



Mr. Wm. A. Lehr
of Kendallville, Ind., says Hood's
Sarsaparilla is

King of Medicines Almost a Miracle

And His Cure Was
"O. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."
"Gentlemen: When I was 14 years of age I was con-
fined to my bed for several months by an attack of
rheumatism, and when I had partially recovered I
did not have the use of my legs, so that I had to go
on crutches. About a year later, Sarsaparilla, in
the form of

White Swellings

appeared on various parts of my body, and for eleven
years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed
six years. In that time ten or eleven of these
sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain
and suffering. Several times pieces of bone worked
out of the sores. Physicians did not help me and

I Became Discouraged

"I went to Chicago to visit a sister, as it was
thought a change of air and scene might do me
good, but I was confined to my bed most of the
time. I was so impressed with the success of Hood's
Sarsaparilla in cases similar to mine that I decided
to try it. No article was bought, and to my great
gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began
to feel better. This strengthened my faith in the
medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors

To make a long story short, I continued to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla for a year, when I had become
so fully re-erected from the chains of disease that I
took a position with the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co.,
and since that time have not lost a single day on
account of sickness. I always feel well, and in good
spirits and have a good appetite. I endorse

Hood's Sarsaparilla

For it has been a great blessing to me, and to my
friends my recovery seems almost miraculous. I
think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of all medi-
cines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, No. 9 North Railroad
St., Kendallville, Ind.

"How Old I Look, and not yet Thirty."

Many women fade
early, simply be-
cause they do not
take proper care
of themselves. Whirled along in
the excitement of a
fast-living age,
they overlook
those minor ailments that, if not checked in
time, will rob them of health and beauty.
At the first symptom of vital weakness, use
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
The roses will return to
your cheeks, sorrow
looks depart, spirits
brighten, your step be-
come firm, and back and
headache will be known
no more. Your appetite
will gain, and the
food nourish you.



All Druggists sell it, or sent
by mail, in form of Pills or
Syrup, on receipt of \$1.00.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Med. Co.,
Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Address in confidence.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co.,
Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant
and refreshing to the taste, and acts
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-
tem effectually, dispels colds, head-
aches and fevers and cures habitual
constipation. Syrup of Figs is the
only remedy of its kind ever pro-
duced, pleasing to the taste and ac-
ceptable to the stomach, prompt in
its action and truly beneficial in its
effects, prepared only from the most
healthy and agreeable substances, its
many excellent qualities commend it
to all and have made it the most
popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c
and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-
gists. Any reliable druggist who
may not have it on hand will pro-
cure it promptly for any one who
wishes to try it. Do not accept any
substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Mention this paper.

TAKE Tut's Tiny Pills

The first dose often astonishes the in-
valid, giving elasticity of mind, buoy-
ancy of body, good digestion, regular
bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25c.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RIISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which
stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn
off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brill-
iant, Odorless, Durable, and the con-
sumer pays for no tin or glass package
with every purchase.
HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

THE THREE TABERNACLES

Story of the Trials and Troubles
of Talmage's Church.

The Pastor Defends His Congregation
Against the Charge of Lack of Be-
nevolence—\$1,000,000 Spent
in Building Temples.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 3.—This is a
festal day at the tabernacle. Dr. Tal-
mage is celebrating the twenty-third anni-
versary of his settlement in Brooklyn. In
white flowers embedded in green at the
back of the pulpit stood the inscription,
"1869 and 1892." Dr. Talmage's subject
was, "The Three Tabernacles; A story
of trials and triumphs," and his text,
Luke 9:33, "Let us make three tabernacles."

Our Arabonies were almost dead
with fatigue, as, in December, 1889,
we rode near the foot of Mount Her-
mon in the Holy Land, the mountain
called by one "a mountain of ice," by
another "a glittering breastplate of
ice," by another "the Mount Blanc of
Palestine." Its top has an almost un-
earthly brilliance. But, what must it
have been in the time to which my
text refers. Peter and James and
John were on that mountain top with
Jesus, when, suddenly, Christ's face
took on the glow of the noonday sun,
and Moses and Elijah, who had been
dead for centuries, came out from the
heavenly world and talked with our
Savior. What an overwhelming three!

Moses, representing the law, Elijah,
representing the prophets, and Christ,
representing all worlds. Impetuous
Peter was so wrought upon by the
presence of this wondrous three that,
without waiting for time to consider
how preposterous was the proposition,
he cried out: "Let us make three tab-
ernacles; one for thee, one for Moses
and one for Elijah." Where would
they get the material for building one
tabernacle, much less material to
build two tabernacles, and, still less,
how would they get the material for
building three? Where would they
get the hammers? Where the
gold? Where the silver? Where the
curtains? Where the costly adorn-
ments? Hermon is a barren peak, and
to build one tabernacle in such a place
would have been an undertaking be-
yond human achievement, and Peter
was propounding the impossible when
he cried out in enthusiasm: "Let us
build three tabernacles." And yet
that is what this congregation have
been called to do and have done.

The first Brooklyn tabernacle was
dedicated in 1870 and destroyed by fire in
1872. The second Brooklyn tabernacle
was dedicated in 1874 and destroyed
by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn
tabernacle was dedicated in April,
1891, and in that we are worshipping
today. What sounded absurd for Peter
to propose, when he said on Mount
Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let
us build three tabernacles," we have
not only done, but, in the mysterious
providence of God, were competent to
do.

We have been unjustly criticised by
people who did not know the facts,
sometimes for putting so much money
in church buildings, and sometimes for
not giving as much as we ought to this
or that denominational project, and
no explanation has yet been made.
Before I get through with the delivery
of this sermon and its publication and
distribution, I shall show that no
church on earth has ever done more
magnificently, and that no church
ever conquered more trials, and that no
membership ever had in it more
heroes and heroines than this Brooklyn
tabernacle, and I mean to have it
known that any individual or religious
newspaper or secular newspaper that
hereafter casts reflections on this
church's fidelity and generosity, is
guilty of a wickedness for which God
will hold him or it responsible. One year
it was sent out through a syndicate of
newspapers that this church was
doing nothing in the way of liberality,
when we had that year raised
\$94,000 in hard cash for religious uses.

There has been persistent and hemis-
pheric lying against this church.
We have raised during my pastorate,
for church building and religious pur-
poses, \$998,000 or practically a million
dollars. Not an Irish famine, or a
Charleston earthquake, or an Ohio
fresher, or a Chicago conflagration,
but our church was among the first to
help. We have given first seats in the
morning and evening services to 250,
000 strangers a year, and that, in
twenty years, would amount to 4,800,
000 auditors. We have received into
our membership 5,357 members, and
that is only a small portion of the
number of those who have here been
converted to God from all parts of
this land and from other lands. Under
the blessing of God, and through the
kindness of the printing press, my ser-
mons now go every week into every
neighborhood in Christendom, and are
regularly translated into nearly all
the great languages of Europe and
Asia. The syndicates having charge
of this sermon publication informed me
a few days ago that my printed
sermons every week, in this and other
lands, go into the homes of 25,000,000
people. During the last year, I am
authoritatively informed, over 2,000
different periodicals were added to the
list of those who make this publica-
tion. And yet there are ministers
of the Gospel and religious news-
papers that systematically and in-
dustriously and continuously charge
this church with idleness and selfish-
ness and parsimony. I call the atten-
tion of the whole earth to this outrage
that has been heaped upon the Broo-
oklyn Tabernacle, though a more con-
secrated, benevolent and splendid con-
vocation of men and women were never
gathered together outside of heaven. I
have never before responded to these
injustices, and probably will never
refer to them again, but I wish the
people of this country and other coun-
tries to know that what they read
concerning the selfishness and indolence
and lack of benevolence and lack of
missionary spirit on the part of this
church, is, from top to bottom and
from stem to stern, falsehood—dastardly
falsehood—diabolical falsehood.
What is said against myself has no ef-
fect, except like that of a coarse Turk-
ish towel, the rubbing down by which
improves the circulation and produces
good health. But this continuous mis-

representation of my beloved church,
in the name of Almighty God, I de-
nounce, while I appeal to the fair-
minded men and women to see that
justice is done this people, who, within
a few years, have gone through a
struggle that no other church in any
land or any age has been called to en-
dure, and I pray God that no other
church may ever be called to endure,
viz.: the building of three tabernacles.
I ask the friends of the Brooklyn
Tabernacle to cut out this ser-
mon from the newspapers and
put it in their pocketbooks so
that they can intelligently an-
swer our falsifiers, whether clerical or
lay. And with these you may put that
other statement, which recently went
through the country and which I saw
in Detroit, which said that the Broo-
oklyn Tabernacle had a hard financial
struggle, because it had all along been
paying such enormous salaries to its
pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact is
that, after our last disaster, and for
two years, I gave all my salary to the
church building fund, and I received
\$6,000 less than nothing; in other
words, in addition to serving this
church gratuitously for two years, I
let it have \$6,000 for building pur-
poses. Why is it that people could not
do us justice and say that all our
financial struggle as a church came
from doing what Peter, in my text,
absurdly proposed to do, but which,
in the inscrutable providence of God,
we were compelled to do—build three
tabernacles.

I have preached here twenty-three
years, and I expect, if my life and
health are continued, to preach here
twenty-three years longer, although
we will all do well to remember that
our breath is in our nostrils, and any
hour we may be called to give an ac-
count of our stewardship. All we ask
for the future is that you do your best,
contributing all you can to the support
of our institutions. Our best days are
yet to come; our greatest revivals of
religion, and our mightiest outpourings
of the Holy Ghost. We have got
through the Red sea and stand today
on the other bank clapping the cym-
bals of victory.

Do you wonder that last Sabbath I
asked you in the midst of the service to
rise and sing with jubilant voice the
gospel hymn Doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Yes, twenty-three years have passed
since I came to live in Brooklyn, and
they have been to me eventful years.
It was a prostrated church to which I
came, a church so flat down it could
drop no further. Through controver-
sies which it would be useless to re-
hearse it was well-nigh extinct, and
for a long while it had been without a
pastor. But nineteen members could
be mustered to sign a call for my com-
ing. As a committee was putting that
call before me in an upper room in my
house in Philadelphia, there were two
other committees on similar errands
from other churches in other rooms,
whom my wife was entertaining and
keeping apart from unhappy collision.
The program of the Brooklyn church
to which I came defied all the laws of
acoustics; the church had a steeple
that was the derision of the town, and
a high box pulpit which sat in the
preacher as though he were dangerous
to be let loose, or it acted as a barri-
cade that was unnecessary to keep
back the people, for they were so few
that a minister of ordinary muscle
could have kept back all who were
there. My first Sabbath in Brooklyn
was a sad day, for I did not realize
how far the church was down until
then, and on the evening of that day
my own brother, through whose pocket
I entered the ministry, died, and the
tidings of his decease reached me at 6
o'clock in the evening, as I was to
preach at half-past 7. But from that
day the blessing of God was on us, and
in three months we began the enlarge-
ment of that year we resolved to con-
struct the first tabernacle. It was to
be a temporary structure, and there-
fore we called it tabernacle instead
of a temple. What should be the style
of architecture was the immediate ques-
tion. I had always thought that the
amphitheatrical shape would be appro-
priate for a church. Two distinguished
architects were employed, and, after
much hovering over designs, they an-
nounced to us that such a building was
impossible for religious purposes, as it
would not be churchly, and would
subject themselves and us to ruinous
criticism. In other words, they were
not ready for a revolution in church
architecture. Utterly disheartened as
to my favorite style of architecture, I
said to the trustees: "Build anything
you please and I must be satisfied." But
one morning a young architect ap-
peared at my house and asked if we
had yet selected a plan for our church.
I said, "No, and what we want we
cannot get." "What style of building
do you want?" he asked. And taking
from my pocket, in less than a minute,
a few curved lines, I indicated in
the rough what we wanted. "But," I
said, "old architects tell us it can't be
done, and there is no use in your try-
ing." He said, "I can do it. How
long can I have to make out the
plans?" I said, "This evening at 8
o'clock everything is to be decided."

At 8 o'clock of that evening the
architect presented his plans, and the
bids of builder and mason were pre-
sented, and in five minutes after the
plans were presented they were unani-
mously adopted. So that I would not
be in the way of the trustees during
the work, I went to Europe, and when
I got back, the church was well-nigh
done. But here came in a staggering
hindrance. We expected to pay for the
new church by the sale of the old
building. The old one had been sold,
but just at the time we must have the
money, the purchasers backed out and
we had two churches and no money.
By the help of God and the indomit-
able and unparalleled energy of our
trustees (here and there one of them
present today, but the most in a better
world), we got the building ready for
consecration, and on September 25,
1870, morning and evening dedicatory
services were held, and in the after-
noon the children, with sweet and mul-
titudinous voices, consecrated the place
raised that day to pay a floating
debt. In the morning old Dr.
Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the
Episcopal church and the glory of
Chrystostom of the American pulpit,
preached a sermon, which lingered in
its gracious effects as long as the build-
ing stood. He read enough out of the

Episcopal prayer book to keep himself
from being reprimanded by his bishop
for preaching at a non-Episcopal ser-
vice; and we, although belonging to
another denomination, responded with
heartiness, as though we were used to
liturgy "Good Lord, deliver us!" Dur-
ing the short time we occupied that
building, we had a constant downpour
of religious awakening. Hosannah!
Ten million years in heaven will have
no power to dim my memory of the
glorious times we had in that first
tabernacle, which, because of its in-
vasion of the usual style of church
architecture, was called by some "Tal-
mage's hippodrome," by others,
"Church of the holy circus," and by
other mythical nomenclature. But it
was a building perfect for acoustics,
and stood long enough to have its imi-
tation in all the large cities of America
and to completely revolutionize church
architecture. People saw that it was
the common-sense way of seating an
audience. Instead of putting in an
angular church, where each one chiefly
saw the back part of somebody else's
head, the audience were arranged in
semi-circle, so that they could see each
other's faces, and the auditorium was a
great family circle seated around a
fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was
an iron structure, and, we supposed,
fire proof, but the insurance companies
looked at it, and, after we had gone
too far to stop in its construction, they
declined to insure it, except for a mere
nothing, declaring that, being of iron,
it was inflammable material between
the sheets of iron upon it. And they
were right. During those days we ed-
ucated and sent out from a lay college
under our charge some twelve hundred
young men and women, many of them
becoming evangelists and many of
them becoming regularly ordained
preachers, and I meet them in all parts
of the land toiling mightily for God.

One Sunday morning, in December,
1872, the thermometer nearly down to
zero, I was on my way to church.
There was an excitement in the street
and much smoke in the air. Fire en-
gines dashed past. But my mind was
on the sermon I was about to preach,
until someone rushed up and told me
that our church was going up in the
same kind of chariot that Elijah took
from the banks of the Jordan. That
Sunday morning tragedy, with its
wringing of hands, and its frozen tears on
the cheeks of many thousands standing
in the street, and the crash that shook
the earth, is as vivid as though it were
yesterday. But it was not a perfect
loss. All were anxious to do some-
thing, and, as on such occasions sensi-
ble people are apt to do unusual things,
one of the members, at the risk of his
life, rushed in among the fallen walls,
mounted the pulpit and took a glass of
water from the table and brought it
in safety to the street. So you see
it was not a total loss. Within
an hour, from many churches came
kind invitations to occupy their
buildings, and hanging against a lamp-
post, near the destroyed building, be-
fore 12 o'clock that morning was a
board with the inscription: "The con-
gregation of Brooklyn tabernacle will
worship tonight in Plymouth church."

Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer,
which was full of commiseration for
me and my homeless flock, and I
preached that night the sermon that I
intended to preach that morning in my
precious alabaster box broken at the
feet of Christ, and sure enough we had
one very precious broken that day.
We were, as a church, obliterated.
"But arise and build," said many
voices. Another architect took the
amphitheatrical plan of a church,
which, in the first instance, was nec-
essarily somewhat rude, and devel-
oped it into an elaborate plan that was
immediately adopted. But how to
raise the money for such an expensive
undertaking was the question—ex-
pensive not because of any senseless
adornment proposed, but expensive be-
cause of the immense size of the build-
ing needed to hold our congregation.
It was at that time when for years our
entire country was suffering, not from
a financial panic, but from that long-
continued financial depression which
clouds business men's memories, as the
clouds blight the harvest, and which
number want down. Through what
struggles we passed, the eternal God
and some brave souls today remember.
Many a time would I have gladly ac-
cepted calls to some other field, but I
could not leave the flock in the wilder-
ness. At last, after, in the interreg-
num, having worshipped in our beau-
tiful academy of music, on the morning
of February 22, 1874, the anniversary
of the Washington who conquered im-
possibilities and on the Sabbath that
always celebrates the resurrection,
Dr. Byron Sunderland, chaplain of
the United States senate, thrilled us
through and through with a dedicatory
sermon from Hagai ii, 9. "The glory
of this house shall be greater than
that of the former, saith the Lord of
hosts. The corner stone of that
building had been laid by the illus-
trious and now enthroned Deborah
Prime. On the platform on dedication
day, sat, among others, Dr. Dowling,
of the Baptist church; Mr. Crook,
of the Methodist church; Mr. Beecher,
of the Congregational church, and Dr.
Frensch, of the Presbyterian church.
Hosannah! Another \$35,000 was raised
on that day. The following Sunday
328 souls were received into our com-
munion, mostly on confession of faith.
At two other communions over 500
joined at each one. At another in-
gathering 628 souls entered this com-
munion, and so many of those gathered
through have already entered heaven
that we expect to feel at home when
we get there. My! My! Won't we be
glad to see them—the men and women
who stood by us in days that were
dark, and days that were jubilant.
Hosannah! The work done in that
church on Schermerhorn street can
never be undone. What self-sacrifices
on the part of many, who gave almost
till the blood came! What halloinjahs!
What victories! What wedding
marches played with full organ! What
baptisms! What sacraments! What
Sabbaths! One of them on a snowy
Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn
seemed to sympathize, and my eldest
son, bearing my own name, lay
beneath the pulpit in the last sleep,
and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a
score of ministers on and around the
platform tried to interpret how it was
best that one who had just come to
manhood, and with brightest worldly
prospects, should be taken, and we left
with a heart that will not cease to
ache until we meet where tears never
fall.

SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EX-
CLUDED FROM HOSPITALS
AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas.
Quant as Investigated by an Albany (N. Y.)
Journal Reporter—A Story of Sur-
passing Interest.

[Albany, N. Y., Journal, March 4.]

SARATOGA, March 4.—For some time
past there have been reports here and
elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most
remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as
to be miraculous—cure of a most severe
case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping
paralysis, simply by the use of a popu-
lar remedy known as "Pink Pills for
Pale People," prepared and put up by
the Dr. Williams Medicine Company,
Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont.
The story was to the effect that Mr.
Charles A. Quant of Galway, who for
the last six or eight years has been a
great sufferer from creeping paralysis
and its attendant ills and who had be-
come utterly powerless of all self-help,
had, by the use of a few boxes of the
"Pink Pills for Pale People," been so fully
restored to health as to be able to walk
about the street without the aid of
crutches. The fame of this wonderful,
miraculous cure was so great that the
Evening Journal reporter thought it
worth his while to go to Galway to call
on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips,
and from the observation and testimony
of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was
a fact or only an unfounded rumor.
And so he drove to Galway and spent a
day and a night there in visiting Mr.
Quant, getting his story, and interview-
ing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen.
It may be proper to say that Galway is
a pretty little village of 400 people, deli-
ciously located near the center of the
town of Galway, in Saratoga County,
and about seventeen miles from Sara-
toga Springs. Upon inquiry, the resi-
dence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easi-
ly found, for every one seemed to know
him, speak well of him, and to be over-
flowing with surprise and satisfaction
at his wonderful cure and restoration
to the activities of enterprising citizen-
ship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway
and had spent most of his life there.

Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home
on a pleasant street nearly opposite the
academy. In response to a knock at
the door it was opened by a man who
in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant
lived there and was at home, said:
"I am Mr. Quant. Will you
come in?" After a little general
and preliminary conversation, and after
he had been apprised of the object for
which the Journal reporter had called
upon him, he, at request, told the story
of himself, and of his sickness and terri-
ble sufferings, and of the ineffectual
treatment he had had, and of his final
cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully
gave assent to its use for publication.
He said: "My name is Charles A.
Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born
in the village of Galway, and, excepting
while traveling on business and a
little while in Amsterdam, have spent
my whole life here. My wife is a native
of Ontario. Up to about eight years
ago I had never been sick and was then
in perfect health. I was fully six feet
tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very
strong. For twelve years I was a travel-
ing salesman for a piano and organ
company and had to do, or at least did
do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my
meals very irregularly and slept in
enough spare beds in country houses
to freeze any ordinary man to death, or
at least give him the rheumatism. About
eight years ago I began to feel distress
in my stomach and consulted several
doctors about it. They all said it was
dyspepsia, and for doctors in different
places, and took all the latest medi-
cine I could hear of that claimed to be a
cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow
gradually worse for four years. Then
I began to have pain in my back and
legs and became conscious that my legs
were getting weak and my step un-
steady, and then I staggered when I
walked. Having received no benefit
from the use of patent medicines, and
feeling that I was constantly growing
worse, I then, upon advice, began the
use of electric belts, pads and all the
many different kinds of electric appli-
ances I could hear of, and spent hun-
dreds of dollars for them, but they did
me no good." (Here Mr. Quant showed
underwear for which he paid \$124.) "In
the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a
change of climate, so I went to Atlanta,
Ga., and acted as agent for the Estab-
lishment of Organ Company. While there I took
a thorough electric treatment, but it only
seemed to aggravate my disease, and
the only relief I could get from the sharp
and distressing pains was to take mor-
phine. The pain was so intense at times
that it seemed as though I could not
stand it, and I almost longed for death
as the only certain relief. In Septem-
ber of 1888 my legs gave out entirely,
and my left eye was drawn to one side,
and I was unable to see. My trouble so
dyspepsia. My trouble so affected my whole
nervous system that I had to give up
business. Then I returned to New York
and went to the Roosevelt Hospital,
where for four months I was treated by
specialists and they pronounced my case
locomotor ataxia and incurable. After
I had been under treatment of Prof.
Starr and Dr. Ware for four months
they told me they had done all they
could for me. Then I went to the New
York Hospital on Fifteenth Street,
where, upon examination, they said I
was incurable and would not take me
in. At the Presbyterian Hospital they
examined me and told me the same
thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to
St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, where
Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife
my case was hopeless; that he could do
nothing for me, and that she had better
take me back home and save my money.
But I wanted to make a trial of Prof.
Hun's famous skill, and I remained un-
der his treatment for nine weeks, but
secured no benefit. At this time I had
been growing worse. I had become en-
tirely paralyzed from my waist down,
and had partly lost control of my hands.
The pain was terrible; my legs felt as
though they were freezing and my
stomach would not retain food and my
weight fell away to 120 pounds. In
the Albany Hospital they put seven-
teen big burrs on my back one day with
red-hot irons, and after a few days they
put fourteen more burrs on and treated
me with electricity, but I got worse
rather than better; lost control of my
towel and water, and upon advice of

the doctor, who said there was no hope
for me, I was brought home, where it
was thought that death would soon com-
tember, while in this helpless and suffer-
ing condition, a friend of mine in Ham-
ilton, Ont., called my attention to the
statement of one John Marshall, whose
case had been similar to my own, and
who had been cured by the use of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a
prominent member of the Royal Tem-
plars of Temperance, had after four
years of constant treatment by the
most eminent Canadian physicians been
pronounced incurable, and was paid the
\$1,000 total disability claim allowed by
the order in such cases. Some months
after Mr. Marshall began a course of
treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,
and after taking some fifteen boxes was
fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my
wife sent for two boxes of the pills and
I took them according to the directions
given on the wrapper in each box. For
the first few days the cold baths were
pretty severe, as I was so very weak,
but I continued to follow instructions
as to taking the pills and treatment,
and even before I had used up the two
boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial
effects from them. My pains were not
so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt bet-
ter; my food began to relish and agree
with me; I could straighten up; the
feeling began to come back into my
limbs; I began to be able to get about
on crutches; my eye came back again as
good as ever, and now, after the use of
eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of \$1
—see!—I can, with the help of a cane
only, walk all about the house and yard,
can saw wood, and do pleasant days I
walk down town. My stomach trouble
is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I
feel like a new man, and when the
spring opens I expect to be able to re-
new my organ and piano agency. I
cannot speak in too high terms of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as
I know they saved my life after all
the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the
wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the
"Pink Pills for Pale People," are using
them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer
from rheumatism, said he was finding
great benefit from their use, and Mr.
Schultz, who had suffered from chronic
dysentery for years, said he had taken
two boxes of the pills and was already
cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried faith cure,
with experts of that treatment in Al-
bany and Greenville, S. C., but with no
beneficial results.
A number of the more prominent citi-
zens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert,
of the Presbyterian Church; Prof. J. E.
Kelly, principal of the academy; John
P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank
and Edward Willard, merchants, and
many others to whom Mr. Quant and
his so miraculous cure by the use of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-
ple are well known, were pleased to
have the opportunity of bearing testi-
mony to the high character of Mr.
Quant, and of verifying the story of his
recovery from the terrible affliction from
which he had for so long a time been a
sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not
to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use
of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case
of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to
make further inquiries concerning them
and he ascertained that they are not a
patent medicine in the sense in which
that term is generally used, but a highly
scientific preparation, the result of
years of study and careful experiment.
They have no rival as a blood builder
and nerve restorer, and have met with
unparalleled success, in the treatment
of such diseases as paralysis, rheuma-
tism, sciatica, St. Vitus dance, palpita-
tion of the heart, that tired feeling
which affects so many, and all diseases
depending upon a watery condition of
the blood or shattered nerves.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a
specific for troubles peculiar to females,
such as suppressions, irregularities, and
all forms of weakness. They build
up the blood and restore the glow of
health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the
case of men they effect a radical cure
in all cases arising from mental worry,
overwork, or excesses of whatever na-
ture.

On further inquiry the writer found
that these pills are manufactured by
the Dr. Williams Medicine Company,
Brockville, Ont., and Morrystown, N. Y.,
and are sold in boxes (never in bulk
by the hundred) 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' Medicine Company, from
either address. The price at which
these pills are sold makes a course of
treatment comparatively inexpensive,
as compared with other remedies or
medical treatment.

WEAPONS OF THE PURITANS.

They Used Guns Which Wouldn't Shoot
When It Rained.

The precise population of New Eng-
land, either Indian or white, at the time
of Phillip's war, cannot be stated; but,
for the purpose of war, it may be said
that the forces on one side and on the
other were almost equal. At that time
the Indians were as well used to fire-
arms as the whites, but the firelock of
those days was but an inefficient weap-
on compared with the musket of later time
or with the rifle of today.
It seems certain that in Europe fire-
locks had been introduced before this
time; but the Puritans still relied on the
matchlock. The form of this can be
readily explained to any person who has
seen the old firelock of the present
century. A hammer—a good deal
larger than the hammer which after-
ward held the flint, but quite like it—
had a screw which tightened or loosened
the hold which two pieces of iron had
upon a match.
Each soldier was obliged to carry
some yards of this match with him, and
when the battle began he lighted the
piece of match which was fixed in a
hammer of the gun. A pan which
held powder, exactly as the pan of a
firelock afterward did, was in front of
the hammer, with a cover protecting
from which a sort of a horn ran up near-
ly vertical, to be opened by the hammer
when the soldier pulled the trigger.
The fire of the match then communi-
cated with the powder and the gun went
off.

This was a sufficiently complicated way
in which men should go into battle, per-
haps in a wilderness, where even the
procuring of fire at that time was
attended with some difficulty. The ac-
counts of skirmishes of those times show
full of occurrences when a sudden shower
put a stop to the whole battle. This
was because the fire of the matches was
extinguished by the rain.