

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

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

Chile has just ordered two new battleships. Look out for trouble.

London school board children used over 4,000,000 exercise and copy books last year.

The Venezuelans are at it again. The South American martial spirit never rises but it revolutes.

The Chinese court has been rehabilitated by making the clothes of the common people a little shorter.

Andrew Carnegie has succeeded in boosting his library record up to thirty-eight endowments in a single day.

J. Pierpont Morgan has made a little loan of \$12,500,000 to Chile. Later he may decide to buy the whole country.

Ten thousand students in Russia are giving the college yell for liberty. For 'rah-rah effects it is hard to beat.

Things must be getting desperate in Colombia, for the government is going to spring a curfew law on the revolutionists.

It is reported that Sir Thomas Lip-ton is going to marry an American girl—has found something over here that he can lift.

Mohamed Duda has been proclaimed Sultan of Wadai, Africa. He is a lineal descendant of the famous Duda, my huckleberry, Du.

It is figured out that the winter cost New York \$7,000,000, and as it was not counted a luxury the New Yorkers are growing about it.

The death of so many prominent burnt-cork artists within the past few weeks has not reduced the number of traveling minstrel companies.

The Richmond Dispatch is anxious about the proper way to pronounce "appendicitis." Those who have it pronounce it the worst ever.

When a shaft is sunk in Colorado now the sinker has a double chance of success, as he is likely to strike either a precious mineral or a flow of oil.

Bearing in mind that a cow once jumped over the moon it would be well to equip one's air ship with a cowcatcher for such another contingency.

Minister Wu contends that female offenders should be tried by juries of women. If Wu has his way good looking women will do well to keep out of the dock.

A Tennessee judge has declined a re-nomination after holding public office for forty years. It can't be possible, however, that he is quitting because he needs rest.

The new president of the Western Union Telegraph Company started as a messenger boy. His case seems to upset the theory that a messenger boy never gets there.

This is the season when the woman who hesitates whether to invest her capital in her Easter offering or her Easter bonnet is lost in the abyss of the millinery shop.

There appears to be no good reason why William Waldorf Astor should not gratify his ambition to become a member of the British parliament. He undoubtedly has the price.

The only objection that the Bavarians have to the American locomotives is what they call it outlandish whistle. Perhaps they think that a voice sweet and low is a fine thing in a loco-motive.

He needn't travel far—that Iowa Trappist monk who, after twenty-five years seclusion, renounces his vows to see the world. In the human nature of the first village he will find the world in miniature.

A Boston man has died of over-exertion brought on by playing ping-pong. Bostonians who have been used to the quiet, studious life should be more careful about indulging in these riotous and violent practices.

It is boasted by a Burlington editor that not a newspaper man of that town uses tobacco in any form. And it is feared that this may lead to such a state of asceticism that the Burlington editors will even refuse to drink.

As soon as the news got abroad that Samuel Denton, a handsome New York newspaper canvasser, was jailed for ninety days for kissing a pretty little housemaid, every old maid in the city began to answer her own door bell.

Mrs. Adolph May of New Brunswick, N. J., found a clothed tramp asleep in a bathtub a quarter full of water. When awakened he blushed horribly, and immediately fled. Museum managers are trailing him with blood-hounds.

Women who desire 'Uncle Russell Sage to invest their money for them will do well to call on him in person. He has taken a bitter resolution to have nothing more to do with feminine investors, and nobody can blame him much.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRISTIAN DEATH AS THE ENTRANCE TO FULLER LIFE.

Eloquent Easter Discourse Preached from Corinthians, "Death is Swallowed Up in Victory"—Why Should We Doubt That God Can Raise Us from Death?

(Copyright, 1902, Louis Klopfisch, N. Y.)
Washington, March 30.—The Christian view of death as the entrance to a fuller life is presented in this Easter discourse by Dr. Talmage from the text I Cor. xv, 54, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

About 1,870 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, she wears a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when, after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snow bank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the north instead of the south, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox, but welcome this queenly day, holding high in her right hand the wrenched bolt of Christ's sepulcher and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of halleluiah. Paul wrote on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, of Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, of the retreat of our armies from Manassas or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth-horon with their armies while the hail-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his hosts all the aches and pains and malarial and cancer and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northwest wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of carnal house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double quick command of pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sickrooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all of the five continents. Forward, march! ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders in chief and all the presidents and kings and sultans and czars dropped under the feet of his war charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born.

As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the east, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchers will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with car and boat. Melrose abbey and Kenilworth castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulcher. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or a president's levee. We stop at such cloakroom and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. We want them put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn in Central Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation, the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best

mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepulchred. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without cavil or protest. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius; at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. Whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. You will have it; I will have it.

I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and kindled by the sun. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drops a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly—where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wings—where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb near a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried 2,000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up. It bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected! A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried three,000 years ago. He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried 3,000 years, yet resurrected! "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff of Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silkworms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted niter, and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper, and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feeble and feeble and then stopped. They have taken no food. They want none. They lie dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past 4 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came in day after day and said, "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone.

It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Physiologists tell us that while the most of our

bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hindrance and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparatuses, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell us what they are good for. They may be the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis and the scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and found the old house had been enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over and adorned and raised and encolored and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not pity it, or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it, or changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing weak and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your body ever have a gladness but your soul celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be long separated.

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that on Easter day we swathe our churches with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most concentrated voice of song that we can invite, with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior: "Let me hear no more about the resurrection; there can be no resurrection; I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see! But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchers, with rough ground tossed on each side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given. Hail the resurrection now; Hail the resurrection thou!

English Clergymen Live Long.
There are 103 incumbents of churches in England who have occupied the same livings for fifty years or more, and of these twelve have held their places for sixty years. Their average income amounts to \$1,300 a year, and in sixteen cases the income, after 12 years' continuous service, is between the limits of \$360 and \$700 a year.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II. APRIL 13; ACTS 9:32-43

PETER, AENIAS, AND DORCAS.

Golden Text—"Jesus Christ Maketh Thee Whole"—Acts 9:34—The Extension of the Gospel in Other Lands—Widening of Thought and View.

I. The Rest from Persecution. Peaceful Times for the Church.—V. 21. How long the persecution lasted after Saul's conversion we do not know, but it probably burned out in two or three years. There were not many with Saul's fiery zeal.

But the probable reason for its cessation lay in the troubles the Jews were having with their Roman rulers. They themselves were being persecuted, and this left no time or opportunity for them to persecute Christians.

V. Healing the Sick.—Vs. 32-35. "As Peter passed throughout all quarters." He went everywhere visiting and encouraging and teaching the new churches formed by the persecuted Christians, and keeping them in touch with the apostolic church in Jerusalem. "The saints which dwelt at Lydda." All Christians were called saints, because that was their aim and the characteristic of their lives. "He found there a certain man, named Aenias, who was lame from the time he was born." It was not chance, but providence, in connection with his own seeking for ways to help others. "Named Aenias." "Kept his bed eight years." So that the cure must have been miraculous. "And was sick of the palsy." Palsy is a contraction of the word "paralysis." The term is used by the ancient physicians in a much wider sense than by our modern men of science. It included not only what we call paralysis, which is rarely very painful, but also cataplexy and tetanus, i. e., cramps and lockjaw. Both were very painful and dangerous.

"Jesus Christ." That is, the Messiah. Peter guards against being thought the source of healing. He draws men not to himself, but to the Saviour. So the true preacher or teacher always "hides behind the cross." He draws attention not to himself, but to the Lord. "Make the whole." This is a very expressive term for complete health, where every part of the body is present and in perfect condition. It is the type of a holy soul. "Arise, and make thy bed." He was henceforth to do for himself what others had done for him.

Note 1. To those who are seeking to do good, new opportunities will continually come, opportunities which those who are waiting in idleness will never find, nor see even when they come before their eyes. Good works toward the sick and unfortunate, expressing the true character of our religion, and of our Saviour, and his power over men for good, form one of the strongest influences drawing men to Christ. The more Christians do for the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the more will they be multiplied.

VI. Helping the Poor.—V. 36. "There was at Joppa (Beaufort). A certain disciple named Tabitha." This in Syriac, the common language of the region, means "spider," "beauty," "Dorcas" (Gazelle), which in the East was a favorite type of beauty. "Was full of good works and almsdeeds."

Remarks 1. Good works for the poor are characteristic of the Christian religion.

2. The personal element, the giving of one's self with the gift, is a necessary part of good works for the sick and poor. It is as necessary for the giver as for the receiver.

3. This is the way to lay up treasures in heaven. It develops the heavenly character of the soul, sweetens music, greater raptures, wider visions possible.

VII. Raising the Dead.—Vs. 37-41. "She was sick, and died." Possibly as a martyr to her over-exertions in behalf of the poor; and she may wear a martyr's crown as really as Stephen or Peter. Even the best of people sometimes die early. God knows the best time for us to die. And yet it is a great privilege to be able to continue our work on earth. "Laid her in an upper chamber." "In Jerusalem he corpse lay over night, but outside Jerusalem three days might elapse between death and burial, in special cases."—Knowing.

"Lydda was nigh to Joppa." Nine miles.—Knowing. Ten miles.—Hastings. "Heard that Peter was a physician." It was too late to send for Peter. A physician after death is an absurdity, but not an apostle after death. "Delay to come to them." They knew that Peter had wrought some great miracles in Jesus' name, though he had not restored the dead. But they hoped that he might help them in some way.

"When he was come . . . the widows stood by him weeping." The poor widows for whom Dorcas had made the "coats which Dorcas made." Was accustomed to make. "Showing." "Peter put them all forth," as Christ did from the room of Jairus' daughter, and as Elijah, in restoring the Shunammite's son. This would keep him from interruption; he could concentrate his mind on the Lord's will as to Tabitha; it would avoid all appearance of display. Probably Peter did not know at first what the result would be. "Kneeling down, and prayed," to learn the Lord's will, and to receive his power. "Tabitha, arise." "And she opened her eyes," as one awaking from sleep. "She sat up," showing that she was really alive again. "And it was" (became) "known . . . and many believed in the Lord." The good works which the disciples did, on the one hand, and the power of the Lord to heal and save, on the other, had proclaimed the gospel to the people, and made it known everywhere.

43. "Tarrying many days." Peter struck while the iron was hot. The harvest was ripe, it was great, the laborers were few. "Joppa" was a large city, a busy seaport, and hence an excellent center from which to send forth the knowledge of the gospel. "With one Simon, a tanner," whose house was by the seaside (Acts 10:6).

The Restoration of Dorcas. 1. It brought into prominence Christian care for the poor.

2. It called attention to the fact that Jesus had risen from the dead, and was still alive in heaven, and could do the same wonders through his disciples as he himself had done when on earth. It was no dead Saviour, but a living Saviour, whom the apostles preached.

3. It was a lesson on immortality, teaching that the soul has an existence separate from the body; and that eternal life begins here, and continuing forever, is the life that should be most earnestly sought.

Moody and the Questionable Book.
Some one asked the late Dwight L. Moody if he had read a certain book. He replied, "No, I believe there is poison in it; at least I have heard so on good authority." The friend said, "But wouldn't it be well for you to read it for yourself?" "No," said Mr. Moody; "if I take poison in my stomach the doctor has to come with a stomach pump to take it out. Why should I take poison in my mind? I might never be able to get it out."—Margaret Bottoms, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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