

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "MAN OVERBOARD" THE SUBJECT OF THE LATEST ONE.

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



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

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

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

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse-hire.

One hundred dollars for wine-supers.

One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now, he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called Free-Thinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for twelve dollars; Renan's Life of Christ for one dollar and fifty cents; Andrew Jackson Davis's works for twenty dollars. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs, and to see spiritualism at the table-rapping. Talks glibly of David, the Psalmist, as an old libertine; of Paul as a wild enthusiast; and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots; and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites; and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet, and finds himself that night chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy. Sends word to the store that he will not be there today. Bathes his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be sent downstairs, or sent to the neighbors, to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no; he does not believe in ministers. You say, "Read the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and, sitting by his bedside, writes a document that begins, "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash! He goes to the bottom. He paid five dollars for his ticket to

Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition!

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

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

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, around him! Rocks close by, and whirlpools, and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound sleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane-deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yet sound asleep in the cabin.

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

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

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

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

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

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die," he says, "yet not now. I must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The darkness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days, and months, and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late." Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side. The winds howl. The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvas cracked and the yards rattled and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing with open diapason of midnight storm, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea-captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, who did he fly to? You heard him, in his old days, tell about some terrible exposure in a snow-storm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garroters, and how he escaped.

Perhaps twenty years before you were born, your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house, there are passages marked with a lead pencil—passages which make you think your father was not a godless man, but that on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless, and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshipped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading her Bible Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah! I think from your looks that I am on the right track. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

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

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

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

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

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

Secrecy of Medical Villains.

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

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

Good Milk.

So carefully are germs avoided in the dairies of Denmark that the celebrated butter of the country, much of which is sent to England, is washed when necessary in water that has been boiled. The butter is, however, rarely washed, but is first worked over by hand by girls who are scrupulously clean, and afterward filtered through clean gravel, is white in color when finished, and is artificially colored. It is very little salted when used at home, but more or less salt is added when it is sent as far as England. It is said to retain its fine quality when shipped better than any butter known elsewhere. It is furnished only pure milk, the owners of the cows are under contract to notify the buyers at once if there is any sickness in their herd. The milk is then bought from them and paid for at the usual price, but is thrown away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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

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

The first work a woman did for the devil she did with her tongue.

## GRAND OLD PARTY.

### LIVING TRUTHS OF THE PRACTICAL POLICY.

Selections from Various Authorities Which Serve to Prove the Wisdom of the People in Calling the Party Back to Power.



Democracy for Protection.

In March, 1832, Senator Benton, in speaking on Clay's tariff resolution, called attention to the fact that our domestic manufacturers, having a high tariff on their fabrics, were producing many from the raw material of foreign countries, to which he objected. He showed that our flax fabrics were from foreign flax, and he cited wool, hemp, indigo, hides, and furs, of which five articles we had imported in six years to the value of more than \$25,000,000. He noted that "this immense sum had been paid to foreigners instead of American citizens," and said he trusted that, in the modification of the tariff:

The farmers and planters of the United States would be admitted into the benefits of the American system and secured in the domestic supply of the raw materials to our manufacturers. I hope for this much for the farmers and for the honor of the system. For nothing can be more absurd than to erect domestic manufactures upon foreign (raw) material; nothing more contradictory than to predicate independence for goods upon dependence for materials to make them of; nothing more iniquitous than to give to the manufacturers the home market of goods and not to give the farmers the home market of raw materials. I am a friend of domestic industry and intend to give it a fair protection under regular exercise of the revenue raising power. Above all I am a friend of the cultivators of the earth. (Cong. Debates, 22d, 1st (1831-2), Vol. 8, Part 1, page 587-590.)

This is not quoted to show that Mr. Benton was a protectionist, beyond what was known as a "discriminating" or "incidental" protection, but to prove that he stood with Silas Wright, James Buchanan and all the great lights of the earlier democracy on the agricultural question of home-grown raw material and not free or foreign raw material.

Mr. Clay in February, 1832, said: It has been alleged that bar iron, being a raw material, ought to be admitted free, or with low duties, for the sake of the manufacturers themselves. But I take this to be the true principle: That if our country is producing a raw material of prime necessity, and if with reasonable protection we can produce it in sufficient quantity to supply our wants, that raw material ought to be protected, although it may be proper to protect the article also out of which it is manufactured.

In Mr. David Wells's special report as commissioner of revenue of January 3, 1867, he recommends the recognition and adoption, as the basis of present and future legislation, of the principles of "abating the duty on raw materials to the lowest point consistent with the requirements of revenue, and of placing on the free list such raw materials—the product mainly of tropical countries—as are essential elements in great leading branches of manufacturing industry, and which do not come in competition with any domestic product." (Senate Doc. 39, 2d, No. 1, page 24.)

These sentiments apply to sugar, to cotton, rice, hemp, tobacco, flax, barley, and to coal, lumber and iron ore. The theory of free raw material is as delusive, unsound and erroneous in conception as it would be disastrous to our country. It finds no warrant in the political history of this country worthy of indorsement. It would be especially harmful to agriculture if allowed to run its course, and once adopted as a policy, at what point or product would it stop?

It is true that leading men in both parties, at an earlier period in the history of the country, endeavored to discover some way in which our manufacturers might be given the raw material grown on our own soil without the duty. They desired to do this in order to build up our manufacturing industry, but it was never proposed to do so at the expense of our farmers. Mr. Hamilton proposed to take the duty off of cotton—make it "free"—and then give the planters a bounty on it. Louis McLane of Delaware (dem.) second secretary of the treasury under Jackson, in his report dated Dec. 7, 1831, said:

"... Any amount of duty on a raw material is, to its extent, an injury to the manufacturer, requiring further countervailing protection against our own rather than foreign regulations, and it is only to be justified by the paramount interests of agriculture. In that case it would deserve consideration whether the encouragement of an object of agriculture might not be more properly reconciled with the encouragement of the manufacture, and with greater equality as regards other interests, by bounties rather than by a duty on the raw material."

Desirable as it was thought to be to give our manufacturers free raw ma-

terial, it was never proposed to strike at our farmers in order to secure that result.

"A Lesson to Labor."

Under this caption the American Economist prints a brief paragraph calling attention to the fact that the exchange of goods made in this country for those produced abroad is not necessarily and in all cases precisely what it is cracked up to be by those who cheerfully look forward to the time when the Yankees shall control the markets of the world through the operation of free trade. "In order that the pride of the free traders may be gratified, in some degree," it says, "by the capture of the foreign markets, the English manufacturer and the American manufacturer should now proceed to exchange some of their productions, which amounts, in effect, to a swapping of dollars."

If this barter could be, in all respects, and in regard to all parties, an even exchange no harm would be done and there would be points of mutual advantage, but as the Economist points out, American workmen would be likely to find that there was a big balance against them in the transaction. "On the one side is a well paid labor—on the other a poorly paid labor—these two must be equalized in order that the manufacturers' chances shall be equal." It would be in this process of equalization that the workmen in this country would find that their interests were seriously affected. The markets of the world afford a fine and inviting field to contemplate—there is no doubt whatever about that—but they must not be acquired at the expense of American labor. That point was established with the establishment of protection, and the present temper of the American people makes it seem highly improbable that it will be overthrown.—Springfield (Mass.) Morning Union.

Favorable to American Velvets.

A significant phase of the growth and development of American textile manufactures is the production by the Salts Manufacturing company of New York of black silk velvets, which the domestic trade is ordering for fall delivery in preference to the German or French made article.

The plant of the Salts Manufacturing company is located in Connecticut, and is understood to have been established by the Salts of England and afterward given up by them. Then the plant was taken in hand by the present New York house, with the result as stated, that its American made black velvets of medium grades are manifestly superior to the foreign made article.

A large number of samples of both foreign and American made black velvets have been received by the A. S. Lowell company of this city, one of the largest millinery houses in the state, and in the selections made of the different weights the preference has been in each instance for the home product, not for the reason of a difference in price, for that was the same in all cases, but because of the superiority of the American article.—Worcester Evening Gazette.

Customs Receipts.

The customs receipts have been \$21,000,000 greater this year than last, while the receipts from internal revenue were \$3,500,000 less. Thus, where there was reduction of taxation there was increase of revenue, and where there was increase of taxation there was reduction of revenue.—Evening Post, N. Y., July 2, 1895.

Mr. Godkin says: "Where there was reduction there was increase of revenue." We presume he means "reduction of taxation" to the American people. Hence the foreigner must have paid "the tariff tax" in order to supply the "increase of revenue." Again Mr. Godkin says: "Where there was increase of taxation there was reduction of revenue." Who got it, then? Have Tammany methods extended to the administration of national governmental affairs? Is this the result of tariff reform and Godkinism?

A Dead Failure.

The Wilson free-trade tariff bill proving, contrary to democratic expectations, a dead failure as a revenue getter, the democracy are now looking about for some American industry to tax for revenue. They are talking an increased tax of a dollar on beer. The McKinley bill lowered the tax on tobacco from 8 to 6 cents per pound. The burglarisms want to restore the tax to 8 cents. But unfortunately for the free-traders, the republicans have a majority in the lower house of congress, who are in favor of levying a tax for revenue, not on Americans, but upon foreign manufacturers. See?—Blade, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Wilson Was Not Professor.

Even the colleges have caught the ground swell. Yale this year will graduate 104 republicans, 49 democrats and 6 prohibitionists. Formerly most college graduates were free-traders and therefore naturally inclined toward the democratic party, though they were quite likely to drift into the republican camp after a little practical experience. But free-trade doesn't "go" now, even with college boys.—Times, Troy, N. Y.

Of Course Not.

There is no more talk of the "army of the unemployed."—The World, New York, June 27.

Of course there is not. The congressional free-traders have been consigned to oblivion. There never would have been any talk of the "army of the unemployed" had they always remained there.

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