### Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Sample package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is probable that, in the near future, every employe of the B. & O. will have a distinctive uniform. Train men are now neatly attired, and the receivers desire that each employe wear either a badge, cap or suit that will identify him as a B. & O. man.

### Georgia's Cotton King.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says: "James M. Smith, of Oglethorpe, Georgia's greatest farmer, has just broken records of cotton sales from a single plantation by selling to Macon cotton-buyers in one lot over 2,000 bales of cotton on a basis of 7 cents for middling, and when it is all weighed and shipped Mr. Smith will receive a check for about $70,000. This would be a tremendous crop, even if Mr. Smith raised nothing but cotton, but when it is remembered that he grows similarly large crops of grain and hay, and that cotton is his surplus money crop after producing all the provision crops he needs, then one can grasp some idea of the scale on which Col. Smith farms. We see the justice of calling him Georgia's cotton king."

### Another Barrier Broken.

Vienna University has accepted the doctoral thesis and granted the degree of Doctor of Medicine for the first time to a woman, the Baroness Possaur von Weidenthal, who recently was admitted to practice in Austria after passing the rigorous state examination. She had earlier earned the degree from Zurich many years before.

Every man thinks more of his wife than he ever admits, and few women think their husbands as much as they think at the funeral.



# DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

## A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

**The Infirmity of King Asa is Made the Text of an Eloquent Tribute to the Medical Profession — Good Reasons Why All Doctors Should Be Christians.**

"And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."—II. Chronicles xvi., 12, 13.

At this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurors or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well, but he fell a victim to charlatanry and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick. Bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery." Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe on the day when they started out and He said to them, "Go heal the sick and cast out the devils of pain and open the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over, and let all the hospitals and dispensaries and infirmaries and asylums and domestic circles of the earth respond, "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the table of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of the wife or mother, or sister or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulus and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor He has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under His mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the clubfoot was straightened, and anchylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Cicero said, "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX. made proclamation that all the Protestants in France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made one exception, and that the case of Pare, the father of French surgery. The battlefields of the American Revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer and Warren and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized by fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it, and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flaxseed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the blood, and Asceli the uses of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and cinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy, and Hosack and Romeyn, and Griscom and Valentine Mott, of the generation just past, honored God and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

If we who are laymen in medicine would understand what the medical profession has accomplished for the insane, let us look into the dungeons where the poor creatures used to be incarcerated—madmen chained naked to the wall, a kennel of rotten straw their only sleeping place, room unventilated and unlighted, the worst calamity of the race punished with the very worst punishment—and then come and look at the insane asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—sofaed and pictured, librared, concerted, until all the arts and adornments come to coax recreant reason to assume her throne. Look at Edward Jenner, the great hero of medicine. Four hundred thousand people annually dying in Europe from the smallpox, Jenner finds that by the inoculation of people with vaccine from a cow the great scourge of nations may be arrested. The ministers of the gospel denounced vaccination, small wits caricatured Edward Jenner as riding in a great procession on the back of a cow and grave men expressed it as their opinion that all the diseases of the brute creation would be transplanted into the human family, and they gave instances where, they said, actually horns had come out on the foreheads of innocent persons and people had begun to chew the cud. But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it has been estimated that one doctor in fifty years has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed.

The profession has done wonders for public hygiene. How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera and the yellow fever. The monuments in Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in southern cities, until staggering in their own sickness they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage and immigration, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston, when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life that there was prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him, but he cut off the most of it and only comparatively few years were left—only 700 years of life, and then 500, and then 400, and then 200, and then 100, and then 50, and then the average of human life came to 40, and then it dropped to 18. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century the average of human life has risen from 18 years to 44, and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be 50, and it will be 60, and it will be 70, and a man will have no right to die before 90, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled, "And the child shall die 100 years old." The millennium for the souls of men will be the millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done, the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time time.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere, under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers and rheum and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Æsculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary in one year 150,000 prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no! The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brockelsby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way! Here comes Dr. Brockelsby's wig." No; I announce these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the work of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then, I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in his sermon may be appropriate to you, "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibers which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in a malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch and plinth and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have! Dr. Rush used to say in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

In the first place the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants and lawyers and mechanics cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say, "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath morning church service for the physician. Besides that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gormandizing, which, before night, makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken and death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a footbath has become virulent typhus, and the hacking cough killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York to the marine office and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the divine enactment, "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at 47 years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is when people die to cry out, "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brains of women, and more especially with men who never know how gracefully to be sick, and with their salivated mouths curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rotund form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professionals put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is five degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away—he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Again, the medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblessed physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not the happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor! Between the five drops and the ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? Be careful how you put that knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swing out of the way the sixth part of an inch the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs, why it seems to open and shut. There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand, shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with Him who said to the blind, "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with Him who said, "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with Him who cured the issue of blood, saying, "Thy faith hath saved thee."

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there opens before them such a grand field for Christian usefulness. You see so many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the voice of heaven to their souls. Old Dr. Gasherie De Witt, a practitioner of New York, told me in his last days, "I always present the religion of Christ to my patients, either directly or indirectly, and I find it almost always acceptable." Drs. Abercromble and Brown, of Scotland, Drs. Hey and Fothergill of England and Dr. Rush of our own country were celebrated for their faithfulness in that direction. "Oh," says the medical profession, "that is your occupation. That belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brother, there are severe illnesses in which you will not admit even the clergy, and that patient's salvation will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the body in one hand, the medicine for the soul in the other, oh, what a chance. There lies a dying Christian on the pillow. You need to hold over him the lantern of the gospel until its light streams across the pathway of the departing pilgrim, and you need to cry into the dull ear of death, "Hark to the song of heaven's welcome that comes stealing over the waters!" There lies on the pillow a dying sinner. All the morphine that you brought with you cannot quiet him. Terror in the face. Terror in the heart. How he jerks himself up on one elbow and looks wildly into your face and says: "Doctor, I can't die. I am not ready to die. What makes it so dark? Doctor, can you pray?" Blessed for you and blessed for him if then you can kneel down and say: "O God, I have done the best I could to cure this man's body, and I have failed. Now I commit to thee his poor, suffering and affrighted soul. Open Paradise to his departing spirit."

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O doctors, hear my prayer for your eternal salvation. Blessed will be the reward in heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is, his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer. The doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire, "How is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, barefooted and barehearded, will stand on the street corner, saying, "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me."

## TO COLLECT RARE SEEDS.

**Secretary Wilson Will Have the Aid of Diplomats.**

The benefits that may inure to this country through expert investigation of agricultural conditions abroad, form a subject that is receiving the special attention of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. He contemplated for some time the development of this means of securing information, and in furthering the idea he has adopted a policy of utilizing the services of experts who are abroad and of enlisting the help of Government appointees sent to foreign posts.

Colonel A. E. Buck, the new Minister to Japan, will forward seeds of figures, bulbs, etc., with explanatory notes, while Mr. Patterson, Consul to Calcutta, will report on agricultural products in the far southern latitudes.

Professor Plumb, of Perdue, Ind., is going abroad this summer and as a side issue he has been commissioned to report on the condition of dairying in the countries he visits. Other scientists will go to Australasia and to Mexico and the latter will collect specimens and data as to what will be desirable from the semi-arid regions. Advantage will be taken of a visit of an expert to Central Asia and tree seeds from there are expected.

Professor Hanson, of the Agricultural College, of South Dakota, who has arranged to go to Europe will be sent to east Asia to secure tree seeds and figures.

Special efforts will be made to obtain the latter in various places because of their power to bring nitrogen from the atmosphere into the soil.

Mr. Wilson does not expect that the distribution of common seeds can be done away with, as he recognizes a considerable demand for them, but so far as possible the rarer kinds will be substituted for common ones.

## BRANDING-IRON FOR FEMALE SEALS.

**A Device That Will Make Pelagic Sealing Unprofitable.**

Dr. Jordan, of the Palo Alto University, California, has stated that as the British Government has not come to any satisfactory terms with the United States for protecting the fur seals in Bering Sea, the United States will begin this summer, through the Fur Seal Commission, the work of branding female seals on the Pribylov Islands. This will spoil the skins of the branded seals and so stop pelagic sealing by making it unprofitable.

Dr. Jordan will take several more assistants from the University to aid in the work. They are A. W. Greeley and R. E. Snodgrass, of the zoology department; A. J. Edwards, Howard S. Warren and Elmer E. Farmer. Farmer has invented an electrical machine for branding the seals, and if it proves satisfactory it will do a great deal toward settling the seal question.

There is a possibility that the female seals will be corralled on one of the islands during the sealing season. This will necessitate building about two miles of board fence, and it is not certain yet whether the lumber can be procured. It will be done if possible. Dr. Jordan will leave Seattle for Sitka on July 8th.

## A CURE FOR LOCKJAW.

**Tetanus Anti-Toxin Successfully Tried in San Francisco.**

A treatment of lockjaw, or tetanus, new to the locality, has just been successfully tried at the German Hospital, San Francisco, Cal., under the direction of Dr. Conrad Weil. Edmund Shein received an injury to his thumb about a month ago and lockjaw intervened. Within forty-eight hours under the new treatment signs of improvement began, and at the end of a week the patient was pronounced out of danger. The treatment consists of injection of a tetanus anti-toxine similar in its source to the anti-toxin for diphtheria. The army surgeons in the War Department laboratory at Washington have been experimenting with this treatment for some t.

### She Original Uncle Sam

When we talk of the United States Government in a familiar sort of way we call it "Uncle Sam;" and you have often seen pictures of Uncle Sam—a long, lean, old-fashioned Yankee, with a high hat and with a swallow-tail coat and breeches marked with the stars and stripes of the flag. The way in which the United States came to be called Uncle Sam is this:

During the war of 1812 the United States Government entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for, and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A.—U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovial sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. Everybody, including "Uncle Sam" Wilson himself, thought this was a very good joke; and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country; and that is the way the United States received its name of "Uncle Sam."

Mr. Wilson, the original "Uncle Sam," died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, at the age of eighty-four.—St. Nicholas.

### Tender-Hearted King.

Louise Phillippe's manuscript notes on 2,227 sentences of death delivered by the Courts during his reign, and sent to him for his signature, have been presented to the French Academy by the Duc d'Aumale. They show the King's reluctance to have the death sentence carried out, even in extreme cases, the slightest pretexts being used to commute the sentences.



### Judicious Expenditures Cause Big Returns.

To the merchant who is happy if he can sell his goods at an increase of ten to twenty per cent. over the cost, how almost incredible must it seem that typewriting machines and bicycles, which cost from about sixteen to twenty-five dollars to manufacture, can be sold for $100—or even $50—each?

What machines are more universally used to-day than these two, excepting the sewing machine?

How hard the merchant struggles for his ten per cent. profit while the typewriting machine and the bicycle sell at a price which is from four to six times the cost of manufacture.

Judicious and continuous advertising has made this possible.



Russian farmers hold an average of 27 acres to each family.



France is the most thoroughly cultivated country in Europe.