Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting. Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Love is the balloon that lifts us heavenward and marriage is the parachute that lets us slowly down to earth again.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Atlas is said to have held the world upon his shoulders. Today men organize trusts and try to pocket it.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F.J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F.J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free,
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who is not too large for the position he occupies is usually too small for it.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

Some people who think they are simply perfect are in reality perfectly simple.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

A small boy will make a man grown; a scolding wife will make a man groan. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money. No man would be conceited if he could see himself as others see him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Excuse is a cloak used by indolent people o cover neglected duties.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The way some husbands talk to their wive is positively awful and the way some wive talk to their husbands is awfully positive. Some men work hardest trying to accomplish useless things.

The more horse sense a man has the less he bets on the races.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggista.

A lie is always in a hurry, but the truth is willing to wait.

"Honor is Purchased

by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what que say, but quhat Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind - impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Frightful.

Mary Alden had lived all her fifteen years in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at G., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switch yards, her life was filled with terror. On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars was being disconnected and distributed. To her horror, she heard a man at one end shout to another: 'Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head end down here." Mary fainted.

Just Like Them.

"He says his wife can't cook a little bit." "That's unfortunate." "Yes, but that isn't the worst of it. She insists on cooking a lot."-Philadelphia Bul-

[LETTER TO MES. PINKHAM NO. 93,284] "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I have received

from the use of

Lydia E. Pink-

ham's Vegeta-

ble Compound.

Soon after the

Mrs. Johnson Saved from Insanity by Mrs. Pinkham

birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind.

"The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insanc. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the

change in me. "I have now taken five bottles and

eacnot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."-MRS. GERTRUDE M. JOHN-SON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter. "I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sanative Wash, and can-not praise your repaire dies enough,"— MRS. EFFIE PERRYS EARL, LA. not praise your reg MRS. EFFIE PEDEUR

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Glories of Heaven-Christ's Attractiveness Painted in Glowing Colors-From Ivory Palaces to the Agony of the Crucifixion.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psaims, xiv., 8, "All Thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory pal-

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceilings and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which law in oaken presses. these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in eloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and I look upon the grave the broken law and a great those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, put itself out of the way.

According to my text, He comes "out of the ivery palaces." You know or if you to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

According to my text, he comes out of the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted and the parameters of shapes, and there were

Louis XVI, put upon her the nesklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of the earth, King of heaven, King forever! Her garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed 100 years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankin-eense and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye. "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia

out of the ivory palaces."
Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks. Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was blood red robes from under the altar; one myrrh pressed into the cup of His cruci-fixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would singers, who lead the 144,000; one for you, exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces! ground beneath. This gum was used for the purposes of merchandise. One piece of it no larger than a chestnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost in-

of Jesus.
Would that you all knew His sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his bands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frastbitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes

and cassia out of the ivory palace,' Your second curiosity is to know why the bes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who eyer had such a hard re-ception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer an-other, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as

soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer His dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to Hislips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in ing, bitter draft was swallowed in torted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation.
Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not like Cæsar? No, no! All this because He wanted to pluck me and you from hell. want not only to wash my hands and my want not only to wash my hands and my wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because He wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because we were blind, and He wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and He wanted us manumitted. Ob, ye in whose cup of life the saccharin has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead and to purchase your disenthraliment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physician; but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments

smell of eassia! Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phiai on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a
man and led him out to darkness and
death, as though He brought him up to the
ciffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no!
When a man is lost, it is not because God
pushes him off; it is because he jumps off.
In clden times a suicide was buried at the vestments which lay in oaken presses

robes that had been embroidered
with gold and been worn by Popes and
archbishops on great occasions. There was
a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at
the crowning of the first Napoleon. There
was also a vestment that had been worn at
the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide
opened the oaken presses and brought out
these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted
them up the fragrance of the pungent arolife and death, as though He brought him up to the
cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no!
When a man is lost, it is not because God
pushes him off; it is because he jumps off.
In clden times a suicide was buried at the
crossroads, and: the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave.
So it seems to me there may be at this time
a man who is destroying his soul, and as
though the angels of God were here to
bury him at the point where the roads of

In my text the King steps forth, His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when lovely and robes of the special princes of the special princes of the special princes. The special princes of the special prin tvory. And rooms that had certainly of tvory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of Jight flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Ob, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something bet-ter than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the lvory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Albambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Bhine as on both sides of the river of God for the King, the steps of His palace the crown of the church militant; one for the

terminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. cough gone. The cancer cared. cough gone. The cancer cared. The erysipelas healed. The keart break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you-Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No they went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while, but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to'know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such here to the home there, right into the pichts as Jeans lived through pichts on nights as Jesus lived through-nights on ivory palaces. All is well with them. All

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last.

Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage!

Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adultrees; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neitner to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A

on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that here here overseing me for thirty.

bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead and to purchase your disenthraliment; took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with eassia. This was a plant which grew in India, and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea! We are at Metic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet is must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and

CHINESE FOUNDRIES.

Primitive Methods Which Will Interest the Craft in America.

The primitive methods employed by the Chinese in their native foundries are set forth in an interesting form in a description of an iron foundry at Kaun-Kiao (Kan-Kok) by a writer to the Celestial Empire. "The furnace," he says, "was very simple in construction, being made of clay in three sections. The lowermost was what might be called the crucible, and was the receptacle for the molten metal, being made a cubic foot in capacity. The middle section was a ring of the same diameter as the lower section, and about eight inches in height. In this was a hole to receive the blast pipe, the blast being supplied by a native 'box' bellows of the usual type. The upper section was another ring about a foot higher. I was not fortunate enough," he continues, "to see the putting together of the furnace; when I saw it, the operation was begun, and a man was piling on the last of the charge-scrap, cast iron and coke. One man was then pumping the blast. I waited till I saw the yellow flame begin to show above the piled up iron, which gradually sank down as that below melted. By and by two men pumped the blast. As the process went on a still stronger blast was needed, so a third man helped at ... 3 bellows, and the pumping grew fast and furious, while one workman, wearing an old broad brimmed straw hat to protect his head and face from the shower of sparks, stirred the glowing mass with an iron rod. In due time the melting was finished, the molten iron having fallen through to the bottom section of the furnace. The blast was stopped, the bellows disconnected, and the upper and middle sections of the furnace taken off and laid aside. The surface of the molten iron being skimmed of its slag, it was well covered with rice husk ashes. This protected the face of the man who next had to handle it from the intense heat that would otherwise have radiated from the molten iron. This man's duty was to keep the crucible in his arms, literally hugging it to himself and to fill the molds previously arranged around. In this he was assisted by a woman who raked back the ashes where the iron was to run out. On this occasion plowshares were the result of the operation, the one charge being sufficient to cast about twenty. Almost immediately following this man was another, who took the molds apart and removed their contents. No sooner were the molds empty than the workmen set about repairing their inner surface with a black paste, ready for another casting. Upon inquiry I was told that about fifty cattle (one cattle equals 1.33 pounds) of iron and twenty cattles of fuel constituted one charge for the furnace, and that four meltings were effected in a day's

work." Got to Do Something "Faugh! he is of ze canaille! I hate heem. Louee, hear-r-r me-I will smash hees hat!" "No. Henri, do not do eet. Zey vill send you to ze prisone for lour-r-r years!" "Ah, zen I vill smash a hat zat ees like bees!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Consistent.

"Bill the gambler's always up to date." "How so?" "His wedding cards are all queens of hearts."-Philadelphia North American



What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out. If Prevents and It

## Cures Baldness -Ayer's Hair Vigor will

surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place. Would you like a copy

of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free. If you do not obtain all the benefits
you expected from the use of the Vigor
write the Doctor about it.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER.
Lowell, Macs.

A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap. COPYRIGHT ISSES BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



AWESOME TREES.

pressed a Traveler.

We made a side trip to the big trees of the Mariposa group, which are about ne hour's ride from the hotel says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. If the smallest of these trees could be planted anywhere in Pennsylvania the railroads would run excursion trains to it and make money. The trees in this grove are so large that it takes a good while to fully appreciate the facts about the size of the biggest of them. The "Grizzly Giant" is 34 feet through at the base and over 100 feet high. This tree would overtop the spires on the Pittsburg Cathedral by over 100 feet. The trunk of this tree is 100 feet clear to the first limb, which is 20 feet in circumference. Many other trees here are very nearly as large as this one, and there are 400 in the grove. Through several tunnels have been cut and a four-horse stage can go through these tunnels on the run and never graze a hub. You get an approach to an adequate idea of their size by walking off 100 yards or so while the stage is standing at the foot of a tree and glancing from top to bottom, keeping the stage in mind as a means of comparison. The stage and the horses look like the little tin outfit that Santa Claus brought you when you were a good little boy. These trees are no longer to be called the largest in the world, however. A species of eucalyptus has been found in Australia as large or larger. Emerson warns us against the use of the superlative but when you are in this region of the globe you can't get along without a liberal use of it. He himself says of Yosemite: "It is the only spot I have ever found that came up to the brag.' And as I stood in the big tree grove I remembered that some one called Emerson himself "the Sequoia of the human race."

A Comedy of Errors. There was an accident on a Portland street the other day, and this is how it happened: A tramp walking up the street saw a benevolent-looking wheelman riding down, and started to head him off. Just then a dog on the same side of the street noticed a cat on the opposite side and made for it. The dog didn't notice the tramp, and the wheelman took no account of the dog. The result was that the dog went between the legs of the tramp and rolled that individual over on his back. The wheelman struck dog and tramp and took a header over them. The wheelman struck frantically at the dog-and his blow landed on the nose of the tramp, while the dog made an assault on the tramp, and, missing him, made life exciting for the wheelman. At last they untangled themselves and the tramp and the wheelman trailed bad language one up and the other down the street, while the dog stood and growled at both. Meanwhile the cat emerged from a hole in the lumber pile where she had taken refuge and watched the three with evident interest.-Lewiston Journal.

A Parisian Necessity. "There is a great deal of excitement in Paris," said one French official. "Yes," said the other, calmly. "And discontent." "Doubtless. But there isn't nearly as much discontent as there would probably be if there were nothing to get excited over."-Washington Star.

What Gives Him Pause. Confidential Friend-If you want to be United States senator, you know, you have only to say the word. Eminent Public Functionary-I know, but I suspect this is to be a shrewd movement on the part of the people and a few of my political enemies to get me

out of the job I'm holding now."

with a torpid liver, which produces constipa-tion. I found CASCARETs to be all you claim for them and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was com-pletely cured. I shall only be too glad to rec-ommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH.

2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. CANDY



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Dr. M. L. Felder, Eclectic, Ala., s'ys: "I never prescribe anything but Tetterine for eczema and other skin eruptions." Sold by Druggists or by mail for 50c, in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savanuah, Ga.



A CDIA CADEMY for Boys and Young Men. Prepares thoroughly for college or business. Careful individual at-Lichtion. Excellent table. Beautiful location ACircular free, C.W. STUART, Prin., Media, Pa

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