

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FIVE PICTURES," THE SUBJECT OF A THRILLING DISCOURSE.

"Behold I See the Heavens Opened"—Acts vii: 56-60—Delivered at Academy of Music, New York, Sunday, Sept. 15, 1895.



STEPHEN HAD been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures. Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth, may have stately in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of the avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam-tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go away from us into the future world, we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vapors of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening-elder, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this

world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, save for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children; for if you live to three-score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones; for he only can shine through the dimness of your falling eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All throats that way, gazing on Jesus. His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I pass on now, and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him. If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grog shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assailed Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man but you can not kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the Apostle stood on Mars' hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet today, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before execution, may grimace about the future; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eye-sight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at least find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head

under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightning are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the illumination of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though they were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world, we shall have not more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandalled, how many coats of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come! They take him up! They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and hushed as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door-knob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

SHARP POINTS.

So many people are actuated by pure cussedness.
What we learn with pleasure we never forget.
Some people do nothing but talk encouragingly.
Patience is the road to advancement in all lines of life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII.—SUNDAY SEPT. 29.—REVIEW.

Golden Text: "There hath not failed One Word of All His Good Promise Which He Promised by the Hand of Moses His Servant"—I. Kings 85: 6.



INTRODUCTORY: Our lessons for this quarter have been taken from five books of the Bible—Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, and Joshua. And we need to study the cause of history through them all.

The time covered is sixty-four years, 1490-1426 B. C. These sixty-four years are divided into distinct periods: 1. The wanderings in the wilderness, thirty-nine years, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. 2. The conquest of Canaan, seven years, Joshua. 3. The years of rest and occupation, eighteen years, Joshua. Place.—The history was wrought out in various places in the wilderness of the Arabian peninsula, in the country east of the Jordan, and in the Promised Land. 1. The itinerary from Egypt to full possession of the Promised Land. Trace out the chief stations of this journey on the map, and note the events connected with them. 1. Egypt.—Slavery and oppression. 2. Red Sea.—A great deliverance. 3. Sinai.—The giving of the law and the organization of the nation. The golden calf. The tabernacle. 4. Kadesh Barnea.—The central station for thirty-eight years. Report of the spies. 5. The Wilderness.—Wanderings for thirty-nine years. 6. Mount Hor.—



THE GOLDEN CALF.—The death of Aaron. 7. The Arabah.—The fiery serpents. 8. East of Jordan.—Conquest of the nations. Sihon, Og, Balaam. 9. Plains of Moab.—Review by Moses. Deuteronomy. 10. Mount Pisgah.—Death of Moses. 11. Jordan.—Miraculous crossing. 12. Jericho.—Fall of its walls. First conquest. 13. Ai.—Defeat. Achan. Victory. 14. Shechem.—The covenant renewed. 15. Beth-horon.—Sun and moon stand still. 16. Shiloh.—The religious capital. 17. The Whole Country.—The division of the land. 18. Shechem.—Joshua's farewell address.

2. The events marking the training and progress of the nation in their pilgrimage, from an untrained multitude to an organized, developed and successful nation. 1. Slavery in Egypt. Expressing and symbolizing the general moral state of the people. Sin is a slavery, oppressive and bitter. 2. The Exodus was the new birth of the nation, the beginning of a new life. It is the symbol of conversion, a new spiritual life. 3. The Giving of the Law. A clear knowledge of what we ought to be and do; guide-boards on the way of life; great principles of living; a divine revelation. 4. The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire. The divine guidance, through Providence and the Holy Spirit, and the Word of God. God's signs were seen, God's word was heard. "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me."

5. The Manna. The daily bodily food expressed also the divine supplies of daily spiritual food, and stands for the answer to the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

6. The Golden Calf showed the low state of the people, how easily they broke the law, how soon they forgot God's blessings, and the great need of training. It was discouraging, almost hopeless. And yet that darkness largely passed away, and from this people arose the kingdom of God. "Livy informs us that he deemed it an ample reward for his labors that they enabled him to lose sight of the evils of his own age in keeping before his mind the manners and the events of the olden times of Rome. And Cicero says he wrote many things, not so much with the hope of benefiting his own generation, of which he could only despair, as of delivering himself from the misery."

TRUTH BOILED DOWN.

(From the Ram's Horn.)
The man who walks with God grows bigger every step he takes.
Whoever puts his hand in the hand of Christ, is sure to be lifted up.
Christ didn't come into this world to find admirers. He wanted disciples.
Give the devil his due, and every saloon keeper would suddenly be missed.
The man who makes a specialty of looking for flies in the ointment, finds plenty to do.

THE SILK-WORM.

How It Works—From the Raw Material to the Finished Work.

The insect is in one sense a tiny manufacturer himself, finding his "raw material" chiefly in the leaf of the mulberry tree (*morus*), which gives name to the common silk-moth (*Bombix mori*), the caterpillar of which is the silk-worm. The tree is said by a proverb to be made for the worm and the worm for the tree, and it seems to have a fiber peculiarly suitable for textile use, some of the Pacific Islanders making clothing by macerating the bark of the paper mulberry, without the intervention of the silk-worm. Most of the silk of commerce is made by this one moth from this one food, yet it can feed in whole or in part, upon other leaves, as those of the Osage orange, in this country, and it has a score of cousins or more distant relations, as the Tussah moth (*Antheria paphia*) of India, which live upon other trees and produce a similar material.

The moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin-head, attached singly to the leaf by a kind of gum, which, when dry, has a silky appearance. The moths soon die; the eggs do not hatch until the next summer, and can meanwhile be sent around the world. The sale of grain or seed, as the eggs are also called, is of itself a business, for it brings as much as \$4 per ounce, tenfold the price years ago, before an epidemic swept through the silk world. Each moth lays from four hundred to seven hundred eggs, but it takes over six hundred thousand to make a pound. In obtaining eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the moths on cloths in a dark warm room, where they contentedly lay their eggs and die. In tropical countries, as southern China and India, the eggs hatch by natural heat; in others, artificial warmth is necessary; and in old times hot-beds were used, or the eggs were carried about by women in little bags in their bosoms. The careful grower makes ready for the hatching by providing latticed trays or bundles of twigs, about which the food of finely-chopped mulberry leaves is distributed. The tiny worm at first eats two meals a day; at the end of five days he casts his first skin, on the ninth day his second; again, on the fifteenth, twenty-second, and thirty-second days he "moults," becoming torpid, and exchanging old skins for new. Like his fellow-worm, man, he has "seven ages"; the sixth, when he has attained the mature age of thirty-two days, is the spinning, the last of the breeding period. At the approach of the spinning age the worms from a single ounce of eggs (nearly forty thousand eggs) will have required over 1,200 pounds of leaves, and will need about 184 square feet space for their homes.

Each day's hatching is kept together, lest the older eat up the food of the weaker brethren, and every care must be taken to prevent the growth of the minute fungus which makes "silk-worm rot," and to ward off other diseases. In 1857 Europe was swept of much of its silken wealth by one of these parasitic diseases, and one of Pasteur's early triumphs was in discovering its nature.

The worm is conservative, and never attempts to move from his place until it is time to begin spinning. He then becomes distended with the silk juice and semi-transparent, like a ripe yellow plum, and can presently be observed lifting his head and looking about for a good site for his cocoon-building, which has been furnished by the cocoon grower in arches of twigs or lattice work. Some of the worms are lazy, and the twig has to be applied. The spinner, with careful forecast, adjusts his body in the best position for the cocoon and commences to throw the floss that forms its outer coating.

The material of the silk is a gummy secretion in sericteria, two large glands along each side of the body, terminating each in a spinneret in the mouth, each fiber of the thread proves on microscopic examination to be double, one strand coming from each spinneret. What the angle prizes "silk-worm gut" is this sericterium soaked in vinegar, stretched and dried in the sun. The worm closes himself in tighter and tighter, the interior thread being the finer; he fixes his body in place with his hooked feet, and throws his head here and there as he spins.

The thread is sometimes 1,800 feet long without break; good cocoons should yield 300 yards; it takes at least 2,500 worms to raise a pound of silk. Within five or six days the spinning is completed, and the moth presently makes preparation to emerge, by the help of another secretion, which softens or dissolves the end of the cocoon. Since in piercing the cocoon the worm breaks the continuity of the thread, it is usually killed just before this stage by exposing the cocoons to the sun where the temperature is above eighty-eight degrees, or by baking, steaming, or otherwise heating them carefully, so that the fiber is not gummed together by the heat.—Harper's Magazine.

Grip-ack Grabs.

It is easier to tell a lie than it is to catch a fish.
A woman's bonnet must be orthodox before her prayer-book is.
Winter set in when poverty comes. Principles, not pulpits, make a church.
The knife that cuts a custard pie may also cut a throat.
The best fitting coat is one that is paid for.
God makes the roses, and the devil puts the thorns on.
The hand opens when the heart does.
The sculptured face on a gold coin may be beautiful, but neither tears nor smiles ever break its monotony.
Hearts build religion for brains to tear down.
Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.
The preacher turns young love's dream into a nightmare.
Fortune feeds soup to most men with a fork.—Herculean Traveler.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. George Lewis of Boston thinks she is the youngest grandmother in America. Her age is 32 years.
John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Cragie) has been elected president of the society of women journalists of London.
Sarah Bernhardt is to begin her first tour of Germany next fall at the expiration of her American engagement.
Miss E. Thornton Clark, the sculptor, is said to be fond of pets of all sorts, and her prime favorite is a mouse.
Three persons were recently saved from drowning at Hythe, England, by the courage and skill of Miss Evans, a girl of 21.
Mrs. Bertha Welch, of San Francisco, has given more than \$150,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius' church of that city.
Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") is a Yankee by birth (partly of Virginia lineage), an Iowa by adoption and a southerner by choice.
An American woman is about to make a tour of the mikado's realm on a bicycle. She will publish a book called "Unpunctured Tires in Japan."
Miss Douglas, the champion amateur marksman of England, recently scored fifty-seven bull's-eyes in succession with a revolver at twenty yards' range.
A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored woman sculptor, Elmodia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the negro building at the Atlanta exposition.
It is expected that Lady Betty, wife of Chief Secretary Balfour, will do her best to make his Irish administration popular. She is a woman of great talent and social tact.
Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, is said to have a new fad. She contends that female servants should wear knickerbockers, as such costume facilitates movements.
Mrs. Frank Weldon, wife of Frank Weldon of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nazie, of Cairo, Egypt, in reference to exhibits at the cotton fair next fall.
Aluminum heel tips are coming in vogue.
Easily pleased—the man who is satisfied with himself.
The inventor of bars on fence wire receives a royalty of \$130,000 a year.

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