JECT OF THE LATEST ONE.

Arise Call Upon Thy God, If So Be That God Will Think Upon Us That We Perish Not-Jonah 1:6-For Summer Pleasure Seekers.



OD TOLD JONAH go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a sea-port. goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around the

docks, "Which of these vessels sails today?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you hurry, you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get out on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passsengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before. "Oh, yes," he says; "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But, after a while, crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "a-beam's-end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles, and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope, and tells the passengers they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a seacaptain is an Athiest. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody. commanding the "Cuba" of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves, the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp, and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him, and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry, "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying. if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea they threw Jonah over-

Learn that the devil takes a man's noney and then sets him down in a poor landing-place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash in the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty, and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who, during the past year, has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half-starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity. One hundred dollars for Sunday

horse-hire. One hundred dollars for wine-sup-

One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now, he

is in the middle of the Mediterranean. Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called Free-Thinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for twelve dollars; Renan's Life of Christ for one dollar and fifty cents; Andrew Jackson Davis's works for twenty dollars. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs, and to see spiritualism at the table-rapping. Talks glibly of David, the Psalmist, as an old libertine; of Paul as a wild enthusiast; and of Christ as a decent kind of a mana little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots; and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites; and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet, and finds himself that night chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy. Sends word to the store that he will not be there today. Bathes his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going | the ropes thumped, the sea took up the bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be sent downstairs, or sent to the neighbors, to keep the house quiet. You stretched out my hand and no man resay, "Send for the minister." But no; garded; but ye have set at naught all he does not believe in ministers. You my counsel, and would none of my resay, "Read the Bible to him." No; he | proof; I also will laugh at your calamdoes not believe in the Bible. A law- ity; I will mock when your fear comyer comes in, and, sitting by his bed- eth." side, writes a document that begins, "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of this mistake, I address you in the words sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than | call upon thy God, if so be that God will a week. It is quite certain who will think upon us, that we perish not." If get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul | your father's God. When your father is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, heard him, in his old days, tell about "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A some terrible exposure in a snow-storm, splash! He goes to the bottom. He | or at sea, or in battle, or among midpaid five dollars for his ticket to laint garroters, and how he escaped. I she did with her tongue.

books. He landed in perdition! Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink father had a God. In the old religious all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the Church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter; but Jonah. notwithstanding his Christian procession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours-his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down-his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh! how could be sleep! What if the ship struck a rock! what if it sprang a leak! what if the clumsy Oriental craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, around him! Rocks close by, and whirlpools, and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound sleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane-deck-the gong of warning sounds through the cabin-the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and "lay-to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about, and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the port-hole a man at a stand, as though keeping a log-book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel, and found the man sitting at the log-book frozen to death. The log-book was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this Gospel craft today, I descry voyagers for eternity. I cry, "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. O that my Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of the wheel, and steer the craft down into the warm Gulf Stream of his mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again: Notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If that a heathen sea-captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea; but here ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home unimpressed; but, crossing his barnyard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says, "There it is now-'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark. "Father, they have prayers at Uncle's house-why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest way and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the Countess on the opposite side of the walk talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream in which he saw the last day, and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis: "John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy God!"

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die." he says, "yet not ready. I must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The darkness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days, and months, and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late." Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain, They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side. The winds howl. The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvas cracked and the yards rattled and funeral dirge, playing with open diapason of midnight storm, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have

Now, lest any of you should make of the Mediterranean sea-captain: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say. "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon was in trouble, who did he fly to? You

Tarshish when he bought the infidel Perhaps twenty years before you were born, your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your books lying around the house, there are passages marked with a lead pencil -passages which make you thing your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready-all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man-prayerless, and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshiped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading her Bible Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and sounded, but no line is long enough to | terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah! I think from your looks that I am on the right track. Awake, O sleeper, and

call upon thy mother's God. But perhaps both your father and mother were depraved. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents, I beg of you.

But you have children. You know God kindled those bright eyes, and rounded those healthy limbs, and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be for the best, you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel beside you, and fold their little hands, and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children. May he set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to-night they will say their little prayers!

Many years ago, a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China, to trade there. On the coast of China, in the midst of a night of storm, was shipwrecked The adventurer was washed up on the beach senseless-all his money gone, He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years there was no communication between himself and family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family was dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor. But after a while he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there, he took an evening train for the center Jonah had been told one year before of the state, where he had left his family. Taking the stage from the depot, and riding a score of miles, he got home. He says that, going up in front it is done. So now, men in strangest of the cottage in the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shoke. Bending over to kiss his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face, and she wakened, and he said, "Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome, and joy, and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are sea-tossed, and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to go home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth, may you at last go in! It will be a bright night-a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that he who was your father's God, and your mother's God, and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Scarcity of Medical Villians. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who once made some remarks in reference to a charge that in his writings he drew all his villains from the clerical and legal

professions, said: "I am afraid I shall have to square accounts by writing one more story, with a physician figuring in it. I have long been looking in vain for such a one to serve as a model. I thought I had found a very excellent villain at one time, but it turned out he was no physician at all, only a-I mean not what we consider a practitioner of medicine. I will venture to propose a sentiment which, as I am not a working physician, need not include the proposer in its eulogy: The medical profession-so full of good people that its own story tellers have to go outside of it to find their villains."

Good Milk. So carefully are germs avoided in the dairies of Denmark that the celebrated butter of the country, much of which is sent to England, is washed when necessary in water that has been boiled. The butter is, however, rarely washed, but is first worked over by hand by girls who are scrupulously clean, and afterward filtered through clean gravel, is white in color when finished, and is artificially colored. It is very little fine quality when shipped better than any butter known. As an incentive to furnish only pure milk, the owners of the cows are under contract to notify the buyers at once if there is any sickness in their herd. The milk is then bought from them and paid for at the usual price, but is thrown away .- Philadelphia Ledger.

The progress of reform in New York is shown by the refusal of a man to accept a \$7,500 office. Under the old regime it would not have been offered to a man who would refuse.

Whoever lives a lie does it with a sword over his head.

The first work a woman did for the devil

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII., AUGUST 18-THB NEW HOME-DEUT. 6:3-15.

Golden Text: "Thou Shalt Bless the Lord Thy God for the Good Land Which He Hath Given Thee"-Deut 8:10-In Canaan.



NTRODUCTORY: This section includes the history in Numbers, 21 to 26, and the whole of Deuteronomy. The events here recorded occurred in the year 1451 B. C. and near the close of the fortieth year of the exodus and a short time before

the death of Moses. The Israelites were now encamped between Mount Moab and the River Jordan. The book of Dueteronomy consists chiefly of three discourses with Moses, with certain ap-

3-"Hear therefore O Israel, and observe to do it; that it may be well with thee and that ye may increase mightily (Genesis, 15:5; 22:17), as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee in the land that floweth with milk and honey.'

4-"Hear O Isreal: The Lord our God is one Lord." Note the emphasisone God, only one. It would be a terrible thing to live under the impression that there existed a plurality of deities, some having one dominion and others another. Jehovah fills the whole universe. His word is the highest. The One God has been revealed more truly through the teachings of His Son, Jesus Christ. The more we know of legal burdens which interfere with its Him the better we can love and worship and trust Him.'

5-"And thou (Deuteronomy, 19:12; Matthew, 22:37) shalt love the Lord thy God (II. Kings, 23:25) with all thine heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." The specification is intended for every faculty that can possibly come into question - heart, soul, might.

6-"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart." This is an invocation to learn the Scriptures and to commit the words to memory as well as their meaning. 6-"And thou shalt teach them dillgently unto thy children and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine | reason that it turned a cumberstone house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." The atmosphere of the home should be full of these truths. In every department of life the law of God should be the law of the soul.

8-"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand (it was a literal and formal interpretation of this command which led to the use of phylacteries upon the arm and upon the forehead); and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes." See our illustra-

9-"And thou (Deuteronomy, 11:20) shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates."

10-"And it shall be when the Lord God shall have (bring) brought thee into the land which he sware (promised) unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob to give thee great and goodly cities (Joshua, 24:13; Psalms, 105:44) which thou buildest not." The Israelites were now about to change their mode of living, from tents to cities built of stone and wood.

11-"And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggest not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have by saying that he was not our choice, eaten and be full." (Equivalent to "and thou shalt eat.") See Deuteronomy,

12-"Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage." Note the word "beware" as used.



PHYLACTERIES ON THE FORE-HEAD. The great era of prosperity in store for the Jews might cause them to forget God, so they are invoked to beware. The history of the Jewish nation, its fall, and the scattering of the tribes will prove very instructive reading to young Christians.

13-"Thou shalt fear the Lord, thy God, and serve (Deuteronomy, 11:20) him and shalt (Psalms, 63:11; Isaiah, 65:16; Jeremiah, 5:27, 12:16) swear by His

14-"Ye shall not go after other gods (Deuteronomy, 8:9, 11:28; Jeremiah, 25:16) of the gods of the people (Deute-

15-" 'For the Lord thy God is a jealous God among you (Deuteronomy, salted when used at home, but more or | 7:4, 11:17), lest the anger of thy Lord less salt is added when it is sent as far thy God be kindled against thee, and as England. It is said to retain its destroy thee from off the face of the earth." Future lessons will more fully explain this text.

## CHRISTIANITY.

Wherever the cross is, Christ is. A little religion is hard to keep. Whoever loves God, loves light. Sin always feels the safest in the

is Christ. No life can be a failure when God directs it.

Humility dies the moment it looks in the glass. Nothing pulls toward heaven like a

good example. The man who hates light, will run from a shadow.

BANKING IN ILLINOIS.

Operations of the Torrens System of

Guaranteeing Real Estate Titles. Illinois is a commonwealth of many small towns, in which, numerically, the private banking institutions predominate. Nor does the supposition that business men prefer to deal with incorporated banks seem to check the progress of private banking enterprise in that state. In 1890 there were 485 such institutions in operation; in 1894 there were no less than 500, exhibiting a ratio of increase which is not equaled by the growth of the national or the state banks. The following table gives the numerical position of the three classes of banks at two periods:

Loren and		
	1890.	1895
or Marie	No. of	No. of
	Banks.	Bank
National banks	196	218
State banks		131
Private banks485		590
		to an lein

The field for the national banking system is comparatively limited, owing to certain well known restrictions imposed upon the associations organizing under it. In the country districts the bankable collateral is largely composed of land securities, an asset discountenanced by the federal banking act. Here a cautious banker operating at his discretion, and comparatively unlimited as to the nature of the securities in which he may deal, secures an opportunity for rendering an efficient service to the community. As affecting the availability of such investments in Illinois, it is of interest to note that real estate security is about to be relieved of many of the disabling easy transference. The legislature of Illinois recently passed an act providing for the introduction of what is generally known as the Torrens system. Under this system titles to real estate are guaranteed by the state, so that once the title is established the instument of proprietorship many be transferred with the facility of a negotiable note. Thus titles to real estate become bankable assets of greater effectiveness than that class of securities has ever enjoyed. The American Banker years ago urged the general introduction of the Torrens system for the particular security into a quick asset of unquestioned validity, and the results of the experiment now to be tried in Illinois will receive the closest attention of all who are interested in freeing the material of credit from obsolete legal complexities.

The President a as Traget. One of the most disgraceful features in our modern style of journalism is that the President of the United States, whose very station should command respect for him, is made a constant target for disrespect, writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. It makes not the slightest difference whether we admire or do not admire the man who occupies the Presidential chair. He is placed there by the expressed suffrage of the people, and when he is so placed and is the occupant of the high office, he has a right to the respect of the people of the country over which he presides. But this is denied our President. The decent respect which we mete out to ordinary men is refused him. We excuse this or that he holds the position by accident. No man elected to the office of President of the United States can be an accident. He is placed there because of his fitness for that office. And although we may not agree always that he is as able as some other man, it is only pure justice that we give him the benefit of the doubt.

A Curiosity in Colds.

"The general prevalence of slight colds," said a well-known lawyer at the Continental Hotel last evening, "reminds me of the sad case of an intimate friend of mine who suffers very much from annoying colds. His first wife was a robust woman, who had a wealth of fiery red hair, which, according to his notion, must have kept him comfortably warm at nights. Be that as it may, when she died my friend married a dark-haired woman, and, strange to relate, from the very first night of the honeymoon he was afflicted with a pestering cold. He had a suspicion that the lack of that red hair accounted for his affliction, so, by way of a test, he sent his new wife to the seashore and, strange to say, he enjoyed immunity from the cold during her ab-

Goldsmith Was Full of Chivalry. Poor "Goldy," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet ronomy, 13:7) which are round about he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault. daring even to foolhardiness, tenderhearted, impulsive-he was just the kind of a man to ride through the world seeking adventures, and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, in spite of his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight errant.

Found a Petrified Fish. A prisoner on the stone-pile broke open a big limestone and rolled out a perfectly petrified fish at Portsmouth, When God measures men the standard | Ohio, the other day. The specimen is complete, and is now at the mayor's office. It is said by experts to be a salmon.

> The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation; that away,

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