

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GRANDMOTHERS' LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT."

"The Unforgotten First That Is In Thee, Which Dwellt First In Thy Grandmother Lois"—From Second Book of Timothy, Chapter 1, Verse 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence. Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of today, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of the nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

The celebrated Frenchman, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the

youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely days that we call Indian summer!

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks and then to persuade the mothers of today that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children, I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand, and upon every one of them, you, the mother of today, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are today in the person of their descendants, in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon our nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not thinking of mother Eunice. I am talking of grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi river away up at the top of the continent starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride, between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and the Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains make contributions. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling for ever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers betted by intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has dried up, and the last duke of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eyes as clear as heaven, so full of aches and pains once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early part of the nineteenth century and those of the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare today. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymnbook. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the age following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance by wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, it is a hard world for women. Aye, I go further and say, it is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

A DOG OF WAR.

A hardlooking young colored man leaned against an awning-pole at a street-corner in Washington, says the Post, while a very ordinary cur sat at his feet. A crowd of people assembled, waiting for streetcars. Then the colored youth bestirred himself.

"Look a-yeah, Nero," said he to the now alert and tail-wagging cur, "what yo' gwine ter do of a Spanyud comes a-snoopin' down the street?"

The words were scarcely uttered before the cur began to snap with a viciousness that seemed to say, "What I'd do to him would be a heap." The crowd laughed, and applauded the cleverness of the plebeian-looking pup.

"Dat's all right, so fah," went on the negro, again addressing the cur, "but what Ah wants ter fin' out is wheeah all o' dese yeah Spanyuds is a-goin' t' be by de time we gits froo wit' 'em."

The cur gave a mournful look out of his big brown eyes, toppled over on his back, and with his four legs sticking rigidly in the air, admirably simulated the immovableness of death. He even ceased his panting in order to render the exhibition more realistic.

The crowd gave the poor, starved-looking cur a "hand" of surprise and appreciation, and half a dozen or so of the men dropped coins into the colored fellow's palm, admonishing him to see that the dog had a good supper.

"Least We Forget."

Can any one furnish the whole of the poem beginning with—"God of our forget; least we forget." This is especially requested by an old subscriber.—New York Tribune. Great Scott! Cannot some benevolent person furnish the literary editor of the New York Tribune with a copy of Kipling's "Recessional"? It needs nothing but that to make New York a great literary center.—Boston Transcript.

Ambition.

Weary Watkins—"If I could, I'd like to be appointed one of them provisional governors." Hungry Higgins—"What's in it?" "What's in it?" He is the guy that handles the provisions, ain't he?"—Indianapolis Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, OCT. 16, 2 CHRON.

Golden Text—"And the Men Did the Work Faithfully"—2 Chron. 34: 13—The Temple Repaired—Suggestions to Teachers.

The section includes the history of half a century, from the death of Jehoshaphat to close of the reign of his great-grandson Joash (2 Chron., chaps. 23-30; and the Parallel—2 Kings, chaps. 11, 12. Suggestions to Teachers—Today we take a glance over fifty years of Judah's history. We first see the fruit of Jehoshaphat's too close alliance with Ahab and Jezebel, veritable apples of Sodom—idolatry, crime, and death. Then we fix our attention upon the reforms of the young Joash, especially his restoration of the temple. We look over the borders and see what is going on in the northern kingdom—the relation of Judah. We need to consult both the map and the chart. This history sheds some rays of light upon our path,—both the red light of danger and the white light of instruction.

Historical Setting.—Time.—During the first two-thirds of the reign of Joash, who reigned B. C. 853-843 (rev. chron., 853-796). The repairs were begun early in his reign, but were not completed till his twenty-third year (2 Kings 12: 6). Place.—Jerusalem, the capital of the kingdom of Judah. Prophets.—The prophet Elijah lived to write a letter to Jehoram; and Elisha was living in Samaria, the capital of the neighboring kingdom during the whole of the reign of Joash of Judah. Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, who was stoned to death by Joash for reproving him. Secular History.—Hazael was king of Syria; Shalmaneser II., king of Assyria (2 Kings 17: 1-6). Egypt, Monuments.—The famous Black Obelisk from Nineveh, now in the British Museum, records Assyrian history of this age, and confirms the Bible accounts.

Place in the History.—The fruits of Jehoshaphat's mistake, and another effort at reformation.

4. "And it came to pass after this." After he was settled on the throne and the first works of reformation were completed the way "to repair." To restore. This was the fourth of his reforms. Joash's early experience of seven years in the temple courts may have impressed his mind with the need of restoration.

5. "And he gathered together (in a public meeting the priests and the Levites," who had charge of the temple and its services and the religious and moral education of the people. "Go out unto the cities of Judah." The whole people were to have their part in the work, as required by the law of Moses. "And gather all of Israel." Each one was to go to his own acquaintance (2 Kings 12: 5). "From year to year." They could thus give much more than if required to pay the whole sum at once. "The Levites hastened it not." (1) Because for a long time not much had been done, so that the people were not very ready to take hold, and this discouraged the priests. (2) It is quite possible that the people were not enthusiastic in giving because they did not trust the priests. "An Oriental official values his office for what he can make."

6. "Called for Jehoiada the chief." In the twenty-third year of his reign. It is strange that the high priest should be negligent; but he was a very old man (2 Chron. 24: 15), even if, with most critics, we read one hundred and three instead of one hundred and thirty years. "Collection (the tax of Moses)." The poll tax of half a shekel (thirty-three cents) for the service of the tabernacle (Ex. 30: 11-15). "And of the congregation." The free-will offerings not required by the law of Moses. "For the tabernacle of witness." Which bore witness to Jehoiada and his covenant with Israel. There was only a tabernacle, not a temple, when Moses gave these laws.

7. "Had broken up," etc. They had injured the temple. And the natural decay in the one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty years since it was built would amount to considerable.

8. "They made a chest," a box. It appears that the chest was locked, and had a hole bored in its lid only just large enough to admit pieces of silver. The contents therefore could not be touched, except by the royal officers who kept the key.—Todd. "And set it without (the temple proper, but) at the gate of the house." The door thus led from the court of the priests into the temple proper. It was beside the great brazen altar (2 Kings 12: 9), and thus in sight of the contributors.

9. "And they made a proclamation." Instead of a great number of irreligious priests going out among their acquaintances, an invitation was sent all over the country for the people to come to Jerusalem, and present their offerings.

10. "And all the people rejoiced, and brought in." Joy and delight in the object made liberal givers. There is money enough in the world to relieve all the poor, and to send the gospel to all nations, if only there was joy enough in giving. "Until they had made an end." Till enough was given for the purpose.

11. "The king's scribe," the high priest's officer. The secretary of state and the representative of the aged high priest. The money was placed in the charge of two responsible persons, who put the money in sealed bags (2 Kings 12: 10), after the Oriental custom, all counted and marked ready for payment. "It was thus evident to all that the priests could not tamper with the contributions, and that whatever was dropped into the box would be spent for the object for which it was designed."

12. "Gave it to such as did the work." The money went directly from the treasury to the workmen, who were trusted perfectly (2 Kings 12: 15).

14. "And they offered burnt offerings." They renewed the temple services as well as the temple, and used it to manage symbols of worship to uplift the people.

The Modern Expression.

Grandma White is a simple old soul, who does not seek for hidden meanings like the unbelieving generations of today. She was enjoying afternoon tea when Hilda came in, hot and tired, after her walk. Hilda threw herself upon a chair, wroily: "I shall have tea to my hat, grandma," she said. "Oh, dearie! hadn't you better have it in a cup?" said the old lady, wondering what young girls will do next.—Sketch.

RAMS' HORNS.

There is hope for a nation while it can fight without asking. "For how much?"

Wine may multiply the flow of words, but it never increases the purity of the thought.

The question is not, who is able? God will attend to that; but, who is willing?

The cry of "wolf" is often emanates from the wolf's companion as from the shepherd.

LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

To Be Held in Omaha, Beginning October 18th.

The fifth annual meeting of the Liberal Congress of Religion will be held in Omaha beginning Tuesday evening, October 18, and continuing until Saturday evening. At this time the congress gives promise of being one of the most interesting gatherings held during the exposition. Many eminent divines and experts in the discussion of social problems will be present and take part in the discussion. The following is an outline of the program which is yet incomplete and which is subject to change:

Tuesday at 8 p. m.: Address of welcome; response by the president, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Chicago; opening sermon by Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Chicago.

Wednesday at 8 p. m.: Sociological evening, Rev. R. A. White, Chicago, presiding; The Social Conscience, by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Christ and the Labor Problem, by Rev. Frank Crane, Chicago; What the Employer Might Do to Settle the Labor Problem, by Prof. N. P. Gilman of the Meadville Theological school, Meadville, Pa.

Thursday, 8 p. m.: The problem of Internationalism. Let Us Forget, by David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford university; The Growth of International Sentiment, by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

Friday at 8 p. m.: Missionary. The Greater America and Her Mission in Asia, by Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago; America's Mission at Home, by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis.

Saturday at 8 p. m.: Social reunion and reception, in charge of the local committee. The forenoon sessions begin at 9:30 a. m. on Wednesday: Welcome of delegates and response by the same. The Problems of the Congress, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; The Value and Feasibility of State Organization, by Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

During the forenoon sessions of Thursday, Friday and Saturday the following papers will be read and discussed: The Part Faith Plays in Science and Religion, by Rev. S. R. Cochran, Syracuse, N. Y.; The Problem of Authority in Religion, by Rev. John Albert Appleton, Wis.; The New Testament Virtue of Pudence, by Rev. H. H. Peabody, Rome, N. Y.; The Evolution of Conscience in the Nineteenth Century, by E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.; Our Great Theological and Social Program, by Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Eau Claire, Wis.; The Coming Man: Will He Worship, by Rev. Mrs. S. L. Crum, Webster City, Ia.; The Brotherhood and its Choir, by Rev. Leighton Williams, New York city, corresponding secretary of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom; A Year After the Nashville Congress, by Rev. Isidore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.; The Education of the Colored Race, by Prof. W. H. Council of the normal school of Huntsville, Ala.

Among others whom it is hoped will be present to give papers and take a part in the discussions are Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the Open Court; Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago; Dr. Lewis G. Jones, Cambridge, Miss.

Rarest Postage Stamp.

This penny Mauritius stamp was issued, together with a twopenny of similar design in 1847, its extreme rarity being due not only to the time which has elapsed since its appearance, but also to the very small number printed. It is the rarest stamp in the world, and has been recently purchased by an Englishman for over \$5,000, which is the highest sum ever given for a single stamp in England. Only one other copy on the original envelope is known, and that is in the British museum. It is believed that nearly all these stamps were used up on the day of issue in franking invitations to an official ball, and, as the envelope is small and suitable only for inclosing a card or single sheet of paper, and also as the date of the postmark and the handwriting on the envelope are precisely similar to that of the only other known copy, a certain amount of probability on these grounds alone is attached to the above theory.—Kansas City Journal.

The Light of the Sea.

A Dutch investigator, Beyerinck, has lately made a special study of the little organisms called photo-bacteria, to which, in a large degree, the phosphorescence of the ocean is due. He has been unable to discover that the luminosity of these strange creatures plays any important part in their vitality. It appears to depend chiefly upon the food that they are able to obtain. When they have plenty of carbon they shine brilliantly, and the ocean surface glows with their mysterious light. When fed with sugar or glycerine, their phosphorescent power is increased.

Living Death in a Car.

Six days and six nights without either food or drink was the experience of Louis Lyons, who was found lying in a refrigerator car in the Northwestern yards in Milwaukee by some trainmen. He comes of a good family at Stevens Point, Wis., and at 19 years of age started to the Klondike. At Seattle he was robbed of all his money. At Boone, Iowa, he climbed into a refrigerator car, which was locked and started on its journey eastward before he awoke. The cruel punishment lasted for 144 hours. He will recover and be sent home.

Looking Ahead.

The following bit of seasonable nonsense comes from the Chicago Tribune: "I think I'll take a walk," remarked the commercial traveler, as he strolled away from the hotel. "Which is the way to Dewey street?" "We hadn't got any Dewey street," said the man on the hotel steps. "The city council passed an ordinance changing the name of Olive street to Dewey, all right enough, but the mayor vetoed it." "Who is your mayor?" "He's a man named Sampson. He said he reckoned we'd better wait till the war was over."

Whenever a bachelor begins to investigate a girl's cooking he means business.

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Heavy G. A. R. Business.

General Manager Rawn of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western Railway has prepared a detailed statement of the number of people carried into Cincinnati on the occasion of the thirty-second annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic September 3rd to 12th inclusive. According to the train records 37,997 people were transported, the largest number being on September 5th, when the total reached 8,322. According to these statistics the Baltimore and Ohio South Western carried about 50 per cent of the travel.

The new light from Acetylene, made from Calcium Carbide (or lime, coke and water) is a recent discovery, and when the gas is made in a "Monarch" Generator the light is as bright as the sun and nearly as cheap. It should be in every store, hotel and home in the land. This "Minarch" Generator is sold by Schlieder Mfg Co., Omaha, Neb. If you are interested, write them.

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