AT THE TABERNACLE, never come at all.

"AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICK-ENS UNDER HER WINGS."

Text of Dr. Talmage's Sunday Morning Sermon - He Complains That Certain Advertisers Have Been Using His Name Without Authority.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 26.-Previous to the sermon in the Brooklyn tabernacle this sucraing Rev. Dr. Talmage, in giving out a mumber of notices, dwelt upon the fact that certain picture makers of Brooklyn had used his name as a reference in their ad-wertisements and circulars without his authority. Thousands of letters of complaint have come to him in this respect, and he wanted it distinctly understood that he knew nothing of these people or their business methods. The text selected for the morning sermon was Matthew xxiii, 37, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

WHY THIS SIMILE? Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he bursts into tears at the thought of the ob-duracy of a place that he would gladly have saved, and apostrophizes, saying, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her

wings, and ye would not!"
Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Noxt to the appositeness of the comparison I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. plainest bird on earth is the barnvard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its headdress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of rest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no lustre of plumage like the ldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that to flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost

as much as wing.

Musicians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song but only chuck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text, uttered while looking at doomed Jerusalem, declares that what he had wished for that city was like where the hen does for her chickens. Christ was thus simple in his teachings, and yet how hard it is for us, who are Sunday school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those who would gain the cars of audiences, to attain that heavenly

and divine art of simplicity.
We have to run a course of literary disorders as children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies, and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of cagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of the blind man and the hen and chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more anotherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisles of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky moun. tain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the Cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pulls away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath! When the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she begins to prepare the repast and calls all her young to

THE HEN AS A TYPE. I am in sympathy with the unpretentious, old-fashioned hen, because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn-that the gaining of a livelihood implies work, and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society, and the church, and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of dead beats, is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them-that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it.

Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say, Go the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament Ged compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is com-pared to a descending dove, but Christ, in a sermon that begins with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares himself to a

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Domi-nick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around us and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling around and around. and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shadow it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip, and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was a hawk.

But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us, or not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted book into the clouds. So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter!

Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air; there are vultures wheeling for their prey, there are beaks of death ready to plunge; there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might

this day take our sons and daughters into his cholter, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing!" The fact is that the most of them will never find the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth

What chance is there for the young with out divine protection? There are the grog shops. Thore are the gambling hells. There are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism. There are the bad books. There are the impurities. There are the business rascalities. And so numerous are these assailments that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcass. The falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beak give prolongation of torture. HUMAN BIRDS OF PREY. prolongation of torture.

And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make quick work of death, and others agonize the mind and body for many years, and some like the living blood of great souls, and other prefer those already gangrened. But for every style of youth there is a swooping wing, and a sharp beak, and a cruel claw, and what the rising generations needs is a wing of protection. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters, and Sabbath school teacher, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate, and get the chickens un-

May the Sabbath schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom! Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" and the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became would renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants-John

Remember, your children will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talented woman. She replied : "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work 10 years and on the other five years—my two children They are my life work." When the house of John Wosley's father burned, and they got the eight children out-John Wesley the last—before the roof fell in the father said: "Let us kneel down and thank God. The children are all saved; let the rest of the place go."

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Cereat allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord ! No need of letting them go a long way on the wrong road before they turn around and go on the right road. The only time to get chickens under wing is while they are

Hannah Whitall Smith, the evangelist, took her little caild at 2 years of age when ill out of the crib and told her plainly of Christ, and the child believed and gave evidence of joyful trust which grew with her growth into womanhood. Two years are not too young. The time will come when by the faith of parents children will be born into this world and born into the bosom of Christ at the same time. Soon we parents will have to go and leave our chil-We fight their battles now, and we stand between them and harm, but our arm will after awhile get weak, and we cannot fight for them, and our tongue will be palsied, and we cannot speak for them. Are we going to leave them out in the cold world to take their chances, or are we doing all we can to get them, under the wing

WE NEED THE PROTECTING WING. But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood and womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you would have been through! With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to at-tain They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected, or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 or 80 years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know any one except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise.

I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed we all need shelter from its tempests. About 3 o'clock on a hot August afternoon you have heard a rumble that you first took for a wagen crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said, "Why, that is thunder!" And, sure enough, the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and the blinds of the windows in the sky were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath.

The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the whether dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young, 'Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" and take them under the wagon house or shed, and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first plash of rain struck the roof.

So there are sudden tempests for the souls, and, oh! how dark it gets, and thzeatened clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is a poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fail to help, and others fly nowhere, simply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready." "The spirit and the bride say come." And while the hearems are thundering terror the divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hea gathering her chickens under her

WE WANT WARMTH.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world, whether you

cannot get mear enough te this fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole, and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarctic. Once in awhile the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antarctic hardly ever. When at the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be closed against its return.

So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the sorth is a prolonged shiver. But when I

eay that this is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public questions and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill.

As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look of day by day and see communities freezing out men women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execute and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradie, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave. Wast people want is warmth.

Many years ago a man was floating down on the ice of the Merrimac, and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice he got hold of a plank thrown to him, and twice he slipped away from it because that end of e plank was covered with ice, and he cried "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time," and this done he was hauled to shore. The trouble is that in our efforts to save

the soul there is too much coldness and icy formality, and so the imperiled one slips off and floats down. Give it the other end the plank-warmth of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings. The world declines to give it, and in many cases has no power to give it, and here is where Christ comes in, and as on a cold day, the rain beating and the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wings, and the warmth of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet the infant group of the barnyard, so Christ says to those sick and frosted and disgusted and frozen of the world come in out of the March winds of the world's criticism; come in out of the sleet of the world's assault; come in out of a world that does not understand you and does not want to understand you. I will comfort, and I will soothe, and I will be your warmth, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her Oh! the warm heart of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog, or a hawk, or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul! What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals! What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the ken-

What he endured, oh, who can tell, To saye our souls from death and hell! CHRIST TAKES THE STORM FOR US.

Yes, the hen took the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto

And does it not make you think of him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood-spattered wings, are night-shadowed wings, are tempest-torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her finger on an open Bible and pointing to the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the

But now the summer day is almost past, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon shed have lengthened. The farmer, with scythe or hoe on shoulder, is returning from the fields. The oxen are unyoked The horses are crunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild brier. The milkman, pail in hand, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping early hours, are collecting their young. "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed.

The bachelors of the winged tribe have ascended to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay outspread and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's the evening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have paesed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see as far. The work of life will be

about encied. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come down. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primrese. The air may be a little chill, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night, the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings, and without fear, and in full sense of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." Dear me! How many souls the Lord hath

thus brooded! Mothers, after watching over sick cradles and then watching afterward over wayward sons and daughters, at last them-selves taken care of by a motherly God. Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the uncertainties of money markets, and the change of tariffs, and the underselling of men who because of their dishonesties can afford to undersell, and years of disappointment and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than a bird of prey which is 10 miles off disturbs a chick at midnight brooding in a barnyard.

My text has its strongest application for people was were oven in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a old farmhouse come back to you. Good very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we much of the world, for you had not seen

the world.

By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn, and the haymow, and the wagon shed, and the house, and the room where you played, and the fireside with the big backlog before which you sat, and the neighbors, and the burial, and the wedding, and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboard meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew, and in-

deed all the scenes of your first 14 years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop. Some of you had better go back and start

In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us! "Ye would not." Alas, for the "would nots!" If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the freshet and crisk the hawk and dare the freshet and expose themselves to the first frost and storm, surely their calmaties are got their mother's fault. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home.

My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Chrisceive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this," and so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back and in a letter marked outside "Immediate." and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon.'

Oh, ye wanderers from God and happi ness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing! Under this call I see you turning from your old way to the new way. the living way, the gospel way. A vessel in the Bristol channel was nearing the rocks called the "Steep Holmes." Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck

Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned! Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust.

OSCAR WILDE'S EPIGRAMS.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" Abounds in Things That Sound Well

Oscar Wilde has bombarded London so ciety in his play "Lady Windermere's Fan" in a way that must convince his skeptical New York audiences that he is not the arrant idiot that a goodly portion of popular opinion whould him to be. At least this peculiar esthete, who lunched on the contemplation of a lily, has shown himself to be an adroit general in the way he has trained his guns of satrical epigram upon the foibles which he sees about him. Those who have come within the range of his shots will perhaps be converted to the the alphabet. The first one who gives an belief that Gilbert and Sullivan did not affair of this kind serves up apples, almonds, know wherrof they sang when they fashion- anchovies, angel cake, and apricots, etc. ed their Bunthrone in "Patience" after his The second one serves the B luncheon, mold. The play as it was produced in Boston

in New York, has proved enough of appearance in Chicago may be anticipated. | meration of eatables result. The element The story is fairly well known. Briefly, there is a wealthy husband whose motherin-law is an adventuress; his wife thinks her mother dead. The husband tries to rehabilitate the adventuress without his wife's knowledge and of course gets himself into trouble. The adventuress finally does | are another peculiarly appropriate Lenten a good deed by saving her daughter from the consequences of a rash act committed while in a wild state of indignation over the husband's attentions to her own mother. in whom she suspects a rival. The plot is bulk instead of in the shell, potato soup so improbable that little of the value of the takes the place of bouillon, and simple play lies in this direction. There is, however, a wealth of epigram such as no other play of the day can equal. Sifted to their true meaning these flings at modern Another unique entertainment is to rehumanity, with the fashionables of London as an example, may not mean a great delivered across the footlights, and they have a penetrating look when reduced to type. A few of the best of them are the following:

Life is far too important a thing ever to talk seri-

Men become old, but they never become good. As soen as people are old enough to know better they don't know anything at all. Good people do a great deal of harm in this world. They make badness of such importance. So many people pretend to be good that it is sweet and modest to pretend to be bad.

Women like to find us irretrievably bad and leave ! opelessly good. A cynic is a man who knows the price of every-thing and the value of nothing. All men are monsters. The only thing to do is to Relatives are a nuisance, but they make us very

I prefer women with a past. They have so much Whenever people agree with me I feel I must be I can resist everything—except temptation.

There is nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It is a thing that no married man knows anything about. There are only two tragedies in life—not getting what you want and getting it. The last is the worst.

London is full of women who trust their husbands.
One can always recognize them, they look so thoroughly make the property of the second of the second

I am the only person in the world I should like to

My own business always bores me to death. I pre-Wicked women bother one. Good women bore one. That's the only difference between them. Scandal is gossip made tedious by morality.

Nature's gentleman-the worst type of gentleman

A woman who moralizes is invariably plain. A sentimentalist is a man who gives an absurd value in everything and doesn't know the market price of any single thing. Experience is the name a man usually gives to his nistakes.





DEGREES OF ACCEPTANCE.







Superlative-"Yus !!!"

ALPHABETICAL BANQUETS. Lent Turns the Thoughts of Fashion's Fol

lowers to Pursuit of Letters. People who keep Lent to the extent of renouncing balls and banquets display great ingenuity in devising unique entertain-ments consistent with the season of selfdenial. Among the latest are the alphabetical lunches, where only such dishes may be served as begin with a single letter of which presents greater possibilities with bisque, beef, bread, brandied cherries, and and as it is now given at Palmer's, other refreshments beginning with the second letter. But in strictly carrying out some of success to insure its production the letter minus the invention of the hostess other prominent cities, and its is sorely taxed and a most amusing congloof surprise is not the least enjoyable feature of the affair, and though an epicure might object to this method of catering, the innovation with succession of surprises discounts in pleasure the convention al lunch. The lean and hungry lunches festivity, for the hostess is limited in the amount of money spent on her menu, ten or twelve cents being the amount allowed for each guest. Oysters are bought in dishes of rice and custards and eggs make up the bill of fare, which is dainty and appetizing though cheap.

azine from cover to advertisements in tab deal. They sound well, however, when leaus, charades, and pantomimes. The cover of one of the popular magazines with its contents hangs on the wall or is shown on the stage in exaggerated size. The forntispiece is represented by a tableau, the short stories may be read or acted, the poems brought out in pantomine, the clever little skits at the back of the magazine by Du Maurier and his kind brought out by clever acting, and the illustrated ads. produce most amusing topics for illustra-

Last year the ladies of a church in one of the small cities of the State rehearsed all through Lent the game of living whist. Fifty-two ladies and gentlemen were dressed in costumes to represent the cards. These were shuffled on the stage in a sprightly little dance and retired. Four expect whist players played the game with actual cards, calling for the card desired in each trick. which was called in from behind the scenes and came tripping out to the gay music. It was all very pretty and fascinating, and the entertainment was repeated the second time, to the delight of the ladies, who had arranged it all to raise funds for charities. But many of the actors were not able to furnish their own costumes, many dresses it was necessary to rent from the costumers. an instructor was hired to drill the players, and when the liabilities were liquidated there remained in the treasury precisely thirty-seven cents.

> A Shock. To her, the fairest in the play, Choice buds he brings in sweet array, But bliss from pain can never be The big doorkeeper shouts to say, "You feller wid de big bouquet
> Kin leave it here wid me!

What He Wanted. A confirmed old bachelor of most exemp lary habits, living in his own horse in Detroit, recently advertised for a oused girl. He received many letters, at hire chally selecting one, which seemed to min about right, he invited the writer to the many letters, at hir chally selecting one, which seemed to min about right, he invited the writer to the many substantial woman of fort its pond-

"You see," he explained. "I want a good, thrifty, careful woman in my house." "I understand," she replied. "She must cook, wash and iron, clean up the house, attend to my clothes, sew on buttons, do repairing, do the marketing, attend the door, pay the bills as they come in and kindle my fire in the morn-

"Oh!" she said, as she rose to depart, "you don't want a hired girl; what you want is a wife. Good morning!" and she very politely and p. assantly walked out.—Philadelphia Times.

Helen—Aunt Hannah, why won't you go with me to the violet tea to-morrow?

Aunt Hannah—Law, child, I haven't drunk nathing but green tea for years! I can't change it now.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

Stomach Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness, Broken Constitution, Nervous Prostration. Debility of Old Age, Nervous Headache, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Sick Headache. Female Weakness. Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Nervous Chills. Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervous Choking, Weakness of Extremities and Hot Flashes, Fainting, Palpitation of the Heart, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Mental Despondency, Boils and Carbuncles, Sleeplessness. St. Vitus' Dance,

Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint. Chronic Diarrhoea. Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-

Nervousness of Females.

Nervousness of Old Age,

Pains in the Heart,

Pains in the Back,

Failing Health.

Neuralgia,

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. Hardee, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \} 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says:

I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three docsors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervone Tonic improved meso much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with South American Neevine Tonic in Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the midalle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Price, Large 16 ounce Bottle \$1.00; Trial Size, 15 Cents. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. If not kept by Druggists order direct from

Dr. E. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

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