SCULPTOR RETURNS FROM PALESTINE, WHERE HE SOUGHT THE FACE OF CHRIST.

William Ordway Partridge Declares: "It Was as if I Had Been Looking for a Silver Shekel and Had Found Ten Talents of Gold."

THINKS CHRIST WAS VIRILE.

Declares That Many Painters Have Made the Divine Face Too Effeminite—Describes His Conception of the Man—Prefers Tradition to Conventionality.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 15.—William Ordway Partridge, sculptor, who has recently returned from the Holy Land, whence he went in quest of the face of him who was crucified, rejoices that he has found it, and mourns in fear that it is beyond his ability to put into clay or marble the great sweet face of the Christ which he has seen.

"I will tell you a curious thing," he says. "I had the same experience as Tissot, who says so many of his pictures came to him in dreams. It was when I was coming out of the Syrian fever that the face of Jesus became definite for me. His face was turned slightly, but every feature was distinct. The turn of the head was not that which I had designed for the group of Christ and St. John. Since my return I have posed the Christ head as I saw it, and the group is vastly bettered by it."

Just as he had gone to Stratford-on-Avon to get inspiration for his Shakespeare, Mr. Partridge, light of heart, had packed his trunk and bied him to Palestine to find the face of the Lord Jesus—and, lo! he had found him. And the wonder, nay, the dread, of it was strong upon him in "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"It was as if I had been looking for a silver shekel and had found ten talents of gold," he said.

"It seemed so easy to try, and it is for any man to do. You can go from here by steamer that takes you far into the Mediterranean. Thence to the Levant is an easy journey, and you land at Joppa; there you take a train for Jerusalem."

A little shiver ran through him, perhaps, at this mention of an incongruous locomotive whistling its way, as it were, through the Old Testament, perhaps a little remnant of the Syrian fever he caught among the marsh lands of Galilee, and from which he had not lately recovered. He did not smile—his pilgrimage never appealed to him on that side.

Following in His Footsteps.

"No foot of earth, no flower, no tree, no hill but tells one in the mysterious East of old, old times forever new and fresh before you, and it possesses you and you are one with it, however you try to bring your New World thought and modern view to bear upon it. I would not be the man who could pass through that wonderful land of Palestine and be unmoved by it, or who could pick out the trivial and commonplace in his sight of it or memory of it.

"I was seeking, as a sculptor, a model for a face and figure of Christ for my group of the Savior and the Baptist. I was following, curiously at first, humbly, devotedly at last, in his footsteps and seeking him.

"You have heard people tell you how the Coliseum at Rome disappointed them: many have told me that Niagara did; but no thought of prepossession or expectation had to do with my joy in Jerusalem. Overset, overturned, rebuilt, stormed, burned and built again nigh a score of times, it shows something of every epoch in its history. Its youngest is hoary, and its oldest tells of the youth of the world. Look at the old Saracenic walls, not as old as the discovery of America, but marbled with colors of time that are almost beyond the skill of the painter. Mosques and churches; domes and minarets; old streets and gardens closes—and to and fro the peoples of the old lands and the new times mingling, and the note of worship and devotion over whatever of greed and barter stirs and jars, yet makes life, in the old city of David.

"In the beautiful octagonal mosque of Omar on the Temple site; in the votive wonders of the Greek Church, of the Holy Sepulchre; in the convent of the French nuns on the site of the Pretorium where Christ was scourged at the pillar, on the Mount of Olives looking over the town—all brings you nearer to him.

"But I was looking for the Christ face in the place where Christ had lived and moved; many a face I saw that thrilled me, but none as yet that satisfied me.

"I took the road to Jericho and the Jordan. I passed through Bethany, so dear to Jesus, where Martha and Mary lived who loved him and comforted him.

Every Spot Has Its Story.

"As you move you are told by your guides, 'Here Jesus tarried; there he slept.' The effect on you is wonderful. One may doubt the accuracy of localities thus indicated, but on reflection, on examination you will find that every such small waymark has been thought out by devout scholars deep in Bible lore after having been pointed at by generation on generation of peasants and priests going back to the time of Christ himself. The East lives by tradition. Every spot in its has its story, and to those who live near by that is treasured as history, the only history they surely know.

"And the majesty of Jesus keeps growing. Not in his divinity only, but you begin to appreciate what manner of man this was who so compelled men to follow him.

"Where Jordan moves to its salty grave in the Dead Sea, there taking on its resurrection in the clouds, the waters speak of Jesus. I filled this phial there, and beside me were a rough peasant of the Russian steppes and an Arab crouched by the water's edge.

"The human Christ lives in Judea and Galilee. You do not read about him; you walk with him as he leaves the Jordan in the early morning passing through Jericho and leaving the desolate mountains of Moab behind him. He plucks one of the wild Jericho roses that make the air sweet and presses it to his cheek. It is a long day and he starts as the sun rises and touches Moab with colors such as no hand can paint. He crosses the plain still in shadow, and begins the ascent of the sterile mountains that guard the way to the Holy City. The flowers—the May pink, the ragged little corn flowers and the daisy—speak to him as he passes and he speaks to his Disciples of their beauty—the exquisitely tender Christ. Half way up the ascent is the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where he pauses for the little rest he allows himself, while the little hooded larks are singing to him from the roadside. Then, on to be crucified. How heavy his heart, and yet what joy in his sacrifice! He looks back at Jericho—a white spot with its gardens in the plain below. A far green line beyond shows him where the Jordan flows through the clefts in the arid plain on to the Dead Sea, which is sparkling in the noontide glare. All is before him.

Faces of the Samaritans.

"So at every step he was with us as we journeyed—this Man shaking down the pillars of the olden interpretation of God's Word, aye, sending a thrill through the Roman Empire that was to fall to pieces before his followers after all when the cup of its abominations was full.

"His miracles? The least part of him. You may have doubted. Now, you feel that they were nothing to such a godlike Man—mere witnesses of his pity and his love, not instances of his power, which you felt to be beyond all mortal expression.

"And so, on through Samaria, past old Crusader strongholds, hearing the jackals calling at night, seeing caravans moving by day, as they moved when Joseph was sold by his brethren, on to the great battle plains of Esdraelon and across it to Nazareth, where his boyhood and early manhood were spent. There we camped three days on the threshing floor, seeing the Bedouins riding past, seeing even a Bedouin wedding, with its feats of horsemanship and curious antique symbolism. At Nazareth one night he looking up to Mount Tabor, but one was thinking ever of the old town of long ago which held Christ among its sons, yet knew him not.

"And glimpses came to us of the glorified, spiritualized Christ, the risen Lord, the Jesus between the day of resurrection and the day of ascension, wonderful, gentle; but ever came back to us the sum of it all, the suffering Christ at the pillar, and greatest in dying; the saving Christ on the Cross.

"I had looked everywhere for his face on the faces that we met. Once I saw it—the type as it was coming to me. Two peasants we passsed on the road in Samaria had the face of the type, but lacking the refinement and power of presence that should go with it. In the few true Samaritans—there are only a hundred or so of them left—we saw some noble traits—the Jew untouched of persecution and of trade, who has kept the type, though separated from his kind, for nigh two thousand years. In the Druses of Mount Hermon we saw a splendid breed of men that harked back to the noble type of the Syrian before the time of Christ.

The Sculptor's Ideal.

"One thing especially I noted concerning the Jews was, how their most enlightened are coming to look with pride on Jesus as a Jew, and seeing the kernel of his Word through the husk of the Christian forms that inclose it. At the same time I learned that not in the modern Hebrew of the crowded towns, nor in the transplanted Jews of Palestine, but in the surviving types among the patriarchal, agricultural Jews still to be met in the East, was the type of the Messiah face likeliest to be found."

"Can you give me some knowledge of the type of the face of Jesus that you have selected?"

The sculptor looked wistfully toward a mass of shapeless clay under a wet cloth that stood on a working pedestal close by.

"I can see it very plainly, indeed.

"It is the face of a man of kingly presence, of great and commanding personality, wise, benign, tender, but strong.

"The brow is high; not the professional brow, not the Greek brow; it has no prominences; it is the smooth brow of great intellect tempered by sentiment.

"The eyes are deep set and luminous, with a peculiar tenderness and modesty in their frankness, but there is the possibility of sternness in their fixed regard, and they could lighten in a fleeting flash.

"The eyebrows are well marked, with fair space between them, but almost straight in line.

"The nose gently aquiline, and not too thin, but so that the structural modeling is felt; it is between the Greek type and the Assyrian.

"The cheeks not worn and hollow as we see in ascetics; you see lines of suffering, but the face is not anaemic, as we see in so many Christs, and one can follow the modeling of the bones of the jaw.

"The beard is Nazarene and definite, not straggling. The hair is divided in the center and falls naturally on either side.

"He wears an Oriental headdress—that of a sheik or chieftain, for he was such—the headdress of the white, folded cloth, kept in place by the doubled rings, and on his body a long, white garment.

"The face is at once strong and tender; it is above all of the very sanest; there is no fanatic gleam in it as there is in the Munkacsy 'Christ Before Pilate'; there is no effeminacy as in too many ancient and modern Christs. Truly, in the face of Christ we must have the face of a man.

"So must it all have been from his life and his surroundings, from the way that he moved men there in the East, where personal presence counts and has ever counted so much."

The Traditional Christ.

"It seems," I said, "that you make certain distinctions of texture, of carriage, of impressiveness, but nevertheless in many respects it is at base the conventional head of Christ on which you build your differences."

"Very true," replied the sculptor. "I would call it the traditional head of Christ, rather than the conventional. From the very beginning of the outland Christianity—that is, Christianity outside Palestine—there must have been a tradition of the personality of Jesus brought to Greece and Rome by apostles and disciples. That, through all the mutation of Christian art, has found expression. One feels in the Holy Land how, for want of visiting its hills and valleys and seeing its people, the great painters who pictured Jesus took feebler, less true models than they might have found had they gone there seeking inspiration. What Oriental suggestion they might have found in the ghettos of Europe they disdained to seek, for the mediaeval transcendentalism would fain trip Christ of any human attributes of the race of huckesters herded and humiliated in the slums by the most atrocious and prolonged persecutions ever visited by one part of the sons of men upon another. Christian art was giving humanity to its works, but it was developed from the Greek lines.

"Modern art makes a further demand upon us. It first of all cries out for truth. Why, for instance, should any one dream of a bareheaded Christ under the burning sun of Samaria or Galilee? Why should painter or sculptor shrink from giving Jewish attributes to the human form of him who was, and who doubtless bore in his presence the stamp, of the seed of David? Greek art was at its best man in his relation to his gods; modern art must be the expression of man as he is to man.

Various Christ Faces.

"Whether the task that is before me shall be long or short or can ever be accomplished is too much to say. Leonardo da Vinci labored time and again for four years, they say, on the face of the Christ of the Last Supper, and perhaps never satisfied himself. For me, Leonardo's Christ face is inexpressibly sweet and tender, the acme of the spiritual type, but it is far from the face I see. The face of the 'Veronica' Jesus is exquisite, too, but too delicate. The Christ as seen in Ary Scheffer's many sacred pictures approaches my ideal in spirituality, but is not virile enough. Hoffmann has done some grand heads of Christ, and L'Hermite's Christ at Emmaus, too, is fine."

"What of the modern French pictures of Christ?" I asked.

"They are doing strange symbolic things with Christ—placing him among modern surroundings—workmen, evil women, roues and so on. They are thinking of the socialism that in its highest type was in Christ and in early Christianity, before Kings had turned it to their own account, but they make an aggressive Christ, and save on the spiritual side that Christ was not. The Prophet was the dominant side of Jesus, but he was all the virtues incarnate and man, very man."

The sculptor, revolving about his studio, picked up and exhibited curios he had come across in his journey—here the toes of an antique Greek statue, there a marvelous little mutilated marble torso, now a dainty little Melpomene from Tangara, then a tearphial, wonderful in its opalescence; anon a piece of the mummy lid of a Princess, or a tiny bronze Egyptian god of silence, with his finger to his lips, or a scarabeus that looked like ivory and bore the cartouche of Thotmes III; and at last a little piece of yellowish baked clay like a round oyster biscuit, inscribed in Assyrian arrowhead characters, the letter of one King to another, 4500 years ago.

"And what," he said, "is the antiquity of the Christ time to what this precious little relic represents? It is modern compared with that. So, we need not feel that he was so far from our times. We may all see the Jesus face."

WASHINGTON'S PRIDE IS PARKS

They Are More Beautiful Just Now Than Ever Before.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Washington, June 15.—The public parks of Washington are probably more beautiful and attractive at this time than ever before in the history of the national capital. The trees, plants and flowers are now at their best. The large force of the department is engaged in the propagation of tropical, subtropical and bedding plants for stock and next season's planting.

All the spring flowering bulbs have been removed from the beds in the various parks and taken to the nursery gardens for future use. This was done in order that the beds might be prepared for summer plants, including seasonable flowering and decorative plants.

The extent of this work is indicated by the fact that in the month of May 42,857 plants were set out. In the grounds of the Government departments and 56,000 bedding plants were sent out from the propagating gardens for planting in the various public parks.

The parks have undergone their usual spring and summer overhauling. The lawns have been mowed and their margins edged, the gravel walks scuffled and raked, and the gutters cleaned. When it is realized that these parks dot the city in great numbers, in all localities, it will be seen what a vast undertaking this is.

The Patent Office has also been additionally ornamented by the introduction of six flower beds in the court, which beds have been artistically planted with roses, geraniums and other flowering plants. A large palm has also been placed in the middle of the main hall at the south entrance of the building.

BOTH MOTHERS OBJECTED.

Edna Wallace Hopper's Matrimonial Engagement Canceled.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 15.—Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper of the "Floradora" company at the Casino announces that her engagement to Mr. J. N. Gallatin, which was recently announced, has been broken off, in deference to the wishes of both their mothers.

Mrs. Gallatin has been very much opposed to the marriage ever since the public announcement of the engagement was made, chiefly on account of the youth of her son. Mrs. Hopper's mother, too, who was ill in San Francisco, has been most urgent in her opposition to the match, feeling that such a marriage would necessitate her daughter's retirement from the stage, a course which she did not consider at all advisable.

"And so," said Mrs. Hopper philosophically, "we, Mr. Gallatin and I, have decided to call the engagement off entirely."

Men, Be Cured

How the Frightful Tension of Stricture Is Instantly Relieved.

Startling Record of Gran-Solvent.

Dissolves Stricture like snow beneath the sun, reduces ENLARGED PROSTATE, contracts and strengthens the Seminal Ducts, forever stopping DRAINS AND EMISSIONS..... in 15 Days

No Drugs to Ruin the Stomach, But a Direct, Local and Positive Application to the Entire Urethral Tract.

GRAN-SOLVENT IS NOT A LIQUID. It is prepared in the form of Crayons or Pencils, smooth and flexible, and so narrow as to pass the closest Stricture.

Showing the diameter of the St. James Crayons, containing the solvent "Gran-Solvent" or tonic "Cleanser," or both in combination. THEY ARE PREPARED IN VARIOUS LENGTHS TO SUIT THE PATIENT'S CONDITION, are inserted into the urethral canal when retiring at night, into position without the slightest effort, requiring three hours to dissolve, are wholly painless and act like a mild electric current, invigorating and imparting vim and snap to the entire body. The curative effect is felt from the first application.

The Great Virtue in the Method of Application

is its direct and positive action. No vile, drastic drugs to ruin the stomach and digestive system. The crayons are inserted upon retiring at night, dissolving by the heat and secretions of the body in three hours, which is sufficient time to penetrate and dissolve Stricture, dislodging the granular mass, root and branch, together with the false membrane upon which it forms, thoroughly medicating the PROSTATE GLAND, reducing enlargement and contracting the Seminal Ejaculatory Ducts, forever stopping

DRAINS AND LOSSES.

Curing while you sleep, without pain or inconvenience, in FIFTEEN days.

The alterative and antiseptic action of "Gran-Solvent" asserts itself in destroying Gonococci and the germs that infest the Bladder and Prostate Gland.

During the past year thousands of weak, emaciated, wasting wrecks were cured—a vast army born again to begin life anew, with fresh vigor, full of strength and the consciousness of restored manhood. Under the influence of this sovereign solvent

STRICTURE

is dissolved and dislodged in Fifteen Days, no matter how old, tough or callousted it may have become.

From time immemorial cutting and dilating have filled up the brutal, fruitless record of treatment in Stricture, and yet there has never been one cure by such savage methods. The enormous with which medical men are applying for this solvent is an open confession of their error in the past. OVER 80 LEADING PHYSICIANS in the United States and Canada have abandoned the knife, and are employing Gran-Solvent in their practice, as a humane and unfailing agent.

VARICOCELE is an accumulation of sluggish blood in the veins of the scrotum, due solely to imperfect circulation, and has its origin in a diseased and torpid Prostate Gland. Operations in this disease are only temporary, and no mechanical device yet discovered has cured a single case. Gran-Solvent heals the Prostate and restores healthy circulation, Varicocele disappears and the sluggish accumulation is replaced by pure, healthy, red blood.

Showing Stricture Granules, dissolved on the eighth night.

There is no question that you feel like you look; despondent, weak, nervous and despairing. Your sleep is disturbed with unpleasant dreams, and you awake tired and with your mind filled with evil forebodings. You know you are seminally weak; you also know from sad experience that all of the drugs that you have poured into your stomach have left you worse than they found you.

NOW LISTEN!

Not one drop of internal medicine that you ever did or will put into your stomach will cure you. Why? Because your ailment is not in your stomach, or liver, or kidneys, but in the urethral canal. It is a local disease, and as such requires local treatment.

The St James method is direct, positive and unfailing.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.

FREE TREATISE COUPON—Cut out this coupon and mail it to the St. James Association with your name and address plainly written, when they will send you a copy of their exhaustive treatise accurately illustrated in half-tone, showing the parts of the male system involved in Urethral Ailments.

ST. JAMES ASSOCIATION, 215 St. James Building, CINCINNATI, O.

Please send to me a copy of your Complete Illustrated Work upon the Male Sexual System, securely sealed, PREPAID, FREE of All Charges.

Name

Address

HOME TREATMENT Can Be Used by the Patient as Successfully as by Ourselves.

ST. JAMES ASSOCIATION, 215 ST. JAMES BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

LATHERS THE WIDOW WHO LOVES HIM.

Ungallant Barber Adds Insult to Injury by Preferring Jail to Betrothal.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 15.—If all be fair in love or war, then Max Odenthal of Pompton, N. J., may put forward as a plea of justification that to save himself from being loved without his consent he was forced to lather the face of the widow Mathes and fill her eyes with soapsuds. He is locked up in a Jersey jail, charged with this peculiar form of assault and battery.

Max was a soldier in the Spanish War, and although he got no further than Sea Girt, he was willing and eager to scale the hill at San Juan if the opportunity had been given to him. The widow Mathes was as patriotic as Max, and it was this common impulse that brought them together and led finally to the lathering incident. She offered her services as a nurse to the War Department and to the Red Cross Society after hostilities began, but there was no place for her, and she had to remain at home in Pompton and deplore the unhappy fate which kept her from ministering to the wounded on the battlefield.

When stories were current of hordes of Spanish spies being distributed through the country at points near arsenals and magazines the Government increased its guards at these places and Max Odenthal was one of several of the Third New Jersey sent to keep watch on the Pompton Powder Works, and in this way he fell in with the widow and she fell in love with him. He boarded in her house, and the neighbors say a marriage engagement was announced. Be that as it may, Max was set up in business as a barber by the widow, and in a few weeks was shaving a good part of the male population of Pompton.

As Max grew prosperous in trade he grew to be a laggard in love. The pretty girls of Pompton village appeared to have a greater attraction for him than the more mature charms of the widow, and she, to put a check on his flirtations, made it her business to sit in his barber shop day after day and watch him.

This sort of espionage grew irksome, and the young barber determined to put an end to it by a novel form of discouragement. Widow Mathes had her weather eye on him one day, when, it is alleged, he took a shaving brush from a cup filled with creamy lather, and, bending Mrs. Mathes's head back, lathered her chin her throat and her cheeks and let some of the feathery stuff get into her eyes.

For this he was arrested. The widow offered to pay his fine if he would promise to cease flirting, but Max preferred to serve his term in jail, and there he is.

A LARGE KITCHEN IS NOT THE IDEAL SORT.

A large kitchen is not the ideal kitchen for a woman who is going to do her own work. "There was a nice old retired shipbuilder in my town," says the observing man, "who used to boast that he had one of the smallest kitchens on record, and that his wife could sit in the middle of it and reach every article in it. That man knew what he was talking about, for he had arranged the culinary departments of so many ships that he could get the maximum amount of comfort, convenience and room in the smallest amount of space. His kitchen theory was correct, if the serviceableness of the kitchen can be gauged by the domestic happiness of the family. He and his wife lived simply and costly. They kept no servant, and were lovers all their lives."

BE A MAN

Throw Away Your Medicine—Our

VACUUM ORGAN DEVELOPER

WILL RESTORE YOU

NO CURE NO PAY

75,000 IN USE NOT ONE FAILURE NOT ONE RETURNED

Our Vacuum Organ Developer should be used by every man. It cures where everything else fails and hope is dead. It restores small, weak organs, lost power, failing manhood, drains, errors of youth, etc. **Stricture and Varicocele** permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks.

No Drugs to ruin the stomach. **No Electric Belts** to blister and burn. Our Vacuum Developer is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and disordered parts. It gives strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost or failing manhood, or the young and middle aged who are reaping the results of youthful errors, excess or over work are quickly restored to health and strength.

Our marvelous appliance has astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliance in the severest cases where every other known device has failed.

You will see and feel its benefit from the first day, for it is applied directly at the seat of the disorder. It makes no difference how severe the case or how long standing, it is as sure to yield to our treatment as the sun is to rise.

The blood is the life, the fertilizer of the human body. Our instrument forces the blood into circulation where most needed, giving strength and development to weak and lifeless parts.

The Vacuum Organ Developer was first introduced in the standing armies of Europe a few years ago by the French specialist, De Bousset, and its remarkable success in these countries led the Local Appliance Co. to secure the exclusive control of its sale on the Western Continent; and since its introduction into this country its remarkable cures have astounded the entire medical profession. It has restored thousands of cases pronounced incurable by physicians. It cures quickly, harmlessly, and without detention from business.

Remember there is no exposure, no C.O.D. or any other scheme in our dealing with the public.

Write for free particulars sent sealed in plain envelope. LOCAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 73 Thorpe Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.

THUMB NAIL PERSONALS.

Queen Alexandra is about to follow the quaint custom of English queens and will shortly select an oak in Windsor Forest to be named for herself. A brass plate bearing her name and the date will be attached to the tree.

Mme. Wu, wife of the Chinese Minister, in a recent interview, is reported to have said: "I find much to admire in the great freedom American women enjoy. The women of my country ought to have more freedom."

The two women recently appointed in Germany as assistants on the Board of Factory Inspectors have proved so satisfactory that the Budget Commission of the Prussian House of Representatives has recommended the consideration of more such appointments.

Miss Mary Aughinbaugh of Washington recently made a trip across the Andes Mountains from Caracas to La Guayra. Miss Aughinbaugh is the first white woman to make the journey over that trail.

NERVE ENERGY.

When man feels his Vigor and Vitality forsaking him and when he knows that he is daily growing Weaker, it is time for him to be up and doing. I say to such men that Electricity, applied right, is their only salvation—their only safeguard. I have studied the action of electricity upon these Nervous Ailments and how to apply it for a radical cure the best part of my life, and to every weak man or woman—no matter what form the weakness takes—I can truly say there is an absolute and certain cure for you if you will apply Electricity through the medium of my Electric Belt. It is entirely unlike other so-called electric belts which are now being offered the public and must not be confused with them. There never was an appliance which won fame and distinction for itself as has my Electric Belt, which did not call forth many worthless imitations.

Dr. Bennett's New Electric Belt.

Has soft, silken, chamois-covered sponge electrodes, which prevent that frightful burning and blistering caused by other makes of belts, which have bare-metal electrodes upon which verdigris, a deadly poison, accumulates. My Belt has Interchangeable Battery Cells and can be renewed for only 75c when burned out; other belts cannot be renewed for any price. These features are my exclusive patents and are used on no other electrical appliance.

In sheer desperation others try to imitate my electrodes by a thin covering of sheepskin over the bare metal. Do not be misled. These will give no current.

My Electric Belt is absolutely guaranted to cure Varicocele and all Weaknesses in either sex; restore Lost Vigor and Vitality; cure Rheumatism in any form, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Stomach disorders, General and Nervous Debility, all Female Complaints, etc. My special Attachment for men free to male patients.

Write me to-day. Sacredly confidential. My two books upon Nervous ailments, and their cure by Electricity free, postpaid to any one. Diagnosis and advice without cost. Sold only by

Dr. Bennett Electric Belt Co.,

120 Rookery Building, - - Kansas City, Mo.

Send for my Free Books To-day.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.

DO YOU START AT EVERY SOUND?
ARE YOUR MENSES IRREGULAR?
DO TRIFLES ANNOY YOU?

These symptoms of female disorders are signals of danger! Female troubles come on gradually and quietly but they give sure warning of their approach. There is no mistaking the dark rings under the eye, the weak nerves, the drowsiness by day and the wakefulness at night. Yet there are thousands of women who have these nervous spells. They start at every little jarring noise and they become irritated at the slightest cause. They suffer terrible periodical pains. But they often have but a vague idea of what causes them. They would be shocked to know they are suffering from dangerous maladies, about the most dangerous a woman can have. But Mrs. Combe was cured by Wine of Cardui and so grateful is she that she wrote this testimonial of

WINE OF CARDUI

Ficayune, Miss., September 1, 1900.

I have suffered with irregular and painful menstruation and was so weak I could not do my housework for eight years on account of my weakness. I tried everything, but to no benefit. My husband heard of Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught. He used Thedford's Black-Draught and it did him so much good that he induced me to take Wine of Cardui for my troubles. I did so and it did me so much good that now I know it is the medicine for weakly women. I am using it now.

Mrs. E. C. COMBE.

Mrs. Combe is only one woman in hundreds of thousands cured as she was. Letters like hers are coming to us every day from all over the country. Will you not give Wine of Cardui a trial?

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.