

The Carolina Watchman.

OL XIX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1888.

NO. 31.

CRAIG & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law
SALISBURY, N. C.
April, 1881

B. COUNCILL, M. D.,
Salisbury, N. C.

Offers his professional services to the
people of this and surrounding communities.
All calls promptly attended, day
or night.
May be found at my Office, or the Drug
store of Dr. J. H. Banters. Respectfully,
J. B. COUNCILL, M. D.
Office in the Heilig Building, 2nd
Floor, front room. 18:30m.

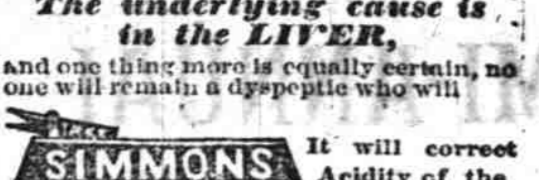
NEW FIRM.

The undersigned have entered into a
partnership for the purpose of conducting
the GROCERY and PRODUCE
COMMISSION business, to date from
March 25, 1887. Consultations especially
solicited.

MENELY & TYSON.
The undersigned takes this opportunity
to return thanks to his numerous friends
for their patronage, and asks the con-
tinuance of the same to the NEW FIRM,
which will always be on hand to serve the
needs of the NEW FIRM.
J. D. MCNEELY.

DYSPEPSIA.

It is that misery experienced when we sud-
denly become aware that we possess a
disturbed stomach. The stomach is the
reservoir from which every food and
nutrient must be nourished, and any
trouble with it is a source of trouble
throughout the whole system. Among a
dozen symptoms, the most prominent are
indigestion, flatulence, belching, and
heartburn. Headaches, dizziness, and
general debility are also common. Some
cases are so severe that the patient is
unable to eat or drink. Others are
mild, but still annoying. Whatever form
Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,
it is a disease that must be cured.
The underlying cause is
in the LIVER,
and one thing more is equally certain,
no one will remain a dyspeptic who will
use



SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.
It will correct
All kinds of
Stomach
Dyspepsia,
Flatulence,
Belching,
Heartburn,
and, at the same
time,
Starts the Liver to working,
when all other troubles
soon disappear.

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some
three years ago she was induced to try
Simmons' Liver Regulator. I had, grateful for the relief it
gives her, and glad to see her eat and
enjoy life again, bought a few more and
gave her one. She was cured. Her
confidence in the medicine was so great
that she bought a dozen more and
gave them to her friends. They were
all cured. See that you get the Genuine,
with red Z on front of wrapper.
Prepared and Sold by
J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lines to a Dew Drop.

BY BARRY GROVE.

Gem of the dawning, pearl of the night,
Beautiful dew drop, sparkling and bright,
Your visits to blossom, to bud and to
flower,
Like the sands in the glass, tell but of an
hour.

And why are your visits so hurried, so
brief,
Leaving the buds and the flowers in grief?
I'm sure you'd be welcomed with them
to remain,
Till their delicate petals are sprinkled
with rain.

Pray have you forgotten the budget of
bliss?
The fragrance of flowers, the honey-bee's
kiss,
The bee, who is constant, to meet you at
noon,
Among the lilies and daisies, the clover
and corn?

Jem of the morning, pearl of the night,
Fear you not Sol with his dazzling light,
Bide a wee, bide, it will cost but a sip,
For the gay little humming-bird's trou-
bling lip.

And the butterfly too, with the gold on
its wings,
May call for a drink at your wee little
spring,
And before we enjoy the wood-robin's
note,
The sweet little warbler would moisten
his throat.

When the lasses will gang, to the gather-
ing of flowers,
From the hedges of roses, and jessamine
bowers;
The least of a lasses, a scene to behold,
With their ringlets of raven, of autumn
and gold.

Oh, what is more beautiful, what is more
bright,
And where could the eye find a purer de-
light,
Than gazing on lasses, in white or in blue,
All gathering roses, bespangled with dew.

Then stay, little dew drop, and revel in
bliss,
Hide among roses, and feast upon kisses;
From the lips of the lasses, which rival
the honey.

They are worth by the smack quite a
million of money.
BLEEK HOUSE, Vance Co., N. C.

The President on Private Pension Bills.

—A Veto that should be Read.
Washington Letter, 6th, to Balt. Sun.

President Cleveland, in a message to
Congress to-day vetoing a pension bill
in favor of Mary Ann Dougherty, gives
a general exposition of his views on
pension legislation. Mrs. Dougherty
claimed that in 1833 her husband en-
listed in the Thirty-fourth New Jersey
Volunteers, and she obtained employ-
ment in the United States arsenal here
that while making cartridges she was
injured by an explosion; that she had
a young son killed by machinery in the
navy yard, and that at the grand review
of the army after the war another son,
six years old, was stolen by an officer,
and has not been seen since. She fur-
ther states that her husband left her in
1865 because, she believes, of her infir-
mities. The President, in his veto
message, says that she received a pen-
sion as the widow of Daniel Dougherty
until it was discovered he was alive
when her name was dropped from the
rolls. Also that her petition was in-
dorsed by the admiral and several other
officers of the navy and a distinguished
clergyman of Washington, certifying
that they knew Mrs. Dougherty and
believed the facts stated to be true.

Her present claim rests upon her own
injuries, received while not employed
in the military service. Her husband
is now living in Philadelphia and enjoy-
ing a pension in his own right for dis-
ability. The President says: "It is
alleged in the pension bureau that in
1878 she succeeded in securing a pen-
sion as the widow of Daniel Dougherty
through fraudulent testimony and much
false swearing on her part. The police
records of the precinct in which she
had lived for years show that she is a
woman of very bad character, and that
she has been under arrest nine times
for drunkenness, larceny, creating dis-
turbance and misdemeanors of that
sort. There is much to fear that this
case will find its parallel in many that
have reached a successful conclusion."

The President then enters upon a
consideration of pension legislation
generally, and says: "I cannot spell
out any principle upon which the bounty
of the government is bestowed
through the instrumentality of the food
of private pension bills that reach me.
The theory seems to have been adopted
that no man who served in the army
can be the subject of ill or impaired
health except they are chargeable to his
service. Medical theories are set at
naught, and the most startling fiction
is claimed between alleged incidents of
military service and disability or death.
Fatal apoplexy is admitted as the
result of quiescent wounds, heart
disease attributed to chronic diarrhea,
consumption to hernia, and suicide is
traced to army service in a wonderful
by devians and curious way."

"Adjustments of the pension
bureau are overruled in the most pene-
trating fashion by these special acts of
Congress, since nearly all the benefi-
ciaries named in these bills have un-
successfully applied to that bureau for
relief. This course of special legisla-
tion operates very unfairly. Those
with certain influences or friends to
push their claims procure pensions, and
those who have neither friends nor in-
fluence must be content with their fare
in the general laws. It operates un-

fairly by increasing in numerous instan-
ces the passions of those already on
the roll, while many other more de-
serving cases, from lack of fortunate
advocacy, are obliged to be content
with the sum provided by general laws.
The apprehension may well be enter-
tained that the freedom with which
these private pension bills are passed
furnishes an inducement to fraud and
opposition, while it certainly teaches
the vicious lesson to our people that
the treasury of the national govern-
ment invites the approach of a private
need.

"None of us should be in the least
wanting in regard for the veteran sol-
dier, and I will yield to no man in
desire to see those who defended the
government when it needed a defender
liberally treated. Unfairness to our
veterans is a charge easily and some-
times dishonestly made. I insist that
no true soldier is a good citizen, and
that he will be satisfied with generous,
full and equal consideration for those
who are worthy entitled to help. I
have considered the pensions list of the
Republic a roll of honor, bearing names
inscribed by national gratitude, and
not of improvident and indiscriminate
granting.

"I have conceived the prevention of
the complete discredit which must en-
sue from the unreasonable, unfair and
reckless granting of pensions by special
acts to be the best service I can
render our veterans. In the discharge
of what has seemed to me my duty, as
related to legislation and in the inter-
est of all the veterans of the Union ar-
my, I have attempted to stem the tide
of improvident pension enactments,
though I confess to a full share of re-
sponsibility for some of these laws that
should not have been passed.

"I am far from denying that there
are cases of merit which cannot be
reached except by special enactment,
but I do not believe there is a member
of either house of Congress who will
not admit that this kind of legislation
has been carried too far.

"I have now before me more than
one hundred special pension bills
which can hardly be examined within
the time allowed for that purpose. My
aim has been, at all times, in dealing
with bills of this character, to give the
applicant for a pension the benefit of
any doubt that might arise, and which
balanced the propriety of granting a
pension, if there seemed any just foun-
dation for the application; but when it
seemed outside of every rule, in its na-
ture of the proof supporting it, I have
supposed I only did my duty in inter-
posing an objection.

"It seems to me that it would be
well if our general pension laws should
be revised with a view of inserting
every meritorious case that can arise.
Our experience and knowledge of any
existing deficiencies ought to make the
enactment of a complete pension code
possible.

"In the absence of such a revision
and if pensions are to be granted upon
equitable grounds and without regard
to general laws, the present method
would be greatly improved by the es-
tablishment of some tribunal to exam-
ine the facts in every case and deter-
mine upon the merits of the applica-
tion."

A Tale for Workingmen.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A sad, pale, pinched face that had
once been pretty, a form of skin and
bone only, a young woman premature-
ly aged, seated on the roadside near
the downs, at her waisted breast a
tender babe frantically attempting to
appease his hunger, and by her side a
grave looking, ragged little boy, a year
or two older than the infant. Her
husband, a shivering, up creature—
more clothes than man—had gone in
search of water with an empty potted
meat tin picked up from the roadside;
and here is the story—simple and sad
enough—that I got from the lips of
both. They had been on the "road"
for the last three or four months. The
man was an iron striker of Manchester,
had worked at making iron frames for
carpet looms. The Belgians came into
the market; iron loom frames were
sent here, tariff paid and packed, much
cheaper than the Manchester firms
could make them. In vain had the
unfortunate mechanic trumped the
iron districts of the Midlands. Go
where he would there was no work for
him. He, his wife and two little ones
trudged the dreary road during the day
and sought shelter in a casual ward at
night, dry bread and water, and a
pound of oatmeal to pick for the same.
While the mother would eat bread and
milk graciously awarded her in return
for her oakum, to be picked with her
babe at her breast! The man in object
in coming to the race was to endeavor
to gain a few pence by holding horses,
betting the show people, erect their
booths or by doing any old job possi-
ble to find.

Levi P. Morton, the banker has not
much to recommend him to North
Carolinians. He is head of the firm
of a banking house, has an interest in
the suit against the State for the pay-
ment of the bogus special tax bond.
If the Republicans carry the State, is
there not a likelihood of these bonds
being paid. It is a matter that should
make us careful. We must work hard
to prevent it. Fayetteville Observer.

The Issue Made.

The platform of the Democratic and
Republican parties are now before the
people that they may pass their judg-
ment upon them. The Democratic plat-
form is clean cut, intelligible to the
people, and comes out squarely for tar-
iff revision and reduction of the re-
venue, a measure for the relief of the
people. The Republican platform on
the contrary, is out and out for pro-
tection, for a continuance of the oner-
ous and oppressive war taxes, they still
desire to grind the farmer and the
laboring man, that it may make the rich
richer—it is the work of the monopolist.

The platform in other particulars is a
sort of "walk into my parlor" affair
worded for votes, but in opposition to their
acts, a sweet morsel offered that will be
a-biter to him who accepts it. To make
the platform of the Democratic party
obvious they charge it with being a Free
Trade measure, a charge that has no
foundation in fact. Let those who
think so read the Mill's Bill or the de-
bates upon it, and compare it with the
bill by Clay in 1842, or the Morrill bill
in 1861; both of these men were protec-
tionists of the highest order; and they
will find that the Clay tariff was about
33 per cent and the Morrill 31 per cent.
Now the Mill's bill proposes to reduce
the present war tariff of 47 per cent;
only 7 per cent; still leaving the tax
at 40 per cent. Is this Free Trade?
Has it the bare semblance of it? but
they say it has a tendency that way,
and if the Democrats had power that
they would declare for free trade. O,
a surely no thinking man can be fooled
by such nonsense. The Democratic party
is endeavoring to give relief to the
farmer, mechanic and laboring man. It
has heard their cry of distress, that they
are made pay more for the necessities
of life than is just or necessary, and it
is trying to help them, but the
Republican party is putting its veto
on all things that will give relief to
the people. It is evident therefore
from a just comparison of the two
platforms, that the Republican party
is the party of the money man, the
men who by formation of combinations
and trusts are being made rich day
by day by the continuance of the High
Protective Tariff, a war tariff, contin-
ued in peaceful times to make the rich
richer, and poor poorer. While on the
other hand the Democratic platform
with no double face but in plain and
simple language says we are for the
relief of the poor man. With such a
declaration of principles can any sensi-
ble, thinking man hesitate which he
shall vote for. Besides this we have
one leader one who has been tried,
one who has proved to be pure and
honest, a patriot of the truest type and
one will continue to govern with equal
justice to all. Such a man is Grover
Cleveland who stands squarely upon the
Democratic platform.—Fayetteville Ob-
server.

Florida as a Sugar Producer.

The enormous consumption of sugar
in the United States, and the immense
amount paid to foreign countries for
it, makes its production here a matter
of vital interest. How best to accom-
plish this, whether by encouraging the
beet and sorghum sugar interests by
bounties, whether to maintain protec-
tion on imported sugar to stimulate
Louisiana's sugar business, or whether
to pay a bounty on it, are questions
that have for years commanded gener-
al attention. Kansas is trying to
solve the question by paying a bounty
of 2 cents a pound on all sugar pro-
duced in the State, and as told in a re-
cent letter from there published in the
Manufacturers' Record, this has caused
marked activity in the establishment
of Louisiana's sugar mills. In that let-
ter it was stated that the factories con-
tracted for the sorghum cane at \$1.50
per ton delivered, as the average yield
was 10 tons per acre, the farmer re-
ceived \$15 an acre, which was men-
tioned as a profitable business. These
figures are in very striking contrast
with the results shown in the cultiva-
tion of sugar cane in South Florida.
For several years it was claimed that
South Florida in the neighborhood of
Kissimmee was the finest sugar produc-
ing country in the world, surpassing
even the West Indies, and two or
three years ago Mr. Hamilton Dixon
and other Philadelphia capitalists de-
termined to test the matter. The cul-
tivation of the cane in Florida was
nothing new, as that had been done
for generations, but only on a limited
scale. These gentlemen went into it
very extensively and built a sugar mill
at a reported cost of several hundred
thousand dollars. So successful were
they that \$80,000 worth of new ma-
chinery has been ordered for increasing
the capacity of the mill, and a railroad
is now under construction from Kissim-
mee through the sugar district, simply
to open it up and afford adequate
transportation facilities. The St. Cloud
sugar Co., under which name these
gentlemen incorporated their company
in addition to their own immense cane
crops, agree to contract with other
growers to pay \$4.80 per ton for all
cane raised, and as the average yield
is 40 tons an acre, this is an offer
of \$192 per acre. As contrasted with
\$15 an acre in Kansas, the difference
is remarkable.

There is no doubt but what the
country of which Kissimmee is the
center is destined to become a wonder-
ful sugar producer. The advantages
for the cultivation of cane, its great
saccharine strength, the absence of
chilling frosts, added to the healthful-
ness of the climate, all combine to make
this certain. It is a matter of interest
to the entire country that it should
prove true. Should Florida ever pro-
duce, as it is possible it may, enough
sugar to supply the requirements of
this country, it would not simply make
that State enormously rich, surpassing
the fondest dreams of its enthusiastic
people, but it would retain at home
the many millions of dollars which we
now annually send elsewhere for sugar.
—Manufacturers' Record, July 7.

The Record of this date also has a
highly interesting article on opium cul-
ture in the South, showing as we think,
very clearly, that it could easily and
profitably be added to the industries
of many portions of the South, especially
on the rich lands along the rivers and
nearer the coast than the interior re-
gions. The poppy grows very finely
in our gardens, and managed by the
cheapest available labor, could prob-
ably be made profitable here.

Blood in Her Eye.

The nearest I came being killed
during the war was by a woman in
West Virginia during the winter of
1861. We spent the winter on Cheat
Mountain in Greenbrier county, and
our supplies were not of the best,
isolated as we were in that section of
the country. Consequently we had to
do a good deal of foraging through
the valleys. One day I was out with
four or five of my comrades and along
toward noon we struck a cabin on the
side of the Mountain that had not yet
been visited by the band of foragers.
There was no one at home except an
elderly lady and her daughter, a rather
handsome girl of about twenty years
of age.

We immediately took possession of
the premises, and began to help our-
selves to chickens, eggs, and what else
we could lay our hands on. I was
always very fond of smoked meats, and
espying a smokehouse back of the
kitchen, I made for it, accompanied
by one of my companions. I went
inside, and mounting an upturned
tub, began to hand down the smoked
hams.

Pretty soon I heard a cry of warn-
ing from the boys out in the yard and
looked around just in time to see the
smokehouse doorway filled up by the
form of a very handsome young lady,
who had a double barreled shot gun,
which she was in the act of training
on me. I have been through a good
many battles in my time, but I never
was worse frightened than I was at
the sight of that young woman. She
had the very devil in her eyes, and I
am confident would have killed me in a
moment more. She had trouble, how-
ever, in creaking the gun, and that fact
saved my life, for before she could ac-
complish it, one of the boys on the
outside grabbed her and took the gun
away. It was loaded with buckshot
and would have killed me sure if it had
gone off.

A Nervous Disorder.

Lady (to physician)—I wish you
would stop and see my husband, doc-
tor. He seems to be suffering from
some nervous trouble.

Physician—"In what way does his
nervousness show itself?"

Lady—He jumps every time the
front door bell rings.

Physician—"Well, I will stop when
I am passing; but I am inclined to
think, madam, that your husband
ought to see a banker—not a phys-
ician."—*Tit-bits.*

Bill Nye on Postmasters.

HE USED TO BE ONE HIMSELF, AND HE
KNOWS THE ROPES.
New York World.

The New York post office is a large,
dignified building situated right where
the roads fork, being just where you
turn off to the right from the main
traveled road in order to get to the
bridge. It is used partly for a post-
office and partly for a court house, so
that one end of the building practically
pays the expenses of the other end. A
self-supporting postoffice and court
house here, where competition is hot
and rents high, would naturally show
that times are good and money plenty.
Mail comes here from all foreign coun-
tries and Europe also. It is distributed
at once, and one is permitted to mail a let-
ter at any time day or night. It's wonder-
ful. In tall buildings now there is an
arrangement by which one may shoot
his letters into a runway or flume, and
they will be carried into a United
States mail box on the ground floor,
where a trustworthy young man in
a speckled straw helmet comes and
fills his valise with them, after which
he carries them away to the postoffice
and personally uses his influence with
the postmaster to have them sent away
by the early train.

I stood near the small box at the
bottom of the chute in the Standard
Oil building the other day, and though
I remained there only ten or fifteen min-
utes I counted forty-nine letters as
they were laid, one by one, hot from
the crackling typewriters above and
no doubt reeking with the bloody and
startling statements, coming like a peel
of thunder from an unpeeled sky.

"Dear Sir—your esteemed favor of the
—th inst. (or ult. or prox.) is before
me. In reply would say," etc. There's
just about as much use in this opening
as there would be in stating that "We
take our pen in hand," or in opening a
prayer by reading the minutes of the
previous meeting.

The New York postoffice is directly
connected with the dead letter office at
Washington, and those who have never
corresponded with that prosperous
morgue have missed a good deal.

The dead letter office is, after all,
a great boon, though it does not return
some things which reach it. A man
in Saginaw, Mich., mailed a pair of
dress shields by mistake which he had
bought for his wife, and though that
was two years ago come July, they
have never been returned. Another
man in Nashville, Tenn., erroneously
mailed a porous plaster which was al-
most as good as new, and though he
has threatened to go down there to
Washington and identify it and ex-
pose the whole system of the dead let-
ter office yet he got his property back
nothing as yet has been done about it.

Ten years ago, even, there were 8-
000,000 letters sent to the dead letter
office in one year, of which 58,000 had
no county or state, 400,000 lacked
stamps, and 3,000 were posted without
any address at all. Ninety-two thou-
sand dollars in cash and over \$3,000,
000 in drafts were contained in these
letters. It appears that right straight
through every letter sent to the dead let-
ter office contains on an average \$1
so mine really fell below the average.

Queer things happen to letters even
when they do not get to Washington.
A Wyoming postmaster used to claim
that circular letters, unsealed, if not
called for within a day or two, were
good things to use in starting the fire.
He therefore kept a coal hod at the gen-
eral delivery, which constituted a lit-
tle private dead letter office for his own
special use. One day his children were
playing tag with each other inside the
postoffice and canceling each other's
nose with the M. O. B. stamp when
suddenly they decided to investigate the
coal hod in search of advertising cards.

In each of two large circular envelopes
they found a smaller sealed letter which
had worked in by shoving a large mass
of letters together for cancellation.
The children had torn these two letters
open and were playing Fourth of
July and Rally round the Flag, Boys,
with a \$70 check and a \$600 draft when
the old gentleman looked up. Justice
compels me to say, however, that he
spanked the children soundly for his
carelessness and refused to let them
have fun with his dead letter office af-
ter that.

BILL NYE.
P. S.—Since the above was written
a white woman's scalp has been re-
ceived at the dead letter office. The lady,
in an absent minded way, forgot to mail
herself, and according to the rules of
the office she cannot now recover it.

A QUEER BAROMETER.—It is not gen-
erally known that the rendered fat of a
woodchuck is as good a barometer as we
have to-day. While in the country a
short time ago the writer had occasion
to travel through the lower part of
Berks. At the house of a friend he
pressed me to take an umbrella with
me. There were no signs of a storm.
I asked why he persisted in so dogged a
manner for me to accept the article.
"Why," said he, "I look at my barometer."
There upon the shelf stood a bottle
sealed with bees-wax. It was all cloudy.
The old gentleman said that he
had used this one for twenty years, and
if a storm was brewing the barometer
got cloudy twelve hours before the
rain or snow began to fall. In clear
weather the oil was always clear.

Do It Now.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a
bad habit—the habit of putting off. If
you have something that you are to do,
do it now, then it will be done. That
is one advantage. If you put it off very
likely you will forget it, and not do it
at all. Or else—what for you is
almost as bad—you will not forget,
but keep on thinking of it, dreading it,
and so, as it were, be doing it all the
time. "The valiant never taste death
but once;" never but once do the alert
and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so
in health that his mother thought she
must have the doctor to see him. The
doctor could find nothing the matter
with the boy. But there he was; he
was pining away, losing his appetite,
creeping about languidly and his moth-
er was distressed. The doctor was
nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he
any work?"

"No; he has duty to bring a pail of
water every day from the spring.
But that he dreads all day long and
does not bring it until just before
dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in
the morning," was the doctor's pres-
cription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got
well. Putting it off made the job pray
on the boy's mind.

"Doing it now" relieved him.
"Boys and girls, do it now!"—*W. C.
Willinson, D. D.*

"A kiss goes farther than a blow."
—Mad Kit, the little wizzard.
"I'm a party," was John's reply.
"Take a blow's a blizzard."
—Washington Critic.

10 per cent. Reduction
for the next Sixty Days.



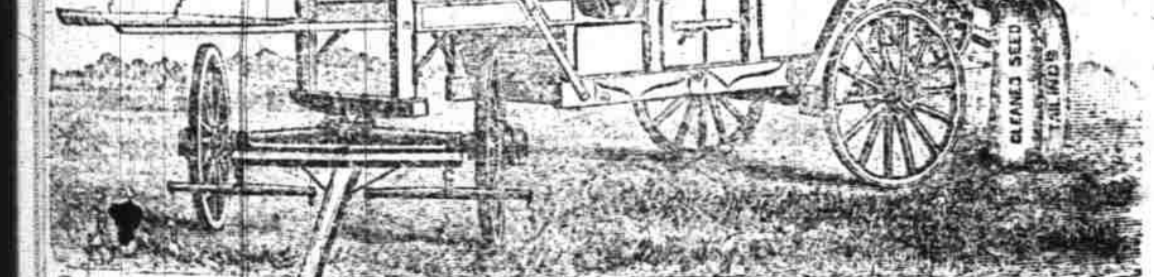
Respectfully,
W. N. REISHER,
Leading Jeweler.

HOME COMPANY,
SEEKING
HOME PATRONAGE
AGENTS
In All Cities, Towns and
Villages in the South

THE "NEW" BIRDSELL CLOVER HULLER,
MONITOR JUNIOR.

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