OUT WITH HUMDRUM.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says It Is Eating the Vitals of the Church.

TOO MUCH OF IT IN PEOPLE'S LIVES.

More Spice and Enlivenment Needed in Religious Teaching.

THE HOME IS MADE ENTIRELY TOO SAD

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BROOKLYN, May 3.—The capacity of the new Tabernacle was fully tested this morning by the vast audience which assembled to hear Dr. Talmage in his handsome and spacious church. He is now preaching there morning and evening, and the services in New York have been discontinued. This has caused much regret to many people in that city. A memorial was prepared and signed by influential citizens asking Dr. Talmage to continue the services. He could not see his way to comply at the time, but, as he was evidently impressed by the warmth of the welcome given him in the metropolis, and deeply moved by the good that was done, it is not improbable that in the near future, he will again be found duplicating his usefulness by ministering to two congregations, as he has been doing the past seven months. His subject this morning was "Humdrum Abolished," and his text, II. Chronicles, ix; 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks and there were aquariums with foreign fish, and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well tamed, that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

Solomon a Type of Christ.

My friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon! What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life and the humdrum out of our religion. The American and English and Scottish church will die of humdrum unless there be a change. An editor from San Francisco a few weeks ago wrote me, saying he was getting up for his paper a symposium from many clergymen, discussing, among other things, "Why do not people go to church?" and he wanted my opinion, and I gave it in one sentence: People do not go to church because they cannot stand the humdrum. The fact is that most people have so much humdrum in their worldly calling that they do not want to have added the humdrum of religion. We need in all our sermons and exhortations and songs and prayers more of what Queen Balkis brought to Solomon—namely, more spice.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been bartering, and negotiating, climbing, pounding, hammering for 20 years, 40 years, 50 years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, pendulumin between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

The Savior in the Family.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, in stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until their hair silvers and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cinery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through, fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditation Among the Tombs."

Spice in Religious Teaching.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teachings: whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk of lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less grisle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer meetings exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread, and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices. There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor, miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

More Inspiring Music Needed.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass viols, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, in most churches, nine-tenths of the people do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes "a joyful noise" unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be 100 years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco, and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference; it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for 50 times more volume of sound. German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-room and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of Heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing 50,000 souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a vast audience joining in one anthem is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Religion Counteracts All Trouble.

Now I want to impress this audience with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held by breath as though it were a malodor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is the catholicon for all disorders. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Why did you look so sad to-day when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heartbreak, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said: "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there." I see all around about me widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

Appeasement for Sorrow.

Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your sick, and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this gospel I commend to you. Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss the spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the South will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold! a greater than Solomon is here! May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

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Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

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Competitors are making about the $3 shoes. Buy a pair of my $2 calf shoes for men's wear, and save your $1. G. D. SIMEN,
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The Newly Licensed Saloonkeepers

Will build up their trade rapidly if they stock up with the Iron City Brewing Co.'s popular brand of beer. 'Phone 1186.

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Don't fail to visit our new shoe department. Open next Wednesday.

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Ladies' House Slippers

Cheaper than ever; better than ever. Prices, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c and $1, at G. D. Simen's, 78 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa. MWF

SALOONKEEPERS will increase trade by handling the pure beer produced by the Iron City Brewery. Orders promptly filled. 'Phone 1186.

"FAMILIAR IN MILLIONS OF MOUTHS AS ANY HOUSEHOLD WORD."
The Times, London.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Much favored by her Majesty."
WORLD, LONDON.

"The best beverage."
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"The demand for it is great and increasing."—THE TIMES, LONDON.

THE MARKET FOR OIL

Does Not Justify the Activity in the Southwest Division.

STILL NO PROSPECTS OF A CHANGE.

Pittsburg Rapidly Becoming the Producers Headquarters.

THE WILDCATTERS IN WEST VIRGINIA

At no period within the past decade has the situation of the petroleum industry been invested with so much interest as at present. The market value of crude surely does not justify the activity of the drill which is manifest in nearly every section of the expansive southwest division. In view of the fact that production is in excess of consumption it is not likely that matters will change for the better so long as this state of affairs prevails. If the drill was curtailed, and the output reduced to a basis of supply and demand, higher prices would follow, and the producers' financial condition placed upon a sure footing.

It is an admitted fact that oil cannot be produced at any point in the southwest pools at the present market, unless the lucky operator should strike a big well, which now looks like a thing of the past. Should he persist in following up the policy of pushing the drill, it seems that he could not pursue a better course for the accomplishment of his ruin. The spasmodic advance in the market Saturday may lure some into the belief that after long and tedious suffering the millennium has dawned, but unless there is a greater demand for the staple or a reduction in the yield they will learn with bitter disappointment that it is only a delusion.

Wildwood Past Its Meridian.

It is reasonably fair to presume that Wildwood has passed the meridian of its life. Yet the fact must not be ignored that this famous pool will for some time remain an important factor in keeping up production. While the drill during the past week has pretty clearly demonstrated that the days of gushers on the southwest line have passed into history, it has also, from the same standpoint of reasoning, pretty clearly developed the fact that there remains quite a large scope of territory in this locality that will bring forth paying wells.

From the fact that no large wells of late have been added to the completed list, and the gushers declining, one is led to believe that the production is rapidly falling off. This is not the case, and for the benefit of THE DISPATCH readers the reporter called upon the pipe line people Saturday and obtained the daily runs for the past nine days, which are as follows:

	Barrels.
April 23	8,559
April 24	7,394
April 25	9,363
April 26	7,238
April 27	9,488
April 28	9,230
April 29	9,856
April 30	8,111
May 1	8,482
Total	73,811

Average for nine days, 8,201 barrels.

Some Good Territory.

In speaking of the southwest, it looks—with the Good well lying south, the Heidleberge on the west and the Kuhlbers and the Kretzer on the northeast—as if J. M. Guffy has quite a large acreage of territory good for from 100 to 150 barrel wells. It is now generally conceded that Dibert & Co.'s Jenny farm well is a duster. Mr. Dibert is credited as saying that his venture was 30 feet in the sand with no oil, and that to him it looked like a dead cock in the pit. The Kanawha braves drilled their Fogel farm well deeper Saturday, which showed only a very slight improvement; it will perhaps make a 20 barrel pumper, judging from present indications.

The Hancock well has not been improved on deeper drilling, but in its present status will be made a pumper. Out of Barnsdall & Co.'s batch of gushers there is only one that is now flowing, and yesterday morning the Roth Oil Company's Harbush No. 8 also stopped flowing. Guffy & Co.'s Kuhlbers No. 1, 20 acres, has a record of 80 barrels a day, and the Good well is doing about 150 barrels. Superintendent Lockwood has come to the conclusion he can make a 10-barrel pumper out of the Heidleberge, and will tube the reported duster Monday. Black & Waterhouse have purchased the Hardy lease, 40 acres and 1 dry hole, from the Sunline Oil Company. In the sale of this property is included the rig and machinery of No. 1. Consideration, $4,000.

Center of the Oil Trade.

That Pittsburg is fast becoming headquarters of the oil industry is evidenced by the daily acquisition to the ranks of the oleaginous fraternity. Nearly all of the leading lights and old-timers of the northern and middle fields have cast anchor here and are now full-fledged Pittsburgers. Oil City, Titusville, Warren, Jamestown and Olean, N. Y., and Bradford have been large contributors to the aggregation. The migration of this class from the North has also been followed by a number of large manufacturing industries pertaining to the oil business. The machinery and oil well supply representatives are gradually drifting to the center of attraction, and it will only be a short time until the gang will all take their sojourn in the city.

Ireland & Hughes have for a number of years been established in the city and are among the largest drilling tool manufacturers in the country. The Oil Well Supply Company, the largest institution of its kind in the world, manufactures on a large scale everything used in the operation of oil wells and is a credit to the city. The Oil City Boiler Works and James M. Lambing, general agent for the Corry Ajax engine, are both located here.

Recruits From the Ohio Field.

The Ohio field, too, of late has sent some of its most prominent and active oil men to the Allegheny field, who will try their luck here. THE DISPATCH scout, in his perambulations Saturday, discovered several new firms established in the business. They say that they have come to stay, and are firm in their faith that Allegheny county has many profitable pools yet to be developed, and that Pittsburg will long remain headquarters. W. C. Walker & Co., of Bradford, manufacturers of drilling and fishing tools, have opened up an office and salesroom at No. 5 Seventh street. Gorley & Findlay, of Lima, O., manufacturers of boilers and drilling tools, are quartered at Ninth and Duquesne way. The firm of Bayne, Wilson & Pratt, general agents for Farrar & Treft's boilers and engines, will soon open a large salesroom, and will carry one of the heaviest stocks of oil well supplies found in the city.

There are also a number of changes that will soon take place among the agents who hump the business from one farm to another. Prominent among this class is the well and favorably known is Benton T. Kahle, who is regarded as the best salesman of drilling tools in the oil regions. After nine years of faithful service he resigns his position to accept one more in keeping with his high reputation and business qualifications. From Bolivar, N. Y., to the West Virginia and Kentucky field no man in the oil country has a larger circle of acquaintances. Mr. Kahle was one of the first to open an oil well supply house in Pittsburg, having located here in the spring of 1886.

West Virginia Wildcats.

Seven miles south and west of Eureka, Everhart & Frye have a well drilling on the Volcanic lands at 1,000 feet. Bowman Bros. at last have succeeded in shutting off the cave-in at their well on the Ingraham farm. The venture is down 1,200 feet, and the owners have been nearly a year getting it down this depth. It is located nine miles southwest from Eureka. Wilson & Co. have started an experimental well at the head of the island, two miles up the river above Marietta, on the Virginia side. James C. Tennent, the noted scout, is down 1,000 feet with his well, on Rawson farm, a mile and a half up Bull Creek, and three miles southwest from Eureka. This list embraces all the wildcats drilling below Eureka. Up the river, at Sistersville, Duncan & Brown have a well drilling on the Stewart farm, on the Ohio side, which has reached a depth of 1,250 feet. In this venture they found a five-barrel producer in the Cow Run sand at 600 feet. The Columbia Oil Company and McGrew Brothers are drilling a well on the Smitt farm, two miles below Sardus, on Narrow Run, which is down 200 feet. Ludwig & Reeder are getting ready to tube the Polcat Run well, located one mile and a half above Sistersville. The Ward farm well at Archie's Forks was shot Friday, and is not showing for more than a ten-barrel well. The New Castle well, in Monroe county, O., has been drilled in and filled up with salt water, which accounts for the peculiar character of the oil in this venture. This is the first instance where the briny fluid has been found in the Berea grit north of Pomeroy. The Augusta Oil Company found a duster in the Big Injun sand two miles south of Burning Springs. The well is about 16,000 feet deep. They will drill on down to the Berea sand, which lies 380 feet below.

New Well at Coraopolis.

The Forest Oil Company completed a 75-barrel well Saturday, on the S. B. Neely farm at Coraopolis. This is the first venture on this property and makes three or four more locations look like wheat in the mill. They shot their Brown farm dry hole but there was no response, and also treated their supposed duster No. 2 McClinton with a 40-quart shot, which will most likely convert it into a 10-barrel pumper.

Wildcatting in Venango.

Oil City parties are drilling an experimental well on the Irwin White farm, one mile north from Utica. Unknown parties are drilling another wildcat two miles west from Coopers-town, near Baker Hill, on the Robert Rodgers farm. The prospectors are hunting for the Raymitter belt.

MCCURDY—W. L. Mellon shot his Palmer No. 1 Saturday with 60 quarts, which improved its production to 12 barrels an hour.

H. MCC.

Saturday's Oil Markets.

The oil market again failed to surprise the trade Saturday by a sale. Cash oil opened at 69⅝ bid and finished at 71. For June 72 was bid here and 73 at Oil City, which place furnished all the steam the market had.

CLEVELAND, May 2.—Petroleum quiet; snow white, 11c, 6¾c; 74 gasoline, 8¼c; 86 gasoline, 12c; 63 naphtha, 6¼c.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Petroleum had a slight spasm of activity to-day, opening strong and advancing 1⅝c on Western buying. Then the market reacted sharply, and closed steady. Pennsylvania oil, spot: Opening, 70c; highest, 72c; lowest, 70c; closing, 71c: June option: Opening, 70⅞c; highest, 72⅝c; lowest, 70⅞c; closing, 71c. Lima oil: Opening, 18c; highest, 19⅞c; lowest, 18c; closing, 18⅝c. Total sales, 67,000 barrels.

OIL CITY, May 2.—National Transit certificates opened at 71c; highest, 73c; lowest, 70⅝c; closed, 71¼c; sales, 148,000 barrels; clearances, 226,000 barrels; charters, 56,509 barrels; shipments, 48,829 barrels; runs, 67,997 barrels.

BRADFORD, May 2.—National Transit certificates opened at 69¾c; closed at 71⅞c; highest, 73⅝c; lowest, 69¾c; clearances, 276,000 barrels.

THE AFTER EFFECTS.

Where the Fearful Danger of Grip Lies and How to Counteract It.

Here is something which one of the most prominent doctors in America recently said about the grip:

"Have you noticed that only those persons who were aged and feeble or debilitated died of the Grip? The Grip itself is not so serious or dangerous, but it is the terribly weakened condition that it leaves one in and the fearful after effects which it brings. The people who die do not have vitality enough to recover; they do not possess vigor enough to throw off the after effects. Such people, in fact all people, should have help in some sensible way to throw off the depressing, the debilitating, the almost suicidal feelings which the Grip always causes. Nothing will do this, nothing will help nature except some pure stimulant and there is nothing in the way of stimulants equal to pure whiskey."

No medicinal stimulant ever has produced the results, ever has received the endorsements or ever has been so popular as Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. The reason is exceedingly simple. It is because it has gently, healthily and completely assisted Nature, tuned it up, enabled it to resist the outside influences which tended to disease and to assist toward the attractive path which leads to health. The after effects of the Grip are the worst feature of it. They must be counteracted if strength and health are to be regained. They can be overcome in but one certain way and that is by the use of the sensible, efficient and highly endorsed stimulant above mentioned. There is nothing before the public which can for a moment compare with it and the genuine should be insisted upon. M

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

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Mechanical Hall, Exposition Buildings, May 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Prices—Reserved seats, single concert—Parquet, $2 and $2 50; balcony, $1, $1 50 and $2. Single seats in private box, $3; season, seven performances, $18.

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The Steinway & Son piano used exclusively at all the Festival concerts. my4-22

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MADISON SQUARE THEATER
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To-Morrow Night—"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."
Seats for entire week at theater and Hays'.
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Night prices of admission.
Every night and Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,
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TO-NIGHT
A PAIR OF JACKS.
Matinees—Wednesday and Saturday.
May 11—Chas. T. Ellis in "Casper the Yodler." my4-15

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
To-night, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Wm. A. Brady's Production of
THOU SHALT NOT.
Next week—JANAUSCHEK. my4-21

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We mean to make this month memorable by offering the following wonderful values:

19-inch Surah Silk, all colors, 37½c, worth 50c.
22-inch India Silk, handsome printings, 50c, value 75c.
22-inch Shanghai Silk, new designs, 63c, well worth $1.
Double Warp Black and White Stripe Surah Silk, 75c.
These goods are actually worth $1.
21-inch Black Armure Silk, $1, former price $1 50.
21-inch Black Alma Silk, 87c and $1.
These goods are a new weave and wear guaranteed.
24-inch Faille Francais, $1, were $1 50.
32-inch Printed Drapery Silk, all colors, 50c a yard.
A beautiful assortment of new designs and were never sold at less than $1.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TRAVELING SEASON

Is almost here, and

KAUFMANNS,

Always abreast of the times, will commence this morning a grand SPECIAL SALE of

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

That should be attended by everybody intending to take a trip this summer. Even if you're not yet ready to go away, it'll pay you to buy your traveling requisites at this sale, for you can never again buy them at the same low prices.

Of course, we cannot go into details about our large stock, but the following bargains will suffice to show the importance and significance of this sale:

100 Patent barrel top, fancy crystal or canvass covered, full Saratoga trunks, iron bottom, reverse slats on top and in front with malleable iron bumpers, patent malleable binding, white metal lock, tilting tray, sizes 32, 34 and 36, actual price $6, will be sold at..... $4

50 Extra quality flat top Dress Trunks, 30 inch, leather bound all around the edges, leather center bands, steel clamps and corners, extra tray; lined through with superior cloth; best Yale locks; real value $12; will be sold at..... $9

☞Full line of solid sole leather trunks constantly on hand.

Satchels! Thousands of 'Em. Satchels!

500 imitation Alligator Club Bags, sizes from 10 to 16, sold nowhere below $1 25, reduced to..... 89c

450 good quality grain leather Club Bags, size 15, bottom price heretofore $3, reduced to..... $1.98

300 imitation Alligator Gladstone Bags, size 14, sold in trunk stores for $2 50, reduced to..... $1.75

Genuine Alligator Club Bags, leather lined and real alligator covered frame, from $2 50 up.

Genuine Alligator Gladstone Bags, English frame and best lock, size 14, at $12.

Leather-bound Telescope sample cases from 75c up.

Leather Toilet Sets from 65c to $10.

Leather Shawl Straps from 22c up. Leather Tourist Straps from 15c up.

We also carry a complete line of finest English Club and Cabin Bags, fitted up with full Toilet Sets. If you want to present some departing friend with a useful keepsake, give him one of these fine satchels.

FREE! A leather tab, bearing your name, attached free of charge to every satchel costing $2 or more.

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