

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Mrs. Anna Burns, of 385 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a pleasant conversationalist. On the ground floor of her residence she conducts a well-stocked candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.
"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never ending pain, I tried cure after cure, but to no avail after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pains in my limbs became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet, and occasionally I was forced to go out. This went on until I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still, no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seized in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car was passing along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks, whether I would not drop to the ground in my agonies and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the Evening News one day an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful health restoring pills. Before I had finished taking half the pills I began to feel relief, and the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days, I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took the better I felt. I finished my box, got another, and now having taken only a few of the second fifty cents' worth, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there are a dozen vehicles near by. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."
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. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excessive fatigue. In women they cure all ailments whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents, a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Skirts of Actresses.
Maggie Mitchell once told a questioning woman that she always wore divided skirts, although at the time of this conversation the bifurcated garment was scarcely known outside the world of the stage. Miss Mitchell said that almost all actresses wear this petticoat because they found that it gave them most freedom of gait and grace to one's movements. She also said that she had her skirts trimmed with lace and embroidery, put on wrong side out, and that this was another notion prevalent in "the profession." "Because, you see," she explained, "in getting in or out of a carriage or a street car it is the underside of the edging that shows, and only that."

WONDERFUL WHEAT YIELDS.
The yield of wheat and other grains in Manitoba and the other western Canadian provinces this year has been phenomenal. Thirty-five millions of bushels of wheat, thirty millions of bushels of oats, six millions of bushels of barley, besides large quantities of flax, rye, peas, etc., have been produced in Manitoba by only 25,000 farmers, some of whom settled on the prairies a few years ago with very little capital, and other almost totally inexperienced in and unaccustomed to farm work. This enormous yield seems almost incredible, but when one reads of a farmer selling a part of his crop for \$17,000 and having 4,000 bushels still on hand, it is easy of belief, and that another farmer, a Mr. Pruyn, near Emerson, Manitoba, had 21,000 bushels, and many of his neighbors harvested 10,000 bushels and upwards. A Portage Plains farmer averaged 53 1-3 bushels on a 40-acre field, and near Neepawa nine acres yielded 600 bushels—an average of 66 2-3 bushels per acre. Another field of 16 acres on the same farm yielded 800 bushels, while the entire crop of 195 acres turned out 40,000 bushels. A Carman settler was rewarded with 36,865 bushels of 985 acres—an average of 36 1/2 bushels to the acre. In oats, one farmer raised 75 bushels to the acre by measurement, but by weight there were 106 bushels, the grain weighing 48 lbs to the bushel. Of course every farmer has not these phenomenal crops, but there are countless instances where the wheat yield was 30, 35, 40 and more bushels to the acre. Roots and vegetables, too, rivalled the cereals in their prolific yield. Stock is also largely raised, there being extensive ranches in Manitoba and the vast country to the west of it, and the shipments this year have aggregated 45,000 head, sheep being also raised in large numbers. Dairying is being rapidly developed, and the recent establishment of creameries has brought this new country prominently before the markets of the world on account of the excellence of its butter and cheese. But wheat raising is Manitoba's distinctive feature, the soil being particularly adapted for the production of No. 1 hard, unsurpassed by any other grade, and it is safe to say that there is not any part of the continent where the yield has been so uniformly large and the grade so high as in Manitoba.

Difficulties of Authorship.
Struggling author—"Eldora, can't you keep that baby out about two minutes. His yells are enough to drive one wild."
Wife—"No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes and knead the bread and mend Tommy's clothes."
Struggling author—"Well, anyhow, you could make Johnny and his sis stop their racket and close the windows so there won't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on 'How to Be Happy, Though Poor.'"—New York Weeklv.

SPEAKS TO CONGRESS.

DR. TALMAGE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNITY.

Our Representatives in the National Assembly Saluted by the Great Preacher—God's Blessing Invoked for Their Work During the Session.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 1, 1895.
S TO-MORROW the congress of the United States assembles, and many of the members were present at the delivery of this sermon. Dr. Talmage took a most appropriate theme showing that in all their work they might realize that God has always been on the side of this nation. Text: II Kings, vi: 17, "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The American congress is assembling. Arriving or already arrived are the representatives of all sections of this beloved land. Let us welcome them with prayers and benedictions. A nobler group of men never entered Washington than those who will tomorrow take their places in the senate chamber and the house of representatives. Whether they come alone, or leave their families at the homestead far away, may the blessing of the Eternal God be upon them! We invite them to our churches, and together, they in political spheres, and we in religious circles, will give the coming months to consideration of the best interests of this country which God has blessed so much in the past that I propose to show you and show them so far as I may now reach their ear, or to-morrow their eye through the printing press, that God will be with them to help them as in the text he filled the mountains with help for Elisha.

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men—to take Elisha. During the night the army of Syrians came around the village of Dothan where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man-servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? there is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die! We must die!" But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Syrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him; and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man-servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of Divine rescue.

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the Divine equipage always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue? yes, but a chariot of fire. All our national dis-thralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this Divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and nineteen years. The American revolution started from the pen of James Hancock in Independence hall in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies, and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing, as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the winters which surpassed all predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congelation. Elisha surrounded by the whole Syrian army did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White mountains of New England, the highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of reinforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith; and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march, because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a

miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history, the first American president was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be such an exigency. He was let down a Divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then, in 1861, when our civil war opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large states against small states. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the nation in armed wrath, meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse and he rode on the battle-field in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the Southern side, was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of the Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met and Nathaniel Lyon and Sydney Johnson rode in from the North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds on Lookout mountain; but there was something higher than that.

Again the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of the nation in 1876 at the close of the presidential election famous for ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected; others said Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre, some of us guessed, but only God knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard, and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North and the South and the East and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this nation. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone. To prove God is on the side of this nation I argue from the last eight or nine great national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century, epidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of the Church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from the Edenization which promises that this whole land is to be a paradise where God shall walk.

I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course, God works through human instrumentalities, and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible now to have illegals voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day and from poll to poll, and voted here, and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well-organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. If I am in a region where I am allowed a vote, I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the state, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent, fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot-box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken, and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, or cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So, through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage, redemption will come.

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartment as large as the shadow of a house-fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more, and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you, as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories—manufactories of lies; and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day, all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies purulent. Lies cut bias, and lies cut diagonal. Long-limbed lies, and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary, and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scolloped, and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a presidential campaign.

I confess, I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocket-book, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to the subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we waste every year or every four years must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a national religion. There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state, and it is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of \$75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten, or two. We want no such religion as that, no such national religion; but we want this kind of national religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is his Book, and that he has the strength and the honesty to fulfil his promises.

Healthy to Yawn.
"It is not only very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, "but artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh and like troubles." It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.

Only Waiting.
Mrs. Simpers—"My dear, will you love me when I'm old?"
Mr. Simpers—"Yes, when you're old enough to have sense."

GREAT THOUGHTS.
Mentally only, man is the superior animal.
Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.
Every good and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—Emerson.
To endure is the first thing a child ought to learn, and that which he will have most need to know.—Rousseau.
I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—S. Rutherford.
Where Christ brings his cross, he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.—Mrs. Browning.
True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.
You can put into a minute of time only just so much manual labor, but you can add to the same minute thought and love.—James Freeman Clarke.

The medical department of the queen's household costs \$13,500 yearly and comprises twenty-four persons.
The two favorite pursuits of Princess Beatrice are riding and trying over new music in the form of duets.
In the French army a non-commissioned officer loses all chance of influence or authority over his men if his ugliness inspires either disgust or ridicule.

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court.

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trade mark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The culpability of other manufacturers is excused by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitators by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

Not Quite Fitting.
"I see you have a new organist," said the occasional attendant.
"Yes," answered the medium, "the other fellow got entirely too fresh. We called up the spirit of Brigham Young last meeting, and what do you suppose the idiot played? 'Only One Girl in the World for Me!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will be slow about going to law.

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic make it an invaluable remedy for all nervous troubles, colds and every form of distress, yield to it.

The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

Get Hindercorns and use it if you want to realize the comfort of being without corns. It takes them out perfectly. See at druggists.

Good or bad company is the greatest blessing or greatest plague of life.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervousness cured. Treatise and Extracts sent free to all. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Good fortune does not always travel in a carriage.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **MAN WAZLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for Children Teething.

On the day we have done no good we have done much evil.

I have found Pisco's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. LOTT, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

If all our wishes were gratified how poor we would be.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Coe's Cough Balsam. Cough cured. It is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

St. Jacobs Oil
YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN
CURES Rheumatism,
The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Stop Naturally!
You Don't Have
to Swear
off!
TAMBOURAC
makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.
GUARANTEED
TOBACCO HABIT CURE.
Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.
THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
CHICAGO, MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

PISO'S CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION
Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP.
TA-YES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CT.

get all You can

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always reliable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its original color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 Bottles.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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