Royal Buckwheats,

For generations it has been the custom to mix the batter for buckwheat cakes with yeast or emptyings, retaining a portion of the batter left over from one morning to raise the cakes for the following day.

If kept too warm, or not used a promptly, this batter becomes excessively sour and objectionable. Buckwheat cakes raised by this means are more often sour or heavy than light and sweet. If eaten daily they distress the stomach and cause skin eruptions and itching.

Instead of the old-fashioned way we have been making buckwheat cakes this winter with Royal Baking Powder, mixing the batter fresh daily, and find the result wonderfully satisfactory. They are uniformly light and sweet, more palatable and wholesome, and can be eaten continuously without

the slightest digestive inconvenience.

Besides they are mixed and baked in a

moment, requiring no time to rise.

Following is the receipt used: Two cups of pure buckwheat flour (not "prepared" or mixed), one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. Once properly tested from this receipt, no other buckwheat will find its way to your table. - Domestic Cookery.

The Main Thing.

Little Henry's father and mother wish him to be a French scholar, and knowing that a foreign language is most readily acquired in childhood, they have given him a French governess, with whom he is expected to talk French.

Henry gets along pretty well, but is not yet to be mistaken for a native Parisian. The other day he discovered that the barn was on fire. He ran into the house quite out of breath.

"O madamoiselle," he exclaimed, rushing into the school-room, "I don't know whether it's la feu or le feu, but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!"

BRAZIL will greatly oblige the rest of the world by making up its mind as to what kind of government it wants and remaining in that fame of mind four or five consecutive weeks.

It is easier to run an engine without fire than it is to keep up the spirituality of a church without the prayer meeting.

100 Bus. Wheat From Two Acres.

This remarkable yield was reported by Frank Close, Minnesota, on two acres of Marvel Spring Wheat. Speaking of this wheat, this new sort takes the cake. It is the greatest cropping spring wheat in the world. Farmers who tried it the past season believe seventyfive to one hundred bushels can be grown from one acre, and are going to get this yield for 1894. At such yield wheat pays at 30c a bushel. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetable and farm seed in the world.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above spring

EVERY dollar a worldling makes is an unanswered prayer for happiness.

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES CATH THE STATE OF ORIO. CITY OF TOLEDO.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES CATH THE SENIOR PATTER OF THE

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.

The Notary Public.

The Hawaiian difficulty-How to pronounce the Queen's name.

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Mala-ria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young-persons strong; pleasant to take.

A miner may be ever so well off, but he can't help getting in a hole occasionally.

Coughs and Hoarseness. The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

Cupid never shows a wrinkle.

esessed by Hood's Saraparilla e almost beyond mention. Best all, it purifies the blood, thus rengthening the nerves, it regustrengthening the nerves, it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrorula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, etc.



Kidney Troubles

Hood's Sarsaille Cures

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Vision of Heaven."

Text: "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."-Ezekiel i., 1.

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the river Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile, seated by that river Chebar, had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight. whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagina-

tion of faculties awake.
Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in rap-tures, and the air so full of music and redolence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel. "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer, "Thirty-two years according to the

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tender-ness and sweetness and affection and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence, the number of years since she ascended. I think it was my mother. Old age and decrepitude and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know

temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch es-sayist. Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "the temple of my God." I saw it this morning, the largest church I ever saw, as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together and it was the most of the same of the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together and it was the most of the same of the same of the control of the same of together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many peo-ple together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with the assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my at-tention. The fashion was white, All in white, save one. And the headdress was a garland of rose and lily and mignonette. mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens and bound together with bands

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right band and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was sons and once fed swine in the wilderness and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the aftire of the one who presided in that immense temple—the chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dived garments from Bowers," dyed garments from Bozrab," and "He trod

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness power, and I have heard the most sweet of the great organs and the most sweet of the great organs and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was "Handel?" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ Himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them and don't descend an their leries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worth is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering har-mony I fell back. I said: "Let us go, This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear

the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the alter was something that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachyrmal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly musems, the lachyrmals, or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachyrmal, or tear bottle, in stead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great cancelty. And I said to my attending great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the psalmeter that standard in the standard ist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth—tears of repen-tance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earth—

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of all these vials at this time?"

They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said which are the prayers of saints. And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves haven as the prayers of earth and moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and they are before Him world without end."

they are before Him world without end."

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went throng fire and blood and under award and through fire and blood and under sword and crack. We saw John Wyelif, whose ashes were by decree of the council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKail

and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their re-ligion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abner, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened the Sabbath morning services with his old hymn. "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devo-tions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said,
"This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on
earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church. temple of God and the Lamb." told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns. "Arm of the Lord, Awake," or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talk-ing on that street called Song row. Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Mar-shaled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not look-ing as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," "There Is a Fountain Filled With

And there we met George W. Bethune of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me." And we also met on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window see the see floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.
"But," say some of my hearers, "did you

see anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh, yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dream with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or dropsies of typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from or-chards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superband perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told meto tell you not to weep for them, fortheir happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and Join with them in the same exploration of planets and the But vonder in this assembly is an un-

turned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood has advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to midlife, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully de-veloped and complete life of all souls,

whether young or old. Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will, I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differed from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant taculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their trdy all the de-praved appetites and all evil propensities, nt they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful and prolix their victory was consum-mate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding plety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradies of corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colon-naded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said. "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'" "And who lives there?' I said, and the answerwas, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord that my eyes may be opened."

Some of those professors of religion who were-damous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, waile many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest no-bility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of Him who "hath the moon under His feet" champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly

their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Bed Sea, a great sufferer. David, him of the Bed Sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's sunfillal behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a Nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the wreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headsman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer.

Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering

er's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers, and women more than men. Felicitas and St. Ce-celia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and St. Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their

work, whether to set a tea table or govern a Nation, whether empress or milkmaid.

I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I "Angel, do tell me who they are?" and the answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankrupteles and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth.

"But," said I to my angelic escort. "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth, and I must preach to-day and be in my puipit by half past 10 o'clock. Good-by," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Good-by.

Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerors' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoisted for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds and sapph and chrysoprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and until through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillowthat my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was and what I had seen I awoke.

Reflection the First-The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle, except as restored after being cut sees; they drink wine out of the skulis of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be houris with large black eyes likes pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasmania's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven The departed are eating up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say all is done for ever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog or an infinite don't know. But hearken and behold our heaven, which, though mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and by parable of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics separation from all that is vile; absence from all that can discomforf; presence of all that can congratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms o bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven, Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigines' heaven, scattered into s and disgust by a glimps John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's

heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven! Reflection the Second-You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth, since, it rightly borne, they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction, if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suf-fering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary and of Pilate's over and terminer, and of the Calvarean assassination.

What He endured, oh, who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell?

Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning d.eam Reflection the Third and Last—How de sirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth

take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park. London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park outdoor meeting, told me that last winter, going through a hospital in Lon-don, he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his

eparture from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benigh a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand it in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they nal safety? Samuel Butherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle :

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil, is seen;
It were a well spent journey.
Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with His fair army Doth on Mount Zion stand, And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

Snails as Food.

For the last month the palate of New Yorkers has craved the flavor of roasted snail. The delicacy is known to every man who studies the problem of original flavors in edibles. But a month or so ago the newspapers began to talk about these delicious comestibles, and such is the value of advertising even to a snail that the imported supply is now scarcely equal to the demand. These snails are not the snails we know of, familiar to mossy garden walls and rich loams.

They are gathered in quantities from the Bay of Biscay and along the southern seaboard of France and sent to this country alive. They are prepared after having been washed in several waters by boiling and then packing back in the shells into a thick paste of

butter, garlic and parsley, and roasted. They are hearty, digestible and inimitable; but the taste for them is an acquired one and a great many primitive appetites never experiment with them more than once. - New York

A NEGRO OUTRAGE. AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

LIVING AT THE LOUISE HOME,

WASHINGTON, D. C. (From the Washington Post.)

Eight years ago, when negro outrages in this city were more frequent than now, there occurred a case of assault in broad daylight on our streets, which, at the time, was noted in the city press, but which has now been forgotten. While your reporter was out at the Louise Home yesterday he had a conversation with the victim of that assault, Mrs. Ann Atkinson. She is now 83 years old. She repeated the story to me and seemed overjoyed at her recovery:

"I was porn in King George County, Va., on a plantation about twenty miles from Fredericksburg, in February, 1810. Eight years ago I was attacked by a negro who made a grab for a little satchel I was carrying on my arm. In the struggle which followed the man knocked me down and dragged me along the pavements for a distance of 80 feet. After securing the satchel he ran off and I was picked up and carried to the Home. An ugly gash over my left eye was sewed up and my left arm, which was dislocated, was set. As a result of my experience, congestion of the brain and nervous prostration followed. So nervous was I that I could not bear even the noises of the Home, and I was removed to a quiet spot in the country where I subsequently regained a portion of my former health. The shock to my nervous system, however, had and its effects began to tell upon me in my daily life. The physicians attached to the Home did all they could to relieve me. I took to sudden staggering as I walked, accompanied by severe pains in my limbs. In addition to this I had sinking spells with palpitation of the heart and shortness of the reath, which not only alarmed me but caused me much annoyance. Severe pains in my back appeared, and altogether this old frame was in a pitiable condition. In the meantime the physicians were treating me with powerful nerve tonics. About this time I noticed severe pains in my right arm, which ex-tended from the shoulder to below the elbow and then worked back again into the neck, threatening my head. These I recongnized

'I read in the Episcopal Recorder, a religious paper published in Philadelphia, of the marvelous core of a person by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People who had my symptoms to a dot. I sent for two boxes which were furnished promptly. From the start I began taking them according to directions and almost immediately experi-enced relief. Before the bottom of the second box was reached I was almost entirely cured. However, like Rory O'More, I believed in odd numbers and I sent for the third box which cured me entirely. The rheumrism disappeared and my right arm was free from pain while I could use it to write at any or all times. The dizziness and palpitation of the heart were gone and I was a well woman again. Since taking the last box I have not had an ache nor a pain. I freely assert that these wonderful Pink Pills for Pale People, and nothing else, effected this marvelous cure, and I am grateful for the Providential manner by which my atten-tion was directed towards them."

LOUISE HOME, WASHINGTON, May 20, '93. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, S. CITY OF WASHINGTON,

Personally appeared before methis day Mrs. Ann Atkinson, who, being sworn, deposes and says that the above statements are correct in all details, E. S. Connes. Witness, ANN ATKINBON. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of May, A. D., 1893.

FRANK B. MARLOW. Notary Public, D. C. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condens form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rocumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated bu-mors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville. Ontario.

THE friend of everybody is nobody's friend.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general 'ebility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you. __ake you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

The golden rule-The power of money. Japanese Tooth Powder, Genuise.

A large box mailed for 19 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The youth of the soul is everlasting. Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over-sting. Beecham's—no others. Zicents a box.

More mountains would be moved if there were more people with a grain of mustard seed faith.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

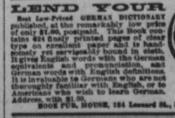
Many times women call on their family phy-sicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspensia, anothe magne, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present to their easy-going doctor, separate diseases, for which he prescribes, assuming



cribes, assuming hem to be such when, in reality hey are all only by some womb disorder. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have promptly cured the disease.

Mrs. Happer Complexity of the cause would be promptly cured the disease.

Mrs. Harry Tappan, of Reynolds, Jefferson. Co., Neb., writes: "For two years I was a sufferer. A part of this time had to be carried from my bed. Was racked with pain, had hysteria, was very nervous, no appetite and completely discouraged. A few bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' effected a perfect cure." Sold by all dealers in medicines.



A Means Out of the Difficulty. Any strain or bending of the back for any

length of time leaves it in a weakened con-THE VICTIM IS NOW 83 YEARS OLD AND dition. A means out of the difficulty is aiways handy and cheap. Do as was done by Mr. Herman Schwaygel, Aberdeen, S. D., who says that for several years he suffered with a chronic stitch in the back, and was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Also Mr. John Lucas, Einora, Ind., says that for several years he suffered with pains in the back. and one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him. There are manifold instances of how to do the right thing in the right way and not break your back.

> MORE people would pray for a baptism of the Holy Ghost if they were not afraid it would burn up their



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the

remedy, Syrup of Figs.
Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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