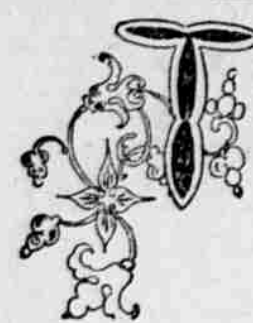


TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE CHIEFTAIN" SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE.

The Golden Text: "The Chiefest Among Ten Thousand"—Canticles, Chapter V, Verse 10—Jesus Christ Is Chief of Heaven.



HE MOST CONSPICUOUS character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction.

Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the graceful line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all"? It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim, and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all! Above all!" But Solomon in his text prefers to call Christ "The Chieftain," and so today I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardoner of all sin and the correcter of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barn-yard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work in the Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such a limitless source. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the

theological seminaries into our services, and are, after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sicken them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm; complete pardon for direct guilt; sweetest comfort for ghostliest agony; brightest hope for grimmeest death; grandest resurrection for darrest sepulchre. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief! His birth, his suffering, His miracles, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on. But this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners, saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and purifying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoods of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from the cups of granite, lily-ribbed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me. Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, tolling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, failing from the slippery ratlines and broken on the hiliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's

gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillar of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

So, also, Christ is chief in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flames through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and, when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say, "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land, in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and the men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises unto God; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

PHILOSOPHY.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals and follows them to the grave.—Colton.

Quick is the succession of human events: the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, 'Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more.—Cowper.

Believe me, sir, those who attempt to level never equalize. In all societies consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some description must be uppermost. The levels, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground.—Burke.

It is a good plan, with a young person of a character to be much affected by ludicrous and absurd representations, to show him plainly, by examples, that there is nothing which may not be so represented. He will hardly need to be told that everything is not a mere joke, and he may thus be secured from falling into a contempt of those particular things which he may at any time happen to find so treated.—Whately.

Cicero says that "to study philosophy is nothing but to prepare a man's self to die." The reason of which is, because study and contemplation do in some sort withdraw from us and deprive us of our souls, and employ it separately from the body, which is a kind of learning to die, and a resemblance of death; or else because all the wisdom and reasoning in the world does in the end conclude in this point, to teach us not to fear to die.

When the prodigal started back to his father's house he didn't have to go all the way alone. God's help is all the weakest man needs, and what the worst may have if he will repent.

NOT ALL KILLED BY SHOT.

Splinters Were More Destructive Than Missiles in the Eastern War. The recent war between Japan and China has taught the officers of the American navy at least one new thing in the construction of vessels. There will be scarcely any woodwork in the Oregon, that is rapidly nearing completion at the Union Iron works. This is due to the fact that there were more people killed and injured in the naval battles in the East by flying wooden splinters than by bullets or exploding shells. Most of the cruisers and battle ships that took part in the war were constructed with steel hulls, and all of them were more or less protected with heavy armor plates. The interior fittings and furnishings of the quarters and the deck coverings, however, were of wood. When a shot pierced the hull of a vessel and tore through the wood in the interior of the ship splinters were sent flying in all directions. In most cases the shot passed through the vessel without injuring any of the crew, but the shower of wooden splinters filled the sick bay and kept the sailmaker sewing up the dead in canvas sacks for burial. On the battleship Oregon practically no wood will be used. All the bulkheads and partitions dividing the rooms in the officers' quarters are to be of iron. No wood will be used on the decks, but instead linoleum will be cemented to the iron deck to prevent slipping. All the doors will be of iron, and all those leading to the decks will be made watertight.

What Makes a Man Do This? What makes a man of 30 or 40 take a sailboat when he can't sail it, put in his friends or family for ballast, and go right out to capsizing and tragedy? You can't answer that any more than you can explain how such a fool has made out to survive to his present age. Why didn't he reach his deserved fate long before? No one can say. Enough that it does overtake him and he gets from ten lines to a column in the paper, according to how big a fool he was. At the shore we see sailboats run away out into the sea, until they can hardly be seen, and when the clouds come up and it begins to thunder the venturesome amateur who is away out there is the last to start for shelter. He doesn't know enough to know his danger. So it goes each summer, and each summer has its long string of drowning tragedies for a part of its history. But, as we said before, no one summer does it up completely, so as to give civilization a fresh chance. A lot of people are drowned for their folly this year who lived through last year, which was just as good a year for drowning, and a lot will live through this year and go out and drown in 1896 as readily as if they were led.—Ex.

Antoinette Wrap. If there is no new dress under the sun, Aaron's linen coat being worn to-day by women and pantaloon having been found from the stone epoch, there are at least designs that reappear like comets at such long intervals that they are new to some consecutive generations. Thus it is with a certain Marie Antoinette cloak, that has appeared and seems destined to a career. Not so very odd in its design it is so extremely odd and its career was so short in its day that it comes with all the effect of surprise. This hood is exceedingly wide and is hooped round the opening, and when on the head stands out like an inflated half balloon somewhat flattened on top and leaving a wide space on each side of the face, that may be filled with hair or shad-ows. The width of this hood reaches to that of the widest sleeves ever made. Attached to a long cloak it is bound to figure in evening wraps next winter, but forstalling the time, they are occasionally seen on hotel piazzas at night, and made of taffeta beruched or of satin lined with cloth; one or two travelers have worn them coming from Paris to the beach. The effect is truly marvellous.

Stock in Ohio. The auditor of the state of Ohio has completed his annual tabulation of the returns of animals made by the various counties. It shows a notable decrease in the number of sheep in the state, there being only 3,000,400 this year, against 3,557,182 in 1894. A decided reduction in the number of horses is also shown. In 1894 there were 824,840, and this year there are but 795,895, a decrease of 28,945. There are 1,252,901 cattle in the state, a decrease of 43,204 from last year. An increase is shown in the number of hogs, there being 1,437,393 this year, against 1,331,169 in 1894, an increase of 106,224.

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. THE FIRST HORSE THAT EVER LIVED. There is a Greek legend telling how Athens came by its name, and there is a noble horse who plays a prominent part in the legend. If we are to believe the story, he was the first real flesh-and-blood horse of which we have any account. Some men say that he was the first animal of the kind that ever lived, but this is doubtful. Snowy white, without spot or blemish from the tips of his ears to the tips of his amber hoofs, how he must have astonished the simple-minded folk of Cecropia when he leaped right out of the earth at their feet! If you should ever go to Athens and climb to the top of that wonderful hill called the Acropolis look around you. You may see the very spot where it all is said to have happened.

Home-seekers' Excursions. On Aug. 25th, Sept. 10th and 24th, 1895, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Council Bluffs and Omaha to point south and west in Nebraska and Kansas also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at exceedingly low rates. For full information, as to rates and limits, apply to A. C. DENN, City Ticket Agent, 1302 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

NEWSY MORSELS.

Emily Soldene has been appearing with success in "La Fille de Mme. Angot" at Sydney, Australia. The latest information from the moon is that 132,856 craters have been counted on its surface, all dead. Oregon has just passed a law against fishing in the Columbia river on Sunday. It is intended to give the salmon a rest. There is a warm controversy in Utah over the right of women to vote in that territory next November, when the constitution will be presented for ratification. After an existence of twenty-two years the English Palaeogeographical society has come to an end. During its existence it published 556 facsimiles of manuscripts and inscriptions. The butchers of Bridgeport, Conn., have decided to revive an old custom among members of their trade. They will, this year, hold a barbecue and roast a lot of oxen and sheep. A thief in New York set himself to chase and catch a thief. He succeeded and made off with the booty, while the victimized pilferer of the first part was arrested and locked up. On the day of the feast of St. Theodore, observed annually at Helmsdorf, Roumania, all the young married women go about the town kissing the men and offering them a drink of wine. Japanese postmen whose routes carry them into the country use bicycles. Their wheels are made by local manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and American patents. In the Danish budget a curious tax entitled the "rank tax" is calculated to produce £3261. Social rank is highly prized in Denmark, and everyone of any consideration has his clearly defined position in the social hierarchy. A valuable Greek inscription has recently been added to the Louvre. It comes from the neighborhood of Djerach, in Syria, and contains portions of an ancient law concerning the maintenance of vineyards and their protection against thieves.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report  
**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Wise Old King Cecrops. Did I read that the people who lived there (Athens) at that time were simple-minded? Rather childlike they were in some ways, and not so worldly-wise as they might have been had they lived some thousand years later; but they were neither simpletons nor altogether savages. They were the foremost people in Greece. It was all owing to their king, wise old Cecrops, that they had risen to a condition superior to that of the half-barbarous tribes around them. He had shown them how to sow barley and wheat and plant vineyards; and he had taught them to depend upon these and their flocks and herds for food, rather than the wild beasts of the chase. He had persuaded them to lay aside many of their old cruel customs, had set them in families with each its own home, and had instructed them in the worship of the gods. On the top of the Acropolis they had built a little city, and protected it with walls and fortifications against any attack from their warlike neighbors; and from this point as a center they had, little by little, extended their influence to the sea on one side and to the mountains on the other. But, strange to say, they had not yet given a name to their city, nor had they decided which of the gods should be its protector.

Fisc's Cure is the medicine to treat up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

The Nebraska State Fair. One consequence of the battle of the Yalu is the proposal made in Europe of establishing a naval Red Cross society, whose vessels, painted in some distinctive color, shall accompany hostile fleets and pick up the crews of vessels sunk in action. Get Hinderecoms and use it. If you want to realize the comfort of being without care, it takes them out perfectly. See at druggists.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the one way rate, plus 15 cents (for admission coupon to the State Fair), will be on sale Sept. 12th to 20th, at Burlington Route stations, in Nebraska, in Kansas on the Con-rodia, Oberlin and St. Francis lines, and in Iowa and Missouri within 100 miles of Omaha.

Nebraskans are assured that the '95 State Fair will be a vast improvement on its predecessors. Larger, more brilliant, better worth seeing. Every one who can do so should spend State Fair week, the whole of it, in Omaha.

The outdoor celebrations will be particularly attractive, surpassing anything of the kind ever before undertaken by any western city. Every evening, Omaha will be aflame with electric lights and glittering pageants will parade the streets. The program for the evening ceremonies is: Monday, Sept. 16th—Grand Bicycle Carnival. Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Nebraska's parade. Wednesday, Sept. 18th—Military and civic parade. Thursday, Sept. 19th—Knights of Ak-Sarben Parade, to be followed by the "Feast of Montebello" at the Opera House.

Knowledge. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Largest Elk on Record. The largest elk of which I have an authentic record was formerly owned by Mr. G. R. McKenzie, of Sullivan county, New York, and kept in his park until it had to be killed for viciousness. It measured as follows: Length of head and body, 7 feet 8 inches; tail, 6 1/2 inches; height at the shoulders, 5 feet 4 inches. I am glad to be able to add that its skin is now in the possession of the American Museum of Natural History, and will soon be mounted by Mr. Rowley—which guarantees the quality of the finished specimen. The weight of that animal could scarcely have been less than 1,000 pounds, but the weight of a full-grown cow elk sometimes is as little of 400 pounds.—St. Nicholas.

The Nebraska State Fair. Special Rates and Trains via the Burlington Route. Round trip tickets to Omaha at the one way rate, plus 15 cents (for admission coupon to the State Fair), will be on sale Sept. 12th to 20th, at Burlington Route stations, in Nebraska, in Kansas on the Con-rodia, Oberlin and St. Francis lines, and in Iowa and Missouri within 100 miles of Omaha. Nebraskans are assured that the '95 State Fair will be a vast improvement on its predecessors. Larger, more brilliant, better worth seeing. Every one who can do so should spend State Fair week, the whole of it, in Omaha. The outdoor celebrations will be particularly attractive, surpassing anything of the kind ever before undertaken by any western city. Every evening, Omaha will be aflame with electric lights and glittering pageants will parade the streets. The program for the evening ceremonies is: Monday, Sept. 16th—Grand Bicycle Carnival. Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Nebraska's parade. Wednesday, Sept. 18th—Military and civic parade. Thursday, Sept. 19th—Knights of Ak-Sarben Parade, to be followed by the "Feast of Montebello" at the Opera House.

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Omaha STOVE REPAIR Works. Stove repairs for 40,000 different stoves and ranges. 1209 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

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