on his way home."

"Tell him," instructed Blake, "that any vacation he takes now will be made permanent. We're short-handed, and we want him back here in a hurry. He ought to have started last night."

Rainey went back to his desk and answered the telegram as directed.

Wellington had been sent out on an important story, which he had handled successfully, and he should have been on his way home. Instead, he was still some hundreds of miles away, and he showed no disposition to return.

Rainey went to Blake again a little later with another telegram.

"Wellington wants to stop over Saturday and Sunday at Newton," he said.

"No," thundered Blake. "He's lost one day already, and we need more men than we have right now—especially good men. I can keep Wellington bumping every minute. We ought to have him on that bribery story. What is there at Newton, anyhow, that makes it so interesting?"

"Wellington's girl, I believe," replied Rainey.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" exclaimed Blake, with a laugh. "Well, we're running a newspaper and not a matrimonial bureau. Tell him to get back here on the first train."

Blake was not really as hard-hearted as this might seem to indicate. If the circumstances had been favorable he would have given Wellington his vacation at once, but the circumstances were not favorable, and he reasoned that the paper needed Wellington at that particular time more than the girl did. It might seem hard for a man whose girl lived so far away to have to pass through her town without stopping over to see her, but it happened to be a business necessity in this case. So he was decidedly angry when the third telegram came.

"Wellington says he's going to stop at Newton," Rainey announced.

"Fire him by wire!" instructed Blake angrily.

"Can't," returned Rainey. "He said he was leaving for Newton when he wired last, and he gave no Newton address. May not be at a hotel, and we couldn't pick out the right one anyhow."

"What's the girl's name?" "Don't know."

"What a devil of a lot of trouble women make!" growled Blake. "I'll see that letter of discharge is on his desk when he gets back, and that the reason is clearly stated."

The letter was written and put on Wellington's desk, and thereupon Wellington became a negligible quantity so far as the "Express" was concerned. He was considered no longer a member of the staff when a startling Associated Press bulletin was received the next day. There were others who could handle big stories quite as well, if not better, and this was so big that the slightest of less important matters never would be noticed.

The bulletin read: "Cloudburst in the mountains. Town of Highwood destroyed. Through passenger train in Highwood depot lost. Wires down and tracks washed out. No word since last night, except story of one half dead survivor who has just got through."

Blake jumped for an atlas and a timetable, and Rainey and the city editor leaped over him as he looked up Highwood.

"Can't get any one there from here before tomorrow," he announced, "but it's more than a single-day story." Then to the city editor: "Start three men and an artist, Brown. Tell them to be there tomorrow morning, if it's necessary to buy up the road to get through. Rainey and I will figure out to-day's story."

The city editor hurried back to his desk, and Blake turned to the map again.

"It's an awkward place to reach," he said. "We haven't a first-class correspondent within striking distance, and we've got to have our own story. Associated Press alone won't do." His index finger, passing over the map, stopped at one town and then another, and he read off the names.

"Tell our correspondents there to try to get through. One of them may make it, and—Hold on a minute! Here's Newton, only sixty miles away! Lord! we've just got to get hold of Wellington! Wire him, Rainey, and then try the long-distance phone. They may know him at one office or the other. Why the devil didn't he mention his girl's name?"

While Rainey was mulling this, Blake tried to arrange for a report in a more round-about way, but every other paper seemed to be experiencing his difficulty in getting men to the spot, and there was no certainty of anything. Nor was Rainey more successful in his effort to locate Wellington. They knew nothing about him at the telephone exchange, and the telegram was reported undelivered.

no assurance of a satisfactory report. So it naturally happened that Blake was in no amiable mood when he was finally notified that Newton wanted him on the long-distance.

"Wellington at last!" he exclaimed. But was a feminine voice that came to him over the wire.

"Do you want Mr. Wellington?" asked the voice, and it was a very pleasant voice, although Blake was too excited to think of that then.

"Do I want—?" He broke off short and demanded sharply. "Where is he?"

"I thought you did," said the voice. "I heard a messenger was hunting for him with a telegram, so I got the telegram and opened it. Then they told me you'd been telephoning, too, and I thought—"

"Are you Wellington's girl?" Blake blurted out thoughtlessly, and he heard a gasp at the other end of the wire.

"Why—why, yes, I believe I am," came the hesitating reply.

"Well, get him to the telephone quick," "I can't; he isn't here."

"Not there! Oh—?" Blake remembered that he was talking to a woman just in time to chop off the last word.

"No," said Wellington's girl, "he isn't here. He left for Highwood on the first relief train this morning—ran right away from me when I had seen him for—"

"Gone to Highwood!" cried Blake. "Oh, good old Wellington!"

"Yes, he took three men with him." "Great old Wellington!" was all Blake could say.

"And a photographer." "Bully old Wellington!" cried Blake. "But he isn't old!" protested the girl, aggrieved.

"He's anything you want to have him," returned Blake gallantly.

"And he ran away from me," complained the girl.

"I'll give you a bill-of-sale of him when he gets back!" cried the jubilant Blake.

"Do you want any bulletins?" she asked.

"Bulletins!" repeated Blake. "Say! you're a newspaper man's girl all right. We want every line we can get."

"I'll tell you all that's known here, if you like," she said.

Blake himself remained at the telephone and took her bulletins, repeating them to a reporter who wrote them out.

"She's a prize!" he exclaimed as he finally got up from the telephone desk. "She's the best ever! Tear up that note on Wellington's desk," he added as an afterthought.

Wellington knew that he was making trouble for himself when he stopped over at Newton, but he did not believe it to be a serious matter as Blake was disposed to make it, and besides he wanted to bring the girl back with him. He had no absolute certainty that he could do this on such short notice, but he thought a vacation at that time would give him a fair chance of success, and even two days might enable him to reach a more definite and satisfactory understanding. So he took the risk and disobeyed orders.

"Blake," he told her, "must be mad enough to tear the paper off the wall, but I just had to stop over and see you."

"Of course," she said, as if it were a matter that admitted of no argument. "Who is Blake?"

"He's the managing editor. He said I couldn't stop over."

"How ridiculous of him!" she commented.

"Isn't it?" he laughed. "He'll be pretty warm, but I guess I can explain it all right when I get back."

"I'd like to tell him what I think of him," she said.

"I'd like to have you," he assured her with cheerful mendacity. "That's why I want to take you back with me."

"Take me back with you in two days!" "Of course. It's just as easy to be married in two days as it is in two weeks or two months or two years."

"I never said I'd marry you," she protested.

"Why, Kittie, it's my story; I'm on the spot—almost. No one else from the office can reach it. You don't want me to fall down on the chance of a lifetime, do you? You don't want me to shirk! This is a big thing!" His enthusiasm was infectious, and she began to feel something of the thrill of it. "I couldn't keep away from it if I tried. And, perhaps, you can help."

"What can I do?" she asked.

He was planning, speculating, considering all the possibilities as he talked.

"I don't know what the conditions will be around there," he explained, speaking rapidly. "I may have to come back here to get wires. I may want typewriters who can take from dictation on the machine. I'll be late and in a hurry, you know. I'll telegraph or telephone to you."

"Will you really?" Her eyes sparkled at the suggestion that she might have her share in the work and excitement. "I shall be ready, and I'll look out for bulletins."

"Bulletins! Well, you certainly are a newspaper man's girl," he laughed.

"Do your best!" she urged, and she kissed him. She certainly was a puzzling girl. Only a moment before she had demurred to his going, and now she was giving him most surprising and delightful encouragement.

"Kittie's brother, Jack, was will to go. He was a college boy, bright and quick, and he said he could get another youth who had some newspaper experience."

"Get him!" instructed Wellington. "Take a carriage and hustle! I'll try to pick up a photographer on the way to the station. But don't miss the train."

Jack appeared at the station with two assistants, so the party, with the photographer, started on their way.

Throughout all the excitement of that day the question of a wire was uppermost in Wellington's mind. Of what use was even the most perfect story, if he could not get it to the office? He made inquiries on the way, and he gave all possible attention to conditions along the road. Eight or ten miles from Highwood they had to leave the train. But they were working that far, and he was told there might be a second by evening. But the facilities were already overtaxed by official relief business and the men from the nearer towns.

From this point they pushed on by wagon, making the last two miles on foot. Conditions, he was told, were bad or worse on the other side of Highwood, and there was practically no chance for a nearer station. The wire was pushed on, but the work was difficult and slow, and as yet they were only extending the wire already in use, which would add nothing to the facilities, even if they got it working to a nearer point by evening.

These were the conditions that Wellington kept in mind as he directed the work at his line force. Copy was prepared as an opportunity offered, a board or one's own knee serving as desk, but the problem of "the wire" was ever present. One man was sent back early to try to get the story started. Later, the others followed, and found the temporary telegraph office in a state of siege.

"No chance here for what we've got," "She won't come," replied Wellington, whereat the girl, who could hear the end of the conversation, gave a little gasp of comprehension.

"Won't come!" repeated Blake. "You stay there at office expense until you get her. She's a mascot! Won't come! Hub! Don't you believe it! Why, she told me over the telephone that she was your girl—yours, mind you! Just remember that if she tries to bluff you."

"Don't she really say that?" asked Wellington jeeringly, whereat the girl tried to think what she had said and remembered.

She backed into a corner when he hung up the receiver and turned toward her. He followed.

"Yes, yes, I'll go," she said, weakly entredeering.

"You hear, Jack!" exclaimed Wellington. "You're going to lose a sister, and I'm going to take a wife back to town."

But Jack, worn out, was peacefully sleeping on a table—Elliott Flower in *Call Her*.

Very shortly the sap in the sugar maple tree will start up through the fibres of the trees, the farmer will prepare for the sugar making industry, and a week later fresh maple sugar and syrup will be used on thousands of tables over the western continent.

The maple sugar industry is confined to practically three states, although 35 states reported making sugar last year. Pennsylvania, New York and Vermont claim to make 80 per cent of the total manufactured in the United States. Over 12,000,000 pounds were made last year, which seems enormous, but nothing to be compared with the consumption, as a spurious article can be bought oftener than the genuine.

The making of maple syrup and sugar has long been of its primitiveness. Many years ago it was manufactured by the farmer for his own use. Maple sugar was made at an early date in New England. It may have been the product of "necessity," or an inheritance from the Indians, although maple trees grow in China, Japan, Canada and all northern countries, America alone having 100 varieties of maple, but only one of the sugar maple.

The Indians had a spring "sugar making moon," but history does not specify whether they used it to good advantage or not. The old methods were crude and ruined the trees, which are now nourished, and the last to be out. The sap was formerly caught in troughs, started to kettles hung over roaring wood fires, and then boiled to sugar. Recent apparatus has enabled manufacturers to make the sugar as nearly white as common beet or cane sugar. The old sugar kettles are now curiosities, and one captured from Gen. Borgeyue at the battle of Saratoga, is preserved at the Bennington Battle monument as a curiosity.

The maple sugar season comes at a time of the year when the farmer has little else to do. It is still considered a social event in many neighborhoods, young and old alike gathering for the "boiling down" and the making of "spota." A good run in a season will net the farmer three pounds of pure sugar to a tree if the weather conditions are just fair. In some sections nothing but maple sugar is used, and not a pound of white gets into a household. Everything is flavored with the fragrant maple. In some sections of Somerset and Cambria counties and in Allegheny county, Maryland, "camps" of 2,000 trees are not unknown, and many trees accommodate as many as three keepers. As the years roll by is one of the best sources of income to the farmer, this maple sugar making.

"Haven't seen Brown for years. Is he doing well?" "Immersed in business, he tells me. Literally up to his neck in it."

"What's he doing?" "He's a teacher in a swimming bath."

"What man is so like a duck?" The "quack."

"Newton looping in on a second wire—on a third!" called the chief operator. "Wellington's story coming on four wires!"

A thrill went through the office, the more pronounced because of the long, anxious wait, and every man nerved himself for the race against time in getting this story into the paper.

"Good old Wellington!" sighed Blake, forgetting that he had been consigning him to the perpetual furnace a few minutes before.

"Newton on the long-distances!" came the cry from the next room, and Blake hurried there.

"It's a girl and she wants you," said the city editor.

"Wellington's girl!" exclaimed Blake. "Hello," said the girl, "is it coming?"

"Oh four wires," said the jubilant Blake. "That's me," said the girl, proudly but ungrammatically.

"What?" "I got the wires myself, and went for the extra operators with a carriage."

"Good old Wellington's girl!" commended Blake, that being his favorite form of commendation.

"And I had the typewriters ready. Oh, it's all being splendidly improper."

"Bully old Wellington's girl!" said Blake.

"Don't talk like that!" said the girl sharply, "or I won't give you the fast mail story."

"What's that?" "Mr. Wellington said you'd want some things for the fast mail edition that wouldn't get through in time. He made notes of them, coming in on the engine, a mile a minute. You ought to see him! He's black and dirty and torn and muddy and wet and—splendid!"

"He couldn't get you up, because he's dictating," the girl persisted. "The pictures go by mail."

"Yes, yes, I know." He turned from the telephone a moment. "Two men here, quick! Take notes on this by relays and write it out on a split second schedule."

"Then to the girl: 'Let her slide!'" "Give me the fast mail story."

"Oh, yes."

Reading from the notes before her, she gave him the facts, even supplementing them with details that she caught as Wellington and the others dictated to typewriters.

"Tell Wellington to call me up when his story's finished," said Blake when her work was done.

"All right," she replied. "But—oh, Mr. Blake!"

"Yes."

"I don't want you to think this is so dreadfully improper. My brother's here, you know."

Blake laughed. To think of chaperonage as a subject seemed to him amusing and delightfully feminine. He liked the girl; she had feminine inconspicuous and vagaries, but she could do things. He told Wellington so when the latter called him up.

"Bring her back with you," he said.

"She won't come," replied Wellington, whereat the girl, who could hear the end of the conversation, gave a little gasp of comprehension.

"Won't come!" repeated Blake. "You stay there at office expense until you get her. She's a mascot! Won't come! Hub! Don't you believe it! Why, she told me over the telephone that she was your girl—yours, mind you! Just remember that if she tries to bluff you."

"Don't she really say that?" asked Wellington jeeringly, whereat the girl tried to think what she had said and remembered.

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THE REAL SIMPLE LIFE.

My name is unwritten, My name is unspun In fact, I am only A Little Girl's Tongue.

You've heard of how busy I am, I'm Sir Bumble-bee Well, 'twould make you quite dizzy To hear all of me.

I work in the morning Ere breakfast's begun I work every meal time Not missing a one.

I work during school hours And the time meant for play An event at midnight And then people say,

That my mistress has nightmare Well, this I suppose Is the Stagnant Life Which is some people's por.

If I have My say (And it's seldom I can.) The Real Simple Life Will be my next plan! —EMILY FARRISH.

Most people imagine that Heracleum, buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D., has been as carefully and completely excavated as its neighbor, Pompeii, but this is not so. It lies nearer to Naples, and its site was the corner covered with houses. Two or more villages now stand above it, or rather above the hardened mud seventy feet below which sleeps the little Greek-Samian town. When the curiosity of the nineteenth century started to explore and to dig through this mud bones were already in existence above the E. trenches and tunnels then out, and the excavators had to go with caution, and eventually contented with a very partial execution of their task. Indeed, one corner merely of the city was dug out, and then the matter was left for want of funds and for fear of trouble with the owners of the soil above. Little was done in the nineteenth century and while excavation has been busy in other parts of the classical lands, and its neighbor, more happily situated for the explorer, has been revealed in its entirety, nothing has been added to the knowledge of Heracleum.

Heracleum was not so much smothered as overflown by wave on wave of mud that preserved things by covering them up before rot and scoria had time to set anything alight. The town itself was inhabited, there is reason to believe, by a more cultivated class of people than the pleasure seekers of Pompeii, whose one anxiety, as their inscriptions prove, was that gladiators might be many and sport good. The paintings and sculptures that are recovered from Heracleum are of greater artistic value; and, to put the matter in a single sentence, while Pompeii has not yielded a single manuscript, the one house in Heracleum that has been thoroughly explored contained numerous rolls of papyrus. Unfortunately, the house belonged to a man who specialized in Epicurean philosophy, for the rolls were all works of philosophers of this school. But the houses in Heracleum are numerous, and it is against all reason to suppose that they were all inhabited by students of Epicurus and his doctrines.

Under the mud waves there may lie the lyric poets of Greece, whose loss makes, perhaps, the worst gap in all ancient literature. Sappho, Alceus, Simonides—the critics speak of them, but they are hardly more than names. There also may be the lost writers of tragedy, such as Phrynichus, whose songs, so Aristophanes tells us, the veterans of Marathon hummed as they went through the streets at night, and of the Old Comedy, the rivals of Aristophanes himself, Cratinus and Ameipsias. There, too, may lie the writers of the New Comedy, whose loss the ancient critics would have accounted as the worst we have suffered.

Nor are the poets the only writers men would wish to recover. The historian of Greece and Rome, because of his scant material, has to piece together much of his story from inscriptions and later authorities. He has the "impenetrable stupidity" of Diodorus on the anecdotes of Plutarch, but he would prefer something more contemporary.

He would like to read the rise of Athens as recorded by Hellanicos, and the story of Sicily as told by the "Pausilias Theoclydes," Philistus, who took part in his own subject matter and was the contemporary of Dionysius. Not least, he would wish to see Alexander and successors as they appeared to those with whom they lived. His interests were more with Latin literature, he might then hope to find in Heracleum the lost "Civil Wars" of Sallust and the lost "Decades" of Livy. Something, too, might be found that would give new knowledge, if not of early Christianity, yet perhaps of the early Christians.

To test these speculations one chief thing is wanting—money. The assistance of the Italian Parliament would be needed. Even then the sum required would be large, perhaps a quarter of a million, perhaps more. Want of money, and that alone, has prevented the attempt being made; but the money should be found somehow. Here is the greatest romance of excavation and discovery waiting.—[The Spectator.]

China on the March.

Even China has been caught in the stream of progress. Not only has her military system been reorganized under Japanese direction, so that an efficient fighting force with unlimited possibilities of development has been created, but steps have been taken toward the establishment of a constitution. The astute Empress Dowager, having wisely resolved to take the lead in this direction, instead of waiting, like the Czar, to have her hand forced by a popular uprising, has been able to act with leisurely deliberation so congenial to Chinese habits of mind. She has sent a commission abroad to study foreign methods of government, and has begun the preparation of plans for a deliberative assembly, which, it is expected, will be fully perfected in about twelve years. Meanwhile she is introducing gradual reforms in the details of administrative machinery. Thus the progressive ideas that nearly cost the young Emperor his life seven years ago have now been adopted by the chief of the reactionists. Three ancient monarchies—Russia, Persia, and China, one of them the oldest and most populous in the world, and all together comprising a third of the human race—may be said to have been fairly started under the past year on the road of constitutional government. There are really no absolute, irresponsible monarchies left except Turkey, Morocco, and a few barbarous tribes, and even those have been as brought under the tutelage of the civilized powers that despite authority of their rulers is hardly more than a name.—*Colliers*.

Effect of Duration of Stress on Strength and Stiffness in Wood.

It has been established that a wooden beam which for a short period will sustain safely a certain load, may break eventually if the load remains. For instance, wooden beams have been known to break after fifteen months under a constant load of but fifty per cent of that required to break them in an ordinary short-term test. There is but little definite and systematic knowledge of the influence of the time element on the behavior of wood under stress. This relation of the duration of the stress to the strength and stiffness of wood is now being studied by the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture at its timber-testing stations at Yale and Purdue universities. The effect of impact load or sudden shock; the effect of different speeds of the testing machine used in the ordinary tests of timber under gradually increasing load; and the effect of long-continued vibration.

To determine the effect of constant load on the strength of wood, a special apparatus has been devised by which tests on a series of five beams may be carried on simultaneously. These beams are 2 by 2 inches in length, each under a different load. Their deflections and breaking points are automatically recorded upon a drum which requires thirty days for one rotation. The results of these tests extending over long periods of time may be compared with those on ordinary testing machines, and in this way safe constants, or "dead" loads, for certain timbers may be determined as to breaking strength or limited deflections.

The experiments of the Forest Service show that the effects of impact and gradually applied loads are different, provided that the stress applied by either method is within the elastic limit of the piece under test. For example, a stick will bend twice as far without showing loss of elasticity under impact, or when the load is applied by a blow, as it will under the gradually increasing pressure ordinarily used in testing. The experiments are being extended to determine the relations between strength under impact and gradual loads.

Bending and compression tests to determine the effect of the speed of application of load on the strength and stiffness of wood have already been made at the Yale laboratory. The bending tests were made at speeds of deflection varying from 2.3 inches per minute to 0.0045, and required from twenty seconds to six hours for each test. The woods used were longleaf pine, red spruce, and chestnut, both soaked and kiln dried. From the results obtained comparable records for difference in speeds in application of load.

A multiplication of the results of any test at any speed by the proper reduction factor derived from these experiments, will give equivalent values at standard speed. The tests also show concretely the variation of strength due to variation of speed of load to occur during the test itself. The results plotted on cross-section paper give a remarkably even curve as an expression of the relation of strength to speed of application of load, and show much greater strength at the higher speeds.

It is common belief among polemen that the continual vibrations to which telephone poles are subjected, take the life out of the wood and render it weak and brittle. Nothing is definitely known as to the truth or falsity of this idea. Tests will be undertaken to determine the effect of constant vibration on the strength of wood.—*Scientific American*.

Presidential Mothers and Wives.

Not many of the names in this list of mothers of the Presidents are known to fame, but who can say whether the sons would ever have been heard of if the mothers had not been such women as they were:

- George Washington.....Mary Ball
John Adams.....Abigail Smith
Thomas Jefferson.....Jane Randolph
James Madison.....Eliza Corbin
James Monroe.....Eliza Jones
John Q. Adams.....Abigail Smith
Andrew Jackson.....Elizabeth Leitch
Martin Van Buren.....Maria Hoes
William H. Harrison.....Elizabeth Bassett
John Tyler.....Sarah Childress
James K. Polk.....Jane Knox
Zachary Taylor.....Sarah Strother
Millard Fillmore.....Phoebe Millard
Franklin Pierce.....Anna Hendrik
James Buchanan.....Elizabeth Spear
Abraham Lincoln.....Mary Todd
Andrew Johnson.....Mary McDonough
U. S. Grant.....Barrett Simpson
Rutherford B. Hayes.....Sophia Birchard
James A. Garfield.....Eliza Ballou
Chester A. Arthur.....Melvina Stone
Grover Cleveland.....Lucy Webb
Benjamin Harrison.....Lucy Irwin
William McKinley.....Nancy Allison
Theodore Roosevelt.....Edith Kermit

The Presidents' wives were as follows:

- George Washington.....Martha Custis
John Adams.....Abigail Smith
Thomas Jefferson.....Martha W. Skelton
James Madison.....Dorothy Todd
James Monroe.....Eliza Corbin
John Q. Adams.....Louisa C. Johnson
Andrew Jackson.....Rachel Donelson
Martin Van Buren.....Maria Hoes
William H. Harrison.....Anna Symmes
John Tyler.....Julia Gardiner
James K. Polk.....Sarah Childress
Zachary Taylor.....Margaret Smith
Millard Fillmore.....Phoebe Millard
Franklin Pierce.....Caroline McIntosh
James Buchanan.....Mary Apollon
Abraham Lincoln.....Mary Todd
Andrew Johnson.....Elizabeth Leitch
U. S. Grant.....Barrett Simpson
Rutherford B. Hayes.....Lucy Webb
James A. Garfield.....Eliza Ballou
Chester A. Arthur.....Melvina Stone
Grover Cleveland.....Lucy Irwin
Benjamin Harrison.....Lucy Irwin
William McKinley.....Nancy Allison
Theodore Roosevelt.....Edith Kermit

Willie's Lion Hunting.

"When I grow up," said Willie, "I'm going to Africa and kill lions with a spear."

"Why not kill them with a gun, Willie?" asked his father.

"Why all the rifles kill lions with a spear, you know, and I wouldn't want to have the advantage of them. I would want to fight the lions hand to hand."

"But suppose you run upon two lions," said Willie's father. "While you were fighting one hand to hand, the other could slip up behind and bite a piece out of the back of your neck."

That put the matter in a new light. Willie thought over it a while and then decided perhaps after all it was better to be a private.

In the course of a life time every man spends hundreds of dollars on medicine or medical advice which he would save if he had at hand Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Its name tells its scope. It is a common sense presentation of the truth in plain English. It is written so that "he who runs may read." This encyclopaedia of medical information is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper bound book, or 31 stamps for cloth covers. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.