

THE ONWARD MARCH



of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured

by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address: **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer, I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is mighty uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's **DYSPEPSIA**. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?

A. Ripans. Tabule.

RELIGIOUS READING.

LOVE OF THE CHURCH.

There is something very beautiful and touching in the affection which the devout Israelites, in the purer eras of their history, entertained for their temple and church. As we find it expressed in the Psalms, or exemplified in the conduct of David and Asaph, Ezra and Nehemiah, a sentiment more exalted or honorable or lovely, is hardly conceivable. It was the strength of patriotism made beautiful by the loveliness of piety; the fervor of family and national attachment hallowed by devotion and the love of God. Three times in the year the tribes were summoned to the enjoyment of these social and sacred festivities, and as the period for getting out upon the pleasing errand drew nigh, they cried with one accord, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." And as they pressed from hill-top to hill-top, and at length caught sight of the distant columns of the temple consecrated by so many affections, and the scene of so many marvels, they gave utterance to their pious admiration—"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever." Reaching the entrance of the Holy City, the vast multitude—probably often reaching a million in number—lifted up their voices in chorus, "Our feet are standing within thy gates O Jerusalem! Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and my companions' sake I will say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." A goodly and noble affection, worthy of the embalming in divine song which it has received, and honorable to the devout Israelite that cherished it as his life blood. There was neither bigotry, exclusiveness or sectarianism in it: it was a just reverence for an object worthy of the heart's most fervent admiration.

The church is still the place of God's abode. As the home of all the associations and memories of his grace in Christ, and favor to our race, it is still as worthy of affection and zealous interest as ever. There is piety and dignity and moral beauty still, in the sentiment that reverses the church, and re-echoes the song of centuries,—

"I love thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode."

Though the splendors of the temple have long ago become dim and Jerusalem has been trodden under feet, there is still a house of God, a shekinah raying forth as clear a light and a communion as genuine and lovely as ever thrilled the heart of devotee or saint of old. The church of the great company of believers—the aggregation of all the pure good and excellent upon earth—those in whom the image of Christ is found, and whose names are written in the palms of the Almighty's hand. It is a dignified, venerable, admirable body, containing more real worth, more pure affection, more blessed possessions, more glorious hopes and more honored relationships than any community on earth. If anything is worthy of our love and reverence in this world, it is the church that Christ gave himself for—the place where God records his name—The home of every pure desire, every noble purpose and disinterested sentiment. The memories of the martyrs and the faith and heroism of the fathers cluster around it. The wealth of a thousand honored associations enriches it. To it belonged Paul and Polycarp, Luther and Augustine, Calvin and Brainard, Edwards and Howard, and every other really bright name or sacred memory that adorns the annals of our race.

This sentiment needs to be more cherished at the present day than it is. There is not only nothing to be ashamed of in a connection with the church, but everything in it to be desired and held in esteem. As God's great agency for accomplishing his purposes of mercy towards the world, the church deserves the intelligent love of every good man capable of desiring the world's goods. As the communion of all the excellent and worthy and God-fearing people on earth, it is worthy of all the care, the kind offices, the sacrifices and the affection we can bestow. To promote its peace, to increase its means of doing good, to impart to it dignity or influence, is to add to the only effective force by which mankind are to be really elevated, enriched or saved. It is to co-operate with God in the grandest of his purposes. It is to do good in the most effectual manner, and on the largest scale. No man ever loved the church too warmly; no sacrifices for its welfare can be too great; no interest in its doings, nor sympathy with its trials, can be too lively.—N. Y. Evangelist.

THE GREAT ARCHITECT.

You have no plan concerning this dead earth beneath our feet, but by and by there drops into it a living seed; the seed whispers to the dead earth, and the earth has sense enough to surrender itself to the living seed; and the seed catches hold of it and builds it up into a beautiful symmetry which it would not have obtained had it not yielded itself to the seed that had a plan. The architect has a plan in his busy brain; it is the business of the raw material to yield itself to the architect that it may more and more rise to the beautiful symmetrical beauty expressing the thought of God. That which is planless must always yield to that which has a plan. That surging confused army of men that ran down

from Winchester, surprised by the attack upon them of the enemy, was quieted by the only man who had a plan, and who came down among them and brought victory out of defeat. Whenever a man is without a plan, he is always the subject of a man who has a strong, steady purpose. So when God comes to human hearts and whispers, it is well for that soul to ask if it is a wise plan, and then listen to the One whose plan always strengthens the soul of any man.—O. P. Gifford.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.

We see not in this life the end of human actions—their influence never dies. In ever widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world. Time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning when we go forth we lay the moulding hand at our destiny, and every evening when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrate in eternity—not a voice but reports at the throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things, and let every one remember that in the world where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.—The Mentor.

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from, perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the divine support! The first idea of infancy is of resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick-room experiences confirm the impression when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger arms of the household. In the case of our heavenly father, the arms are felt, but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hour of weakness or trouble; for God knoweth our feebleness, he remembers that we are but dust.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Truth must be sought, and that with care and diligence before we find it. Jewels do not lie upon the surface of the earth; highways are seldom paved with gold; what is most worth our finding calls for the greatest search.—Stillingfleet.

TEMPERANCE.

THE HARDEST SALOON TO CLOSE.

A prominent temperance lecturer said recently: "I am opposed to the opening of saloons on Sunday, but the hardest saloon to close is that between a man's nose and his chin. Some people err for venial, or almost lovable reasons of geniality. They 'only take a little' they say. But the little becomes much. There is an old German proverb that runs: 'When the wine is in the can, the wits are in the head; when the wine is in the head, the wits are in the can.' It is a fearful thing to see man, made in the sublime image, a little lower than the angels, a pray to wretched drunkenness, yet I don't believe it's hopeless. I believe in the doctrine of temperance through and through, and that it can be the saving of us, if we don't turn to it only when we feel real bad with pneumonia."

COLD WATER SOLDIERS.

One of the surprising features of the elegant reception tendered to the new chief of Governor Morton's staff, General Edwin A. McAlpin, at Albany, N. Y., recently, was the entire absence of stimulants among the beverages. The general brigade and the doughty warriors who thronged his drawing-rooms satisfied themselves with mineral water and coffee punch, which last is simply clear strong coffee, mollified with sugar and diluted with lemon juice. The precedent was an unusual one for a military man to establish, and has excited quite as much admiration as surprise. It was a good example for officers to set their men. A drunken soldier should never be trusted with a gun, and a captain who drinks while on duty cannot expect his men to remain sober.—Pica-yune.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

Fifteen million children in the United States are now studying the effects of alcohol on the human system. Scientific temperance teaching has also been introduced into Canada, France, England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, the Danish West Indies, Bulgaria, Turkey in Asia, India, Siam, China and Japan.—"The Child's Health Primer" having been translated into Chinese by an American missionary—Australia, New Zealand, Hawaiian Islands and South Africa should be included in the estimate; and every State and Territory of the fifty subdivisions of the United States (the only exception) now enjoy the advantage of a law requiring instruction on this subject. Thanks to the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

THEY WERE ALL TIPSY.

In the town of X (Victoria) I had occasion to go and see the Mayor. I found him tipsy. On leaving his presence I went to the office of the Town Clerk. He was tipsy. From there I went to call upon the director of the principal bank. He was tipsy. The proprietor of the hotel where I was staying was in bed, suffering from delirium tremens.

The same night at my lecture the police had to eject from the front seats two individuals who, by their conduct, were preventing the audience from following me. One was a prominent person of the town, and the other was the worthy representative of the district in Parliament.—Max O'Rell.

AN ALPENA MIRACLE.

MRS. JAS. M. TODD, OF LONG RAPIDS, DISCARDS HER CRUTCHES.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

(From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.)

We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knee joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up to be dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches, and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance."

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of the grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results."

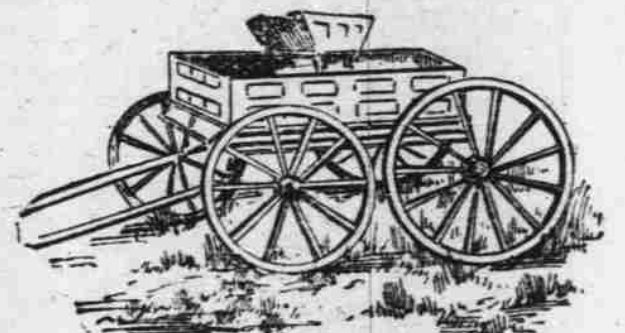
Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to do her own milking, churning, washing, sewing, knitting and in fact about all of her household duties, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

BELONGED TO DANIEL WEBSTER

The Historic Yellow Wagon Now Stands in a New Jersey Plain.

Daniel Webster's "old yellow wagon" now stands in a dreary spot on Pettis plain in Greenfield, N. J. If it could speak it could tell an interesting story. Once the family wagon of the great statesman, then to be finally sold for a bull terrier and allowed to stand on a dreary old plain, filled with snow in winter and be used as the roosting place of turkeys, tells in a single sentence



DANIEL WEBSTER'S WAGON.

some of the mutations of fortune that have come to the old carriage.

Notwithstanding the hard luck that has come to it in its old age, it still retains evidence that it was honestly and faithfully made, and is capable of doing still further service. It was made for Daniel Webster somewhere in New Hampshire about 1828 or 1830. It was taken to Marshfield when the great statesman was at the zenith of his power and reputation. It was frequently used by Mr. Webster and members of his family. It was then that the name "yellow wagon" was given it, supposedly because it was painted yellow. Years after Mr. Webster's death it was found stored away on some beams in an old shed. It was sold to an expressman and finally passed to the ownership of Henry Wood of Greenfield.