AN ALPENA MIRACLE.

MRS. JAS. M. TODD, OF LONG RAPIDS, DISCARDS HER CRUTCHES.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

(From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.)

We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knee joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up to be dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches, and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance.

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of la grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results."

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to do her own milking, churning, washing, sewing, knitting and in fact about all of her household duties, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A Lord's Wine Bill.

Lord Clancarty, the husband of Belle Bilton of Drury Lane celebrity, is once more before the public, this time as the defendant in a suit brought by a wine merchant against the peer for an unpaid wine bill. The case was decided against the earl, and he has been condemned to pay the full amount, together with heavy costs, running, together with the judgment, to some $4,000. Lord Clancarty endeavored by every means in his power to avoid paying this debt, and even went to the length of trying to saddle the responsibility of the account upon his former friend, Brown Cave, who was his partner in the ill-fated Junior Travelers' Club, which they founded. There is no earthly reason why Lord Clancarty should not now pay this judgment and all his other debts, since he at present is in affluent circumstances, owing to his mother having compromised the lawsuits which he brought against her by surrendering to him the larger portion of the estates and money which had been left to her, and not to him, at the death of the late earl.

A Survivor of the Grand Armee.

It is seriously stated in the Russian papers that a survivor of Napoleon's grand army which went to Russia on the disastrous campaign of 1812 has died at Saratoff, on the Volga, at the age of 126 years. The man's name was Nicholas Savin. He was captured by Cossacks during the retreat across the Beresina. It is said that he was born in Paris on the 17th of April, 1768, that his father was in the regiment called the Gardes Francaises in the reign of Louis XV., and that he was educated at the Jesuit college at Tours. He used to speak of the reign of terror and the execution of Louis XVI., which he well remembered. After his release from captivity Savin settled down in Saratoff, where he is said to have been greatly respected. In 1887 the late czar presented him with 1,000 rubles on his birthday.—London Daily News.

Our Immigrants.

Russia and Italy are the two European countries from which have come the majority of immigrants who have landed in this country during the first half of last year.

Lack of desire is one of the greatest riches.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Call to Outsiders."

TEXT: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John x., 16.

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we may look through the barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and the statuary and pluck the flowers and fruits in the royal conservatory. No. It is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood next to the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard, but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea, because you were baptized at thirteen months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there, for, as Christ said to His favored people long ago, so He says to you and to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather; some of them are lying down under the trees; some of them are in his yard—they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have 4000 or 5000 in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep washing, and so they are scattered all over, and we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no. You have not seen more than one out of 1000 of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Christ in my text was prophesying the conversion of the gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and He is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep among the nonchurchgoers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side—the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

There are some here who say, "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case. I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you—you are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Ah," you say, "it is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you—you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. People of God, pray for that man. That is the only use for you here. I shall not break off so much as a crumb for you, Christians, in this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars' rock, and the people clambered upon the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the gospel of whom we have all read sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat." And now I see the oar blades bend under the strong pull, but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing. But he says, "There is a man to save," and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer, and I will save you. Steady; steady. Give me you hand. Leap into the lifeboat. Thank God, he is saved!"

So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. I will not spend any time with them at all, but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas, one is washed off and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. Clutch the rope. Oh, dying man, clutch it as with a death grip. Steady, now, on the slippery places. Steady. There—saved, saved! Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ commands His ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches, but into the wide world, not sitting along Hohokus creek, where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside, forty or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are nonchurchgoers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will be here again or in some better church. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies and to be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their graves be chisled the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all the grand and glorious history begins this hour. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

I remark again, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of His sheep among those who are positive rejectors of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or through reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so, but you frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe. And yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now, I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing and will give me great delight. I want you by experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were very sick, and doctors had given you up and said there was no chance for you, and I should take out a bottle and say: "Here is a medicine that will cure you. It has cured fifty people, and it will cure you," you would say, "I have no confidence in it." I would say, "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would say, "if it's any accommodation to you, I'll take it." My friend, will you be just as accommodating in matters of religion? There are some of you who have found out that this world cannot satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me one Sabbath after the service was over: "I have tried this world and found it an insufficient portion. Tell me of something better." You have come to that. You are sick for the need of divine medicament.

Now I come and tell you of a physician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were as sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in Him." But will you not try Him? Accommodate me in this matter; oblige me in this matter; just try Him. I am very certain He will cure you. You reply, "I have no especial confidence in Him, but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation introduce Him." So I introduce Him—Christ, the Physician who has cured more blind eyes and healed more ghastly wounds and bound up more broken hearts than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius. That Divine Physician is here. Are you not ready to try him? Will you not, as a pure matter of experiment, try Him and state your case before Him this hour? Hold nothing back from Him. If you cannot pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say: "O Lord Jesus Chist, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what Thou caust do for me I am ready to do whatever Thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever Thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you try that experiment now? I do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion, but I simply say try it, try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally; perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter; perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable laymen, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach, and yet putting down, one his telescope, and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

O men, skeptical and struck through with unrest, would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our souls to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum. I have doubted whether there is a God, whether Christ is God, I have doubted whether the Bible was true, I have doubted the immortality of the soul, I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything, and yet out of that hot desert of doubt I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of gospel hope and peace and comfort, and so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go home to-day adhering to your infidelities, you will not sleep one wink. You do not want your children to come up with your skepticism. You cannot afford to die in that midnight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in. You will come in! The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habits. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and after they had run out there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon 490 times—that is seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin, but saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in His blood they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the clubroom casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates casts you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it. There is a man in this house who said to me: "Unless God helps me I cannot be delivered. I have tried everything, sir, but now I have got in the habit of prayer, and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will take me safe past, and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set, and when he goes out on business to-morrow he will be in infinite peril, and no one but the everywhere present God can see that man through. Oh, they talk about the catacombs of Naples, and the catacombs of Rome, and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lies—but I tell you New York has its catacombs, and Boston its catacombs, and Philadelphia its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. Young man, you know it. God help you. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in the skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this house that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? I am not speaking into the air. I am talking to hundreds of men who must be saved by Christ's gospel or never saved at all. What are you going to do?

Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in jamaica ginger, or anything that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the eternal God, and He will see you through. Some of you do not have temptations every day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks, or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel, but your first and most importunate cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. O God, now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him! Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh, my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ.

There are in this house those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book, and yet I have to tell you that they will yet preach the gospel, and on communion days carry around consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals, there are some people in this house whom I give up. I mean those who have been churchgoers all their life, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are gospel hardened. I could call their names now, and if they would rise up they would rise up in scores. Gospel hardened! A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining moon on the city pavement. As Christ says, "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone during these thirty years through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you came in to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of your early day. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed is this hour! Everything suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the cover of His pardoning mercy. Hark, I hear something—something fall! What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

A Remarkable Tribute.

The recent meeting of the North Dakota Legislature in joint memorial session to express the common sorrow that prevails throughout North Dakota over the death of Mrs. Hansbrough, the wife of the senior Senator from that State, is perhaps the first instance of the kind on record. There is not in mind a similar occurrence as transpiring in any other commonwealth of the Union, and it will ever stand as a credit to the new north State that its Legislature is the first to meet in joint memorial session to pay tribute to the memory of a woman. The proceedings of this remarkable assemblage were of a most interesting nature, the speeches by prominent Senators and members of the Legislature being unusually eloquent and touching. Upon the announcement of the death of Mrs. Hansbrough both houses of the Legislature, then in session at Bismarck, immediately adjourned, committees of the two branches were appointed to draft resolutions, and a week later the two houses met in joint session.

Lieutenant-Governor Worst presided, and made a feeling address, speaking of the suffering uncomplainingly endured by Mrs. Hansbrough for over four years. The joint committee on resolutions presented its report, extending the sympathy of the Legislature of the State to the Senator in the time of his bereavement. Remarks were made, in seconding the resolution, by Representatives Prosser, of Ramsay County, and Edwards, of Cass, and Senators Day, of Ramsay; Gregory, of Ward; Stevens, of Dickey, and Burke, of Rolette, after which the resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, and this remarkable legislative session adjourned.

A Matter of Taste.

Two little oranges in Chicago, the other day, brought twelve physicians and several fruit dealers into consultation. After an hour of serious conversation on the scientific points involved it was found necessary to perform an operation. This consisted in dissecting the two oranges. The recent freezing of one-half of the Florida orange crop, meaning a loss to growers of over $2,500,000, was what brought about the consultation. No one of the twelve physicians could tell the chilled orange from the good one. There apparently was no difference, and the dealers were consequently happy. This did not end their troubles, however, as the consumers declined to be convinced, and, to emphasize the fact, continued to a man to buy California oranges. Chicago people do not appreciate the favor of having their fruit iced, no matter how nice it tastes.

Death of the Original Train Robber.

John Reno is dead at Columbus, Ind. He was a member of the first train robbing gang in the United States. He planned the idea for several years and made a success of it in the end, but his brothers were hanged in 1869. In 1866 an express train, then known as "the south-bound J. M. and I" fast train, was stopped at Rockfort station. The robbers entered at a side door and soon overpowered the expressman, securing packages of money amounting to $90,000. Fully this amount was dropped from the car window and left lying on the track, the thieves being unable to carry away the spoils.

Menacing Onlookers in China.

In Chinese waters at present Great Britain has twenty-eight war ships, representing a total water displacement of 71,943 tons and an ordnance armament of 212 guns. Russia has twenty-two ships of 71,590 tons displacement, carrying 346 guns, and France thirteen vessels, representing 29,548 tons displacement and armed with 155 guns. Although numerically smaller, it will be noted that the Russian fleet is stronger than the British by 134 guns.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Did but Part of Her Duty.

The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the the Cardinal was this: "My, child, I am sorry for you; but the Scriptures tell us to watch as well as pray."

Great Season.

Two professional trappers reported in Prescott, Ariz., lately, that they last year scored a record of forty mountain lions. They brought in with them this trip about 100 tanned lynx skins, besides several wildcat skins, beaver skins, wolf skins, etc., which they have sold for rugs. They use Swedish bloodhounds in hunting.

THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

TOBACCO SEEDS SUITABLE to all farms; 25 years in business; largest tobacco seed farm in the world. Reputation of our seeds second to none. Catalogue mailed free. Larger number of improved varieties than can be found on any other list and at lower prices. R. L. RAGLAND SEED CO., Hyco, Halifax Co., Va

BNU8

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

The Hair.

The root bulb of every hair has five or six small white filaments, which are to the bulb what the roots of an onion are to that vegetable, the means of collecting and bringing it to the proper nourishment.

Brains.

The brain of the adult male will average about 50 ounces in weight; that of the adult female about 45 ounces. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces; the minimum about 31

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer, I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is mighty uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?

A • Ripans • Tabule.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion

TRADE MARK.

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trade-mark on *salmon-colored wrapper*.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.