

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK WITH THE BEREAVED AND FAINT-HEARTED.

The Glories and Attractions of the World Beyond the Skies—"Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard"—Corinthians I, II-9.

AM going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God for ever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder-to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthians," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence, Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. You citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float on the earth are unlike those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and

distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisy, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches.

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, we can get no idea on earth of the re-unions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steam-boat wharf—good-by. Children slip it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly-arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus;" and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is, there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and Apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jor-

dan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None! none! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion; we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play, with utmost spirit, a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music; but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted upon the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle-songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth; the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children! choirs of patriarchs! choirs of Apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep base voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the strain of the jubilate voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

RELIGION AND REFORM

Great success has attended the Baptist mission work in North China. "Le Signal," the only French Protestant daily journal, has now attained a year of existence.

The United Presbyterian church proposes to reduce the membership of its general assembly from 275 to 204. Special efforts are being made by the Y. M. C. A. in Germany to reach the 500,000 young men in the army of that country.

John McNeill has just returned to Scotland after a wonderful trip of evangelistic labor in Australia, South Africa and India.

A conference for organizing a non-sectarian Christian Prohibition Alliance will be held in Willard hall, Woman's Temple, Chicago, Oct. 22-23, 1895. The Presbyterians of Belfast, in order to meet the rapid growth of the city, have resolved to raise a fund of £20,000 towards the erection of ten new churches.

Mission work in New Mexico commenced in 1866. There are now 25 schools, more than 40 ministers and native helpers and over 800 communicants.

It is stated that the empress dowager of China has sent valuable presents to the twenty missionary women who arranged for the gift to her of the New Testament.

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing wonderful work in the colleges of the world. In 1894 there were 455 college associations with 30,000 members. This does not include foreign associations.

The people of Boston are raising a fund to aid George Latimer, the negro whose rescue from slavery in 1842 greatly stirred the north. He is now living with his wife in Lynn, Mass., in an almost destitute condition.

The American Bible Society recently held its annual meeting at New York. The report of the managers showed that during the last year 1,581,128 Bibles and Testaments were issued, of which 735,221 were circulated in foreign lands.

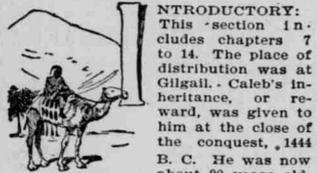
A Hero.

Nay, never falter; no great deed is done by faltering who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steadiest mind. The undivided will to seek the good; 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings A human music from the indifferent air. The greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero. —George Elliot.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X., SEPTEMBER 8—CALEB'S REWARD.

Golden Text: "He Wholly Followed the Lord God of Israel"—Joshua 14:14—The Rights of the Conquest—Defeat at Ai and Effects Thereof.



INTRODUCTORY: This section includes chapters 7 to 14. The place of distribution was at Gilgal. Caleb's inheritance, or reward, was given to him at the close of the conquest, 1444 B. C. He was now about 90 years old. Before entering upon the story of the conquest of Canaan let us inquire into the justification thereof. What right had the Israelites to drive out the Canaanites, to destroy them, and to take possession of their lands and homes? The answer is that the Canaanites had forfeited their rights to live as a nation. Their destruction was inevitable, for the judgment of God on those who disobey His law is always certain, though sometimes slow. Nations, like individuals, perish for their sins. They not only had apostated God, but had created idols, which they worshipped instead. Besides they fell into the grossest vices and at the time the Israelites came were almost wholly devoid of God's gifts. For such vices other nations have fallen before and since.

5—"As the Lord commanded Moses (I. Numbers, 35:2; Joshua, 21:2) so the children of Israel did, and they divided the land."

6—"Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal, and Caleb the son of Jephunneh (II. Numbers, 32:12; Joshua, 15:17), the Kenizite, said unto him, 'Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and thee in Kadesh-Barnea.'"

7—"Forty years old was I when Moses, the servant of the Lord (Numbers, 13:6; 14:6), sent me from Kadesh-Barnea to spy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart." He was now 85. He told



MOUNT EBAL.

the truth to Moses, though sorely tempted. His heart was true to God.

8—"Nevertheless my brethren (Numbers, 13:31-32; Deuteronomy, 1:28) that went up with me made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord." (Numbers, 14:24 Deuteronomy, 1:36.)

9—"And Moses swore on that day, saying (Numbers, 14:23-24; Deuteronomy, 1:36; Joshua, 1:3), 'Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thine children's forever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God.' This promise is recorded in Numbers, 13:24.

10—"And now behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake these words unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness and lo, I am four score and five years old."

11—"As yet I am strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then even so it is now, for war, both to go out and come in." Spoken to give assurance that he could take possession of the land.

12—"Now therefore, give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day, how the Anakims (a race of giants) were there, and that the cities were great and fenced if so He, the Lord, will still be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out as the Lord said." His faith had not diminished.

13—"And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenizite Hebron for an inheritance."

14—"Hebron (the highest city of Southern Palestine), therefore became the inheritance of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh the Kenizite, unto this day; because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." "Unto this day" refers to date when book was written.

Finally at the close of the six years' war the land was so far subdued that it could be divided among the nine and one-half tribes who settled west of the Jordan, the other two and one-half tribes having received their portion on the east of Jordan. It was assigned by lot at a great assembly at Gilgal. Each family had its farm with an absolute title. It could be alienated for a time, but at the end of fifty years there was to be a restoration to each family of the family portion. This did not include city property. Thus perpetual prosperity was secured to the family, yet each person suffered for neglect and idleness and was rewarded for diligence.

SEEDS FOR SERMONS.

There is only one old story that is always new. God's work should always be done in a godly spirit. If we are willing to do good God will give us a chance. God keeps close to the man who is willing to take a hard place. We are bound to become poor in earnest if we try to keep all we get. It must puzzle the angels to make out how a grateful man can be a stingy one. Whenever a church bell rings it means that God will still forgive every sinner who repents.

260 Feet Above the Waves.

Boston Times to New York Sun. Capt. Frank F. Martin, the keeper of the Minot's Ledge Light-house, is able to leave his post for the first time since the great storm. The storm was surpassed in violence only by the great one of 1851, when the first Minot's Ledge Light-house was carried away. No other light-house in the world is so exposed to the mercy of the sea and wind. The pinnacle of the structure towers nearly two hundred feet above the waves, and yet the tremendous seas dashed fifty feet above the peak. Captain Martin related his experience and that of his companion in part as follows:

"The gale began on Sunday night, the wind blowing from the northeast, veering to east-northeast, and then back again. From Tuesday night to Wednesday night the gale increased constantly, and on Wednesday night we could not sleep on account of the noise. Everything placed against the walls rattled, and the thunder of the sea was terrific. On Thursday morning between 1:30 and 2 o'clock, I was on the watch in the watch-room just below the lantern, where a sea struck the tower, the heaviest up to that time, breaking heavily against the solid granite wall, and dashing its spray and foam forty or fifty feet above the pinnacle. The spray from nearly every wave broke over the tower, but none seemed to have had a force equal to this. We thought it the heaviest gale that the light-house had ever experienced. Still the wind kept increasing and the shocks were of greater power. At 2:30 p. m. on Thursday, another tremendous wave struck the tower, still heavier than the one in the night, starting the paint from between the cracks in the ceiling of the watch-room, and moving the top tier of a pile of boxes containing five-gallon cans of oil stored in the oil-room. Soon afterward the gale began to abate, and by midnight it was clear weather, although there was a heavy cross sea still running."

"Was there any peculiarity about the gale other than its length and force?"

"Previous to this, in all gales since I have been in the light-house, I have noticed that the heaviest waves come during the last three hours of the ebb tide or the first three hours of the flood. In this last gale the seas were heaving at about high water."

"Did the tower suffer any damage?"

"A careful examination inside, and as well as could be done under the circumstances outside, failed to discover any injury from the gale or faults in the structure. It is apparently as sound to-day as when it was built, and not even a pane of glass in the lantern was broken. There was some water—perhaps half an inch—on the lower floor, which found its way in around the windows."

"Do you think this gale was the heaviest since the gale was destroyed?"

"Yes, without doubt. Mr. A. H. Tower, a storekeeper in Cohasset, tells me that he remembers the great storm of 1851 very well, and that by his marks the water was a foot lower this time than then, and that this last was the heaviest blow."

He Didn't Own The Trunk.

At one of the stations of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific railroads, a few Sundays since, an elderly gentleman got off the cars to take brief observations during the stoppage of the train. The assistant at the station rushed out and made a regular baggage-smasher's attack on a trunk, which he slammed about with a reckless disregard for consequences. The old man interposed: "Young man won't you break that trunk?" The "young man" turned a withering look upon the old gentleman, and impudently inquired, "What's the matter with you; do you own this trunk?" "No sir," came back in a tone that evinced much indignation, "but I'll have you to understand, sir, that I own this railroad." As Col. Donahue moved back to the train the limping man reclined against the station for support.—Herald'sburg (Cal.) Enterprise.

The Pale, Wan Clergyman.

During the recent lecture here in Pastor Conwell's church, at Berks at Mervine streets, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage related a little incident that will bear repeating. He was speaking of a brother clergyman who was very thin. "One day," he added, "as the preacher was walking along the street near his home he was stopped by a man of robust proportions. 'Are you the clergyman living in this neighborhood who the people say is dying of consumption?' inquired the hearty-looking individual, at the same time taking an ample survey of the divine's meagre frame. 'I don't know, brother,' meekly replied the clergyman; 'but I have been preaching the gospel at this weight for fifteen years, and many's the time I have conducted funeral services over just such a big, healthy brother as you.' 'The robust individual said not a word, but thoughtfully walked away.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

By means of a new and ingenious machine wood intended for paper pulp is shaved off so finely that it is ready to go at once into the boiler. The machine takes a log twelve inches in length, which it revolves at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute, and a sharp cutter shaves off a shaving so thin that it would take 750 of them to make an inch, a nicety of execution which may be judged of by the fact that 200 sheets of ordinary paper are required to make an inch.

The Germans are drying immense quantities of potatoes for their fleet. The tubers lose 65 per cent. in weight, but are as good as fresh ones when used.

Splitting Shackles Asunder. By merely flexing the muscles of his arm is an easy task for Sandow, that superlively strong man. You will see or be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor, which proceeds from complete rest and sound repose, if you will eat on a course of Hostetter's stomach Bitters, and persist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the marvellous rheumatism and neuralgia, and avert serious kidney trouble.

Recipe for Ginger Ale. Four lemons sliced, a tablespoonful tartaric acid, 4 tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, 1½ pounds light brown sugar and 2 gallons boiling water. The blood-warm add a cupful of home-made yeast or 2 compressed yeast cakes and let it stand 12 or 15 hours in a warm place. Strain and bottle it and tie down the corks. There is a simple knack about this that is worth learning. In two days it will be ready for use.—Country Gentleman.

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