

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN IRELAND.

Seumas MacManus, whose contributions to the American press and magazines have attracted so much attention recently, thus interestingly discusses the subject of education in Ireland.

He says:—The tribute of reverence and respect which even the totally unlettered among us yield to education gives the schoolmaster a rank next to the priest in importance. Everyone does him homage, everyone envies him his vast knowledge and great mind and lofty position, and everyone is pleased and proud of the honor of his friendship—for in his noble generosity he is on terms of intimate friendship with every man, woman and child in all his wide bailiwick.

For Dennis, for Barney, for Nelly and Maura, whom he meets upon the road at home, or meets from home, at fair or market, he has a warm handshake and a kindly enquiry after child or parent. He asks interestedly, too, what Shan is going to do with all the meadow he has in the Black Bottom this year; how the spuds are doing in Charlie's lea field; whether wee Monica's toothache is any better; and sends word to old Nanny Gallagher that if she tried three spoonfuls of buttermilk and baking soda three times a day it would be a big ease to the heartburn that's troubling her since Christmas last.

And when a great man concerns himself so with the hopes and troubles of a common people 'tis small wonder he should be made an idol.

But his kindness does not stop at this. He is scribe for all the countryside dwellers, writes their letters and draws up their wills and their agreements, arbitrates in their disputes and advises them in their perplexities. He cheers the sick by the honor of his visit, and by lending the lustre of his presence and the dazzle of his discourse at wedding, wake and spree, he does many another humble friend proud.

When the American letter comes to those who are hungry for it at home, though in turn every old croi-niagh in the neighborhood has attacked it with the scratched glasses and wrestled the full meaning from the inartistic sprawls of poor Jimmy, who scorns the finicky subtleties of punctuation, the missive must finally be brought to the master, who, it is universally conceded, can take more out of a letter than all the wiseheads in the parish put together. Moreover, he can tell exactly how far back in the country Jimmy is, whether he is in the neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara or the Rocky Mountains, and, in terms of the distance "between here and Dublin," can say how far, approximately, Jimmy now is from Neil Mughan's eldest son John.

When, again, Jimmy has got to be replied to, who so fit—even who so willing—to write the letter as the master? Who knows better than he just how to put down in proper language the statement of Jimmy's mother? Who knows so well not only what to let Jimmy know, but likewise what not to let him know for in our letters to those who are struggling for us in America, repression and suppression call for more and defter art than expression. Jimmy must be shown a fairly accurate picture of how his poor father and mother are faring—he must get a hint of the sore circumstances that are pressing, and of the clouds that are looming—he must get a hint of these or he would reproach them sorely again; but the poor boy must not be given to know their misfortune in its nakedness—poor Jimmy, God help him, in his own struggle all alone among the "black," i.e., utter strangers, and it would ill become his father and mother to damp his courage, and to make his heart grieve more than already it does. So, despite all, the ring of the letter must be cheery, and the coloring of it optimistic. A sunny outlook must illumine it, and the good God's forgetfulness of those who implicitly trust in Him must be emphasized. And right well can the master be trusted to do all that, for when, with a pardonable touch of oratorical conceit, and a pardonable little vanity of diction, he reads aloud the completed epistle, the eyes of Jimmy's mother run over, and often she has to go away without thanking him in words.

At the wake, and at the ceitidh, and in the chapel yard before mass all disputed questions, political, historical, astronomical or sociological, are finally referred to him—not, however, till all parties to the dispute have exhausted their argumentative eloquence on the one side and on the other. He gravely listens to the summary made out by both; he reviews it with a lofty absence of partiality that raises him far above the mortals who look and listen and wait; and he gives his decision with a judicial calm and an assured preciseness that places the matter beyond question or cavil in that parish for evermore.

The master would not be human if he denied himself vanity. So he has vanity—but vanity of such an innocent and pardonable kind that its chief effect is to mellow his nature and make him more kindly and more loving towards humanity at large, and more loved and more revered by his circle of worshippers.

And, as with us, 'tis in his own country, a prophet gets more honor beyond the bounds of his own parish. The master's fame is eclipsed by that of him who wields the rule, and whose word is law in the next parish. Consequently, when the men of different parishes meet at a wake, not infrequently do they wage a

wordy war in assertion of the claims of their respective masters to signal pre-eminence among his fellows.

But, after all, it is in his own little castle that he is truly and undisputedly king—in his own little low thatched school house: a house fitter in size for 20 pupils than for the hundred which often crowd it. A motley hundred of all sizes, from the babbling infant sent to school to keep it out of the way, to the moustached young man who has come in the idle days of winter to brush up his much neglected literary requirements before sailing for the States—where he is ambitious of being able to write his own letter home. They are of both sexes and of all descriptions, wear every variety of dress, and are alike in one thing only—the amount of noise they make. For into the little house each carries the pitch of voice he uses on the hills. Everyone shouts for himself and tries to outshout his neighbor. The most extraordinary thing is that the master can know what every one of his hundred pupils is saying—what lesson this one is committing to memory (for each treats his memory as if it were hard of hearing), what request that one is hurling at him, what nicknames the next two are swapping, and what problem a fifth is confusing.

His young Confucians, as he styles them, collect at 10 o'clock, each with a piece of turf, his tribute to the school fire, under his arm. Some of them, indeed, are at the school house and have successfully brought off a few pugilistic encounters, before teacher himself arrives at 9.30, but these are they who live four or six miles off, and get up before the screech of day and had their breakfast by the light of the fire. Others do not arrive till just before roll-call at 11 o'clock; these are pupils, of course, who live within call of the school house and can easily afford to take their leisure in the morning. Most of them are barefooted, unless there is much snow on the ground, but when the weather is good few burden their feet with unnecessary covering.

The first duty of the day is the punishment of the schemers who remained from school yesterday, and, for instance, built up Owen a-Dunnon's, filling every door and window of the cottage with snow, and then added insult to injury by getting on the roof top and satirizing Owen down the chimney. A moral discourse from the master, italicized by two heavy slaps of a rattan cane on each hand of each criminal disposes of this.

Then six classes are formed. The master takes charge of one and leaves the others under guidance of forward pupils from the higher ranks. Half the classes sit and half of them stand; and at the end of each half hour they exchange positions. The school work goes on, uninterrupted by play, till 3 o'clock. But, though there is no officially recognized play hour, the young rascals indulge in many lessons not specially provided for in the school time-table. That bunch of huddling heads which the master, good man, believes to be racking and wrestling with the intricacies of fractions only indicate an eager audience to a fascinating Fenian tale, and that other group that he thinks are gathering grammatical crumbs at the feet of Pheily Owen McGragh, are harkening in awed astonishment to Pheily's recital of how the big eel of Loch Peiste chased his father for five miles over the hills. Pheily's father, indeed, had at first faced it with the scythe and cut it quite through, but since it united again as fast as he cut it, he finally ran for self-preservation rather than cowardice; and other schemers are engaged in the bloodless, but exciting, war of fox-and-geese, in crossy-crowny, in playing pins, or in the gambles of mummy-daddy-child-or-babby.

In the old hedge school days, which ended half a century ago (and, indeed, in still later times), the master followed the individual system of teaching; that is, whilst the other pupils sat around the walls assailing their "tasks," the master called each in turn to the rostrum, examined his lessons and appointed new "tasks" to be absorbed before the morrow, sent him to his place. He began with No. 1 at 10 o'clock and finished with the last pupil at 3. Then he went home with one of his students—for he was entertained a week by each. "Where do you stop?" a stranger asked one of these peregrinating masters. "Sir," he replied, "I have as many stops as a Universal" (a "Universal Spelling Book").

In those days spelling (which was taught according to the syllabic method) was the test of the scholar—and he was classified according to the statute measure of the words he could tackle and successfully negotiate.

It is something more than 60 years since our beneficent rulers vouchsafed us a system of public school education, called national because our language, our literature and our history were strictly barred from its curriculum. But, thank God, in a few years more our Gaelic will, after strenuous efforts, get its place in our schools. Every one of the rising generation is being educated—by a fine staff of able and underpaid teachers. Our enforced ignorance with which our rulers used chivalrously to treat us, is disappearing—has disappeared; and the children of Ireland will soon get the place they deserve among enlightened people.

Half a century ago the teacher's salary was \$90 a year, and two cents or three cents a week in school fees from each pupil. To-day about \$275 is the average yearly salary, and in addition (1) 50 cents for each separ-

ate subject in which each pupil answers satisfactorily at the annual examination; and (2) a fee from the treasury (in lieu of recently abolished school fees) of \$2 for each child in yearly average attendance. The total average salary of a teacher in a school of 60 pupils amounts to about \$400. Each school is in charge of a patron and manager (almost always a clergyman) and the teacher is appointed and may be removed by him.

A YOUNG MAN'S COMPANIONS.

A few days ago the doors of a prison opened to admit a man whom I had known intimately for eighteen years. He had been tried and trusted, and was looked upon as proof against any temptation that could assail him; but he had fallen. His story was told in one sentence by his attorney, as he begged for leniency; the man had made evil acquaintances and these had dragged him down to their own level and to his ruin.

The business man who writes to young men out of his own experience feels as if it were unnecessary, and a mere waste of time, to say a word to them about the influence upon their lives of the company they choose—just as he would consider it superfluous to write an essay to prove that two and two make four. Yet every business man, in his dealings with his own clerks, is largely influenced in his opinion of their characters by his knowledge of the men they associate with out of business hours.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that employers are indifferent to what a clerk is or does out of work hours. This state of affairs might be true in very large offices; but these are few as compared with the legions of smaller concerns that cover the business world. One of the brightest men of my acquaintance, one fast working to the head of a large concern, a place that meant a good salary and honors in the community, was brought face to face with this question when those in authority over him demanded his resignation, because they thought a man who was filling his position should not turn Sunday into a day of carousal. A man was found with very little trouble to take his place, but the discharged man was out of work for a year or two, and then accepted a situation at one-half his former salary.

An officer in an institution who was a marvel of rapidity and accuracy, who never left his desk with any task lying there undone, fancied he had the right to make such acquaintances out of business hours as he pleased; but he lost his position through his unwarranted assumption and his future is probably ruined.

When a merchant sees his employe nod in a friendly way to a man who is known to be a gambler, he does not feel so easy in his mind thenceforward. He wonders where the acquaintanceship was made, and how far it has gone. When he knows that a good friend of his clerk is one who is regular in his visits to the saloon, he fears that his young man is starting on the same course. When the boon companions of his clerk are a crowd of loud fellows who shift from one job to another at frequent intervals, he begins to look for some one else to take that clerk's place.

Those were good old days when the apprentice was taken into the house of his employer and made one of the family, but they are no longer possible. The employer can know the character of his clerk out of business hours only by observing what his pleasures and who his companions are.

The impression seems to be quite general that every young man who goes as a stranger to a larger place finds it much easier to make acquaintances among the bad and undesirable than among the better class. I think this is true only when the young man's tastes and desires lead him to seek naturally the company of the tainted.

If there are fifty saloons on his homeward route at evening, no one stands at the doors of these to compel him to enter; if he goes in it is because he desires to do so. If the lights and music tempt him it is because he has thought of these, and the life they represent, until they appear attractive to him.

FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

The following preamble and aims of a federation of Catholic societies of Pittsburgh, has been sanctioned by His Lordship, Bishop Phelan, and adopted by 100 societies in that city and district:—

In this age of organization, in which the axiom, "In union there is strength," is exemplified in every walk and sphere of life by men of all classes and creeds banding together for the purpose of more speedily attaining a common end, it behooves us as Catholics and as citizens to cultivate more extensively a fraternal feeling among our co-religionists, so as to be in a better position to learn and alleviate our common wants, and to establish a Federation of all Catholic societies with a view of securing concerted action in all matters affecting our constitutional rights and privileges. The objects of this Federation are to create and foster a fraternal feeling among Catholics of the various nationalities represented in this commonwealth; to encourage each other in the exercise of those Christian virtues illustrated in the parable of the "Good Samaritan," to impress upon the Catholic laity the necessity of appreciating the many privileges conferred upon them by American citizenship, and to prevail upon them to exercise in a faithful and judicious manner, the duties devolving upon them as such, thereby maintaining the high standard of patriotism attained by our illustrious forefathers. In furthering these objects the Federation shall not in any manner in-

terfere with the government or disturb the autonomy of any organization or society, affiliated with it; neither shall they be liable for any debt contracted by the Federation.

Some of the other features of the "Federation" in brief are: Any Catholic society may become affiliated and entitled to two delegates to attend monthly meetings. An Executive Council composed principally of the officers, including vice-presidents, will meet more frequently than the regular body if business of importance demands it.

Section six stipulates that it shall be the duty of the Executive Council to supervise the affairs of the Federation when not in session, attend to all business that may arise, and examine all bills before same are approved by the organization. They shall act upon all applications for membership received by the secretary, and, if same proves satisfactory, recommend their admission to representation. It shall be their duty to revise all official statements of the Federation prepared for publication; and to keep watch on all public movements that may in any manner affect or interest the Federation, study the cause and probable effect of such movements, and the chances of their ultimate adoption, and take whatever action they deem necessary for the welfare of the Federation.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF ROME.

This Holy Year seems to have called forth a vast number of descriptions of Rome, or of special features of the Eternal City. So numerous, so varied, so ably written have been the published accounts of that great centre of Christendom, that it would appear impossible to add anything new or fresh to the multitude of books, pamphlets, letters, and articles already at the disposal of the great reading world. Still, the Roman correspondent of an American Catholic contemporary, known to the journalistic as "Vox Urbis," has drawn a graphic picture of a scene which has just occurred in connection with the pilgrimages of the Holy Year, which—had we space—would be well worth reproduction. It is certainly outside and beyond the ordinary, and forms a brilliant page in the record of this memorable year. The following extracts, however, will certainly be most interesting and instructive reading for many of our friends. It is thus "Vox Urbis" writes:—

"It was the merest accident that took me over to the Prati di Castello this morning, for the Roman newspapers—not even the Osservatore or the Voce—had not hinted that anything unusual would be in progress. Some friends from New York wished to see the American chapel in St. Joachim's, and begged me to take them to it. They are early birds these days, because they aim at doing all Rome in a few days, so the morning freshness was in the air, and the streets were comparatively quiet as we bowled down the Via Condotti, across the Piazza Borghese, over the wooden bridge, once so popular with Roman suicides, but destined shortly to disappear when the stone structure by its side is finished, and then we were in the Prati—the brand new Prati of the broad streets, starving inhabitants and gin-crack mansions, some of which we observed are being pulled down while others have never been fully built up. As a rule the barren spaces about St. Joachim's are very still and melancholy at such an early hour; a stray soldier may be seen wending his way to or from one of the colossal barracks in the rear; a cart drawn by a tired looking pony rumbles by and you hear the driver every now and then cry out his "Acqua Acetosa" in a cadence which must be some thousands of years old, while an urchin seated among the pile of bottles of natural mineral water on the cart catches up the strain in a piercing "Friesc, friesc"; then there are the few worshippers on their way to mass; the venerable and dignified looking blind beggar at the door of the temple, the "Messaggero" man on his rounds to the Piazza dell'Indipendenza or to the barracks. Such were the sights that used to present themselves to my morning gaze when my tent was pitched in the desert of the Prati.

"My friends were, then, fully prepared for the picture of desolation which would meet their gaze when we had turned the corner of the Via Ezio. Instead, however, to their amazement and my own what we saw was a mighty concourse of people pouring towards the splendid temple. And such costumes! Hundreds of the men and women were arrayed in vari-colored stuffs of quaint cut, and seemed mysteriously familiar to me until I remembered that I had seen them all in the pages of Sienkiewicz. They were the Polish pilgrims, at present in Rome to the number of some thousands. But what were they doing at St. Joachim's? We went in and there another strange spectacle awaited us. St. Joachim's was densely packed from sanctuary to doors with the children of Poland. Here wedged in among the throng was a group of girls with red kerchiefs on their heads and bright-hued dresses; over there a band of sturdy men in long, loose white coats; by a pillar knelt a woman bent double so that her face touched the marble pavement; priests in the sacred vestment made their way with difficulty through the press to one or other of the side altars; and the most intense silence prevailed, broken only by the bell announcing the consecration at one of the masses in progress. Shortly after we entered the priest at the high altar began to distribute the Holy Communion. It seemed as if it would never end—nor indeed did it until the two great ciboriums in the tabernacle were emptied, and then many hundreds were obliged to wait until the next mass. Evidently it was the general

They shall have the right to pay any expense incurred thereby out of an Emergency Fund to be created by the Federation. They shall submit a quarterly report of their proceedings and attend to such other duties as may be required of them by the organization. Six (6) members shall constitute a quorum of the Executive Council for the transaction of business. Should they at any time deem it advisable to issue an appeal for concerted action to the component societies, they shall call a special meeting of the Federation to consider the wisdom of such a move; if their action be concurred in by a three-fourths vote of the delegates present, the appeal shall be made. "Its political bearing is as follows: "Political party measures not directly affecting our constitutional rights and liberties shall not be discussed in the meetings, neither shall this Federation endorse any candidate for public office."

In his inaugural address, President Immekus stated succinctly and clearly the duties and efforts necessary to make the Federation a success. He spoke of its benefits and expressed the hope that its ramifications would soon extend over the whole of the United States; and advanced the opinion that if each one would do his part there could be no question as to the successful outcome.

communion of the Polish pilgrimages. But why had they chosen St. Joachim's to make it? "It was useless to ask information of the rector, Father Falliola, for he was at the door of the church in his cotta awaiting the arrival of some cardinal or bishop. As luck would have it, our little party happened to meet with an English-speaking chaplain of St. Joachim's, who explained to us that in a few minutes the Bishop of Cracow would arrive to bless the Polish chapel, which has just been beautifully decorated with frescoes and a beautiful marble altar. We had barely time to admire the little gem of a chapel—the first in the series of national chapels in St. Joachim's to be completed—when the Bishop made his appearance. The function was very brief, but very touching; it was followed by a Polish hymn in which thousands that filled the church joined with the utmost fervor, and by a sermon which must have been eloquent if we might judge from the rapt attention of the congregation.

"Out in the sunshine again we beheld the long streams of pilgrims on their way to St. Peter's, after running the gantlet of some dozens of Jewish vendors of objects of devotion. For these same Jews the Holy Year may not be a year of jubilee; but it is certainly a year of jubilation, for they have thus far most successfully monopolized the itinerant trade in crucifixes, rosaries, medals and the like. But to finish with the Poles. I was about to say that they impressed me more than any other feature of the Holy Year—I fortunately remember that I have already said this about other features, such as the Romans at the tomb of St. Peter, the Moravians singing their hymns at St. Mary Major's, the Calabrians at St. Paul's. One must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it now by saying that the farther we get in the Holy Year the more marvelous and inspiring grows the display of faith and devotion which it has called forth.

"And the Holy Father? Well, you should just see him when he enters St. Peter's—as he does now two or three or four times regularly every week—with a smile on his face as he rises in the Sedia Gestatoria to bless the cheering multitudes of his faithful children from all parts of the earth. Some people do not like the cheering in St. Peter's. A very excellent family, who were in Rome last week, thought that such popular expression of rejoicing is altogether out of place in a church, and told your correspondent so without putting a tooth in it. They are very good Catholics and exceedingly proper. In fact, they hail from Boston. Well, a couple of days after their severe judgment on the impropriety of applause in church I saw them in St. Peter's chatting gaily with some friends from the Hub, and it never seemed to dawn on them that there was the slightest inconsistency in their behavior.

"If the pilgrims cheer on such occasions it is surely no wonder. They have come hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles to see the Father of Christendom. They are in the very heart of the Catholic world, in the greatest temple raised by the hands of men to the glory of God, on whose adornment neither time nor thought nor treasure nor sacrifice has been spared; they are standing on soil red with the blood of countless martyrs of the persecuted Church of the early centuries, close to the tomb of the first Pope, who died upon a cross with only a handful of Catholics to mourn him. Then they see the living Peter enter after nineteen centuries—an old man of ninety with the whole weight of God's great Church upon his shoulders, a prisoner in his palace, yet ruling the world with the sceptre of mercy, surrounded with all the majesty of Catholic ceremonial, and yet the father of the humblest among them; they behold him borne towards the Tomb where the Twelve are sleeping circle-wise around him who has made the Rock; they get a glimpse of his frail form half hidden behind the Basilical altar, so that his feet seem to be standing on the firm heart of Peter, while the Dome which Michelangelo designed to symbolize all heaven and its choirs forms a canopy about his head. So they cheer till the echoes ring again, and we who have in Rome and have witnessed the same sight hundreds of times will know

that we are growing old and cold when the "Evviva" does not rise lips on such an occasion. Anyway, avians who kneel like marble statues joined before their breasts and their eyes straining towards the Bernadette, and the Bohemians, in their morning in St. Joachim's might have seen the Moravians, Americans invariably let loose their pent up enthusiasm when they see Leo XIII. enter St. Peter's."

WORLDLY MINDED CATHOLICS.

Worldly minded Catholics. Why have so many of our Catholic people become so thoroughly worldly? They have been baptized Catholics, have had the good example of pious parents, and even the advantage of attending Catholic schools. Do you seek an answer? Ask that young man over-eager for worldly fame, riches and high position. Ask that dreamy, thoughtless novel reader, who can find no time to pray or perform religious duties. Ask that father whose simple piety and tender devotion of former years are buried under the success which the work of years have brought him. Ask that mother wholly absorbed in new costumes for herself or daughters, or in forming ambitious projects for her sons, permitting her children to attend godless schools, and feeling no grief that some of her children have married outside the Church, and that others have grown up most ignorant of their religion. And if they all speak the truth they will answer that the spirit of the age has led them away from the practice of their religion and led them to think slightly of the high principles it inculcates. The chilling atmosphere of worldliness and mundane ambition have wilted the beautiful flowers of faith and pious conduct which the bracing atmosphere of staunch Catholicity would have caused to bloom into fruits of virtue for eternal life.—The Vatican.

IRISH CATHOLICS IN THE EAST.

"The Freeman," of St. John, N.B., the most recent acquisition to the ranks of Catholic journalism in Canada, in discussing some signs of intolerance manifested by leaders in the civic administration in that city, towards Irish Catholics, makes the following pointed and spirited remarks:— If this disposition quietly and nonchalantly to ignore the claims and feelings of Catholic citizens shape the public mind so strongly, it is in part due to ourselves. We have been lacking in self-respect. We have been wanting in business acumen. We have been slaves to an idea. The Celtic mind, by a beautiful provision of nature, sees only the ideal side of things at first sight, and, if the ideal pleases it, embraces it, puts it on a pedestal, and, bowing down, adores it. The useful side, does not weigh with the Celt. The Englishman or the Scotchman is not bothered with any overflowing rush of beautiful emotions. He bows down and worships only that which can prove of service to him. He weighs the whys and wherefores, and he must be convinced of his own profit before he accepts unreservedly what is offered. And if, as his experience develops, he finds that he has been duped or disappointed, he coolly lays aside sentiment and tries for a better bargain. It is because our Catholic people have given themselves so unreservedly and with such unflinching loyalty of service to the support of certain political ideas, that politicians, trusting to our native obstinacy of opinion, can defiantly ignore our claims to a share of public patronage. The very men whom we elect, and who without our support would be ciphers in the arithmetic of politics, can afford to ignore us because of this stone-blind faith of ours. We must wake up. We must renew our self-respect. We must put our own interests first, and henceforth seek our political and municipal bargains from a business, not an idealistic, standpoint.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

"When the little family circle is broken and we sit sadly looking upon the vacant chair, we think of the things that we might have done to keep the loved one with us. Why not think of these things now before it is too late? Is it a kind, loving and hard-working mother who is giving all her strength and efforts for the family well-being and happiness? Is it a delicate fragile sister; or a weak and ailing wife? Try to give her the tender care she needs. Do not let her fade away for want of earnest effort to preserve and restore her. An Ohio lady, Mrs. Shonshire, living in Dr. R. V. Shelby Co., in a thoughtful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "My mother had a certain tumor which we thought would result in her death, but we commenced using your 'Favorite Prescription,' and before she had taken three bottles she began to improve, she is living to-day and we have given your medicine the credit." My mother was sixty-six years old when the tumor commenced to grow; she is seventy-six now and the tumor is all gone. She had gotten awful large, and her limbs began to swell before she began to use your medicine, and she is so much better that I am hardly ever out of it in my house. This is but one of many thousands of instances in which this matchless 'Prescription' has restored such complete health and purification to the distinctly feminine organism as to dispel every possible trace of abnormal or dangerous conditions without resort to surgery or similar obnoxious methods. For every form of female weakness and disease it is the supreme specific designed for this one purpose and no other by an educated skillful physician of extraordinary experience in this particular field of practice. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. At all medicine stores.