

A RAILROAD HORROR.

FIFTY KILLED AND AS MANY WOUNDED.

A Crowded Excursion Train Run Into by the Reading Express—The Express Flows Clear Through the Excursion Train and Victims are Strown in Every Direction.

A Horrible Collision.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug 1.—A railroad accident, horrible in its details and sickening in its results, occurred last evening just outside of this city, and as a result about 100 persons are either killed or injured.

The Reading railroad express, which left Philadelphia at 5:10 o'clock for Atlantic City, crashed into a Pennsylvania railroad excursion train at the second signal tower, about four miles out from here. The Pennsylvania train was returning to Bridgeton with a party of excursionists from that place. Millville and neighboring towns. It was loaded with passengers, and a rough estimate of the killed and injured at a late hour places the number at 100. It is hoped that this is an exaggeration, but the number is undoubtedly more than fifty.

At the second signal tower the tracks of the two roads diagonally cross. The Reading train was given the signal, but it either failed to work or the speed of the express was too great to be checked in time. It caught the excursion train broadside and ploughed through, literally cleaving it in twain. The engine of the Reading train was shattered to pieces. Every car was jammed to its fullest capacity.

As soon as the news reached Atlantic City, the utmost consternation prevailed, but the authorities were equal to the emergency. Relief trains were dispatched to the scene, loaded with cots and bearing staffs of surgeons.

As quickly as the bodies were recovered they were carried into the local hospitals and undertakers' shops. A general fire alarm was sounded and the department promptly responded and aided in the heart rending work of digging for the victims. Fear grew into despair and horror as the vigorous work of the relief gangs revealed the awful extent of the disaster.

The first Reading relief train bore into this city twenty-seven mangled corpses, men, women and children. The next train, not an hour later, carried fifteen of the maimed and wounded, and two of these died soon after reaching the city. As train after train plied to the scene of the wreck and came back with its ghastly load, the sanitarian which does duty as the city hospital quickly found its capacity overtaxed. Meanwhile, others of the dead and injured were being carried to the private hospital at Ocean and Pacific avenues.

The excursion train was made up of fifteen cars, the foremost of which was a baggage car. This and the next two coaches caught the full force of the crash, and were utterly demolished. What remained of the third car was tumbled into a ditch at the roadside.

Superintendent I. N. Sweigard of the Philadelphia & Reading Company places the number dead at thirty-seven and the injured at about the same number. He sent a telegram to Philadelphia which said: "There were thirty-seven persons killed, as follows: Twelve women, twenty-one men, two boys and two girls. About the same number injured."

Mrs. Edward Farr, wife of the Reading engineer who was killed, when informed of her husband's tragic end, threw up her hands with a frantic shriek and fell dead at the feet of her informant.

William Thurlow, telegraph operator in the tower house, was arrested and held, pending an inquiry.

It is said that the Reading signal was displayed, and that the whistle of the train was sounded. The Reading has the right of way at the crossing.

The excursion train bore five tribes the Order of Red Men, the Brideton, the Niagara, the Ahwantonah and the Colansick, with their wives and children.

CARLISLE'S OPINION.

Says the Government Would Not Be Back of Silver Under Free Coinage.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug 1.—A statement was widely published by the press a few days ago that President G. L. Green of the Connecticut Life Insurance Company of Hartford, had issued a circular letter to policy holders notifying them that in the event that the government adopted the free coinage of silver the company would be compelled to pay all claims in depreciated silver coin. Mr. F. W. Alsop of this city sent a clipping of this statement to Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, with a request for an expression on the subject. He has received a reply from Mr. Carlisle, which is, in part, as follows:

"In case free coinage of silver should be established in this country, I presume insurance companies and all other institutions would continue to make their payments by checks and drafts on banks as heretofore; but in my opinion the whole volume of our currency would sink at once to the silver basis, and those checks and drafts would be paid in silver dollars or their equivalent, instead of gold or its equivalent, as is now the case.

"I presume no one supposes for a moment that it would be the duty of the government to attempt to keep the standard silver dollar, coined free for private individuals and corporations equal in value to a gold dollar; or, in other words, that it would be the duty of the government to attempt, under a system of free coinage, to maintain the parity of the two metals. The dollars would be coined on private account and delivered to private individuals and corporations as their own property, the government having no interest whatever in them, and being, therefore, under no obligation to sustain them by guaranteeing their value.

"Under our existing system, all silver dollars are coined on account of the government and are issued by the government in payment of its expenditures and other obligations, and it would be an act of bad faith, therefore, to permit them to depreciate. Very truly, JOHN G. CARLISLE."

CLOUDBURST IN OHIO.

Two Hundred Persons Rendered Homeless by a Torrent of Water.

STURBEVILLE, Ohio, Aug 1.—A severe storm, like a cloudburst, occurred west of this city yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock and within a period of thirty minutes a mighty torrent of water had spread desolation along both Farmer's and Fisher's runs in the lower part of this city. No lives were lost, as there were persons along the creeks who saw the water coming down the valley, and ran from house to house warning the people. Everybody fled, many wading knee deep in water from their houses to the hills which line both sides. Two hundred people are homeless as a result of the flood. The damage will aggregate all of \$200,000.

Mr. Sewall Will Not Resign.

BATH, Me., Aug 1.—Arthur Sewall, Democratic nominee for Vice President, was interviewed as to the story that he intended to resign in favor of Mr. Watson. He said: "Any man who for a moment entertains such an idea is not worthy of an answer. I do not know whether Bryan will retain a place on the Populist ticket. He will come to Bath with Mrs. Bryan directly after the notification, which will take place in New York. They will make their headquarters at my house while in Maine."

A Burglar Shot at Emporia, Kan.

EMPORIA, Kan., Aug 1.—A score of burglaries have been committed here the last fortnight. Tuesday night two of the perpetrators entered the bedroom of Captain J. D. Morris, who shot the first. "Oh, God, Jack, I'm shot," said the burglar to his companion, and they retreated. Captain Morris shooting at them as they went. Yesterday morning their course was traced several blocks by blood and then lost.

Topeka to Have Another Daily.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug 1.—It is not unlikely that Topeka will have another afternoon newspaper. The State Journal is not supporting the National Republican ticket, and a delegation of local Republicans, headed by Oscar Swazey, are circulating a petition to Arthur Capper, editor of the Mail and Brezee, an orthodox Republican weekly, to get out a daily, the signers pledging their support.

Queen Victoria May Retire.

LONDON, July 31.—The rumor that Queen Victoria intends to retire in favor of the Prince of Wales is current again to-day and it is added that court circles are troubled about the queen's health. The queen has decided, it is said, to spend her time hereafter at Balmoral or Osborne and to give the Prince and Princess of Wales the use of Buckingham palace and Windsor castle.

Fired on From Ambush.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 31.—Lucas Johnson and his wife, colored, who on the public road near Augusta, Ark., were fired upon from ambush, the woman being instantly killed and the man fatally wounded. Another negro, with whom Johnson had had trouble, has been arrested on suspicion.

A Kansas Murderer Caught.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., Aug 1.—John Jackson, who deliberately murdered John Smith at Yale, Kan., about a year ago, was caught to-day at Warrior, Ala., and Sheriff Deets of Crawford county left for that place to get him.

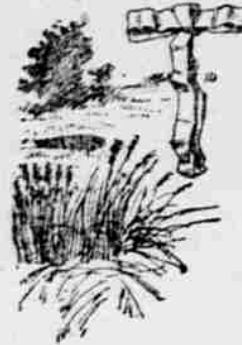
General Manager Frey Bites.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug 1.—J. J. Frey, general manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad system, a life long Democrat, has bolted the Chicago ticket and will vote for the gold standard this fall. He said to-day: "I have no hesitancy in saying that I am not in favor of the free silver idea. I don't think it would be best for the country. I have been a Democrat all my life and have always voted the Democratic ticket and I am sorry I can't stay with the party this fall. This would be impossible, however, holding the ideas I do."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GLOW OF SUNSET," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, "Abide With Us for It is Toward Evening"—Luke 24:29—Lightening of the Sorrows of Life by the Gospel.



WO villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration

and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time, and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware, have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop here, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are kindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that they only seem a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadence of mercy. When the axemen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation of all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your soul; in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-axe

with which you split the head of helmeted abomination! Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfashioned the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance-sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortunes prostrated your credit. You may today be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the eurocydon cross the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate takes wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise, or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple-orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may

be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours; two hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left; five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left; four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking-trumpet to the ear, but you could not wake the deafness. No motion; no throbs; no life. Still! still!

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble! Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night!

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor flouted. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening!"

FASHION'S FRILLS.
A special feature of the summer fabrics is the transparent effect. Well-dressed women are wearing more jewelry than they have in many years. Chatelaine bags of monkey skin, with rose-gilding clasps, have numerous adherents. The belt buckles and clasps enamelled in dull reds, blues and greens defy description. Vandyke collars of ecru and white batiste, trimmed with lace and insertion, are made to wear over thin summer gowns. Tulle and chiffon, with a satin edge, are sold by the hundred yards for neckerches and frillings on capes, parasols and gowns. Leather belts are embroidered with gold and silver beads, and white kid belts, set with blue enamel traced with gold, are the latest fancy. Belt buckles and cuff buttons for shirt waists simulate in their enamel decorations the coats of arms or flags of the different nations or the insignia of the army or navy. The oldest known living tree is the soma cypress in Lombardy, which the records say was standing and of unknown age in 45 B. C.

NEWSY TRIFLES.

There are over 500 horseless carriages now in use in Paris. "Matrimony happened to Mr. — and Miss —" is the way a Maine correspondent starts his report of a June wedding. A made-up neck-tie with a picture of a presidential candidate, which is displayed by pulling a string, is the latest political novelty. Another expedition to explore the interior of Australia has been sent out from Adelaide. It is equipped for an eighteen months' absence. Russian scientists report that the white poplar tree acts as a natural lightning rod, as the discharge seeks it in preference to other trees. A North sea codfisher carries a set of lines 7,200 fathoms in length, and having the amazing number of 4,580 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

Russian railways not only have the usual smoking cars attached to all trains, but there is another smoker for ladies only which no man can enter to remain. The scarcity of ivory has set inventive wits at work, and now in Sweden hollow balls of cast steel are found to be a satisfactory substitute for ivory billiard balls. "Hells," the latest operatic success in Paris, was heard recently by electrophoric in London, the sound being transmitted over the London-Paris telephone circuit.

For the ten months ended April 30 last the total production of cigarettes for home consumption was 3,338,147,200, or an increase of 617,804,450 over the fiscal year 1894-'95.

Trying to Suit Him.

"Josiah," said the young man's father, "do you remember what he said the other day 'bout not being able to do what I asked yer to round the farm sence yer got educated, 'cause yer wanted su'thin' deep ter accypp yer tentation?"

"Yes, father."

"Wal, I've got the very thing yer ye. Ole man Tunkins is diggin' a subcellar."—Washington Star.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "kills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and short of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

Lack of Realism.

Mr. Wickwire—"What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are."

Mrs. Wickwire—"I know they used to be, but most of them are engraved from photographs nowadays."

Mr. Wickwire—"This one can't be. Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with brand new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Trans-Mississippi Inventions.

OMAHA, Nebraska, July 31, 1896.—Amongst the inventions who received patents last week were William S. Witten, South Omaha, Nebraska, feeding-bird bin; Gaylord C. Wooster, Rulo, Nebraska, sewing machine; Jehiel P. Wynkoop, Muscatine Iowa, rubber cap for axle nuts; George P. Kistner, Low Moor, Iowa, disk cultivator; Edward A. Hinrichs, Davenport, Iowa, doll.

Amongst the curious inventions were found an interchangeable toy and box; a combination bloomer and bicycle shirt; a non-puncturing pneumatic tire provided with a steel shield; a bicycle adapted to be used on ice; a duplex bicycle tire comprising superposed flexible tires; a device for raising and lowering bicycle tops; and an attachment for bicycles comprising a folding rod that can be expanded and is provided with a mirror adapted to be used on ladies' bicycles so that they can arrange their bangs while in transit.

Free information relative to patents may be obtained in addressing Snes & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

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