

THE NORTHWESTERN.

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President Diaz of Mexico is to be the guest of the French nation during his visit to France, and will be escorted from Vera Cruz to Marseilles by a fleet of French war vessels.

The German government is granting a subsidy of \$1,500,000 per annum to call companies, and, in conjunction with Dutch undertakings, cables are to be laid between Batavia, Saigon, Palembang, Makassar, Amborna, the Carolines and New Guinea.

In South Carolina there was hanged last week a negro convicted of assaulting a white woman. This is the first execution under the law making this offense a capital one. Now that the law is on the statute book, it is hoped that it will have a tendency to prevent lynching.

In the Georgia legislature a bill has been introduced to empower the State Commissioner of Agriculture to inspect proprietary medicines to see if they are wholesome or injurious. When the testers, or "tasters," are inspecting medicines of an alcoholic nature, it is likely that well-developed jags will result ere the inspectors will be qualified to report.

The great dam across the Nile at Assoua, which has just been completed, is designed to hold back the floods and provide for a system of regular irrigation. It is expected that some 600,000 acres of arid land will be made productive. The dam cost about \$1,000,000 and has required two years for construction—a comparatively short time, when the magnitude of the work is considered.

A young woman teacher of St. Louis tried to discourage tardiness by kissing the first pupil to arrive at school in the morning. On the day the system went into effect two boys of 16, only two years younger than the teacher, arrived several hours before school opened, and every boy in the school was on hand an hour ahead of time. The two big boys each got a kiss, but the system was abandoned.

The new Austrian parliament contains no less than twenty-six parties, with membership ranging from two up to sixty-four. No party has a majority. In elections the Anti-Semites and the Clerical parties suffered heavily, many of their seats being captured by Socialists or Nationalists. The German members outnumber the Poles, or Czechs, by thirty. It is not believed that any government can long continue to hold office.

A woman reformer recently pulled from the folds of her gown a soiled American flag and waved it before the audience, saying that she had waved it from public platforms in every country in Europe. "More's the pity!" murmured a much-loved general, who had lost his arm in fighting under that emblem. Those who see in our flag liberty and justice and moderation do not incessantly wave it above their heads; but perhaps they will sustain it long after those who every day wrap themselves ostentatiously in its folds have dropped in the rear.

According to the statements of a former resident in the Klondike, the inhabitants of that region suffer much from snow blindness. Dark glasses seem to be of no value in the way of prophylaxis. That which afforded the most protection was wooden goggles, the patterns for which were taken from those worn by the Indians. These were whittled out of a piece of wood, fitting closely around the eyes, and with no glasses at all; but in the place of glasses were very small openings to see through, the inside being colored black. A projection like the visor of a cap extended over them, which was also colored black on the under side to shade the eyes.

The groups of coast-defenders on duty at life-saving stations are now having their most trying experiences. One of the force describes a sentinel tour along the shore in a terrific gale with a blinding snow. He was unable to keep his feet, but crawled to the outer limit of his beat, and returned in the same manner. The cold and fatigue made the night-watching an exhausting test of endurance and courage. His warning light was happily not needed, and no vessel came within the danger line; but the devotion was ready and the duty faithfully fulfilled. In the homes of comfort and security, when darkness and tempest bring no fear to the householder, let not the men whose service often means peril and privation be forgotten. Sympathetic thought, and whatever is needed to make their lives exempt from unnecessary suffering, ought to be a glad offering to the brave and patient men whose record is an honor to themselves and to their country.

Fishermen will be interested in the announcement that 200,000,000 whitefish will be distributed in the Great Lakes from the Michigan hatcheries during the coming season. In addition to these, the same hatcheries will distribute in the larger streams of Michigan 7,000,000 brook trout, 3,000,000 lake trout, 7,000,000 black bass and 100,000,000 wall-eyed pike. The work of planting fish is as interesting and about as important as any in the line of preserving an industry which is paid for out of public funds.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE MINISTRY OF TEARS" IS SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears from Their Eyes"—Rev. VII: 17—The New Heaven and the New Earth—The Covert of Last Resort.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfisch, N. Y.)
New York, March 19.—A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city today to hear Dr. Talmage. Discussing "The Ministry of Tears," he put the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii, 17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last sixty-four years had been answered, and God did save the queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the queen's jubilee so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins our English blood or the Welsh blood or the Irish blood or the Scotch blood and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The Ministry of Tears.
You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they were born and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when you might have a perpetual northwest? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religion and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears of the practical uses of sorrow:

New Heaven and New Earth.
After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the latter part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made and how it looks and who live there and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has tots already

laid out and avenues opened and mansions built.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our weakness nor God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A man is unfortunate in his business. He has to raise a good deal of money and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says, "Oh, Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

The Last Resort.
Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your legal counsel, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call on your help then you go to God. You say: "Oh, Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

I like what Martin Luther said to Philip Melancthon when Melancthon has gone to bed discouraged and saying to Luther: "Our cause is lost. We have had all our work for nothing. I am in a state of despair!" Then Luther said: "Come, Philip; we have had enough of such talk! Let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah!'"

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing, but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, 75 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley 20 years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hoesack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch the sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead so she could look closer at the wound it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home, although you may have been men and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were 5 or 10 years of age.

The Unfailing Remedy.
I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha. Then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Your troubles are educational. I go into the office of a lapidary, an artificer in precious stones, and I see him at work on one precious stone for a few minutes, and he puts it aside finished. I see him take up another precious stone, and he works on that all the afternoon, and I come in the next

day and still find him working on it, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to him, "Why did you put only 20 minutes' work on that one precious stone and put a whole week on this other?" "Oh," he says, "that one upon which I put only 20 minutes' work is of but little worth, and I soon got through with it. But this precious stone upon which I have put such prolonged and careful work is of vast value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet." So God lets one man go through life with only a little cutting of misfortune, for he does not amount to much; he is a small soul and of comparatively little value. But this other soul is of great worth, and it is cut of pain and cut of bereavement and cut of persecution and cut of all kinds of trouble and through many years, and I ask, "Dear Lord, why all this prolonged and severe process?" And God says: "This soul is of infinite value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet. He shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

The Sympathy of Jesus.
Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The short-verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly grief! Gentle! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush your crying. It will be a father who will take you on his left arm, his face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

You have noticed when the children get hurt and their mother is away from home they always come to you, the father, for comfort and sympathy, but you have noticed when the children get hurt and their mother is at home they go right past you and to her, and you are of no account. So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul or Moses or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven, the fruits of God without one speck, the fresh pastures without one nettle, the orchestra without one snapped string, the river of gladness without one torn bank, the solferino and the saffron of the sunrise of the eternal day that beams from God's face.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone—a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, hearing the multitude of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find the crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

Wipe Away the Tears.
Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek and of persecution and of trial are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at all, and yet history tells us that the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah!" their enemies fled panic struck, and so the Britons got the victory. And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth or hell could stand before us, and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Magnetic Islands.
Sinbad's experience with the magnetic island that drew his ship to destruction might have occurred in the Hebrides islands, as recent investigations show that these islands possess strange magnetic properties. On the Isle of Skye is this particularly pronounced. At almost any point on this island a compass is absolutely useless, the needle changing direction every few feet, pointing to widely divergent points of the compass. The rocks of the Cullin hills, composed mainly of gabbro and basalt, are permanently magnetized. Stone pillars set up to mark topographical survey work become magnetized in a very short time.—Chicago Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII. MARCH 24, LUKE XXIII: 35-53.

Golden Text: "Christ Died (in the Effort to Create Better Conditions for Our Sins According to the Scriptures)"—I Cor. 15:3—Jesus Crucified.

Sum of the Lesson.—The consummation of the conspiracy to take away the life of Jesus evoked anger from on high that was clearly manifested. The clouds darkened, the earth trembled and the people were stricken with terror. Modern astronomers have calculated the time of the earthquake so accurately that the date of the crucifixion is fixed exactly. The same authorities make note of the fact that the birth of Christ was marked by a star. Thus the beginning and the end of a life destined to leave its imprint on human character the world over was marked in a way that could not be blotted out by the loss of rewards of other great events. God's handiwork is indelible. His punctuation of the life of Jesus was intended to impress men of every age.

Modern Application.—Don't think that because the law puts a man to punishment they are all guilty of crime. Some go to the death to answer for the crimes of others, some go to prison because they tell the truth.

Text of to-day's lesson:
35. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also scoffed at him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen God.

36. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar.

37. And saying, If thou art the King of the Jews, save thyself.

38. And a superscription also was written over him, in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, "This is the King of the Jews."

39. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.

40. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41. And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

43. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

44. And it was now about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness came over all the earth until the ninth hour.

45. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

46. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said this, he gave up the ghost.

47. And when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

48. And all the multitude that came together to this sight, when they beheld the things that were done, returned smiting their breasts.

49. And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

50. And behold, there was a man named Joseph, who was a councillor, and he was a good man and righteous.

51. The same had not consented to their counsel and deed, he was a man of Arimathea, a city of the Jews, who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

52. This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

53. And he took it down, and wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in a sepulcher that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

Illustration.—Bunker Hill monument commemorates a defeat, which for a long time was looked upon with chagrin and disappointment; and yet that defeat was really the birth-throe of our country, and had more glorious results and more wide-reaching influence than most victories.

So the famous Thermopylae was a defeat, but it has thrilled the ages because it was a moral victory.

The cross expresses the essential peculiarity of the religion of Christ, which gives it its power over all other religions. Other religions have precepts of high morality, as Confucius and Arnold's "Light of Asia" show. Every great religion has such precepts and ideals. They have been selected from the sacred literatures, and presented in books or in addresses like those at the Parliament of Religions; and men ask, "What is the use of sending Bibles and missionaries to people who have such a morality before them?" The peoples and countries, really the birth-throe of our country, and had more glorious results and more wide-reaching influence than most victories.

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THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



Mrs. August Palzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation, had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

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If you take up your home in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in a few years, and full information as to the best railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 801 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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We send 7 packages of rare, choice, fine, splendid vegetable novelties and packages of brilliantly beautiful flower seeds, all worth \$1. Get our big catalog for seed & plants. Notice, in order to gain 20,000 new customers in 1901, for 10c, 10 rare farm seed samples, fully worth \$1.00 to get a stack of our new catalogues.

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