

Eczema in the Feet.
In fact, tetter, ringworm and all skin diseases are cured by Tetterine. Mr. Lee D. Martin, of San Antonio, Texas, says: "I am suffering with a violent case of eczema in my feet. Please send me a box of Tetterine. Mr. Moore, of Moore & McFarland, Memphis, Tenn., says it cured him of a similar case." Sold at druggists 50c. a box or sent postpaid by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

An Egyptian Flower Show.
Under the patronage of the khedive of Egypt, who is a rare lover of gardening, an exhibition is to take place at Ghezireh, Cairo, on March 20 and 31 and April 1, 1900, at which Americans are especially invited to be competitors. A program in very good English has been prepared, which may be had by addressing W. Wilfred Carey, secretary, Kas-el-Doubara, Cairo, Egypt. Carnations, lilies, pansies, phlox, stocks, violets, roses and "any good thing not specified" are among the special articles to be exhibited by florists, for which silver medals and sums of money are offered.

"Nature Abhors a Vacuum."
Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's, because



Fertile of the Long Skirt.
In the course of a public discussion on women's dress at Berlin the other day Prof. Rubner condemned the long skirt as a frequent cause of accidents and as a promoter of neuragic pains, which were brought on by constantly holding up the dress. Prof. Brockmüller, the artist, while not denying the gracefulness in general of trains, pointed out that in any quick movement the effect was the reverse of graceful and recommended short dresses, especially at dances. Mme. Seler advocated the short skirts because it was unworthy of women to yield to a fashion which made the wearer a slave to her garments, and because the short skirts made those who wore them look younger. In the end the meeting resolved by a large majority that long walking dresses are irreconcilable with the modern requirements of hygiene, liberty of movement and beauty.—London Daily News.

Nervous Women

are ailing women. When a woman has some female trouble she is certain to be nervous and wretched. With many women the monthly suffering is so great that they are for days positively insane, and the most diligent efforts of ordinary treatment are unavailing.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

comes promptly to the relief of these women. The letters from women cured by it prove this. This paper is constantly printing them.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham should also be secured by every nervous woman. This costs nothing. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Wonders of the Human Hand—Our Physical Structure Proof of Divine Wisdom—The Extended Hand the Symbol of Infinite Mercy.
(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1900.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the Divine meaning in our physical structure, text, I Corinthians xiii. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."
These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body grew into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadoocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora, I compare with myself what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it can do nothing for me either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand, "you, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the discourse the Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the piece, but the man has yet to be who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs, and he had a ghastly tracture, and wrote a book entitled "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument, ignorant of much of the revelation it is intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its ligaments, is moving back and forth and on the smaller axis turning nearly around. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending in sharp points, the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand, with its intricate, as it were, symmetrical, as useful, as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the Divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or bused in the arts, or offered in supplication, or wrung in denunciation abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower order of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right—yes, the duty—of self defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the Divine fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolation.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experience when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight or broken the skull or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril the hand has beaten it back or struck it down or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eloquent ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier or in barbarous lands or as an officer of the law about to make an arrest such armament may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such armament. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needles. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed! How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen! How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety! Oh, the helping hand! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,000,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all these hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken hearts and disordered intellects and wayward souls? Helping hands. Let each one of us add to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folding in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaping up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands that would be raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best in picturing the crucified Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, the peace, a perfect portrayal. Some of His intricacies He performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before Him, but most of them He performed through the battle hand, the hand of peace to be seized to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the dumb to be able to speak from suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and bestowed Him to pat His hand upon their afflicted eyes.

His own hands free, see now the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced to a mere stump, and he had to undergo a long and painful operation, or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right, and we involuntarily in any emergency put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would have been so had he lost the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence: "Stretch forth thy hand." And the record is, "He stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened and the dead nerves resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces, a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated and his own hand destroyed, he would find in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the hand. For the hand is the hand decided a destiny! Mary, Queen of Scots, was escaping from imprisonment at Lochleven in the dress of a laundress and had her face thickly veiled. When a woman attempted to remove the veil, she put up her hand to defend it and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul, behold the hand busy in the aerial world without picture or model. What a comparatively dull place this world would be without picture or model. The hand is the performer of the most architectural! Have you ever realized what fifty seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the hand is the performer of the most capable of the swift sweep of the keys or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who have pleased the ear of the world and the caustics of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer all the arts, the gallop and what batteries boom and what birds carol and what tempests march and what oceans billow! The great architects of the earth might have thought out the plans of the pyramids and the St. Sophia and the Taj Mahal, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

In two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalm: "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" and "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strong with all its co-operations and with all its muscles and reticulated with all its joints and strengthened with all its bones and contrived with all its ingenuities! The hand hath formed all the arts, and tunneled the mountains through which the rail train thunders and launched all the shipping and fought all the battles and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea, as well as lifted to midair the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents and built all the cities and hoisted the pyramids.

Do not underestimate the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a "Paradise Lost" or a "Samson Agonistes," as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting "Conquest of Peru." Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the "Ninth Symphony." Oh, the hand! The God fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of Divine revelation, and the hand of the David and the Micah and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his duty, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying, "This is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of Divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that explosion of the wretched soul, and the past a horror, so to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand relates the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Alas that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation! If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the goodbyes in which your right hand has participated! Goodby at the steamboat wharf. Goodby at the rail train window. Goodby before the opening of the ball. Goodby at the dying pillow. We all need grace for such handshakings, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming goodby, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God there will be no goodby in heaven!

One Woman's Good Work
It is not much over twenty years since a retired San Francisco teacher named Miss Austin conceived the idea that she could make the then barren plains of Fresno blossom like a rose and bear fruit abundantly. Under the inspiration of that belief she began the cultivation and curing of the raisin grape. As a direct result of the efforts of that one woman Fresno county this year has profited in one industry alone to the extent of \$1,000,000, which is reported to be the value of the season's raisin-curing there. Almost all of the other industries which have since been developed in Fresno county have been the indirect outgrowth of the successful experiments made by Miss Austin in raisin-making. One of the latest developments in the proposed construction there of a fruit cannery to be the largest in the state and to serve as a substitute for the one now existing, which gives employment to 600 persons during the fruit-canning season.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Boysish Ideas.
"It is strange what queer ideas we had when we were young," said a gentleman the other day. "My father once asked me how I supposed the French managed to spell wagon wheel, when they had no 'w' in their language. I never could solve the problem." "And when I was a boy," replied another, "I thought it was an easy matter to translate from foreign languages. I had an idea that the only difference was the alphabetical characters, and if I were to learn the Greek alphabet, for instance, I would have no trouble in turning Greek into English. I found out my mistake after I went to school, though."—Harlem Life.

Why It Was Red.
Simkins—What makes your nose red? Timkins—It glows with pride, sir, at not poking itself into other people's business.

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Definition of Brice-a-Brac.
Little Dick—Uncle Richard, what is brice-a-brac? Uncle Richard—Brice-a-brac is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark.—Puck.

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