

DEAFNESS CURED

A Device That is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and Instantly Restores Hearing in Even The Oldest Person—Comfortable, Invisible and Perfect Fitting

190 Page Book Containing a History of the Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials From all Parts of the World —SENT FREE



The True Story of the Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums Told by Geo. H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense and yet did me no good. I tried all the special appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing. My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know I myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful. I am a cured, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can cure deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. My invention not only cures, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeons in the world recommend it, as well as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190-page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station in life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will con-

vince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention. Don't delay; write for the free book today and address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1597 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

atlas all this time, dear?" asked Mrs. Rodman.

"What atlas do you—O, the atlas I was asking about. No, I didn't find it. I just happened to think of something else and forgot all about it. I'll wait till I get down to the office in the morning."

Three Little Kingdoms.

(Continued from Page 3.)

the bullets now found are of modern make and that thrifty peasants sow them as they do grain, and gather them for the benefit of tourists.

I found Europe agitated by a remark recently made by the emperor of Germany which gave the Prussian troops credit for saving the English and winning the day, but the French are as quick to dispute this claim as the English. The comedians have taken the matter up in the British Isles and, at one London theatre, an actor dressed as an Englishman, is made to meet a German and, after an exchange of compliments, the Englishman brings down the house by saying: "I beg pardon! It may be a little late, but let me thank you for saving us at Waterloo."

It is hardly worth while for the allies to quarrel over the division of credit. There was glory enough for all—and it required the co-operation of all to overcome the genius and the strategy of Bonapart.

THE NETHERLANDS.

Between Waterloo, one of the world's most renowned battle-fields, and The Hague, which is to be the home of the Temple of Peace—what a contrast; and yet Belgium and The Netherlands lie side by side! Perhaps the contrast is chronological rather than geographical or racial, for the Dutch have had their share of fighting on their own soil, as they had their part in the victory of 1815. It seems especially appropriate that The Hague should be chosen as the permanent meeting place of the peace tribunal, for it is not only centrally located for European countries, and, being small, is not itself tempted to appeal to arms, but it has long been the home of religious liberty, and its people were pioneers in the defense of the doctrine that rulers exist for the people, not the people for the rulers.

The capital of The Netherlands—The Hague—the name is taken from the forest that adjoins is a beautiful little city and will furnish an appropriate setting for the building which Mr. Carnegie's generosity is to provide. Plans are already being prepared for this structure, and one of the officials showed me a picture representing Peace which may be reproduced upon the ceiling or walls.

In the Gallery at Moscow I saw a painting by the great Russian artist, Verchiagin. It is a pyramid of whitened skulls standing out against a dark background, and is dedicated to "The Warriors of the World." It tells the whole story of war in so solemn, impressive, and terrible a way that Von Moltke is said to have issued an order prohibiting German officers from looking at it when it was exhibited at Berlin.

The emperor of Russia, who has the distinction and the honor of having called together the conference which resulted in The Hague tribunal, might with great propriety contribute to the Temple of Peace this masterpiece of one of his countrymen, portraying so vividly the evils which arbitration is intended to remedy.

One of the members of the arbitration court told me that it was both interesting and instructive to note how the nations appearing before that court emphasized, not so much their pecuniary claims, as the honor of

their respective nations and the justice of their acts.

No one can foresee or foretell how great an influence The Hague tribunal will have upon the world's affairs, but it would seem difficult to exaggerate it. It is cultivating a public opinion which will in time coerce the nations into substituting arbitration for violence in the settlement of international disputes; and it ought to be a matter of gratification to every American that our country is taking so active a part in the forwarding of the movement.

But The Hague is not the only place of interest in The Netherlands. The land replevined from the sea by the sturdy Dutch and protected by dykes, the spot immortalized by the temporary sojourn of the Pilgrims, the familiar blue china, the huge windmills with their deliberate movements, the wooden shoes, and the numerous waterways—all these attract the attention of the tourist.

And the commercial metropolis of Holland, Amsterdam—what a quaint old city it is! Its more than 300 canals roaming their way through the city, and its hundreds of bridges, have given to it the name of "The Northern Venice," and it well deserves the appellation. The houses are built on piles, and as many of them are settling, they lean in every direction, some out toward the street, some back, and some toward the side. The houses are so dependent upon each other for their support that it is a common saying in that city that if you want to injure your neighbor, you have only to pull down your own house.

Amsterdam is the center of the diamond cutting industry of the world, more than 10,000 hands being employed in that work. As is well known, the Dutch are a rich people, and their commerce, like their mortgages, can be found everywhere.

They have a constitutional monarchy, but they have universal education and parliamentary government, and are jealous of their political rights.

Denmark, Belgium, and The Netherlands—three little kingdoms! Small in area, but brimful of people, and these people have their part in the solving of problems with which Europe is now grappling.

W. J. BRYAN.

PARAGRAPHIC PUNCHES.

Graver Cleveland thinks—but why doesn't he stop there?—Kansas City World.

Constructive congressional mileage has gone up the spout. Now what about the superstitious recesses at high noon?—Boston Herald.

Porto Rico positively asserts its desire to be either a state in the United States or an independent though very small, nation.—Pittsburg Post.

Mrs. H. A. Towne wants lawyers to think about something besides law. For example, those on the bench ought to think a little about justice.—Memphis Journal.

Jacob Riis is shoveling compliments on Roosevelt in The Outlook like a stoker. How would Riis do as a happy solution of the vice presidential problem?—Joplin Globe.

Mississippi has pronounced for Roosevelt. Of course. Didn't he go down there awhile ago and exterminate all the bears in the canebrakes?—New Haven (Conn.) Union.

After Governor Pennypacker gets located in the Pennsylvania supreme court he can "jump on" the newspapers for contempt of court without troubling that libel statute.—Sioux City Journal.

If the average reader does not get what he wants in the way of war news the fault does not lie with the

A Free Sample.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure Surely Has Merit, or This Liberal Offer Could Not Be Made.

Dr. Blosser, the great Catarrh Specialist and discoverer of the method of curing Catarrh by medicated smoke inhalation, has such confidence in the virtues of his remedy that he offers to send a three days' trial treatment absolutely free, by mail, to any person suffering from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, or any other catarrhal affection of the respiratory tract.

This remedy is sold upon its merits, and the proprietors will deal honestly and liberally with you. Write to them at once, giving a brief statement of your case, and receive by return mail a free sample and all needed advice. Address, Dr. Blosser Co., 371 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.

war correspondents near the front. The variety is as extensive as that of a Thanksgiving menu at an ambitious hotel, and quite as bewildering.—Denver News.

It is doubtful if even the kaiser would have gone as far as Secretary Loeb in demanding the dismissal of a society reporter who had displeased the major-domo of the White house.—New York Evening Sun.

The National Issue.

Mr. Bryan makes quite clear in The Commoner this week what the News suggested some days ago—that the section of the press bitterly opposed to him is guilty of misrepresentation in claiming that his purpose is to push the issue of '16 to 1 as paramount in the approaching presidential campaign. He has no such intention. But he points out that the money question in some form always is before the American people, and that the issue now is between the masses of American citizens and the gigantic moneyed interests which are determined to control the government in their own interest and which already have secured a degree of control too great for the safety of the general public.

No thinking man can survey the political and industrial fields without coming to the same conclusion. The power in the government of centralized and consolidated money interests has been growing since the civil war, and during the past eight years has increased by leaps and bounds, until the necessity of finding some way to curb it has become pressing.

The great railroad, banking and trust combinations centered in the lower end of Manhattan island now assume to dictate nominations, to defeat or elect candidates, to rule executive officers and to govern the deliberations of congress. As their power has increased their demands have become more open and more aggressive, until it is within the truth to say what laws shall be passed and how they shall be administered.

That sort of thing must not go on, and it is fortunate that a forceful and influential man like Mr. Eryan is among those who are determined that it must end.—Denver News.

A Wonderful Medicine.

If you read this paper you know about Drake's Palmetto Wine for the Stomach, Flatulency and Constipation. We continually praise it, as hundreds of our readers do. Any reader of this can have a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free, by sending a letter or postal card to Drake Formula Company, Drake Building, Chicago, Ill.

One dose a day of this tonic, laxative Palmetto medicine gives immediate relief and often cures in a few days. Drake's Palmetto Wine is a wonder worker for Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Seventy-five cents at Drug Stores for a large bottle, usual dollar size, but a trial bottle will be sent free and prepaid to every reader of this paper who writes for it.