TALMAGE'S SERMON.

EXPATRIATION THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY'S TALK.

Golden Text: "And the Kings Went Forth and Tarried in a Place Which Was Far Off"-Second Book of Sam-Rel IV., 17.



AR up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to an-

other hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, when he arrived, his disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave Intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this One of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception-for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light him in-that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven. First, I remark that Christ was an

imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne-room by Ahasucrus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louises of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena, and a thousand times worse; the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because he came to save a world. An imperial exile. King eternal. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go further, and tell you he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold, or hot -some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simoon-swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the backdoor yard, seemingly, of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world-Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a

I go further, and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia. France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman government against him with every weapon of its army, and every decision of its courts. and every beak of its war eagles. For years after his arrival, the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him, the high-priests hated him, the Pharasees hated him, Judas Iscariot hated him; Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat countenances of his foaming antagon- exile of my sermon, the love and the see it laugh.—The South West.

ists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Chirst saw it. When the spear was thrust at his side, and when the hammer was lifted for his feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened; he could look to the right and he could look to the left, and he could look up and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the palms of his hands; he saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anesthetic to dull or stupefy, but, wideawake, he saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachinnation diabolic. Oh! it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

Homesickness will make a week seem as long as a month, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step further and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter-shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ, as rising from the carpenter's working-bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christs's life-time. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer our-

selves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality; but Christ knew that his rough path would end at a defoliaged tree without one leaf and with only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh what an exile-starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without any water. Day without any sunlight. The doom of a desperado for more than angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from wordly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor-grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more majestic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last twenty years. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector, at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book" and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence. Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

present, and, in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here married men of the same number have many voluntary exiles from other gravely broken the laws. lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheek-bones, and in the color that illumines your face bored in 1894. The Kirkridge yields when I mention the land of your na- 310 barrels per hour, or 7,740 per day. tivity. Bonnie Scotland! Dear old Another yields over 1,200 barrels a day. kirk! Some of your ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars churchyard, or by the pecially New York and Vienna-no deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of house is permitted to exceed in height heaven, or under the heather sometimes | the width of the street in front and the so deep of color it makes one think number of inhabitants is limited by of the blood of the Covenanters who law. signed their names for Christ, dipping | Prince Bismarck received about 218,their pens into the veins of their own | 000 postal cards from as many admirers arms opened for that purpose. How congratulating him on his eightieth every fibre of your nature thrills as birthday. These cards have a total I mention the names of Robert Bruce, weight of 1,320 pounds, and pilled up in and the Campbells, and Cochrane. I one column would reach a height of bespeak for this royal exile of my text | 150 feet. the love and the service of all Scotch exiles. Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket? and have I not seen in Ox- sewer gas. ford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of your ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles are unique gifts. Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city; loved by the matinee girl. when he expired. Face to face with the | and the cathedrals under the shadow world's ferocity. Face to face with the of which some of you were born had world's sin. Face to face with the in their grandest organ-roll the name world's woe. His eye on the raging of the Messiah. I bespeak for the royal

For this royal exile I bespeak the

love and service of all the exiles here

service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress over which Hunger, on a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear and from the Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows-bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no human politics can alleviate, and only almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apoclaypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it today without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there your ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the fand of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mightles of the glorious Reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans. any they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles; and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude. Some of you on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green Mountains, and you are here now. Some of you on the prairies of the West, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh! how many of us far away from home. All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh! I am so glad when the royal exile went back he left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say, "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of the things that were commanded him? I trow our parents and our dear children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay. Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah! they ought to pity you. You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh! what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you today, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven How the little child-angel May In the shade of the great white portal Sat sorrowing night and day;

How she said to the stately warden-He of the key and bar-"Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you Set the beautiful gates ajar-Only a little, I pray you, Set the beautiful gates ajar.

"I can hear my mother weeping, She is lonely, she cannot see A glimmer of light in the darkness. When the gates shut after me: Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel, The splender will shine so far!" But the warden answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar." Spoke low and answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ; Her hand on the hand of the angel She laid, and her touch sufficed. Turned was the key in the portal. Fell ringing the golden bar, And lo! in the little child's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar. In the little child's angel fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The English governess to the king of Spain recently appointed, who is, of course, to teach him her language, is to receive a salary of \$3,750 a year.

The coming eclipse expedition of Amherst college will be in charge of Prof. David P. Todd. It will observe the eclipse of 1896 from the island of Gezo, Japan.

Crime is more common in single life than in married. In the former 33 in every 100,000 are guilty, while only 11

There are in Ohio about 17,500 oil wells, of which more than 3,000 were

In London-unlike other cities, es-

A VARIETY OF HINTS.

Chloride of lime banishes rats and

Bronze buttons are used on nasturtium velvet bodices.

Hand-painted china knife handles

Dates stuffed with almonds are be-

The zither is more fashionable than either the mandolin or banto.

People get wisdom by experience. man never wakes up his second baby to

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, SUNDAY, MAY 8-THE POWER OF FAITH.

Golden Text: "Lord, Increase Our Faith," Luke xvii, 5-The Humility of Faith-Earthly Blessings Thereof - Present and Everlasting.

OR TODAY our lesson includes Luke xvii, 5-

Nearly the whole chapter can be used in this lesson in its bearing upon faith.

In the earlier verses of this chapter certain very hard duties were laid down, which required great faith. Then comes the

promise by which little faith became great, and We turn to the parallel Scriptures and see how this promise is repeated four times with

the same or similar illustrations. We turn to the story of Lazarus raised from the dead, in John xi, which belongs between verses 10 and 11 of this chapter, and behold a wonderful illustration of the power of faith. In the ten lepers we have another example of the power of faith, not only to cure the incurable leprosy, but also to save the soul

of at least one leper. In the remaining verses we see the dangers to which the disciples would be exposed, and in the long waiting for the coming of the invisible kingdom, in the patient faithfulness required, strong reasons for praying, "Lord, increase our faith."

Thus one deep impression may be made as to the need of faith, the power of faith, and how to obtain this larger faith. Time-Verses 5-10, December, A. D. 29,

January, A. D. 30. The healing of the lepers, in March, A. 30, shortly before the crucifixion. Place-On the border line between Samarla and Galilee, on the way from Ephraim across the Jordan, and down through Perea to Beth-

The full text of today's lesson is as follows: 5. And the apostles said unto the Lord.

6. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree. Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and

it should obey you. But which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he come from the

8. And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? 9. Doth he thank that servant because he did

field. Go and sit down to meat?

done all those things which are commanded you, say. We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do. 11. And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.

12. And as he entred into a certain village. there met him ten men that were lepers.

13. And they lifted up their voices, and said. Jesus. Master, have mercy on us. 14. And when he saw them, he said unto them. Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they

15. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, 16. And he fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samari-

17. And Jesus answering said. Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? 18. There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. 19. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way:

thy faith hath made thee whole. Some explanations to the above are as fol-

6. "And the Lord said." What he said was an answer to their request, as it implied nearly all the ways of increasing faith referred to above. "If ye had," if ye "have," implying that they have faith, but do not fully act it out. "Faith as a grain of mustard seed." "the smallest of garden seeds:" even a very little faith, but real and living not like a grain of sand, but with life in it. and a power of growing. "Ye might say." ye would say, your little but active faith would impel you to say, "unto this sycamine tree," apparently pointing to one near by. "Be thou plucked up by the root." what power less than divine can pluck up that tree? "Be thou planted in the sea." lifted over the valleys and hills to the distant sea. "And it should." it would, "obey you." It is within the ability

11. "As he went to Jerusalem." This wa several weeks after the first part of this les-"Through the midst," in the middle way between "Samaria and Galilee," eastward toward the Jordan.

of faith to wield this power.

"Ten men that were lepers," nine Jews and one Samaritan. Leprosy was a common disease. "Afar off," being forbidden by law to approach others. The leprosy made them

13. "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. This call upon Jesus showed that they had some kind and degree of faith in him. They had doubtless heard of those who had been already cured by Jesus (Luke v, 12-15). Faith

14. "Go shew yourselves unto the priests. When a leper was cured, before he could be restored to society, he was requested to show himself to the priest, to make an offering and to be officially pronounced clean. "As they went, they were cleansed." After they had shown their faith by obedience, it was done unto them according to their faith. 15. "And one of them turned back," not

in disobedience to Jesus, for he would quickly obey, but in obedience to the higher duty of gratitude and love. The others went on n their cold and formal obedience.

RAM'S HORNS.

The more God gives us to do, the more need there is that we should pray. Some preachers are trying every means for filling their churches, except holding up Christ.

To pray the Lord's prayer as Jesus a fruitful garden.

with you, you may have to take him for were told to him. A "scarecrow" does Love to God and man are two steps

over which every one must pass to enter the closet of prayer. Our prayers would all have more pet crow, used to a family, was an in power in them, if they began, as they

should, in righteous conduct.

RINGS.

Greek legends declared that the mystic rings of Gyges, the king of Lydia, made the wearer invisible.

Lorenzo de Medici wore a ring which, according to tradition, had once be longed to the Emperor Nero.

In the later Roman empire rings cut from solid stone, generally agate or onyx, became fashionable.

What to Carry on a Bleycle When Touring.

There is a well-known system for carrying baggage on a walking tour which is eminently suited to bicyclists; this is to have two pieces of baggage. The first is a large valise or small trunk, containing clothing of all kinds needed for an ordinary two weeks' trip by rail, besides toilet articles, and so on. The materials for the other is composed of a similar set of toilet articles, and one or at most two sets of underclothing, besides an extra pair of shoes or slippers-moccasins pack easily and are very serviceable. This last is packed in a leather case set in the diamond frame of the wheel, or into a knapsack carried on the shoulders. If the diamond-shaped portmanteau is properly made it is

better. Luggage seems lighter on the

wheel than on your back. The trouble with the average portmanteau is that it is too thick, making it necessary for the wheelman to straddle it instead of giving him the free use of his limbs to press up and down on the pedals perpendicularly. If you will take the trouble to have this portmanteau made to order and carefully measured, so that it will not come outside a line drawn on either side of the bicycle from the sides of the saddle to the inside of each pedal when at its lowest point in a revolution, you will find no trouble with it. This, however, necessitates its being narrower at the top than at the bottom. On arriving at a hotel for the night, it is unstrapped from the wheel and taken up to your room. Then after your bath there is a change of clothing, the slippers, the toilet articles in a little case by themselves, and your repair kit, which may be wanted in

the evening for some little repairs on the wheel. The portmanteau will always be full, so take only what is absolutely necessary, otherwise you will find that some important thing has been left behind, and a useless appendage brought only to occupy valuable space, and be thrown away in disgust. Always carry soap and a towel. They

are sometimes hard to find, and oftener so bad that one goes dirty rather than use them.-Harper's Round

Small Boys Abroad.

We didn't get into London until

about 7 o'clock Wednesday night, but it was fine traveling coming up from Southampton. You'd have thought the cars had rubber bicycle tyres on their wheels-see that word tyres? that's English for tires-I saw it on a sign. They rode along just as smoothly as a bicycle would on a tar pavement, and go-Jerusalem, how they did go! That little toy engine I told you about once she got started just leaped over the ground. You'd almost think you were traveling on a streak of lightning and in a packing box. That's all the cars are, just little packing boxes petitioned off into stalls running from side to side. You get into one of these stalls and the guard-they call brakemen guards over here-the guard locks you in and off you go. It isn't a bit like traveling in America, and I don't know as I like it quite as much as the American cars with Isles down the middle of 'em because the broken mixed candy and banana boys can't walk through and sell you things! haven't seen a broken mixed candy and banana boy over here and it's all because their cars haven't any Isles. There aren't any comic paper boys either but I guess that's a good using. Pop bought a copy of one of the English comic papers and he nearly ruined his eyes trying to see the jokes, their points were so awfully fine.—Harper's Round

Killed Her Offspring.

It has been claimed by observers of birds that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them they will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity, says the Carson Appeal.

About a week ago at the Holstein ranch the children captured a nest of three young orioles, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree. The mother was soon about calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days, without seeming to pay much attention to persons about.

But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspur, a weed that will kill full-grown cattle.

The little creatures lay dead in the cage and slightly foaming at the mouth victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.

A Pet Crow. Talking of birds, Mrs. Miller, the

woman who loves and studies birds, and writes and lectures about them, says that the crow is really a valuable bird, though he is not much thought of by anybody. He has such a harsh voice, and he is so fond of the farmer's grain that it is the fashion to consider him only a rogue and a thief. He is a wonderfully clever bird, it seems, and taught it, will change a desert life into has been pursued by men so long that he knows, when he sees a man with a If you take the devil home to dinner | gun, what it means as well as if it not scare him a bit, and he will come close to a person who has no weapon, a Patent." PATRICE O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C. showing no fear whatever. His roguish anks would fill a volume; he is near-as mischievous as a monkey. One veterate joker; he would steal the clothespins off from the lines on washing day and fly with them to the roof of the house, and when the maid came out to remedy the mischief he had done by letting the clothes free Mr. Crow would fire the pins down from

> "Jabber's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old. "That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born."-Sphinx.

What Job Did.

Times.

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

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Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn.

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ranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will

cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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