

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maude—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend.
Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

A man who needs advice is apt to get the kind he doesn't want.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during a change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea)

the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c and 50c packages by druggists. It saves colic, biliousness, it cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c at druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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selling the famous Little Pills. First trial, \$1.00. Second trial, \$2.00. Third trial, \$3.00. Fourth trial, \$4.00. Fifth trial, \$5.00. Sixth trial, \$6.00. Seventh trial, \$7.00. Eighth trial, \$8.00. Ninth trial, \$9.00. Tenth trial, \$10.00. Eleventh trial, \$11.00. Twelfth trial, \$12.00. Thirteenth trial, \$13.00. Fourteenth trial, \$14.00. Fifteenth trial, \$15.00. Sixteenth trial, \$16.00. Seventeenth trial, \$17.00. Eighteenth trial, \$18.00. Nineteenth trial, \$19.00. Twentieth trial, \$20.00. Twenty-first trial, \$21.00. Twenty-second trial, \$22.00. Twenty-third trial, \$23.00. Twenty-fourth trial, \$24.00. Twenty-fifth trial, \$25.00. Twenty-sixth trial, \$26.00. Twenty-seventh trial, \$27.00. Twenty-eighth trial, \$28.00. Twenty-ninth trial, \$29.00. Thirtieth trial, \$30.00. Thirty-first trial, \$31.00. Thirty-second trial, \$32.00. Thirty-third trial, \$33.00. Thirty-fourth trial, \$34.00. Thirty-fifth trial, \$35.00. Thirty-sixth trial, \$36.00. Thirty-seventh trial, \$37.00. Thirty-eighth trial, \$38.00. Thirty-ninth trial, \$39.00. Fortieth trial, \$40.00. Forty-first trial, \$41.00. Forty-second trial, \$42.00. Forty-third trial, \$43.00. Forty-fourth trial, \$44.00. Forty-fifth trial, \$45.00. Forty-sixth trial, \$46.00. Forty-seventh trial, \$47.00. Forty-eighth trial, \$48.00. Forty-ninth trial, \$49.00. Fiftieth trial, \$50.00. Fifty-first trial, \$51.00. Fifty-second trial, \$52.00. Fifty-third trial, \$53.00. Fifty-fourth trial, \$54.00. Fifty-fifth trial, \$55.00. Fifty-sixth trial, \$56.00. Fifty-seventh trial, \$57.00. Fifty-eighth trial, \$58.00. Fifty-ninth trial, \$59.00. Sixtieth trial, \$60.00. Sixty-first trial, \$61.00. Sixty-second trial, \$62.00. Sixty-third trial, \$63.00. Sixty-fourth trial, \$64.00. Sixty-fifth trial, \$65.00. Sixty-sixth trial, \$66.00. Sixty-seventh trial, \$67.00. Sixty-eighth trial, \$68.00. Sixty-ninth trial, \$69.00. Seventieth trial, \$70.00. Seventy-first trial, \$71.00. Seventy-second trial, \$72.00. Seventy-third trial, \$73.00. Seventy-fourth trial, \$74.00. Seventy-fifth trial, \$75.00. Seventy-sixth trial, \$76.00. Seventy-seventh trial, \$77.00. Seventy-eighth trial, \$78.00. Seventy-ninth trial, \$79.00. Eightieth trial, \$80.00. Eighty-first trial, \$81.00. Eighty-second trial, \$82.00. Eighty-third trial, \$83.00. Eighty-fourth trial, \$84.00. Eighty-fifth trial, \$85.00. Eighty-sixth trial, \$86.00. Eighty-seventh trial, \$87.00. Eighty-eighth trial, \$88.00. Eighty-ninth trial, \$89.00. Ninetieth trial, \$90.00. Ninety-first trial, \$91.00. Ninety-second trial, \$92.00. Ninety-third trial, \$93.00. Ninety-fourth trial, \$94.00. Ninety-fifth trial, \$95.00. Ninety-sixth trial, \$96.00. Ninety-seventh trial, \$97.00. Ninety-eighth trial, \$98.00. Ninety-ninth trial, \$99.00. One hundredth trial, \$100.00.

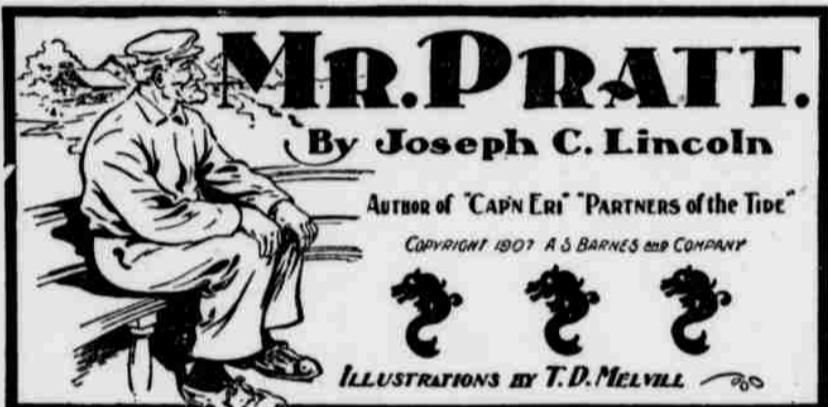
Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough, it is a sure sign of a serious condition. It is quickly cured by PISO'S CURE.

Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all druggists, 25c.

CURE



A Two-Master Went Booming By Just Under Our Stern.



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began a comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urethra proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone island, in another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fete, Van Brunt showed the church community by raffling a quilt for the church's benefit. Hartley invented a plan to make Washington Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page, for whom the "sick man" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt, Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work. Storm-bounded on Ozone island Van Brunt and Hartley tired of the "Natural Life."

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

I expected for sure that they'd lick Nate Scudder for charging his big season rates for secret keeping. But they never mentioned it to him. When I spoke of it to Van Brunt, he laughed. "Oh, Scudder's all right," he says. "He had a corner in secrets and squeezed the shorts, that's all. That's legitimate. Scudder has a talent of his own."

"Yes, he's making it ten talents in a hurry, like the fellow in Scripture," says I.

"Well, he doesn't hide it in a napkin, anyway," laughs Van.

"No," says I. "I believe he uses one of Huddy Ann's stockings."

About three o'clock we got into the skiff, the three of us, and rowed to the main. 'Twas a hard wet row. I judged the gale wa'n't all over yet. We walked up as far as Nate's and there he was waiting in his buggy to drive Van Brunt to the Wellmouth depot. Martin and Van said good-by and had a final pow-wow over the Tea Lead.

"Good-by," says I. "Ain't got any real gilt-edged expensive secrets you want kept while you're gone, have you? I'd like to squeeze a short or two, myself."

You ought to have seen Nate Scudder bristle up and glare at me. But his passenger only laughed as usual.

"No," he says, "not a one. My conscience is clear. But I may unearth a few while I'm away."

Well, he did. But not the kind he expected.

I had to step into Nate's house to get a few eggs. Our own hens was too few and far between. The Natural to be working overtime. Huddy Ann had the remnants of a nicked blue set of dishes that was handed down from her great aunt on her grandmother's side, and she thought maybe Hartley'd be interested at a dollar a nick. It took so long to make her believe he wa'n't, that we wasted an hour or more there. When we got to the hill by the beach 'twas 'most five o'clock.

says I. "We ain't had all the dirty weather yet. This'll be a bad night in the bay."

Just then from behind us come the rattling of a wagon and the thumping of a horse's hoofs. Somebody was driving our way like all get out.

"Who in time?" I says. "Runaway, ain't it?"

But 'twas no runaway. In another minute, a horse all lather, hauling a buggy all mud, comes bouncing over the hummocky road and down the hill. A girl was driving it.

"Whoa!" she screams, shrill. The horse stopped like he was glad of the chance.

"Eureka Sparrow!" I sings out. "What in the name of goodness?"

'Twas Eureka, and the team was the one that the Fresh Aireds had hired for the season. The girl looked as if she'd been through the war. She had a shawl pinned round her, but it had slipped down 'most to her elbows, and her hat was over on the back of her neck.

"What's the matter?" I asks. "Is Dewey?"

"Dewey's all right," she says, leaning from the buggy. "It's little Dennis—Reddy. He's awful sick—and—where's Mr. Van Brunt?"

"Gone to New York," says Hartley, stepping up to the wheel. "What is it? Tell me about it."

She was almost crying. "The poor little fellow," she says, "he was took this morning. Pains, and such suffering. We sent for Dr. Bailey, and he was sick in bed himself. Then James drove over for Dr. Penrose, and he'd gone up to the city to a medical society meeting. There wa'n't nobody left but that doctor at West Eastwick. Dr. Duncan, and nobody likes him. I wouldn't have him to a sick cat. He says it's appendicitis—something or other."

"Appendicitis?" asks Hartley.

"Yup. That's what he says. And he wants an operation to-morrow. And Miss Agnes don't trust him, and she's all upset. She thinks more of that boy! And she sent me for Mr. Van Brunt, and—"

"Sol," says Martin, quick. "Is this doctor a good one?"

"No, no!" says I. "If he said I had diphthery I'd be sure 'twas gout. And there ain't another doctor nowhere around."

"There's one," says Eureka, "if we could only get him. Miss Talford read in the paper day before yesterday that Dr. Jordan, the big surgeon—"

"Surgeon," says I.

"All right, surgeon then. He's at the Wapatomac house for a week. But he probably wouldn't come and the telegraph wires are down and nobody thought to write in time. And that Dr. Duncan thing, he says he'll operate to-morrow morning. If he does he'll kill the boy, just as he done to Emeline Macomber's child. What shall we do? Poor Miss Agnes! Can't nobody help her?"

"How can I get to Wapatomac?" asks Martin, sharp and quick.

"You can't," says I. "Not in time to get the doctor. He must reach Eastwick on that morning train or 'twill be too late. The last train has gone to-night. There ain't another till eight o'clock to-morrow. If you took that 'twouldn't reach Wapatomac till ten.

We was silent for a second. Then Eureka jumped up in the buggy and clapped her hands.

"You can get him!" she cried, her black eyes snapping sparks. "Oh, you can!"

"How?" Martin and me said together.

She pointed towards Ozone island. "The sailboat!" she said. "The Dora Bassett! Sail over in her. Then he'll come on the morning train."

I swung around and looked at the waves and the clouds. Wapatomac was clear across the bay miles and miles away. And a night like this was likely to be!

"Lord!" says I. "It's crazy! We'd never live—"

But Martin Hartley was already half way to the skiff. Of course he didn't know the risk, and I did, but—well, there.

"I'll go," says I to Eureka. "You head for the school fast as your horse can travel. Tell the Page girl not to let Duncan touch the boy till the Jordan man comes or the train comes without him. You understand?"

"You bet you!" says she. "It's splendid! We'll save the boy and Mr. Hartley will be all right with her. Oh, I'm so glad Mr. Van Brunt wa'n't here!"

She whirled the horse around and off she went. I gave one more look at the weather and then ran after Hartley. Save the boy! A considerable bigger chance of not saving ourselves. Well, my school teacher always used to say I'd be drowned some day—if I wa'n't hung first.

I had one reef in when the Dora Bassett swung clear of the outside point of Ozone island cove. I hated to take another, for I wanted to make time. But I had to take it afore we tackled at the end of the first leg. 'Twas pretty nigh a dead beat and the sloop was laying over till I thought sure she'd fill.

The waves was as big, almost, as ever I see in the bay, and when one would fetch us on the starboard bow the biggest half of it would shoot clean from stem to stern. We was soaked from we'd hardly started. It couldn't have been much worse unless 'twas the middle of February.

I had the tiller and Hartley was forward in the cockpit. I was using the mainsail altogether, although later on I did use some of the jib to help her point up to windward. There was plenty of water and would be for hours, so I could give her the center-board full. That didn't bother us—no then.

I was too busy to speak and Martin didn't seem to care to. He set there, looking out ahead, and when he turned, so's I could see his face, it was set and quiet. And in his eyes was the look that I'd seen there once afore—the day of the pig race. I wouldn't have known him for the reckless, lazy chap he'd been for the last month or so.

The only thing he said to me at this time was, as I remember it, something like this:

"I know that Dr. Jordan," he says. "I met him at Cambridge at a football game. I was there at college and father came over for the game. The doctor was one of father's friends."

"That's lucky," says I. "Maybe that'll give you some pull."

"Perhaps so," says he.

"If he won't come," I asks, "what'll you do?"

"He'll have to come," was all the answer he made.

Even this little mite of talk meant hollering your lungs loose. The wind was rising all the time, the sea kept getting more rugged as we got where the bay was wider, and the splashing and banging was worse than a water-wheel working double watches. After awhile I made Hartley set side of me, so that, when I wanted anything, I could grab his arm.

This was after it got dark. And it got dark early. Likewise it begun to rain. The storm that we'd had for the last few days seemed to be blowing back over us. Seems as if it ought to have rained and blown itself out by this time, but we had proof that it hadn't.

We wa'n't making scarcely anything on our backs. The Dora Bassett's a good wind'ard boat, too, but she'd fall off and fall off. By and by the dark and rain got so thick that I couldn't see the shore lights, and I had to run by compass and guess. There wa'n't likely to be any other blame fools afloat to run into us, still I gave Hartley a horn to blow in case there should be.

'Twas lucky I did. Along about 12, when we was somewhere in the middle of the bay—off Sandy Bend, I should think—it seemed to me that I heard a toot in answer to one of Hartley's. He heard it, too, I guess, for he commenced to blow hard and fast. 'Twan't much use, for anything that was to wind'ard of us wouldn't have heard a sound. And we only heard that one, I judge, as the noise was blown past us down the gale. We listened and listened, but no more come.

All at once we both yelled. Out of the middle of rain and black comes poking a big jibboom and a bowsprit. Next minute a two-master, with only a jib and reefed f'ull set, went booming by us just under our stern. I could see a wink of her for'ard lights and a glimpse of a teller holding a lantern by her rail and staring down at us. His face was big-eyed and scared. I've wondered since how ours looked to him. All the rest was black hull and waves and roaring. A mackerel boat trying to run into Naubekitt harbor, I guess she was. I call'te the afternoon lull had fooled 'em into trying.

We didn't say nothing. Only Hartley looked up at me and grinned. I could see him in the lantern light. I shook my head and grinned back.

All the time I kept thinking to my-

fool, this is your final bust of crash-ness. You can't make it; you know afore you started you couldn't. You'll be in among the shoals pretty soon and then you and the Dora Bassett 'll go to smithereens and cart that poor innocent city man with you. He don't know that, but you do. And all on account of a red-headed little toughy from the back alleys of New York, and a girl that ain't none of your relations. You deserve what's coming to you."

And yet, even while I was thinking it, I was glad I was making the try. Glad for Reddy's sake; particular glad on account of what it might mean to Martin and Agnes; and glad, too, just out of general cussedness. You see, 'twas like a fight; and there's a heap of satisfaction once in a while in a real old-fashioned, knock-down and drag-out, rough-and-tumble fight—that is, when you're fighting for anything worth the row.

The storm kept on; seemed as if 'twould never let up. And we kept on, too, three reefs in by this time, and the jib down. And with every tack I call'te we was making better headway towards the bottom than anywhere else. I couldn't see nothing to get my bearings from, and hadn't no idea where we was, except the general one that, up to now, and by God's mercy, we was afloat.

Then, at last, the gale began to go down. A landsman wouldn't have noticed the change, but I did. It stopped raining, and the wind was easing up. By and by the haze broke and I caught a glimpse of Middle Ground light, almost abreast of us. I unbuckled my lieskin jacket and looked at my watch. Half-past two, and only three-quarters of the way to Wapatomac. We'd been eight hours and a half coming a distance that I've made over and over again, in that very sloop, in less than three. Hartley caught my sleeve.

"Will we get there?" he shouts. His face was all shining with the wet and his hair was too heavy with water even to blow in the wind.

"Don't know," I hollers back. "We'll try."

He nodded. The clearing of that haze had helped me considerable. I could sight my marks, the lights, now, and we made faster time.

At last, after what seemed a fortnight more, come the first streak of gray daylight. The clouds was breaking up and it would be a nice day later on, I judged. But there was a living gale still blowing and the waves was running savage over the shoals ahead. The channel was narrowing up and I had to watch out every second. I sent Hartley amidsips to tend center-board.

We beat in through Long Point reach. The life-saving station is on the Point, just abaft the lighthouse. We see the feller in the station tower open the window and lean out to watch us. I call'te he wondered what asylum had turned that pair of lunatics loose.

Past the Point and now we come about for the run afore the wind up the narrows. Wapatomac village was in plain sight.

"With any sort of luck," says I, "we'll be alongside the dock by quarter-past five. The down train leaves at 25 minutes to eight. You can thank your stars, Mr. Hartley."

'Twas a pretty cocksure thing to say, and I ought to have known better than to crow afore we was out of the woods. But we'd come through so far enough sight better than a reasonable man could expect.

The narrows is a wicked place. The channel is fairly straight, but scant width, and on each side of it is a stretch of bars and rips that are bad enough in decent weather. Now they was as good an imitation of as salt-water Tophet as I want to see. Strip after strip of breakers, with lines of billing, twisting slicks and whirlpools between. And the tide tearing through.

I sent Hartley for'ard to look out for shoals. He had one knee on the edge of the cabin roof and was climbing up, when I happened to glance astern. There was an old "he" wave coming—a regular deep-water grayback.

"Look out!" I yells. "Stand by!"

That wave hit us like a house tumbling down. I'd braced myself and was, in a way, ready for it, but Hartley wa'n't. He was knocked for'ard on his face. Then, as he bowed jumped up, he was chucked straight back-wards, landing on his shoulders and left arm against the centerboard w'ell. He turned a full somerset and his feet knocked mine from under me. Down I went and the tiller was yanked out of my hands.

Waves like that hunt in droves, generally speaking. The next one was right on schedule time. Up we went, and sideways like a railroad train. Then down, "Bump!" on the bottom. Up again, and down. "Thump! Crunch!"

That time we struck with all our heft. The Dora Bassett shook all over. She riz, still shaking, and the next wave threw her clean over the bar. We was in deep water for a minute, but just a little ways off was another line of breakers. And astern was the rudder, broke clean off, and floating away.

'Twas no time for fooling. Hartley got to his knees, white, and holding his left arm with his right hand. I jumped and cast off the sheet. She floated then on a more even keel. Then I yanked loose the oar from its cleats alongside the rail and got it over the stern to steer with.

This got her under control, and down the lane, between them two lines of breakers, we went, me with the sheet in one hand, the oar braced under 'tother arm, and the three-reefed mainsail well out. The cockpit was half full of water.

Aeneas and Dorcas

Sunday School Lesson for March 14, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 9:31-43. Memory verses 40, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And Peter said unto him, Aeneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise and make thy bed. And he arose immediately."—Acts 9:34.

TIME.—39 or 40 A. D. Three years after the last lesson. Intervening events. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus. His absence in Arabia three years (Gal. 1:17, 18). His return to Damascus. His visit to Jerusalem (Acts 22:17-21), and departure to Cilicia.

PLACE.—(1) Lydda, now Ludd, 31 miles northwest of Jerusalem in the Plain of Sharon, the old Philistine country. (2) Joppa, now Jaffa, the chief seaport of Palestine, and especially of Jerusalem, now connected with it by a railroad 21 miles long. Here Dorcas and Simon the tanner lived.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 31. The story of the conversion of Paul is passed over at this time, to be taken up in the next quarter, when we begin the second division of the Acts, the work of St. Paul. To dwell on that great event here would interrupt the course of the history, and is especially fitting in connection with the beginning of his career.

"Then had the churches rest Gk. and R. V. 'peace' throughout" the whole province of Palestine, consisting of "Judea and Galilee and Samaria." A bitter persecution followed the martyrdom of Stephen. It may have lasted two or three years.

The Occasion of the Peace was the trouble that fell upon the Jews in a conflict with the Roman authorities. They were so occupied with their own affairs that they had no time to persecute the Christians.

Growth by Multiplication.—The result of this daily life showed itself in their rapid increase; they "were multiplied." There are two ways to be multiplied—in numbers, and in quality and value. The disciples rapidly increased in numbers, and the aggregate of churches was greatly enlarged.

Then each addition of zeal, of knowledge, of wisdom, of virtue, of spirituality, multiplies the value of each disciple and of the church. Every additional gift or virtue or talent in a man is not merely so much added to him, but is a multiplier, for it increases the value of each and every other gift. Add capital to labor, and both are multiplied. Add common sense to genius, and the man is multiplied many fold. Add to these consecration, zeal, grace, and love, and you multiply him many fold more. One note is a sound; add a score or two more and you have an anthem. One color, no matter how beautiful, is monotonous; add other colors and you have a cathedral window.

V. 32. "Peter passed throughout all quarters." Peter's first home missionary work was in connection with John in Samaria (Acts 8). They both returned to Jerusalem preaching in the village of Samaria on the way. Now we find Peter again on a Gospel tour throughout Palestine, preaching the Gospel, and healing the sick, as his credentials, and as illustrating the spirit and nature of the Gospel; visiting and encouraging and teaching the new churches formed by the persecuted Christians, and keeping them in touch with the apostolic church in Jerusalem. The accounts which follow may fairly be taken as specimens of many such journeys of progress, inspection and helpfulness.

V. 33. "He came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." All Christians were called saints, because that was their aim and the characteristic of their lives.

V. 34. Aeneas. Very nearly the same name as Virgil's hero of Troy. "Eight years." Showing that the cure was miraculous. "Sick of the palsy." Palsy is a contraction of the word "paralysis."

V. 35. "Jesus Christ." That is, the Messiah. Peter guards against being thought the source of the healing. He draws men not to himself, but to the Saviour, and shows that Jesus is still doing the same kinds of work he did when he was living on earth. So the true preacher or teacher always draws attention not to himself, but to his Lord. "Maketh thee whole." The translation "maketh thee whole" is a very expressive term for complete health, where every part of the body is present and in perfect condition.

Vs. 37-43. The disciples at Joppa learning of Peter's presence at Lydda, sent for him to come without delay, apparently with some hope that the unseen Master would work through his disciple Peter a miracle of restoration such as he himself had wrought during his earthly life. Peter went, and like his master at Capernaum, (40) "put them all forth." Then he "kneeled down, and prayed." Then, with assurance of an answer, he "turning . . . to the body, said, Tabitha, arise." If he used the Aramaic, the common language, the expression would be Tabitha cumi, differing but one letter from the Talitha cumi of Mark 5:41, which he heard the master speak in the sick chamber of Capernaum.

V. 41. "Gave her his hand," to help her up after she was alive. Jesus took Jairus' daughter's hand.

The Teaching of This Sign.—I. It called attention to the fact that Jesus, whom Peter preached, was alive in Heaven.

2. That he was the same Jesus whose story the apostles were continually telling, and was able to do the same wonderful deeds of love he did on earth.

3. It was a sign of the reality of immortal life beyond the grave.

4. It was a symbol of the new spiritual life from the death of sin.

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