A MOST GRAPHIC STORY.

It is Taken Direct from Real Life.

CHARMING NEW ENGLAND LADY TELLS A HER EXPERIENCE BOTH ABROAD AND IN AMERICA.

The unwritten romances of life are more nderful and far more interesting than the most vivid works of fiction. The one we are about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Jennie Ray formerly lived in Man-chester, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surroundings comfortable. In the year 1850 she visited England, and while in that country began to experience strange sensations. At first she attributed them to the change of climate, but they continued and increased, until finally, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged.

It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray returned to America and her home. Thousands of women who read this story can appreciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then was, and sympathize with her suffering, Two prominent physicians were called and endeavore to do all in their power for her relief. In spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew weaker and more depressed, while the agony she endured seemed to increase. It was at this time that a noted physician who was called declared Mrs. Ray was suffering from cancer, said there was no help, and toid her friends she could not live more than a veek at the farthest.

And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we will endeavor to tell in Mrs.

story, which we will endeavor to ten in ans. Ray's cwn words. She said: "Unknown to all these physicians, I had been using a preparation of which I had heard much. I did not tell the physicians because I feared they would ridicute me, and perhaps order its discontinuance. During all the while that the physicians were attending me the preparation was steadily and faithfully doing its own work in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At last the doctor said there was no use of his coming, for he could do me no goo I. I had suf-fered so much that I was quite willing to die, but it seems I was nearer relief than I knew. One week from the day the doctor last called a false growth as large as a coffee cup, and which looked as though it had been very large, 1st me. I sent for a doctor, and he declared it was a fibroid tumor, but said he had never known one to come away of itself before. I immediately began to gain health and strength, and I unhesitatingly declare that my rescue from death was due solely to the marvelous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy I took unbnown to the physicians, and which certainly rescued me from the grave. It is my firm beliet that many ladies who are said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like mine, and if they could be induced to use Warner's Safe Cure they, like me, might be saved.'

The above graphic account is perfectly true in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now living at 142 West Sixth street, South Boston, Mass., and if any lady doubts the above statement she can address Mrs. Ray, who will gladly answer all questions or grant an interview of a confidential nature to any la y who may choose to call upon her. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the thousands of suffering, helpless women who are upon the road which physicians say leads only to death, consider the story as above given, there is reason for hops and joy, even although they may be now in the depths of despondency and misery. To such ladies the above truthiul account is willingly given.

Had Seen Service.

"Clara, dear, I want to show you my new engagement-ring before I go." "It's very pretty, Maud, but remember the stone is lose."

'Why, how did you know it?" "Didn't Mr. Ringsby tell you that I wore it a month or two?"-Spare Moments.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun. day Sermon.

Subject: "The Resurrection."

TEXT: "Surely the bitterness of death is gast."-I Samuel xv., 32.

So cried Agag, and the only objection I have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless it is true, and in a higher and better sense than that in which it was originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a very poor womau by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb was walking through the earth and no one would enter-tain Him. In vain He knocked at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as He was, none received Him. But coming one day to the hut of this woman, whose name was Misery, she received Him. and offered Him a few crusts and asked Him to warm Himself at the handful of coals, and she sat up all night that the wayfarer might have a pillow to rest on.

the morning this divine being asked her as He departed what she would have Him do in the way of reward, and told her that He owned the universe and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys stole her fruit, once climbing the tree, might not be able to get down without her consent. So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After awhile Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him. But she did not want to go, for, however poor one's lot is, no one wants to go with Death. Then she said to Death, "I will go with you if you will first climb up into my pear tree and bring me down a few pears before I start." This he consented to do, but having climbed into the tree he could not again come down. Then the troubles of the world began, for

Death did not come. The physicians had no patients, the undertakers no business, lawyers no wills to make, the people who waited for inheritances could not get them, the old men staid in all the professions and occupa tions so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded, and from all the earth the cry went up. "Oh, for Death! Where is Death?" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympatry for the world, she consented to let Death come down on one emdition and that was that he should never condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condi tion Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have Misery with us.

In that allegory some one has set forth the truth that I mean to present on this Easter morning, which celebrates' the resurrection of Christ and our coming resurrection-that one of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth is cur divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer mu nload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passengers enter it, so with this world.

What would happen to an ocean steamer if a map, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a rail train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. What sunk that ship in the Black Sea a few days ago? Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames which, a few years ago, went down

able to improve the man himself with infi - years nite velocities and infinite multiplication ? Beneficent Death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for these supernatural improvements. So also our slow process of getting information must have a substitute. Through prolouged strdy we learned the

Through prolouged study we learned to spell, and alphabet, and then we learned to read. Then the book is then we learned to read. Then the book is to join us. Hark! the outside door of heaven Hark! there are feet on the put before us and the eye travels from word to word and from bage to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and if from that book of four or five hundred pages we

have gained one or two profitable ideas we feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactor way of taking in God's universe of thou shts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull and at the extremity of the nervous system-this center of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures. But God can make a better brain, and He

sends Death to remove this inferior brain sends Death to remove this inferior brain that He may put in a superior brain, "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body" Ob, no. It will be the old factory with new machiness, and discussion of the present body. machinery-new driving wheel, new bands, new levers and new powers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain atterthe resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state or all their intellectual powers com-bined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made His draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is ompleted.

John was right when he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Blessed be death! for it removes all the bindrances. be death! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances? We cannot go far up or far down. If we go far up we get dizzy, and if we go far down we get suffocated. If men would go high up they ascend the Matterhorn or Mount Blanc or Himalaya, but what dis-asters have been reported as they came tumbling down. Or they ment down is tumbling down. Or if they went down too far, hark to the explosion of the firedamps,

and see the disfigured bodies of the poor miners at the bottom of the coal shart. Then there are the climatological hin-drances. We run against unpropitious weather of all sorts. Winter blizzard and summer scorch, and each season seems to

hatch a brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fever and sunstrokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings and hatch out malarias, and winter spreads its wings and hatches out pneumonia and Russian grippes, and the climate of this world is a hi which every mau and woman and child has feit. Death is to the good transference to superior weather weather never fickle, and ground quakes with the bounding leit. Death is to the good transference to superior weather — weather never fickle, and ever too cold, and never too hot, and never too light, and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blessed death! for it prepares the way for change of zone, yes, it clears the path to a semiom

How often we want to be in different places at the same time! How perplexed we get being compelled to choose between invita-tions, between weddings, between friendly groups, between three or four places we would like to be in the same morning or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorious kindred, amon; the martyrs, among the apostles, in the gate, on the battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops from one tree branch to another tree branch.

got together sgain. Gone azo they have more roam! Gone they have more jubilant sowhere where ciety! Gone where they have mighter canacity to love you then when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into un-bounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about

swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Ferhars they are coming." I was told at Johnstown after the flood that many people who had been for months and years bereft for the first time got comfort when the awful flood came to think that their departed ones were not present to see the catastrophe. As the people were float-ing cown on the housetops they said: "Oh.

how glad i am that father and mother are not here," or "How glad I am that the chil-dren are not alive to see this horror " And ought not we who are down here amid the upturnings of this life be glad that none of the troubles which submerge us can ever affright our friends ascended? Before this I warrant our departed ones

have been introduced to all the celebrities of heaven. Some one has said to them: "Let me introduce you to Joshua, the man who by prayer stopped two worlds for several bours. Let me make you acquainted with this group of three heroes—John Huss, Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther. Aha! here is Fenelon' Here is Archbishop Leighton! Here are Latimer and Ridley! Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is poet's row--James Montgomery and Anna Bar-bauld and Horatius Bonar and Phœbe Pa.mer and Lowell Mason." Were your departed ones fond of music?

Were your departed ones fond of music? What oratoris led on by Handel and Hay-den. Were they fond of pictures? What Raphaels pointing out skies with all colors wrought out into chaffot wheels, wings of seraphin and coronations. Were they fond of poetry? What eternal rhythms led on by John Milton. Shall we pity our glorified kinared? No, they had better pity us. We, the shipwrecked and on a raft in the hurricane, looking up at them sailing on over calm sees, under skies that never trowned with tempests, we hoppled with chains; they lifted by wings. "Surely the bitterness of death is past.

Further, if what I have been saying is true, we should trust the Lord and be tarilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going end when our hearts ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first installment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford always to stay down in the cellar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot niways be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestra. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule of the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the leves feet of the one who have entered upon eternal play. Ushers of heaven! Open the gates! Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music rain on us Let the hanging gardens of its the king breath on us their aromatics. Let our released ones just look out and give us one glance of their glorified faces. Yes, there they are now! I see them. But I cannot stand the vision. Close the gate, or our eyes will be quenched with the overpowering brightness. Hold back the song or our ears will never again care for earthly anthem, Withdraw the pertume or we shall swoon in the fragrance that human nostrils was never

made to breath. All these thoughts are suggested as we stand this Easter morn amid the broken rocks of the Saviour'stomb, Indeed, I know that comb has not been rebuilt, for I stood in December of 1859 amid the ruins of that, the most famous sepuicher of all time. There are thousands of tombs in our Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn with more polished stone and more elaborate masonry and more foliage surroundings, but as I went down the steps of the supposed tomb of Christ on my return from Mo "This is the tomb of all tombs. Around this stand more stupendous incidents than around any grave of all the world since death entered it. I could not breathe easily for overmaster-

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state prison.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF IOLEDO, [ss. LUCAS COUNTY Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co. doing business in the City of Tocedo. County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will bay the sum of \$100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. . . 886. A. W. GLEASON. BEAL }

Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F.J CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the B ood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid ton-ic for weak and deblittated persons.

The dexterons wrestler gets down to business when he drops on his friends

Rev. James H. Corden, pastor M. E. Church, Wilson, N. C., says: "I have used Bradycrotine und facver in a single instance failed to obtain immediate relief from headache when direc-tions were followed." Fifty cents, at drog

"There goes a man to be trusted," said Jag-son, as Dudeson entered the tailor shop.

Fon impure of thin Blood, Weakness, Mala-ria N-urasgia, Indigestion, and Biliou-ness, take Brown's Iron Bitters-it gives strength, making old persons feel young-and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

It often requires crooked work to get out of straitened circumstances.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits ...fter first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 52 trial bottle free. Dr. Kli 16, 931 Area St., Paila, Pa

A man may be considered lacking in hos diality when he will not even entertain an

SUFFERERS FEOM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple & ut sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

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The man who has no business of his own to attend to always goes to bed tired.





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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and aoceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, ite many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 500 and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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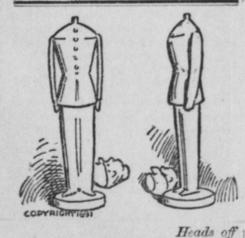
namption. It has cared

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asth-ma, shenid use Piso's Cure for

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CONSUMPTION.

RIPANS TABULES



disease - Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In a way, that you can understand, too, by purifying the blood. When you're weak, dull and languid, or when blotches and eruptions appear-that's the time to take it, no matter what the season. It's easier to prevent than to have to cure.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, or Scalp Diseases - even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), in its earlier stages, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it does'nt benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy lose \$500 if you're not cured of Catarrh. They promise to pay you that if they can't cure you. What do you lose by trying it? Is there anything to risk, except your Catarrh?



"German Syrup

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

with 600 lives? Too many passengers. Now this world is only a ship, which was launched some six thousand years ago. It is sailing at the rate of many thousand miles an hour. It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its staterooms and steerage about sixteen hundred million passengers. So many are coming aboard, it is necessary that

a good many disembark. suppose that all the people that have lived since the days of Adam and Eve were still alive. What a cluttered up piace tais world would be-no elbow room-no place to walk-no privacy-nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left the human racs would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the

when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying: "We are six thousand years old. Bow down. Bistory is nothing, for we are older than history." What a mercy for the hu-man race was death! Within a lew years you can get from this world all there is in it.

After you have had fifty or sixty or seventy springtimes, you have seen enough blossoms. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or seventy winters, you have seen enough snowstorms and felt enough chills and wrapped yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length in enough blankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough bur-dens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough doubts, and surrounded by enough mysteries. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exer-cised good sense we would realize that life is unite here enough quite long enough. If we are the children of God we are at a

banquet, and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be glad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms up stairs. They are better pictured, better upholstered, better fur-nished. Why do we want to stay in the antercom forever, when there are palatial apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to earthiv env.ronments!

Death also makes room for improvid physical machinery. Our bodies have won-drous powers, but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrum us. outlift as, outcarry us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must slick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures race takes for its own, there are creatures of God that can far surpass us in some things. Death removes this slower and less adroit machinery and makes room for some-thing better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for these that can see from world to world. These ears, which can hear a sound a few feet off, will be seemed for a core that can hear from be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These fect will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the reindeer's hoof or eagle's plume of lightn-

ing's flash. Then we have only five senses, and to these we are shutup. Why only five senses? Why not fifty: why not one hundred; why not a thousand? We can have, and we will have them, but not until this present physical machinery is put out of the way. Do not think that this boay is the best that God can do for us. God did not half try when he contrived your bodlig mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and with all physiologists and with all scientists and with the psalmist that "we are fearinily and wonderfully made." But I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment. Then we have only five senses, and to these physical equipment.

Is it possible for a man to make improve-Is it possible for a man to make improve-ment in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physi-cal machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instant-ly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be

Distance no hindrance. Immensity easily compassed. Semiomnipresence! "But," says some one, "I cannot see how

God is going to reconstruct my body in the Oh, that will be very easy as | I said to myself: rasurrection. compared with what He has already done with your body four or six or ten times. All scientists tell us that the human body

changes entirely once in seven years, so that if you are twenty-eight years of age you have now your fourth body. If you are forty-two years of age you have had six bodies. It you are seventy years of age you have had ten bodies. Do you not, my un-believing friend, think if God could built for you four or five or ten bodies He could really build for you one more to be called the resurrection ody. Aye! to make that resurrection body will not require half as much ingenuity and power as those other bodies you have had. Is it not easier for a sculptor to make a statue out of silent clay than it would be to make a statue out of some material that is alive and moving, and

running bither and thither? Will it not be easier for God to make the resurrection body out of the silent dus. of the crumbled body than it was to make your

body over five or six or eight times waile it was in motion, walking, climbing, failing or rising? God has already on your four or five bodies bestowed ten times more ommposence than He will put upon the resurrection body. Yea, we have the foundation for the esurrection body in us now. Surgeons and physiologists say there are parts of the human body the uses of which they cannot understand. They are searching what these parts are made for, but have not found out. I can tell them. They are the preliminaries of the resurrection body. God does not make anything for nothing. The uses of taoss now surplus parts of the body will be demon-strated when the glorified form is construc-

Now, if Death clears the way for all this, why paint him as a hobgoblin? Wby cill him the king of terrors? Way think of him as a great spoot? Why sketch him with ton and arrows, and standing on a bank ark waters! Why have children so of dark waters! frightened at his name tout they dare not go to bel alone, and old men have their teeth chatter lest some shortness of breath hand them over to the monster? [All the ages have been busy in maligning Death, huring repulsive metaphors at Death, slandering Death. Oh, for the sweet breath of Eister to come down on the earth. Eight after the vernal equinox, and when the flowers are beginning to bloom, well may all nations with song and with congratulation and garlands celebrate the resurrection of and our own-resurrection when the time is gone by, and the trumpets pour through the flying clouds the harmonies that shall wake

the dead. By the empty niche of Joseph's mauspleum, by the rocks that parted to let the Lord come through, let our ideas of chang-ing worlds be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, how dif-ferently we ought to think of our friends departed. This body they have put off is only as, when entering a ball lighted and resounding with musical bands, you leave your hat and cloak in the cloakroom. What would a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him into the brilliant reception? What would your departed do with their bodies if they had to be encumbered with them in the king's drawing room? Gone into the light! Gone into the musc! Gone into the fight of the fight of the fight of the fight of the fight and queens and con-querors! Gone to meet Elijah and hear him tell of the charlot of fire drawn by horses of tell of too charact of fire grawn by horses of fire and the sensation of mounting the sap-phire steeps! Gone to meet with Moses and hear him describe the pile of black basalt that shook when the law was given! Gone to meet Paul and hear him tell how Felix trembled, and how the ship went to pieces in the breakers, and how thick was the darkness in the Mamertine dungeon! Gone to meet John Knox and John Wesley and Hannah More and Francis Havergal. Gone to meet the kindred who preceded them!

ing emotions as I walked down the four crumbling steps till we came abreast of the niche in waich I think Christ was buried. I measured the sepulcher and found it four-teen and a half feet long, eight feet high, nine feet wide. It is a family tomb and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. But I rejoice to say that the tomb was empty, and that the door of the rock was gone, and the sunlight streamed in. The day that Christ rose and cause forth the sepulcier was demolished forever, and no trowel of earthly masonry can ever rebuild

And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of toat Governmental seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the step of the lacerated but triumphant foot of the risen Jesus we to-day celebrate with acclaim of worshiping thousands, while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the shining hosts of heaven we chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first truits of them that slept.

Oh, weep no more your comforts sigin, The Lord is river, hie hype again.

"And now may the God of peace, who brouget again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that areat shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good word and work." Halle.ujah! Amen.

Flax in the West.

Flax in the West is cultivated to-day on virgin or new soil very successfully; but it thrives better on soil that has been well worked, tilled and pulverized. The seeds demand plenty of fertilizer, both in the shape of well rotted, old manure and commercial fertilizers. From four hundred to six hundred pounds of mineral fertilizers, consisting chiefly of potash and phosphoric acid, are applied to the acre. The seed used is imported from Europe, as this is considered better than the flaxseed grown here. After the planting the flax requires cultivation and attention the same as any other until it attains a large, healthy growth, when it can take care of itself. It is estimated that each acre ought to yield seventy dollars' worth of seed, and about six hundred pounds of fiber. If there is a market for the straw the flax growers will have their profits nearly, if not quite, doubled. Labor 18 also saved by the new method of gathering the straw, for the ordinary grass mower can cut the plates and bundle them into sheaths. Machinery, in fact, can perform nearly all of the work, from the time the seeds are first planted until the straw is converted into fibrous material for wearing. Fiax is so exhausting to the soil that it should not be grown on the same field oftener than two out of every six or seven years, for repeating the crop upon the same ground for a number of years in succession will surely injure the soil permanently .- New York Independent.

Mr. Robert W. Denvir

Two Christmas Dinners In '90 a Smell was Enough In '91 a Good Appetite

The Change Was Due to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

" CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, 1891. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. " I have been reading in a paper to-day about

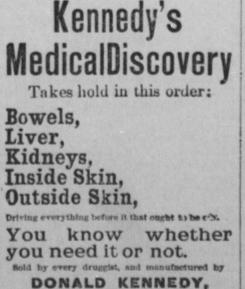
Hood's Sarsaparilla being a cure for

Dyspepsia And I know that it is true. A year ago the smell of my Christmas dinner was enough for me, but this year I find that I want more than a smell, and I give Hood's Sarsaparills than a smell, and I give Hood's Sarsaparilla the credit for the change in my feelings. For the last two years I have been troubled with dyspepsia, and could find no cure for it. My friends told me that if I went to Europe, sea-tickness, change of air and diet would cure me. I went to Ireland and remained the three sum-mer months of this year. '91, and came back in September uncured. My blood was watery and I was told to take Hood's Sar-esparilla for it. I did so, and in one month I I found that

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

Both poor blood and dyspepsia, for I am now perfectly well and have not taken any other medicine since I came home." ROBT.W. DENVIR, 238 Franklin St., Astoria, Long Island

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