

The Last Chance.

MRS. JOHNSON HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE HER LIFE.

Now Does the Work of Three Average Women.

From the Ledger, Mexico, Mo.

Mrs. Lucinda Johnson lives in Mexico, Mo. The Ledger has just succeeded in obtaining an interview with her. This is the substance of her story:

In the winter of '92 and '93 Mrs. Johnson was, like many of her friends, attacked with a gripple. Yes, we're most of us had it and know its wrecking powers when it gets in its work on a good constitution. Well, Mrs. Johnson, along about Christmas, was prostrated. All the medical aid here in the city only "brought her around," as an "heros and roots" female sympathizer expressed it, and she was left in a debilitated and exhausted condition, and experienced a constant pain in her left side. She was wholly unfit for her domestic duties and was unable to do any work about the house, even after the gripple fever and its characteristic sickness had left her. She is a consistent member of the church, and one Sunday, between the Sunday school and church services, being barely able to be conveyed there, she heard of a miracle cure, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had performed, and she resolved to try them. It was like the drowning man grabbing at the last straw. It was her last and only chance to save her life. She procured one box of these pills from the south side druggists, French & Garrett, in this city, and by the time she had used half the box she and her watchful friends noticed a marked improvement in her condition. Taking the rest of the box of pills and one more box she recovered remarkably in an exceedingly short time. Before she had used the first box she resumed her household duties, and has been steadily at work for the last eighteen months. It took only a few boxes, perhaps five or six, to entirely cure her. Since then she was attacked by rheumatism, caused from careless exposure, but by once taking the Pink Pills for Pale People she drove that painful and dreadful malady away. She told the reporter that whenever she felt that she was going to be ill, she took one or two of the pills, and she never got sick. Mrs. Johnson is perfectly healthy now and promises to live to a ripe old age. Her friends have never ceased to talk about her almost miraculous recovery and are loud in their praise of the Pink Pills for Pale People, and all who have tried them say they would not be without them under any conditions.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from almost any prostration. Diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Doubtful Arrangement.

In his desire to use fine language the darkey sometimes allows his ideas and statements to become a trifle confused, as well as confusing.

Some years ago a handbill announcing a "colored picnic" to be held in a grove near a southern city was freely circulated. After various highly enticing announcements relative to the delights in store for the partakers in this entertainment the bill concluded with the following puzzling note printed in italics:

"Good behavior will be strictly and reservedly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to make the pleasure of the company."—Youth's Company.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

Witty and Clever.

Chicago Times-Herald: When Prof. Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, the daughter of "Christopher North," editor of Blackwood's Magazine, he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being gained. This Aytoun was too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher; "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it on your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing room turning her round, the delighted suitor, reading these words: "With the author's compliments."

Yung sninner, reckon one thing—whatever yu git dishonestly yu hav got to devide with the devil, and he allwiss takes the lion's share.

I cum akrost lots of humble and resigned partys in this world, only let them hav their own way in all things

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Ozden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homemaker looking for a farm and a home.

Mailed free. Address, J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.

FACTS FROM ALL LANDS.

There are eleven daily newspapers in China—nine printed in Chinese, one in English and one in French.

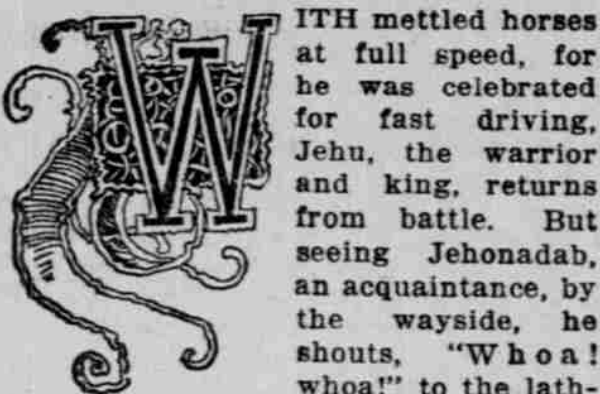
Norway and Sweden have been under one king since 1814, but at present there are demands for a separation.

The cellar in the bank of France resembles a large warehouse. Silver coin is stored there in 800 large barrels. Twenty-five miles of the Congo railroad are already completed. The road will be ninety-three miles in total length.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A POINT-BLANK QUESTION TO NON-BELIEVERS.

All Who Have Not Yet Accepted the Faith of Jesus Christ Asked the Reason Why—"Is Thine Heart Right?"—1 Kings x:15.



ITH mottled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving. Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts, "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place, than for this hour and place: "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask, is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence; and I might ask, is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or your chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman, immortal, is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smokestack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all awry and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that, though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible. A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor: the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet; and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue, only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, mouldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the Cross; and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life, we have been going on in the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and

rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor? But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befores of an immortal nature!

Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in! A heathen came to an early Christian, who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said, "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him, "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After awhile, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian, the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the head-board, and over the foot-board, and horribly devoured the soul. Repent! the voice celestial cries, Nor longer dare delay; The wretch that scorns the mandate dies.

And meets a fiery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued him. They slapped him in the face. They mocked him. When he groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at him. They spat on him. They hounded him as though he were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, his sight-giving to the blind, his mercy to the outcast, silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration: "Away with him! Away with him!"

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that he carried; it was the transgressions of his race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that he crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding-sheets as he cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide, that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak his praise!

But what were earthly flowers to him who walked amid the snow of the white lilies of heaven? What were arches of early masonry to him who hath about his throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were all earthly music to him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and cherubim and seraphim and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb? In that pure, high place, let him hear us. Stop! harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard. Oh, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt thee for one hour to step out from the shining throne. They will make it all up when thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into thy keeping. When thou goest back tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let the Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, to have a right heart it must be a forgiving heart. An old writer says, "To turn good for evil is God-like; good for good is man-like; evil for

good devil-like." Which of these natures have we? Christ will have nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They do not understand us. Unsatisfied human nature says, "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jump on him with both feet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse." But, my friends, that it not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing toward us we have done toward God. And if we cannot forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is some one who says, "I will forgive that man the wrong he did me about that house and lot; I will forgive that man who overreached me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I forgive them—all but one. That man I cannot forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep my hands off him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling. If a man lie to me once, I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once, I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever meanness and outrage they have inflicted upon me. If you want to get your heart right, strike a match and burn up all your old grudges, and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully, but she stooped down and picked up the apples, and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother, and said, "Forgive me, mother. I will never do anything so mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not. Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is three or four dollars per day because you expect to have, after awhile, ten dollars per day; or ten thousand a year because you expect it to be twenty thousand a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart, you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store, that you will soon have to resign that partnership, that soon among all the millions of dollars worth of goods that are sold, you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny worth of anything; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave, compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base, and so altitudinous, and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

A Chinese Presbyterian.

The first Chinaman to enter the ministry in New York state is Hui Kin, who was ordained recently at University Place Presbyterian Church. He has been educated under the care of the Presbytery, and has been very successful in mission work among his countrymen. He will hold Chinese services in New York, and hopes eventually to organize a church of converted Chinamen.

Faith and Generosity.

When one thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anyone care for me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

She Was Tenderly Raised.

There is a pretty little girl of 5 years in Northwest Baltimore, says the Sun of that city, who has been tenderly raised. Her mother has guarded her against witnessing acts of violence or cruelty, and she is in ignorance of the methods employed in killing fowls for the table. Several days ago, unknown to the careful parent, the little girl strayed into the rear yard of her home, where a servant was killing a number of chickens by wringing their necks. The child watched the proceedings with great interest for several minutes, and then in a glow of excitement ran to her mother. "Mama!" she cried, "just come and see the fun. Mary is winding the chickens up."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists: 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

No Doubt.

The disposition to see a pleasant side to everything is often commented upon as a most desirable possession, but it is possible to exaggerate and imagine a benefit which does not exist.

A party of tourists were detained at a hotel near a lake by a severe rainstorm. Finally it was decided to cross the lake, and one lady of the party agreed to the plan cheerfully.

"Oh, it will be much better to take the boat even if it does rain," she said, "and one thing, we shan't have any dust on the boat this morning!"—Youth's Companion.

Coe's Cough Balm.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Were Blue Bloomers.

Washington Post: Miss Coleman, the Ohio girl who is said to have gone to church wearing a pair of red bloomers, has denied the story. They were blue bloomers. Well, a couple of stacks of blues only make it a little more costly for any person who desires to call her down.

Starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men."

"I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

As the flower is before fruit, so is faith before good works.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that it restores the combs, and a very pleasing relief it is. 15c. at druggists.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Fiso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a rogue is not.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervous cures. Treatise and Refund free to 15 cases. Send to Dr. Kline, P.O. Box 538, Phila., Pa.

If it don't clear up at 11 or 3, it won't clear up all day.

KNOCK

A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a

SPOTS

Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear.

OUT.

IT IS MAGICAL.

BRUISE

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.

borrowing from health.

If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.