Look Out For Cancer!

Few people are born entirely free from blood taint. This is often very slight or remote, and sometimes may not develop at all in one generation, but breaks out in a serious disease later.

Cancer, the most dreadful of all diseases, is often the result of some blood taint inherited from generations back. It often appears as a mere mole or insignificant pimple, which later develops into an alarming condition. No one knows but that he may be subject to an inherited impurity in the blood, nor can he tell whether or not this may some day crop out in the form of destructive cancer. It is, therefore, important that any little sore or scratch, which does not readily heal, be given prompt attention, or a serious condition may result.

Mr. Robert Smedley, of Ocala, Fla., was the victim of a malignant cancer, which first appeared in the manner above described. He writes:

"At first I paid no attention to the little blotches on my face, thinking they would soon pass away. Before long, however, they became sore, and soon began to enlarge. I applied ordinary local remedies, but they had no effect, and I then consulted a physician. When

told me I had cancer, I became armed and hastened to obtain treatment for I knew how dangerous cancer

I received the best medical attention, but the cancer continued to worse until the physicians lly said that I would have to an operation performed, as that the only hope for me. This I reto submit to, as I knew cancer was ood disease, and my common sense me that it was folly to expect an ation to cure a blood disease.

Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood dy I decided to try it, and the first produced an improvement. I inued the medicine, and in four ths the last scab dropped off. Ten have elapsed, and not a sign of isease has returned."

alarming increase in the number aths which occur as the result of a cal operation is attracting general tion, and a strong sentiment against methods of treatment is fast deing among the most intelligent s. It seems that in almost every where the doctors' treatment is cessful, the learned physicians det once that an operation must be med, and the keen blade of the on is recklessly resorted to.

many caustic plasters which are d to remove cancers are more painan death, and the danger of a suroperation is as great as the disease No plaster or surgical operican cure cancer, because it is l disease; the destructive cancer re in the blood, and cannot be , or removed by local treatment. disease must be forced from the it is only reasonable to rely upon blood remedy for a cure, one goes direct to the cause of the and removes it.

S. (Swift's Specific) is the only cure for cancer and other obstid deep-seated blood diseases such fula, Eczema, Catarrh, Rheumad Contagious Blood Poison. It is

rely Vegetable,

he only blood remedy guarancontain not a particle of mercury, or other mineral, which means to all who know the disastrous these drugs.

on Cancer and Blood Diseases mailed free to all who address ecific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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Middleburgh, Pa

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IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

Here is the Opportunity of your Life—The Investment of a Few Dollars May Bring You a Fortune.

Away out upon the Pacific coast, at the very gateway to the land of gold, there has recently been organized a company of thoroughly reliable and representative men, principally state officials of the young State of Washington, whose purpose it is to outfit practical and experienced prospectors on the co-operative plan and inaugurate a thoroughly systematic research of the rich gold fields of the North. This is your opportunity. You have read of Alaska, talked of the Yukon and longed to be on the Klondike, but for variour reasons you cannot make the long perilous trip in person. The great distance, the enormous expense and the unparalled hazards, hardships and privations that one must encounter practically excludes and prohibits the individual from attempting to share in the rich spoils of that fabulously rich country. But by a concentration of means and influences all difficulties can be overcome. It is for this purpose that the promoters of the Alaska Co-Operative Mining Syndicate have organized, and their plan practically insures success and will afford an opportunity for those of limited means to participate in the fabulous discoveries that are constantly being made in that far away northland. The Syndicate now has prospectors in the field, and will continue to outfit others during the coming season. For this purpose 250,000 shares of the preferred or treasury stock, of the par value of $1.00 each, are offered at this time at 25 cents per share. Hence, 10 shares will cost you $2.50; 100 $25.00; 1,000 shares, $250,00. This stock, fully paid up and non assessable, will be issued on payment as above. Every dollar received for stock will be honestly and judicially expended in out-fitting practical and reliable prospectors and the result of their discoveries and locations will go into the treasury for the purpose of paying dividents upon your stock. The subscribers to this preferred stock will receive back 25 cents per share, or their full cash subscription, before the promoters receive a dollar. One single location may mean millions for the stockholders, and the Syndicate honestly expect to secure a hundred locations, including both quartz and placer. Following are the duly elected trustees of the Syndicate, and their official standing should certainly be accepted as a guarantee of good faith and the promise of an honest administration of the Syndicate's affairs:

Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State; Robert Bridges, State Land Commissioner; Thomas M. Vance, Assistant Attorney General; C. G. Heifner, State Insurance Commissioner; George W. Thompson, State Land Inspector; Rev. Horatio Alling, Congregational minister; Jesse F. Murphy ex-Register U. S. Land Office.

If you desire to invest in this stock, remit by postal money order, express money order or registered letter, directed plainly to the undersigned. Remember that the 25 cents for each share pays for the stock in full.

Prospectus, giving full details, with articles of incorporation, sent application. Address,

C. G. HEIFNER, Secretary,
Alaska Co-Operative Mining Syndicate, Olympia, Wash.

A Physician's Tribute

To the Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' NEW HEART CURE.

HEART DISEASE is curable. It is not surprising that all cases are not cured, since no physician has made the heart a special study for a quarter of a century as Dr. Miles has done. The following tribute from a physician will be read with interest. "For six years prior to taking Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure my wife was a terrible sufferer from heart disease. She had a constant fluttering of the heart and severe palpitation and pain in the left side. She took three bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and was completely restored to health, and has not taken a drop of medicine during the past two years. Under these circumstances I cannot do otherwise than recommend it to others."

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

Friendship, N. Y. W. H. SCOTT, M. D.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free to all applicants.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Widows' Appraisements under the $300 law, have been filed with the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Snyder county for Confirmation on Monday, the 13th day of Dec., 1897.

Appraisement of Lucetta Sears, widow of Wm. B. Sears, late of Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd, elected to be taken under the $300 exemption law.

Appraisement of Elizabeth Stetler, widow of Noah Stetler, late of Monroe Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd. elected to be taken under the $300 exemption law.

Appraisement of Carrie Brosious, widow of Napoleon Brosious, late of Perry Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd, elected to be taken under the $300 exemption law.

THE COMING SERMON.

Dr. Talmage expresses himself most forcibly upon the preaching of the future, taking a broad and liberal view of the subject. His text is Luke ix, 60, "Go, thou, and preach the kingdom of God."

The gospel is to be regnant over all hearts, all circles, all governments and all lands. The kingdom of God spoken of in the text is to be a universal kingdom, and just as wide as that will be the realm sermonic. "Go, thou, and preach the kingdom of God." We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man, and the coming woman, and the coming time. Some one ought to tell us of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows that most of the sermons of to-day do not reach the world. The vast majority of the people of our great cities never enter church.

The sermon of to-day carries along with it the deadwood of all ages. Hundreds of years ago it was decided what a sermon ought to be, and it is the attempt of many theological seminaries and doctors of divinity to hew the modern pulpit utterances into the same old style proportions. Booksellers will tell you they dispose of a hundred histories, a hundred novels, a hundred poems to one book of sermons. What is the matter? Some say the age is the worst of all ages. It is better. Some say religion is wearing out, when it is wearing in. Some say there are so many who despise the Christian religion. I answer there never was an age when there were so many Christians or so many friends of Christianity as this age has—our age, as to others a hundred to one. What is the matter then? It is simply because our sermon of to-day is not suited to the age. It is the canalboat in an age of locomotive and electric telegraph. The sermon will will have to be shaken out of the old grooves or it will not be heard and it will not be read.

Before the world is converted the sermon will have to be converted. You might as well go into a modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons best adapted to the age in which he lived. But if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes—those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a coming sermon—who will preach it I have no idea. In what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea. In which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That coming sermon may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Oregon or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment lie in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farmhouse, or amid the ricefields of southern savannas; or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries in the junior or middle or senior class shaping that weapon of power; or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch towers of Zion, waking to the realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming sermon may not be 20 years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that sermon when it does arrive, and I want to make the remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that coming sermon will be full of a living Christ, in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A sermon may be full of Christ, though hardly mentioning his name, and a sermon may be empty man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A of Christ, while every sentence is repetitious of his titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven. A poor man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Chrust. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and finely worded system of the theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a physician in the sickroom of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world uplifting, and it will come through a sermon in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is the noonday firmament. That sermon of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming sermon there will be instances of vicarious sacrifice taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day somebody is not dying for others. As the physician, saving his diphtheric patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain, going down with his vessel, while he is getting his passengers into a lifeboat; as the fireman, consuming in the burning building, while he is taking a child out of a fourth story window; as last summer the strong swimmer at Long Branch or Cape May or Lake George himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy, not long ago, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman 50 cents to get some especial paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say, "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?"

Vicarious suffering? The world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer, who to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air brake?" And as the engineer said it to me he put his hand on the air brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought, "You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that coming sermon of the Christian church there will be living illustrations taken from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of him, who, in the high places of the field and on the cross, fought our battle and wept our griefs and endured our struggles and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, 2 years old, who it was, and she said, "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism. So he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, 4 or 5 years of age, and he said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the one who took little children in his arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But I remark, again, that the coming sermon of the Christian church will be a short sermon. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydraheaded. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books, and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those times there was enough room for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of 45 minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say. "God for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and resuscitate him. This accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much of a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at 11 o'clock and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power or miracles. Napoleon, in an address of seven minutes, thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount—the model sermon—was less than 18 minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered all over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and fives its indifference.

Oh, when the coming sermon of the Christian church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of these great cities who have had trouble only thought that they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or Boston which would be passable on the Sabbath day, if there were a church on it; for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Veda and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Veda said to her, "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow and in which there has been no death and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went from house to house and from home to home looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Veda and said: "My mission is a failure. You see, I haven't brought the mustard seed. I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh," says the god Veda, "understand, your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others. We all have our griefs, and all have our heartbreaks."

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons.

The reason is because our sermons are not interesting and practical and sympathetic and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The sermon of the future—the gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift the people out of darkness—will be a popular sermon just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people.

That sermon of the future will be an everyday sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ, and those women who on northern and southern battlefields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

Yes I have to tell you the sermon of the future will be a reported sermon. If you have any idea that printing was invented simply to print secular books and stenography and phonography were contrived merely to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken. The printing press is to be the great agency of gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the gospel of Jesus Christ. The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and life and peace and heaven.

Do you exhort in prayer meeting? Be short and be spirited. Do you teach in Bible class? Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful, the most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly, and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone. A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take that watch. I have no more use for it. Time has ended for me, and eternity begins."

Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us for the last moment and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the gospel in pulpits, or taught Sabbath classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or pleaded the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans or as husbandmen or as mechanics, or were like Martha called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah to make a coat for a prophet, or like Deborah to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed that marches round the throne may it be found there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we are exultant. But, oh, you unsaved, wait not for that coming sermon. It may come after your obsequies. It may come after the stonecutter has chiseled your name on the slab 50 years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft, with however low a mast, and however small a hulk, and however poor a rudder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time than a full rigged brig that comes up after you have sunken. Instead of waiting for that coming sermon—it may be 20, 50 years off—take this plain invitation of a man who, to have given you spiritual eyesight, would be glad to be called the spittle by the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service if at the close 500 men should start from these doors, saying: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. This one thing I know—whereas I was blind, now I see." Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, hie you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have already strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue.

And many were the voices around the throne
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.

Unostentatious Leopold.

The King of the Belgians is an unassuming individual. Returning from a walk one morning during his recent visit to Paris, and noticing a crowd standing outside his hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, he asked a street boy what the people were waiting for. "They want to see the King of the Belgians, sir," answered the boy. "He is not very interesting, my lad," said the King; and he walked unnoticed into the hotel.—New York World.

Bizzley—You must dislike Newcomb very much.

Grizzly—I hate him as fiercely as a barber hates a bald-headed man with a full beard.—Truth.

THE AMEER INDIGNANT.

Knows How to Deal With Rebels Who Used His Name.

London, Nov. 23.—A well informed correspondent at Cabul, capital of Afghanistan, gives an account of an interview which he had with the ameer of Afghanistan, in which the ameer, referring to the rising of the tribes on the frontier of British India, said:

"I cannot imagine how any one can think me responsible for the actions of the Haddah Mullah, who instigated the troubles for it was he who raised

AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

the revolt of the Shinwarries and other tribes against me shortly after my accession. I inquired into his antecedents and failed to discover his tribe, caste or birthplace.

"When my governor at Jellallabad stopped the Haddah Mullah's followers from leaving Afghanistan they said they had the right to fight the English, for their leaders had told them I had given them permission to do so, my governor thereupon arrested several of the leaders, who were carying green jehad (holy war) flags. He sent them to Cabul, where they are now in prison, and I know how to deal with them."

HER MARITAL WOES.

Mrs. Smiley's Reasons For Asking For a Limited Divorce.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Elizabeth L. Smiley commenced proceedings here yesterday for a limited divorce from Charles W. Smiley. They were married in this city in 1890. Mrs. Smiley alleges that they are first cousins, declares that some time previous to their marriage her husband "inoculated her with ideas not in accordance with modern civilization, and such was the influence the defendant gained over her, that she saw things only in the light in which he presented them to her, rarely exercising her own judgment, so much so that she would put in writing requests to him to do many things utterly at variance with common sense, and admissions as to her conduct," and that he even made her believe it was a favor to take sums of her money and invest it in his name.

Continuing the petition recites "that he has made her married life one of continuous self effacement, abnegation and bending to his will, and she has been made to believe it to be her duty to yield to the slightest wish of an arbitrary and exacting self appointed judge and master." She alleges that she thought she deserved such treatment in order to become worthy to move on the same high plane on which he has led her to believe he moved. The petitioner asserts that he "made out a list of petty offenses against her, which she still has, for which she should pay fines varying from five cents to $1, requiring her to agree to pay the same cheerfully and without appeal or argument as to the right or wrong thereof."

The defendant is a New Englander, but has lived in Washington for the last eight or ten years. He compiled the fisheries statistics of the last census, and was subsequently sent by the fish commission to collect statistics on the Pacific coast.

The Army of Pensioners.

Washington, Nov. 19.—Secretary of the Interior Bliss, in his annual report, submits estimates aggregating $156,532,419 for the appropriations by congress for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899. Discussing the pensions, he says 200,000 pension claims are awaiting adjudication, and it is estimated that 40 or 50 per cent of these will be finally admitted. If they are rapidly adjudicated they will swell the pension roll $5,000,000 to $7,000,000. When, however, these claims are adjudicated and first payments made thereon the amount of the pension roll will decrease very rapidly, possibly to $125,000,000 or $130,000,000 the first year.

Fatal Fire In Baltimore.

Baltimore, Nov. 23.—The entire contents of the five story building, Nos. 317 and 319 North Howard street, occupied by William H. Scott, popularly known as "Great Scott," as a furniture store, were yesterday destroyed by fire, in which one woman, Mrs. Susan E. Maxon, of 1536 Williams street, lost her life. The total damage to that and adjoining property is estimated at about $135,000. Mrs. Maxon, who was a customer in the store, is thought to have fallen or to have fainted from fright, her body being found soon after the flames had been subdued.

Ex-Minister Taylor's Prediction.

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 20.—In his address at Cornell university last night Hannis Taylor, ex-United States minister to Spain, said: "Let congress but speak the final and emphatic word—recognition—and in 90 days the long and bloody tragedy will be over, the whole Christian world will rejoice, Spain will be rescued from an impossible situation, there will be no war with the United States, and Cuba will be free."

To Be Returned to Austria.

Baltimore, Nov. 22.—Forty-eight men from the interior of Austria, who were arrested last week in the swamps of Mississippi by United States inspectors, on the charge of violating the alien labor contract law, were brought here yesterday. They will be sent back.

Closing Schools For Economy.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 23.—The city school board last night ordered the schools closed from Dec. 12 to Jan. 3, for lack of funds, the school fund having been reduced in accordance with a general plan of retrenchment recently adopted.