

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Jan Kubelik's raven hair seems to be a splendid re-enforcement to his violin shading.

Gen. Weyler wants the Spanish army reduced—probably to put the navy in countenance.

German-built boats may do for trade on the navy, but for himself the emperor wants the best.

An emergency appropriation to supply our statesmen with sparring lessons is earnestly suggested.

Prof. Herron has been in Europe long enough to learn that America is threatened with a revolution.

The microbe that causes gray hairs has been discovered, but no injunction has been served on him as yet.

The early spring talk about the destruction of the peach crop seems to have been nipped in the bud.

To the average workman increased wages are better than new resolutions for the beginning of a fresh year.

The Pan-American congress is already bearing fruit. Washington is importing Mexican bullsnares to catch her rats.

It will now be in order to watch the Macedonian committee and see if it begins spending money with easy nonchalance.

These are such surprising days that we barely find time to call attention to an Ohio Judge's trial of a case by telephone.

Montana could not get as good as third money in Detroit. It took one of her cashiers over three years to steal a paltry \$178,000.

There is a 16-year-old boy in Tennessee who has killed three men. A boy of that age is almost sure to come to a bad end.

A Kentucky farmer is dead from a calf bite. No Kentuckian ever dies from a snake bite. The antidote is always in his pocket.

Kansas wants to know if a man can be a Christian on \$5 a week. That would depend largely on how much money his wife had.

Wilhelmina's Prince Henry seems to be really trying now to live a blameless life. A testimonial of some kind ought to be forwarded to encourage him.

According to a dispatch, British newspapers are giving the American steel trust credit for various things. The trust doesn't need credit; it can pay cash.

No one has succeeded in improving upon Edward Everett's estimate of George Washington. "He was the greatest of good men and the best of great men."

According to the census bureau the value of domestic animals, fowls and bees in the United States is \$2,200,000,000. This includes the cows that produce colored butter.

It is no cause for humiliation that the brain of a man weighs three times that of an ape. It takes man three times longer to prove superiority to his own satisfaction.

The King of Siam has changed his plans and will not visit the United States this year, but the regular annual circus will come, street parade and all, the same as usual.

Against those who deplore athletics as demoralizing may be pitted the Topeka clergyman who declares that "it is all right for college students to pray to God to give them victory in a football game."

For every excess inch of liberty that the "foreign devils" are now taking with the humiliated court of China the smiling dowager empress expects to take a mile of bitter revenge in the red dye and by.

Students of an Ohio college hazed a new man the other night by gagging and binding him and then dropping him twenty feet down a coal hole. Yet the victim failed to see the joke. Some people are so obtuse.

Philanthropist Keene doesn't believe much in organized charity, for the reason that it demands a certificate of character before giving aid to people in extremity. It is true enough that in almost everything else, including the pursuit of pleasure, we take long chances on getting the worth of our money.

That Detroit Napoleon of finance had a motto which was, "No man should work after he is forty." Let us hope, however, that he will excuse those depositors who may find it necessary, because of what has happened, to keep on toiling after passing the allotted age.

Banker Andrews thinks he could straighten things out if given a chance. Those bank directors have no great reputation for wisdom, but they will hardly be simple enough to allow Andrews to get another go at the funds.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSE THIS WEEK ON RECOLLECTION AND FORGETFULNESS.

Text Hebrews VIII, 12: "Their Sins and Their Iniquities Will I Remember No More"—Good Advice for Christians of All Denominations.

(Copyright, 1902, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, March 9.—From the letter to the Hebrews Dr. Talmage takes a text and illustrates how all offenders may be emancipated; text, Hebrews VIII, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindus is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forget-me-not. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember.

With the art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that I, two men appeal to him and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned. God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how these men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has been curdled. They do not believe in anybody or anything. Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there are fifty crab-apples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and sunny. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their generalities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of little tattling, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infelicities and misdemeanors, there is no need of our repenting of them again. While it is right that Christians repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bottering yourself and insulting God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No; you drag the load on with you, and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only forgiven, but forgotten.

Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to have a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of his mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment or so much received on account, but receipt in full. God having for Christ's sake decreed "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." As far as possible let disagreeables of life drop. We have enough things in the present, and there will be enough in the future,

to disturb us without running a special train into the great Goneyby to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Let the train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a corrupt and destroyed past and load up with gratitude and faith and holy determination. We do not please God by the cultivation of the miserable. He would rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your Heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics.

Not only forget your pardoned transgressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of some people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big acendrels they once were. They not only will not forget their forgiven deficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them, but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thankful for that rescue, but do not make displays of the mud of that horrible pit or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discomfited and unfit for Christian service because I had done none of those things which seemed to be, in the estimation of many, necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word or ever got drunk or went to compromising places or was guilty of assault and battery or ever uttered a slanderous word or ever did any one a hurt, although I knew my heart was sinful enough, and I said to myself, "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those depraved experiences." But afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordination by the laying on of the hands of dissoluteness and infamy.

And though an ordinary moral life, ending in a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it if we have never plunged into outward abominations. It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed debauchees to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblages of people the most of whom have always been decent and respectable. But I have been sometimes in great evangelical meetings where people went into particulars about the sins that they once committed, so much so that I felt like putting my hand on my pocketbook or calling for the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or cut-throatery. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified, forget the waywardness of the past and allow others to forget it.

But what I most want in the light of this text to impress is that we have a sin-forgetting God. Suppose that on the last day—called the last day because the sun will never again rise upon our earth, the earth itself being flung into fiery demolition—supposing that on that last day a group of infernal spirits should somehow get near enough the gate of heaven and challenge our entrance and say: "How canst thou, the just Lord, let those souls into the realm of supernal gladness? Why, they said a great many things they never ought to have said, and they did a great many things they ought never to have done. Sinners are they—sinners all!"

And suppose God should deign to answer. He might say: "Yes, but did not my only Son die for their ransom? Did he not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was retained in his arteries; not one nerve of his that was not wrung in the torture. He took in his own body and soul all the suffering that those sinners deserve. They pleaded that sacrifice; they took the full pardon that I promised to all who, through my Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of my mind that they were offenders. I forgot all about it. Yes, I forgot all about it. Their sins and their iniquities do I remember no more." A sin-forgetting God! That is clear beyond and far above a sin-pardoning God. How often we hear it said, "I can forgive, but I can not forget." That is equal to saying, "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." There is something in the demeanor that seems to say: "I would not do you harm. Indeed I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may no hard words pass between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offenses go into oblivion. He never thinks them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along.

Many years ago a family consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could after the sale of the cattle purchase household necessities and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at nightfall. As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm he heard a

child's cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdman first thought it was a stratagem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started and, sure enough, found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But no. The house was full of excitement, and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo, it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found! How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God or they would all flock to him.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear them. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops, "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they awakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch, and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the commander of all the hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven and said, "I will go and recover that lost world and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any farther than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found!"

So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God—yes, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination. The neighing of the war-horses—for some of the soldiers were in the saddle—was one sound, the bang of the hammers was a second sound, the jeer of malignants was a third sound, the weeping of friends and followers was a fourth sound, the splash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound, and the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured and thereby the other lives were saved are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

A seat on the New York stock exchange is worth \$75000 which makes it rather an expensive place for the owner to go back and sit down.

After a woman gets married and has children, she is lucky if she gets time to read any other than the doctor book.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, MARCH 23; EPHESIANS 5:11-21—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Golden Text—"Be Not Drunk with Wine, Wherein Is Excess"—Ephesians 5:18—Two Great Moral Kingdoms Contending for Supremacy in Our Hearts.

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1,213 BUS. ONIONS PER ACRE.

Salzer's New Method of onion culture makes it possible to grow 1,200 and more bus. per acre.

There is no vegetable that pays better. The Salzer's annuals contribute nearly one eighth of a million lbs. of onion seed, selling same at 9c., and up per lb.

For 16c. and this notice John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., will mail you their mammoth catalog, together with 150 kinds of flower and vegetable seeds. Market gardeners' list, 2c. postage. W. N. G.

A Slam at Oklahoma. Representative Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, tells of a poker game he saw in Oklahoma. "I'll be blamed if I play in any game like this!" shouted one of the players, jumping to his feet and throwing down his cards. "What's the matter?" asked the other four players. "Somebody's stolen a jack of hearts off my knee." "An examination of the player's cards," added Mr. Fitzgerald, "showed that he had jacks up, and the odd jack would have given him a full house."

Safety Mirrors at Road Crossings. The Woodbridge (England) district council has resorted to novel means to prevent accidents at dangerous street corners. These roads in the district meet at awkward angles, and collisions between vehicles have been rather common. Widening by demolition of house property being impossible, the surveyor recommended the erection of mirrors. By this means drivers can see through brick walls, so to speak, and the experiment has proved successful.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

All Qualified. In the course of a speech in the senate last week Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts took a fling at the Green Mountain state by saying: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote until he has made \$5,000 trading horses with Massachusetts people." A ripple of laughter caused by this remark was changed to a roar when Senator Proctor of Vermont said in his deep bass: "Yes, and we all vote."

Wants Women as Jurors. A French deputy has announced his intention to bring in a bill during the present session of parliament making it not only admissible but legally obligatory for women to sit as jurors. He proposes that all juries shall be required to consist of six good men and six women similarly qualified.

Rosebery a Feudal Lord. Lord Rosebery, according to T. P. O'Connor, lives the life of a great feudal lord on his estates. He has a host of retainers, splendid equipages, and everywhere his coronet is in evidence. He travels from one of his great houses to another with postillions as if railways had not been invented. The liberal leader is a great noble, and the people like him all the better for being apart from them in the pomp and circumstances of his private life.

Grandfather of Congress. Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the senate, thinks he may fairly lay claim to the title of "grandfather of the house." He entered the service of that body ten years before John Sherman of Ohio and Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, who were termed "fathers of the house." Mr. Milburn was first elected chaplain of congress in 1845, being then a resident of Illinois and hailing from the congressional district represented by Lincoln.

Scripture For and Against. A New Englander about 70 years old, having learned that Dr. Henry Van Dyke made occasional expeditions to Canada and elsewhere in search of big game, recently sent him a pen drawing made by himself of a stag, and underneath placed this motto in large letters: "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Dr. Van Dyke, on acknowledging receipt of the drawing, thanked his friend for his kindness and suggested that under certain conditions a more appropriate text would be Acts x:13: "Rise, Peter; kill and eat."

NEW CURE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER. Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc., you will upon request be mailed A LARGE TRIAL CASE FREE.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub, called by botanists the *piper methastictum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record

of 1200 hospital cures in 23 years. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

James Thomas, Esq., of the Board of Review Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., was cured after many physicians failed and he had given up all hope of recovery. Nathaniel Anderson, Esq., of Greenwood, S. C., writes: "Was a sufferer of Kidney and Bladder troubles, which caused two hemorrhages of the Kidneys; had to urinate every few minutes; physicians told him his case was incurable, but was completely cured by Alkavis. Alvin D. Lane, Auburn, Me., writes: "Was cured of Rheumatism, which was so severe as to cause him to use crutches. Hundreds of similar testimonials can be produced if desired. Many ladies, including Miss Viola Darling, Petersburg, Ind., Mrs. E. H. Vinamore, South Deerfield, Mass., also testify as to the wonderful curative powers in Kidney diseases and other disorders peculiar to women."

"That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Trial Case Free, only asking for a new ten cent stamp which you will recommend it to others. It is a Church Kidney Care Company, No. 406 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

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