TALMAGE ABROAD.

He Discourses Under Heaven's Canopy.

The United Attention of the Vast Multitude Held by the Noted Silver-Tongued Divine —His Soul-Penetrating Text "The Constellations of the Redeemed" Lacks the Unbounded Attention of None.

WINFIELD, KANS., June 24.—Uncounted multitudes were present to-day at a great outdoor meeting held in this place, where the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was the preacher. Not only this but adjoining States were represented in the congregation, and the occasion will be long remembered. The text was: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—Daniel xii. 3; and the subject: "The Constellations of the Redeemed." Dr. Talmage said:

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here, and by elaborate argument, prove the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First: We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example and the whole city felt the result of one school-boy washing his face. That is a fable by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head and the longer it runs, the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of, "Men follow!"

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at eleven o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at six o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village, and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elija's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elija's prayer blew the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it. We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American Church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face to the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first to America.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting sniffle is not what is wanted, but the heartthrob of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers, and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition, and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever."

As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens, the stars pick up the scattered brands, and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew he would come back again. But let Him abdicate His throne, and go away to stay for ever, the music would stop; the congregation disperse; the temple of God be darkened; the rivers of light stagnate; and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of His name, and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers, and tears, and work will rise before Him as He looks into their faces, and He will divide His kingdom with them; His peace—their peace; His holiness—their holiness; His joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spark of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel, and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self denials, and pains, and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes: but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek, and brow, and foot, and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears, and raptures, and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart broken; when they worked for Christ they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might, at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars for ever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world-crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid-Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing-place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—for ever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have not noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes, the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father, or mother, or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfillment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God: you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go. I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing [illegible] you in mission of light, and love and joy you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then Omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometery, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter, and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory become greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out His birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat Him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day, he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In Independence Hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity. But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the world's, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the mainwheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall, by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the world's are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign for ever and ever. If, by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their sceptres, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven.

Summer salutation—"[illegible] y'do!"—*Washington Critic.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

Five very plump birds met one pleasant spring day,
And seated themselves in a row on a rail;
The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
Then four of them merrily sang: "Summer's coming,
And soon we shall hear the brown honey-bees humming,
And see brightest sunshine—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow and pink,"
Sang the four in a chorus once more; and the rill
Will give us the sweetest of water to drink,
And grass-seed be plenty in field and on hill,
And a host of our kindred their way will be winging
Toward our home, all the news of the sunny South bringing,
And we'll feast them on berries—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then "Don't be so cross," said the four, coaxingly,
As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly, dear,
There is not the least reason that glum you should be
When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay and cease trouble to borrow,
Take good care of to-day—hope the best for to-morrow
And join in our singing—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"I won't, and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Wide Awake.*

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

How Dan Gained a Great Victory by Obeying the Voice of His Conscience.

"HERE, Dan, is something that may interest you," said Farmer Brown, as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

"The postmaster missed his mark there, sure," said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

"That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any poorer, either," answered the farmer.

"I dare say it will," responded the lad, as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea-kettle.

"And you can have the two cents you thus save for marbles," suggested Mr. Brown, thoughtlessly.

"That would be cheating," whispered Dan's conscience. "The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter."

"It will carry another. It is not marked," argued Dan.

"But you know that was a mistake," urged the monitor within.

"That was the postmaster's fault and not mine," was Dan's inward reply. "It is a very small thing, and the Government will not miss it—no, not even know it."

"Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small an amount?" the small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that some one had spoken the words right in his ear. Flinging the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed: "No! I can not afford to sell myself so cheap."

"What's wrong?" asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. "Lose the stamp after all your trouble?"

"Worse than that," replied the boy, sheepishly.

"What, burned your fingers with the steam?" questioned his employer.

"No," said Dan, determinedly; "I sold my honor, or came near doing so."

"What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never have been found out."

"But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your own self-respect; besides—"

"Besides what?" queried the man.

"God knows about it, and He looks upon the heart," answered Dan.

"It's a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure!" replied Mr. Brown. "The Post-office Department would not have been much poorer, I assure you."

"It would have been I who would have been poorer. Had I sold my honor for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did."

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.—*Belle V. Chisholm, in S. S. Times.*

"ON DUTY."

Neddie's Idea, and the Practical Application His Uncle Made of It.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with his newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm-chairs when a very large spider weaving its web among the vines attracted his attention. He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie, who was playing in the yard: "Neddie, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come now, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie, "I'm on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and carrying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow galloping around on sticks and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, though the cows, chewing their cud under the trees, didn't seem a bit frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I'm a sentinel keeping guard," said Neddie.

"Can't you come over here just a minute if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed," answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers mustn't go away a second when they're on duty."

"Well, well," said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen carrying a small basket. She looked hastily around and then called: "Neddie! Neddie! where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and half a pound of raisins," said his mother, adding as she gave him the basket and some money: "Now, don't be gone long. I'm making something good for supper, and want these things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddie had gone Uncle Alex started to the post-office. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie standing on the bridge throwing pebbles in the water.

"Hello, Neddie!" he said, "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking up in surprise; "we're not playing soldier any more. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store for something."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and dispatch, and knowing you to be a soldierly little fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wondered, rather, to see you standing here," and Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brows as though he were trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily into his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the post-office steps reading a letter when he happened to see Neddie coming out of the grocery store with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while, but he, though in a very good-natured way, declined their invitations and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty.—*Early Dew.*

THE PANTRY GHOST.

It Could Eat Pie and Cake—How It Was Laid.

It not only "took the cake," but every thing else it could lay its hands on, in the way of cooked dainties. Occasionally pork and cabbage went, but pies disappeared with fatal regularity. Doughnuts melted away like an untimely feast. The ghost not only ate the food, but was very particular to wash the dishes, which was found as clean as when new.

We barred the windows and locked the doors, but his ghostship distained any of those mere mortal methods of entering, and came with persistent regularity.

It was a mystery that none of the household could fathom.

We were a family of adults of the staid, respectable sort, with (as we supposed) no skeleton in the closet. Our hired girl had been with us for years and had no family to support and no followers to feed. It was not the dog, for we had none; nor the cat, for she had her own private dishes set for her every day. Who, then, was the ghost with the abnormal appetite?

Hannah declared she heard chains clanking in the pantry, and we instituted a night watch, but without avail. Sometimes, indeed, toothsome danties were eaten in the daytime, when for a moment Hannah was absent or engaged elsewhere.

"Set a trap for him," suggested mother.

"Try paris green," said father. "I can not shoot him on sight, as he is not to be

THE GHOST.

seen; but we might make his food disagree with him."

"There's no trap as would hold a ghost, sure," commented Hannah.

"Did you ever hear of a ghost with such an appetite?"

The next day an almond cake was swept away and not a vestige left.

"I think I'll call in the police," said my father, angrily. "It's some thing human, and we are bound to find it."

The next morning we heard a shout of triumph from Hannah.

"The ghost! The ghost! I've got him! Come, quick, if ye plaze, or he'll be gettin' off!"

We all rushed in haste to the scene of action. Sure enough, Hannah was holding him in a grasp of iron.

"A boy!" we shouted, in chorus.

"Where did you find him?" asked father, as he relieved Hannah.

"In the cellar, sure, where he's been hidin' an' livin' on the fat of the land these two weeks," said Hannah.

"How did you come here?" asked father in his judicial voice.

"C-a-r-s," mumbled the boy.

"Whom do you belong to?"

"N'body."

"Where did you come from?"

"N' York."

"But how did you get into the pantry?"

"Trap door."

Sure enough! There was a disused trap door which led to the cellar. We could all see now how easy it was, after once being secreted in the cellar, to use that.

Well, the ghost was laid, but here was this dreadful boy on our hands.

We went into council and decided as a whole that a boy so ready and willing to help himself might be made useful to others, and concluded to give him a chance.

It was the best investment we ever made. As farm-boy, house-boy and general factotum "the ghost" is invaluable. He still possesses the abnormal appetite, but regular meals with much "piecing" between have saved the pantry from any further depredations.

Once mother referred to his past. She asked him how he managed to leave the dishes so clean after his ghostly visits.

And he answered with a smack: "Licked 'em."—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

A FEARLESS FIBBER.

A Young Man with More Nerve Than Discretion.

If ever a young man has a need of all his fibbing resources it is when he is trying to make a cold, cruel and inconsiderate girl believe that the rear row of seats in the balcony are just as good, if not really a little more desirable, than the dollar-and-a-half orchestra seats. As they take their seats, he says, cheerily:

"I never like to sit too near the stage—do you?"

"Well, I don't know," she says, in a discouraging sort of a way. "Of course I don't like to be *too* near."

"No, I don't either," said the young man, a trifle gloomily. "One is more apt to see, all the sham and pretence of the thing; don't you think so?"

"Well, I—I—suppose so," she says, in a tone that no girl of any feeling would ever use after she had had seventy-five cents squandered on her.

"I rather prefer the balcony to any part of the house," says the young man, cheerily and falsely.

"The *front* seats *are* very desirable," she says.

"Yes, I like them; and yet, do you know, it always makes me feel a little dizzy to sit and look over the balcony railing."

"Does it!" she asks, in a kind of I-know-you're-fibbing tone. "How strange! I like the front row best of all."

"I tried to get seats there," he says, "and I had a messenger boy stand in line three hours"—this is a big one—"but there wasn't an orchestra or front balcony seat to be had when he got to the window. All sold four days ago."

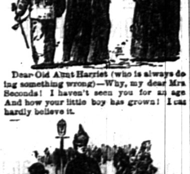
"How strange!" she says, "they must have told the boy a story, for brother Fred got three splendid orchestra seats this afternoon."

"Got them from speculators, didn't he!" says the desperate young man.

"No; he got them right at the box office, and he said there were lots left; so if I were you I'd complain about it."

"I certainly will," he says earnestly, while he makes a solemn vow that he certainly will *not* take that girl to the theater again as long as he lives.—*Tid-Bits.*

ON THE AVENUE.



Dear Old Aunt Harriet (who is always doing something wrong)—Why, my dear Mrs. Seconds! I haven't seen you for an age And how your little boy has grown! I can hardly believe it.

Mrs. Seconds (that was—freezingly)—Mrs. Culbertson, permit me to introduce my husband, Mr. Cuddly. Charming day, isn't it! Good-bye!—*Judge.*

CONVINCING GUARANTEES.

Which are Justified by a World-Wide Experience.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having branch houses and laboratories in seven different quarters, and therefore have a world-wide experience, we, H. H. Warner & Co., justify ourselves in making the following statements:

First.—For the past decade we have held that 93 per cent. of diseases originate in the kidneys, which introduce uric acid into the system, a poison that is injurious to every organ, attacking and destroying first the organs which are the weakest. We have also held that if the kidneys are kept in perfect health most of the ordinary ailments will be prevented, or, if contracted, cured. Other practitioners have held that extreme kidney disease is incurable. We have proof to the contrary, however, in hundreds of thousands of cases in every section of the globe.

Second.—The kidneys being the sewers of the human system, it is impossible to keep the entire system in good working order unless the organs are doing their full duty. Most people do not believe their kidneys are out of order because they never give them any pain. It is a peculiarity of kidney disease that it may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or of the practitioner. It may be suspected if there is any gradual departure from ordinary health, which departure increases as age comes on.

Third.—We do not cure every known disease from one bottle. This is an impossibility.

Fourth.—Warner's Safe Remedies have been recognized by the doctors and the people all over the globe as standards of the highest excellence.

Fifth.—We make the following unqualified guarantees

GUARANTEE 1.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are pure and harmless.

GUARANTEE 2.—That the testimonials used by us are genuine, and so far as we know, absolutely true. We will forfeit $5,000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE 3.—Warner's Safe Remedies have permanently cured many millions of people who the doctors have pronounced incurable. Permanent cures are always convincing proofs of merit.

Sixth.—Ask your friends and neighbors what they think of Warner's Safe Cure.

REV. J. P. ARNOLD, Camden, Tenn., had fearful abscesses caused by kidney disease. In 1878 and 1881, other running abscesses appeared. He was fully cured in 1882 by Warner's Safe Cure and in 1888 reported himself sound and well, and he is over 70 years old.

MRS. ANNIE JENNESS-MILLER, editress of Dress, 253 Fifth Avenue, New York, eight years ago was cured of nervous prostration, when the best New England physicians could do her no good. She cured herself with Warner's Safe Cure, and writes in 1887: "To-day I am a perfectly well woman. It is the only medicine I ever take."

L. B. PRICE, M. D., a gentleman and physician of the highest standing of Hanover C. H., Va., four years ago, after trying every other remedy for bright's disease, including famous mineral waters, cured himself by Warner's Safe Cure, and March 24, 1888, wrote: "I have never had the slightest symptoms of my old and fearful trouble."

HERMAN URBAN of MacNeale & Urban, safe makers, Cincinnati, O., was broken down by excessive business cares. He was fully restored to health four years ago by Warner's Safe Cure and has since been in robust health.

DR. DIO LEWIS wrote: "If I found myself afflicted with a serious kidney disorder I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

MRS. E. J. WOLF, Gettysburg, Pa., S. C. Farrington, Gotha, Fla., J. M. Long, 43 East 2nd street, Cincinnati, O., and the sister of J. W. Westlake, Mt. Vernon, O., were cured of consumption, (caused by kidney acid in the blood, as over half the cases are,) by Warner's Safe Cure.

We could give many thousands of similar testimonials. Warner's Safe Cure does exactly as represented.

Seventh.—Warner's Safe Remedies were put on the market in obedience to a vow made by H. H. Warner that, if the remedy now known as Warner's safe cure, restored him to health he would spread its merits before the entire world. In ten years the demand has grown so that laboratories have been established in seven quarters of the globe. Warner's Safe Cure is a scientific specific—it cures when all the doctor's fail, thousands of the best physicians prescribe it regularly. Its power over disease is permanent and its reputation is of the most exalted character. Can you afford longer to ignore its extraordinary power? Now, in the spring of the year, a few bottles will tone you up and cure all those ill feelings which, unknown to you, are caused by the fatal kidney poison in the blood, which will surely end fatally, if not at once removed. For this no other specific is known.

Are You Going to Bay View?

It is a characteristic of Bay View that everybody who goes there returns with superlative praises of that delightful place in northern Michigan. In consequence a wider interest is excited every season and more people than ever are going there this year. Ever since the assembly was organized on an undenominational plan more people have been going there to spend their summer vacation. Last season 50 cottages were erected and all the hotels and public buildings enlarged. Everything was filled at once and a general enlargment is being made again and 75 to 100 new cottages will be erected this year. It is estimated that contracts have already been let for 50 new cottages. Each year has increased the fame and popularity of this peerless summer resort and it is said a more charming place can scarcely be imagined. It is opulent and splendid in picturesque scenery a climate of great healthfulness, unnumbered recreative pleasures and fine educational advantages. Nothing more pleasant can be conceived than a trip there during the assembly which always opens on the last Wednesday in July. The choicest society is there, the climate cool and exhilarating, splendid schools are in session and almost every hour in the day, eloquence, music and entertainments are heard from the most gifted people in the land. The assembly lasts three weeks and what rare pleasures are then enjoyed every day and night of that long holiday! No one who has ever been there can ever forget the time. The finest talent drawn from the best colleges, conservatories and pulpits is engaged for the Bay View schools of Art, Music, Oratory, Summer School for Teachers, Church Congress, U. S. Normal classes, etc. Among the "stars" which will this year shine in the daily general programs will be Bishop J. H. Vincent, Rev. Drs. P. S. Henson, George P. Hayes, Robert Nourse and Dean A. A. Wright, Prof. Alexander Winchell, Bishop Ninde, Benjamin Clarke, the foremost Sunday school man of England, Mrs. Bessie Storr Keefer of Toronto, Layyah Barakat of Syria, Dennis Osborne of India, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, the Boston Stars, Amphion Club, Frank Lincoln, H. H. Ragan, J. DeWitt Miller, Rev. Annie H. Shaw, Miss Matilda H. Ross and twenty more. Every day is full to overflowing with rarest enjoyments. Excursions and open air concerts, receptions and gay illuminations, rowing and fishing, boat rides and picnics, lectures and concerts, entertainments and sweet vespers, great missionary, W. C. T. U. and national days—all flow in swift succession. The season passes all too quickly, and one returns home with a volume of delightful memories and stimulated in body and soul by the exhilirating climate and contact with gifted people. Low priced excursion tickets and moderate hotel prices make it possible for everybody to spend a few weeks at Bay View. The place is entirely a summer city in amphitheatre terrace groves, and from every piazza of the nearly 300 cottages, hotels and public buildings superb views are had of the beautiful bay. The best table board costs $4 and $5 per week; furnished rooms $2 and $3, while hotel rates for room and board are $7 to $10. Any one desiring to know more about Bay View can obtain a copy of the Assembly Herald giving full particulars, by sending to the superintendent, J. M. Hall, Flint, Mich., or Secretary S. Reed, Saginaw.

A man in Connecticut, who built a fancy barn, stole eight tombstones from a graveyard to build his mangers.

When the pompous porter of the palace car appeared on the scene, the little girl exclaimed: "Oh! ma, I didn't know Mr. Pullman was a colored man!"

The man who was kicked out by his landlord because he could pay his rent says his experience shows that three removes are not one-tenth part as bad as one "fire."

It I said to be a sign of good luck to be followed by a dog. Therefore, if you feel one of those cheerful animals attaching himself to your trousers, encourage him in every possible way.

"I wonder what's wrong at Fahlerie's mansion! The bells are all muffled, the sidewalks covered with matting, and the doctor has just driven away." "Why, haven't you heard! Their pug has pneumonia."

FACT AND FANCY.

A New York woman is making shirts for 7 cents a dozen.

A clergyman has been caught making clippings from books at the British museum.

Chaney Parker, a colored woman, who died the other day in Jefferson country, Georgia, claims to be 107 years old.

A consumptive minister in Ohio has gone into the letter carrier business, and it is said that his delivery is improving.

Does it pay to be good, when a minister gets $2 for marrying a couple and a lawyer gets $200 for unmarrying them?

An unfortunate Maine baby that happened to be born on the day of her grandparents' golden wedding was named Anna Versary.

The Austrian crown princess, Stephanie, while curling her hair recently, ran the hot curling tongs against her eyelid and was laid up for a week.

The emir of Afrighanistan has fallen in love with bag-pipes, and has ordered 200 of them for Cabul. The shah of Persia has also ordered a brass band.

The truth of the report that Labouchere won £25,000 at Monte Carlo by means of a system is vouched for by the croupiers of that famous gaming resort.

A lazy fellow who was killing away his time was asked by a minister where he expected to go when he died. "I shall not go," was the reply; "I expect to be carried."

If the door creaks and you can't get oil and can get a soft lead pencil, rub the point into all the crevices of the hinges and the creaking will cease. Even if you can get oil, the black lead is neater.

The rapidity with which Anglo-Saxon literature is pouring into Japan is illustrated by the fact that 86,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported last year, an increase of nearly 100 per cent.

As evidence of the meagerness of the snow crop there *The Boston Journal* says that thus far this winter the city has expended only $5,000 for removing snow from her streets against $25,000 for the same period last year.

CINCINNATI'S CENTENNIAL.

Embracing Eleven States of the Union.

A notable event will be inaugurated on the 4th of next July in Cincinnati—one that will attract the attention of the entire country. This is the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States, held for the purpose of fittingly celebrating the 100th anniversary of the first white settlement of the great Northwest Territory. It is a grand idea, and preparations have been in progress for over a year past to render it worthy of its inspiration.

The citizens of Cincinnati inspired with this idea, willing taxed themselves a million dollars by subscribing to a guarantee fund—a guarantee that the exposition would be an honor to the city. With part of this ample sum, magnificent buildings have been constructed in which to exhibit the thousands of articles from all over the country for which space has been secured.

These structures supplemented the permanent one that cost over a million of dollars and known all over the world as the Springer Music Hall, and in which annual industrial displays have been held for the past dozen years.

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

A blind "fortune teller" is advertised in one of our exchanges, but how can a blind man be a good seer?

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundred times more tyrannical than any Nero. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enlosing bottle.

One of the main questions of the age in regard to some men, is not what they live on! but why they live on!

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind, Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing I can easily lay out any man."

BURNS and Scalds are instantly rendered painless and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of **Carbolisalve**, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

GIRLS 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.

Mr. Chaska's pale-face wife will probably Americanize her husband by spelling his name Chas. K.

Seventy-Five Drinks of Moxie, 75 Cents.

The Moxie Co. have prepared a 75c. bottle of rich syrup, that with ice water will make seventy-five good drinks of rich nerve food beverage. One cent a glass, and contains eight times more Moxie than the 35c. single X. Buy this; see our name, "Moxie Nerve Food, Lowell, Mass." is blown in the bottle, and you steer clear of the counterfeiters. There is but one Moxie; other so-called nerve foods do not contain a particle of it. It is the only nerve food that has a useful record, or that has ever cured a case of paralysis as a nerve food. All druggists

Men may be the lords of creation, but some women beat all creation.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c. and $1.

A St. Louis gambler was trampled and killed by a runaway horse a few days ago. His last words were; "That's a horse on me."

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.

There is a place in Pennsylvania which is called Economy, but it is not a summer resort.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use ten thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

An exchange says: The important question just now is, "Will the coming man use both hands?" The important question with the youth who has stopped beyond the regular hour with his girl, when he hears her father descending the stairs, is, "Will the coming man use both feet?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

It is when a man has been mentioned in the newspapers as "one of our most prominent citizens" that he begins to stay out late nights.

We Point with Pride

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines. Whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood or debility, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will realize its peculiar curative power.

"I had salt rheum on my left arm three years, suffering terribly. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the salt rheum has entirely disappeared." H. M. MILLS, 71 French St., Lowell, Mass.

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

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 Domains will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure as Rich Land as the Sun shines on at $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.

CINCINNATI JULY 4th to OCT. 27th.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

TO MAKE
A DELICIOUS BISCUIT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SALERATUS
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

MEDICATED DIAMOND TEA.
DIAMOND MEDICINE COMPANY, 77 STATE ST.—DETROIT, MICH.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS.
A General Blood Purifier.

Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Billiousness, 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 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.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold Watch and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $1,000 to $5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable Household Samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT $85, SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STINSON & Co., Box 462 Portland, Maine.

ZOA-PHORA

Is the best remedy for all complaints peculiar to women.

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

RADWAY'S PILLS.

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Perfect Digestion

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

Sick Headache,

Foul Stomach Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

Mrs. Caroline Monteith, Deer Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills he has ever used."

E. Hummel, Boonville, Mo.: Cured him when all others failed.

Alice E. Ohaver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: "I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia."

☞ Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for "False and True."

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.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER

This article is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century. CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an engraved portrait of the inventor, Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON, with a *fac-simile* of his signature; also a note of hand signed John L. Thompson. Avoid all others. The genuine Eye Water can be obtained from all Druggists.

JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y.

ARE YOU BILLIOUS? HAVE YOU THE BLUES, OR FEEL CROSS & SOUR? *Take Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.* These celebrated pills are a mild and effective cathartic; cleansing the system and purifying the blood. They do not cause the griping or nausea so [illegible] feeling which those who have [illegible] is known so well. Sugar coated and warranted to give satisfaction. Prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists. Price only 25 cts. per box.

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.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE DRESS STAYS. Superior to all others. For sale everywhere by the yard. Try them! Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

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.

DYEING Est'd 35 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.

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

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

PENSIONS 2 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.

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

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

$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.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

W. N. U. D.—6—28.

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