

B. B. B. SENT FREE!
Cures Eczema, Itching Humors, Scabs, Carbuncles, Pimples, Etc.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is a certain and sure cure for Eczema, Itching Skin, Humors, Scabs, Scalds, watery Blisters, Pimples, Aching Bones or Joints, Boils, Carbuncles, Prickling Pain in the Skin, Old Eating Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula, Suppurating Swellings, Blood Poison, Cancer and all Blood Diseases. Botanic Blood Balm cures the worst and most deep-seated cases by enriching, purifying and vitalizing the blood, thereby giving a healthy blood supply to the skin; heals every sore and gives the rich glow of health to the skin. Druggists—\$1 per large bottle. To prove it cures Blood Balm sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. sent at once prepaid.

The first cotton mill in the United States was established at Beverly, Mass., in 1787. It was designed to manufacture cord and bed ticking.

The outcome of a courtship often depends upon the income

Earliest Russian Miller.
Will you be short of hay? If so, plant a plenty of this prodigally prolific miller. 5 to 8 tons of rich hay per acre. Price, 50 lbs., \$1.00; 100 lbs., \$3.00; 500 lbs., \$15.00. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Crosse, Wis.

Common sense isn't nearly so common as it sounds.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

About 1000 fishing boats engaged around the British coast are named Mary

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

The number of sheep in Australia today is given as about 87,000,000

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It's peculiar that the chap who is weak-minded is generally headstrong.

RITGEWAT, S. C.
Messrs. Boykin, Carmer & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Baltimore, Md.
Gentlemen—I have quite a demand for "Boykin's Worm Killer." It is the best vermifuge I can get. A farmer bought a bottle of it a few weeks ago; gave one dose to his child; came in next day with a chew-chew jar filled with worms; the result of one dose, since then all went in. W. J. DAVIS.
The manufacturing industries of the south are multiplying rapidly. So, 13.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars sent free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Benefits of Adversity—We Must All Go Through Some Kind of a Thrashing Process For Our Own Good—Triumph After Misfortune.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28: "For the fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

Misfortunes of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the great need of ninety-nine people out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this neglected allegory of my text.
There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or the chick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron-dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches were not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cartwheel." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good, long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "babble-tongue Macaulay." Norman Macleod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was indignantly maligning in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he would shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism. If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lips. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footprint of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charleston theatre during the Revolutionary War, and while they were witnessing a farce and the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an advancing army were heard and the audience broke up wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftentimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches and the cummin and the corn must come down on the thrashing floor and be pounded.
My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn! We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full and their bank account is flush and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn.
You are but little pounded because you are but little worth and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The belt of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield.
When there are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well.

It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of Liri with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the flogging against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the arkles skinned by the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer. It was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carelessness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear—the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if He had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many nor from your lungs one sigh too deep nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are thrashing instruments that God just

suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of merchandise that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own clarinet of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array.
No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rotting river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses thrashing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the sons will talk over the different modes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches and the rod that beat the cummin and the iron wheel that went over the corn! Daniel will describe the flails and the whips which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the stunt of the flame and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky steeples and Christ of the numbness and the prostrations and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion.

There they are before the throne of God—on one elevation all those who were struck of the rod, on the highest elevation and amid the highest altitudes of heaven all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be thrashing it.

Is there not enough solace in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when He embosoms all our trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black, you will wear white; express for them, pains for you. You will say, "Is it possible that I am here? Is this so good? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never be sick again? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one that they are into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are."

"Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession, a river of shimmering splendor, and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say, "Do you not know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say, "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or thrashing, and their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

Would that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to these nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile, all this sorrow and all this trouble.

We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say, "Are you sure you can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is, but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpur, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpur they went into the room, and oh, what a horrid scene!
Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—buzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there, in front of the king's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!" Yes, that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarceration of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle, and wan with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great loss, you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no! I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

(Copyright, 1902, L. Klopfer.)

Letterine in Texas.
"I enclose 50c. in stamps. Mail me one or two boxes of Letterine, whatever the price; it's all right—does the work."—Wm. Schwarz, Gainesville, Texas. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

The flower of the family is often the latest to rise.

Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy Cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia. At Druggists, 50c.

It is possible to steal a penny and still be in a cent.

Messrs. I. M. and R. F. Powell, prominent merchants in Columbus county, N. C., wrote us that Rev. T. C. Floyd gave his child one dose of "Boykin's Worm Killer" and the result was 367 worms. He wishes all interested to know it.

Best for the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Dr. R. H. Edmunds, one of the best known physicians and farmers in South Carolina, writes us that "A negro girl 10 years old, near him, took two or three doses of Dr. Boykin's Worm Killer and passed 365 worms."

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, Secretary of Schermerhorn Golf Club, Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to our home and health to me."—MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

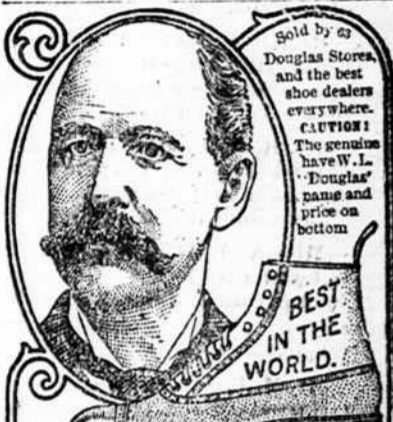
It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.

Capudine Cures ALL Headaches, LaGrippe, Colds, etc.
Money back if it fails. 15c & 25c. All Drug Stores

RIPANS

I had been troubled a year, off and on, with constipation, biliousness and sick headaches. One day a friend asked me what the trouble was. When I told him he recommended Ripans Tablets. That evening I got a box, and after the second box I began to feel so much relief that I kept on with them. I have Ripans Tablets always in the house now and carry a package of them in my pocket.

At druggists. The Five-Cont packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.



W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 to \$3.50
UNION MADE.
Notice increase of sales in table below:
1895—148,196 Pairs.
1896—208,182 Pairs.
1897—308,174 Pairs.
1898—408,166 Pairs.
1899—508,158 Pairs.
1900—1,258,754 Pairs.
1901—1,566,720 Pairs.
Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.
THE REASONS:
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.
W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makers, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes.
Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color, Resists and Always Black Backs. W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail 25c. extra. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

MONEY MADE EASILY AND RAPIDLY.

We want men with energy and grit; will give them a situation in which they can make money rapidly—the labor being light and ample month the year around. It requires no capital or great education. Some of our best salesmen are country boys. Profit quick and sure. Write at once for particulars. DUDGINS PUB. CO., Kiser Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

MALLEN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Knoxville, Tennessee. Successful School. No malaria. Catalogue free.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GAZLIN'S HOME, 202 B. St. Atlanta, Ga.

THE PLAIN WOMAN
becomes a popular one if she is correctly dressed.
THE ROYAL WORCESTER AND BON TON CORSETS
ADD GRACE TO THE FIGURE.
STRAIGHT FRONT.
Ask your dealer for them. If he does not keep them, he will order for you.
Royal Worcester Corset Co.
WORCESTER, MASS.



The superb new city and port of Dalny (Talienwan), the eastern terminus of the Siberian Railway, which Russia expects to become the most important of all the European settlements of the far East, will be opened to general commercial business during the month.

COTTON
Write to B. W. HAWKINS, Nona, Georgia, for history and descriptive circular of his EXTRA PROLIFIC COTTON. Best of all will make three bales per acre.

LITTLE RED SEAL SHOES
LITTLE RED SEAL SHOES
No. 13.

\$100 for \$1. If you cannot make \$100 for every \$1 you pay us for teaching you, we'll refund your money. Send for facts C. C. BITTER, Fulton Hill, Richmond, Va.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

150 Kinds for 16c.
It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:
For 16 Cents Postpaid
50 kinds of rare Italian radishes,
15 magalloni earliest melons,
15 sorts glorious tomatoes,
25 precious lettuce varieties,
15 splendid beet sorts,
65 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds,
In all 150 kinds, positively furnishing pounds of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Tomatoes and Peas, Out and Brown and Spitzmunkon seed at 6c. a pound, all only for 16c. in stamps. Write to-day.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
La. Crosse, Wis.

HARNESS OR SADDLE on our Horse or Mule quickly cured with Dr. Daniels' Gull Cure. All Deers, or sent by mail with Dr. Daniels' book, "Ulcers of Horses." Gull Cure, 25c. and Swine and How to Treat Them." upon receipt of 25 cents. A. C. DANIELS, 1 Stamford St., BOSTON, MASS.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water
weak eyes, use

I Coughed

"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."
R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.

Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.
We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.
Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.



MORE COTTON
to the acre at less cost, means more money.
More Potash
in the Cotton fertilizer improves the soil; increases yield—larger profits.
Send for our book (free) explaining how to get these results.
GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.