

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEORGE E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

People are deleteriously announcing the "passing of negro minstrelsy." But just watch the billboards.

Oklaha has a golf club for smallpox convalescents. Little need of the sign "Only members allowed on the links."

Mr. Carnegie might ease the Union Pacific railway's pedagogical burden by dropping a library into Wyoming and Nebraska.

St. Louis is vastly interested in an operation on a man's heart. He is now well on the road to recovery. It was a surgical operation.

A California man has offered to sell his wife and four children for \$50. As for himself, he could probably be had for a glass of beer.

President Roosevelt can write feelingly on the subject of deer. He has been trailed himself by office-seekers until he knows how it feels.

The city of Paterson, N. J., is struggling to recover from the effects of a fire, a flood and a strike, besides wondering what is to come next.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Letev's successful serum treatment for the cure of lockjaw will not be applied with indiscriminate benevolence.

Until women can listen to Kubelik, the violinist, without crowding to kiss him it will be wise for man to insist on his exclusive right to vote.

The man who never makes a mistake is harmless. He never makes anything. Doesn't even make the mistake of classing anybody with himself.

Sir Robert Ball says the moon is surely edging away from us, and considering the many things that she is compelled to witness who can blame her?

The French and Italian manufacturers of oil paintings by the old masters are getting a share of the money that comes out of Senator Clark's copper mines.

The Czar of Russia is on a visit to one of his cousins. It will keep him busy to make the rounds, as his national family now numbers more than 100,000,000.

Probably one of the gloomiest men in the wide world to-day is Gen. Weyler, because the outbreak at Barcelona did not continue long enough to give him a "free hand."

A Minneapolis man named Zizagowski has been arrested in St. Paul for making his way over from Minneapolis after the manner of his name and citizenship.

A French court decides that a telephoned swear word is a penal offense. Marconi can't get that wireless apparatus into working order any too soon for weak humanity.

Count Boni de Castellane does not neglect his American relatives, plebeians though they are. He writes them every now and then, mentioning the amount of his debts.

Twenty-two million dollars' worth of diamonds were taken out of the Kimberley mines in South Africa last year—almost enough to go around at a New York society event.

A picturesque feature of the Boer war was the fording of the Orange river by Commandant Kritzinger, clad in yellow gaiters, lavender trousers, a new frock coat and a tally-ho hat.

Along with the proceedings of the annual convention of the Society of Friends comes the announcement that there are 900 firms in America engaged in the manufacture of fighting goods.

The Emperor of China has finally acknowledged that he isn't running the world. After his experiences with the Empress Dowager it is remarkable that he clung to the foolish belief in his own supremacy so long.

Among the letters which a New York man wrote to a woman whom he is now suing for money loaned her, is one in which he calls her "my darling, my love, my life's blood, my more than queen." And yet, he got over it. 'Twas ever thus.

A wireless telephone is among the possibilities of the coming year. And none can realize the force of the conviction of joy which will seize the business world when the familiar cry, "The line's in use," take its place among the voices of the past.

A Pittsburg preacher is causing trouble because he heard kissing in the choir while he was delivering his sermon. He can hardly be blamed. No man could be expected to go along smoothly under such conditions without reference to his notes.

A Los Angeles girl has compromised for \$4,500 for injuries received in a collision between cars of two different street railway companies. Of this sum her lawyers received \$2,000. Yet some people think Los Angeles lawyers are not magnanimous!

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MISFORTUNES AND TRIALS OF CHRISTIANS ARE HEAVEN-SENT.

Meant But to Test the Strength and Fortitude of Those Afflicted—"Bread Corn is Bruised Because He Will Not Ever Be Thrashing It."

(Copyright, 1902, Louis Klopfel, N. Y.)
Washington, March 23.—From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28: "For the fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

Misfortunes of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the great need of ninety-nine people out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this neglected allegory of my text.

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed, that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor, and say: "Look at that poor, miserable bruised corn! We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full and their bank account is flush and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth and she is bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The heft of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and Ephesian vociferation, and the ankles skinned by the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development. By the carefulness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear—the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many nor from your lungs one sigh too deep nor from your temples one throbb too sharp. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of merchandise that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles, I would be willing to be troubled." "Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say, 'Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of affection?' You say, 'Any other trial but this.' Your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say, 'If it were rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe.' Your

trouble is a husband, sharp, snappy and cross about the house and raising a small riot because a button is off. How could you know the button is off? Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless, because, she says, her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn and you have bitten your finger nails until they are a sight to be held.

Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say; "anything but this." My hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc or a Sitting Bull savage or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise being in all the universe. You cannot teach omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, the vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this fibbom and these weather crossjack braces." And he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the decks! Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million toned, ocean destined, eternity bound! That little boat is your life as you were trying to hew it out and fashion it and launch it. Do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of thrashing machine. It will be rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "Whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly thrashed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter, and so many miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world and in some estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent off, 50 per cent off, and there are those who would not give 10 cents for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charming thing! But does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind! So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen your grip, but we still hold on. God smites with a staff, but we hold on. And he strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids, coming toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment to life, drinking to their eternal doom as they go over and down. Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no falling in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep you on the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says, "Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it." Blessed be God for that! Pounce away, O flail! Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not ever be thrashing it!" So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding. They never cry in heaven, because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about

you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

Is there not enough solace in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when he embosoms all our trouble in the hush of this great promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black, you will wear white; cypresses for them, palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful dying night? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession, a river of shimmering splendor, and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say, "Do you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. They are they who came out of great tribulation or thrashing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpur, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Lucknow they went into the room, and oh, what a horrid scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting heroically, when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—buzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there, in front of the king's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!" Yes, that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarceration of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no! I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Wants Warm Bed Covering.
Congressman Charles F. Scott has received a demand from a Kansas woman for the passage of a law "to compel keepers of hotels or sleeping rooms to keep on each bed four quilts and one blanket, each quilt to contain not less than five pounds of cotton batting (not coarse hair), and to be covered with at least fourteen yards of cloth (seven yards on each side), two and one-third yards and at least two yards wide, and the blanket to weigh at least two pounds, this covering to be kept on the beds from Sept. 10 to May 1."

Insurance in England.
In England it is possible to insure nearly everything from a long overdue ship to the life of the king. An extensive line of business is now being done insuring against an attack of smallpox.

President Too Strenuous.
Ex-Senator Chandler says President Roosevelt has set a pace in his attention to and transaction of public business that will kill any of his successors who may attempt to keep it up.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, APRIL 6; ACTS 9:1-12—SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

Golden Text—"Repent Ye, Therefore, and Be Converted, That Your Sins May Be Blotted Out"—Acts 3:19—Saul Transformed Into Paul.

I. The Man Paul, I. His Name. It was common among the Jews in foreign lands to have two names. Thatcher, Saul was Paul's Hebrew name, after the first king, Paul, meaning little, was his Roman name, inherited with his Roman citizenship. It was not uncommon among the Roman families—Hastings. It is probable that he had both names from childhood. His family name is nowhere given.

2. He was born in Tarsus, probably about A. D. 2.

3. Family of Social Position. His parents were Jews of pure descent (Phil. 3:5; Acts 22:3), strict Pharisees in belief and life, possessed of Roman citizenship, which, says Professor Ramsey, "may be taken as proof that his family was one of distinction, and at least moderate wealth."—Paul the Traveler, pp. 36, 310-312.

His Education. Till he was about 12 years old Paul lived in the atmosphere of a cultured, refined, scholarly town. At an early age he was sent to Jerusalem, where he studied the Law under Gamaliel (Acts 22:3; 5:34). The whole atmosphere of Jerusalem must have greatly influenced him, for he was of a deeply religious nature.

His Personal Traits. As to his personal appearance we are uncertain. The statement he quotes concerning himself (2 Cor. 10:10) is a sneer of his enemies that "his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible." It may have some basis of truth. From all we can gather he was a man of not more than medium stature, and with possibly some personal defect, but a man of physical strength and gracious attractiveness, such an impression of powers that he could quell mobs to listen, and impress audiences of princes and potentates.

His Character. We can easily see that Paul must have had a winsome character, greatly increased after his conversion. He was a seer and a prophet, a great orator, a poet, not scholastic or philosophical.

II. Paul the Persecutor.—Vs. 1, 2. "And" R. V., "But," in contrast with Philip and his work for Christ, taking up the narrative from Acts 8:3. "Saul," still, although some time had elapsed, Saul's burning zeal had not declined in fervor. "Breathing out." Literally, "in." Threatenings and slaughter, which "were, as it were, the atmosphere which he breathed, and in and by which he lived."—Knowing. Not prayer, but persecution was his "vital breath." "Went," of his own accord, a proof of his intense earnestness. "High priest," who as chief of the Jews exercised authority in such matters.

Letters to Damascus. Whether probably not a few of those persecuted in Jerusalem had gone in order to be safe in another province. "To the synagogues." The seat of Jewish authority there. "Any one of this way." Of "the Way," with a capital W. Christ is the way. The gospel is the way. It is the way of salvation, the way of true worship, the way to the kingdom of heaven on earth, the way to heaven. "Bring them bound unto Jerusalem," where was the highest authority who alone could put any to death, or inflict the severest penalties, and where the influence against Christianity were the strongest.

III. Jesus Himself Arrests His Career.—Vs. 5, 7, 8. As he journeyed. "Near Damascus." Probably within sight of the great city. "Suddenly" (about noon, Acts 22:6) "there shined round about him a light from heaven." "The light was above the brightness of the sun" (Acts 26:13). It was in the midst of this glory that Christ was seen by Saul (1 Cor. 15:8), so that he can enumerate himself among those who had beheld the Lord after his resurrection.—Cambridge Bible. See also Acts 9:17, 27. The image of Christ was stamped forever on his memory.

"Fell to the earth." Blinded and amazed. The whole company fell with him. "Heard a voice." Clear and distinct to him, but a mysterious sound to others (v. 7). "Saul, Saul." In the Hebrew tongue (Acts 26:14). "Why persecutest thou me?" He thought he was persecuting the disciples of a poor rabbi, an impostor, a crucified malefactor; and instead, he now saw that he was persecuting this glorious being, this living and glorified Jesus, worthy indeed to be the Messiah.

"Trembling and astonished." Not in the best manuscripts, but a true description. "What wilt thou have me to do?" This is the next step in the inquirer's progress. He would see clearly what is required of him. He would make his decision, with all the facts before him. "Arise, and go into the city (Damascus), and it shall be told thee," etc. He was not yet prepared for the full revelation of his duty. It takes time for the new thoughts and purposes to become calm and clear, for his decisions to mature.

IV. The Great Conflict.—Vs. 8, 9. "When his eyes were opened (the lids unclosing) he saw no man." Imperfect tense denoting a continued blindness. "And he was three days without sight." "The Conflict." Without doubt, these three were a season of intense inward conflict, alone and in darkness. It may be compared to the temptations of Jesus in the wilderness.

During this time probably was brought before him the vision of what God would have him do, the work for which he was chosen by God, a glorious and blessed work (Acts 26:16-18), and perhaps also some of his sufferings for Christ's sake (v. 16). "This was a strong motive for deciding aright. For any true soul there is no tender call to be a Christian than the call to heroism, to work, and to suffer for the most glorious cause ever presented to the soul of man."

V. Coming into the Light.—Vs. 10-12. "A certain disciple named Ananias." "In the house of Judas." Nothing is known of him. He was probably not then a Christian, but one to whom Paul had letters. "Behold, he prayeth." He is asking God for light and help.

Took 19 Years, But He Got the Money.
By sticking to it for nineteen years, George T. Gambrell, of Baltimore, has finally succeeded in collecting \$4.50 from the Baltimore & Ohio road, an overcharge on a wheat shipment in 1883. The company ignored his claim at first, and he finally began to bombard the officials with postal cards, which he sent by the thousand. Then he took to writing dainty scented notes, and that fetched the railroad, which has just settled the claim.

To Banish the Earplitters.
The Belgian railway authorities are desirous of minimizing the effect which the ear-splitting screech of the locomotive produces on the nervous systems of passengers. The engines are to be furnished with whistles producing two tones, and softer in effect than the ordinary signal, the former to be used in railway stations or when the train is passing platforms crowded with passengers.

Costly "Cuss-Words."
John Bloomfield of South Portsmouth, Ky., has found cursing to be an expensive indulgence. He was engaged in a wordy war with a neighbor and was taken before the local magistrate. Under a Kentucky law curses are fineable at the rate of \$1 per curse. Fifteen counts were found against Mr. Bloomfield, who had to pay \$15 and "1 cent general fine."

A Very Strong Letter.
La Farge, Wis. Wm. T. Payne of this place has written a rather startling letter to the papers. He says: "I was in great pain across my back for four weeks, and was taking medicine from a doctor all the time, but it did not do me any good. 'I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and had not taken more than four or five doses before I noticed that they were doing me good. 'They helped me right along, and I kept on using them till I had used four boxes when the pain left me altogether. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills has done me more good than five dollars worth of doctor's medicine. 'This remedy has certainly worked wonders in my case, and I feel it my duty to give it the credit due.'"

The brain worker may have to tax his ingenuity, but he has the advantage of free raw material.

Always kick the dog that's under.
STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, [ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1884.
A. W. GILFILLAN, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, or W. B. CROSSLAND, Proprietor, 103 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Count no man your friend until he has been tempered in the fire of your adversity.
To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.
A man doesn't mind being a fool as long as he doesn't know it.
EARLIEST RUSSIAN MILLET.
Will you be short of hay? If so, plant a plenty of this prodigally prolific millet. 5 to 8 tons of Rich Hay Per Acre. Price 50 lbs. \$1.50; 100 lbs., 23. Low freight. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Crose, Wis. W.

Some men have reasons for doing things—and some have excuses.
It's English, You Know.
Here is another advertisement of a London popular clothing house. "Saucy Cut Clothing—Cut slaps with faked seams and little artful butt is at the bottom, to suit all comers, for business or pleasure. Cut very serious, to suit ploughmen, dustmen, sneaks, mushroom fakirs, trotter men, costers, actors, persons, brokers and gentlemen. Pegtops, bell bottoms, tights or half-tights, or drop over the hoofs. Black or dandy vests, made to flash the rag or dickey, or tight up around the scrag. Lavender in every shade, built spankey, to suit the ikey and fimsy lads of Notting hill, Shepherd's Bush and the surrounding neighborhood."

FREE
A NEW CURE FOR
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub, called by botanists, the pipe metegedon, from the Gauges River, East India. It has the



See Thomas, No. 120 E. St. N. W., Washington, D. C., extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by drawing out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.
Rev. John H. Watson, testifies in the New York World, that it has saved him from the edge of the grave when dying of kidney disease and terrible suffering from passing water. Mr. James Thomas, Esq., of the Board of Review, Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., writes: Was cured of a usually fatal kidney trouble after many physicians had failed and he had given up all hope of recovery. John R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Ind., was cured of Chronic Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Disease of ten years standing by more, South Deerfield, Mass., and Mrs. James Young, Kent, Ohio, also testify to its wonderful power in kidney and allied disorders peculiar to women.
That you may judge the value of this great discovery for yourself, we will send you One Large Case by mail Free, only asking when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a sure specific and can not fail. Address, The Kava-Kava Cure Company, 408 Fourth Ave., New York.