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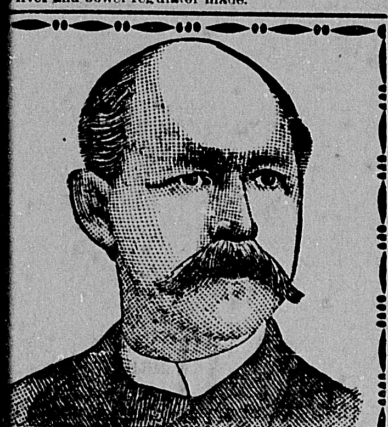
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CONSUMPTION

IND'PLS NO. 11, 1897.

WE ARE ALL INVITED

TO THE FINAL BANQUET THAT
AWAITS THE PRODIGAL'S
RETURN.

Joys of a Saved Soul Graphically De-
picted—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.



"Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

He said:
In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have a stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. All the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The old man always said his son would come back. 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 in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day.

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

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

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only one heart throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step 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 diamond-ed 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 and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. 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 scene. 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 delirium 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 scene in every history. If some of you would rise from a bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen 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!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal,

"How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in." We have had enough trouble with you. Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along and two men were in 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 slain. Ah, 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." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. 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, all the thrones of pomp and all 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 outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe, and who can tell what God's joy is? You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered 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 and kindles up new suns and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates He cries, "This My Son was dead, and he is alive again!"

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When in one communion service such throngs of young and old stood up and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell; God knoweth." Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply and ought they not to rejoice when thirsty souls plunge as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth, saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other.

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

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across the seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand. The robe of a Savior's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that grows in the cups is from the bowels of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive the blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!" That scene of jubilation comes out before me this morning as in as of picture gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look, look! There is Christ! Cuypp painting Him for earthly galleries and Coreggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted Him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ, Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the sanhedrin, and of Agrippa's court room, and of Mars's hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth-chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed the sundown. And here is Vashti, the prodigality of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of

this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On, farther in the corridors, see the faces of our loved ones. The cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will, we will!

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

PEN PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

Furnished by a Contemporary When the 1st President Was 57 Years Old.

A reader sends to the Boston Transcript the following:

I find the following description of Washington's appearance and character in a copy of "Bickerstaff's Boston Almanack or Federal Calendar for 1790":

"General Washington is now in the fifty-eighth year of his age, having completed his fifty-seventh on the 11th of February last, as it appears by the Federal Calendar; that truly worthy and brave veteran was born in the year 1732. He is a tall, well-made man, rather large-boned and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast and very lively; his hair a deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt and his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful.

"There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier; gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices, which have so often excited Christians of one denomination to cut the throats of those of another; in his morals he is irreproachable, and was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances universally allow that no man ever united in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of the philosopher with the talents of a general; candor, sincerity, affability and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character until an occasion offers of displaying the most determined bravery and independence of spirit."

The Courage of the Negro.

There is no puzzle like the courage of the negro, except his cowardice, for both are intermittent, excessive, and apparently unreasonable. The very same men are brave in the morning and poltroons in the evening, and will charge without reason and fly without a cause, just as some animals, baboons in particular, also will. The truth seems to be, a truth constantly revealed whenever negroes are thoroughly disciplined, that they are physically brave men, but are utter savages, acting always upon the impulses which they never control, and which have but a slight relation to dread for their own skins; the latter, indeed, they surrender without resistance to the hideous cruelty of their own chiefs.—London Spectator.

Had Its Uses.

"There is altogether too much speech-making in our politics," remarked the man of business.

"I don't know about that," replied Senator Sorghum, as he reflectively balanced himself on his toes.

"But you know as well as I do that these long-winded nomination talks seldom change anybody's mind about what they're going to do."

"Of course not, my boy. But there has to be something, hasn't there, to take up time and give us a chance to work among the delegates?"—Washington Star.

Not Obsolete.

Jones—You don't hear much volapuk spoken these days?

Dobson—Oh, you are mistaken, Jones; all the guards on the "L" roads use it beautifully.—New York Tribune.

One of Mrs. Pinkham's Talks

Concerning a Mother's Duty to Her Young Daughter. Together with a Chat with Miss Marie Johnson.

The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. On the proper performance of this function depends her health. Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regularity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.

Disturbance of the menstrual function poisons the blood. In young girls suppression develops latent inherited tendencies to scrofula or consumption, and no time must be lost in restoring regularity. Many a young girl goes to her grave because this difficulty has been thought lightly of, and mother has said, "Time will bring about a cure; she is young, I don't worry about her."

Mother, when you see your daughter languid and indifferent to things that usually interest a young girl, when you note that flush on her cheek, that glassy appearance in her eyes; when your daughter tells you that even the weight of her dress waist oppresses her, and that she has terrible pains in her stomach shortly after eating, don't ignore these signs! If you do, you will be following your daughter to the grave, for she will die!

This is gospel truth—she is developing consumption of the bowels!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regulator known to medicine. Make haste to use it on the first appearance of the tell-tale symptoms; it will restore all the female organs to their normal condition. Miss Marie Johnson's letter to Mrs. Pinkham, which follows, should interest all mothers and young ladies. She says:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I would have the headache so badly that everything would appear black before my eyes, and I could not go on with my studies. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity. Words cannot express my gratitude, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and medicine."—MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa.

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THE HOME TREATMENT OF FEMALE DISEASES.

To assist modest women, who will not submit to humiliating examinations, in treating themselves at home, a book has been prepared which describes the symptoms of all female diseases and explains their proper treatment.

Copies of this valuable 128-page book will be mailed to any lady on receipt of five cents by Rev. R. L. McLELLAN, St. Elmo, Tenn.

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