A THRILLING SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Golden Text for Last Sunday: "Unto Him Shall the Gathering of the People Be"-Gen., xlix, 10 Getting Near the Christian Standard.



HROUGH a supernatural lens, or what I might call a prophescope, dying Jacob looks down through the corridors of the centuries until he sees Christ the center of all popular attraction and the greatest being in

the world, so everywhere acknowledged. It was not always so. The world tried hard to put him down and to put him out. In the year 1200, while excavating for antiquities fifty-three miles northeast of Rome, a copperplate tablet was found containing the death-warrant of the Lord Jesus Christ, reading in this wise:

"In the year 17 of the empire of Tiberius Caesar and on the 25th of March, I. Pontius Pilate, governor of the Praetore, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die between two thieves, Quintius Corne-Itus to lead him forth to the place of

execution." The death-warrant was signed by several names. First, by Daniel, rabbi Pharisee; secondly, by Johannes, rabbi; thirdly, by Raphael; fourthly, by Capet, a private citizen. This capital punishment was executed according to law. The name of the thief crucified on the right-hand side of Christ was Dismas; the name of the thief crucified on the left hand side of Christ was Gestus. Pontius Pilate describing the tragedy says the whole world lighted candles from noon until night. Thirty-three years of maltreatment. They ascribe his birth to bastardy and his death to excruciation. A wall of the city, built about those times and recently exposed by archaeologists, shows a caricature of Jesus Christ, evidencing the centempt in which he was held by many in his day-that caricature on the wall representing a cross and a donkey nailed to it, and under it the inscription: "This is the Christ whom the people worship." But I rejoice that that day is gone by. Our Christ is coming out from under the world's abuse. The most popular name on earth today is the name of Christ. Where he had one friend Christ has a thousand friends. The scoffers have become worshipers. Of the twenty most celebrated infidels in Great Britain in our day, sixteen have come back to Christ, trying to undo the blatant mischief of their lives-sixteen out of the twenty. Every man who writes a letter or signs a document, wittingly or unwittingly, honors Jesus Christ. We date everything as B. C., or A. D.-B. C., before Christ: A. D., Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All the ages of history on the pivot of the upright beam of the Cross of the Son of God, B. C., A. D. I do not care what you call him-whether Conqueror, or King, or Morning Star, or Sun of Righteousness, or Balm of Gilead, or Lebanon Cedar, or Brother, or Friend, or take the name used in the verse from which I take my text, and call him Shiloh, which means his Son, or the Tranquilator, or the Peacemaker. Shiloh. I only want to tell you that "unto him shall the gathering of the

people be." In the first place, the people are gathering around Christ for pardon. No sensible man or healthfully ambitious man is satisfied with his past lift. A fool may think he is all right. A sensthle man knows he is not. I do not care who the thoughtful man is, the review of his lifetime behavior before God and man gives to him no especial satisfaction. "Oh," he says, "there have been so many things I have done I ought not to have done, there have been so many things I have said I ought never to have said, there have been so many things I have written I ought never to have written, there have been so many things I have thought I ought never to have thought, I must somehow get things readjusted, I must somehow have the past reconstructed; there are days and months and years which cry out against me in horrible vociferation." Ah, my brother, Christ adjusts the past by obliterating it. He does not erase the record of our misdoing with a dash of ink from a register's pen, but lifting his right hand, crushed, red at the palm, he puts it against his bleeding brow, and then against his pierced side, and with the crimson accumulation of all those wounds he rubs out the accusatory chapter. He blots out our iniquities. Oh! never be anxjous about the future; better be anxious about the past. I put it not at the end of my sermon; I put it at the front: Mercy and pardon through Shiloh, the sin-pardoning Christ. "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." "Oh!" says some man, "I have for forty years been as bad as I could be, and is there

The grace of God! Let us take the now? Who will gather these dishonsurveyor's chain and try to measure ored locks into her lap? Who will God's mercy through Jesus Christ. Let wash off the blood from the gashed to the north, and another surveyor take Christ who came to save the lost? daytime, please."

go to the east, and another surveyor take that chain and go to the west, and then make a report of the square miles of that vast kingdom of God's mercy. Ah! you will have to wait to all eternity for the report of that measurement. It cannot be measured. Paul tried to climb the height of it, and he went height over height, altitude above altitude, mountain above mountain, then sank down in discouragement and gave it up, for he saw Sierra Nevadas beyond and Matterhorns beyond, and waving his hands back to us in the plains, he says, "Past finding out; unsearchable, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." You notice that nearly all the sinners mentioned as pardoned in the Bible were great sinners-David a great sinner, Paul a great sinner, Magdalen a great sinner, the Prodigal Son a great sinner. The world easily understood how Christ could pardon a half-and-half sinner, but what the world wants to be persuaded of is that Christ will forgive the worst sinner, the hardest sinner, the oldest sinner, the most inexcusable sinner. To the sin-pardoning Shiloh let all the gathering of the people be.

But, I remark again, the people will gather round Christ as a sympathizer. Oh! we all want sympathy. I hear peoare away, how lonely the house seems those who never come home. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will their feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into their sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas! me, who can stand under these griefs? Oh! Christ, thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is he who stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is he that came to bid peace. It is he that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say: "Father, not my will, but thine be done." Oh, ye who are bereft, ye anguish-bitten, come into this refuge. The chargers, holding the stirrup as the ratio. But we know that all things do roll of those who came for relief to King mounts. O! what a glorious not cheapen uniformly. Taxes, for ex-Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be. Oh, right here where he has suffered and have actually increased. Presidents, that Christ would stand by all these died have this prophecy fulfilled. "Unto governors, congressmen, judges and loempty cradles, and all these desolated him shall the gathering of the people cal officers continue to draw their salhomesteads and all these broken hearts.

and persuade us it is well. The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would on his brow-of the bronzed nations of other things remain substantially the rather live on a crust in a cellar and the South and the pallid nations of have your departed loved ones with the North-Europe, Asia, Africa, North you, than live in palatial surroundings and South America, and the other conand they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says: "Time will cure it all." Ah, there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ had done the work. Oh. what you want is sympathy. The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often when we are in appalling need of it no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy-sympathy in their work, sympathy in their fatigues, sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in the time of declining yearswide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ gives it. That is the chord with which he is going to draw all nations to him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clinches, and he prepares to do battle even though it be against the heavens; yet what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassicn! Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness, to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier is a woman's sympathy. Let him tell the story who, when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour-barrel, "The Lord will provide;" or write on the door of the empty wardrobe, "Consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothed the grass of the field, will he not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of the penitentiary is upon him, and even his father says, "Be off! never come home again!" The young man finds still his mother's outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to any mercy for me?" Mercy for you. whisper consolation, or get down on her "Oh!" says some one here, "I have a knees before the governor, begging for grand ancestry, the holiest of fathers pardon, hoping on for her wayward and the tenderest of mothers, and for boy after all others are hopeless. Or let my perfidy there is no excuse. Do you her tell the story who, under villainthink there is any mercy for me?" ous allurement and impatient of par-Mercy for you. "But," says another ental restraint, has wondered off from man. "I fear I have committed what a home of which she was the idol into they call the unpardonable sin, and the the murky and thunderous midnight of Bible says if a man commit that sin abandonment, away from God, and furhe is neither to be forgiven in this ther away, until some time she is tossed world nor the world to come. Do you on the beach of that early home a mere think there is any mercy for me?" splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her

that chain and go to the south, and Who will put that weary head upon TO THE PRODUCERS, even worse than in 1893, the consumpanother surveyor take that chain and the clean white pillow and watch by day and watch by night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

Oh! there is something beautiful in sympathy-in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy; yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that a city was aroused with excitement when a little child was kidnaped from one of the streets? Why were whole columns of the newspapers filled with the story of a little child? It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? How if it it had been my Mary? How if it had been my Maud? How if it had been my child? How if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle-bed to-night? How if my little one-bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh-were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds, never to come back to me? How if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting-that sorrow worse than ple talk as though they were independ- death?" Then when they found her ent of it. None of us could live without why did we declare the news all sympathy. When parts of our family through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said, "Thank until they all get home! But alas! for God!"? Because we are all one, bound by one golden chain of sympathy. Oh! yes, but I have to tell you that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starving thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh, who has held in his lap the sorrows of the ages, and who is ready to nurse on his holy heart the woes of all who will come to him. Oh! what a God, what a Savior we have! . .

> There are people who think Christ will come in person and sit on a throne. Perhaps he may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra, and the Taj Mahal, and the St. Mark's, and the Winter Palace world pay Christ in love for what it only has a balance of \$100. meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord tinents that may arise meantime from the sea, to take the places of their sunken predecessors; Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the Champs Elysees, all too poor to welcome this King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Conqueror of conquerors in his august arrival. Turn out all heaven to meet him. Hang all along the route flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or lion, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and bloodstriped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the clattering of the hoofs, and the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library, right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last: "Unto him shall the gathering

of the people be." While everlasting ages roll, Eternal love shall feast their soul, And scenes of bliss forever new Rise in succession to their view.

PHILOSOPHY.

The love of money keeps many men from vice. The locomotive builder is noted for his

engine-uity. The proper thing for a jury is to be firm, but not fixed.

The fetter of propriety should be worn as an ornament, not a chain.

The surest way to become poor in earnest is to try to ! ep all you get. The trouble with cheerful people is that their cheerfulness is too hard to

If you don't want your boy to turn out bad, don't bear down too hard on the grindstone. There ought to be a law passed that

railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple ples. The more worthless a man is when he leaves a town, the greater probability

that he will come back. We learn that ministers are eriously disturbed over the innovation known as

the automatic coupler. A fish diet is said to be good for the brain. Probably this is because the fish go so often in schools.

been making a fool of himself he has learned something valuable. The stingier a man is about valuable things the more apt he is to give advice. Comparing your sins with those of other people won't make your sinning any

safer. MANNERS OF GREAT MEN.

Fox would never stand covered in the presence of ladies.

Calhoun was so absent-minded that he often forgot he was in company. otherwise with most persons whom he

Burglar (just acquitted, to his counsel)-I will call shortly and see you at one surveyor take that chain and go forehead? Who will tell her of that your office, sir. "Very good; but in the

AN ARTICLE INTENDED FOR THE FARMERS.

How They Are Forced to Sell Their Crops for Half Prices by the Money Combine-Free Silver Would Break It

"Willett & Grey's statistical review places the consumption of sugar in the United States at 1,945,406 tons during the year 1895, against 2,012,729 tons in 1894. This means that the people bought less sugar by 67,323 tons in 1895 than in 1894. Yet the price of raw sugar averaged lower during 1895 than throughout any other year of which commercial history takes notice."

The above is from the Inter Ocean, and is made the basis of an argument in favor of protection, the idea being that the cheapness coming from free

trade will not bring prosperity. Whether the Inter Ocean is right or wrong upon that point, we shall not consider. The statement is reproduced for another purpose. In some cases cheapness may be a good thing, but when the cheapness is caused, not by superabundance of the commodity, but by a scarcity of money, it is an unmitigated evil so far as the masses of the people are concerned. Under such circumstances, to talk about the "consumer's" benefit is the very refinement of cruelty. The source of all human prosperity is industry, and the very basis is that particular industry which is applied to production. Without "production' no other business could live, and man himself would disappear from the face of the earth.

Production is the primary work of man, while everything else is secondary and subordinate.

The producer is also a consumer, but if he make anything more than a bare living he must sell more than he buys.

Take the case of a farmer. Suppose that of his crop he can sell \$1,000 worth each year, while his expenses, including grocery bills, help on farm, doctor bills, taxes, etc., amount to \$800. He saves \$200. Now suppose that prices fall onehalf all along the line. His crop for sale sinks to \$500, his expenses to \$400, are gathered. I should like to see the and instead of being \$200 ahead, he

did to him in maltreatment. I should This, though, is upon the supposition like to be one of the grooms of the that all things have fallen in the same time it would be on earth if Christ ample, have not been reduced at all. would break through the heavens, and On the contrary, in many cases, they be." But failing in that, I bargain to aries as of yore, while those who pay the salaries sell the products of their labor for half price. Doctor's bills, comes back. Garlands of all nations lawyer's fees, traveling expenses and

> The hired man stoutly resists (and properly) a cut in his wages, while the manufacturers, the middlemen, and the merchants by combinations do everything in their power to keep up retail rates. The great farm staples are usually sold at wholesale prices.

> Bearing these facts in mind let us now make another calculation. Suppose his taxes, doctor bills, etc., amount to \$100 of his total expense. These stand as before. Upon the remaining \$700, which includes the hired man's pay, groceries, drugs, etc., we will suppose that there is a reduction of say 30 per cent. This represents a saving to him of \$210, leaving his expenses on those lines \$490. In the meantime his \$1,000 has fallen to \$500. The account now stands as follows:

\$500.00 Incomé.-(Crop for sale ... Expenses.—(Taxes, doctor's bills, etc.)\$100.00 Other expenses 490.00

> Total expenses 590.00

Deficiency Instead of having a profit of \$200, we find that he has suffered a loss of \$90 on his year's work.

Now, suppose further, what is true in multitudes of cases, that the farmer is \$1,000 in debt on his farm. Falling behind at the rate of \$90 a year, how long will it take him to pay the debt?

The above figures are given not as representing strictly the exact ratio at which different prices have fallen, but for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that should be obvious to producers generally, that when the prices of their products fall, they do not realize a full compensation in the decline of other

Hence the conclusion, that a general fall in prices injures the producers more than it injures any other class. The very men who should be injured least are injured most. When a policy is pursued the tendency of which is to harm the producer, it strikes at the very

foundations of national prosperity. This was the inevitable effect of demonetizing silver, and the bulk of the complaints to which we have listened | hold patronage or favors from all appliduring the last twenty-two years has

come from that class. In the case given as an illustration, it stands to reason that if the farmer cannot reduce expenses in any other way, country, for then we can better protect he will economize in consumption. He each other. To repeal the law creating The moment a man finds out he has will use less of sugar and any other national bank notes, or to restore to things that are not absolutely indispensable. If he cannot induce the hired man to accept a pro rata reduction of wages, he will either discharge him entirely, or lay him off part of the time. Thus the wage worker comes in for his

share of the injury. While the farmer will reduce his consumption of sugar, spices and the like, poor people dependent upon their daily toil must reduce on all lines. They will consume less bread.

Accordingly we find that in seasons Bancroft was rather reserved than of great business depression there is usually a reduced consumption of almost everything that contributes to the sustenance of man.

For example, in 1893, a very disastrous year in business, we consumed 62,000,000 bushels less wheat than in ably suggested by the trunk of a tree 1892. In 1894. which, as a whole, was which had fallen across a stream.

tion was nearly 102,000,000 bushels less than in the latter year.

Thus we see that the alleged overproduction so persistently brought forward by the gold people as an explanation of the falling prices is in fact under-consumption. With prices lower than ever before, the people have bought less, and consumed less. It has been simply because they have not had the money to buy with.

The idea that people can be made prosperous by making money scarce is preposterous, and the belief that silver can be displaced without making a scarcity of money is equally so.

GOLD AT A PREMIUM.

And Yet Wall Street Has Survived the

Gold is at a premium. On Thursday last it was 11/4 per cent.

How Wall street survived such a shock is one of those mysteries that will probably never be explained. For two years past the appalling picture of "gold at a premium" has been kept in the very focus of the public gaze. True, the gold people never specified particu-They left that to the imagination. Gold has been at a premium over commodities and other forms of property

for more than twenty years. That, however, has given the gold worshipper no concern. The fact that the producer had to labor twice as long or twice as hard to get a dollar, was a good thing-for the man who already had the dollars. But at the idea of some importer or Wall street speculator having to pay one or two per cent premium in order to get gold for export, he actually stood aghast. But the dread moment came. Gold went to a premium of a cent and a quarter, and except for the telegraphic mention of the fact we should never have known the difference. It is now in order for the gold standardists, whose whole soul has been wrapped up in the idea of "parity," "one dollar as good as another," etc., etc., to rise and explain.

It will probably be said that the premium was small and that it was only temporary. Well, how great must the premium be and how long must it last to hurl us down the awful abyss of financial ruin. If 114 per cent is not enough will 2 per cent do the work, or 3 or 4 or how many per cent must it be? The profits of the syndicate on the first

secret bond deal, represent a premium of 16 per cent on the gold furnished to the government. Even that, bad as it was in every respect, did not ruin the country. It only disgraced it. We expect to see a premium on gold a good many times within the next year, and we expect to see the goldite shift his position concerning it as often as he has with reference to the "danger point" of the treasury reserve. The reader will remember that for a long time the line was sharply drawn at one hundred millions. Then the line was lowered to ninety millions, then to seventy-five and now it seems to be altogether indefinite. So will it be with the premium on gold.

MAY ACT WITH POPULISTS. Powerful Bimetallic Organizations Would

Make Victory Certain. Referring to the consolidation of the American Bimetallic League, the National Bimetallic Union and the National Silver Committee, the Weekly Tribune of Callaway, Neb., says:

"The new organization resolved to support the party declaring in its favor; but declares that in the event of nonsupport by either of the great parties, the Union will put its own ticket in the next campaign."

Then that paper waxes indignant over the supposed fact that the American Bimetallic Union has turned the cold shoulder on the Populist party.

The National Bimetallist is anxious that no misapprehensions may arise with reference to the attitude of the consolidated organization, and it will therefore say to one and all of its readers, that it has taken no such action as that mentioned above. It has adopted no such resolutions, made no such declaration and in fact has thus far proposed nothing in the world but a campaign of education. It has no disposition to ignore the Populist party, or any other. There are populists, republicans and democrats connected with it and they are all working together in perfect harmony for the common cause, namely, the complete restoration of bimetallism in the United States.

The Banks' Circular.

This one afterward issued by New York bankers to the national banks: Dear Sir: It is advisable to do all in your power to sustain such prominent daily and weekly newspapers, especially the agricultural and religious press. as will oppose the issuing of greenback money, and that you also withcants who are not willing to oppose the government issue of money. Let the government issue the coin and the banks issue the paper money of the circulation the government issue of money will be to provide the people with money, and will therefore seriously affect your individual profit as bankers and lenders. See your congressman at once, and engage him to support our interests that we may control legislation.

"Bearing" His Stock. Let the United States keep all its silver at home, and there will soon come a scramble for that metal. But so long as Uncle Sam, the principal silver producer of the world, bears his stock, how can he expect the big nations to bull it?-Peoria Journal.

The invention of the bridge was prob-

Cake for a Child's Birthday.

The following receipt will tell how to make a nice birthday cake for a child: Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten thoroughly with one cup of sweet milk; then add slowly four cups of finely-sifted flour, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, a little spice, a cupful of seeded raisins, and lastly, the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Put into a rather shallow cake tin and bake in not too hot an oven. Just before putting in the oven drop in the ring, thimble and the sixpence.

Infests the blood of humanity. appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which parities and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

larly just how we were to be ruined by two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsapavilla." Mrs. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me.

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A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes

shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

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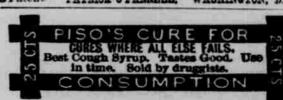
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