

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH. BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY.

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SUNDAY, SEPT. 17, 1899.

CORRESPONDENTS should not send us speculations, predictions, or estimates as to the strength of candidates for the United States senatorship.

What we desire is impartial reports of the proceedings of county and city committees and of other public meetings, and reports of primaries or conventions.

WILL HE BE PARDONED? Dispatches from Paris continue to predict that Captain Dreyfus will be pardoned, if he will withdraw his application for a revision of the judgment pronounced by the Rennes court-martial.

To what extent these rumors are to be relied upon we do not know, but we believe the French Government is seeking a way out of its difficulty.

The court not only outraged justice in finding Dreyfus guilty, but it treated contemptuously the assurances given it by the governments of Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary.

Sober-headed Frenchmen—and there must be some such Frenchmen—must know that the position of their country is intolerable in the eyes of the world.

This consideration, taken in connection with the evident unrest of some classes, and the threatened boycotting, by individuals, of the Paris Exposition, must have its influence. So we think the French Government will be glad enough to drop the case, if it could see its way clear to do so.

No doubt it would like Dreyfus to go into utter obscurity, hoping that then agitation would cease.

If Dreyfus should be called upon to say whether he would accept pardon upon the terms referred to, he would be face to face with a distressing difficulty.

To accept mercy for a crime he never committed would be unheroic, to say the least. He would be rid of the impending punishment, but the record ever would be against him and blacken his name.

Yet think of his sufferings! Would it be strange if he should wish to bring them to an end, as far as possible?

Few men ever have been called upon to endure so much. His degradation before the army was a torture, which none but the stout-hearted man could have survived.

On that day, and for long afterwards, he suffered more than death. And then came the prolonged agony of confinement on Devil's Island, with the eyes of a sentinel always glaring at him.

Next there was a ray of hope, when the order for a new trial was given. Then he had to go through the sweat of the new trial, so-called. Along with it came the excitement of meeting his wife and of hearing that his chief counsel had been shot. There must have been alternate days of hope and fear—times when despair fastened upon him.

At last came the crushing announcement that he was found guilty again.

Can there be any doubt that he wishes to escape from such torment? Think what must be his mental and physical condition, and how he must long for rest and peace.

Through all of his trials Captain Dreyfus has shown high purpose. For the sake of his wife and children he refrained from self-murder, though that temptation was deliberately placed in his way by his keepers.

He has never ceased to cry out that he is innocent and that fact he has established in the eyes of the world, and out of the mouths of the witnesses for the prosecution.

But what would he do now if he were offered pardon upon condition of withdrawing his demand for revision?

The dramatic hero would indignantly spurn the offer and continue to plead for justice; but pelted with misfortune, as Dreyfus has been, wrecked in body and mind, and weary of vain contest, he may yield.

We who have never been struck by withering blasts of undeserved fortune may think that he ought to hold out to the end; but we have healthy minds in healthy bodies and do not know what it is to have been stabbed and strained as this poor captain of artillery has been.

All that we can say now is, that if he refuses a chance to free himself from the clutches of his unconscionable tormentors, he would do what few other men similarly circumstanced would do.

We do not believe complete justice will be done Dreyfus yet, but we trust that

somehow he may regain his liberty upon terms which will leave him honor, and give him hope of ultimate vindication.

THE MATTER WITH BASE-BALL.

The Chicago Tribune, in a recent issue, gives utterance to an editorial misere on base-ball, and states some facts, which, though very plainly spoken, are but too true.

Our contemporary, after commenting on the decay of the national game, and contrasting it with the sport of by-gone days, seeks to explain the reasons for the lack of interest now displayed in feats on the diamond.

Of course, rowdism and ruffianism and the intimidation of umpires are commented upon, for they are often part of the game nowadays, but what strikes us as the keynote of the situation is expressed in the following words:

"There is no room for doubt as to what has pulled it down from its former high estate. Commercialism in part has done it. The players have become chattels. Teams are bought and sold and are transferred from city to city as if they were live stock. The men who are playing in Cleveland or New York are next. That cuts up all sense of local pride in a club by the roots. There have been teams which really belonged to Chicago, teams which have simply been organizations of individuals whose owners instructed them to haul from here."

Like the sweet memories of our childhood, the good old days of real, genuine base-ball come back to our mind, and, retrospectively, we once more grind the bleachers with excited wringing. In olden times—that is, olden times from a base-ball standpoint—we knew the players by name and could give their histories and explain their virtues. Now, base-ball players have no virtues and our teams are composed of strangers.

Fifteen years ago our nines were largely made up of local athletes, and in a sense we felt ourselves guardians for those broken-thumbed warriors. And there was plenty of excitement and bitterness, too, but it was a charitable acerbity and strictly patriotic. In those days we hated Norfolk and Petersburg and Lynchburg, and they hated us, and we were all glad of it, and really inclined to be friendly when it talked it over. A young man from Petersburg depicted the whole situation when he described his father's emotions at a game. "If the Petersburg team wins," said he, "the old gentleman says the Richmond players are a lot of thorough gentlemen, but if you fellows come out on top, he says they are infernal scoundrels."

That's what we want—this red-hot, uncomromising, rabid local pride, and we can't have it if the players are to be imported from Sioux City and Cincinnati and Lowell and goodness only knows where else. We want the men to abide with us until we know them and can take a personal interest in their achievements.

If the stirring game could be played by electric light, or by the rays of the moon, we should unquestionably say: "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight. Give us 'Pop' Tate again, just for to-night."

But, since the individual alluded to is now on the police force, and his quondam associates—broken thumbs and all—are but ghosts of that dear old past, we suggest other local celebrities, with equally amiable and lamblike qualities. Let the slogan of reform be sounded. Let Richmond's "talent" step forth to the grandstand, and the band play "All Hail, the Conquering Hero."

We believe the present plans looking to the formation of a Virginia League, including the principal cities of the State, will revive base-ball here. Certainly we hope so. By having a small circuit the players will become known to the "rooters," and then all will be well. Of course, however, Richmond must go in for the pennant, even if Petersburg and Norfolk and the other towns in their amiable way do hate us for it. In the beautiful language of the bleacheries, let "Everybody stretch" and relieve the tension.

The Cape Charles Pioneer wants to know "why it is that railroad officials so persistently refuse to give out particulars when a wreck or an accident occurs, and also forbid their employees from giving any information to the public, and especially to the newspapers?" It certainly would be better, adds our contemporary, were the truth made known by the giving of a fair statement of the occurrence, thus stopping the wild and exaggerated rumors which frequently obtain currency in the place of facts.

The Pioneer's question is one a good many other papers would like to have answered, and his comment is full of sound sense. Some railroad companies—not all—pursue an ostrich policy in respect to accidents, which is not only absurd, but often causes unnecessary suffering to persons who have relatives and friends on trains that have gotten into trouble.

The will of the late Richard Prendergast, of Chicago, which directs the distribution of a \$500,000 estate, provides, among other things, for the establishment of a "rest cure home" to be known as St. Winifred's Rest, in honor of the testator's wife.

It is to be hoped that the institution will not be overrun by tramps, though it is a matter of notoriety that these citizens are particularly partial to physical and mental inactivity. Mr. Prendergast, however, had in mind those who suffer from nervousness and insomnia.

President Patton, of Princeton University, has just returned from a trip abroad, and is quoted as saying: "I have no doubt that an innocent man has been outrageously condemned in the Dreyfus case. The verdict of the court at Rennes is in every particular a stain on justice. I sincerely hope that justice will soon be meted out to Dreyfus. In my opinion that means his pardon and exoneration."

Mr. O. H. P. Belmont is said to have recently contributed \$25,000 to the Democratic presidential campaign fund. This looks as if he were politically in earnest, anyhow.

Great Britain is said to be trying earnestly to purchase of Uncle Sam 1,000 of the latter's army mules. This looks as if she were stubbornly determined on some line of action.

The Hon. Marcus Auerferer Hanna having arrived, the Ohio campaign will be regarded, we suppose, as formally opened.

Vice-President Hobart is reported as ill, though not in a condition that is alarming.

THE RECENT "SQUEEZE."

The principal causes of the recent monetary "squeeze" in New York, with its reflex influence on the money market of the country generally, are not far to seek. The squeeze was the logical result of our illogical financial system.

In the first place, the interior banks, which in the less active season keep their unused cash reserves in New York banks in order to maintain a credit in New York, have been drawing upon these banks for funds with which to move the crops.

In the second place, during the present month there have been exceedingly heavy internal revenue collections, and as a consequence, inland banks that are depositors of such collections have been accumulating internal revenue deposits in excess of the amount of bonds required to be entrusted to the government to secure them. The law provides that when this condition is reached the depositors must settle with the government, and hence we have here another source of drain upon the New York banks, through the medium of the interior banks. In the one case the money has gone temporarily to the South and the West. In the other, it has been locked up in the Treasury. And what, as a third operation, naturally followed those two? Why, the New York banks, for the purpose of meeting the demands in question, called loans, a liquidation of speculative stocks was forced, and there was an all-round pressure in Wall Street which was felt everywhere else.

It has been said that the first factor contributing to the "squeeze" was a healthy sign, the idea intended to be conveyed by that expression being that it marked the regnancy of the sound over the unsound in the use of money, the legitimate over the "illegitimate" business over speculation. That is true. But the situation can only obtain for the nonce. As soon as the money sent South and West has performed the function it was sent to those sections to perform, it will return to New York and other centers of congestion, and again be applied to unsound, "illegitimate" speculative uses. It will again be at the service of Wall Street on call, to stimulate fictitious credit, while the country at large suffers from "dearth of currency."

And dearth of currency, which is consequent upon the existing banking and currency system, is at last the root of the evil. The operation we have named first—the drain for moving the crops—is a recurrent one, and shows plainly that there is not enough money in the country to meet the demands of business. Moreover, so long as our present currency system obtains the inadequacy of the currency to meet the necessities of business must increase pro rata with the volume of business. Recognition of this we find in a proposition said to be under consideration by the Treasury Department. It is stated that in addition to having Congress reduce the tax on national bank circulation and permit the emitting of notes to the face value of bonds, the Treasury officials are considering the advisability of charging depository banks interest on government funds. The theory as to reduction of tax on circulation and issue up to bond face value is, of course, that circulation would then pay the banks better than now. The theory as to charging interest on government funds is that, as the banks would not find it profitable to lock up bonds to secure deposits, they would deposit more bonds to secure circulation.

But all this would be merely tinkering with the evil. At a superficial glance it would seem that the consummation of these plans would tend to increase circulation, but when the schemes are examined carefully, and the other side is heard, the more than reasonable deduction is that they would afford little, if any, relief. With the present returns from bonds, and which must grow smaller in future, the margin of profit on circulation is very narrow, and pro rata with the diminution of these returns there is a growing disposition on the part of the banks to reduce their circulation to the minimum, and use the value of the bonds in other ways. It has been figured by those who have studied the subject carefully that even with the privilege tax reduced and the face value privilege granted, the banks could use the money tied up in bonds to better advantage than as a basis for note circulation. Touching the theory of interest on government deposits, it is pointed out that the same rule would work. Furthermore, there is, as the New York Journal of Commerce puts it, this to be reckoned with: "If the deposits are reduced, either by the surrender by the banks or by the withdrawals of the Secretary, the effect must be the accumulation of funds in the Treasury, and if it should result in increasing the bank circulation the net result would be substantially unchanged." Bringing the matter, therefore, down to its last analysis, the recent "squeeze" but emphasizes in any light we view the operations of our banking and currency system the necessity for thorough and radical reform of the system. It is full of lessons for the honest and earnest banking and currency reformer. And it ought to prove pregnant with incentive to those who were betrayed into believing that the Republican party ever do ought in the matter of "currency reform," but juggle with the existing system.

ELECTROLYSIS AND STREET-CARS.

A number of Richmond councilmen have been heard to say they are opposed to acting upon the Main-street franchise until they have more information than is now at hand upon the subject of electrolysis.

Their position is reasonable and proper, especially as an investigation is now in progress here, which can be concluded in a few weeks. The experts who are engaged in this work are keeping their own counsel, but some things about which they are to report are of general notoriety.

It is an undoubted fact that electrolysis does prevail here, and it is presumed, proved, we may say—that it emanates from the street-car lines.

It is also unquestionable, we believe, that the water- and gas-pipes of our city have been damaged—that is, partially decomposed—by electrolysis. It may be that the extent of this damage has been exaggerated. It is believed that the mains are less affected than the small iron pipes. Much hurt is done to the gas-service pipes. These pipes are made of wrought iron, which is far more susceptible to the injurious influences of electricity than cast-iron pipes.

Our city authorities have been sending bills to the street-car companies for some of the damage done, and it is expected that in granting new franchises it will be required of the new company that it shall make the amplest provision possible for protecting the city's interests in this direction.

It is true that the aggregate revenue received by our city from the street-car companies is larger than obtains in most other cities, receipts and profits being taken into consideration, but we would better waive a part of that taxation, if necessary, and secure better service and have less damage done us by electrolysis.

Our information is that it is possible with either the underground- or overhead-trolley system to reduce electrolysis to a minimum. The double wire is the thing, and instead of indifferent apparatus, which allows the electricity to escape and seek iron pipes, there should be good apparatus, which will take the return current to the power-house.

We suppose any responsible company asking the franchises in question would be willing, if not glad, to guard itself against loss and damages by adopting the best system to be had.

In time, the Dispatch hopes to see all the electric wires in this city put under ground. But in legislation looking to that end we must be conservative. The present stage of the controversy between our city and the Southern Bell Telephone Company does not admit of any positive movement at this time.

On the subject of the underground trolley our information is somewhat meagre. The system is good and practical, but to install it is costly. One of the great items of expense is the taking up of the roadway, removal of pipes and sewers, where necessary, and the laying of concrete beds for the conduit.

The underground trolley seems to be a good thing for cities which can afford it. Whether Richmond is one of those cities we do not yet know. The consideration of the Main-street franchise has not advanced far enough to enable us to judge with certainty.

The following figures, taken from the Street Railway No. of the Financial Chronicle, of May, 1899, shows the population, average street-car fares per capita, and average receipts per capita of the cities named:

Table with 3 columns: City Name, Estimated population, Average fares per capita, Average receipts per capita. Includes New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Toledo, Atlanta, Richmond.

What we are astonished at in this statement is the very large per capita of New Orleans and the very small per capita of Richmond.

A man has been arrested in Kansas for fraudulently representing himself to be a widow and inducing others of his sex to send him money through the mails under the name of Wilhelmina Hahn. The deceitful rascal advertised in a Nebraska German paper for a husband, and requested answers sent to him at Bonner Springs, Kan. Replying to these answers, the masculine widow would suggest that if the wife-hunter would send \$15 or \$20 he (she) would go and be housekeeper long enough to decide if the union would be agreeable.

Many men found the proposition irresistible and surrendered their money to the trousered widow. Moral, put your trust solely in genuine widows.

Bob Burdette, the humorist, is ill. He was stricken with vertigo while lecturing at Hanford, Cal., Thursday evening last, and is still under the care of physicians. By the way, he married recently, it appears, a wealthy woman of Pasadena.

The Melancholy Days.

The melancholy days do now on schedule time accrue. And figuratively drape my heart with cypress and with rue; The winds that through the hearing branches sound their annual plaint, Wake answering echoes in my soul that baffle all restraint.

The summer flowers that sad and lorn along the roadway lie. The sombre mead, the sullen brook, my feelings typify.

For Susan's outing over, she's returned from Cataquiz, And I sit down to figure out just what my outing is.

An Exception.

"What business did you say Dauberman was in?" "I said he was a scene-painter." "So I understood, but he wasn't a scene-painter when I called to collect a bill this morning."

Nearing Midnight.

He (reflecting upon a calamity which they had just discussed): How true it is that "dangers stand thick through all the land to hasten sinners home."

She (hearing suspicious movements above): Yes, and yet sometimes when danger is most imminent it doesn't seem to hurry us much.

Experienced Adviser.

Poet: I have written a poem which I consider one of my best efforts, and have called to ask your advice as to where I had best dispose of it. Critic: What is it called? Poet: "The Secret."

Critic: Well, if you want your secret kept sacred from the gaze of the world, you had better sell it to a magazine that pays on publication.

A Ready Compliance.

"Can you lend me five this morning?" asked the confidence man of the sluggard. "Certainly," was the reply, as the latter let go with his left; "there, you have 'em in a bunch."

A Bad Break.

Tommy: Ma, you call me destructive, but I'll bet Uncle Jim is a good deal worse than I am. Ma: What reason have you for saying that, Tommy?

Tommy: 'Cause, I heard him tell a man that he broke a colt yesterday.

We read a good deal about the bolts of Jove, but mythology doesn't say any-

thing about the number of conventions he bolted.

Comforting.

Neighbor: Ah, Doctor, glad to see you back in town again. How are you feeling?

Doctor: Very much improved, thank you, although quite downcast over an item of news I have just heard; one of my oldest patients died yesterday.

Neighbor: Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, Doctor; if you've been away for a month you can prove an ailment.

Very Unusual for Him.

Would-be-Lecturer: I met with a most unusual circumstance to-day; I called at the White House, and what do you suppose happened?

Friend: The President gave you an audience.

Untimely Foresight.

Young Benedict (about to leave home for a short journey): Ah, dearest, it is hard to part.

His Wife (absently meditating a possible contingency): Oh, I don't know; divorces are cheap.

A Great Pacemaker.

Sprocket: Gears broke the five-mile record last night. Crockett: Did he have a pacemaker? Sprocket: Yes; the Sheriff was after him.

Literary Notes.

Professor Goldwin Smith has a work forthcoming, which will be entitled "The United Kingdom." It is a political history of that kingdom, dating from the earliest times to the reform bill of 1832.

"Hans Breitmann" (Charles G. Leland) will soon publish a volume, entitled "Ardia; or, The Gospel of the Italian Witches."

There is talk of a volume of unpublished scribbles by Walt Whitman. We heartily join with the New York Tribune in hoping that we may be spared the infliction.

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke is preparing for the Macmillans a book on the Knickerbockers. It is to be one of a series, which will also include Mr. Paul L. Ford's volume on "The American Historical Novel," and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's "Southern Humorists."

Forty-eight autograph letters of Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton, and ninety letters addressed by Coleridge to Thomas Poole have lately been given to the British Museum.

Whatever may be the final verdict as to Professor Markham's now famous poem, there is no doubt that the real "Man With the Hoe" is Mr. James Gordon Bennett, as a look into the Herald's splendid press-room will show at any time. It is one of the sights of Broadway.

A high-class literary journal "devoutly hopes" that the popularity of "Mr. Dooley" will not bring about "a recrudescence of that worst of all literary afflictions, the dialect story." And yet, a decade or so ago, when that sort of rubbish-for rubbish it is mostly—was "all the go," the few protestants who expressed their honest opinion were set down as fools, or worse, and the dialectians were the greatest geniuses of their time. There are no fashions in literature. Only the genuine article survives.

The Messrs. Scribner announce that they will publish in October the late Rev. Dr. Alexander B. Bruce's "The Moral Order of the World," which was delayed for over a year by the author's illness, but was completed by him just before his death. The work is "a critical study of the topic of the moral order of the universe in its reality and essential nature, as taught by representative thinkers in India, Persia, and Greece."

The September number of the American Illustrated Methodist Magazine contains an article by the Rev. J. William Jones on "General Robert Edward Lee." The article does not deal chiefly with General Lee's military record, its theme being Lee, the Christian, the husband, the father, the man. There are portraits of the various Lees at various periods of their lives. The peculiar fitness of the author for this work is well known.

Mr. W. J. Stillman has prepared some literary recollections for issue in book form, a portion of which will be printed in the "Atlantic Monthly."

It is published that Mark Twain is living just now at Sara, Sweden. Is there anything in the matter with Mark? Most of the late Charles L. Dodgson's sketches and characteristic photographs will appear in a volume to be entitled, "The Lewis Carroll Picture Book."

Some new announcements are: "The Waters of Edera," by Ouida; "Through Fire to Fortune," by Mrs. Alexander; "The Doctor," by Mr. Stapcoole, the author of "The Rapin"; "The King's Mirror," by Anthony Hope; "The Crown of Life," by George Gissing; and "The Path of a Star," by Sara Jeanette Duncan.

The October Scribner will contain the first of two instalments of some delightful reminiscences of her stage life by the late Mrs. John Drew, with an introduction by her son, John Drew.

The new cabinet edition of Dr. Holmes's poems contains everything which has appeared in verse from his hand—even the early poems which have sometimes been left out of other editions.

The October "Lippincott" will contain a paper on "Zionism," by Israel Zangwill.

One of the most important books of the year, in its class, will be Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's "British Contemporary Artists," which the Scribners will publish this fall.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. will publish a volume of "Child Verse," by the Rev. John H. Tabb.

The book buyer says of Mr. Walter H. Page, who recently resigned from the Atlantic Monthly to connect himself with the Harper-McClure publishing house, that he has made one of the most successful editors the Atlantic has ever had in all its distinguished line. Mr. Page was born in Cary, N. C., in 1855, and received his education at Randolph-Macon College, Va., and at the Johns Hopkins University. One of his first jobs at the Harpers' is to take charge of a new American cyclopaedia now in preparation by that house.

The Scribners will publish two volumes on historic and literary Paris, by Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin and Mrs. Charlotte N. Martin, his wife. The book is the work of years, and is said to be of exceptional interest.

"A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Miss Lillian Whiting, will soon be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. R. H. Russell will publish this fall the text of Romeo and Juliet, used by Miss Maude Adams. The exits and entrances, stage-setting, and business will be shown exactly as they were in Miss Adams's production, and the volume will be filled with pictures of Miss Adams and her company.

Paul Leicester Ford's novel, "Janice Meredith," now appearing serially in the Bookman, will be published in the fall by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The same firm will also publish at the same time a volume of stories by the wife of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet. This is a pleasant surprise, and ought to act as a "discourager of hesitancy" to those contemplating matrimony.

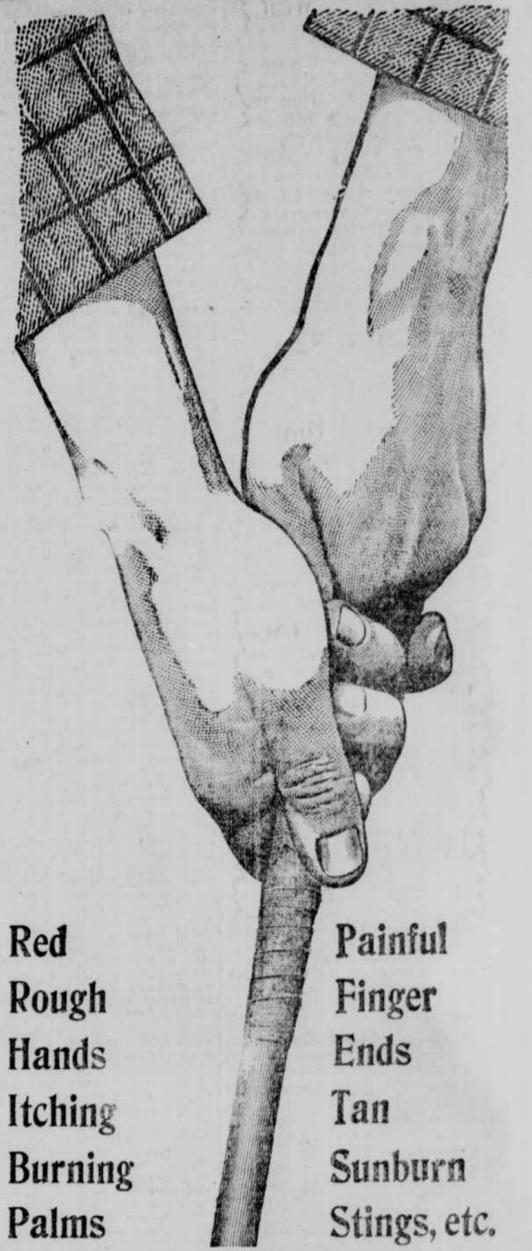
Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," wants some one to put up a million dollars to found a religious daily paper in this country—a paper which would fight the rum and tobacco interests, in which there would be no reports of prize-fights, horse races, or

even theatres. We fancy that such a paper would never become a competitor in popularity of the Rev. Mr. Sheldon's book "Crisis."

"The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais" will be published in this country by the F. A. Stokes Company. The book will contain letters from many notable personages, some of them being illustrated by their writers.

The Meyer Store Millinery Opening will be Wednesday and Thursday, September 21st and 22nd. Several novel features will be introduced.

GOLF HANDS



Red Rough Hands Itching Burning Palms Painful Finger Ends Tan Sunburn Stings, etc.

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