

Renewing Their Youth.

A STRANGE STORY FROM A NEBRASKA VILLAGE.

The Villagers Excited Over the Increased Health and Vigor of the Older Inhabitants—The Experience of Two "Vets."

(From the World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.) A World-Herald reporter was attracted by the evidence of renewed activity of some of the older inhabitants of the village of Bruce, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., and inquired the cause. Mr. Andrew Finkenkelor, who was a member of Company B of the First Iowa Volunteers during the war, made the following explanation so far as he himself is concerned.

"In July, 1866, while my company was on the march through to Austin, Tex., I was attacked with rheumatism of the worst kind in one leg at Alexander, La. Being weak I was sunstruck and remained unconscious for several hours. Every summer since then I have been able to stand the heat of the sun, and have been compelled to give up my work. There was in my head a bearing down feeling which increased until it seemed my head would burst and it caused a ringing in my ears, and a palpitation of the heart set in, so that the slightest noise would set my heart thumping. Several times it has rendered me unconscious for from seven to ten hours at a time. In addition to this the rheumatism extended up my entire side until it drew my head down on my shoulder. I lost my strength and flesh and was totally unfit for work.

"For twenty-eight years I have consulted physicians and taken their prescriptions without deriving any material benefit. My ailments increased in intensity until I was assured that there was no hope for me. "In November last I read in the World-Herald a case of a man who had been entirely cured from the ailments from which I was suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On November 28 I purchased a box. In a week I felt better than I had for six months past. The ringing in my ears began to lessen in volume and finally left me. The pain from the rheumatism gradually left me, so that within one week from the time I took my first pill I was able to sit up in bed. On January 1 I was able to go out and walk around a little. On February 9 I was so thoroughly cured that I accepted a position as night watchman in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, remaining out of doors from 6 p. m. until 6 a. m. I have gained in weight from 144 pounds which I weighed in November last, to 182 pounds which I weigh now.

"For nerve building and for enriching the blood, Pink Pills are an unexcelled remedy. They may be had of druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six bottles for \$2.50.

Cleveland the First to Own a Sleigh. President Cleveland is the first president who is recorded as having a sleigh when in the white house. Last winter he brought one from New York, and during the cold season frequently joined the parades on the main thoroughfares. His turnout was the finest in the city, and the jingle of the bells on his harness the loudest.

That the barber trade can be learned in the space of eight weeks is a surprise to us, as we know it will be to a majority of our readers. Yet we learned that such is the fact during a call at the Chicago Barbers' and Hair Dressers' School, 24 Wabash avenue, from which institution many graduates, both men and women, have gone out in the short time mentioned and either engaged in business for themselves or commanded good salaries. Their catalogue of particulars is sent to all who are interested in the matter.

Chronology of the Fork. Two-pronged forks were made at Sheffield in 1608. Three-pronged forks were manufactured in England and on the continent in 1750, and silver forks did not come either in England or in France until 1814.

The Grand Canyon. Of the Yellowstone is 3,200 feet deep. It has been excavated out of hard volcanic rock. You can imagine how many million years it has taken to do this. It is a wonderful combination in form and color. You ought to see it—probably you intend to go sometime. Better go this year. Rates are low. Send six cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., for a tourist book of the park.

Yellowstone Park. Covers an area of about 3,200 square miles. It is an irregular volcanic plateau, about 8,000 feet above the sea. Within this area are the geysers, more than 2,000 hot springs and pools, besides paint pots, mud calderas, lakes, canyons, etc. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs sleeping cars to the boundary of the park. Send six cents to Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., for a beautiful tourist book that describes this renowned region.

More Direct Sources. Dime Museum Visitor (jocularly)—You did not get this immense size from anti-fat? Mammoth Lady—No, sir; not from my auntie. I inherited it from my mother. She weighed more than I do.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child? Address the International Children's Home Society, 224 La Salle st., Chicago, Illinois. Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial. Enclose stamp.

Wouldn't Be Hanged. First Burglar—You go in an 'kill 'th' family, an' I'll watch outside. Second Burglar (emphatically)—I'll be hanged if I do. First Burglar (appealingly)—No; you'll only be 'lectrocutted.

Yellowstone Park Season. Ends October 1st. The grandest outing spot in the world. Mountains, lakes, canyons, geysers, hot springs, buffaloes, elk, deer, found there. Reduced rates for 1895. Send six cents for tourist book to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

A Coachless Trip. Through Yellowstone Park would be an innovation worth trying. Splendid roads, superb coaches, fine horses, good drivers, the grandest scenery in the world—all found there. Send six cents in stamps to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., for tourist book.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"COMFORT" THE SUBJECT OF LAST WEEK'S TALK.

Golden Text: And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears from Their Eyes—Revelation, Chapter VII, Verse 17—A Stirring Appeal.



TRAVELING across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pastured prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! we are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any home, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discard his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where the trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no little-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads

Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal son got tired living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swelling of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked me if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one the appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness, or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to catch hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an ascot seat far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament in life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wanders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyers for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we weep when they weep, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she lost it. At twelve o'clock

of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She has been doctoring all her life, applying plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman! Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore with-out hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalm? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit today, than to play a tune that would set all the souls of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marsh. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Gelgatha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise, and on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions, Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement, that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh! let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended. There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

God is Doing His Best. Is not God doing the best He can for us? Can any Christian disciple have a doubt on this point? And if God is doing His best for us why should we complain of any ordering of His? Sickness and bereavement, disappointment and sorrow, as well as health and happiness and joy, are all ordered or permitted by Him in wisdom and love. He knows what is best for us, and He sees that we have it. In view of this, why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Highest of all in Dyeing Power.—Latest U. S. Govt. Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Other Buns Than Ours. If our sun could be as far removed from us as the seven stars, it would hardly be visible through an opera glass, yet there are sixty or seventy such groups as the pleiades in sight every night, each group being composed of scores of suns larger and more brilliant than that which makes life on our world possible. Aleyone is a sun 1,000 times more brilliant than our "orb of day," and Electra and Maia are each 500 times larger than Old Sol. Several of these immense sun groups (taken collectively and not reckoned on the basis of individual members) are believed to be as much as 40,000,000,000 miles in diameter. If this calculation is not at fault, it would take light seven years to flash from one extreme of such a group to the other.

The Homemaker's Ideal Country. Cut this out and send it to F. A. Hornbeck, Land Commissioner of the Kansas City Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, 7th and Wyandotte Sts., Kansas City, Mo., giving your address plainly, and receive in return a handsome 7 column, 8 page paper finely illustrated minutely describing a new Country opened up from Kansas City to the Gulf of Mexico. The best agricultural and fruit land in the United States are in Missouri and Arkansas. If you are seeking health, you will find it along this railroad. The finest climate, high altitude, pure spring water, abundance of timber, plenty of rain. No hazards. No hot winds. Winters mild. Summers cool. The very best fruit and potato lands in the world on the sunny slopes of the beautiful Ozarks. Handsome colored pamphlet and descriptive price list of every imaginable kind of land sent free. Come quick while lands are yet cheap. With land from the snows of the North to the tropical Gulf to select from, you are bound to be suited.

Both Might Improve. Workingman if you fellows wot work wid you heads would do a little hand-work once in a while, you'd walk straighter. Scientist True. And if you men who work with your hands would do a little head-work once in a while, you'd think straighter.

Eating and Sleeping. Eat the best of food, skillfully prepared, at moderate prices, on the elegant dining-cars run by the Chicago Great Western railway ("The Maple Leaf Route"). Sleep in the luxurious bedrooms of the new Pullman compartment sleeping cars run on the same line. Be happy, as a natural consequence. These advantages may be enjoyed in the superlative degree to which modern science has brought them on route between Chicago, Dubuque, Waterloo, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, via the Chicago Great Western Railway ("The Maple Leaf Route").

An Idea. Student—Professor, won't you give me an idea for an essay? Professor—Write about a child who wanted to write an essay, and hadn't any ideas.

Calamitous Proceedings. A paper published in Lawrence, Kan., apologizes for the failure to give Helen Gould a public reception, "because the hand boys were all out in the harvest field."

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves. Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine and other poisons. Chewing or smoking tobacco is a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranty cure in No. 10. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City, or Chicago.

That of the Month of Babes. Everybody around Society Hill, S. C., is rocking to hear a 9-year-old negro girl preach. She shows amazing knowledge of the frailties of humanity.

It's So. Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married Man—Yes. He has to.

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Every woman has some man's word for it that she is pretty. **Geo's Cough Balsam.** Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. It may be true that nothing is ever lost, but there is a good deal that can't be found.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.** The mills of Justice not only grind slowly, but they frequently grind up the wrong people.

Hansom's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure of money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

All women do not wish to be married, but most of them would at least like to be asked. **PLS—All Physicians Free.** Dr. E. H. H. Green's Nervous Restorer. A Powerful and Reliable Remedy for Nervousness, Trembling, and all other symptoms of Debility. Sold by Druggists. Send for Dr. E. H. H. Green's Nervous Restorer, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

Western Kansas has been hollerin' for rain some days when along came a little shower that did so much damage to railroads that it can't all be repaired in two months.—Ex.

Mademoiselle is a simple remedy. It takes out the roots and what a consolation it is when a mother is ailing. Sold by Druggists.

Did Miss Odger give her age when she was asked? "No." "Did she refuse?" "No. She said she was twenty."

MAL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Head for testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. **F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.**

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To Cleanse the System. Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

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