Subject: "Home Again."

Text: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it,"-Luke xv., 23,

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 Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving there must be something counteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and fes-

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever bappened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had 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 a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along.

Ab, there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring into 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 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. Ob, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door, and says. "This pouting at the back door and says: is a great ado about nothing. This had boy should have been chastened 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 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! such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home

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 throng who, in the parlors of my 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

You have seen perhaps a man running for is physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him and how great was the glee of that res-cued man! But it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's ever-Insting 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 pil-grim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver, after baving bad to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was in-formed that a large inheritance was his, and there was 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 "Its mansions are mine; its temples are

mine; its songs are mine; its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame toing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. If is compared in the Bible to the water — bright, flashing water to the morning, roseate, fire worked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and 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 all this land, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now wear it provesses and the state of the "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Ob, the joy of the new convert! Ob, 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 rose 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 exercises." poer, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sanders, we do moment. 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, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rush-

ing 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 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 II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man by The very man who poisoned the mel 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 snathematizes.

Oh, come over into this greater joy, this ublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battleof Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier, lying there a-dying under the starlight by any to sing starlight, began to sing

There is a land of pure delight. And when we came to the next line there were scores of voices united

Where saints immortal reign. The sone was caught up all over the field thong the wounded until it was said that where were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the

There everiesting spring abides
And never withering flowers.
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Ob, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is your, and heaven is yours, but you know it—you know it—you know it—you know it—you know it—you know it.—

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angal went forth with him, and getting him into a field

the guardian angel swot a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and henor, and he must not sten beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamoned hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that cri-cle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock seens. Flat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of State should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which de-lirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock seene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come

But I notice that when the pro..gal came there was the father's joy. He fild not great him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ab, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. Gol is

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, asthough He were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me hesaw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in an altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was sain. Ab, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a father-kind, loving, forgiving-and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure." He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it out-weighs all the united splendor and joy of the

universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?
You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity seat-tered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new sunand rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater halleiuiab, while with a voice that reverberates among the

"This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"
At the opening of the exposition in New
Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, 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 or-chestra 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 "ill 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 step-ping out of the passengers, and then the de-parture of train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train,

watching the departure.
At night there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. Golhas been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if this morning 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,

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of re-ligion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardsnips deal said about the trials and the hardsnips 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 who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated. I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When, in our Communion service, such throngs of in our Communion service, such throngs of in our Communion service, such throngs of young and old stood up at the altars 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 apostle describes when he says. "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body

I cannot tell. God knoweth."

Have not ministers a right to rejoice Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a pronight comes nome: They onew 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 souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. 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 dullness of the sermon, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious 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 \$500 and \$600 a year, the average less than that, their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your 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 And, struggling against annoyances and exasparations innurserable, some Life insurance men will all tell you that

of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell and submitting themseives to all styles of annoyances, 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 others? 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.

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 us who have toiled in the rervice are ready to testify all these joys are tame com-pared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen

twenty of them. Thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory, and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the life-boats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the courch of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home, just hear those Christians sing! It is not a duil tune

you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say, and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. 'God be merciful to me, a sinner." that I may receive my sight."
"Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a normal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prizon in time of persecution, and one asy

Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his jamily was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but passing along a little way from the prison he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation. He saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it, and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Ob, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-lay, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the boly communion-fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which com orates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord! Ob, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred

he got off his shackles, and he came and

stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door with one stroke

he struck down the man who had incarcers

tankard! One on earth, one in heaven.
Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven lestival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a te legraphic 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 rapgo the tidings from earth to heaven and when a prodical returns it is announced

before the throne of Got.

And if these souls to-day 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 zon." "That's my daughter," "That's my triend." "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 soul would say, "Hallelniah!"

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 kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero, the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip, the conqueror. At the Grecian ban-quet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned projigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of the earth and the giorified of heaven. The ring earth and the giorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness advoop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven arise, and with a gleaning chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

THE ARMY'S FINANCES.

Paymaster General Smith Critic's a the System of Withholding Pay.

Paymaster General Smith, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, calls attention to the fact that the soldiers' deposits have increased \$79,582 during the year, a gratifying increase in view of the fact that the deposits had been falling off in preceding years, and or the further fact that a soldier with a deposit account rarely leaves the service without an honorable discharge. The expenditures on account of pay of the army show an increase of \$275,653 over the preceding year, due in part to the fact that the enlisted force was more nearly kept at its maximum limit. The fact that the expenditures on account of pay of volunteers were \$498,-653 less than last year is taken as an indication that these claims are being exhausted.

The Paymaster General questions the beneficial effect of system of withholding a poition of the soldier's pay until he is discharged. The travel allowance of the soldier is ample to take him home when discharged. Any system which makes the soldier a dependent detracts from his manhood and efficiency. Many men enlist, being told that their pay will be \$13 per month, only to find that through deductions on account of clothing, two or three months must elapse be ore he can receive any pay. He regards this as a breach of contract and deserts.

A JURY has allowed \$30,000 to be paid by the Government to the Gettysburg (Penn.) Electric Railway Company for the taking of lands required to keep the historic battle-field intact.

LIBRARIAN SPOYFORD says that the new Congress onal Library building will be ready for occupancy by the summer of 1896.

Many-Sided.

These persons who believe that he who is able to do one thing perfectly would find it possible to do other things better than the average man or woman, would find support for the theory in the capabilities of the actor

One day he was riding along the Strand on a fast horse which pranced and curveted in a somewhat a arming manner.

"Take care" called a friend. 'You're a good actor, but-" "But what?" asked Kean. "You evidently don't know that I was paid

£30 last year, at Brighton, for breaking three horses." At another time a friend who heard that he was about to give read-

"Kean, stick to Shakespeare. "Don't meddle with Milton." "Why not?" asked Kean. "I gave readings from Milton three time a

ings from Milton, said to him:

week at Exmouth." He seemed to be a universal genius. He had been fenc-ng-master, dancing-master, singer, and at one time proposed setting up a school. That he aid not do so was only the fault of circumstances; none who knew him doubted that the poject would have been successful. - Youth's Companion.

Was Fixed for It.

It struck the agents as peculiar when Z. A. Hubley of Worcester, Mass, shot off a finger of his left hand, 'cause he carried \$130,000 in accident policies.

The Burden Bearer. There is a big insulated wire in telegraphy which transmits the bulk of daily intelligence; there is a big insulated nerve in the human system which can bear the bur den of more pain than all the rest of the nerves combined, and is known as the sciatic nerve. Sometimes the wire is cut to cut off its current; sometimes the surgeon's knife is used to cut the nerve to relieve excruciating pain. But there is one thing which avoids this radical treatment, one cure which this radical treatment, one cure which penetrates to the pain-spot, and sciatica has been cured almost without fail by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It reaches misery's seat and dethrones it. Thus attacked and routed in its hidden ambuscade, pain seldom routed in its hidden ambuscade, pain sel returns to annoy. The great remedy does

The Optimist—"Now as to women, generally speaking—" The Disagreeable Man—"Yes, she's generally speaking."

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of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty codliver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like palliatives. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering

Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE MAN WITH A CALF.

He Was Redheaded and Vigorously De-fended His Rights.

On top of a load of hay which came into the Western hay market the other day was a man of sixty and a young man of about twenty-threefather and son. The vehicle had no sooner come to a halt than both scrambled down, and it was then seen that the young man's nose was about twice its normal size, and his eyes were blackened and puffed until he could scarcely see daylight. There was blood on his face and shirt front, and of course there was a natural curiosity among the men lounging

around to knew what had happened. "No. William didn't run agin a bridge or have a tree fall on him," said the father, as he wet his handkerchief at the drinking trough and wiped away the blood. 'The fact is that he met with a disappointment on the road as we was omin' in."

"What sort of a disappointment?" queried a policeman who intended to recommend raw beef and perfect quiet for three or four days.

"Wall, you see, William wasdrivin" when we left home. We had come along about three miles when we meets a red-headed man leadin' a calf A feller with a calf orter turn out and give the road to a load of hay, but this one wouldn't. He jist turned out half way and stood still and yelled that he'd be durned if he moved another inch. Then I says to Bill, says 1, 'Bill, he's a peppery cuss, and you'd better turn out.'

"Yes: you ought to have turned out for a red-headed man," said the officer.

"I says that to Bill, but Bill he says to me, says be, 'l'il be hanged if I do! If he don't turn out l'il git down and make him wish he'd never ben born into this sinful wold." Then he hollers at the man and warns him of what is to come, but the redheaded man don't skeer worth a cent. He ties the calf and spits on his hands and screams for both of us to come down to once," says the Detroit Free Press.

"You gave him half the road?" asked the officer

"Noap. I wanted to, but Bill he says to me. says he: 'Dad, you hold the lines and I'll git down and gin. that cuss one bat on the nose and put him to sleep fur two hours.' i didn't want Bill to do it, but he was sot, and down he went. He off with his hat and gin a yell and bore down on the man with the calf."

"And put him to sleep." "Noap. He never closed an eye to When Bill lighted on him suthin' happened to Bill. He stopped all of a sudden and laid down, and when he gooup again he was as you see him now. The red-h aded man invited me to come down and light on him, but I didn't accept. He had been gone about ten minutes when

Bill woke up" "What did Bill say:" asked the

officer. "Nawthin, that I heared. Bill, did you say anythin' when you come

"Num," replied Bill with a solemn shake of the head.

"And you didn't say anythin' fur the next two miles, did you." "Num"

"And then all you said was to ask me if you'd bin stru k by lightnin'." "Yum."

'That's all, as fur as I can remember," continued the father, "and now if you'll sorter look out for my hay. I'll lead Bill to a doctor, and see whether he's mortally injured or only crippled fur life (ome on Bill. You hain't bin sayin' a word since you was struck. and all you've got to do now is to step high and lean on dadd 's arm."

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Laboratory Einghamton, N. Y.

There was not a public library in the United States 100 years ago.

Business Men in a Hurry eat in restaurants and often food insufficiently cooked. Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia and sour stomach and immediately relieve head-

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. \$1 California sea lions are champion climbers

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children ecthing, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

and jumpers.

New Orleans once attempted to light its



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas-ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.



You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shee. Recause, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

AN EXAGGERATED CASE



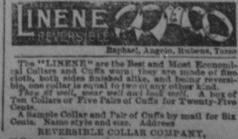
Or that full feeling That comes after enting There is a remedy. Simple but effective

A . Ripans . Tabulc. Take one ! at the time, Swallow it and

there you are. One who gets just as full In any other way Is not so uncomfortable d: the time That sensation, to him. Comes later. To prevent it Take a tabule Before going to bed

MUNIKI--

In each county for a few days' work with the Saloons; will pay from \$10 to \$50, according to location. C. K. HITCHCOCK, Evansville, Ind.



77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston