

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 artificial 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 it 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 an 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., 1609 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Machines That Think.

In factories and offices, increasing yearly in numbers, are a thousand machines that surpass human fingers in deftness and even out-think the human brain. New ones are constantly invented.

Thus the new machine for decorating crockery puts on the china, by a single action, the border patterns and monogram centers, which formerly required a whole process of hand-work. The machine is operated by compressed air, and has a maximum capacity of decorating, in this manner, 120 dozen pieces of crockery in a single hour with the assistance of two boys.

A new speed indicator has been added to locomotive practice that not only indicates the varying speed of the engine, but automatically applies the brakes when the speed exceeds the established safety limit, thus successfully replacing the "speed feel" of engines.

To do away with guesswork in office and shop management, and to find out the real amount and value of each and every different kind of labor expended on a given piece of work, there is a machine which makes a permanent record by card printing, not only of a single period of time, but also of an indefinite number of periods. This record shows the number of hours and minutes put on the job, and also the time of day when the job was started. When the job is done the totals of labor costs are entered on the outside of the envelope containing them, together with a record of the material used. Each record is entered on the factory books for permanent reference.

The sewing of buttons on shoes and on garments is no longer done by hand in modern factories. There is a machine that sews 5,300 buttons on garments in nine hours—or more than eight expert sewers could possibly do in the same time. This machine requires no expert operator. A boy or a girl runs it.

And in one insurance office, where it was formerly necessary for a force of clerks to copy names on reference cards to be filed in various places, one clerk now writes the name on a single card with metallic ink, clamps it in a holder with a number of blank cards, and flashes an X-ray through the packet. Thus by a single motion one man writes, or rather prints, all the cards.—The World's Work.

Strange Sect Buys Village.

A cablegram to the Brooklyn Eagle from Zurich, Switzerland, says: A good deal of mystery has attached to the buying up of land at Amden, a village finely situated 1,400 feet above Weesen, on the romantic Walen-See. It seems that the purchasers are an American sect, founded by Herr Klein on a Christian communistic basis. Members joining the society give to it the whole of their property, but it is restored to them, without interest, should they desire to leave. Each carries on his usual occupation; for instance, a villa has been prepared for artists.

Prayer, it is held, is not necessary, for God sends what is best for mankind; but the madonna and saints must be worshipped. The sect believe that Christ was a man, but the only one who has yet been guided absolutely by the divine will. The whole of creation, all the spirits in the air, of whom there are millions, and the departed await a new Christ, who will establish His kingdom in Amden at Easter, 1904. He will bring peace, and the mighty will come to take counsel of Him. Switzerland has been se-

lected by this sect because of its position in the heart of Europe and of its republican form of government.

Cleveland Redivivus.

Important war news from the far east is temporarily ignored and the world stands still to listen to the story from New York and Washington that the Cleveland boom has been revived and, properly fitted with new hot air tanks, is preparing to sweep the country.

Seriously, isn't it about time to "let the old cat die," as it were—to let the Cleveland boom, which can hardly be even dead, since it never existed, pass into the dim and dusty past, together with other things which should be forgotten?

All talk of Mr. Cleveland as the nominee of the democratic party is futile in the extreme. Even the best friends of the fat man of Princeton know that. He could not possibly secure the nomination, except in the event of a political cataclysm such as has never been in evidence in this country. And if he were nominated he could not be elected. The solid south would cease to be solid in such circumstances. More than one state below Mason and Dixon's line would go republican for the first time.

These facts cannot be successfully disputed, so why prolong the agony? Why continue to talk of Mr. Cleveland's "availability" when everybody save a few of his purblind partisans knows perfectly well that he is not available from any standpoint? Why not let the skeleton remain undisturbed in the closet?

There can be but one result of a continuation of the efforts to create a sentiment favorable to Mr. Cleveland, and that is disaster in some degree to the democratic party. There is no Cleveland sentiment to speak of in the south and there will be none, no matter what comes.

So far as Houston is concerned, this was very forcibly and very significantly illustrated a night or two ago when a topical ditty in which some reference was made to the manner in which the democrats would sweep the country were Cleveland to be pitted against Roosevelt. The audience was undeniably democratic in politics, and was composed of the kind of people who would be favorably inclined toward Mr. Cleveland were anybody so inclined. Yet the song elicited scarcely a handclap, whereas only a short time before one commenting on Japanese victories in the east was vociferously applauded. And there is reason to believe that the conditions which prevail here prevail very generally elsewhere.

One of the weakest of all the fairy tales being told in Mr. Cleveland's behalf is that to the effect that "several" southern editors recently called on Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, and assured him that "Mr. Cleveland, if he would consent to the use of his name, would be nominated on the first ballot and his election would be a certainty." There was some sentiment for Judge Parker, and these "several" are said to have told Mr. Murphy, but—etc.

This story is probably based on nothing more substantial than Mr. Cleveland's own hopes of nomination and election. It is significant that, though "several" are alleged to have made the call, only one name is given. That is the name of Mr. H. H. Cabaniss, and Mr. Cabaniss, it may be said in passing, was a partner of Hoke Smith at the time the latter was in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet.

The assertion that the efforts of W. R. Hearst and his boomers are turning the democratic public toward Mr. Cleveland is equally absurd. Whatever element of strength may be developed by Hearst, there will be no effect so far as Cleveland is concerned.

There is absolutely no connection between the two.

Clevelandism is irrevocably dead. Mr. Cleveland will not figure in the present campaign and those democrats who are trying to make it appear that he will are accomplishing nothing more than injury to the party.—Houston Post.

A Long Time Strike.

Instead of camping around and picketing the works to keep outsiders from taking their jobs, the striking miners at Thurber, Tex., have simply abandoned the place and reduced a thriving town to solitude. Employers have sometimes threatened to paralyze a strike center in this way, but such a proceeding is uncommon on the part of workers. It brings us back to the original idea of a strike, according to which men dissatisfied with their wages were simply to quit and leave the employer to learn the justice of their complaints by his inability to find anybody to do their work on his terms. The fact that the Thurber miners are definitely giving up their jobs and moving away instead of trying to hold their ground by force and boycotts is pretty good evidence that they really have solid reason for discontent, and if the mine owners are unable to find men to take their places that probability will become a certainty.—New York World.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in the stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but 25 cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."