

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

FESTIVITY THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text: Bring Hither the Fatted Calf and Kill It—Luke 15:23—When Sin and Sorrow Shall Be No More—Gates of Paradise.



In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity. The signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of Presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stunted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has returned to his father's house. The old man said he would never come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He has been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now having returned to his father's house the father proclaims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh! how they have missed him, how glad they are to have him back.

One brother stands pointing at the back door and says, "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastised instead of greeted; veal is too good for him." But the father says, "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such held imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great through who in the parlors of our church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it; I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so." You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his temporal liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life, the terrors of the law after him, and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save.

You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears, and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Ita mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water, bright, flashing water, to the morning, rosy, flowered, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon, peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and heaven, and twist them into one garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now wear it forever; son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh, the joy of the new convert. Oh, the gladness of the Christian service. You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment.

ment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes," he would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!' Oh, the joys of this Christian religion. Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have

found that out, Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry VIII, consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
And when he came to the next life there were scores of voices singing:
"Where saints immortal reign."
The song was caught up all through the field among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

"There everlasting Spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
'Tis but a narrow stream divides
This heavenly land from ours."

At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican fustler, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if now the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will.

I notice, also, that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession, I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation.

When in one communion service such throngs of young and old stood up and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell; God knoweth." Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when thirsty souls plunge as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth, saying: "All things are now ready"—ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Life insurance men will tell you that ministers of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. It is the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity that ministers of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the fullness of the sermon when the man of God was perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutriment food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire, I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen, never accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five or six hundred dollars a

year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the western missionary, who says in a letter: "Thank you for the last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyance and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps or lightning rods to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers, as a class, live longer than any other? It is because of the joy of their work; the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house. Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of you who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great era of every ministry are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen sixteen of them. Thank God, thank God!

Look, look! There is Christ, CUYD painted him for earthly galleries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanhedrin, and of Agrippa's court room, and of Mars Hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth-chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gideon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Yashit, the prodigality of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it, or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On further in the corridors, see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! We will!

Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festal. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kittle with new fire;
The snarer lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

From this hilltop I catch a glimpse of these hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality. Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son whose arm had been torn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'Welcome.'" Oh, heaven swing open thy gates. Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems. Oh, heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy lustre. An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France, the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshipped, and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So heaven will after a while come so fully in sight we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

Troubles, Past, Present and Future.
Busy the troubles that are past, busy the troubles of the present, do not worry about the troubles of the future. Most each trial as it comes, and in a majority of cases, the best course would be to pass it by, and leave it with God.—The Christian.

IT STANDS AT \$200,000.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION BILL.

Efforts for an Additional Appropriation of \$75,000 Not Successful—Congressman Mercer Presents Reasons Why It Should Be Made—Senator Allen to Make Another Fight.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The question of appropriating \$75,000 additional for the Trans-Mississippi Exposition came up in the consideration of the sundry civil bill, and the house refused to concur in the senate amendment, by a vote of 49 yeas to 92 nays. Representative Mercer presented the reasons why this additional appropriation should be made, citing that the treasury department has suggested that the additional sum should be appropriated in view of the larger cost in making the exhibit on account of the distance, and that the original bill had failed to provide for the return of the exhibit. In addition to outlining what was expected of the government, he said:

"Now, this amendment, No. 48, says, 'including the return of said government exhibit.' Of course, in Omaha we have a disposition to take everything which belongs to us, but do not care to keep this exhibit any longer than it will serve the purpose of the exposition, and the treasury department has informed me, and the exposition managers have informed me, that \$50,000 of the amount originally provided is entirely inadequate to construct a building for the fish commission and also to construct the administration buildings. I do not think the members of this house desire to see a pennant show or to see a pennant building there, and I think they are great enough and magnanimous enough to give the appropriation that is provided in these amendments, providing for the return of the government exhibit to the city of Washington and wherever else it comes from.

"Mr. Speaker, there will be an exposition of no mean proportions. It will represent the resources, industries and capabilities of twenty-four states and territories, and I desire that for once the people of the United States may look over the Allegheny mountains and may travel there and take notice of the resources of that grand Trans-Mississippi country. We expect the east to come there with its capital and with its knowledge, and we expect that after that exposition has been seen by the people of the United States, those grand states and territories beyond the Mississippi will have an opportunity to grow and prosper the same as eastern states have done. I trust that members of this house, irrespective of politics, will help us on these three amendments."

Mr. Cannon, chairman of the appropriation committee, fought the senate amendment at every turn, taking the ground that the bill only called for \$200,000. Although Cannon was arrayed on the side of no increase, it is thought that Mercer would have carried his point had not Hepburn of Iowa asked the question as to what Nebraska had done for the exposition. Mercer was compelled to say that nothing definite had been enacted by the state legislature. The vote being taken the senate amendment was not agreed to.

This, however, did not settle the matter, for the senate conferees have for ten hours stood for \$775,000. Senators Thurston and Allen are working hard in hand to secure this amount. Two conferences have been had and a third will be ordered if necessary before the senate recesses to the house.

Later in the evening the senate recessed from the additional amount. Senator Allen immediately announced that he would make a fight for a third conference.

The exposition amount of \$200,000 has been agreed to by both houses, although the senate insisted upon its amendment as long as it could consistently without endangering the passage of the bill.

Indian Police Arrest Hogan.

PENDER, Neb., March 5.—Some excitement prevailed in Thurston county over the removal of one J. S. Hogan and his family from their allotment section within the limits of the Farley pasture, on the Omaha reservation, by Capt. Beck's Indian police, under command of John Hilleher. Under instructions from the Indian commissioner at Washington to the former agent, Ashley, Hogan and a few others were allowed the privilege of making selections for future allotments for their minor children, and this is the land they now occupy. The Indian police laid in ambush, expecting Hogan and his wife, who is an Omaha Indian, to return, which they did. A fight took place, and it was with considerable difficulty that Hogan was overpowered. He was bound in irons and taken to the agency.

Recent Commission Begins Work.

LINCOLN, March 5.—J. N. Campbell, populist of Nance county, was selected as chairman of the commission, and J. Oberfelder of Sidney, one of the democratic members, was made secretary. After much deliberation, it was decided to proceed with the count with open doors, as long as there was no disposition on the part of outsiders to unduly crowd the room. The commission will not give out any of the daily results of its labors, giving as the reason the fact that five counties have failed to forward the ballots, and that there might be danger that if partial results are given out in advance, the five counties not yet reported on by Douglas, Lancaster, Nuckolls, Sherman and Keya Paha.

NEBRASKA NOTES.

Geo. Schroeder of Columbus, a prominent young man, died last week at the age of 77.
At the Fremont factory exhibit last week there was a wonderful display of homemade articles.
Death claimed two boys in the family of A. J. Van Baskirk in Benkelman. Scarlet fever was the malady.
An attempt was made to rob Farley's bank at Marquette. The enter door of the safe was blown open, but the burglars were unable to open the inside doors and hence failed to get anything.

A WONDERFUL SHRUB.

Grows on the Banks of the Ganges and Cures Many Bodily Ills.

One of the latest botanical discoveries of interest to seekers for health is called Alkavis, from the Kava-Kava shrub of India. It is being imported by the Church Kidney Cure company of New York, and is a certain cure for several bodily disorders. The Kava-Kava shrub, or, as botanists call it, "Piper Methvaticum," grows on the banks of the Ganges river, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in thirty days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis. So far the Church company, No. 423 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's disease, rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, pain in back, female complaints or other afflictions due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

A Happy Escape.



Smith—"This is my last cigar."
Jones—"That's good; I was afraid you had one for me."—Up-to-Date.

Catarth Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarth. Send for testimonials, free.
E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Completely Extinguished.

The passenger in the tweed clothes got up to take a drink and when he got back he found his seat occupied by the man in the \$7.88 suit, who had been sitting on the wood box.
"I'd like to have my seat, please," said the tweed man.
"Your seat?" repeated \$7.88. "When did you get a reserved seat? Where are you from, anyway?"
"New York," answered the tweed, impressively.
"New York? New York? Huh! I'm from Canton, Ohio."
And the train rolled on with the New York man sitting on the wood box.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Over the Precipice.

Hosts of invalids tumble to destruction simply because they will exercise no discretion in the matter of eating, drinking and the avoidance of exciting causes, and, above all, in the item of medication. They persist in dosing themselves in season and out of season with drastic and violent remedies, opiate and mineral poisons. The best, the safest, the pleasantest substitute for such harmful no-remedies is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, potent for malaria, rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous and bilious complaints.

Prisoners as Domestic Servants.

Hawaii is not the only place where prisoners have been known to be hired out for domestic service. It was discovered some years ago that long-term convicts in jail at New Castle, Del., were commonly sent on errands about town, and even life prisoners were slightly watched. A murderess was employed in the jailer's family and permitted to go about the streets.

A Big Grass Seed Order.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., the largest grass, clover and farm seed growers in America, recently received an order for twenty-five thousand pounds of Salzer's Superior Timothy seed and ten thousand pounds of different kinds of grasses from a large Montana stock raiser. Salzer's seeds grow and produce and it pays to sow them.

A Great Ongoing.

Mrs. Dingler—Humph! I always knew that Mrs. Oldgirl wanted a man, but I didn't think she wanted one as badly as that.
Dingler—As badly as what?
Mrs. Dingler—This paper says she has gone for a tramp.—Buffalo Courier.

Two bottles of Pina's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 26, 1885.

Not the only one.
Teacher—Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?
Bright Pupil—It was Atlas, my dear teacher.—And who supported Atlas?
Bright Pupil—The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him.—Truth.
When billions of convicts and a Cascares, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, by Dr.

Millions now plant Salzer's seeds, but millions more should; hence offer.

- 1 pkg. Bismarck Cucumber15c
 - 1 pkg. Round Globe Beet10c
 - 1 pkg. Earliest Carrot10c
 - 1 pkg. Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce.....15c
 - 1 pkg. Earliest Melon10c
 - 1 pkg. Giant Yellow Onion15c
 - 1 pkg. 14-Day Radish10c
 - 3 pkgs. Brilliant Flower Seeds.....15c
- Now all of above 10 packages, including our mammoth plant and seed catalogue, are mailed you free upon receipt of only 14 cents postage.
25 pkgs. Earliest Vegetable Seed, \$1.00
21 Brilliant Blooming Plants.....\$1.00
John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. W.A.

Left a Soft Thing.

"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man, as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."
"Ah?" responded his companion, questioningly.
"Yes. It always came out on top."

Just try a 10c box of Cascares, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Do not permit your staying qualities to make a bore of you.

Every failure carries a guide book to success in its inside pocket.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents bottle.

Do not permit your kindness to stop with your friends.

The wheat moth lays one egg and but one in a single grain of wheat.

Cure

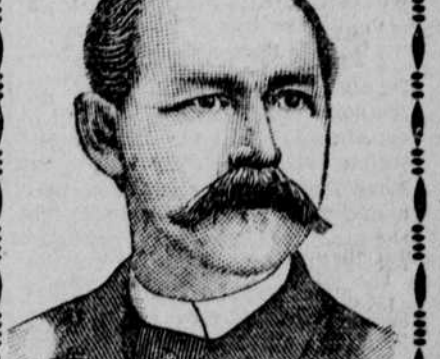
All spring humors, scrofula taints, boils, pimples, eruptions, and debility, by thoroughly purifying and enriching the blood with

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—The True Blood Purifier. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. \$1.48 for \$6.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial.



W.L. DOUGLAS

"3 SHOE" in the World.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has outdistanced all competitors. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered for sale.

It is made in all the latest shapes and styles and of every variety of leather. One dealer in a town given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Comfort to

California.

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed, efficient porter attend to the passengers from the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$7.

For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Omaha, Neb.

STRONG AGAIN!

From PROF. DR. RECORD of Paris (is the only remedy for restoring strength under guarantee, and will bring back your lost powers and stop forever the dangerous drain on your system. They act quickly, create a healthy digestion, pure rich blood, firm muscles, rugged strength, increased nerve and clear brain, invigorated directed from Paris. Price per box, directions enclosed, \$2.50. For sale by all respectable druggists. Mail orders from any person shall receive prompt attention.

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