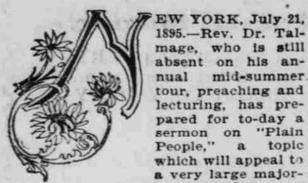


# THE TALMAGE SERMON

## A PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

They Who Provide the Food of the World, Physical as Well as Moral, Also Decide the Health of the World—Trials of Conspicuous People.



NEW YORK, July 21, 1895.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his annual mid-summer tour, preaching and lecturing, has prepared for to-day a sermon on "Plain People," a topic which will appeal to a very large majority of readers anywhere.

The text selected was: Romans 15:14-15, "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any special remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their death. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 ordinary; and then the 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkable, and building thrones for magistrates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never elect a Senator, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preach over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launch the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things among the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Burmese cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your Friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-sharers womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or by the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and brooding who to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—De-

borah and Zebabel, and Herodias and Athaliah, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent or abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worry and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a mongolian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn-out business man.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harassed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harassed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the book-keeper, and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or are a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street, the business men come out and stand upon tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agony, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics, and burning torrids, and awful Marenegos of experiences without moving five miles from their door. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish-market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine calligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that Christ and that God who knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plough to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plough. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be Senators. Perhaps none of them will be dictators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep the plough, and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die. Grace in catching weather that enables them, without impatience, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. Grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot-rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the father's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the breath will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnati. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his smiles from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built

his best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to know about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth of the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abernethys, and its Abernethys, and its Valentin Motts and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medication, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence of the deities of the Almighty Doctor who took the cage of the mad man, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism, into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the cathartics, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crisis of pain they have been next to God in beneficence.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the world's work is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "that is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting its way and that, impelling the longevity of worlds and the life of the human race. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to trim him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I, printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth were a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

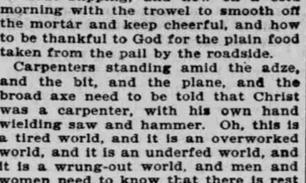
At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia," all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world to save sinners?" dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a hive, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

The Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."—Anon.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## LESSON V.—AUG. 4—THE SPIES—NUMBERS 13:17-20, 23-33.

Golden Text: "The Lord Is With Us; Fear Them Not"—Numbers 14:9—Second Year of the Exodus—In the Wilderness for Forty Days.



INTRODUCTORY: This section includes Numbers 13 and 17 and the parallel account in Deuteronomy, 1:1, 2, 19-35; also Hebrews, 3:7-19, 4:1-3. Time, July and August, 1490 B. C., the time of the first ripe grapes (v. 20), when the spies were sent out. They were gone forty days. At this time the Israelites were encamped at Kadesh Barnea, just south of the southern border of Palestine. The place is now called Ain Qadees, "the holy well." Kadesh means "the holy," the sanctuary, and Barnea "the desert of wandering." It is fifty miles south of Beersheba and eleven days' journey by caravan from Mount Sinai. At the present day it is the strategic stronghold of the Mussulman on the southern border of Canaan. It will therefore be seen that the Israelites were close to the fulfillment of God's part of the covenant. Everything was now ready for the people to take possession of their new home.

17—"And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, Get you up this way, southward, and go up into the mountain." Not referring at all to the direction from the Israelites' camp, but to a well-defined tract of territory forming the southernmost portion of Canaan.

18—"And see the land what it is, and the people that dwell therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many."

19—"And what the land be they dwell in, whether it be good or bad, and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents (camps) or in strongholds."

20—"And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean (fertile or barren), whether there be wood therein or not. And be ye of good courage and bring of the fruit of the land. Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes."

21—"And they came unto the brook of Eschcol (the Spies) and cut from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bore it upon a staff between two; see illustration) and they brought of the pomegranates and of the figs."

22—"The place was called the brook of Eschcol (valley of) because of the cluster of grapes which the children of Israel cut down from thence."

23—"And they returned from searching (spying out) the land after forty days."

24—"And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh, and brought back word unto them, and to all the congregation, and shewed them the fruit of the land."

25—"And they told him and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey (an expression used to the present day) and this is the fruit of it."—Deut. 1:25.

26—"Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled (fenced) and very great; and moreover we saw the children of Anak there."

27—"The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south and the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Amorites dwell in the mountains; the Canaanites dwell by the sea and by the coast of Jordan (along the side of)."

28—"And Caleb stilled (directed their attention) the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are able to overcome it."

29—"But the men that went up with him said, We are not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we." The Canaanites were large, active and trained to war.

30—"And they brought up (secretly devised a new report) an evil report of the land they had searched." They did not wish to go to war and thus sought to defeat the wishes of Moses.

31—"And there we saw the giants (Nephilim), the sons of Anak, which came of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight." So greatly did their faithless fear distort the facts.

FACTS ABOUT SIN.

Sin generally begins with a look. It is sin that makes people doubt the divinity of Christ.

Sin always carries a dagger under its cloak. Beware of sins that shine. They will kill the quickest.

Doubt is only another name for sin. When the face of sin is seen, only devils love it.

All sins promise to more than pay their way to begin with.

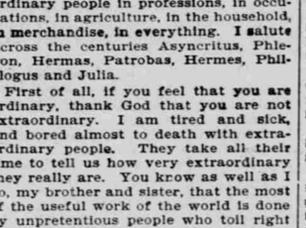
To love any kind of a sin is to have the devil's chain around your neck.

Whoever will say a mean thing, will sooner or later do one.

Sin hates the man who makes it stop and think.

It never takes any poison out of sin to give it a coat of whitewash.

Saying yes to any kind of a sin is saying no to Christ.—Ram's Horn.



Little Alton E. Porter, demand at athletic entertainments in Boston and vicinity and is a favorite with the bicycle public. On all his trips he is accompanied by his father who superintends his training and takes proper care of him. The little fellow rides a Fowler said to weigh only nine and one-half pounds.

Definition of Home.

A prize was offered recently by the London Tid-Bits for the best answer to the question, "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated the best and grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Gambling in Trieste.

Consul Haggard dwells, in his last report from Trieste, on the increase of gambling in that city. Half a dozen or more provincial lotteries are drawn weekly in Trieste—their inferior shares costing only 2d. or 3d. The selection of ticket numbers is often based upon dreams and "omens" embodied in a systematic form in a published book. It is instructive to watch the buyers of tickets examining the winning numbers posted up in the streets. Every occupation is represented, in the towns and out of them, and the waste of time and money is great. Increasingly large sums, it is said, which if circulated through the legitimate channels of trade would support an industrial population, are now flung from hand to hand in feverish speculation. There are reports that the Austrian government contemplates embodying in its penal code some measures which might at any rate restrict the present gambling mania within narrower limits. It is the fact, however, that the provincial lotteries, in which the poorer classes chiefly indulge their speculative tendencies, are all government property.—London Daily News.

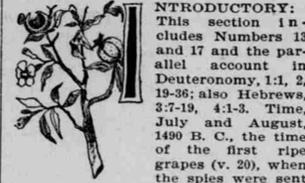
They Would Modify It.

Hills—Foreigners say that our standing firm is too small by all odds. Mills—Poo! Guess they never saw a stage-door after a comic opera with a full female chorus.

# A BICYCLE WATCH.

## Which May Be Speedily and Conveniently Attached to the Machine.

The accompanying illustration, taken from the Scientific American, represents a time-telling outfit that has just been introduced for the use of bicyclists. The convenience of having the time constantly in sight admits of no question; it is the convenient attachment of the timepiece that deserves consideration here.



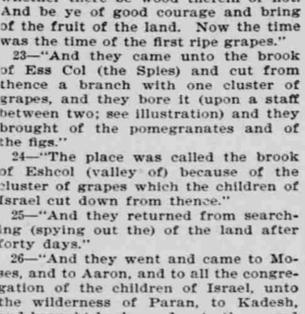
The outfit here illustrated consists of a low-priced but reliable watch and holder so contrived that it may be readily and conveniently adjusted in place. The cut shows every detail of the device. It may be attached in a moment to either the frame or the handle-bar.

The watch is specially designed to stand any amount of shaking and banging without being put out of order.

HE'S A BICYCLE PRODIGY.

Alton E. Porter, Boston's 4-Year-Old Racer, and His Record.

Alton E. Porter, son of J. W. Porter, of Boston, Mass., is probably the youngest bicycle rider who races against time and "goes after" the records. Although only 4 years and ten months old he has ridden one-third of a mile in one minute and five seconds and made twenty-five miles in three hours and five minutes. He is in great



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The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated the best and grumble most.

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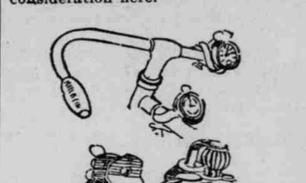
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# Summer Weakness

## Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health and give nerve strength, take

# Hood's Sarsaparilla



COLUMBIA are the product of the oldest and best equipped bicycle factory in America, and are the result of eighteen years of successful striving to make the best bicycles in the world. 1895 Columbias are lighter, stronger, handsomer, more graceful than ever—ideal machines for the use of those who desire the best that's made.

HARTFORD BICYCLES cost less—\$50, \$60. They are the equal of many other higher-priced makes, though.

POPE MFG. CO.

General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD, BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.

Columbia Catalogue, telling of both Columbias and Hartfords, free at any Columbia agency, or by mail for two-cent stamps.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

# IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

# THE BEST FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, AND CHILDREN

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.



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The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

It's Out of Sight—

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