A Gentle Leap-Year Hint.

Leap-year is here,
So, maidens dear,
Who're waited on by bashful beaux
That smile and sigh
And oft come nigh
To popping, but who ne'er propose,

Proceed with skill,
And thus you will
Proposals from your lovers draw;
They'll take the cue—
Say: "How would you
Like mother for a mother-in-law?"

Homespun.

Of homespun is the modest gown
Wherein my love goes clad;
And yet her regal eyes shine down,
As if their splendid deeps of brown
From under pressure of a crown
Were making my heart glad.

And wooden are the little shoon
That hold her slender feet;
But when the heart of leafy June
Is shaken by a merry tune,
How light she trips beneath the moon,
With smiles how warm, how sweet!

No glove is drawn upon the hand
I dearly love to hold;
But when upon the silver sand
The sunset hurls its burning brand,
I kiss her fingers, where we stand,
Full in the cloven gold.

What marvel if I love her true,
My little peasant lass!
The very air the sun shines through
Distils for her a special dew,
And harebells fringe with sudden blue
Her footprints in the grass.

—Curtis May.

"THE AGE."

A Journalistic Wooing; Being a Romance of To-day.

THE AGE was the greatest daily of modern times; the *Age* building the most colossal structure of the metropolis; the *Age* editor the most conspicuous figure in journalism. Every day at ten o'clock Mr. Henry T. Field, the editor, when in the city, stepped from his carriage, took the arm of his daughter, Miss Carolyn, and ascended to the editorial sanctum. For at least an hour he remained closeted with his charming daughter, engaged no one knew in what manner. When Miss Carolyn emerged and descended by the elevator, the managing and city editors entered the sanctum and consulted with the chief about the duties of the day. Then the manager apportioned editorial work among the sub-editors, and the city man issued instructions to the reporters.

Miss Carolyn was the divinity of the staff of the *Age*, and the editorial and reportorial hearts beat with renewed activity as she passed silently to and from the office. When it became rumored that she read the sheet from beginning to end each morning, detecting and reporting its weaknesses to her father, like an experienced journalist, there were instantaneous and perpetual efforts to elevate the standard of fine writing. To inspiration was added conjecture as to whether she ever saw the manager's copy of the paper which had the name of the author blue-penciled across each article. Whenever one of the staff was censured or praised, he wondered if she were the author of his notice from the sanctum.

One day a brilliant piece of news was found among Mr. Field's mail. Enclosed was a note which read:

"At your disposal,
"JAMES WOOD."

"Field vs. Wood," mused the great editor. He read the manuscript entire, contrary to his custom, and showed it to Miss Carolyn, whose brown eyes sparkled with interest as she perused. The editor himself arranged the copy with headlines, and sent it through the pneumatic tubes to the composing rooms. Contemporary journals were intensely annoyed the next morning at their rival's exclusive presentation of an important piece of news. During the night the Associated Press and correspondents, who had access to the proof-sheets of the paper, telegraphed the news everywhere, credited to the *Age*. Mr. Field appreciated the "beat," and instructed the manager to send Wood in to him when he appeared.

Mr. Wood did not put in an immediate appearance at the *Age* office. For two weeks daily he sent in big news articles, which showed splendid newspaperial energy. He seemed to find "beats" where the commercial, railroad, marine, real estate, religious and social reporters in their monotonous daily routine signally failed. What to them was overlooked and seemed trivial, to him, when traced to proper sources, developed into an extensive mine of news. His news was not only supplemental to that which the *Age* procured through its regular channels, but it naturally made the paper a per cent. stronger.

Two weeks after the appearance of the first news article, Mr. Wood stepped out of the elevator as Miss Carolyn entered. He paused an instant to look at the young lady, then turned and entered the manager's room.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the manager as abruptly as is usual with machine editors.

"My name is Wood."

The manager took a slip of paper, wrote a few lines and handed it to the young man, who glanced at it and started for the door.

The slip was an order for two hundred dollars.

"I should like to attach you to the staff," remarked the manager.

"How much?"

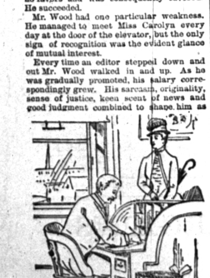
"We can afford fifty dollars per week to you."

"I accept."

Newspaper men are given to brevity in conversation. No doubt Mr. Wood had received some training in journalism. His acts and his conversation stamped him as having been aptly educated for the sanctum. He entered the service of the *Age*. He continued to furnish a quote of exclusive news in addition to his daily assignments. He drew one salary and earned two, for which, in any profession, the reward is at the top in the end. He sought no favors and was consequently favored. He succeeded.

Mr. Wood had one particular weakness. He managed to meet Miss Carolyn every day at the door of the elevator, but the only sign of recognition was the evident glance of mutual interest.

Every time an editor stepped down and out Mr. Wood walked in and up. As he was gradually promoted, his salary correspondingly grew. His sarcasm, originality, sense of justice, keen scent of news and good judgment combined to shape him as



"IS MR. FIELD IN?"

the man of the *Age*. He attempted no social advancement. There is a suspicion that women were slow to appreciate him, and perceive his possibilities, which annoyed him intensely and, perhaps, tended to sharpen his pen with satire, sarcasm, and cynicism.

During two years' occupation on the paper no word passed between him and Miss Carolyn.

One day Mr. Field left the office and called in Mr. Wood to act for him. At last he sat in the executive chair of the sanctum sanctorum. He seemed to fill it comfortably so far as measurement was concerned. He paused for a moment to speculate on the probable successor of Mr. Field. Certainly the owner of the paper would not let the *Age* go out of the family at his death. Who was to be the future editor?

Had Field any relatives or kin for the place, or would some man be employed for the editorship by the estate? He turned his attention to the desk and its accumulated business. Men entered and spoke to him, but he referred them to different departments without looking up. He was playing editor. There was silence for a time, then the door opened. Still the pencil flew and the brain throbbed at its point.

"Is Mr. Field in?" spoke a sweet voice that had all the music of nature in it.

Still the head bent low and the pencil flew as the man replied: "He has stepped out for a time. If it is about poetry, miss, please see the literary editor in room 26; if about type-writing, try room 24 in the corner."

"Suppose it is not about those subjects?"

"If it is a subscription for a pair of slippers for the pastor, try the cashier on the first floor." Still not looking up.

The young lady laughed heartily, shut the door and took a vacant chair beside the desk. "I will sit here, if you don't mind, until papa comes in."

Mr. Wood looked up very suddenly and quite sheepishly. Then he arose, took his hat and started for the door. "I resign the office to your charge, Miss Field. You are more capable than I to fill the editorial chair."

"Did papa not tell you to remain here until he returned?"

"I believe he did, Miss Field."

"Then sit down. You must do as he says, always. Permit me at the same time to protest that I have no fitness for the editorial place. Next to papa I think you the most capable editor."

The man drew his seat nearer to her and searched for news in her eyes. She was a beautiful, refreshing vision to him on this crisp, frosty, January day. He felt a small Dakota blizzard sweeping through him. It seemed to him like a Waterloo day, on which he must play the part of Wellington or Napoleon. Had he not always acted according to the motives of expediency which prompted him?

"I appreciate that compliment most," he remarked, "because it comes from you. This is the abode of journalism and a journalist's methods are like to those of the heathen Chinee, 'peculiar.' You are the daughter of a journalist and fully conversant with the men concerned and the methods which enter into and govern the profession. I am something of a journalist myself. Suppose I should tell you something in a journalistic manner, would you listen?"

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED.

"Nothing could give me more pleasure coming, as you say—"

"Journalism is a convent in which I am buried from the world. My only reputation in this office and the only value I attach to it is the pleasure of giving it to someone very dear to me. Since the first day of my entrance into this building two years ago, I have felt as I did that day when I passed on inside to look at you, that I would like to give my name and reputation to you. That is my journalistic narrative. You said you would listen and you have done so. We can never know each other any better than we do now through a mere introduction and parlor acquaintance. Your daily glance has been my inspiration and to it is due the fact that I am where I am. Here is my resignation ready to sign. Scorn me if you will. Let me sign it and go; but if you can return a little love for my idolization of you, accept what I have and am and help me to rise higher—speak. I can endure these days of silence no longer."

"But this is blackmail."

"How?"

"You compel me to marry you in order to save the paper from ruin."

The man laughed in spite of himself. "My services are of no importance to a paper the moment I leave it. The paper always moves on with thousands ready to push it, but the man goes out leaving no vacuum behind. Pardon the abruptness of my proposal and tell your father the truth. He knows I venerate him next to my love for you. See! I have signed. Adieu."

Miss Carolyn took the resignation and set it on fire while one hand lightly placed on his shoulder detained him. "Since this romance is to be conducted on such a strict journalistic basis," she said, softly, "I would like to have a little something to say in the matter. I have had both eyes on you since the day you mention. I have thought sometimes you might make an effort to get acquainted, but when I considered that the good of the paper was concerned I forgave you and loved you. You ask me to take your good name from you. I can not do that—but you can take mine from me."

The door opened and Mr. Field entered. His daughter was in the arms of the young man he had entrusted with the chair and he was certain their lips were very close, suspiciously close together.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"A wedding very soon, papa."

"Well, young man, we appreciate enterprise here and pay for it at the highest rates. If your services on this paper call for any thing else than the cash-box and my own daughter I hope you won't fail to mention it. He seems to be struck dumb with a sudden attack of modesty, Carolyn. What do you suppose he wants?"

"The *Age*, papa."

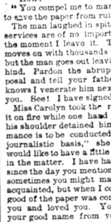
"Well, he can have it," said the old man, turning to go. And in time he did.

William H. Ballou.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

The Eminent French Artist Who Will Visit America This Year.

Benjamin Constant, who was popularly chosen for the first medal of honor at the Paris salon this year and who will visit the United States this summer, is one of the most courageous colorists of the modern French school. He was born June 10, 1845, and was educated at Toulouse, where he won the first medal in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and was sent to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He entered Cabanel's studio in 1867, and two years later established for the first time in the salon, his pictures being "Hamlet" and "Too Late." In 1870 he shouldered a musket and had a taste of army life. In 1871 he went to Spain,



BENJ. CONSTANT.

visited Madrid, Cordova, Toledo and Grenada. A little later he was made an attache of the Ambassador to Morocco, Charles Tissot. In 1874 he exhibited in the salon his "Women of the Harem" and "The Prisoner of Morocco."

In 1875 and the year following he took two medals for his "Mahomet the Second Entering Constantinople," which caused a great sensation in the Salon. His most important work is the "Last Rebels," representing the persecution at the gates of Morocco of the rebellious chiefs of rebelling tribes brought in dead and alive. This work was bought by the Government for permanent exhibition in the Palace de Luxembourg. Italian and Egyptian subjects are his favorites and color is his inspiration. As a draughtsman he is secondary. He has a studio at 15 Impasse Helene, where also he conducts an art school. He takes great interest in teaching, and drops in on his pupils at unexpected moments to criticise and direct their work. This picture of Constant was taken five years ago; he is now slightly more fleshy and his face seems wider. He is a charming conversationalist and places his pupils on terms of comradeship from the start. The best specimen of Constant is his "Theodora," in the Minneapolis Academy of Art.

"Every thing on the market seems to have a downward tendency," said Blueman to Joacher.

"I don't know about that; it strikes me that no matter how much the necessities of life lower in price, wages are always hire."

THE DIET OF DANIEL.

TALMAGE'S SUNDAY MORNING DISCOURSE.

The Great Divine Preaches from the Text: "Does Religion Prolong Life?"

The Misconception Placed Upon Religion by Its Friends—So Far From Subtracting From One's Vitality, Is a Glorious Addition.

Brooklyn, June 10.—At the Tabernacle this morning, after expounding some passages of Scripture in regard to the diet of Daniel and his abstemious habits, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn beginning:

"Glory to God on high,
Let heaven and earth reply."

He announced as the subject of his sermon: "Does Religion Prolong Life?" and preached from the text found in Psalm 91, v. 16: "With long life will I satisfy him." Following is the discourse in full:

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege."

He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the Church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry-cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, it is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again: I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens—

"Only this and nothing more."

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the centre of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason or your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, an aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again: religion is a friend to longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir I want you to call on me in every exigency: I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall Street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well-read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. O nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again: practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would in as polite a way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and be prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "As the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been affected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments, I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted: A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of all nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward and "behold there was a rainbow about the throne."

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipation are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulchre. I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out and the long ropes with which the pall bearers let down your dead, let them clear through into heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

When a barge meets barge then comes the tug of commerce.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When second childhood comes a man forgets he is old.—[illegible]

"PNEUMONIA."

Why Not Call This Terrible Scourge by its Rightful Name?

(New York Telegram.)

Many a strong, well-built man leaves home to-day; before night he will have a chill and in a few hours will be dead!

This is the way the dreaded pneumonia takes people off.

The list of notable men who are its victims is appalling.

It sweeps over the land like a scourge and destroys poor and rich alike.

Every one dreads it. Its coming is sudden, its termination usually speedy.

What causes it?

Pneumonia, we are told, is invited by a certain condition of the system, indicated if one has occasional chills and fevers, a tendency to cold in the throat and lungs, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, extreme tired feelings, short breath and pleuritic stiches in the side, loss of appetite, backache, nervous unrest, scalding sensations, or scant and discolored fluids, heart flutterings, sour stomach, distressed look, puffy eye sacs, hot and dry skins, loss of strength and virility.

These indications may not appear together, they may come, disappear and reappear for years, the person not realizing that they are nature's warning of a coming calamity.

In other words, if pneumonia does not claim as a victim the person having such symptoms some less sudden but quite as fatal malady certainly will.

A celebrated New York physician told the Tribune that pneumonia was a secondary disorder, the exposure and cold being simply the agent which develops the disease, already dormant in the system, because the kidneys have been but partially doing their duty. In short, pneumonia is but an early indication of a bright's diseased condition. This impaired action may exist for years without the patient suspecting it because no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity and often it can be detected only by chemical and microscopical observations.

Nearly 150 of the 740 deaths in New York city the first week in April (and in six weeks 781 deaths) were caused by pneumonia.

The disease is very obstinate, and if the accompanying kidney disorder is very far advanced, recovery is impossible, for the kidneys give out entirely, and the patient is literally suffocated by water.

The only safeguard against pneumonia is to maintain a vigorous condition of the system, and thus prevent its attacks, by using whatever will radically and effectually restore full vitality to the kidneys, for if they are not sound, pneumonia cannot be prevented. For this purpose there is nothing equal to Warner's safe cure, a remedy known to millions, used probably by hundreds of thousands and commended as a standard specific wherever known and used. It does not pretend to cure an attack of pneumonia, but it does remove the cause of and prevent that disease if taken in time. No reasonable man can doubt this if he regards the personal experience of thousands of honorable men.

When a physician says his patient has either bright's disease or pneumonia he confesses his inability to cure, and, in a measure, he considers his responsibility ended. In many instances, indeed, persons are reported as dying of pneumonia, heart disease, apoplexy and convulsions, when the real cause of death and so known by the physician is this kidney consumption. Thousands of people have it without knowing it and perish of it because their physicians will not tell them the facts! The same fate awaits every one who will not exercise his judgment in such a matter.

FACT AND FANCY.

Santa Clara, Cal., grows eighty sorts of prunes.

The dominant effect in new bonnets is green foliage.

There are nearly 300,000 Chinamen in the United States.

The farms of the United States are valued at ten billion.

Burdette will settle in Los Angeles when he is well enough off.

Boston is to have a new Public Library at a cost of $1,165,000.

In Wisconsin 21 years of faithful work entitles a man to a pension.

The Peep is the name of a paper recently started at West Point, Miss.

Watermelons are in the market in Florida and peaches are ripening rapidly.

It is said that a New York modiste has paid $170,000 for a house on Fifth avenue.

There are 2,520 licensed saloons in Missouri. Of this number St. Louis supports 1,450.

A huge bear attacked and killed a full grown cow in Lake County, Florida, recently.

The Prince of Wales is talking of visiting the United States next year in company with the Duke of Sutherland.

The heaviest locomotive in the world belongs to the Canadian Pacific railroad. Weight, 160,000 pounds.

Gov. Waterman, of California, has a gold mine in San Diego county that is now paying him a net profit of $500 a day.

The dowager queen of Spain rides an English thoroughbred horse that belonged to her husband. She is a fine rider.

Mr. Gladstone received an honorarium of 100 guineas for the manuscript of the last brief essay with which he favored an American magazine.

Mrs. Dr. Schlieman won the love of her husband when she was a girl of 18. She talked Greek to him and he replied with passages from Ovid.

A Rochester, Pa., widow has brought suit for $100,000 damages against the wealthiest man of the place, because he called at the house four times within a year and will not marry her.

Napoleon at 25 commanded the army of Italy. At 30 he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of all time, but one of the greatest lawgivers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo.

The great Leo X was pope at 38; having finished his academic training, he took the office of cardinal at 18—only 12 months younger than was Charles Fox when he entered parliament.

The first woman preacher in this country was Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, who was minister of an Ohio Congregational church 35 years ago. She now lives in Elizabeth, N. J., and is a Unitarian.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

ZOA-PHORA

Is the best remedy for all complaints peculiar to women.

A Great Difference.

Rural resident (not a newspaper reader): "See here you; you needn't stop. I don't want no lightning rods. Got 16 about the place now."

Agent: "Hump! Well—er—these ain't lightning rods, mister; better wait till you see what I've got to sell."

"What are they?"

"They—they're magnetic polarization polyhedron rods to prevent cyclones."

"Oh! Come in."—Omaha Herald.

A realistic raspberry in bright garnets is shown among the heads for new bonnet pins.

Linen blue, a very soft shade, is a favorite for fancy wool stuffs, while buff is equally liked in the sheer cottons and linens.

A new white waistcoat is made for wear without laundering or starching. It is sponged tailor fashion when soiled.

Lace is beyond peradventure the garniture of the season, and the finer patterns of French lace among its best bargains.

Many of the newest hats seem to aim at the flower garden effect, so many, various and wonder-stirring are the blossoms they carry.

Spring bonnets have fallen. Those which cost, early in the season, about 50 cents, can now be bought for $28.50; extra trimming, $7.37.

A thick band of shaded rose petals, held in place by green leaves and ribbon loops, is a new and favorite garniture for evening gowns.

To the so-long-worn veils of spotted tulle just reaching to the nose, have succeeded those of spider-web that are even more becoming.

It is astonishing how pretty the homely girl you have never seen can look when she is softly talking nonsense to you through the telephone.

The ladies of Charleston, S. C., have organized an "ice mission," which will aim literally to give the needy "a cup of cold water, in His name."

The best dressed woman on the Pacific coast is a Chinese girl. More than ever do the toiling men folks of that region yell, "The Chinese must go."

Mixed flowers are stylish if not artistic, and upon lace head gear, which must be of the lightest, should look as though they had been merely dropped in place.

A St. Louis physician has cured a woman of chronic nervousness by compelling her to spend four weeks in a boiler factory, where she couldn't hear herself talk.

Overskirts are not cut in set fashion any more, drapery being obtained by tacking the breadths of the gown to the foundation quite at taste, caprice or convenience.

The popular sizes of shoes worn by the Chicago girls are said to be fives and sevens; but from certain remarks in St. Louis journals the fives and sevens must run together, thusly: 57.

A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. But it certainly does not speak very highly for the intellect of the man who does the kissing.

Small, close-fitting jackets of cloth, either gray biege, dark blue, brown or black, are the preferred wraps for very young women, and admit of wonderful variety in the matter of cut, braiding and buttons.

It is altogether useless for an unsatisfactory young man to plead to the girl that their union has been decreed by fate. Girls don't care half so much about the decrees of fate as they do about the decrees of fashion.

To dream of a ponderous whale,
Erect on the tip of his tail,
Is the sign of a storm
(If the weather is warm)
Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and billious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

The clumsier a made-up scarf is now tied the better, as long as the effect is original and artistic.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

A four-button cutaway of black diagonal has been introduced with favor by grooms at recent day weddings.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its functions of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

Mrs. Caldwell, who has just received the golden rose from the pope for her $300,000 benefaction, is a niece of the late General John C. Breckenridge, and otherwise a most charming young lady just twenty-three, with clear-cut features and the half of a fortune estimated at $5,000,000.

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.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. '86.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Health and Strength

If you feel tired, weak, worn out or run down from hard work, by impoverished condition of the blood or low state of the system, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and Best Equipped in the World—100 Instructors, 2252 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5.00 to $7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 13, 1888. For Illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address E. TOURJEE, Director, Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents.
Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Asthma,
Bruises,
Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr. Radway's Pills.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

WOMEN AND MOTHERS!

Read This!

I wish to tell you of the case of a girl 16 years old, who had been sick with suppression two years. Her father had paid over $300 for doctors' bills, still she was failing. She had the worst countenance that I have ever seen, a kind of greenish yellow; she was emaciated, had constant bowel trouble, and had to take morphine every night in order to sleep at all. All who saw her thought she would die. Her parents said they had done all they could. I repeatedly urged them to try Zoa-Phora, but they were strongly prejudiced against "nostrums." Finally the mother said, "We must do something, and this is as likely to help her as anything." She and I persuaded the father to let the girl try it. As a result, in four months her functions were established and regular, and in six months she was the picture of health—a living wonder to all who had known her.

I could describe 20 other cases, not as wonderful as this, but still very remarkable cures.

Mrs. Mary C. Chandler.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Three and four button cutaways are proper for morning wear and half-dress.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c. and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Belva Lockwood has a new spring bonnet, but it has the same old presidential bee in it.

Moxie.

A terrible contest is being waged by the bottling interests, through the United States courts, to prove it a fraud. The best known people in New England extol its virtues as a nerve food. Paralytics before the U. S. courts in Boston say it brought them from years of helplessness to good, vigorous strength. Nervous, invalid women say it makes them strong and well without stimulation or reaction and does not lose its effect from long use more than other food. Chemists say it is harmless, and contains no more alcohol than ice-cream.

The latest fad among New York girls is getting up a collection of dummy cats for house decoration.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Many features of spring toilets are so unmistakably masculine that it occasions no surprise to learn that some of the women who dare have got to the length of carrying canes.

Botanic Blood Balm.

B. B. B. is the only Blood Purifier that makes positive and permanent cure of all Blood Diseases. For females, troubled with painful menstruation, ovarian tumors, uterine ulcers, and chronic troubles, its action is speedy and effectual. One $1.00 bottle will convince anyone. 6 bottles $5.00. All Druggists. Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Thistle pods and the fluffy crown of the dandelion are a good second to the wheat ear in fashionable favor.

"I wish that I could find something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white." It is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolisalve will always do it. Sold by druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

Striped plush is threatened for next winter's cloaks, but we still indulge in a lively hope that those in authority will experience a change of heart before that time.

It may be true that old maids look at the moon in the hope of seeing a man, but it can't be said of them that they ever go out between the acts of a play to see one.

She who has a lace poke bonnet, with coat and parasol to match, can smilingly face whatever fate may send in shape of garden or coaching party, or almost any summer fete.

BURNS AND SCALDS are cured by St. Jacobs Oil used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE, PROMPTLY AND PERFECTLY. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

Highest Honors at all Great World's Exhibitions since 1867. 100 styles, $22 to $900. For Cash, Easy Payments, or Rented. Catalogue, 46 pp., 4to, free.

PIANOS.

Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim that their Pianos are superior to all others. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in 1882, now known as the "MASON & HAMLIN PIANO STRINGER." Full particulars by mail.

ORGAN & PIANO CO

BOSTON, 154 Tremont St. CHICAGO, 149 Wabash Ave. NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St. (Union Square).

The best Blood Purifier and Tonic, B. B. B., Botanic Blood Balm. Absolutely the quickest, cheapest and most effectual Blood Poison Remedy on Earth.

IT Will Pay YOU

To take a course in the Business, Shorthand English or Penmanship Departments of the Detroit Business University, Detroit, Mich. Open to ladies equally with gentlemen. Illustrated catalogue free.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, &c. Send for our catalogue, &c., on Well Boring and Coal Prospecting Machines, &c. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

FREE HOMES At the rate they have been going the Public Domain will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure Rich Land at the Gov. price of $1.25 per acre. What better could be left for Children? Where these Lands are, how to get them, as well as for information of all States and Territories, send 10 cents and receive the beautiful Engravings, a Picturesque Panorama of the United States. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

DYNAMITE For mining, removing stumps and boulders from land. Cheap and quick method. Price low. Send for circulars and prices. AJAX TORPEDO AND DYNAMITE WORKS, Bay City, Michigan. If your dealer does not handle our goods, send direct to us.

FARMS AND FARMING LANDS To rent and for sale on long time and easy terms. Money to loan on real estate security. HARLAN P. SMITH, East Saginaw, Mich.

HOMES Nebraska Lands, $3 to $9 per acre. Good Homes for Farmers. Sure investment for capitalists. Long time, easy payments. Address for Pamphlets, Low Rate, Excursion Dates, etc., W. H. MILLER, 21 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.

$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 Bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

President's Proclamation.

SPECIAL.

WHEREAS, From day to day vast numbers are being stricken down with the fell disease Rheumatism, which seems to be greatly on the increase;

AND WHEREAS, The nation has within a short time been called upon to mourn the sudden loss of many of our public men, such as Vice-President Hendricks, Gen. John A. Logan, Secretary Daniel P. Manning, Gen. McClellan and many others.

NOW THEREFORE, I do by virtue of the knowledge possessed by me, proclaim and recommend Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup to be a remedy of great merit, both for Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases,

AND FURTHER, That this medicine be adopted as a national remedy by all.

Signed by the President.

RHEUMATISM.

I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor, who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. My right side became paralyzed, leg and arm badly withered, and my joints were so stiff that there was but little act on in them. About six weeks ago I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup with marvelous results. Since then I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that it has greatly benefitted me but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup.

C. D. DENIO,
Dealer in General Groceries,
Jackson, Mich.

C. D. Denio is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck physically of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would recover. He is well and it is simply marvelous.

FRANK L. SMITH,
Ex-Member State Legislature, Jackson, Mich.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

My daughter Maud had Inflammatory Rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen. She was in terrible agony. She has been taking Rheumatic Syrup and using your Plasters, which has broken it up. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. We consider Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters remedies of great merit.

REV. J. ROBERTS,
Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

Last winter and spring I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, suffering the most excruciating pain. Two bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cured me. I can with confidence recommend it to all who are suffering with rheumatic difficulty.

REV. JAMES BERRY,
Morley, Mich.

No remedies known so highly endorsed by the home people, in the treatment of Rheumatism and all blood diseases. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on Rheumatism, and all Blood and Female Diseases, sent free on application.

Rheumatic Syrup Company, Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup

UNRIVALED IN MERIT. It is a safe Family Medicine, because it contains no poison or opiates. Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5. Plasters 25c.

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS.

A General Blood Purifier.

Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Biliousness, Malaria, Diabetes, and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood.

FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blotches and other Skin Diseases.

NOTICE OUR GUARANTEE.

We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if it does not do just as represented, return the package and we will have your money refunded. For sale by all druggists or authorized Canvassing Agents at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the

Diamond Medicine Co.,
77 State Street, - Detroit, Mich.

Every one should have a package in their home and never be without it.

Agents Wanted in all Localities. Extra Inducements.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Dwight's "COW BRAND" Saleratus AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Warner's FEATHERBONE CORSETS. Boned with Featherbone. Absolutely unbreakable. Soft, pliable and elastic. Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

DYEING For 25 years. Dyeing and cleaning in all its branches. Send goods by mail or express. Write for price list and catalogue. COOK & McLAIN, 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PENSIONS 20 yrs. Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & Co., Att'y's, Washington, D.C.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

McCOY'S European Hotel, fire proof, 300 rooms near depot. Rates $1.00 and upwards. N. W. cor. Clark and Van Buren sts., Chicago, Illinois.

GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

W. N. U. D.—6—26.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.