

THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.
LOUP CITY, NEB.

Kentucky's whisky product for the year just ended was nearly 23,000,000 gallons, an increase over last year of nearly 2,000,000.

The Trans-Siberian railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years, the cost probably considerably exceeding the original estimate of \$75,500,000.

Twenty-nine historic spots in Portland, Me., are to be marked with tablets prior to the return of the absent sons and daughters in Old Home week. They include several noted in pre-Revolutionary days, the birthplaces of Henry Wadsworth, Longfellow, Thomas B. Reed, Nathaniel Parker Willis; his sister, Mrs. James Parton ("Fanny Fern"), Alexander S. Wadsworth and Sargent S. Prentiss.

Siberia has recently furnished a new game-bird for the epicures of Europe. It is called the Siberian partridge, and is found in the mountains south of Omsk in southern Siberia, but its original home is said to be Manchuria. Its principal food consists of wild nuts, which gives an exquisite flavor to its flesh. These birds, which have begun to appear by thousands in the markets of London, are shot during the winter and forwarded to England by way of the Baltic sea.

In France, Monsieur Dufour has succeeded in making thermometer tubes of pure quartz. Not only are these tubes exceedingly transparent, but their resistance to heat and other advantages make them superior to glass for thermometers intended to measure high temperatures. In such thermometers, melted tin takes the place of mercury, and the scale reads from about 465 degrees Fahrenheit up over 1,000 degrees. It could be run up to 1,800 degrees, for quartz does not soften below that temperature.

The largest time ball in the United States is being erected on the roof of the Fourth street end of the bourse in Philadelphia, the task being under the supervision of Lieutenant Hughes. The ball, which is four feet in diameter and weighs 60 pounds, will be hoisted to the top of an iron column 190 feet above tidewater five minutes before noon each day and dropped electrically 40 feet to an air-cushion exactly at noon by the naval observatory clock in Washington. The object of the time ball is to enable all the mariners in Delaware and Schuylkill rivers to regulate their chronometers before sailing.

An explanation has been given, in the house of commons, of the reason why American capitalists were allowed to take a large slice of the new British loan. The war had greatly depleted the stock of gold in the Bank of England. Meanwhile there was a great abundance of gold in this country. The result of disposing of a part of the loan here was to draw gold to London. It is all simple enough; but the fact remains that it is only very lately that this country was rich enough to take foreign loans. Perhaps the most significant feature of the affair is that capital at interest now earns so little that the possessors of it are content with 3 per cent if the security be unimpeachable.

The widespread impression that people living in a primitive condition possess more acute vision than civilized men enjoy, receives a little support from the investigations of Dr. Rivers during the recent British expedition to Torres Straits and New Guinea. The visual powers of the people there were found to be superior to those of normal Europeans, although the degree of superiority was not great. The natives of Torres Straits could see better in the dark than most Europeans can. Their sense of touch was also slightly superior, and in the discrimination of weight they were more accurate than a practised European. Dr. Rivers ascribes their acuteness of vision to their habits of constant observation.

The editor of an anarchistic newspaper in this country hailed the murder of King Humbert with an editorial paean of joy. He frankly conceded that Humbert was kind and estimable, personally, and that he had not been guilty of oppressing his people; yet this man rejoiced in his death merely because he was a king. What sort of a man it is who preaches such doctrines—what sort of men anarch breeds—is well brought out by the comments of a Chicago paper on this editor: "He is not a worker, but a 'dead beat.' He spends most of his time consuming beer and giving utterance to the desire that people may be killed. He is not even a brave man. When he was last wanted by the police he had to be dragged out from under the bed where he had hidden." This is a just arraignment, not merely of an anarchist, but of anarchy.

The remains of another giant dinosaur have been found by Prof. Rogers of the Field Columbian museum of Chicago, on the banks of the Gunnison river, near Grand Junction, Col. By accident, he unearthed one of the bones of a dinosaur, and subsequent excavations have brought to light nearly a perfect skeleton, which will be shipped to Chicago to be mounted. One bone is nine feet long and others are so large that it is almost beyond the strength of one man to lift them. Half of the skeleton already has been taken from the ground.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSES ON THE REDEMPTION OF THE RACE.

A Topic Suggested by the Famous Paintings of Munich—Types of Humanity Represented by the Two Malefactors—A Plunge Into Darkness.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xliii, 33, "There they crucified him and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with reverence, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison and the one at the left bitter aloes, the one in the middle apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground that he might spear him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks near him heer out these words: "Ah, you poor wretch! I knew you were an impostor! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you!" It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out, "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with him! On his right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say, "Back with him from the heart! I will not let him take my sins. If he will die, let him die for himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world!

A Plunge Into Darkness.
Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblest death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had 70 years in which to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live it one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God, and to be reconciled to him again! Oh, eternity! Oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever!'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross! Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that

day had that man heard of Christ. But after Christ has stood almost 19 centuries, working the wonders of his grace, you reject him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out his birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when he bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see him die. Tell me, thou sun in midheaven, who for him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Aye, aye, responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right hand cross, except it is used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

The Penitent Malefactor.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. The victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross. As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life—of that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones.

He says, "I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this." There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for he has done me no wrong. And yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing, the present a crucifixion, the future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that he knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that he can cure the wounded. I have heard that he can pardon the sinner. Surely in all his wanderings up and down the earth he never saw one more in need of his forgiveness. Blessed One, I turn to thee. Wilt thou turn for the moment away from thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture—I can stand all this—but, oh, my sins, my sins, my sins! They pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." I ask no great things. I seek no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at thy side, when the shout of heavenly welcome takes thee back into thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt thou? "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Only just remember me.

Likewise must we repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply, "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed him of our time, robbed him of our talent, robbed him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve him. He has given us wages all the time. Yet how many of us have been serving another master! When a man

is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surrounds him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture.

True Condition of the Unpardoned.

You say, "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave, but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the heart seems in the sunlight of worldliness. But as I wave the torch of God's truth and go down into the deep cavern of the heart, alas, for the startling horrors and the rattling fangs! Have you ever noticed the climax of this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a life time have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by his grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guesswork in that prayer, no "if" in that supplication. The left hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done; the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior with gauntleted fists beats at the castle gate. So with all the aroused energies of our souls let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

Forthwith the left hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a king's couch. When the body became still and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another, "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression and fathomed every depth and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy, mercy!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day. And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away."

New Postal Law in Hawaii.

Word was received at the postoffice yesterday says the Chicago Inter-Ocean that Hawaii, as a territory of the United States, has become subject to the postal laws and regulations of this country. The same postal conditions governing domestic mails now prevail in Hawaii, and between the territory of Hawaii and the United States. This includes the use of United States stamps for the payment of postage. Hereafter there will be no parcels post with Hawaii, the limit of weight in packages of merchandise to be sent through the mails now being reduced from twelve to four pounds. The international domestic order system is superseded by the domestic.

"Majestatsbeleidigung."

What the old Grand Duke of Oldenburg, whose death was reported lately, thought of the crime of "majestatsbeleidigung" may be inferred from an anecdote of his in the Kleine Zeitung. A few years ago a Social-Democratic workman was arrested on a charge of "insulting the grand duke," and was condemned to six months' imprisonment. No sooner had the prince heard of it than he issued the categorical order, "Let the fellow loose at once! Nobody can insult me. If a donkey does not approve of Oldenburg, he can go and bray in some other land."

Precious Stones That Grow.

This is not a little fairy tale although at first sight it may appear to be. There are at least two kinds of precious stones that grow on trees! For instance, it is by no means rare to find beautiful pearls in the cocoon-palm of the Philippine islands, while yet another precious stone is to be found in the joints of the bamboo cane, the natives wearing it as an ornament.

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats and fatty substances.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII., SEPT. 23, LUKE XII: 35-46.

Golden Text: Watch and Pray That Ye Enter Not Into Temptation.—Matt. 26:41.—The Duty of Watchfulness.—Temperance Lesson.

Golden text:—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. 26: 41. "Let your loins be girded about." The long oriental robe requires to be taken up and the skirt fastened under the girdle to allow freedom in walking.—Abbott. Thus the servant is ready for action, prepared for whatever duty is required of him, at a moment's notice. "And your lights burning."

"Like unto men that wait for their lord." The faithful believer is described as a servant waiting over night for the arrival of his master, who is returning from a journey. That there may be no drowsiness in opening the door when he shall knock, he keeps himself awake, up and ready to run.

"Blessed are those servants." Because they have done their duty, their conscience is at ease, their Master is pleased and will give them a special blessing. "Shall find watching." The watcher is ever on guard, like the lookout on a ship or the outposts of an army. "He shall gird himself, and make them to enter down to meat." The figure used to express the high blessedness of those found watching, that the Lord will gird himself and wait upon them, is very surprising one, and most betoken an honor and blessedness beyond all thought.—Sailer.

"Second . . . or . . . third watch." Always watching, whether it be early or late. "The watch was a military division of the night, covering the hours occupied by each of the four relays of guards stationed from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m."—American Commentary. Sometimes the Lord seems to delay his coming, but the faithful ones watch to the very end.

"If the goodman." The master, the owner, "Had known (my) what hour the thief would come, he would have watched." "In the East, which knows not the happy and secure municipal arrangements of Western lands, every one must be his own policeman. "And not have suffered." He took the ordinary precautions of bars and bolts. But he should have done more. "To be broken through." Literally it is to be dug through, a graphic word, appropriate to describe the action of a thief who would be required to get into a house whose walls consisted in a great measure of mud.

"Be ye therefore ready also." Watch not one night, but all the time. As a rope or a wall of defence is not as strong as its weakest part, so watching is effective only when it is persistent and continuous. "The Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

"Then Peter said." He wished to know if this great duty belonged only to the leaders, or to all; and could all, or only the apostles, have the glorious promise of v. 37? How wide was the duty and the reward?

"And the Lord said." Applying the duty and promise to all, as in Mark 13: 37. "Who then is that faithful and wise steward?" "That faithful steward and wise man," wise not only in his stewardship, but as a man. "Shall make of his house over his household." While he himself went abroad, this power was conferred on account of previous faithfulness and ability—referring to the apostles, to ministers who are over the household of God, and in their sphere to all Christians, for they have much committed to their charge, far more than many realize. "To give them their portion of meat." "A measured portion of food, a ration."

"Then he possessed all the Beatitudes." "Shall find so doing." We see by this illustration of Christ what he means by watching; not gazing up into the heaven for signs, but faithful performance of duty, as if God himself were ever present, with hope and joy in the thought of his coming.

"Will make him ruler (or set him) over all that he hath." Over all his property of every kind, and not simply over his body of domestics. (Compare Matt. 25: 21; Luke 19: 17, 26).

"Say in his heart." Because he would be ashamed to say it openly; it would shock him. "My Lord delayeth his coming." So that the time of reckoning is far away; nor will he ever know of the evil doings of his servant, and the servant will have time to put all in order again. "But the menservants." Like a petty tyrant over those who are faithful, and because they are faithful. Eat and drink, and to be drunken." "The two forms of sin most common to those in high places are oppression and self-indulgence."—Abbott.

"Come . . . when he looketh not for him." The Lord knows all that is being done, and at the right time will come suddenly, not only in his great second coming, but in all forms of his coming. "The Episcopal liturgy contains a prayer for deliverance, 'from sudden death'; but it is explained as meaning 'death for which we are unprepared.' "Appoint him his portion with the unbelievers." The unfaithful to their trusts. Matthew says, with the hypocrites.

The Drummer Has Arrived.

Honolulu is beginning to be invaded by the American drummer as it has never been before, says the Hawaiian Star. The first man to arrive under the new conditions was a Chicago soap and perfume man, who gave the Hawaiian hotel clerk quite a shock. He landed from the steamer in all the glory that characterizes an up-to-date traveling man and headed for the hostelry. Arriving there, one of his first requests was to be shown the "sample room." But there wasn't any. Honolulu has never achieved the distinction of having one. In American cities the big hotels have to have a sample room, where the drummers may keep their big stock of samples, but while Hawaii had a tax of \$500 on every one who tried to sell goods there no sample room was needed. Firms that wanted to give their men \$500 as a starter to buy the privilege of doing Hawaiian business were not very numerous. Manager Lucas fixed up quarters to be used for a sample room for the soap man, and he is now casting about for a place that can be permanently devoted to the purpose.

Ulling Dogs' Skins.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says that in Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous dogs are tanned and made into gloves—a plan which affords a valuable suggestion, inasmuch as every large community kills a great number of dogs annually, the hides of which might just as well be utilized as wasted. Dog skin, of course, is one of the best materials for gloves, and for this purpose we import hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of canine pelts annually.

The Arch Fund Running Behind. Only \$300 has been added to the Dewey or naval arch fund in New York since the 1st of May, and not a cent since August 1. The expenses of the committee in charge are now exceeding current collections.

A Harrison with Cromwell. One of ex-President Harrison's ancestors was the Thomas Harrison who served under Cromwell and signed the death warrant of King Charles. On the Restoration he was executed in 1660.

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Kindness out of season destroys authority.—Saadi.

Ten Greatest American Railroads.

A table showing the mileage controlled by the principal railroad companies of this country on July, 1900, has been compiled by the Railway Age. The ten largest systems are as follows: New York Central 10,420 Pennsylvania 10,332 Canadian Pacific 10,018 Southern Pacific 9,362 Chicago and Northwestern 8,463 Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 8,001 Southern Railway 7,887 Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. 7,880 Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul 6,437 Union Pacific 5,534

—From the New York Sun.

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