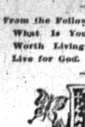
TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A MOMENTOUS QUESTION," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, James IV.14: What Is Your Life?—Yes, Life Is Worth Living if People Will Only Live for God.



If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all hands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and to be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. (If the wind blows from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we then to get a question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow, and misfortune, and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. "If you ask me, 'Is life worth living?'" I answer, It all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he was made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting, fail far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of wordly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these unfortunates, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the catterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are soaked and submerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for the place, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a small scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or at least wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society, whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only auxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. Every door but the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your, wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and come back and begin in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How will you like to get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money feel quietly, you will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work for boys a living out of it. Mightytime to make two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The sons grow very tall, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good household—"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are set, and the calculations are closer, and until those boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The son who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters: when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her, he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dear mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Florence Nightingale was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door, and said, "Let me go, let me go to my fine mutter,"—major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I have no doubt all these lived worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to come down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be remembered, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within?

VICISSITUDE.

The "Original Marks," Once a Judge, in Poverty in Chicago.

The original of "My name is Marks, I'm a lawyer, shake," is living in poor circumstances in Chicago at the age of eighty-three. His name is Abraham Marks. He says that Mrs. Stowe wished to localize "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and some one told her he was the only attorney in the vicinity. Judge Marks —he was made a probate judge by Sam Houston—has had a checkered career. Graduating from Union College in 1832, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and went to New Orleans. From there he went to Monroe, La., where he established the Standard. His conduct of that paper drew him into several duels and he was indicted half a dozen times for libel. In 1837 a duel with sweet-named Alexander on "the field of honor," and escaped with a bullet through his coat. After this duel he started for Texas on horseback. At Houston he met the famous Sam Houston, then president of the Texan Republic. Houston made him judge of the Probate Court at San Antonio. He remained in Texas a number of years and then returned to Arkansas, where his life Judge Marks has been an active politician. He was at first a Whig, but afterwards became a Republican, to which party he has belonged since its was born, in 1856. He says that he was a very small child when his parents, who lived at Pensacola, were intimate with Gen. Jackson's family, and that he remembers seeing Mrs. Jackson sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe. He asserts that Henry Ward Beecher once told him confidentially that he could see the manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he would see that he (Beecher) had written a large part of the book.

The Last of the Fiery Cross.

About the year 1770 a fire broke out in a pine forest in Strathspey, which at once assumed great proportions, threatening to spread to other woods around. The Laird of Grant, the owner, took instant steps to fight the flames. He caused the fiery cross, the blazing summons no Highlander could disregard, to be sent through Glen Urquhart and its offshoots; and so prompt and hearty was the rally that no fewer than five hundred clansmen mustered in that part of the forest that the devouring flames were stayed for want of fuel. This is believed to be the last time the fiery cross was ever used.

Numbering the Hairs of the Head.

Those who are thirsting for the knowledge of the average number of hairs on the human head will now be able to satisfy their longing. A number of savants have just been counting a square inch of hairs on the heads of several persons, and have come to the conclusion that the average number is 1,066 hairs. By measuring the surface of the genital head it will be easy to calculate the number of hairs on the average pate. Another set of "hair scientists" have made different calculations. According to them a head of fair hair is made up of 143,006 hairs (the six at the end of the round figure is fine; it might also be reckoned among the splittings); a dark head produces 105,000 hairs, and a red poll only 29,200. The reason for this difference is that fair hair is of the finest, and red hair of the coarsest quality.

If a man does not make acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

OUR GOLDEN TERRITORY.

It is almost thirty years since the foresight of one man secured for the United States a land whose value is every day becoming more and more known and appreciated by the people of the Union. He braved ridicule, and opposition of every sort from every source, and with a pertinacity born of inward conviction, he never rested until he had seen Alaska become the property of the United States. The name of Secretary Seward will be forever associated with that remarkable purchase, by which we secured from Russia for seven million two hundred thousand dollars a territory nine times the size of the New England states; teeming with gold mines, rich in furs, abounding in fish, and clothed with forests. But at that time no one, not even the Russians themselves, knew what a rich country Alaska was, and many were the jokes made at the expense of Secretary Seward's enthusiasm. The papers sneered at it, one of them suggesting to President Johnson that he visit "this land of valuable snow and merchantable ice," for the general impression was that it was an ice-bound country, access to which was crowded with Siberian-like difficulties, the people as a whole knowing very little about it, and not stopping to consider that its thousand miles of coast was washed by the warm waters of the Japan current, thus modifying the climate, so that winters in Sitka are scarcely more severe than those in New York, while the summers are refreshingly cool. Secretary Seward worked with almost a seer's vision to accomplish his heart's desire, and he was ably seconded by Charles Sumner, whose speech in the senate on "the cession of Russian America" was one of the finest efforts of his life, and at length the vast district became the property of the United States.

WHITE HORSE RAPIDS, YUKON RIVER.

Then came he puzzling question of naming the territorial baby, because its old name, "Russian America," was no longer appropriate. The wits exercised their inventive powers, suggesting such appelations as "American Siberia," and "Zero Islands," but Charles Sumner showed his fine taste by suggesting "Alaska" (the great land), a name which the Indians used in connection with the southern part of the peninsula. The ceremony of the transfer was very simple. Had one been in Sitka a certain bright October morning in 1867 he would have seen beautiful Sitka bay gay with the flutter ing Stars and Stripes on three United States warships, while from every staff and roof of the village waved the emblem of Russia's power. In front of the old castle on its lofty, natural elevation were drawn up the troops of both countries, who silently awaited the first salute, that of the United States ships, at which signal the order was given to lower the castle's Russian flag. Scarcely had the sound of the American guns lost themselves in echo, when the Russian batteries boomed forth, and the American flag gayly mounted to the top, while both country's guns sounded a duet, after which the Russian governor formally resigned his badge of office to America's representative, and the land belonged to Uncle Sam. That night there was a banquet and ball at the castle, and though the Russian families, many of whom were cultured, educated people, prepared to leave the country in possession of the new owner, so that in a few months the natives and United States troops, together with unscrupulous adventurers, were the sole occupants. Gradually the latter class was superseded by honest prospectors and rugged pioneers, whose accounts of the beauty of the land attracted the tourists who now annually flock to the coast region, where some of the grandest scenery of the world can be seen.

Leaving Victoria, the boat begins its serpentine passage among the innumerable islands which, necklace-like, encircle the coast. In verity and truth, they are the spurs of that unbroken mountain range which forms a wall along the Pacific coast from north to south. At first, one begins to count these islands, but is soon lost in a maze of figures, for there is a goodly company of about 1,100, varying in size from small, delicate patches of green to great tracts of land as large as the state of Massachusetts. As the boat glides in and out of this labyrinth of nature, the scene becomes kaleidoscopic, for new combinations of turquoise water, fleece-flecked sky, granite mountains, and forests centuries old, are constantly presenting themselves. The Yosemite seems but the child of this vast, grand congregation of rocks, while Pike's Peak is but a strayed little brother, for one after another, on all sides, mountains that lose themselves in the sky's snow banks rise perpendicularly from the smooth, level surface of the water, Neptune demanding no tribute during this voyage, as one meets the open sea only while crossing Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon Entrance. A bird flying high over head, or a seagull skimming the water's mirror-like face, give evidence of the feathered inhabitants of these unexplored wildernesses, while a birch-bark canoe filled with Indians darting across the water, add the last touches of wildness to the scene. But the "noble red man" is nobler at a distance than upon nearer acquaintance, for the first settlement where the white carriage lands, Fort Wrangell, discloses the natives freed from all picturesqueness, their totem poles alone calling out admiration.

Before almost every hut are seen these stately emblems, symbolical of the natives' pride—a pride which humanity shares, for does not everyone respect a coat-of-arms? The savage and white man here meet on common ground, for each desires influence, and in Indian affairs he who owns the most splendid pole is reckoned a man of wealth, for these heraldric emblems cost the owners from $1,000 to $2,000 of our money. A fine cedar log, perhaps fifty feet long, is chosen, and this, after it has been stripped of the bark, is carved with the faces of men, beasts and birds, which may or may not be painted, and to every Indian this true geneological tree relates a plain story of the owner, showing his descent (which is reckoned on his mother's side), the powerful alliances made by his family, and the great events in the tribe's history. The day of its erection is a proud one for the savage, as the event is celebrated by the entire tribe, and that host can make the greatest display by lavishly feasting all his guests on the delicacies of this land, by giving them expensive blankets as souvenirs, is counted the most important, and takes a correspondingly high rank, even if he beggars himself in the operation—a parody on modern civilization.

Having exchanged good United States money (of which they seem to know the value) for silver spoons on the handles of which they have carved totem poles, and having received in their old art work baskets made of the split roots of the cedar, woven together by hand so tightly that they would hold water, and painted with native colored clay in rude geometrical figures, the tourist finds himself once more drifting through a never ending panorama of nature's arranging and painting, until the glaciers begin to make their appearance, each one of which seems more beautiful than its predecessor, until that queen of glaciers, the Muir, is reached. Like a shy maiden, it has been chary of its beauty, hiding itself in a bay which is rather formidable of entrance, as it is usually filled with a fleet of icebergs and floes which persist in keeping three-fourths of their bodies under water, so that a vessel wishing to make their acquaintance must be shod in iron. The grating of the ice under the ship's metal heel, the fierce rushing in and out of the tides and the distant booming of nature's artillery as the icebergs break away from the glacier's face and fall into the water, make one's blood tingle, and expectation has reached its climax when a sudden turn into an inlet brings one face to face with one of the most novel, awe-inspiring sights in all this great round world—Muir glacier—unlike any other of its fellows. Across the bay Mount Crillon and Mount Fairweather, towering 1,500 feet above the water, like giant sentries, guard this frozen gem. It does not stoop down to reach the sea, but boldly, fearlessly approaches the edge of the water, presenting a solid wall of ice over 200 feet high, and three miles across its face—a sight to dazzle and fascinate mankind.

Leaving the ship, lifeboats land the aspiring tourists in a ravine at the side of this ice river, and the ascent through sand and boulders is begun—a scramble rich in reward, as the top of the glacier is a congregation of ice-pinnacles, many of which are as beautiful and symmetrical as if they were cut from Carrara marble by master artists in days of yore. Even the sun seems to pause and smile more genially as he sees himself reflected in a thousand brilliant ice-facets which separate its rays into their prismatic hues. Run linger as he may, the time comes when only the moon and stars see the wonderful beauty of the place, for boats must say good-by when Sol's chariot passes on, as it is not safe for a vessel to be overtaken by night in that ice-dotted bay, which is unlike that other bay which caresses the banks of Sitka, the most interesting settlement in Alaska. A single street, at the head of which is the old orthodox Greek church, with its picturesque green minarets, chime of bells and fine clock, divides the village into its two parts—civilization and heathenism. On the one side is the Indian rancherie or settlement, for the government now compels the natives to live in houses or huts which front, the beach in a double row, each place being white washed and numbered. The inside consists of one large room with a hole in the middle of the roof, through which the smoke of the fire escapes, the soot on the ceiling forming black stalactites of the most fascinating shape and form. In this common living room, the entire family, including hordes of dogs, eat and sleep, while the only touch of picturesqueness about the ranchero are the beautiful canoes covered with gay blankets, which are drawn up on the beach. On the other side of the graveled highway are the trading store, custom house, barracks, mission schools and governor's castle, which is a most interesting square old structure made of huge logs held together by iron bolts, its foundation being a rocky elevation which is surrounded on three sides by water, while the fourth springs abruptly from the surrounding land, thus forming a natural and impregnable fortress. The view from this commanding height discloses a semi-circular bay which might be the twin of the beautiful bay of Naples, not even the fire mountain being absent, for the extinct volcano, Edgecumbe, far in the distance to the right, wrapped in a royal purple mantle, guards the hundreds of emerald islands which stud the silvery, glittering expanse of water. Back of the town are the everlasting hills, whose rising slopes as blue as lapis lazuli, gradually hide themselves in veils of filmy, fleecy clouds until they change their gowns to the pure whiteness of perpetual snow.

Nature seems to be "setting for her picture," for everything about Sitka presents views to fill a water color artist with rapture. Even the sun lingers long before closing his eyes on this perfection, for 9 o'clock in August finds him still out of bed, flooding the scene with glorious mellow light, which gradually fades through the red of regret, and the gray of resignation, to the tender amethyst of hope, for the gentle afterglow, which tints the snow-capped mountains, and is reflected by the island-set bay, seems to be a promise of tomorrow's return, and one secretly envies him the sight, for ere that time comes the steamer will have carried its human freight many miles from this haven of perfect beauty, on the homeward voyage from this land of poetic loveliness—America's Switzerland.

Helium In a Mine.

Helium, it will be recollected, is a chemical element which was known to exist in the sun and some of the stars long before it had been discovered on the earth. When found on our globe, two years ago, it was discovered in a rare mineral of Norway named cleveite. Since then cleveite has been in demand in chemical laboratories, and its rarity has made it costly. Recently a mine was opened near Ryfylke, Norway, containing an abundance of cleveite, together with several other rare minerals. The cleveite from this mine, examined in London, has been found rich in helium, and it sells for about $5 a pound.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The ring of the dollar is not heard in the death chamber.

Kind acts find a dozen friends before kind wishes get an introduction.

The truthful are youthful though their cheeks are withered with age.

The rich man in hell didn't ask to be taken out. He wanted to be made comfortable where he was.

Convince a sinner that you are concerned about him, and he will soon be concerned about himself.

There is some difference between hope-so religion and assurance, that there is between muggy twilight and clear sunshine.

A euchre playing, dancing, theatergoing, beer drinking church member can do more to demoralize the young than a full fledged devil.

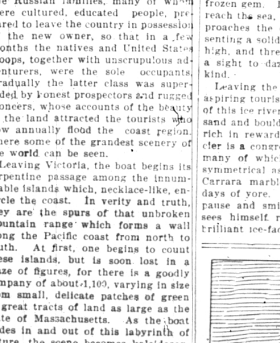
The preacher who is not caring whether anybody is being brought to repentance by his preaching has misunderstood the Lord.

According to the critics of emotional religion, the penitents on the day of Pentecost should have been "cut to their logical faculties," instead of "cut to the heart."

People who would bow, and scrape, and walk on their knees for the sake of being presented to Queen Victoria, excuse themselves from the Wednesday night levee of the King of Kings —the prayer meeting.—Ram's Horn.

Standard: "Do you think you could eat another piece of cake, Tommy?" "I think I could, auntie, if I stood up."

The first envelope ever used is in the possession of the British museum.



SECTION OF MUIR GLACIER.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A WOMAN CURED OF DISEASE OF 14 YEARS' STANDING.

She Writes to the Proprietor of Her Remedy Used and Tells of Her Regained Health and Great Joy.

From the Breeze, Hillsdale, Mich.

DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.:

Gentlemen:—I feel that I should write you of the great benefit I have derived from your Pink Pills for Pale People. I have been a great sufferer, and for nearly twenty years have cannot call myself in a well day until after I used Pink Pills. I was troubled with nervousness for fourteen years, seven of which I was almost helpless, and had to be carried when moved from place to place. I was troubled with nervous stomach troubles, and was constantly growing worse. My feet became paralyzed, then my ankles and afterwards my knees became paralyzed. We became convinced the creeping paralysis had fastened itself upon me, and my death seemed certain. It is a matter of only a short time. My husband had procured some Pink Pills, and as they were highly recommended I tried them, and can truly say of them that they are an extraordinary medicine. I have experienced relief beyond my most sanguine expectations. My paralysis is a thing of the past, and though I am a woman of sixty-three years, I now do all my housework, and am enjoying good health. Thanks to Dr. Williams' and his medicine.

[Signed] MARGARET ROSE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
COUNTY OF HILLSDALE, }

Margaret Rose, being duly sworn; deposes and says that the foregoing statement by her subscribed is true.

C. E. DENSMORE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and profession is nine points in the average Christian experience.

STOP IT NOW!

Stop It Quickly, Just the Same as Did Mr. Charles H. Hoffman, of 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson.

If you have a pain in your back, stop it! A large back, stop it! An aching back, stop it! Do you want to know how? Let us tell you! In the first place, never try to rid yourself of pain without knowing the cause. If pain or ache exist there is reason for it. Find out this reason and get after it. Strike cause a stiff blow with the right weapon, and its allies, pain and ache, will flee like chaff before the wind. To get right down to it, backache is indicative of kidney disorders, a spy placed there by nature; listen to his warnings and take up the weapon, strike before the enemy and strengthen his allies that can not be routed by hand of man, such as Bright's disease. Let us introduce to you this weapon! Let us prove its superiority to all others! Here is a blow it struck:

Mr. Charles H. Hoffman is a fireman on the M. C. R. R. and resides at 132 Ten Eyck Street, Jackson, Mich. He says: "I have suffered for a long time from a kidney and bladder disorder which has at times rendered me incapable of work; have been at the hospital for my complaint and discharged from there as cured, but the old complaint has invariably come back again. Some time ago I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and began using them, with most gratifying results. Urinary complaints which bothered me greatly are now much improved, and the pain I suffered in my back has entirely left me, my general condition is much improved. I would not like to be without Doan's Kidney Pills, I think others should know what a valuable remedy it is."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

The time is more tenderness in this seemingly cried world—but the butcher rarely finds it.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease, makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and aching, tired aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Those who drink GRAIN-O with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship; or nobly, which is done in pride.

"For three years I suffered from Salt Rheum. I doctored my hands to such an extent that I could not wash them. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me." Libbie Young, Popes Mills, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Vain people would be much happier if they had the courage to come right down to real life.

To clean a sewing machine of oil and dirt, go over it with a rag wet with kerosene.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c If C.C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money

Be glad workmen train roosters to crow at short notice.

The Green Glassblowers' union has $82,000 in its treasury.

Dead Tough Luck.

Charles Titel, a poor man in search of work in Milwaukee, received word from Chicago that he was left a legacy of $3,000. Being without money to purchase a ticket to Chicago, he resolved to reach there by stealing a ride on a freight train. In attempting to do so he was drawn under the wheels and almost ground to pieces. He died a short time after the accident.—Ex.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man.