

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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JNO. H. DULIX, Attorney-at-Law, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA. Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah County. Office, up stairs, in B. & L. Building, Woodstock, Va. Sept. 30, '98-1917.

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DR. T. G. BROWN, Tom's Brook, VA. Diseases of nose, throat and ear a specialty. Sept. 21-1900.

DR. J. L. CAMPBELL, Physician and Surgeon, WOODSTOCK, VA. Tuesdays and Thursdays at home for consultation. Dec. 28-1917.

DR. J. B. RUSH, Dentist, WOODSTOCK, VA. Established in 1859. Office South Main Street. Terms cash. May 2-1917.

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DR. W. C. FORD, Located in Woodstock and will promptly answer all calls. Office and residence on Main Street. May 2-1917.

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DR. CHAS. J. SAGER, having located at Tom's Brook offers his professional services to the public in the various branches of his profession. He will be found at the Philip's house, after April 20, and will give prompt attention to all calls. Mar. 10, '99-1917.

J. F. SAUM & CO., WHOLESALE, Produce Commission Merchants, 925 LOUISIANA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. Sole agents of every marketable product - no matter what - of the Farm, Dairy, Poultry and Stock Yard. Shippers paid daily the highest wholesale prices. 30 years (over 20 in this city) of successful experience is guarantee of our business ability to handle shipments satisfactorily. Refer to proprietor of HERALD and Citizens National Bank of Washington City D. C. Mar. 20 '95-1917.

WOODSTOCK MARBLE WORKS, WOODSTOCK, VA. Monuments, Tombs and all kinds of Cemetery Work. Lowest prices in the Valley. Give me a call. E. U. SNYDER, ang. 17-1917.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham. Read their Letters. DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible headache, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am all right. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me. MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Ogdensburg, Wis., June 10, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy. DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible headache, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am all right. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me. MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Ogdensburg, Wis., June 10, 1899.

Army Life in the Philippines.

The following letter was written by a young man in one of the volunteer regiments now serving in the Philippines, and is addressed to a well known young gentleman of Mt. Olive, this county. It shows plainly that army life is not all "peaches and cream," especially if your "peaches" happen to be built like Col. Howe.—Ed.) Legaspi, P. I.—1900.

Dear Sir:—Having been requested by your friend to write you a short sketch of our army life in this country and our trip out from the States, I will now try to do so, as he and I have been comrades from the first and our experiences have been the same.

We left New York bound for Manila on the 4th of Nov. last on the U. S. Transport Thomas, under the command of Col. Walter Howe of whom you will hear more later on. Our first stopping point was to be Gibraltar, Spain, eleven days voyage without a stop. The trip was in a way very enjoyable, as far as accommodation, but we had not been out from New York a good forty-eight hours before Col. Howe began issuing orders for drills and regulations which were almost impossible to obey, and all but the phrase attached, "prefer charges" if not obeyed to the very letter. Now, for instance the Col. issued an order that no one should expectorate on the deck or over the railing into the sea, and one so doing will be fined and likely serve time in the guard house.

Another order was, any man absent from reg'le or retreat, roll call, etc., no matter if he be an old guard, lame or sick in quarters is liable to a fine. Several such orders were issued and many a poor soldier boy suffered punishment in the guard house and a fine from one to five dollars for pitting over board or on deck, or for missing roll call, or not being just exactly proper for inspection every Saturday or for guard mount.

The guard house was on the low deck at the stern of the ship; they are seven decks and the guard house is on the bottom one. Two port holes give light and sometimes air, and there are banks for about seventy prisoners and the three reefs of the guard, about fifty men. There was no free circulation of air, and often the guard suffered from the heat and lack of good air.

The daily order was as follows: Reveille 5.30, roll call 6, mess 6.30, fatigue call 7, guard mount 8.45 to 9, inspections of quarters 10, first r'gs. call 10.30, recall from fatigue 11, mess call 12 M. fatigue 1.30 p. m. sick call 4, retreat 5.30 mess call 6.30 taps 11 p. m. you can see how busy we were preparing for the various calls, inspection and often extra details besides. Before leaving New York the soldiers were paid off and many of them had no money when they arrived at the second seaport in Malta.

This was our first stop and the boys who had money and could get passes went ashore, and while there several got unreasonably drunk, came aboard and were put in the guard house, fined and often punished by a gag in the mouth or by having the hose turned on them a few times. The Col. gave orders to shoot his own men if they disobeyed, but his order was never carried out.

After three or four more days sailing we landed in Malta just off the coast of Italy, and here we stayed five days during which time we landed and passed in review before the English general and the American consul. There were numerous difficulties met with here, but generally speaking we spent an enjoyable time with the British soldiers, and when we were leaving cheers were heard and handkerchiefs were seen fluttering at nearly every open space along the wharf.

Our next stop was at Port Said, Egypt, where we remained a night and day, then proceeded on our journey the next night through the Suez canal which had to be done very slowly and cautiously as our ship was a large one and the canal so narrow and shallow it was dangerous to move rapidly. We were seventeen hours on the way from Port Said to Suez, a distance of ninety-six miles. By the aid of two search lights we were enabled to see many nights which we would have missed without them.

From Suez we went to Colombo, India. This was the longest distance between stops of the voyage, it requiring twelve days. The trip was very pleasant outside the Col's unreasonable statement. The weather was very fine indeed and there was no sickness except a few cases of sea sickness, and we had plenty of reading, music and all sorts of games and past time amusements for evening pleasures when off duty.

We were in Colombo two days, and then started for Singapore, off the coast of Siam, where we arrived six days later. Here we spent a short time waiting for the coal and to load our vessel with tin and water. We then sailed for Manila, reaching there in five days all safe and well.

I will now tell you how they did when drunk. One time some of them left the boat on a five hour-pass with strict orders that they should do. While in the village they got drunk and remained over time, and when they returned to the vessel they were met by an officer with a guard and without a word of ceremony were shoved into the guard house and a fine attached to the charges. Another case was where two fellows stole out of the ship at night by way of a rope fastened to the railing and a native with a little row boat waling to pull them to shore. They then got beastly drunk, returned to the ship and the officer of the guard, a coarse, rough kind of a fellow received them in his coarse, rough way. They resisted him and he threatened to shoot when one of them struck him two blows over the head and knocked him down. He ordered them to be bound and confined in the "brig" where they remained until taken out at Manila. Many such scenes were of almost daily occurrence all the way out.

December 25 we were landed in Taguig where we remained for about three weeks, and during our stay there we had some enjoyment. The regiment was divided up as follows: The first battalion and two companies of the second were landed at San Pedro McCarly, two companies of the second battalion and two of the third were landed in Ilaig, and the other two companies, I and M, were landed in Ilaig, thus the Col. was away from us, so we were not strictly held in check by his unreasonable orders.

Our duties were simple and easy, being about as follows: On detail with bull trains to go to Pang probably in forenoon, and then on guard that night and the next day, then after guard duty is over comes old guard fatigue, after which a rest up for a day or two, except that we would probably help about cleaning up our quarters or sleep behind the breast-works in expectation of an attack, we being on the firing line about eight miles from Manila.

We arrived at Gibraltar on Nov. 15th, safe and well. It was a great relief to see land again after sailing so long with nothing but sky and water.

and there we boarded the U. S. Transport Hancock. After many hours of jamming, bumping and drifting about in the river we arrived at Manila. It being dark all the boys had to remain on board the cascos all night with nothing but bree or four hard tacks with a third of a can of salmon for each man and half a cup of coffee, and that we didn't get until next morning. There was no room to even lie down to sleep, so we had to sit up or stand up all night without sleep or food. To make it worse Col. passed over us on a bridge and stopped to look at us in this fix, and instead of trying to make it easier for us he laughed and made such remarks as, "every dog has his day so you have yours," and to a couple of privates, "Get down there and stay there and shut up &c."

On board the Hancock we got along nicely. Landed in Sorsogon Jan. 20th without one bit of trouble, the insurgents having left but nine hours before we landed. This was a pretty place and much liked by the soldiers who were there. There was but one battalion in the town, the first having been sent to one place and the second to still another town. The Regimental headquarters were left at Sorsogon. We had not been in Sorsogon long before we were sent to the aid of the second battalion in Legaspi, which they had entered under the fire of the guerrilla Nashville and that of the enemy also. They killed about seventy five insurgents that we knew of and since it has been learned that several others were killed but had been carried off by their friends.

When we landed the second battalion was having hard work to hold the town, but when reinforcements arrived a "blike" was arranged and made but too late to save the town by town of Albay and Davao in which were American troops, but not enough to hold the towns.

On Feb. 4th the "Insurgents" entered and burned the two towns, the one being the capital of the province and the other a much larger and wealthier town. But the loss of the enemy was very great, as our boys quickly fell on in lines and were soon in action, sending the little death messengers in every direction, killing many and wounding more. There was over 11,000 rounds fired on our side and several rounds from theirs. We lost two men killed and two or three wounded, while that of the enemy at both towns was over hundred and ninety-three killed and many more wounded as far as we could learn. It was impossible to ascertain the exact number of their dead and wounded but I must have been some thing terrible.

The next morning companies L, J. and E. went out on a "blike" and C. L. under Lieut. Stagle entered the enemy nest in Legaspi, and after about an hour's fighting they retreated leaving thirty-five killed in our hands. These were the worst fights we have had since coming here, but we have had several other "blikes" and two or three skirmishes but nothing serious.

Feb. 22d we went "biking" and after marching five or six miles we were fired on and quick y returned it and in an hour and forty-five minutes the place was ours; but it was gained by wading mud and water over knee deep for a distance of eight hundred yards, and nearly under fire.

This "blike" lasted two days but no more fighting of importance occurred during our trip. Our principle work was marching and tearing down bamboo breast-works across the road to impede our progress in advancing on the town of Concepcion.

After our return we had to stand inspection and all whose clothing were the least bit dirty were severely censured by Col. Howe and threatened with a big fine if they didn't clean up or draw new clothes. It was a shame the way he talked to and about his men just after wearing them out "biking" and wallowing in mud and water and fighting at his command. It is a disgrace to the cause for which we are soldiering.

These things are common occurrences in our garrison and it is growing fiercer all the time, even to night hiking of late, and in some of the most dangerous places. We are being worn out by it. It is guard duty one day and night, then guard fatigue, the same as guard duty, then it is guard again. It is too hard for the men to stand such a longer.

Well, I must stop for my time is up, and the news is the same old thing over and over.

There will come a time some day when we will be far away from here, and from Col. Howe, and the army, and from many other disagreeable things which we have to put up with here. Palmer says nothing in the paper after you arrange it to suit your taste. The worst you can say about Col. Howe is too good for him. He is a bun rascal. Yours truly, J. PALMER, Co. J 47th Infantry, U. S. Vols, Manila, P. I.

SHE GOT THE HAT.

"John," she said, "how do you like this hat on me?" "Oh, I don't know," he answered, "Have you bought it?" "No, not exactly. I brought it home on approval. I intend to take either this or another one, which is ten shillings more in price; but I thought"— "Florence," he interrupted, "this is the best becoming hat I ever saw you have on. Write me them the first thing in the morning that you'll take it, as it will make sure they'll not sell it to anybody else."—P. H. HITS.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

REV. DR. TALMAGE EXTOLS BENEVOLENCE OF DORCAS.

Contracts Her Work With Present Day Methods—Woman God's Handmaid in the Alleviation of Misery—A Record of Self Denial.

WASHINGTON, July 15. Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he offers helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last: text, Acts 16, 30. "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the orient. Into her harbor once daily the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were built, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name in heaven. I see her sitting in your home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint. She pities their lot. She makes garments for them. She adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayer and tears and Christian engagement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and abandoned start up with joy as they hear her gentle voice, and as she goes out all think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." It is a lamp; Dorcas brought it. In another place a family that had not been in table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

Dorcas the Disciple. But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas? And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the house empty. All through the night, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had shined brightly into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no baln, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead people! Here stand some of the dead who show the garments which they had and the tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead people! Here stand some of the dead who show the garments which they had and the tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead people! Here stand some of the dead who show the garments which they had and the tanner of the name of Simon.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, "Come, now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box." The Princess of Wales, the famous sickle, Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII of France, bearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door and said, "I will put one down and one down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Mand, the wife of Henry I, went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to their needs. Mrs. Retford, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the heroism of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield.

the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!" We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not cheered and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the widows of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of tomorrow, I charge you in the name of God and by the tumult and tumult of the judgment day, O woman, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with him! When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of your sin and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be your woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ, who hath sung of the all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the giddings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventide with laughter and shouting.

"Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would thus lay down at the feet of Jesus! Further, we see Dorcas, the benefactress. History has told the story of the crosses piled high with the bones of the pastored poet, with his verses full of the recollection of clover and a rustic with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the poet. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the first loom prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and beneficence. It adorned the child's white dress, it freshened the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it clothed the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back loom and under the flash of the chandelier everywhere it has clothed nakedness. It has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the whirry of "stitch, stitch, stitch!" The opera houses have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

The Needle's Triumphs. Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the brain; it has struck the mother's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the bare-footed, who sew up the holes of a ragged coat, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf and which makes the lame man leap like a hart and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and the great deeds of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city should be relieved. She took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals or the man who has been made a beggar by the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you!" as fact and frocks. I will put one earnest 5,000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have the ideas about church architecture who never in their lives helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world who never help the cottage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

Female Benevolence. I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, "Come, now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box." The Princess of Wales, the famous sickle, Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII of France, bearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door and said, "I will put one down and one down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Mand, the wife of Henry I, went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to their needs. Mrs. Retford, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the heroism of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield.

And then they shouted, "Huzza! Huzza!" Oh, it was a good day for those who had been so long in the land of the living! Dorcas is resurrected!

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said, "Arise, and sit up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that there have been around what a time when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that land! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

Good Sever Dies. You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resurrected, but the deceased counting up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to 50 years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No, his influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman tells me of the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is 15 years since she went away. Now the Spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman who went away 15 years ago nothing to do with these things? I see the flowers of her noble heart. I see the flowers of her noble heart. I see the flowers of her noble heart.

And then they shouted, "Huzza! Huzza!" Oh, it was a good day for those who had been so long in the land of the living! Dorcas is resurrected!

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cause Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed horse, there may be high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham.

Nothing Lost. The church of God has lost nothing; the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out, like the church of God, "How, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning, mourning because Dorcas is dead. When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her. But I am most affected by the story of Dorcas that on that day there were 10,000 of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they last earthly friends they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, how would not rather have such disciples than all the teachers that were ever pointed in the inebriety that have been exhumed from ancient cities! There may be no mass for the dead, there may be no costly sarcophagus, there may be no elaborate mausoleum, but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely lanes of the mountain glen there will be a mourning, mourning because Dorcas is dead.

"Blessed are the dead who rest in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said, "Arise, and sit up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that there have been around what a time when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that land! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

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