

JEPHTHAH'S SACRIFICE.

BUT THE PRECURSOR OF THOUSANDS NOW BEING MADE.

Parents Bringing to Bear Upon Their Children To-day a Class of Influences Which Will as Certainly Rata Them as Knife and Torch Destroyed Jephthah's Daughter—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Latest Sermon.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 30.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now on his vacation tour in the West, has chosen for a topic for this morning, "Children's Rights," the text being Judges 11, 30. "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consoled with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a warlike and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have declined, but he went out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war, Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurrying of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more contain the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain.

In those old times, opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each would take his man until the both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out. Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpets call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out the flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. File up the victors and the vanquished. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. "Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to meet herself her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back his child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, which flash like stars on the bloody plain, My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the tremor of the lip as a rose-leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that men may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had washed to the crimson cheek, unites in the fire of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no record that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah's daughter, and the infant she is the child of the old man's mother as "the old woman." They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness and died. Well he might. What is the father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasing to his taste, and the driving rains to his nostrils, though the roof of the sepulchre is sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young ones that swagger through the streets with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squint man," "the old man's mother as "the old woman." They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness and died. Well he might. What is the father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasing to his taste, and the driving rains to his nostrils, though the roof of the sepulchre is sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great leniency. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her tenderness is a little softer, her hand seems better fit to push out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not intercede, must not

soothe, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of the highest calibre, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and poorly equipped halls of instruction, is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrambling for the honors, Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are prepared to receive the children of invalid men and women for the future; so that in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations; but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational interests of the city, we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies of children of delicate brains compelled to tasks that might affect a mature intellect, children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as their heads. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility; so connected with so many literary establishments, there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push, and crowd, and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is ruined. These children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter, and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now turned out in the afternoon pale-faced, irritable, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy or an old-womanish girl.

Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys twelve years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over Latin, French and German! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them. They are finishing their education.

In my parish in Philadelphia a little girl was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication table; but in our class there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class he was almost always at the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At eighteen years of age he died an idiot. He lived ten years an idiot, and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made a great deal of it.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the addition of a few more years of study you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children are set along very well, while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swiftness of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or his heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinaman's rights, and Indian's rights, and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an arm of the trust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But here was the art of the modern, dropping into the group, and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of education. There are children of too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote. Such children come up to be miscreants.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young ones that swagger through the streets with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squint man," "the old man's mother as "the old woman." They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness and died. Well he might. What is the father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasing to his taste, and the driving rains to his nostrils, though the roof of the sepulchre is sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

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Now sharper than serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child! But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you must not successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect perfection in the perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children are not perfect. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature sayings. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold diet of all-avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the whipper. That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The parents who do not calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and earth are filled with the groans of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek Divine direction, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, "Why are you proud to have three such eminent sons, and all of them so good." "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

Again: there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Someone asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said, "This was the secret: When, in the morning, I get up, I pray that I might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in a robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from Heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that they might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be folded in the Saviour's arms."

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than that of an all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion to a dollar and a cent system. They are taught to reduce their lives to a system of vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. They are taught to get away by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments, and with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history dry as dust, and that the lives of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivalled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the male the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demotion.

In the siege of Charleston during the Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell burst in the room, dropping into the group, and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded to death, the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stand, the bride was demanded that she might take the vows before her departure; and when the minister said, "With this faithful and chaste body, which I give thee," she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at daughters slain for time and for eternity. It is not a marriage; it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies to own the property, then a little while they are swinging around in the circles, brilliant and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twin sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

Has It Good Points. In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by lot. When a robbery is committed, the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they suspect of having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duly "elected," and is accordingly hung. The system, like that of the lot, is a punishment. It insures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue in most civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment may be inflicted on anybody for the crime. Of course, they may not "elect" the guilty person, but dispose of some other character equally as bad. There is no advantage in the system to compare with the system to commence to other nations.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

ESKIMOS AT THE FAIR. Among the many instructive as well as interesting shows at the great Columbian exhibition in Chicago is the Eskimo exhibit. There are to be seen the man, woman and children who at home live ever a barbaric life. They are to be seen in their native costumes, and they have made a goodly number of Indian neighbors in personal courtesy and they have made a goodly number of Indian neighbors in personal courtesy and they have made a goodly number of Indian neighbors in personal courtesy.

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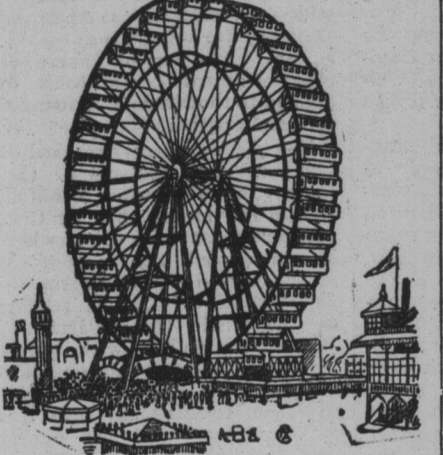
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FERRIS' GREAT WHEEL.

ONE OF THE GREATEST WONDERS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Thousands of Visitors Daily Enjoy a Ride in the Wonderful Wheel—Interesting Details of Construction—It is Safe and Will Withstand the Greatest Wind Storms.

As a mechanical triumph the Ferris Wheel stands out boldly as one of the wonders of the age, born in Chicago, and the creation of the brain of Mr. G. W. G. Ferris, Pittsburg, Pa. Alone and for a time unaided by capital, scoffed at by cynics and obstructionists who pronounced the invention a monstrosity at best which would never turn, Mr. Ferris preserved until he has realized the height of his ambition and achieved all the skill of an engineer of the world. That the Ferris Wheel surpasses the Eiffel Tower of the Paris Exhibition there is no doubt, and it is a more wonderful achievement because it was a venture on unknown grounds, while the Eiffel Tower was constructed on well-tried scientific principles. Twenty-five thousand dollars were expended in hard work and calculations in laying the plans of this remarkable invention before a dollar had been put into construction, and the accuracy of the figuring is shown by the perfect safety and success of its operation. This immense structure, consuming in its various parts over four thousand tons of iron, 2500 tons of steel, and being in motion, under control of two immense engines, rises above Midway Plaisance 284 feet. The thirty-six coaches are models of comfort and are daily filled with passengers who enjoy the magnificent scenery and the cool, exhilarating amusement. These coaches hold sixty persons comfortably, giving a capacity of carrying 2160 passengers.



THE FERRIS WHEEL.

There is absolutely no danger in riding on the Ferris wheel, as every precaution has been taken to provide against accident, and all persons who are once anxious to go again and bring their friends to enjoy the beautiful scenery. During the wild hurricane which swept down upon Midway last Sunday the inventor showed the courage of his convictions. As soon as he perceived the storm coming he made a rush for the summit, where he remained, cool and observant, throughout the wild storm that seemed to be tearing the very sand from the bed of the lake, and was blowing at the rate of 110 miles an hour, yet, although the blast struck the wheel square broadside, at an angle which would have been fatal to equally constructed wheels, it was not perceptible vibration. Many of the largest iron and steel manufacturers in the United States have played a conspicuous part in the building of the Ferris wheel, and a few of the details will prove interesting to our readers.

The entire structure is of steel and resembles a huge bicycle wheel, the spokes of which are the spokes of the construction resembles that of an old English breast water wheel, consisting of a stiff outer crown, which is supported by a central axle, and is supported by a system of tension rods. The wheel practically consists of two wheels on the same axle, spaced a distance of twenty-eight and a half feet apart. The wheel is supported by a central axle, which is supported by a system of tension rods. The wheel practically consists of two wheels on the same axle, spaced a distance of twenty-eight and a half feet apart. The wheel is supported by a central axle, which is supported by a system of tension rods.

The landing platforms are located on both sides of the lower part of the wheel, so that six cars can be loaded and unloaded at once. The time required for one complete trip is twenty minutes, which will give the passengers two complete revolutions of the wheel. The distance travelled will be one-third of a mile.

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CHINESE AT THE MIDWAY.

There is no attraction on Midway Plaisance that offers as much in the way of instruction, combined with amusement, as does the Chinese Theatre and Temple of worship. The habits and customs of these interesting people are fully exemplified. Religion, science, art, and dress, in fact, they grow every-day life, is faithfully portrayed, and, in addition, a theatrical performance by native actors. Chinese ladies and children are in attendance. Every Exposition visitor is urged to see this novel, interesting, and very entertaining exhibition.

ARTISTIC WORK FROM AFAR. The artists of the entire world have vied with each other in bringing their choicest productions to the Fair. But more than any other, the specimens that have come from far-away India, and the firm of Ardeshir & Byramji, of Fort Bombay, are offering to Exposition visitors the opportunity to buy East Indian art-ware such as has never before been on public sale in the United States. They have a handsome building on the Plaisance, erected by themselves for their own special use, in the heart of the Algerian Village, which they have named "The East Indian Palace." They also have an exhibit in Manufactures Building, British section, opposite Jamaica.

When this firm exhibited in Europe they had the patronage of Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Shah of Persia. Their exhibits include black-wood and sandal-wood hand-carved furniture, jewelry, decorative curtains, fabrics, embroidery, shawls, carpets, rugs, pottery, etc.

A Mexican Substitute for Soap. The Mexican Indians have a substitute for soap that in some respects is quite as useful as the article itself. It is the sap of the tree, which grows everywhere in Mexico, and is so called because touching it gives the impression of touching a rough covered with thorns. The Indians use it as a root of which they make a lather equal to the best soap, and will cleanse clothing, domestic utensils or the floor quite as well.

The Cabbage Leaf in One's Hat. There is a general disposition to laugh at the man who wears a cabbage leaf in his hat to protect him against sunstroke, and the precaution is really of value. The cabbage leaf contains so much water that its evaporation keeps the head much cooler than it would otherwise be. A dampened handkerchief will not answer the purpose so well because the linen or cotton of which it is made retains the heat and the handkerchief becomes warmer than the head, while the cabbage leaf is always cool.

Sleeplessness is almost always accompanied or caused by indigestion. A person who finds himself troubled with insomnia will walk at a moderate gait for an hour or two before going to bed, the insomnia will generally disappear almost entirely. Light eating and plenty of exercise are far better than any amount or any kind of medicine for this form of affliction.

Women and Murderers. "It is astonishing," said my friend, "what an amount of public interest is excited by a mysterious murder case. Every man you met could tell all about the Borien case, and the opinions of learned lawyers were picked up everywhere throughout the country. "As for the woman—well, you know how women dearly love a mystery. I think if that trial had lasted much longer my wife would have been a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. My wife made up her mind at the time of the trial that Lizzie Borden was guilty of the crime, and in this opinion she was strengthened by the evidence on the trial. She read every word she could find in the newspapers on the subject. She bounced out of bed every morning while the case was on and read up before she got her clothes on. Then when we sat down to breakfast she told us all about it while we were attempting to digest the financial situation. She revealed the case in detail, examined and cross-examined the witnesses. Her conclusions were irresistible, and were reached by the simple process of throwing out all the testimony offered by the defence as irrelevant, absurd and probably lies, and drawing the most favorable inferences from every point scored by the other side. She disposed of all the legal technicalities as ridiculous relics of civilization. She likened the antiquity of law to the antiquity of eggs, and declared when the court ruled out the testimony of what Lizzie had said at the inquest that the judges ought to be impeached.

Half a Million. Miss Braddon is credited with having made \$400,000 by her writings. This seems a pretty big sum, yet it must be remembered that she has been an unusually voluminous novelist and has met with the remarkable success in her own sphere of fiction.

LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPANY. NEW, FAST AND ELECTRO-LIGHTED. DAILY FOR ROCHESTER. On and after Monday, May 1st, will leave Cobourg at 8:00 a.m., Port Hope at 9:00 a.m., and Rochester at 11:15 a.m., except Tuesday at 8:45 a.m., and Saturday at 8:15 p.m., leaving for Port Hope at 10:00 a.m., and Rochester on Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 a.m., and Brighton on Monday and Wednesday 8:00 a.m. Ask your local agent for through tickets to any point on N.Y.C. Terminals at Lake Ontario, N.Y.C., D.C., A.W., R.R. & E. W.Y. Y.R., and have baggage checked through.

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THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC

AND Stomach and 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 Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nerve 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 nerve 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 Nerve 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 Nerve 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, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Falling Health, Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Nightmares, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, 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 Nerve Tonic. As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve 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. This South American Nerve 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 derangement.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsville, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, and my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nerve, which does me more good than any I ever used. I feel like a new man. I will advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy, a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the greatest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS' 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 Nerve, 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 Falling Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MISH, State of Indiana, Montgomery County, Ind.

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

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nerve 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 which is so 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 Falling Health, from whatever cause.

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

E. GREGORY Wholesale and Retail Agent for LINDSAY.