

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

(Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.)

[CONTINUED.]

When he sat down, a man who bore every mark of being a street laborer sprang to his feet and poured out a perfect torrent of abuse against the corporations, especially the railroads. The minute his time was up a big, brawny fellow who said he was a metal worker by trade claimed the floor and declared that the remedy for the social wrongs was trades unionism. This, he said, would bring on the millennium for labor more than anything else. The next man endeavored to give some reasons why so many persons were out of employment and condemned inventions as the works of the devil. He was loudly applauded by the rest of the company.

Finally the bishop called time on the "free for all" and asked Rachel to sing.

Rachel Winslow had grown into a very strong, healthful, humble Christian during that wonderful year in Raymond dating from the Sunday when she first took the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and her great talent of song had been fully consecrated to the service of her Master. When she began to sing tonight at this settlement meeting, she had never prayed more deeply for results to come from her voice—the voice which she now regarded as the Master's, to be used for him.

Certainly her prayer was being answered as she sang. She had chosen the words:

Mark, the voice of Jesus calling,
Follow me, follow me!

Again Henry Maxwell, sitting there, was reminded of his first night at the Rectangle in the tent when Rachel sang the people into quiet. The effect was the same here. What wonderful power a good voice consecrated to the Master's service always is! Rachel's great natural ability would have made her one of the foremost opera singers of the age. Surely this audience had never before heard such melody. How could it? The men who had drifted from the street sat entranced by a voice which "back in the world" never could be heard by the common people because the owner of it would charge \$2 or \$3 for the privilege. The song poured out through the hall as free and glad as if it were a foretaste of salvation itself.

Carlsen, with his great black bearded face, absorbed the music with the deep love of it peculiar to his nationality, and a tear ran over his cheek and glistened in his beard as his face softened and became almost noble in its aspect. The man out of work who had wanted to know what Jesus would do in his place sat with grimy hand on the back of the bench in front of him, with his mouth partly open, his great tragedy for the moment forgotten. The song while it lasted was food and work and warmth and union with his wife and babies once more. The man who had spoken so fiercely against the churches and the ministers sat with his head erect at first, with a look of stolid resistance, as if he stubbornly resented the introduction into the exercises of anything that was even remotely connected with the church or its form of worship, but gradually he yielded to the power that was swaying the hearts of all the persons in that room, and a look of sad thoughtfulness crept over his face.

The bishop said to himself that night while Rachel was singing that if the world of sinful, diseased, depraved, lost humanity could only have the gospel preached to it by consecrated prima donnas and professional tenors and altos and basses he believed it would hasten the coming of the kingdom quicker than any other one force. "Why, oh, why," he cried in his heart as he listened, "has the world's great treasure in song been so often held far from the poor because the personal possessor of voice or fingers capable of stirring divinest melody has so often regarded the gift as something with which to make money? Shall there be no martyrs among the gifted ones of the earth? Shall there be no giving of this great gift as well as of others?"

And Henry Maxwell again, as before, called up that other audience at the Rectangle, with increasing longing for a larger spread of the new discipleship. What he had seen and heard at the settlement burned into him deeper the belief that the problem of the city would be solved if the Christians in it should once follow Jesus as he gave commandment. But what of this great mass of humanity, neglected and sinful, the very kind of humanity the Saviour came to save, with all its mistakes and narrowness, its wretchedness and loss of hope—above all, its unqualified bitterness toward the church? That was what smote Henry Maxwell deepest.

Was the church, then, so far from the Master that the people no longer found him in the church? Was it true that the church had lost its power over the very kind of humanity which in the early ages of Christianity it reached in the greatest numbers? How much was true in what the socialist leader said about the uselessness of looking to the church for reform or redemption because of the selfishness and seclusion and aristocracy of its members?

He was more and more impressed with the appalling fact that the comparatively few men in the hall, now being held quiet for awhile by Rachel's voice, represented thousands of others just like them, to whom a church and a minister stood for less than a saloon or a beer garden as a source of comfort or happiness. Ought it to be so? If the church members were all doing as Jesus would do, could it remain true that armies of men would walk the streets for jobs and hundreds of them curse

the church and thousands of them find in the saloon their best friend? How far were the Christians responsible for this human problem that was personally illustrated right in this hall tonight? Was it true that the great city churches would, as a rule, refuse to walk in Jesus' steps so closely as to suffer, actually suffer, for his sake?

Henry Maxwell kept asking this question even after Rachel had finished singing and the meeting had come to an end, after a social gathering which was very informal. He asked it while the little company of residents, with the Raymond visitors, were having a devotional service, as the custom in the settlement was. He asked it during a conference with the bishop and Dr. Bruce which lasted until 1 o'clock. He asked it as he knelt again before sleeping and poured out his soul in his petition for spiritual baptism on the church in America such as it had never known. He asked it the first thing in the morning and all through the day as he went over the settlement district and saw the life of the people so far removed from the life abundantly. Would the church members, would the Christians, not only in the churches of Chicago, but throughout the country, refuse to walk in his steps if, in order to do so, they must actually take up a cross and follow him?

This was the one question that continually demanded answer. He had planned, when he came to the city, to return to Raymond and be in his own pulpit on Sunday, but Friday morning he had received at the settlement a call from the pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago and had been invited to fill the pulpit for both morning and evening services.

At first he hesitated, but finally accepted, seeing in it the hand of the Spirit's guiding power. He would test his own question. He would prove the truth or falsity of the charge made against the church at the settlement meeting. How far would it go in its self denial for Jesus' sake? How close would it walk in his steps? Was the church willing to suffer for its Master?

Saturday night he spent in prayer nearly the whole night. There had never been so great a wrestling in his soul, even during his strongest experiences in Raymond. He had, in fact, entered upon a new experience. The definition of his own discipleship was receiving an added test at this time, and he was being led into a larger truth of his Lord.

The great church was filled to its utmost. Henry Maxwell, coming into the pulpit from that all night vigil, felt the pressure of a great curiosity on the part of the people. They had heard of the Raymond movement, as all the churches had, and the recent action of Dr. Bruce had added to the general interest in the pledge. With this curiosity was something deeper, more serious. Mr. Maxwell felt that also, and in the knowledge that the Spirit's presence was his living strength he brought his message and gave it to the church that day.

He had never been what would be called a great preacher. He had not the force or the quality that makes remarkable preachers. But ever since he had promised to do as Jesus would do he had grown in a certain quality of persuasiveness that had all the essentials of true eloquence. This morning the people felt the complete sincerity and humility of a man who had gone deep into the heart of a great truth. After telling briefly of some results in his own church in Raymond since the pledge was taken he went on to ask the question he had been asking since the settlement meeting. He had taken for his theme the story of the young man who came to Jesus asking what he must do to obtain eternal life. Jesus had tested him: "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And, come, follow me." But the young man was not willing to suffer to that extent. If following Jesus meant suffering in that way, he was not willing. He would like to follow Jesus, but not if he had to give up so much.

"Is it true," continued Henry Maxwell, and his fine, thoughtful face glowed with a passion of appeal that stirred the people as they had seldom been stirred—"is it true that the church of today, the church that is called after Christ's own name, would refuse to follow Jesus at the expense of suffering, of physical loss, of temporary gain? The statement was made at a large gathering in the settlement last week by a leader of workmen that it was hopeless to look to the church for any reform or redemption of society. On what was that statement based? Plainly on the assumption that the church contained for the most part men and women who thought more of their own ease and luxury than of the sufferings and needs and sins of humanity. How far was that true? Are the Christians of America ready to have their discipleship tested? How about the men who possess large wealth? Are they ready to take that wealth and use it as Jesus would? How about the men and women of great talent? Are they ready to consecrate that talent to humanity, as Jesus undoubtedly would do?"

"Is it not true that the call has come in this age for a new exhibition of discipleship, Christian discipleship? You who live in this great, sinful city must know that better than I do. Is it possible you can go your ways careless or thoughtless of the awful condition of men and women and children who are dying, body and soul, for Christian help? Is it not a matter of concern to you personally that the saloon kills its thousands more surely than war? Is it not a matter of personal suffering in some form for you that thousands of able-bodied, willing men tramp the streets of this city and all cities crying for work and drifting into crime and suicide because they cannot find it? Can you say that this is none of your business? Let each man look after himself? Would it not be true, think you, that if every Christian in America did as

Jesus would do society itself, the business world—yes, the very political system under which our commercial and governmental activity is carried on—would be so changed that human suffering would be reduced to a minimum?"

"What would be the result if all the church members of this city tried to do as Jesus would do? It is not possible to say in detail what the effect would be, but it is easy to say, and it is true, that instantly the human problem would begin to find an adequate answer."

"What is the test of Christian discipleship? Is it not the same as in Christ's own lifetime? Have our surroundings modified or changed the test? If Jesus were here today, would he not call some of the members of this very church to do just what he commanded the young man and ask him to give up his wealth and literally follow him? I believe he would do that if he felt certain that any church member thought more of his possessions than of his Saviour. The test would be the same today as then. I believe Jesus would demand, he does demand now, as close a following, as much suffering, as great self denial, as when he lived in person on the earth and said, 'Except a man renounce all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple'—that is, unless he is willing to do it for my sake he cannot be my disciple."

"What would be the result if in this city every church member should begin to do as Jesus would do? It is not easy

to go into details of the result, but we all know that certain things would be impossible that are now practiced by church members. What would Jesus do in the matter of wealth? How would he spend it? What principle would regulate his use of money? Would he be likely to live in great luxury and spend ten times as much on personal adornment and entertainment as he spent to relieve the needs of suffering humanity? How would Jesus be governed in the making of money? Would he take rentals from saloon and other disreputable property or even from tenement property that was so constructed that the inmates had no such thing as a home and no such possibility as privacy or cleanliness?

"What would Jesus do about the great army of unemployed and desperate who tramp the streets and curse the church or are indifferent to it, lost in the bitter struggle for the bread that tastes bitter when it is earned, on account of the desperate conflict to get it? Would Jesus care nothing for them? Would he go his way in comparative ease and comfort? Would he say it was none of his business? Would he excuse himself from all responsibility to remove the causes of such a condition?"

"What would Jesus do in the center of a civilization that hurries so fast after money that the very girls employed in great business houses are not paid enough to keep soul and body together without fearful temptations, so great that scores of them fall and are swept over the great, boiling abyss; where the demands of trade sacrifice hundreds of lads in a business that ignores all Christian duties toward them in the way of education and moral training and personal affection? Would Jesus if he were here today, as a part of our age and commercial industry, feel nothing, do nothing, say nothing, in the face of these facts, which every business man knows?"

"What would Jesus do? Is not that what the disciple ought to do? Is he not commanded to follow in his steps? How much is the Christianity of the age suffering for him? Is it denying itself at the cost of ease, comfort, luxury, elegance of living? What does the age need more than personal sacrifice? Does the church do its duty in following Jesus when it gives a little money to establish missions or relieve extreme cases of want? Is it any sacrifice for a man who is worth \$10,000,000 simply to give \$10,000 for some benevolent work? Is he not giving something that costs him practically nothing, so far as any personal pain or suffering goes? Is it true that the Christian disciples today in most of our churches are living soft, easy, selfish lives, very far from any sacrifice that can be called sacrifice? What would Jesus do?"

"It is the personal element that Christian discipleship needs to emphasize. 'The gift without the giver is bare.' The Christianity that attempts to suffer by proxy is not the Christianity of Christ. Each individual Christian, business man, citizen, needs to follow in his steps along the path of personal sacrifice for him. There is not a different path today from that of Jesus' own times. It is the same path. The call of this dying century and of the new one soon to be is called for a new discipleship, a new fellowship of Jesus, more like the early, simple, apostolic Christianity when the disciples left all and literally followed the Master. Nothing but a discipleship of this kind can face the destructive selfishness of the age with any hope of overcoming it. There is a great quantity of nominal Christianity today. There is need of more of the real kind. We need a revival of the Christianity of Christ. We have, unconsciously, lazily, selfishly, formally, grown into a discipleship that Jesus himself would not acknowledge. He would say to many of us when we cry, 'Lord, Lord,' 'I never knew you.' Are we ready to take up the cross? Is it possible for this church to sing with exact truth:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee?"

"If we can sing that truly, then we may claim discipleship, but if our definition of being a Christian is simply to enjoy the privileges of worship, be generous at no expense to ourselves, have a good, easy time, surrounded by pleasant friends and by comfortable things, live respectably and at the same time avoid the world's great stress of sin and trouble because it is too much pain to bear it—if this is our definition of Christianity, surely we are a long way from following the steps of him who trod the way with groans and tears and sobs of anguish for a lost humanity;

who sweat, as it were, great drops of blood; who cried out on the upreared cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

"Are we ready to make and live a new discipleship? Are we ready to reconsider our definition of a Christian? What is it to be a Christian? It is to imitate Jesus. It is to do as he would do. It is to walk in his steps."

When Henry Maxwell finished his sermon, he paused and looked at the people with a look they never forgot and at the moment did not understand. Crowded into that fashionable church that day were hundreds of men and women who had for years lived the easy, satisfied life of a nominal Christianity. A great silence fell over the congregation. Through the silence there came to the consciousness of all the souls there present a knowledge, stranger to them now for years, of a Divine power. Every one expected the preacher to call for volunteers who would do as Jesus would do, but Henry Maxwell had been led by the Spirit to deliver his message this time and wait for results to come.

He closed the service with a tender prayer that kept the Divine presence lingering very near every hearer, and the people slowly rose to go out.

Then followed a scene that would have been impossible if any mere man had been alone in his striving for results.

Men and women in great numbers crowded around the platform to see Henry Maxwell and to bring him the promise of their consecration to the pledge to do as Jesus would do. It was a voluntary, spontaneous movement that broke upon Maxwell's soul with a result he could not measure. But had he not been praying for this very thing? It was an answer that more than met his desires.

There followed this movement a prayer service that in its impressions repeated the Raymond experience. In the evening, to Maxwell's intense joy, the Endeavor society, almost to a member, came forward, as so many of the church members had done in the morning, and seriously, solemnly, tenderly, took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. A deep wave of spiritual baptism broke over the meeting near its close that was indescribable in its tender, joyful, sympathetic results.

That was a remarkable day in the history of that church, but even more so in the history of Henry Maxwell. He left the meeting very late. He went to his room at the settlement, where he was still stopping, and after an hour with the bishop and Dr. Bruce, spent in a joyful rehearsal of the wonderful events of the day, he sat down to think over again by himself all the experience he was having as a Christian disciple.

He knelt to pray, as he always did now, before going to sleep, and it was while he was on his knees this night that he had a waking vision of what might be in the world when once the new discipleship had made its way into the conscience and consciousness of Christendom. He was fully conscious of being awake, but no less certain did it seem to him that he saw certain results with great distinctness, partly as realities of the future, partly as great longings that they might be realities, and this is what Henry Maxwell saw in this waking vision:

He saw himself first going back to the First church in Raymond, living there in a simpler, more self denying fashion than he had yet been willing to observe, because he saw ways in which he could help others who were really dependent on him for help. He also saw more dimly that the time would come when his position as pastor of the church would cause him to suffer more, on account of growing opposition to his interpretation of Jesus and his conduct, but this was vaguely outlined. Through it all he heard the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

He saw Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page going on with their work of service at the Rectangle and reaching out loving hands of helplessness far beyond the limits of Raymond. Rachel he saw married to Rollin Page, both fully consecrated to the Master's use, both following in his steps with an eagerness intensified and purified by their love for each other, and Rachel's voice sang on in the slums and dark places of despair and sin and drew lost souls back to God and heaven once more.

He saw President Marsh of the college using his great learning and his great influence to purify the city, to ennoble its patriotism, to inspire the young men and women who loved as well as admired him to live lives of Christian service, always teaching them that education means great responsibility for the weak and the ignorant. He saw Alexander Powers meeting with sore trials in his family life, with a constant sorrow in the estrangement of wife and friends, but still going his way in all honor, seeing and living in all his strength the Master, whom he had obeyed even unto loss of social distinction and wealth.

He saw Milton Wright, the merchant, meeting with great reverses, thrown upon the future by a combination of circumstances, with vast business interests involved in ruin, through no fault of his own, but coming out of all his reverses with clean Christian honor, to begin and work up to a position where he could again be to hundreds of young men an example of what Jesus would be in business.

He saw Edward Norman, editor of The News, by means of the money given by Virginia, creating a force in journalism that in time came to be recognized as one of the real factors of the nation, to mold its principles and actually shape its policy, a daily illustration of the might of a Christian press and the first of a series of such papers begun and carried on by other disciples who had also taken the pledge.

He saw Jasper Chase, who had denied his Master, growing into a cold, cynical, formal life, writing novels that were social successes, but each one with a

sting in it, the reminder of his denial, the bitter remorse that, do what he would, no social success could remove.

He saw Rose Sterling, dependent for some years upon her aunt and Felicia, finally married to a man far older than herself, accepting the burden of a relation that had no love in it on her part because of her desire to be the wife of a rich man and enjoy the physical luxuries that were all of life to her. Over this life also the vision cast certain dark and awful shadows, but they were not shown to him in detail.

He saw Felicia and Stephen Clyde happily married, living a beautiful life together, enthusiastic, joyful in suffering, pouring out their great, strong, fragrant service into the dull, dark, terrible places of the great city and redeeming souls through the personal touch of their home, dedicated to the human homesickness all about them.

He saw Dr. Bruce and the bishop going on with the settlement work. He seemed to see the great blazing motto over the door enlarged, "What Would Jesus Do?" and the daily answer to that question was redeeming the city in its greatest need.

He saw Burns and his companion and a great company of men like them redeemed and going in turn to others, conquering their passions by the Divine grace and proving by their daily lives the reality of the new birth, even in the lowest and most abandoned.

And now the vision was troubled. It seemed to him that as he knelt he began to pray, and the vision was more of a longing for a future than a reality in the future. The church of Jesus in the city and throughout the country—would it follow Jesus? Was the movement begun in Raymond to spend itself in a few churches like Nazareth Avenue and the one where he had preached today and then die away as a local movement, a stirring on the surface, but not to extend deep and far? He felt with agony after the vision again. He thought he saw the church of Jesus in America open its heart to the moving of the Spirit and rise to the sacrifice of its ease and self satisfaction in the name of Jesus. He thought he saw the motto, "What Would Jesus Do?" inscribed over every church door and written on every church member's heart. The vision vanished. It came back clearer than before, and he saw the Endeavor societies all over the world carrying in their great processions at some mighty convention a banner on which was inscribed, "What Would Jesus Do?" and he thought in the faces of the young men and women he saw future joy of suffering, loss, self denial, martyrdom, and when this part of the vision slowly faded he saw the figure of the Son of God beckoning to him and to all the other actors in his life history. An angel choir somewhere was singing. There was a sound as of many voices and a shout as of a great victory, and the figure of Jesus grew more and more splendid. He stood at the end of a long flight of steps. "Yes! Yes! O my Master, has not the time come for this dawn of the millennium of Christian history? Oh, break upon the Christendom of this age with the light and the truth! Help us to follow thee all the way!"

He rose at last with the awe of one who has looked at heavenly things. He felt the human forces and the human sins of the world as never before, and, with a hope that walks hand in hand with faith and love, Henry Maxwell, disciple of Jesus, laid him down to sleep and dreamed of the regeneration of Christendom and saw in his dream a church of Jesus "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," following him all the way, walking obediently in his steps.

THE END.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A force of contractors and workmen are now exceedingly busy excavating the new Washington township gravel pit just across the river on the J. W. Teepole land. The township has purchased an acre of the land and expect to secure gravel enough to supply them for some time. The pit will be completed by the latter part of the month and teamsters will at once begin hauling the gravel to the necessary highways. Although the purchase of this land and the construction of the pit thereon is rather an experiment, it is a safe one, and the township will very probably save money.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by Page Blackburn druggist.

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

Sole and Retailers, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Don't be Funny.

It does not not pay. If you have a good thing, tell it right out. Don't use false means to attract attention. We say "right out" and mean it, too, that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will cure every case of stomach trouble. It will stop any pain caused by indigestion; it knocks sick headache by attacking the cause of the complaint and aids you to digest your food no matter what you eat. Smith, Yager & Falk.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the trustees of the Evangelical church of Berne, Indiana, will receive bids up to one o'clock April 16, 1900, for the building of a brick church at Berne, Indiana. For plans and specifications and further particulars call on or address the secretary at Berne, Adams county, Indiana, or W. H. Powers architect, Bluffton, Indiana. The trustees reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

3-3 ANDREW GOTTSCHALK, Sec'y.

Keep your Eye on this Column.

If you want to buy, sell, rent or trade a house or farm, let us add your wants to our list. Call at our office, Brock Building, east side Second street, Decatur, Indiana, for full particulars. Following is the present list for sale:

Lots 873, 874, 875, Decatur, \$350.

Lot 920, Decatur, \$400.

80 acres, Washington tp, \$2,800.

Good residence on 9th street.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

Lot 561, Decatur, \$450.

HARRUFF & LENHART.

How few of us are really our own boss! The married men are subject to their wives, the bachelors obey their sweethearts, the old maids cater to their cats and poodles, while all of us bow to that weak thing called public opinion. We come into the world without our consent, we leave with a protest, and while here kick at everything that crosses our path, but all to no purpose. The old world ways on, not caring whether we live or die, laugh or cry, shout or sigh, not caring a farthing why till we turn up our toes and die.

Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

Kenna, Jackson Co., W. Va. About three years ago my wife had an attack of rheumatism which confined her to her bed for over a month and rendered her unable to walk a step without assistance, her limbs being swollen to double their normal size. Mr. S. Maddox insisted on my using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I purchased a fifty-cent bottle and used it according to the directions and the next morning she walked to breakfast without assistance in any manner, and she has not had a similar attack since.—A. B. Parsons. For sale by Holthouse, Callow & Co.

A stranger with a bad eye and an extra load of cheap whiskey caused considerable interest Sunday afternoon by his inhuman treatment towards a little water spaniel dog, which he was trying to make follow him. The fellow probably did not know that he was liable to arrest for mistreating the poor animal whom he had taught to be afraid of him by beating him every time he turned around, but he was, and a few dollars fine might have taught him a lesson.

A Sad Death.

Can you describe anything worse, than a young person dying by inches with consumption, cut off in the bloom of youth, when bright prospects of happiness and prosperity, are before them, a very sad death indeed, is it not a fact that most cases of this kind are brought on by a cough, only slight at first, then more violent, followed by night sweats and a general breaking down of the entire system, these are cases in which people are to blame, why not check this slight Cough, Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup, is guaranteed to cure, it will prevent consumption. By druggists. Price 25. 50. \$1.

Dick Townsend was at Fort Wayne last Thursday.

Dr. Fenner's KIDNEY and Backache Cure.

For all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Lame Back, Heart Disease, Skin Disease, Rheumatism, Bed Wetting, etc.

Unfailing in Female Weakness. By dealers, 50c. by mail 60c. Fredonia, N.Y.