Norz.-The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subfect to the public.

LEVELERS. The Mission of Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we be-

If so, He must have made these, We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but

why Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee? They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan bebind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony. There are times and conditions when

It certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whisky, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whisky, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their

effect on the human race. It is a matter of dally Listory festified to by literally millions of people, that Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee are smilling, promising, beguilling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. time they get firm hold enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell fand "under the spell" is correct, of any one of these drugs, frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggled through a t week fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whitpped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whisky) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then Iraye the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two tires. He feels bad if he leaves off, and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises bimself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to), breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and fobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve. from lower planes to higher, a sturdy. steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is tixed by the Infinite and will not be quickened out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many ilustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a 'bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whisky, tobacco, coffee, women gambling, or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him. Keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work. Luxury, over eating and drinking, licentiousness, waste and extravagance, induigences of all kinds, then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of 'le mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness tin childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indul-gence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery, disease, and the wreck folbows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the

end. so the Creator has use for Whisky. Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great field" (the masses) may not be left

too far behind. and yet we must admit that same all' ton Transcript.

wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean cut, steady mind and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of

"I will not deaden my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself chenp, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whisky, tobacco or coffee; life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things, without any sort of handleap, so a man is certainly a 'fool trader' when be trades strength, health, money, and the good things that come with power, for the half-asteep condition of the 'drug. ger' with the certainty of sickness and

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap thewer of wood or carrier of

Father of us all does not seem to 'mind" if some of His children are foolish and stupid. He seems to select others (perhaps those He intends for some special work) and allows them to

be threshed and eastigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flirting with these levelers awhile, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint of a good solid blow will follow:

When a man tree to live upright, clean, thriffy, soher, and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This arricle was written to get people thinking, to rouse the "God withn," for every highly organized man and woman has times when they feel something calling from within for them to press o the front and "be mistake it; the -park of the Infinite s there and it pays in every way, health, happinese, peace, and even orldly prosperity, to break off the habits and strip clean for the work

er to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the to health and all of the good things that brings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the news where the body has been rebuilt n a basis of strength and health run

It is an easy and comfortable step to step coffee instantly by having well-hade Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good exeam, for the color and flavor is there, but hone of the cufferne or other nerve destroying clments of ordinary coffee.

ture are in Postum and they quickly plain's of kidneys, heart, head or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain working Americans today use Postum, having found the value and common seuse in

> C. W. POST. THE PERFECT WOMAN.

A Japaneze Folk Tale That Gives the Nativa Ideal.

In a current magazine Madame Calla J. Harrison relates the following Japanese folk-tale as illustrating the native ideal of perfect womanhood:

Kesa filled the eighteen requirements of a beautiful weman. More over, she was peerless in character as well. Before her and her loverhusband, Wataru, life seemingly had stretched a long, happy road. Unfortunately, they fell in deht to Morito, a neighboring samural, whose evil eye fell upon Kesa, and he coveted her with all his soul. He wished Kesa for his wife, but while Wataru lived this could not be with honor. But an enemy's life was but a small hindrance one stroke of the keen semural sword and Kesa could be free. So, Morito reasened and pressed this plan upon Kesa's old mether. who in turn pleaded with her daughter, till Kesa found herself between two fires, filial versus conjugal love

and duty. At last, after bitter weeping, she consented and plans were laid. On a certain night Wataru would return from a journey and after his bath would lie down on his own pallet among the sle ping ones in the family hall. Morito could easily find him, for his hair would be wet from the

On the appointed night Morito crept through the hall, lit only by the andon's dim light. He found Waturu's place; his hair was wet and his face muffled in the covering. Hastily he spread down a napkin by the pillow, then with one sharp, swift stroke of his sword severed the sleeper's head. Gathering It up in the napkin, he fled. There was no pursuit, and when he had gained his own room in safrty he san down to gloat over his prize. As he turned the head to get a good view the sight froze him with horrer, for it was the sweet, piteous face of Kesa. She had sont her husband from harm, cut off her hair and prepared it to imitate his and meekly lay down to die that she might be true to both ties -dying, she fulfilled her duties as a fillal daughter, and a faithful wife. In these stern and cruel times, many women had done excellently, but Kera outshene them all.

A dude preacher generally produces dead sermons. So. 44.

A BOSTON "CLUBMAN." Arthur-How did you enjoy your-

self at Harry's? , Theodore - Splend: ily! Harry's such a fine conversationalist, don't you know. He never once through the whole evening indu'ged in frivelities for an instant-such things as the industrial question, the law of minishing. In 1900 the emigration declared, is no more an act of cannib' supply and demand, and things of that through the port of Cork to the United ism than the devouring of a field mou. kind-but confined himself wholly to States amounted to 27,105; in 1901, 22,such improving topics as styles in 450; in 1902, 23,440, and 1908, 24,412. For hoslery, the manner of wearing neek- the eight month of the present year ties and creasing of trousers. Bos the figures are 18,512, while for the corton Transcript.

the return was 17,769.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED GLORIFYING THE FATHER

Preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Mc-Leod, of Brooklyn, N. -Y.-We Can Make God Real, We Can Make the Gospel Sublime.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Upon his return to his pulpit from his vacation, the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. McLeod, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, presched an cloquent sermon Sunday morning on "Glorifying the Father." The text was chosen from John xv.8: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." Dr. McLeod said:

are the organization through which Christ works; we are the organization by which Christ builds up His kingdom on the earth. We see the hands of Christ. Christ wants,

Christ desires to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and visit the sick, and

build homes for the homeless, and open prison doors for those in captivity, but supposing the hands of the Lord be paralyzed, how can He do these things? We are the voice of Christ. Christ wants to publish abroad to the end of the carth the message of God's love and the ways of sale

message of God's love and the way of sal-vation, but if the voice be silent, how can

We talk about the mercy of God having

We talk about the mercy of God having no limitation. We talk about the boundless pity of God, and we do well, but the pity of God and the mercy of God have their limitations; Not according to the distorted Calvinism which our fathers believed, God's mercy is infinite; God's pity is boundless; His love extends to all menthat we believe; in that declaration we glory; we count it the very flower and coronation of our religion. And yet God's mercy is limited, His compassion is bounded, His pity is shortened by us—by us. According as we are willing or unwilling is

cording as we are willing or unwilling is the limitlespiese of the love of God, Let us take a homely illustration. Here

posed to that man; God would help that man, and He has put you in a position to help him. You are His hands; you are God's ministering agency, but you limit God's goodness, don't you?

God is very pitiful, very pitiful. Rich men can feed poor men, but they don't do it. No manna falls from heaven to feed those poor men. They starve. God is wondrously pitiful, and there are strong people who are perfectly able to help and comfort weak and sickly people, but these

people who are perfectly able to help and comfort weak and sickly people, but these sickly people die for lack of help. No ministering angel comes down to cool their fever and heal them. Don't you see that we, God'a hand, God's voice; the branches and twigs of the vine, limit the fruitfulness of the vine, limit the power of the Almighty? "Herein is My Father glorified, that yo bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." Friends, the thought is appalling; it oppresses me. When I look at that from one side I am terrified to think that

it oppresses me. When I look at that from one side I am terrified to think that the thing that God wanted done yesterday

the thing that God wanted done yesterday is not done through my neglect.

And yet there is encouragement here for its all. Apart from the vine the brancht withers; it can do nothing. Abiding in the vine, the branch bringeth forth much fruit; and we may abide and we may glorify our Father. Glorify Him. Make Him shine with radiance and leauty in the eyes of man. Make God manifest. We can make God real; we can make the gospel sublime in the eyes of those who are hving without it. We can so fell the story; we can so

live our religion; we can so manifest the grace of God in our lives; we can so let our light shine that others—our neighbors and friends, our children and relatives—shall glority our Father in heaven.

God Only is Perfect.

Perfection, in every absolute sense, cannot be found among men—it abides only with God. Man, at his best, is not free.

An heir of immortality, he is imprisoned into time. Candidate for sainthood, he has a heritage of sin and corruption from the generations of the past. Called to do all things through God strengthening him, a find that the transfer is the first the content of th

he finds that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Countless perils menace the voyage of the perfectionist. Presumptuous

sins often have dominion over him, when he thinks it is not robbery to be equal with God and share with the absolute the attributes of divinity. Spiritual pride leads him to moral ruin when he is per-

suaded to forget the hour of prayer because of his conceit that with him every breath is a prayer. The Man of Nazareth was so far from this vanity that He spens whole nights in communion with God on

the mountains and in solitary places apart

from His companions. The perfectionist, again, is deceived when he materializes the

hings of God, by asserting for the saints

below an earthly empire over disease and death and by claiming a part in the politi-

cal rule of the quick-coming Christ in a

Increasing God's Opportunities.

Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is, and the thought will grow upon you as you meditate upon it. Just think, "I am God's opportunity!" Isn't it wooderful? Isn't it glorious? When we look at others whom God has richly blented and honored in service we can see how it is, but do we ever

vice we can see how it is, but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity?

Every one that responds to God's cal, "Come!" gives God a larger place in the

world.

Every one who obeys God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated heart and life is a new garden in which God plants I is seeds of love and grace, a

fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power.

Take it home, dear young friend, and say to yourself, "I am God's opportunity."

Be that an I your life will become unutter-

ably grand and your experience unspeakably sweet .- A. W. Spooner, D. D.

One Thing We Can Do.

Each one in any given place has a responsible share in every other's good work

in that place. In some things we do our part with our hands; in other matters we

part with our hands; in other matters we do our part with our hearts. What the Apostle John said about evil deeds is as true of good deeds: "He that giveth him greeting partaketh in his " " works." I'y our well wishing we become partakers in what others do. John said the same thing in the next Epistle: "We " " ought to welcome such, that we may be fellowworkers." What we speed on its way, and what we welcome in our hearts when we

what we welcome in our hearts when we hear of it-in all this we have a share

How wide reaching, then, are the opportunities of even the most seelided! How great is the work in which even the least an be engaged! As we hail any good in coming, or speed any good outgoing, we enter into the prophet's work, and shateceive a prophet's reward. Let us take heart and do our share.

Ever Onward and Upward.

love God continually, to rejoice evermore

and in everything to give thanks. Antreason is in accord with revelation in enjoying this cuty. Man's pathway is even onward and upward. Larger and seeming

ly infinite possibilities of future schieve ment invite him to press on with unweary

Those on Trial.

"Are these masterpieces?" asked a tour-ist in a Fjorentine gallery, adding, "I must admit that I do not see much in them my self." "These pictures, sir," was the an

self." "These pictures, sir," was the an swer, "are not on trial; it is the visitor who see on trial." It is the critics who are on trial, not the Scriptures.—New York

ing footstep.

We are commanded to be perfect, to

millenial reign at Jerusalem.

world.

We can so fell the story;

How vital, dear friends, are all New Testament representations of religion! Compare the New Testament with the ethcompare the New Testament with the ethical teaching, or religious teaching of all other books in this respect, and you are simply astonished. There is nothing mechanical in them, nothing formal, nothing institutional—every process is a process of life. It is no use for a man, or for men, to claim that they have Abraham for their father. Religion is not a matter of whose father. Religion is not a matter of who a man's ancestors were; it is a matter of what a man himself is. Jesus has given us in one pithy sentence His estimate of the worth of the claim that is based on deworth of the claim that is based on descent, on heredity, on social prestige, when He says that God could raise up, or make children, unto Abraham out of the very stones of the roadside. The concern that stones of the roadside. The concern that interests God, when it comes to the matter of religion, is whether a man is a living plant or a dead stick. The hedge, though it be a liedge of flowers or roses, in which the stake occurs, does not make the stake a living thing. The line of descent in which a man stands, nor the social position he occupies, nor the church of which he is an attendant, or a member, is nothing. The man may after all be nothing better than a dead stake in a liedge.

There was a certain flue man, a fine man

There was a certain fine man, a fine man socially, religiously; politically—one of the best of men as men went—came to Jesus to make inquiry on the subject of religion. He was reverent and devout and respectful and courteous and cultured and learned, a leader and teacher of the people, a leaver on ethics but when it were respectiver on ethics but when it was revered. turer on ethics, but when it came to religion, Jesus said to that man, "Ye must be born again." The vitality of the representation we find in the New Testament religion is its life; "I have come that ye might gion is its life; "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more

And so of tests. Not simply of the representations or descriptions of religion, but also of the tests, the New Testament tests of religion. How are we to know that we are living Christians? How are we to know that others are living Christians? Why, the New Testament pushes us up to the point of urgent belief, and insists on it, that the test is fruit, not leaves, not owers, but fruit, and that fruitfulness is the only essential thing that shall triumph under the test. Jesus may endure barrenness outside of the church, but He cannot endure it inside of the church. A bramble in the woods is bearable, but a bramble in ne orchard, that is intolerable. 'By their mits ye shall know them. Men do not gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns."
The man of God is perfect, fruitful untual good works."
How little stress Jesus lays upon those

tests that are so universally adopted and applied, and admitted to be sufficiently adquate; attendance upon religious ordin-neces, subscription to creed and statement, routine observance of rites and ceremonics; He makes nothing of all that and He comes to us; friends, just as He came to the frincless, leafy fig tree by the wayside, searching for fruit, not for leaves, not for blossoms, not for florescence, not for esthetic delight in sacred music, not for fondness of the literary side of religion, not for a keen appetite for well digested and presented truth, but for fruit—fruit, and He comes up closer to us, friends, than anybody else can come—than our dearest and marrest can come—for, after all, these can are accessed an come-tor, after all, these can-see only outside appearances. He sees real-ities. They see things that pass for good works in us, born, it may be, of wicked ambition or of self-conceit. He sees right down into the centre of the soul, and He is looking for fruit. What shall He find in you and me? Fruit or leaves, or just bare branches?

The test is fruitfulness. Now that ought The test is fruitfulness. Now that ought to be an easy test to apply, and it surely, friends, is a safe test to apply—for you and me to apply to our own selves. But then, some one may say, "Well, what constitutes fruitfulness? I am ready now to lay bare my soul before God; I am ready now to go down on my tace before God and apply the test; I am ready now for heart-searching, and to measure myself by this standard. and to measure myself by this standard, but I want to know what constitutes fruitfulness." "What are the fruits that fruitfulness." "What are the fruits that Jesus expects and that I am to look for and by which I am to measure myself?" Why, the Bible is simply full of that. It has set the whole thing so plain, and so fully, and so variously that a wayfaring man though a fool need not mistake as to what fruitfulness in the Christian life is. Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Come now, we are examining ourselves about the fruits. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the meek; blessed are the merciful (the good hearted); blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are they who have not simply a relish now and then, but a hunger and a thirst after righteousness-rightness. These are the fruits that the hristian man is expected to grow in his character.

An apostle says, the fruits, or the fruit of the spirit, is love, toy, long suffering, patience, meekness, faith, temperance. The ant that the Christian is to develop, that all be developed, that Jesus will expect if will be developed, that Jesus will expect if there be life—love—the heart of all goodness—love to God and love to man. "Who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall be love God—how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Fruit; love—joy. Joy in fellowship with God; joy in fellowship with believers; joy in service and ministry. Love—joy—peace. Contentment of mind under all circumstances; the harmony of conviction, of thought and affection. Long suffering—patient endurance on tonly in affliction, but patient endurance of wrong and provocation; and meekness and temperance and all the rest. What does fruitfulness mean? It means simply the development or achieverient of character that will approve itself to God.

But this growth of character does not exhaust the expectation of Christ concerning us. It does not exhaust the fruit which the Christian has to bear. There is other fruit. You read that passage again and you will see that the terse of it has to do with fellowship—fellowship, with Jesus, fellowship in His purpose to redeem this world from sin. Jesus is not thinking altogether of the good His disciples are to get through fellowship with Him. Not altogether of what His disciples are to receive, but of what His disciples are to achieve. ped, that Jesus will cond-love—the heart of all goodhere be lifebut of what His disciples are to receive, but of what His disciples are to achieve. "Except the branch abide in the vine it bringeth forth no fruit. If ye abide it Manal My words abide it you, ye shall bring forth much fruit."

Ob. friends, we limit the range of the Christian life, and our hearts and minds

are so set upon getting, getting, getting-enjoying, enjoying, enjoying-that we are deat to the words of Christ concerning doing, doing, doing. Apart from the vine the branch can bear no fruit; spatt from the branch the vine cannot bear fruit. And here, friends, we come up to comething that ought to bring you and me very lowly before God. Lowly, not so much with the sense of mortification and penitence; but who see or with a kind of exultant joy. It besits us to on trial; coniess always our dependence upon Christ, Observer.

Canhibalism appears to be unknow The labors of the Irish Anti-Emigraamong the lower animals in a state of tion Society, an organization formed nature. In India some instances c last year, do not appear to have been snakes devouring one another hav attended with much success. The emibeen collected, but it has been pointe gration from the south and west of treland, from which the outflow chiefly out that in every case cited the snake takes place, has shown no sign of di- were of different species. This, it by a rat. Unquestionable campibalic was noted some years ago is a Lond menagerie, when a python ate anoth of its own kind, but this was under t unnatural conditions imposed by life in

The Woman Across the Sea, O, her lips were red and her skin was

This woman across the sea;
And her hair a gistening, sable crown,
This woman across the sea;
And she loved a man, aye, she loved a man, As only a true Mestiza can; But the frown of fate was on her plan, This woman across the sea.

but here we have Christ confessing His dependence on us. Marvelous thing! "The branch cannot bear of itself except it abide in the vine," and the vine cannot bear fruit without the branched. The Apostle Paul puts that thought in another form when he says: "Ye are the body of Christ, and members—each severally—members of that body." Apart from the body the members perish. There is no power in the hand, no vision in the eye, no power in the ear it hear the votes of God apart from the body. We are the body of Christ; wa are the organization through which Christ O, the days were long that he called her

sweet.
This woman across the sea;
And she loved the dust at his very feet,
This woman across the sea;
For his skin was fair and his eyes were And he laughed in his careless, soldiers way.
And told her tales, as soldiers may,
This woman across the sea.

No priest came there to bless her love, This woman across the sea;

She thought him true as the stars above,
This woman across the sea;
But he went away and fits walted long,
And crooned to his child a mother-sping,
And worked and tolled and thought no wrong.
This woman across the sea;

O, the man she loved forgot her name,
This woman across the sea;
Forgot her face, forgot her shame,
This woman across the sea;
For he mated with one of his fair-faced
RindHe's bound to her with ties that bindBo he laughs at the one that he left behind,
This woman across the sea.
-Robert V. Carr, in St. Paul Dispatch

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Rerre Restorer, \$2 trial bottleand treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd.; 981 Arch St.; Phila., Pa.

In Paris last year 6628 persons were

Let us take a homely illustration. Here is a friend—a man whom you have always known, a classmate it may be in school, an associate in business—and he has fallen upon evil times and everything that he spent his life in accumulating is gone. You are rich, you are perfectly able to put that man on his feet again; to give him a second chance and another start; you are God's elected minister for that purpose. But you don't do it. God is kindly disposed to that man; God would help that man, and He has put you in a position to Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for courns and colds.-N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. The earliest money was in the form of animal's skins.

Girls In Successful Whale Hunt: A great whale hunt in Nestling Bay, Shetland islands, came to an end the other morning, after having lasted twenty-four hours. The whales, which numbered about sixty and were from ten to twenty-five feet in length, off tered the bay. Next day a number of boats went out, their crews armed with guns and other weapons. There was a scarcity of hands, owing to most of the men being away at the fishing, but girls volunteered in large numbers, and trom their boats kept the whales from escaping by throwing stones. Forty whales were in turn driven near shore and either shot or

harpooned.

The man of substance was proud to be mentioned in connection with so high an office, but he would not be a candidate.

"This rock," he exclaimed, pointing to a great granite bowlder, "shall fly from its firm base as soon as mine-Here the committee of notification withdrew, perceiving that their misslon was hopeless .- Puck.

Beward of Ointmonts For Catarra That

Contain Mercary; cs mercury will surely destroy this sense of smell and completely derange the whole sys-tem when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never bouse 1 except on prescriptions from reputable pay-ficians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarri Cure, manufactured by F J Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, actin: directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cur be sure you get the genulus. It is taken in-ternally, and made in Toledo, Only, by r. J Cheney & Co. Testimonials fres. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per battle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Labor-Saving Hand Organs.

Labor-saving devices have got to the hand organs at last, says the New York Sup. In one of the latest tr stead of the organ man turning the crank, he presses a button. The music plays on till he releases his finger. The music is sweeter than that of other organs and it can be heard blocks away.



FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Haves' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help: " DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :- I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately lescribe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signer) Mus. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Regbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter: "DEAR MRS. PINEHAM: - Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well

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"Well, what?" inquired the teacher.
"Dry laid."—November Lippincott's

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