REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "The Gates of Heaven."

TEXT: "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; on the west three gates."-Revelation xxi., 13.

The Cashmere gate of Delhi, where converged a heroism that makes one's nerves tingle, the Lucknow gate, still dented and scarred with sepoy bombardment, the Made-line gate with its emblazonry in bronze, the hundred gates of Thebes, the wonder of centuries, all go cut of sight before the gates of my text.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor and seeing the merchantmen com-ing up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the topgallants, you immedi-ately make up your mind that those vessels come from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigra-

heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon, but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no tem-ples, no shining streets, no massive wall.' right hand in warm grip of Christian brother-There is no such city." Even very good peg-ple tell me that heaven is not a material orbetaken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know, "I go to prepare"-not a theory, not a prin-ciple, not a sentiment, but "I go to prepare a place for you." The resurrected body im-plies this. If my foot is to be reformed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my had is to be reconstructed, if must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled. I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say if there be material organisms then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments, but I answer, Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be ma-terial organisme? terial organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope been the worlds and glided from star to star until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds, and he peers out into immen-sity until he finds a region ho larger than our solar system in which there are 50,000 worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that by a philosophic reasoning there must be some-where a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine, so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we can-not see into the land where there is no darkness at all and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacle. As a conquer-ing army marching on to take a city comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture and rein in their war chargers and halt to take a which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture and rein in their war chargers and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night, so now, coming as we do on this mountain top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. In the first place, I want to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an orna-mental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonary, the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary, the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into stone. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways Mostems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Moham-medan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets His hand to the work and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood or stone or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian gulf, and another from the island of Margarette, but another from the island of Margarette, but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and dia-mond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gas-light. But, oh! the brightness when the light. But, oh! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noon-Julius Cæsar paid 125,000 crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, clash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. side beat the surges of eternal glory. Oh, the gate, the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of the gate and we are n. One step this side of the gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of the gate and we are kings. The pligrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. Oh, gate of light, gate of pearl, gate of heaven, for our weary souls at last swing open! When shall these eyes thy heaven built wails And pearly gates behold;

demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O, small souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I foll you thein the till be the first source of the source of the foll you the source of the source of

give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer book." I say, "Mybrother, then use the prayer book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls. The fact is that a great many of the

The fact is that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctrined to to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discuss-ing the different styles of oarlocks. God in-tended us to know some things and intended tion into that city, but no emigration from it, so far as our natural vision can desery. "There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun to conquer the world: Man, a sinner; Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts those two

A man comes down to a river in time of ganism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to swim. What does he do? The first thing is God. The captives all freed. The harvests to put off his heavy apparel and drop every-thing he has in his hands. He must go empty handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death and find it swift and raging we will have to put off all our sectaring in and lay down all our curber sectarianism and lay down all our cumbrous creed and empty handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no. You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food withe reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your Ancestry, your tempera-ment, your surroundings will decide whether you go to this or that church and adopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Well, now I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will all get in? Yes. Gate the first, the Moravians come up; they believed in the Lord Jesus; they pass through. Gate the second, the Quakers come up; they have received the inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through. Gate the third, the Lutherans come up; they had the same grace that made Luther what he was, and they pass through. Gate the fourth, the Baptists pass through. Gate the fifth, the Free Will Baptists pass through. Gate the sixth, the Beformed Church passes through. Gate the seventh, the Congregationalists pass through. Gate the eighth, the German Reformed Church passes through. Gate the ninth, the Methodists pass through. Gate the tenth, the Sabbatarians pass through. Gate the eleventh, the Church of

stay out," or a Raptist may say: "Here is a water gate. You go through that, or you must stay out," and so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O, small souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I twelve gates. Oh, ye redeemed, banner lifted, rank after

on, ye redeemed, banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp! Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trampet of invitation be sounded un-til all earth's matrice hear the shell blast til all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda and colporteurs sound it across the western prairies. Shout it to the Laplan-der on his swift sled. Hallo it to the Bedouin

careering across the desert. News, news! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it. O you thin blooded nations of eternal winter - on the north three gates! Hear it, O you pronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats-on the south three gates

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, the sixth gate shut. England and the seventh gate shut. Norand the England in, and the eighth gate Switzerland in, and the ninth gate way shut. Hindustan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All these gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea The nations all saved. all gathered. flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to

move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done! It thun-ders! The twelfth gate shut.

Once more I want to show you the gate-keepers. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace or castle or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day, and if there were no defenses be-fore heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would be up after awhile, and heaven, instead of being a world of light and joy and peace and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that, while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hil-debrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched

of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of those nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate. one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves and liars and whoremongers and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the seabeach. Only those who are blood washed and prayer lipped will get through. Oh, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gatekeeper would, with one glance, wither you forever.

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in; let me in. I

Tricks in Horse Dealing.

I heard of a smooth bunco game that was worked on a tenderfoot from the East who came to Kentucky to buy a stock farm and go into the breeding of trotters upon an extensive scale. He had more money than brains, but could not be instructed in the horse business. He bought a blue grass farm and looked around for a stallion to put at the head of his stud. He sought the advice of an expert. The expert told him he knew of a finely bred son of the great Hambletonian that could be bought for \$25,000. It was a rare bargain, and the tenderfoot thought so too. The expert thought so much of the animal that he would go halves with the young breeder. The expert left the tenderfoot to study over the matter, seeing that the game was landed. Then he proceeded to buy the horse in question, secrectly, for \$8000. The trade was made between the tenderfoot and the ostensible owner of the stallion, on a basis of \$25,000, the tenderfoot putting up \$12,500 and the expert \$12,500 (so the tenderfoot believed.) The result was that the expert made \$4500 clear and still owned one-half of the stallion, which he finally disposed of to his partner for \$15,000, leaving him a clean \$19,500 on the deal. This is as true as gospel, and were I to mention the name of the horse it would be recognized by every man who knows the trotter.

A great many of the fancy saddlers and coach horses seen in the parks in New York and Philadelphia are bought up at the Kentucky sales by shrewd dealers, who deck their tails, train them a few months and then ship them East to sell to millionaires. The Kentucky horse, however, does not thrive in the cities, and is soon worn out. Robbed of his native blue grass, he gets thin in flesh and unpleasant to look upon. Then, perhaps, the same dealer who took him East will buy him again at an enormous reduction, bring him back to Keutucky, fatten him up and sell him again at a profit. A certain Kentucky dealer sold a fancy gelding in New York a year ago last fall for \$1500. The animal was ridden to death and broken down by bad care, and a few months later was sold to the same dealer for \$300. The dealer brought the horse to Kentucky, turned it out in a blue grass pasture for several months, and soon it was fat and sleek again. Then the horse was shipped back to New York and sold for \$1200 .- Cincinnati Tribune.

Seat of the Thunder God.

"Trembling Mountain," a massive pile of peculiarly arranged rocks, lying on Rogue River, almost directly north of Montreal, Canada, was known to the Indians by a combination of words signifying "seat of the thunder god." According to their traditions. the thunder god formerly used a broad and deep indentation on its summit as a seat, and therein he would sit for ree days in spring, se mer, five in autumn and two in winter. the St. Louis Republic says. They also believed that during the time he was present great chasms would open in the side of the mountain, from which fire would stream for hours without ceasing. Nothing is known concerning the early history of the mountain, but it is thought that the legend refers to old-time volcanic action, an opinion strengthened by its geographical name of Trembling Mountain.

That Tired Feeling Is a certain indication of impure and impov-

erished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which its vitality depends, you would never be weak, or

Nervous! Boils, pimples, scrofula, salt rheum, would never trouble you. But our mode of living, shut in all winter in poorly ventilated homes and shops, depletes the blood and there is loss of appetite and weakness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy for this condition. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, builds up the nerves and gives perfect health. Read this:

• Our daughter, Blanche, when four years of age had a humor break out on her hands and face, which our physician pro-nounced ezema. If the cold air reached her face or hands they would swell up, look almost purple, and headed blisters would form and break,

Discharging a watery fluid, and the l and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we encased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands. We tried many doctors and many remedies and at last gave the case up as hopeless. But our daughter Cora tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, to cure a scrofulous lump near the left breast which caused her much pain and after taking 4 bottles it disappeared. Blanche, who is now eleven, had spent seven years of suffering, so I concluded to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 5 bottles and her face is smooth and soft as a baby's, the color of a rose petal. Her hands are soft and white, where four months ago they were blue and red and calloused nearly like leather. I cannot express my gratitude by pen or mouth. It seems a miracle and our friends are surprised." MES. ANNA L. CLAER, 401 East Fourth Street Dulath Minuscet. Street, Duluth, Minne

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

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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.

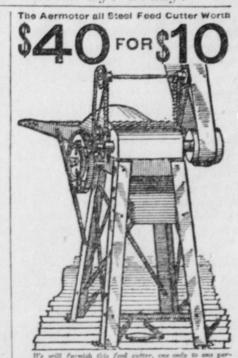
He has tried it in over eleven bundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

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 chrough 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 billous 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.





which we put out at the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the most popular all at \$25,00, is justly the same of the

very superior ant year, but now

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong And streets of shining gold?

Oh, heaven is not a dull place! Heaven not a contracted place. Heaven is not a

On, heaven is not a duil place? Meaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearfs." In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expenand torky manors are apt to have one expen-sive gateway, and the others are ordinary, but look around at these entrances to heaven and count them. One, two, three, four, flve, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens! Twelve meters! gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectari-

gate? Will you shut all the remaining host out of the city? No. They, may come in at our gate. Hosts of God, il you cannot get admission through any other entrance, come in at the twelfth gate. Now they mingle before the throne.

Looking up at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell which gate they came in. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology, one triumph, one heaven! "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Crammer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I eame through the twelfth gate." Glory to God, twelve gates, but one heaven! In the third place notice the noise to f the

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement On the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates. What does that mean? Why, it means all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north three gates. That means mercy for Lapland and Siberia and Norway and Sweden. On the south three gates, That means pardon for Hindostan and Algiers and Ethiopia. On the east three gates. That means salvation for China gates. That means salvation for China and Japan and Borneo. On the west three gates! That means redemption for America. It does not make any differ-ence how dark skinned or how pale faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mex-ican plateau from Borne companie from Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mex-ican plateau, from Roman campania, from Chinese teafield, from Holland dyke, from Scotch Highlands they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he measured it this way and then he measuhe noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he meas-ured it that way, and whichever way he measured it it was 1500 miles, so that Baby-lon, and Tyre and Nineveh and St. Peters-burg and Canton and Pekin and Paris and London and New York and all the dead cities of the next and all the light of the

of the past and all the living cities of the present added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis. It Carries Off 170 of 200 Stricken and Causes Sudden Death.

Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress or of the face, guess where a man comes from. You say: "That is a Frenchman: that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective the righteous will oring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing amid the eternal hills. The Bussian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest field he left now that he hears the hum and the visite of the harvests hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everiasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that hear twelve manner of the trees of life that bear twelve manner of

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectari-anisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster assembly catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world, "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg catechism, and he says, "You go through there or stay out." If a Metho-dist is bigoted, he plants two posts, and he says, "Now, you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episeopa-lian may say: "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate. Go through it or

leges, I built churches and was fam my charities, and having done so many wonderful things for the world I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us, We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven." And a voice from within says, "I never knew you." An-other crowd advances and says, "We were very moral people on earth, very moral in-deed, and we come up to get appropriate reognition." A voice answers, "I never knew

After awhile I see another throng approach After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever-and anon cry, "Amen, amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in, I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place, not because I de-serve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gatekeeper says, "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!" And they go in and sur-round the throne, and the cry is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings and riches and honor and glory and power. and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

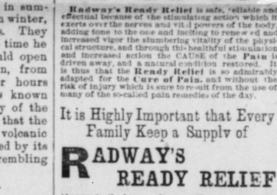
I stand here this hour to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. Itell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God you cannot get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings-unless you repent of your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for His deliverance?

Almighty for His deliverance? You want to get in, do you not? Oh, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the blessed password, and, coming up, they said, "Jesus!" and the cry was, "Lift up your heads, ye eveniasting gates, and let them come in." Oh, when heaven is all done and the troops of God shout the castle taken how the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them! ed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

FATAL PLAGUE.

The following description of the plague in Floyd and Both Counties, Kentucky, which has carried off seventy-five per cent. of its victims, is furnished by physicians sent to investigate the plague by the State Board of Health

Heath. The doctors say it is identical with the plague which swept Ireland in 1866. It is malignant, but not contagious, and is due to local conditions, though about the exact cause almost nothing is known. Its most appalling feature is the rapidity of its action. It longest course does not exceed three does It longest course does not exceed three days, and scores died in from two to eight hours. and scores died in from two to eight hours. The symptoms are pain in the head, a high fever and a tendency to draw back the head and shoulders. Pains like the stinging of bees attack the ends of the toes and fingers, extending to the head. The eyes become fixed, crossed as death draws near, and the victim sinks into a stupor, which lasts longer than the more painful features of the horri-ble disease. Of 200 cases 150 died.



EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DE-

And the Lone Limb is not the Only Reason for a Government Reward

Either. (From Journal, Leveiston, Me.)

A WAR ECHO.

SERVES A PENSION.

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the Journal an account of his life, which in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Me. Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat, yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do

nothing to effect a cure, and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army

comrade, Mr. All. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Maine, and he incidentally mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fo: a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered with consequent of his army life, and been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest rec-ommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel relative another to be a second to be

ommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked im-provement in my condition. I soon was en-abled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I man now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have re-galned my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that an me implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cau-tioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for #2.60, and may be had of all druggists or di-rect by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.



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Hard, Stubborn Cough

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