A GEORGIA CABIN.

I made a little money
  In cotton and in corn,
And spent it on a journey
  From the state where I was born.
But Georgia, oh, my Georgia!
  Beneath this starry dome
No place can hold a candle
  To the cotton-fields of home

The palaces are splendid
  Along Fifth avenue;
The castles up the Hudson
  Are very fine to view;
But fairer are the acres,
  All white as ocean foam,
When snowy bolls are bursting
  In the cotton-fields at home.

I ate from silver dishes,
  But smelt the pleasant steam
Of johnny-cakes and spare-ribs
  In every homesick dream;
So I didn't wait for packing,
  But took a brush and comb
And started back one morning
  For the cotton-fields of home.

I hear the banjo strumming
  Beneath the climbing rose;
The mocking-bird is singing
  Farewell to daylight's close.
The purple dusk is fragrant
  With whiffs of dewy loam,
Around my easy cabin
  In the cotton-fields of home.

The melon patch before it,
  The peaches on the wall,
The row of sweet potatoes—
  These are my little all.
But I've had enough of travel;
  No more I want to roam,
I'll live and die in Georgia
  And the cotton-fields of home.
    —Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

The Making of a Man.

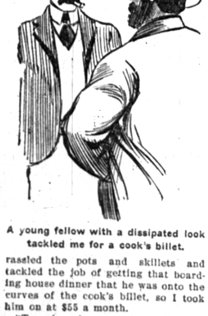
A few afternoons ago a tall, sinewy, fine looking man of 35 or so stepped with his wife, a singularly handsome woman, into a blue and red automobile in front of a great city hotel. The man had an air of distinction. A wealthy Michigan lumberman, buried deep in a leather chair at one of the hotel windows, nodded smilingly in the direction of the fine looking man, who had just stepped into the auto alongside his lovely wife.

"Nifty looking boy to've been a cook in a lumber camp, eh?" said the lumberman.

"Which, of course, he never was," said the Michigander's companion.

"Don't you believe that he wasn't," said the lumberman. "I come pretty near knowing, for I was the foreman of his outfit, and we had a great talk and laugh over the whole business at dinner in this hotel yesterday. I'm rather proud of the boy, and I feel a sort of proprietary interest in him yet.

"But I didn't know anything about him, much less who he was, when he braced me for a cook's job in Alpena, Mich., twelve years ago last fall. I was a foreman then, and engaged in hiring a gang to take into the Michigan woods for the winter's work. I'd pretty well filled the crew up, but was still shy a cook for the outfit—lumber camp cooks are hard to get. It was pretty near time to take the gang into the camp, and I was becoming worried about my inability to snag a cook, when one day a young fellow with a dissipated look about him steered in my direction and tackled me for the cook's billet. He was somewhat roughly dressed, but for all that he didn't strike me as being anything like a lumber camp cook. He had a pretty good edge on when he applied for the job, but that didn't bother me any—lumbermen generally keep their jags a-going pretty comfortably until they make camp for the season's work, and once in camp there is, of course, no liquor for any of them. I asked this young fellow if he had ever cooked in a lumber camp before, and he said no. Then I inquired what made him think he could dish up the grub for a wood gathering outfit, and he told me that he had picked up the knack of cooking in the course of a number of big game hunting trips in the Far West. I wasn't, however, taking his plain word for it that he'd suit as a cook, and so I led him to the boarding house where I had my gang sheltered and put him in the kitchen to try him out. Despite the palpable bun that he had on—which he kept polished up by means of frequent draughts from a big flask that he had along with him—he made good. I could see at once from the way he

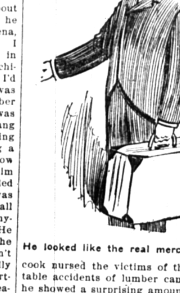


A young fellow with a dissipated look tackled me for a cook's billet.

rassled the pots and skillets and tackled the job of getting that boarding house dinner that he was onto the curves of the cook's billet, so I took him on at $55 a month.

"Two days later we struck for the camp, away up near Lake Superior. It took us four days to make the big bunk house headquarters, and during that time my cook had a pretty tough fight with the katzenjammer. He looked as if he had been on a long spree, and as all booze was forbidden from the beginning of the run to camp, and his supply had run out, with no way of replenishing it, there was no other plan for him but to sober up. It was plain that the job wasn't any easy one for him, either, but he was game, not putting up any groan or grumble, but just taking his medicine like a man. I never saw a man pick up so fast as that young fellow did during the first month of his employment as a lumber camp cook. His skin cleared up, his eye brightened, and he took on flesh.

"He turned out to be the best all-around cook that I ever saw in a lumber camp, and I had been going into the woods then for a dozen years. After about a month or so he began to mingle up with the indoor sports of the men after supper, and he won the bunch completely by the fine ability he displayed as a boxer and wrestler—and when I got him he looked so run down that I doubted if he could stand the gaff. There was a fiddle in the camp that had been left there from the previous winter, and the things that cook could do to the instrument were sure a heap. The



He looked like the real merchandise.

cook nursed the victims of the inevitable accidents of lumber camps, and he showed a surprising amount of surgical and medical skill. I had my eye on that young fellow, and I didn't want him to get away from me. So, when April came around and the drive was over, and we broke camp, I herded him up in a corner all by himself and says I to him:

"'Jack, you're in too fine trim right now, after the long let-up from the red eye, to take and stuff your hide with it again, now that you're loose. All of the boys'll get b'iling, of course, as soon as we hit the first rum shack, and I may go up against a few balls myself, but we're all tough birds, and we know how to handle it and get away with it. You'd better pass it up yourself or it'll land you. Take your dough and go on home to your people and have a decent, civilized visit with 'em. And I want you to turn up in Alpena again next fall and I'll take you into camp at $70 a month. How about it?'

"The cook smiled and said he'd see about it. As the trip to the boat that was to carry us down to Detroit progressed I was glad to see that my words of advice had aparently stuck with the cook. He didn't take a drink, although all the rest of the boys were, of course, spifficated and rioting during the whole trip.

"I was puzzled, as the vessel drew nigh to Detroit, to see the captain of the boat hand my cook a fine-looking and bulgy grip. But I was not asking any questions. Half an hour after getting the grip the cook emerged from the captain's room wearing about as swagger an outfit of togs as ever you'll see off of a fashion plate. He looked like the real merchandise, but the thing was still a-plenty mysterious to me.

"The boat tied up at her pier in Detroit, and then my employer, one of the richest lumbermen in Michigan, rushed up the gangway, and the first thing I knew he had my cook in his arms and was patting him on his shoulders for all he was worth.

"'By the Lord, son, now you look like the man you ought to be!' the old man was saying to my cook, and then the cat was out of the bag. My cook was my employer's scapegrace son, of whom I had often heard. The boy had been in hot water, owing to his addiction to the old stuff, ever since his early youth. He had been banished from Heidelberg, where he was getting his education, for alcoholic pranks, and upon his return to Michigan he had embarked on a series of colossal toots that had almost driven his family to distraction. He had been offered the alternative of going into the woods for a winter of sobering up and hard work or of being cast off altogether by his dad, and he had the good sense of taking the sobering up end of it. The ecamp was just the thing he needed to thoroughly work the liquor out of his system and build him up, and he has never taken a drink from the time I saw him go through his fight with that 'after feeling' on our way to the camp. His dad was so grateful for what he foolishly imagined I had done for the boy that he made me general superintendent of all his lumber interests. The young man you saw entering the automobile a few moments ago with as pretty a wife as Michigan has produced took charge of the great business when his father died a few years ago. All of which is why I am of the opinion that six months in a northern lumber camp is better for inebriates than all of the 'jag cures' that were ever invented."—Washington Star.

TROWELS OF THE BRICKLAYER.

Modern Changes in Them—Different Styles Used.

"The bricklayer's trowel," said a dealer in such things, "might have seemed long ago to have reached its final perfected shape, never to change again; but, as a matter of fact, it has been in the past dozen years altered considerably in its proportions, the better to adapt it to modern conditions.

"The old style trowel was used for laying bricks with mortar, but now bricks are laid more commonly with cement, wich is used in a far more nearly fluid state than was mortar, and the old style trowel wouldn't take up enough of it. So masons were continually calling for a wider trowel, and in answer to this demand the trowel has gradually been widened until now it is an inch or more wider than it formerly was. It is also made nowadays a little shorter than formerly.

"And of trowels in general there are now more styles than there formerly were, due to the greater complication of modern construction, and the greater need of trowels for special uses.

"While the bricklayer's trowel, shorter and wider, as I have described it to you, is now the standard hereabouts, bricklayers throughout the country do not everywhere use the same kind. Thus, while we use here a trowel of a certain form and dimensions, they use in California a trowel with a bigger and thinner blade than that of ours; there they don't cut and trim bricks with the edge of the trowel, but use a chisel that is made for the purpose. But, then, men in different parts of the country have different methods in bricklaying practice, as well as different tools.

"A Western mason, for instance, will spread his mortar or cement along and lay three or four bricks at once, while a Boston mason lays bricks singly. I don't know that one method is any faster than the other."

PLAIN TALK TO THE JUDGE.

Outspoken Attorney Put an End to Judge's Questioning.

"All the fellows are telling justice-of-the-peace stories," observed Representative Clayton of Alabama. "I have something in that line myself, told me by 'Bob' Henry of Texas, under injunction of secrecy, which, you will notice, I am about to violate.

"It is on S. H. Cowan, a prominent lawyer of the Lone Star State and attorney for the National Cattlemen's association. They had a judge in Texas, whose name 'Bob' told me, but which I do not at this moment recall. He was a terror to the lawyers. I reckon he was something like the late Mr. Justice Miller, for he would go at the lawyers practicing in his court and evidently try to bowl them off their feet by vigorous questioning.

"Well, Cowan, then a young lawyer, was trying a case before three judges, of whom the man I have just mentioned was one. He went for Cowan severely, and the lawyer was plainly nearly out of the ring at such a bombardment of questions from the bench.

"'Now, don't be disconcerted by my questions, Mr. Cowan,' said this judge. 'Answer me just as you would the justice of the peace over in your county if you were trying a case before him.'

"At that Cowan was ready, quick as a flash.

"'I always tell him,' said he boldly, 'to keep his d—m mouth shut.'

"The two other judges could not refrain from laughter at that sort of rebuff.

"'This judge,' remarked the chief justice gravely, 'will now have to keep his mouth shut.'"—Washington Star.

Wonderful Hospital Work.

Some remarkable figures have just been given out by the secretary of the London hospital to convey an idea of the immense work done by that institution. It is stated that last year 2,500,000 pills were taken by people who came to the hospital for treatment, and that over three tons of cough lozenges were used by them. In dressing injuries, ninety-two miles of lint, 476 miles of bandages, six tons of cotton wool and nine miles of plaster were used. Every day half a ton of ice and 400 syphons of soda water were made way with. The eggs consumed, if placed end to end, would form a chain six and one-half miles long. The year's milk bill was over $15,000, and the meat bill over $25,000. The hospital goes so far as to estimate that if last year's patients could be stood side by side they would make a line sixty-six and a half miles long.

Animals and Poisons.

Certain substances which are deadly in their effects upon men can be taken by the brute creation with impunity. Horses can take large doses of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna, without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man, and are much sooner killed by it. If this invaluable anaesthetic had been first tried upon animals we should probably have never enjoyed its blessings, as it would have been found to be so fatal that its discoverers would have been afraid to test its effects upon human beings. It is evident, then, that an experiment upon an animal can never be the means of any certain deductions so far as man is concerned.—Family Doctor.

A Grasshopper Problem.

The Minnesota experiment station has made a report of the insect invasions of that state during the past year. Among those invasions was that of the grasshoppers, which are looked for every year. The farmers have learned that one of the most troublesome varieties of locusts, the White Mountain Locust (M. Atlantic), are quite local in their habits and can be kept under control by plowing under. The only drawback to this process is the presence of infested land owned by non-residents, which restocks the land of the farmers that have plowed. Complaint has frequently been made to the state authorities regarding this condition, and in a number of cases where the land was badly infested the state has paid for having the land plowed. This is a task too large to be generally undertaken by the state,

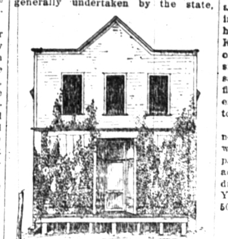


FIG. 1. NOT IVY BUT GRASSHOPPERS.

and the farmers in different localities in Minnesota are asking for a law compelling non-residents to plow their land when infested with locusts.

In our first illustration in this article we show a store in the Hill River District infested with young grasshoppers on a rainy day. This will give some idea of their abundance in that locality. The state entomologist, after a visit to this region, reported: "It was however in the Hill River district, near Lindsay P. O., that farmers suffered the most. Here a tract extending one-half mile east and west and two miles north and south was swept almost bare of vegetation. Young flax, grass, wheat, barley and oats were mowed down, and at the date of my visit, June 26, the farmers were complaining bitterly of a 300-acre piece of stubble which had been allowed to lie fallow for two years or more and was very evidently the breeding ground of the pest. In places I found the ground brown with young hoppers not yet ready to fly, and the area referred to presented a scene of desolation not easily forgotten. The young hoppers were working south, and on each succeeding visit I found their limit to be further south. Farmers in the neighborhood worked heroically in the fight against the unwelcome visitation, and about 800 gallons of oil were distributed by the entomologist. This oil was judiciously used, but the numbers of the insects were legion, and, though the hopper-dozers were run back and forth over the grain all day and day after day and bushels of oily corpses dumped upon the road, the pests appeared to be almost as numerous after treatment as before."

Among the natural enemies of the grasshoppers are the birds. In our second illustration we show English sparrows eating grasshoppers in the streets of Crookston, Minnesota. This is one good point in favor of the En-

FIG. 2. SPARROWS FEEDING ON GRASSHOPPERS.

glish sparrow, which is not generally considered a friend to the farmer.

The most effective remedy is the fall plowing of stubble, or the early plowing of the same in the spring, before May 10. But in the infested areas all the farmers must co-operate. If one farmer plows and his neighbor does not, the work of the first is thrown away. Young hoppers, while very small, before they are large enough to avoid the plow, may be plowed under. It is advisable in this case to begin at the edge of the field and plow towards the center.

Food for the Plum Curculio.

Prof. F. M. Webster: The plum curculio no longer confines itself to the wild plum, though it does return, if possible, to the woodlands there to pass the winter among the fallen leaves; but the plum orchard of the horticulturist offers a better feeding ground, with larger and more attractive varieties than the wild plums of the woodlands. The insect is enabled to breed more unrestrained, and a greater supply of food is offered it than was possible under the old existing conditions. The inroads of birds upon its numbers in the primeval woods are now greatly reduced, and the few trees that happen to be located in an occasional chicken park, are the only ones where there is much of the old time trouble from feathered enemies. If there are not plums enough, it can get along with the early peach and some of the apples, in which to breed and feed.

The Effect of Spices.

The effect of spices used in food, as shown by experiments of Korcyzski, is to stimulate the movements of the stomach, but they progressively impair the secretory functions and prevent the formation of hydrochloric acid, which is necessary to digestion.

The "shank" of a fowl is the lower and scaly joint of the leg.

ALL TIRED OUT.

The weary, wornout, all-tired feelings come to everybody who taxes the kidneys.

When the kidneys are overworked they fail to perform the duties nature has provided for them to do.

When the kidneys fail, dangerous disease quickly follows; urinary disorders, diabetes, dropsy, rheumatism, Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney and bladder ills. Read the following case:

Veteran Joshua Heller of 706 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after getting Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham Bros.' drug store in Champaign and taking a course of treatment I told the readers of the paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which had elapsed I have had occasion to report to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Medical advice free; strictly confidential. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Mean Trick Credited to Strauss.

When the famous Strauss first visited America women went wild over him and toward the end of the season the "king of waltz music" was showered with applications for hair. In due course of time the locks were distributed—many hundreds of them too, each one accompanied by the compliments of the composer. Sufficent hair was sent out to make Strauss look as though he had been sand-papered, yet when he left the country his locks were as abundant as ever. But when his beautiful black retriever took its departure the animal looked like a shorn poodle.

Ennui is one of our greatest enemies; remunerative labor our most lasting friend.—Moser.

DANGERS OF UNWASHED FRUIT

Millions of Disease Germs Cluster on Small Bunches.

On that bunch of cherries you buy from the Italian on the street corner and eat with so much relish are clustered four or five millions of dangerous disease germs. Exceedingly minute they are, and the flavor of the fruit is in no wise impaired by their presence, but there they are just the same—micrococci, bacilli, spirilla—whole families of them.

When we eat an unwashed pear about 200,000 bacteria are carried into the system, twice that number on a handful of garden strawberries, and still larger numbers on raspberries, grapes and currants. The most infested fruits are cherries, with 12,000,000 bacteria to the half pound; currants with 11,000,000 and grapes with 8,000,000.

A man will readily consume a half pound of grapes at a sitting, and if the state of his health leaves him open to the attacks of disease, it can be appreciated what a tremendous risk he runs of poisonous infection by the germs.

Not many weeks ago inquiry was made into the state of the surface air in this city. The air for several feet above the ground was found to be literally swarming with bacteria. Now it is a matter of everyday observation that the fruits exposed for sale on the sidewalks and curbs of New York are placed at no great distance from the pavement. In many instances they are so near the ground as to be in the very center of the germ-bearing strata of air. The inference is obvious. Yet in spite of these facts, not one in a hundred who hastily buys an apple or a banana on the corner gives the matter of bacteria the slightest thought, and not one in a thousand goes the length of taking the sanitary precaution of washing the fruit.—New York Press.

HATS ARE A HABIT.

Those Used to Going Without Head Coverings Seem Healthy.

Some time ago I spoke of a young friend of mine who had recently given up wearing a hat on every occasion when his mental condition was not liable to be questioned. I scarcely think he has pursued his laudable purpose during the recent severe weather. But I believe if you take to this kind of thing early enough you may make it last throughout your life.

I know the other day, going along Pall Mall on one of the coldest days we have had this season, I saw one of the smallest bluecoat boys it has ever been my fortune to behold, of course without a head-covering, but he did not seem to feel the cold in the least. He was bright and rosy, he chattered gayly, he laughed merrily, he stopped and looked in at the shop windows, and he sauntered along slowly as if it were a summer's day.

I mused over this infinitesimal bluecoat boy and marveled at his independence of the cutting northeast winds and biting frost, and I wondered whether colds in the head were entirely due to wearing hats.

And then I noted that he wore yellow stockings. Now, possibly, yellow stockings are an antidote to all hibernal misery, and that is why my young friend looked so jovial, while all of us around him were steeped in fur coats and mufflers and misery.

I do not, somehow, think that I should look well in yellow stockings, but I would gladly don a pair if they would cure me of the ferocious cold from which I am now suffering. I should like to see an article in the Lancet on "Yellow Stockings as a Cure for Catarrh."—London Graphic.

A DENTIST FOR CROCODILES.

Zoo Should Get One to Amuse the Children.

"I wish we had a crocodile plover here. It would amuse the children," said John Lover, a keeper at the Zoo.

"What kind of a bird is a crocodile plover?" some one asked.

"It's the crocodile's dentist," Lover replied. "It keeps the crocodile's mouth in good condition.

"The crocodile," he went on, "is much annoyed by a parasitic insect that enters his mouth and breeds there, in crannies that he can't get at. The plover feeds on this insect and will go into a crocodile's mouth fearlessly after it. The crocodile seems to recognize instinctively that the bird is his friend. He lets it hop in and out of his mouth without molestation. The children would be much amused to see such a sight. We ought to get a crocodile plover by all means."

"Crocodile plover. Humph!" remarked a bystander in a pointed manner.—Philadelphia Record.

The Lord's Intermediary.

Along with the snug little fortune that Deacon Jones had accumulated as the leading grocer of Gooseville Cove, his bump of self-esteem which was originally fairly large, had increased proportianately, until, as the richest man in the Cove, he felt himself entitled to considerable deference—its patron saint, in fact. When one day good old Parson Abbeck went to him for a subscription to home missions—which he got—he remarked: "Deacon, I cannot help noticing that your fellow-citizens seem to hold you in high esteem."

"Wa-al, yis," replied the Deacon, complacently; "guess that's 'bout so. The Covers do look up to me, Parson, that's a fact; and I—well, I look up to God!"

Roosts With the Chickens.

Farmer Johnson of Red Rock is the owner of a cat, which, from kittenhood, almost, has shown a great fondness for the society of chickens. From the time Tom was half-grown it has been no unusual sight to see him at night on the roost with the chickens. He follows them all day. He betrays no attachment for any one fowl, but associates impartially with all. The chicks have become accustomed to him, and he is evidently regarded as a protector. Tom retains sufficient cat nature to lie curled up snug and warm.

Tom frequently can be seen side by side with a setting hen on her nest, wherein he is content to remain for hours.—New York World.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N.Y.

"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME."

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons.
This sign and this name have stood for the BEST during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.
If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow waterproof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and horse goods for all kinds of wet work.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. THE SIGN
TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CAN. LIMITED
TOWER'S FISH BRAND

New Overland Service.

Three thro' trains Chicago to San Francisco every day via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Union Pacific line. Direct connections for North Pacific Coast points.

California is less than three days from Chicago via this route.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Good for Children.

My babies had whooping cough; our druggist gave us a cough medicine; it did no good, so we went back and he gave us Downs' Elixir, and it helped my babies wonderfully. I would not use any other now. Mrs. David Glass, East Aurora, N. Y.

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

When answering Ads. please mention this paper.

SPRING PURIFICATION

of the Skin and Blood Should Begin NOW

BLOOD HUMOURS, Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Baby Humours and every kind of Humour from Pimples to Scrofula, with Premature Loss of Hair, may now be speedily, permanently and economically cured by Cuticura Resolvent, greatest of Blood and Skin Purifiers, assisted by the external use of Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap.

Thousands of the world's best people have found instant relief and speedy cure by the use of Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap in the most torturing and disfiguring of ITCHING, BURNING, and SCALY HUMOURS, ECZEMAS, RASHES, ITCHINGS and INFLAMMATIONS.

Thousands of Tired, Fretted Mothers, of Skin-Tortured and Disfigured Babies, of all ages and conditions, have certified to almost miraculous cures by the Cuticura Remedies when the best medical skill has failed to relieve, much less cure.

Cuticura Treatment is local and constitutional—complete and perfect, pure, sweet and wholesome. Bathe the affected surfaces with Cuticura Soap and Hot Water to cleanse the skin of Crusts and Scales and Soften the Thickened Cuticle, dry without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely to allay Itching, Irritation, and Inflammation, and Soothe and Heal, and lastly take Cuticura Resolvent to Cool and Cleanse the Blood, and put every function in a state of healthy activity.

To those who have suffered long and hopelessly from Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, and who have lost faith in doctors, medicines, and all things human, Cuticura Remedies appeal with a force hardly to be realized. Every hope, every expectation awakened by them has been more than fulfilled. More great cures of Simple, Scrofulous, and Hereditary Humours are daily made by them than by all other Blood and Skin Remedies combined, a single set being often sufficient to cure the most distressing cases when all else fails.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60), Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap, 25c. per cake. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 Pages, 300 Diseases, with Illustrations, Testimonials, and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 27-28 Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C. French Depot, 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depot, R. Towns & Co., Sydney. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.