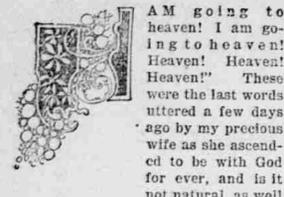


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK WITH THE BEREAVED AND FAINT-HEARTED.

The Glories and Attractions of the World Beyond the Skies—"Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard"—Corinthians I, 11-9.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RELIGION AND REFORM

Great success has attended the Baptist mission work in North China.

"Le Signal," the only French Protestant daily journal, has now attained a year of existence.

The United Presbyterian church proposes to reduce the membership of its general assembly from 275 to 204.

Special efforts are being made by the Y. M. C. A. in Germany to reach the 500,000 young men in the army of that country.

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

A conference for organizing a non-sectarian Christian Prohibition Alliance will be held in Willard hall, Woman's Temple, Chicago, Oct. 22-23, 1895.

The Presbyterians of Belfast, in order to meet the rapid growth of the city, have resolved to raise a fund of £20,000 towards the erection of ten new churches.

Mission work in New Mexico commenced in 1856. There are now 25 schools, more than 40 ministers and native helpers and over 800 communicants.

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

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing wonderful work in the colleges of the world. In 1894 there were 455 college associations with 20,000 members. This does not include foreign associations.

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

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

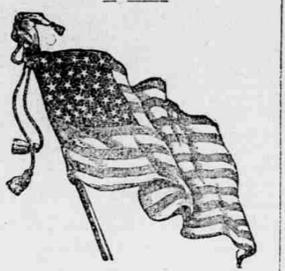
A Hero. Nay, never falter; no great deed is done by flatterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steadiest mind.

The undivided will to seek the good; 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings A human music from the indifferent air. The greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero. —George Eliot.

GRAND OLD PARTY.

LIVING TRUTHS OF THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

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



"Protection Will Be the Leading Issue." The Mail and Express, July 26, had an interview with Secretary M. J. Dowling, of the National Republican league, who was elected to that position at the Cleveland convention of Republican clubs last June. Gen. E. A. McAlpin, the president of the National Republican league, is also one of the members of the American Protective Tariff league, and we regard it as a great compliment to our line of work that these two gentlemen propose to follow our systems and methods. Concerning the interview the Mail and Express had this to say:

"Secretary Dowling, who has taken a leading part in Minnesota politics, and is a warm friend of Senator Davis, is well pleased with Gen. McAlpin as president of the National Republican league. 'I am satisfied,' he said to-day, 'that Gen. McAlpin is the right man in the right place as president. In accordance with his wishes I shall go to Chicago Sunday and begin at once the thorough organization of the league. In doing so we will adopt the plan which has been followed with so much success in conducting the American Protective Tariff league. This plan has been attended with great success, and can be applied with advantage in carrying out the work of our Republican league.'"

"We have determined," continued Secretary Dowling, "as a league to make every effort in our power to win over to the Republican ranks Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia. In the latter state a good beginning has been made. Gen. McAlpin and myself are in complete accord, and will work in full harmony." "During his visit east, Secretary Dowling has been among the Republican leaders as well as with the rank and file of the party. He says: 'I find the Republicans in the east full of confidence that everything is coming our way. The Democrats are thoroughly dissatisfied with the administration, and speak, for the most part, with scorn of Cleveland.'"

"Concerning the National Republican league, which keeps clear of all factions, Secretary Dowling says: 'The league is growing rapidly. The demand for the services of organizers is greater than we can meet, for lack of funds, but we are doing the best we can. In general the clubs are full of Republican ardor and are doing much to win over our opponents and keep them in our ranks.'"

"Protection," Secretary Dowling also says, "will clearly be the leading issue in the presidential campaign of 1896, and largely so because of the hard experience the country has gone through since free-trade got a footing at the elections of 1892. The Democratic party will try to evade the issue and divide the Republican party by raising the currency question, but that will not avail." —American Economist.

The Tin Plate Industry. On July 1 there were in actual operation 31 tin-plate works proper, rolling and tinning their own black plates, while seven more were in course of erection. In addition, there were in operation four black-plate mills, as yet unfurnished with tinning equipment, whose product is purchased by 29 dipping works. The total number of complete hot mills possessed by the active works was 137, of which 128, or all but nine, were in actual operation on July 1. Taking the average weekly yield of each mill at 600 boxes—a very conservative estimate—it will be seen that, at the close of the quarter, production was going on at the rate of 76,800 boxes of tin plates weekly, which, allowing for 50 weeks' work in the year, would give a capacity of 3,840,000 boxes annually. With the other nine completed mills, which for one cause or another are temporarily inactive, the total annual capacity of American tin-plate mills at the present time is considerably over 4,000,000 boxes. There are, in addition, 50 hot mills in course of erection, most of which will be ready for work by the end of September. These new mills will give a further capacity of 1,500,000 boxes annually, making an aggregate yearly producing capacity in American tin-plate mills of at least 5,500,000 boxes, ample allowance being made for stoppages, breakdowns, etc.

The estimated consumption of tin plates in the United States in a year of average prosperity is nearly 7,000,000 boxes. Of this amount, about 1,500,000 boxes represent plates imported, made into cans and re-exported, with benefit of a rebate of duty, by the oil and meat packing trades, or consumed on the Pacific coast, which trade is, for the present, out of reach of the home makers. This leaves 5,500,000 boxes for the American trade. It will thus be seen that by the close of the current year American manufacturers will be able to produce all the tin plates consumed in the United States, with the excep-

tion beyond control just alluded to. The settlement for the next 12 months of the tin-plate wage scale, to the satisfaction both of the manufacturers and the workmen, gives a gratifying promise of stability to the industry. It is assured, for a whole year at least, of immunity from the wage disputes which are now troubling the peace and prosperity of the industry in Wales.—The Iron Age.

Free Farms Are Booming. Speaking of the free farms, the New York Herald, of July 21, says that "those who till the plots in Long Island City work hard and prosper." We are glad to know it, also that "they raise fine vegetables." This increased competition with the business of the regular farmers may account for the extremely low prices that have recently been ruling for farm truck, concerning which the regular farmers have been complaining loudly for some weeks past.

The Herald evidently anticipates a continuation of the hard times and the idleness of labor under the present administration, which it helped to elect, because it tells us that "next year the association will have more land, more men and better facilities for farming." It is also stated that the idea is being taken up by other cities, which indicates that the prosperity we have lately been reading about in the free-trade papers cannot be so widespread as the free-trade editors would have us believe.

We are inclined, however, to doubt the success of the free trade and free farm venture, since we were told on July 21, that "in a few weeks they (the city farmers) will put in their early cabbage." For the information of the "green" farmer who edited this we may state that Long Island "early cabbage" had been on the market for three weeks before July 21. However, the fact is established that free-trade means free farms, and the promise of a continuation of the free-farm movement, with more idle men working on the free farms is another link in the chain of evidence that poverty and idleness have come to stay as long as the present administration lasts.

Should Encourage Factories. Every growing, ambitious western or southern city desires more factories. It wants them of different kinds, also, so that one may be busy while another is dull, and skilled labor will be in active demand. In order to attract investments all such towns should help elect protectionist congressmen, and make their influence felt by chambers of commerce and the press in favor of protection. Such displays of the industrial spirit impel manufacturers to establish factories and encourage their wealthy friends to invest therein. When a town votes for a rampant free-trader for congress, and through its board of trade denounces manufacturers as "monopolists," it is likely to be left severely alone, despite all probable undoubted natural advantages.—American Economist.

One of the cuckoo organs shouts: "The great corn crop will make good old-fashioned Democratic times." When was it that the people enjoyed that kind of times? Experiments of that kind have been few and far between, but thick enough for any one to hazard an opinion that the people have not enjoyed them.

Senator Brice, of Ohio, is going to protect "the surplus" yet left in his treasury, and he gives timely notice that he "will not be a candidate for reelection to the United States senate." Brice would be a valuable man for the weather bureau. He can see a storm a long ways off.

Gorman has nominated his ticket. Now let him elect it if he can. This is about the way the reform Democrats of Maryland are talking to the Democratic boss.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With Secretary Herbert "inspecting" a dispatch boat and Secretary Carlisle "inspecting" a lighthouse tender, government officials seem to be in no need of private yachts.—Kansas City Journal.

Arthur Pue Gorman is experiencing some difficulty with the Maryland Banknotes. He may succeed in forcing them back on the Democratic reservation, but he will not be able to make them vote the straight ticket in November.—New York Press.

Mr. Bayard says that the island of Trinidad, to which Great Britain has set up a claim, "is not worth talking about." The astute ambassador may yet discover that there are a number of patriotic citizens living in this country who think that the island of Trinidad is even worth quarreling about.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Falling Revenues. The treasury statement for July shows the revenue was \$29,236,638. This shows the receipts averaged less by \$4,699,000 than in July for four years past. The deficit of the year cannot be figured at less than \$55,000,000. It is difficult for democrats to get up any enthusiasm over such a financial statement, compared with two years of panic and hard times. Still, the revenue flowing into the treasury under tariff reform (?) is away off, and even good times will not bring it up to the desired standard.

Spitting Shakes Asunder. By merely flexing the muscles of his arms is an easy task for Sandow, that supertitively strong man. You will be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor, which proceeds from confidence, position and sound repose, if you will enter on a course of Hostetter's stomach Bitters, and persist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the marasmus, rheumatic and neuragic, and avert serious kidney trouble.

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