

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
F. T. LUSE.
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The treasury report of receipts and expenditures for May are fairly satisfactory. In March and April imports were greatly stimulated by the fear of retroactive duties. The receipts for May ran as high as those for the same month last year or the year before. The item of customs receipts shows \$16,885,011. The total receipts were \$29,797,390. There was a surplus for the month of \$688,667. The surplus in April, under artificial conditions, reached five millions, but the showing for last month is satisfactory when placed beside the deficit of over four millions in May of last year, and of nearly the same figure for the same month in the preceding year.

American manufacturers are reported to be gratified with the increasing foreign demand for their products which, to an extent at least, counterbalances the unsatisfactory condition of the home market for the same lines of goods. In 1860 the total value of exported American manufactured goods was forty million dollars out of a total export value of three hundred and sixteen million dollars. In 1890 our exports rose to one hundred and fifty-one millions out of a total of eight hundred and seventy-two millions. A remarkable increase was noted in the last five years. In 1894 the total export value of manufactured goods rose to one hundred and eighty-three millions; in 1896 the figures were \$228,000,000. It is estimated that this year it will reach \$267,000,000.

The first corn cob pipe factory in Indiana is now in operation at Indianapolis, but unfortunately for Hoosier corn growers the proprietors for their raw material from Missouri. It is expected that 3,000,000 corn cobs will be annually turned into pipes at this shop. The Missouri corn cob is claimed to be vastly superior to all others for this purpose but for what reason is not explained. One hundred Missouri cobs will cost the proprietors of this factory more than a bushel of corn, but it is expected that the business will prove very profitable. One Chicago jobber is trying to close contracts with various pipe makers to supply him with 1,500,000 pipes a day. The demand for the pipes is world-wide and America is the only country where they are manufactured.

The monthly statement of the principal articles of domestic exports, issued by the Bureau of Statistics, shows exports during May, 1897, as compared with May, 1896, as follows: Breadstuffs, \$13,087,012, an increase of \$2,686,178; cotton, \$9,627,473, an increase of \$244,860; mineral oils, \$5,362,282, a decrease of \$487,207; cattle and hogs, \$3,479,651, an increase of \$486,252; provisions, \$10,592,183, an increase of \$844,247. For the eleven months ended May 31, 1897, the exports are given as follows: Breadstuffs, \$177,823,607, an increase of \$53,073,799; cotton, \$225,932,816, an increase of \$41,095,651; mineral oils, \$56,077,892, a decrease of \$108,603; cattle and hogs, \$30,516,034, an increase of \$1,462,238; provisions, \$115,997,322, a decrease of \$171,312.

The New York State Capitol building at Albany has cost up to date \$22,250,000 for construction—more than any other structure in America—and is not yet complete. Its maintenance cost upward of \$100,000 a year. The building covers three acres. The national capitol at Washington covers four acres and has cost only \$13,000,000 for construction. The New York capitol is a great building but in no respect approaches the National Capitol in impressive grandeur. The work was begun in 1867 and its progress has been marked by steals and jobs and shoddy work that has to be rebuilt until the average New Yorker expects to be robbed by State House appropriations for the remainder of his earthly existence and supposes that his estate will continue to pay tribute to contractors for unknown years to come.

The barbarian Weyer by his infamous decree compelling non-combatants to huddle together in Cuban towns without regard to their nationality or political sentiments, places that monster beyond the pale of further consideration as a human being, although the red tape of diplomacy can and probably will shield him from the vengeance of an outraged public sentiment throughout the world. Practically this order was a sentence of death to thousands of people who had no part whatever in the struggle between Spain and the insurgents—death by starvation at that. There is no food supply in the towns and but little in the country, but rural residents had at least the chance of all urban people to obtain a subsistence from Nature's sources, from wood and field and running stream. How long must this reign of terror continue in that fertile land now laid waste has become an all-important question with many business men in the East and a serious question for the American people at large. Just how a change can be brought about must be settled by diplomatists in the regular way, but there is little doubt that Weyer will be assassinated if any favorable opportunity occurs.

The old saying that "man is the creature of habit" has often proved to be

true. A forcible illustration is the habit many well-to-do people have of late years acquired of taking an expensive outing to the mountains or sea shore resorts where they become martyrs to fashion and make themselves miserable at their own expense, and a heavy expense at that. The homes of any of our moderately prosperous people in this day and age of the world are vastly more comfortable especially in hot weather than are hotels at regulation resorts. Change of air and scene is indeed a luxury for the majority of people, but moderation and good judgment will in this, as in most cases, prove highly satisfactory and remunerative. Don't worry yourself to death because you have a little money to spend. Take it easy and reflect that "your own vine and fig tree" is a very reliable comforter when the thermometer begins to break all previous records. By the way, it might be said, also, that thermometers are creatures of habit. Their August antics are about as stereotyped and reliable as anything within the boundaries of man's observation.

A CRIMSON CHAPTER IN TURKISH HISTORY.

The report of the American Armenian Relief Committee just published at New York sets forth Turkish atrocities and American charity in striking contrast and is a record of unparalleled crime—a crimson chapter in the blood-red annals of the Ottoman empire, that even the accumulated crimes of the centuries can not excel in horror. It is practically useless for Americans to interest themselves in these horrible deeds in the far-off Orient, but as a matter of general information they form an interesting record that many people will peruse with interest, with tears of sympathy and prayers of thankfulness that our lot is cast so far removed from such appalling scenes. We append a few extracts that faintly describe in figures the terrible crimes committed by fanatics in the name of Allah and of Mohammed His prophet:

"Turkey's massacre account of helpless, inoffensive subjects, during only the life-time of many now living, shows that every Christian race and locality has in turn been scourged and brought low, as the Koran requires. The account is as follows:

Date	Race	Massacred
1822.....	Greeks.....	50,000
1850.....	Nestorians.....	10,000
1860.....	Syrians.....	11,000
1876.....	Bulgarians.....	15,000
1894-95.....	Armenians.....	85,000

Total number massacred in seventy-five years.....171,000

"The table makes no account of massacres with less than 10,000 victims, nor of the hundreds who are more quietly put out of the way in ordinary times. One hundred thousand have been slaughtered under the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, whose Armenian victims alone exceed all who perished in the ten great persecutions of the early Christians under the heathen emperors of Rome."

From Levi Bergholz, United States consul at Erzerum, the report quotes the following: "I want to make an appeal, through you, on behalf of the orphans by the massacres of last year. A conservative estimate places the number at 50,000. Think of 50,000 children—and in most cases without a male relative in the world—thousands so young and helpless that of necessity they must die, but thousands that can and should be saved."

The work of saving these orphans is one in which the committee is especially interested. The report says: "The rescue of thousands is entirely practicable. The orphan work is under the special protection of foreign governments, because it is carried on under the personal supervision of the missionaries and European consuls. In case of further outbreaks, which it is hoped will not occur, the children would be safe on the premises of the missionaries, where for the most part they are cared for."

"The expense is trifling. While a less amount (as low as \$1 a month in some sections), has sufficed to barely save their lives, \$25 will now take one of these naked, starving children from the streets and give it food, clothing and instruction in a Christian home and school for a whole year. There are upward of 50,000 orphans, and the money thus far given has provided for only about 2,000, or one in twenty-five for the first year. The greatest care is used in selecting only those who are the most helpless, and at the same time most promising. Of course, this orphan feature of the relief work, at least, must go on a few years longer, for we cannot thrust these tender children back into the fate from which we have snatched them."

"Money intended to reach and benefit the Armenian sufferers should in no case be handed to Armenians or others who claim to be lecturing 'for the cause,' but should always be sent direct to the proper authorized treasurer, who will promptly send a receipt. There is no objection to giving properly accredited individuals an opportunity to speak, or to reasonably compensate them for services rendered, but they should neither ask nor be asked, to handle the money intended for the sufferers."

The whole report is interesting. Copies of it may be obtained of the Rev. D. F. Greene, Andover, Mass. All funds should be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., bankers, No. 59 Wall street, New York city, who are the only authorized treasurers of the National Armenian Relief committee.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

AN EARTHLY THRONE IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH THE THRONE OF HEAVEN.

An Eloquent Tribute to England's Venerable Queen—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.



Dr. Talmage last Sunday on the occasion of his third visit to the Chautauqua at Beatrice, Neb., delivered the following timely sermon to one of the largest audiences ever assembled on the American continent. Text, Esther 5:3. "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" He said:

The question which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of reward or reverence or service of national and international acclaim? What wilt thou, the queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth. The celebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral in London will be less than the vibration of one harp string as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest queen amid many centuries.

While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity. Beginning with the scene at 5 o'clock in the morning in Kensington palace, where she asked the archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her, and they knelt down, imploring divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the sublime liturgy of her established church but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity today is the throne of England.

The queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saying that it was not skillfully done and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed the God who was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor Castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the Prince got well. Was Sevastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted? She called her nation to its knees, and the prayer was answered. See her walking through the hospitals like an angel of mercy! Was there ever an explosion of fire damp in the mines of Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy?

I believe that no throne since the throne of David, and the throne of Hezekiah, and the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria. From what I know of her habits she reads the Bible more than she does Shakespeare. She admires the hymns of Horatio Bonar more than she does Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or dissolute woman.

Another thing I call to your attention in this illustrious woman's career is that she is a specimen of high life uncorrupted. Would she have lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation and the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birthday had she not been an example of good principles and good habits? While there have been bad men and women in exalted station and humble station who have carried their vices clear on into the seventies and eighties and even the nineties of their life-time, such persons are very rare. The majority of the vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties, and they are exceedingly scarce in the fifties. Longevity has not been the characteristic of the most of those who have reached high places in that or this country.

At this queenly anniversary our authorized representatives will offer greeting in Buckingham palace, and our warships will thunder congratulation in English waters. They are over there, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our John Bunyan, our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our DeQuincy, our John Milton, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Walter Scott, our Daniel O'Connell, our Robert Emmet, our Havelock, our Henry Lawrence, our William E. Gladstone, our Queen Victoria! Long live the daughter of the Duchess of Kent!

Again, this international occasion impresses me with the fact that woman is competent for political government when God calls her to it. Great fears have been experienced in this country that woman would get the right of suffrage, and as a consequence, after awhile, woman might get into congressional chair, and, perhaps after awhile, reach the chief magistracy. Awful! Well, better quiet your perturbations, as you look across the sea, in this anniversary year, and behold a woman who for sixty years has ruled over the mightiest empire of all time and ruled well. In approval of her government, the hands of all nations are clapping, the flags of all nations waving, the batteries of all nations booming. Look here! Men have not made such a wonderful success of government that they need be afraid that women should ever take a turn at power. The fact is that

men have made a bad mess of it. The most damnably corrupt thing on earth is American politics after men have had it all their own way in this country for 121 years. Other things being equal, for there are fools among women as well as among men—I say other things being equal, woman has generally a keener sense of what is right and what is wrong than has man—has naturally more faith in God and knows better how to make self-sacrifices and would more boldly act against intemperance and the social evil, and worse things might come to this country than a supreme court-room and a Senate chamber and a House of Representatives in which womanly voices were sometimes heard.

But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtieth anniversary coronation, I invite you, not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself—aye, to two coronations. Brought up as we are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we, living on this side of the sea, cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the Bible you and I are urgently invited. Some of you have such morbid ideas of religion that you think of it as going down into a dark cellar, or out on a barren commons, or as a flagellation, when, so far from a dark cellar, it is a palace, and instead of a barren commons it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation utterly eclipsing the one whose sixtieth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little king who was large enough to thrash Goliath, took the crown of Rabbath—a crown weighing a talent of gold and encircled with precious stones—and the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarch, surrounded by twelve patrician youths clothed in scarlet, received from a Senator the laurel crown, and the people shouted, "Long live the poet!" It was a great day when Mark Antony put upon Caesar the mightiest tiara of all the earth, and in honor of divine authority Caesar had it placed afterward on the statue of Jupiter Olympus. It was a great day when the greatest of Frenchmen took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with the thickest darkness, and on a mountain trampled of earthquake, and the air on fire with the blasphemies of a mob, a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own coronation possible.

Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him and coming to you, if you will by repentance and faith accept it, he went into ecstasies, and his poor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes run to obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of "the crown of glory," and to the Philippians he says, "My joy and crown." The Apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeeth not away," and St. John joins in the rapture and says, "Faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims, "Hold fast, that no man take thy crown." Crowns, crowns! You did not expect in coming here today to be invited to a coronation. You can scarcely believe your own ears, but in the name of a pardoning God, and a sacrificing Christ, and an omnipotent Holy Spirit, and a triumphant heaven I offer each one a crown for the asking. Crowns, crowns! How to get the crown? The way Victoria got her crown—on her knees. Although eight duchesses and marquises, all in cloth of silver, carried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the abbey shook with the "Te Deum" of the organ in full diapason, she had to kneel, she had to come down. To get the crown of pardon and eternal life you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea! History says that after her coronation not only the entire assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears of coronation, and you will feel like crying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." Yes, she was during the ceremony seated for awhile on a lowly stone called the Lia Fail, which, as I remember it, as I have seen it again and again, was rough and not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and if you are to be crowned king or queen to God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation.

After that she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half done. There are thrones as well as crowns awaiting you. St. John shouted, "I saw thrones!" and again he said, "They shall reign forever and ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightier and the mightiest. In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while He was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectation for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his feet, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say He is no Christ at all, and there are tens of thousands of hands trying to push Him back and keep Him down. But, oh the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the toy shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath of a summer fan drive back the Mediterranean euroclydon? Yes, when all the combined forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from ascending the throne of universal dominion, and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon Himself shall His crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his head were many crowns."

The world's best music will yet be sounded in His praise, the world's best architecture built for His worship, the

world's best paintings descriptive of His triumphs, the world's best sculpture perpetuate the memory of His heroes and heroines. Already the crown woven out of many crowns is being put upon His brow. His scarred feet are already ascending the throne. A careful statistician estimates that in 1950 there will be 174,000,000 people in the United States, and by the present ratio of uniting with the church 100,000,000 of them will be church members. What think ye of that, ye pessimists inspired by the devil? The dearest failure in the universe is the kingdom of Satan. The grandest throne of all time and a eternity is the one that Christ is now mounting. The most of us will not see the consummation in this world, but we will gaze on it from the high heavens. The morning of that consummation will arrive, and what a stir in the holy city! All the towers of gold will ring its arrival. All the chariots will roll into line. The armies of heaven which John saw seated on white horses passing in infinite cavalcade. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and of all islands of the sea, and perhaps of other worlds, will join in a procession, compared with which that of next Tuesday will not make one battalion. The Conqueror ahead, having on His vesture and on his thigh written "Kings of Kings and Lord of Lords," and when He passes through the chief of the twelve uplifted gates, all nations following, may you and I be there to hear the combined shout of church militant and church triumphant. Until the choirs standing on "the sea of glass mingled with fire" shall sound the triumph in more jubilant strains, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, the hundred and forty and four thousand coming into the chorus, I think we will stick to Isaac Watt's old hymn, which the 5,000 natives of Tonga, Fiji and Samoa sang when they gave up their idolatry for Christianity, and I would not be surprised to see some of you old heroes of the cross, who for a life time have been toiling in the service, beating time with your right hand, a little tremulous with many years:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beers made of maize or barley are manufactured by almost every native African people.

A jury in Gilmer county, Georgia, brought in this verdict recently: "We, the jury, find the defendant almost guilty."

Allegany county, Maryland, is furnishing a Governor, a United States Senator and a United States treasurer all at once.

For some time the people of Swansea have been surprised at the eccentricities of the hospital clock. Last week, however, the clock was examined, and it was discovered that some crows had built a nest under the roof of the clock tower, and in doing so had so woven the twigs around the wires that they were bound to the nest, and the striker was prevented from working.

The manner in which business affairs of a city are too often managed is illustrated in the fact that the New Haven city government is paying about \$600 in advertising the assessments for street sprinkling and the total assessments will bring in less than \$12,000.

One of the most costly crowns in the world is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at \$8,500,000. Queen Victoria's crown is valued at \$1,800,000. In his state clothes, including the crown, the upmost spoumup strow stogof jo uunng \$12,000,000.

What is believed to be the body of a prehistoric woman was unearthed in a mound near Cleveland recently. The body was five feet long and the bones are in a fair state of preservation. Dr. Clarence Loveberry, the curator of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical society, says he considers it an important discovery.

An electric contribution box is the latest Connecticut invention. The minister touches a button, and small silver cars, lined with velvet, visit each pew simultaneously, running on a slender rail back of each pew. Each car returns to a lockbox at the pew entrance, and the deacons collect the receipts after the service.

One on the Little Mayor.

A friend tells this story of Mayor Hooper, of Baltimore, who is rather small in stature: "A few winters ago, with a party of which his honor, Mayor Hooper, was a member, I visited Niagara. Upon our way to the car for the return trip Mr. Hooper, with his accustomed forethought, suggested that we try and get a few sandwiches as a luncheon in case the dining car service was as poor on the return as on the outward trip. In going down one of the streets not far from one of the hotels Mr. Hooper entered what appeared to be a combination eating and drinking saloon. Upon inquiry of the man behind the bar if he could get some sandwiches, and receiving the reply, 'Yes, how many?' the order was given for two dozen. Two dozen ordinary sandwiches make quite a pile, and when the bartender prepared this lot and laid them on the bar in front of Mr. Hooper, no wonder the attention of a half-intoxicated man was attracted, who, after having looked at the immense pile and then at Mr. Hooper several times, inquired of the bartender: 'Are them all for him?' The bartender giving an affirmative answer, the man, not taking his eyes off Mr. Hooper, said: '—if a pony don't eat as much as a horse!'—New York Tribune.

No Sympathy.

There is not much sympathy for the umpire who was mobbed in this town the other day. An umpire who would cheat the Kansas City team out of a game would steal butter from a blind man's bread.—Kansas City Journal.

Singular Competition.

The universities of Göttingen and Jena are in close competition for the doubtful honor of being the center of German student dueling. In Göttingen not a day passes that a duel is not fought. Not long since twelve duels, with more or less serious results, were fought there within twenty-four hours; the record at Jena is twenty-one within the same length of time.

Dangerous Cooking.

Miss Stella Evans, of Colorado Springs, was boiling a can of lard over a cook stove and, picking up an egg, thought she would boil it in the red-hot grease. The egg no sooner touched the boiling lard than a loud explosion occurred, and the young lady was literally covered with the flying lard.

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Official Route to the Grand Lodge Meeting and Annual Reunion B. P. O. Elks—Minneapolis, Minn., July 6 to 10.

One fare for the round trip, plus 50 cents. Tickets good going July 4 and 5 and returning until July 11, with privilege of further extension to leave Minneapolis up to and including July 31.

Special train will leave Indianapolis 11:50 a. m. Monday, July 5, and run through to Minneapolis without change, reaching there by 8:50 a. m. next day. Sleeping car rates \$2.00 from Chicago per double berth. For tickets space in sleepers and full information call on committee, S. J. Murray, J. L. Keach, F. M. Ryan, C. P. Balz and H. S. Beissenherz, secretary, or any Big Four agent. All Elks and their friends are earnestly solicited to join this excursion.

H. M. BRONSON, A. G. P. A.

Clothes-line thieves are numerous in Maine at present.

Two Bad Habits.

Taking strong coffee to cure a headache is like taking whisky to cure the shakiness which is one of the effects of whisky. It seems to do it, but the result is deceptive. The cure becomes a new cause and you are worse off than before. Better stop coffee altogether and use Grain-O. The new food-drink. Whereas coffee is not a food at all, but only a nerve-fooling toxic stimulant, Grain-O is a preparation of pure grains, palatable, nutritious and absolutely harmless. It is thoroughly satisfying, four times cheaper than coffee, acceptable to the most sensitive stomach and free from the constituents which make coffee a damaging beverage. Drinkers of Grain-O are never kept awake of nights—not by that anyway. Ask your grocer for a 15c. or 25c. package.

The Common Complaint.

"What caused your company to disband?" inquired the gossip. "The craze for realism," replied the manager sadly. "You remember the speech in which Polonius says to his son, 'put money in thy purse?'" "Yes." "Well, Laertes refused to go on with the part without real money."—Washington Star.

A Good Appetite.

is essential for health and physical strength. When the blood is weak, thin and impure the appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach, gives strength to the nerves and health to the whole system. It is just the medicine needed now. Remember

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