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JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Please mention this paper.

A DERVISH MIMIC.

Wonderful Piece of Pantomime and Imitation.

Among the men who now leaped off the railway trucks and hurrled off to their breakfasts was one black exdervish worthy of mention, says the London Times. This was Somid, the Soudanese jester of the camp, who can always raise a roar of laughter in the working gangs, and is of distinct service, keeping up the men's spirits, as he does, by clever mimicry and queer tricks. A bugler in Hicks Pasha's illfated army, he was captured by the dervishes and taken to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman. There he discovered that he could make his life easier by playing the buffoon, and he became the jester of Wad el Bishara, the famous emir who commanded the dervish forces that were opposed to us last year. He used to be called up to amuse his master's friends by giving imitations of the British officers with whom he had been brought into contact.

Recaptured by us last year at the battle of Hafir, he now, when not employed in rail-laying, keeps the camp in a roar by his close imitations of his former master Bishara and other dervish notables. Seeing strangers in camp. he approached us with a comical waddle, and then proceeded, surrounded by a crowd of his appreciative countrymen, to favor us with what was certainly a very extraordinary entertainment. First he impersonated the great Emir Yunes; sword over shoulder, he swaggered up and down as through a dervish camp, boasting of his prowess and declaring that he would destroy the enemies of God and drive the English into the sea. Then he suddenly became Ward el Bishara, the true soldier, with graver mien than before; speaking calmly and deliberately, he walked with slow dignity a leader of men, giving orders to his officers in precise terms. The different characters of the two emirs were so clearly brought out by this close observer and marvelous mimic that one felt one would almost be able to recognize the two men with certainty if ever one met them. From the grave he passed to the ludicrous; he took off the mannerisms of a native clerk on the railway works, of an impatient bimbashi carrying on a conversation through the telephone with an indistinct but imperturbable Egyptian at the other end of the wire. Next, with a most ghastly realism, he gave us a representation of a hanging man. It was true to life and to death, for Somid must have witnessed many an execution by hanging in the dervish camp. Then he became Wad el Bishara

ngain at the battle of Hafir, encouraging his men and laughing scornfully at the shells which burst around him, the sound of which Somid faithfully reproduced. A variety of other tricks were performed by this versatile black. Later in the day we came across him again, at work on the railway. He had just laid down a rail, and, seeing us, proceeded to imitate the action of one sketching a portrait. In a moment we recognized every turn of the head and hand, the pose, even the expression of face of one of the war artists with us; it was a wonderful piece of pantomime "nd mimicry.

One Fowl for Three.

A crusty old farmer in Southern Illinois one day became an unwilling host for three circuit-riding preachers, who dropped in simultaneously for dinner. The larder was low and the dinner consisted of a single fowl. The farmer asked the first sky-pilot what portion of the chicken he would have.

"A leg," said Number 1. "Another leg, thank you," requested

Number 2. "And what will you have?" asked the farmer, turning to Number 3.

"I will also take a leg, if you please," replied the third.

With an ejaculation that shocked his reverend guests the farmer threw down his carving utensils and demanded to know what sort of a "crittur" they thought he was carving.

"This is a two-legged chicken," he shouted; "not a centipede."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Building in London.

Statistics recently compiled show that more than 1,200 houses are built monthly in London. Between August, 1896, and August, 1897, there were built 14,591 houses .- New York Press.

Good Advice.

A Texas newspaper offers the following advice to negroes who desire to escape lynching: Sleep at night, work m daylight, and attend church on Sun-

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

he Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Rev. William H. Lewis, of Bridgeport Conn., Discourses Upon "The Gift of Religious Consciousness" - All Men Are Possessed of Spiritual Capacity.

The New York Herald has offered a prize of \$1000 for the best sermon, and three subsidiary prizes aggregating \$1000 additional for the three next best sermons. Ministers of all denominations have been invited to compete for these prizes, and the sermons offered in competition will appear in the Herald's Sunday edition. Rev. iam H. Lewis, D. D., whose name is appended to the initiatory sermon, is rector of St. John's, the largest and most fashionable Episcopal parish in Bridgeport, Conn., and is considered one of the ablest preach-ers. His subject is: "The Gift of Religious onsciousness," and the sermon in full is as follows:

TEXT: "And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin, for I feared thee, because thou art an austere man. And he saith up to him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked ser-

vant."-St. Luke xix., 20-22. The lord of the parable, about to go away into a "far country," had given to of his servants a certain amount to make use of while he was away. For these three the amount given is specified, but to all his servants he gave something. "To each man," the parable says, "according to his several ability." Only three are spe-cially designated, because they serve as sufficient illustrations of the highest, the medium and the lowest gift. Each receiver seems to have known that the amount handed him was not a gift outright, but a trust, and that his lord would eventually ome back and make an accounting. Each, therefore, treated his trust according to the pinion he held of his lord.

The substance of the parable is evidently this-that in every man living there is implanted a certain spiritual capacity or ability; that men have this capacity in deso that one has clear and distinct ideas of God and his duty, another has less, and another almost none at all. But the trust of a spiritual instinct or consciousness, and of a conscience which recognizes this consciousness, belongs to all. None is so low in the scale of humanity that the thought of God does not somehow enter into his life; and whoever has this gift has also the intelligence to know that he has it, and to ask bimself, at least once in his life, if only once, what he shall do with it.
With this consciousness of God and this conscience there comes a sense of responsibility; and with that there comes a certainty of judgment. We indorse the rea-soning of the parable when we excuse the man of small capacity by saying that he does not know any better; of another, that he ought to have known better, and of a third, that he did know better; and the popular judgment condemns each man with a severity according to his gift of capacity, his conscience, his educated or uneducated sense of the value of the gift which determines his use of it, and the very worst sin of all in the popular judgment is to have made no use of the gift. It was the servant who knew his gift and his lord, even though he knew him wrongly, and then made no use of his gift, who excited

Make much of the thought, for it has much in it. If we grant the universal conciousness of God and the universal conscience, then every one is bound to conduct himself always under pressure of the thought that one day he will be called upon to answer to God for his use of these capacities. If a man only recognizes God by taking His name in vain, that is a recognition. And in actual fact there are many people who excuse themselves in their neglect of religion on the very grounds of which this man of the parable rested his defence-viz., barsh and distorted ideas of God and religion. They do not see tha logically a man with harsh ideas of Goo ought to be the stricter in his life for that he shapes his conduct by his theory and if he expects God to judge him by his own confession. If my whole idea of religion is that it is such a straight and narrow way that I cannot walk in it without help from above, and, knowing that I must walk in it if I would be saved, I have yet never sought that help, shall I care to plead this neglect as an excuse when I me to stand before a righteous judge? Whether the napkin in which we tie up our religious consciousness be clean and white with the starch and bluing and ironing of a self-satisfied morality or filthy with the stains of every self-indulgence will make no difference with the fact that we tied it up and buried it. When capital combine for selfish purposes we know what to say en an anarchist wants a divisio of capital for his own benefit we can deal with him. But when a man puts his thou-sands in an old stocking and hides it under his chimney hearth we simply call him a miser—a miserable one. He may plead that he had no faith in banks, but we condemn him nevertheiess. Again the common judgment illustrates the parable.

In some shops you may find a device to keep check upon business transactions. A little disc springs up in full sight of buyer, seller and employer, records the price and drops out of sight again. But at the close of the day, when the accounting is made, the registry is there and the balance must agree with that. A man's conscience is like this-every thought of God and duty that comes into mind is on record there-a good thought, or a mistaken thought, or a bad thought, it held up its signal for a moment in the presence of all who cared to look and made its unalterable record of what was done. When the time comes the judges—God and conscience, and even the popular judgment—will be at the count, as they now are at the transaction. He is a daring thief who with these three looking on can try to take money out of the box and throw up a blank. Every thought of God and duty is a talent, a pound, bringing with it a demand for interest upon the original capital of God's first gift of spiritual consciousness and conscience, When the day of reckoning comes we shall be condemned by every opportunity we have had to know and to do better. No belief can possibly warrant neglect. Whatever we think of God we are bound to do something.
WM. H. LEWIS, D. D.

Rector St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn THE SHELLS IN THE BIBLE. Dr. Talmage Draws an Interesting Les-

son From Them. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage delivered in Washington a sermon on "God Every-where." The subject of the sermon was "Conchology of the Bible, or God Among the Shells," as found in the text, Exodus xxx., 34: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and

You may not have noticed the shells of the Bible, he said, although in this early part of the second book God calls you to consider and employ them, as He called Moses to consider and employ them. The onycha of my text is a shell found on the banks of the Red Sea, and Moses and his army must have crushed many of them under foot as they crossed the bisected waters, convelse on the beach and onycha in the un-

onycha on the beach and onycha in the unfolded bed of the deep.

I shall speak of this shell as a beautiful
and practical revelation of God, and as
true as the first chapter of Genesis and the
last chapter of Revelations or everything between. Not only is this shell, the onycha, found in the Red Sea, but in the waters of India. It not only delectates the eye with its convolution of beauty, white and lustrous, and scriated, but blesses the and lustrous, and seriated, but blesses the nostrils with a pungent aroma. I spoke to you last Sabbath of God in the great; now I speak of God in the small, God in the infinite, and God in the infinitesimal.

It is a secret that you may speep for me, that in all the reaims of the natural world there is nothing for me so fascinating, so completely absorbing, so full of divine suggestiveness as a shell. What? More entertaining than a bird, which can sing, when a shell cannot sing? Well, there you have made a great mistake. Pick up the onycha from the banks of the Red Sea, or pick up a bivaive from the beach of the Atlantic Ocean, and listen, and you hear a whole choir of marine voices-bass, alto, soprano—in an unknown tongue, but seeming to chant, as I put them to my ear, "The sea is His and He made it."

As the shell is only the house and the wardrobe of insignificant animals of the deep, why all the wonder and beauty of construction? God's care for them is the only reason. (And if God provide so munificently for them, will He not see that you have wardrobe and shelter? Wardrobe and shelter for a periwinkle; shall there not be wardrobe and shelter for a man? Would God give a coat of mail for the defense of a Nautilus and leave you no defense against the storm? Does He build a stone house for a creature that lasts a season and leave without home a soul that takes hold on

But while you get this pointed lesson of providential care from the shelled creatures of the deep, notice in their construc-tion that God helps them to help themselves. This house of stone in which they live is not dropped on them and is not built around them. The material for it exudes from their own bodies and is adorned with a colored fluid from the pores of their own neck. It is a most interesting thing to see these crustacean animals fashion their own homes out of carbonate of lime and mem-brane. And all of this is a mighty lesson to those who are waiting for others to build their fortunes, when they ought to go to work and, like the mollusks, build their own fortunes out of their own brain, out of their own sweat, out of their own indus-Not a mollusk on all the beaches of all the seas would have a house of shell it it had not itself built one. Do not wait for others to shelter you or prosper you. All the crustaceous creatures of the earth, from every flake of their covering and from every ridge of their tiny casties on Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean coasts, say: "Help yourself, while God helps you to help yourself." Have great expectations from only two persons-God and yourself. Let the onycha of my text

ne your preceptor. But the more I examine the shells, the ore I am impressed that God is a God of Many scoff at emotion, and seem to think that God is a God of cold geometry, and iron laws, and eternal apathy, and enthroned stoicism. No, no! The shells with overpowering emphasis deny it. While law and order reign in the universe, you have but to see the lavishness of color on the crustaces, all shades of crimson from the faintest blush to blood of battle-field, all shades of blue, all shades of green, all shades of all colors from deepest black to whitest light, just called out on the shells with no more order than a mother premeditates or calculates how many kisses and hugs she shall give her babe waking up in the morning sun-light. Yes. My God is an emotional God. And He says: "We must have colors and let the sun paint all of them on the scroll of that shell, and we must have music, and here is a carol for the robin, and a pealm for man, and a doxology for the scraphim, and a resurrection trumpet for the archangel. Aye, He showed Himself a God of sublime emotion when He flung Himself on this world in the personality of Christ to save it, without regard to the tears it would take, or the blood it would exhaust, or the agonies it would crush out. When I see the Louvres and the Luxembourgs and the Vaticans of divine painting strewn along the eight thousand miles of coast, and I hear, in a forest, on a summer morning, musical academies and Handel societies of full orchestras, I say God is a God of emotion, and if He observes mathematics, it is mathematics set to music, and His figures are written not in white chalk on black-

poards, but written by a finger of sunlight on walls of jasmine and trumpet-creeper. In my study of the conchology of the Bible, this onyche of the text also impresses me with the fact that religion is parlume. What else could God have meant when He said to Moses: "Take unto thee sweet pices, stacte and onycha. Moses took that shell of the onycha, put it over the fire, and as it crumbled into ashes, it exhaled an odor that hung in every curtain and filled the ancient tabernacle, and its sweet smoke scaped from the sacred preclacts and satu-

rated the outside air. Perfume! That is what religion is. But, instead of that, some make it a mal-odor. They serve God in a rough and acerb way. They box their child's ears because he does not properly keep Sunday, instead of mak-Sunday so attractive the child could not help but keep it. They make him learn by heart a difficult chapter in the Book of Excdus, with all the hard names because he has been naughty. How many disagreeable good people there are. No one doubts their piety, and they will reach heaven, but they will have to get fixed up before they go there, or they will make trouble by calling out to us, "Keep off that grass!" "What do you mean by plucking that flower?" "Show your tickets!" Oh, how many Christian people need to obey my text, and take into their worship and their behavior and their consociations and presbyteries and general assemblies

and conferences more onycha. But what thrills me with suggestiveness is the material out of which all pearls are made. They are fashioned from the wound shellfish. The exudation from that yound is fixed and hardened and enlarged into a pearl. The ruptured vessels of the water animal fashioned the gem that now adorns finger or earring, or sword hilt or king's crown. So, out of the wounds of earth will come the pearls of heaven. Out of the wound of conviction the pearl of pardon. Out of the wound of bereavement the pearl of solace. Out of the wound of loss the pearl of gain. Out of the deep wound of the grave peatl of resurrection joy. Out of the wounds of a Saviour's death, the rich, the radiant, the everlasting pearl of heavenly gladness. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." the consolation all ye who have been hurt
—whether hurt in body or hurt in mind or hurt in soul. Get your troubles sanctified. If you suffer with Christ on earth you will eign with Him in glory. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. "Every several gate was one pearl."

OMNIBUS AS POSTOFFICE. Kept in the Middle of the Road It Leads

to Litigation. A novel question regarding a postoffice in the middle of the road came up before Judge Paul in the United States Court at Abingdon, Va. Thomas Payne, Pastmaster at Pilot, Montgomery County, complained that the owners of all the lands within a radius of one mile of his office had refused to rent or sell a site on which he might open his office. He procured an omnibus, which he placed in the road and used as an office. B. M. Guerrant sued out in the County Court a writ of unlawful detainer, but Judge Paul, on the petition of Post-master Payne, issued a temporary injunc-tion restraining Guerrant and the deputy sheriff from interfering with the Postmas-ter and his omnibus postoffice of the Unit-ed States. A rule has been issued against the same Postmaster's opponents, requir-ing them to appear before the court and show cause why the temporary injunction should not be perpetuated.

No More Football at Girard. President Fetterolf, of Girard College, Philadelphia, has issued an order against football. The order was the result of a boy having his leg broken in a practice game.

English Weather Observers. Distributed all over Great Britain are about 3000 observers, who send up to London periodical reports of the local weather VICTIMS OF GOITER.

It is Brought On in Portions of Europe by

Drinking Snow Water. This valley of the Rhone has been quite noted for its goiter victims, although I am happy to say that, through the increased watchfulness of the authorities, there now is an abatement of the disease. Many different causes are assigned to the terrible affliction-this enlargement of the glands of the throat, goiter, or "big neck," as it is sometimes called-and even the best informed are far from being unanimous as to its origin or prevention. The peasants themselves say it is brought on by the habitual use of snow and glacial water. The water is so cold it acts as a counterirritant, and so inflames the throat; but this explanation hardly holds, as the inhabitants of the upper regions are not so often afflicted as are the people in the lower valleys. The use of chemically impure water, especially hard water, is given as a cause. The experiment has been made

where the water of certain wells was

used to the exclusion of all other water. Within a short time goiter symptoms began to manifest themselves where none had been before. Sometimes this disease is epidemic. An instance was noted where in a garrison one out of every twenty men became afflicted. Infants are seldom born with goiter, but after it once takes hold the progress of the disease is very rapid. I believe that it is rarely fatal, but because of this enlargement of the glands, and the consequent disfigurement of the throat, it is most repulsive; and yet the natives are so accustomed to seeing it that they do not seem to care. It probably is simply a source of discomfort rather than mortification. In fact, in some portions of France, Italy and Switzerland a goiter is a thing to be prized and to be exhibited, for its possession exempts a man from military service. Young men have been known to resort to certain wells supposed to convey this poison to the blood that they might evade conscription. When Savoy, was annexed to France vigorous measures were adopted to stamp out if possible this hateful disease There was a heavy penalty for drinking the water of forbidden wells, and then the little children were treated in the hope of curing them. Lozenges of iodine were administered, and out of 5,000 children 2,000 were cured. and more would have been helped had not the parents ignorantly opposed the giving of the remedies. The villages also were cleaned and sanitary measures insisted upon. For, aside from all other causes, it is quite agreed that goiter may be transmitted or be sporadic. Like diphtheria, it is a filth disease, and often has its origin in the negligent habits of the villagers. These peasants refuse to live elsewhere than, in the old "dot fer" (villages), each morning going far away to the fields, but returning at night to their overcrowded homes, where men, women and children, cows, goats and donkeys dwell together fraternally.-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Back-Yard Railroad.

Albert Wilson, of Belmont street. Somerville, Mass., has built a miniature railroad in the back yard at his home "that will go," to quote the boys of the neighborhood. His only tools in making the railroad and rolling stock were a knife, an axe and a

The material for rails and all the ther equipments of the road are pieces of wood such as a boy would naturally pick up. The engine and two cars were made irom wood, with the exception of the wheels, which are of iron, and which, as the young master mechanic naively states, "a man gave him.

The terminal is the union station in Boston, made from a dry-goods box. There are signals at the entrance of the station that drop down when a train goes in, just as they do at the big station itself. These signals are operated by strings that run from a switch tower outside the yard limit.

From the tower are operated the switches for half a dozen tracks, so that the train can be put into the station of any desired track by the pulling of a string connected with the

A California Mine.

In a single mine in California, only a month ago, the owners took \$40,000 in one day out of a pocket which they had discovered. It is not impossible that the total output of this mice in twelve months will exceed \$1,000,000. A few months ago the property was unknown to the general public. In another county of California a mill run of only seventy tons of ore gave a yield of more than \$10,000. In Mexico rich strikes are still being made. A company working near the City of Mexico is taking out \$100,000 a month. Another mine in the same State is taking out \$35,000 a month. The State of Sonora alone yielded more than \$3,000,000 in gold last year. These mining districts may be reached by a journey of a week or two, and the chances for success to experienced men are as good as they are in the Klondike to-day.

Sloper's Eloping Girls. The six daughters of a Sydney man

named Sloper eloped in turn. This is the record: Annie went off at 21, Milly at 14, Carrie and Nellie when they were 17. Adelina and Florence both at 15. The husband of the latter, Russell by name, has been prosecuted for marrying a child. Two more female Slopers remain, Lucy, aged 9, and Patty, aged 7. Old man Sloper has given up his regular work now, and eits all day on the back fence nursing shotgun.-Melbourne (Australia)

HOW TIN SOLDIERS ARE MADE.

fhose in Turkish or Greek Uniform Most Popular This Year.

"Toy soldiers made of tin or lead, are just as great favorites with children now as they were in the days of our grandfathers," said a wholesale New York dealer. "The soldiers are made almost exclusively in Nuremberg and Furth, Germany, where clever artisans are employed by the numerous manufacturers to design and mold them. The process of manufacture is interesting. The first step is to make sketches of the intended figures. Great pains are bestowed on them. The best artists in Germany do not hesitate when asked to supply models for these toy soldiers, and in making their drawings they have to bear in mind certain fixed rules. Their sketches must be colored. They must avoid deep tints and select only bright, gaudy colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represents belongs. This year the Turkish and Greek soldiers are the leading favor-

"At Nuremberg and Furth slate molds are used for the plain figures, while brass molds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice. "The metal soon hardens when it has

been poured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cutting off any excresences which may have been caused by the molten metal running over the interstices.

"The soldiers then have to be painted, and this is always done by women, who work at home, and are given a certain number of figures upon a piece of wood slit up the center, so as to hold them in a fixed position. When one side of the figure is dry the woman turns it round and paints the other side. Her wages are very poor. The final process, also intrusted to women, is that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 120 and 240 pieces, weighing one-eighth, onequarter, one-half or one pound for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48 or 96 pieces, of the same weight, for the cavalry .-Washington Star

The Cramming System. Perhaps it is because of the cramming system practiced in the public schools that so many young students either gravitate toward the foot of the class or desert it altogether. One girl has run away from home because she "had rather work than go to school," and a Methuen father is searching for his son, who left home precipitately after writing a note declaring that he "could not attend school any more since he failed to get promoted."

Sin may be ugly but it understands the art of beauty culture.

SURCHARGED STAMPS.

rregular Profits of Public Officers in

Dealing with Collectors. Three years ago the Times drew atention to the subject of surcharged tamps in a lengthy article, says Chamers' Journal. Lord Ripon had caused a ircular to be sent from the colonial office in order to put down the abuses connected with the sale of "surchargd stamps," which had proved a tempation to postmasters and treasurers and other public officers, by making iregular profits in dealing with stamp collectors and others. The remedy for his state of matters is to keep a suficient supply of stamps on hand, and hen there would be no necessity to practice "surcharging." It appears that when in certain cases

t became known that a stamp was geting scarce agents of the stamp dealer would at once buy up the stock and ask for more. The colonial postoffice, in orler to get over the delay involved in procuring fresh supplies, would print on dearer stamps than those which were exhausted the price of those which were asked for. For instance, a threeenny stamp becomes a half-penny one and a four-penny stamp a two-penny me. A stamp thus altered in value is said to be "surcharged" and a rush is nade for this by the dealer. These ind their way into collections at 50 or 100 per cent. over their value. A Paris iealer is said to have kept a sum of i1,000 "placed" at different postoffices with instructions to local postmasters o send on specimens to that value whenever a new stamp or a fresh surcharge was made. A London dealer one day received a remittance for 12s, 6d. in half-penny postage stamps from some one in Fiji who was in debt to him for that amount. The stamps, being all surcharged, were sold for

about £15. It will be remembered that the repubic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, not having ready cash to pay the expenses of its delegate to the Chicago exhibition, gave him a supply of postage stamps to sell to the best advantage. It appears that this negro republic depends largely on the sale of stamps for paying its way, and the stamps, beautifully engraved in London, are largely seld to stamp collec-

Right in His Line.

"How long," inquired the Eastern po tentate, "has the young man been ir the treadmill?"

"Two weeks, O conquering king. And he told me yesterday that he was having a fine time, although the scenery was getting monotonous."

"Two weeks? Great Aliah! Who is he, anyway?"

"He claims be is an American bicycle scorcher; but what that might b€ I know not."-Puck.

What a happy world this would be if a man could only believe all he says.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham Asks Women to Seek Permanent Cures and Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the morphine habit. One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain.

This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to confide to her physician, for fear of .. an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave !

A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She

did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it: "I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the bouse, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was

so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound: I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used.' Now I can work, and feel like myself. I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpi-

tation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down , pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."-Mrs. Lucy Peastey, Derby Center, Vt.

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