

TABLE ROCK CHAUTAUQUA

The first annual session of the Table Rock Chautauqua assembly will be held at their picturesque park, Table Rock, Neb., July 1st to 14th.

The grounds of the Chautauqua are the celebrated grounds of the old "table rock," a locality that has a romantic interest for every person in southeast Nebraska. Here tradition says the ancient Indian tribes built their altars and offered up living sacrifices to their heathen gods, and charred bones and ashes were found by early settlers in the clefts of the ponderous rocks that skirt the hillside.

Here also for a short time in 1858 was the rendezvous of old John Brown, whose "soul goes marching on," and who with his small band of devoted followers and liberated slaves found this a safe and restful retreat.

No more picturesque locality can be found in all the west. The grove, lying on the lower land and skirted on two sides by the Nemaha river, contains about forty acres and here beside a pretty lake is located the permanent tabernacle and the tenting grounds. To the north and east the land rises abruptly to the bluffs, still shaded by the oaks, and along the hillside are the massive rocks that have given the name to the locality.

Rev. John Gallagher, A. M. Ph. D., of Auburn, is superintendent, and through his untiring efforts, and broad experience in Chautauqua work, we are able to present a program second to no assembly in the state. Rev. P. C. Johnson will have charge of the ministerial institute and Bible normal work. Mrs. J. R. Woodcock, whose success with little folks is well known, will conduct the young travelers' class.

The W. C. T. U. will be in charge of Mrs. C. M. Woodward. The C. L. S. C. Music, Art and other special studies will be under able conductors.

Among the distinguished lecturers will be the following: Dr. Robert McIntyre, Hon. H. W. J. Ham, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Hon. G. M. Lambertson, Hon. N. K. Griggs, Dr. M. O. Ricketts, Ex. Gov. Furnas, Hon. A. J. Weaver, Prof. F. W. Taylor, Prof. C. M. Ellinwood, F. W. Bollins and others.

The celebrated Pawnee City Military Band will give at least two concerts. Other special musical talent has been engaged.

Railroad rates, one fare for round trip from all points within 150 miles.

For information and program address F. A. HARRISON, Secretary.

Table Rock, Nebraska.

CYCLONE INSTRUCTIONS.

The following instructions for use in time of a cyclone have been sent out by the United States weather bureau:

Never wait until the tornado cloud is almost upon you before you move, and, remember, under no circumstances move to the northeast, the east or southeast.

Retreat instantly to your cellar and place yourself face forward, against the west wall. This is the best position in any cellar. If for any reason, you cannot get to the west wall, take your position, face forward, against the south wall, as near the southwest corner as possible. In case the building is removed from the foundation it will always be carried above and over you, or if torn to pieces, the debris will be instantly removed to the eastward. Under no circumstances, whether in a building or a cellar, take a position in a northeast room or in a northeast corner, in an east room or against an east wall.

If, unfortunately you are also pressed by the advancing cloud, never remain standing, but throw yourself prone upon the ground, head to the east, and arms over head to protect it. If you should chance to be near a large tree stump, or some heavy low object firmly imbedded in the ground, take a position directly in the east of it, lying prone upon the ground, head toward the object, protecting the former with your folded arms. This advice is given in the event of extreme necessity, where other and better opportunities are unavailable or have been forfeited. Never take refuge in a forest,

in a small grove of trees, in an orchard, in a building or near a fence of any kind. If you can get out, never remain in a house. If forced to remain in a building without a cellar, take your position against the west wall, either prone upon the floor or standing with your back to the wall. Never stand or lie in front of a door or window, or near a stove or heavy piece of furniture.

WOULD NOT HAVE THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

Two of Mr. Reed's special friends and confidants, Joseph H. Manley, and J. Frank Aldrich, were heard from yesterday on the question of the vice presidency. Each said most explicitly that Mr. Reed would not accept the nomination for vice president if tendered him. This ought to be accepted on all sides as decisive. Thomas B. Reed is not the man to vacillate, nor would either Manley or Aldrich make such a declaration except as authorized and directed to do so.

In ordinary politics it is not considered fair for a candidate who comes out for one office and makes a canvass for it and is beaten to fall back upon another of lower grade. It is sometimes done, but much more often suggested and frowned down.

The Republicans had not thought in 1860 of nominating William P. Fessenden for vice president and he would have felt insulted by the suggestion. So in 1876 when another favorite son of Ohio was nominated for vice president over another favorite son of Maine, no one insisted that the defeated aspirant should take second place.

On the part of some of the advocates of Reed for vice president the motive may have been to emphasize his defeat, to rub it in, as the phrase is, but the suggestion met with very considerable public favor for a wholly different reason. The American people have great admiration for Speaker Reed and would take solid comfort in doing him honor. If the vice president were in fact as in theory second only to the presidency as a place of distinction and authority, the people would never have allowed it to be filled by any such a man as Adlai E. Stevenson. It would have kept it right up to the original grade when men like John Adams and Thomas Jefferson felt honored by being elected to the office.

When Mr. Hendricks was compelled to content himself with the vice presidential nomination or nothing there was no little popular feeling that it was another case of Cleopatra and the triumphal car of Augustus. The proud Queen preferred death to such humiliation. It is more than likely that Mr. Reed would refuse the vice presidency if he knew it would be the applying of the deadly asp to his political future. But as a matter of fact he will lose nothing by the position he has taken in flatly refusing to be nominated for an office he never sought and does not want.—Inter Ocean.

THE MOST WONDERFUL PILL.

They relieve where all others fail. They are called Begg's Little Giants, and are rightly named. Remember the name and call for them at the best store in town. Taylor keeps them.

WHAT A PROMINENT INSURANCE MAN SAYS.

H. M. Blossom, senior member of H. M. Blossom & Co., 217 N. 3d St., St. Louis writes: I had been left with a very distressing cough, the result of influenza, which nothing seemed to relieve, until I took Ballard's Horehound Syrup. One bottle completely cured me. I sent one bottle to my sister who had a severe cough, and she experienced immediate relief. I always recommended this syrup to my friends.

John Cranston 908 Hampshire street, Quincy Ill., writes: I have found Ballard's Horehound Syrup superior to any other cough medicine I have ever known. It never disappoints. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Taylor the druggist.

RELIEVED OF TERRIBLE PAINS

R. E. Morse, traveling salesman, Galveston, Texas, says: Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me of Rheumatism of three months standing after use of two bottles. J. S. Doan, Danville, Ill., says I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment for years and would not be without it. J. R. Groch, Rio, Ill., says Ballard's Snow Liniment cured terrible pains in back of head and neck when nothing else would. Every bottle guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Sold by Taylor the druggist.

Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative. Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic. Ripans Tabules: one gives relief. Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

A Peculiar Charm Possessed by South African Scenery.

The other peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens and orchards, farm houses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-men, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse.

No one is insensible to these things and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficiency of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see to-day.

Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which the train creeps all day and all night across the long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand and the palpating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the eye ranges over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance towards the plain through which the great Zambesi takes its seaward course.—Prof. James Bryce.

A LEMON CHESS PIE.

Directions for the Making of a Toothsome Dessert.

This pie is somewhat of a puzzle to housekeepers. It is composed of eggs, butter, sugar and lemon juice, so put together that they form a perfectly light, consistent paste if the directions are followed. It will not be possible to expect a successful result unless the directions are implicitly followed, though they contradict the ordinary method of mixing. Measure out three rounded tablespoonfuls of butter, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, the grated yellow peel and juice of one lemon and the yolks of three eggs. Put all these ingredients in a porcelain-lined saucepan, hold the saucepan over the stove and heat the ingredients together continually for five minutes. Do not let the saucepan rest on the stove, but tip it all the time so that every part of the mixture may be moved by the beating. Use an egg whip in beating. Finally, the mixture will have thickened, remove it from the fire and add at once the whites of three eggs beaten to a very stiff froth. Continue to beat in the whites with an egg-whip for five minutes. Line a ten-inch pieplate with rich pastry and pour in the filling. Bake the pie three-quarters of an hour in a rather quick oven. The whites will not separate from the butter and sugar if the pie is properly made. Cut the pie as soon as it is taken out of the oven. Serve it cold or hot. If the butter, sugar and yolks sink to the bottom and the whites rise to the top the pie has not been properly mixed. The secret lies in properly beating the butter, sugar and yolks together over the fire to form a slightly thickened mass, which, when mixed with the whites, becomes a species of sponge. It is an improvement to moist sponge cakes to be raised with eggs alone and to heat the yolks of the eggs and sugar over the fire while beating them together. The beating must be stopped a moment or the eggs would be ruined by curdling.—N. Y. Tribune.

Meat Pies.

One pint finely chopped meat, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, two teaspoons grated onion, one egg, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon flour, one-half gill milk; put butter in frying pan and on the fire with flour, then milk; when it boils up put in seasoned meat, cook for two minutes and set aside to cool. Pastry.—One pint flour, four tablespoons lard, one teaspoon salt, two of baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, generous gill of water, roll out, divide in ten squares, place prepared meat in each square, roll, place in butter pan, wash each roll with the egg; bake 25 minutes.—Boston Globe.

—Mount Jefferson, 15,500 feet high, is said to be the tallest in the state of Washington.

THE GREAT BATTLE

OF NOVEMBER 3 ARE ALREADY UNDER WAY. A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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