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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SECOND OF THE "SERIES TO WOMEN" AT THE TABERNACLE.

"Marriage for Worldly Success Without Regard to Moral Character": the Subject—Men Who Pretend to Despise Religion Are Rank Hypocrites.

BROOKLYN, JAN. 15.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the second of the series of sermons to the women of America, with important hints to men. The subject of the sermon was "Marriage for Worldly Success Without regard to Moral Character," and the text was from I Samuel xxv, 2: "And there was a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats." Dr. Talmage said: My text introduces us to a drunken blot of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investment in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live stock. He came also of a distinguished family and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot and a fool. One instance to illustrate: It was a wool raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said: "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say: "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say: "Who is Washington?" Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men; and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the Bible gives us a full length picture of him sprawling and mauling and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tubercle planted beside a thistle, a pain-bruise twisted into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature? Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family, and no one can despise a great name. Beside this, wealth would come, and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banquets seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from the best orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniforms. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety and with an assumed gentility and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a march squall, and the great soured woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Philon, the daughter of the humble engraver of Paris, became the famous Mme. Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold, formal, monotonous man, because he came of an affluent family of Amiens and had lordly blood in his veins. The day when through political revolution this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the ax, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted as he ascended the scaffold: "Go first that you may not witness my death," and then undaunted took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her ungenerous marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man, the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperity. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue, and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions where God is as much worshipped as he ever was in a cabin. The gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live 400 or 500 years, for, according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die 100 years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture, and of libraries, and pillars of magnificence, and of parks, and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Bunsell carried the gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelistic services. Lord Conington became missionary to Baghdad. And the Christ, who was born in an eastern caravansary, has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money, and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shame of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose the Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or the other shelves where the old gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running the teeth in a breastwind with thin shins, if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention and they suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and

philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lenox, Peter Cooper, William B. Dodge, Shafsbury, Miss Wolfe and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities and of the fifty leading business men of one of our western cities three-fourths of them are Christians. The fact is that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in barrooms sipping tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

I may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast, and insisted on paying \$10 to the church although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that church was built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load when he came to count it a thousand clams short. Yes, Godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great honest permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bible. But what I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hand re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disreputable Nabal, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and one thousand goats.

If there be good moral character accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. If not, let the morning glory fly clear of the Rocky mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and unchristian. Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature? Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family, and no one can despise a great name. Beside this, wealth would come, and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banquets seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from the best orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniforms. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!" But then again she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety and with an assumed gentility and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a march squall, and the great soured woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune, whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the bride and groom, seated at the head of the table, shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two had sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are launched on a Dead sea, its waters breakish with tears and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair floating to the surface and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind her former home, and more than all, complaints and fault findings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not in words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Don't you mistake me, and more than all, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kenset and Cole and Cropsey; could flutes played on by an Ole Bull or pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sonntag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie make a wife in such a companionable happy?

Imprisoned in a castle! Her gold bracelets are the chains of a lifelong servitude. There is a sword over her forehead, not the sword of Damocles, staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated hair. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches and rolls along the corridors, and weeps in the falling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep in olden times brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers, ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribbon decorations did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As if to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations, two dual palaces in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture—the accumulated decorations of other estates, until their wealth is beyond calculation and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost \$2,500,000, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guido's Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the

duchess has removed with her children because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains confronted by insults and abominations in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for those dual country seats! They on a large scale illustrate, what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, brutally drunk, as she comes home from interesting for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats," and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul in its mouth and ran off with it.

Before things are right in this world gentle villains are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be funged out two or three years before they are allowed without peril to themselves to put their hand on the door knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Letharic unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Abolam better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Moslem? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of "watering place" society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a Satyr, and his touch death. Here is an evil that men cannot stop but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Arabia" would consent to pass the home of an Egyptian pharaoh. All that money or social position or a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings, where before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick, and his eye glassy, and his step a stagger as he eluded glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning limited express train to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such an one no jewel for finger or ear lost that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand lest that ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity I forbid the ban! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, oh woman, for noble affluence, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the skies sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let Him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an empress unto God forever, and reign with him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble or cannonades demolish.

High worldly marriage is not necessary for woman, or marriage of any kind in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best being that ever lived and his greatest apostle, Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have? But what you need, oh woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the bands of that marriage I am this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul. One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of Julius Caesar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one womanly hand in a small boat until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Caesar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Caesar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Caesar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace and was put down at the feet of the Roman general. When the bundle was unrolled there rose before Caesar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of wisely dominion in his own hand. A few days they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicy of tropical gardens and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day. You may rejoice, oh woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the one to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Caesar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the throne of the conqueror of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and in barge of light you sail with him the river whose source is the foot of the throne and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

"That's good; three years will just give me time to learn a trade," said Benjamin French in a Kansas court the other day when the judge had sentenced him to a three years' term in the penitentiary.
M. P. means Master of Pies at St. Alban's Cooking college. M. K., Master of Cooking.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Prospectus for 1888—Beautiful Christmas Number.

Among the important articles to appear during the year 1888 are the following—Send for prospectus;

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will contribute regularly to each number during the year. He will write of many topics, old and new, and in a familiar and personal way, which will form new bonds of friendship between the author and his thousands of readers. In his first paper entitled "A Chapter on Dreams," appearing in the January number, he relates incidentally, in connection with the general subject, some interesting facts concerning the origin of the now famous story, "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, by W. S. CHAPLAIN, will be the first of an especially important and interesting series of papers on railways, their administrations and construction, including great engineering feats, famous tunnels and passes, and, indeed, those branches of the subject which in this day engage the attention of the whole country. The illustrations which will accompany this series will be very elaborate, original, and beautiful. The authors and the titles of the future articles will be announced later.

DR. D. A. SARENT'S papers on Physical Proportions and Physical Training will be continued by several of increasing interest, with as rich and unique illustration as those which have already appeared.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES of special interest will be those on the Campaign of Waterloo, by JOHN C. ROPES; on "The Man at Arms," by E. H. BLASHELD; two papers by EDWARD L. WILSON, illustrating results of recent Egyptian research; a further article by WILLIAM F. APTAORP, on a subject connected with his recent contribution on Wagner, and many other of equal interest. PROFESSOR SHALER's articles on the Surface of the Earth will be continued and articles upon two of the most interesting groups of contemporary European writers will be accompanied by rich and novel portrait illustrations.

ELECTRICITY in its various applications as a motive power EXPLOSIVES, etc., will be the subjects of another group of illustrated articles of equal practical interest, by leading authorities upon three topics.

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS written to his friend, Moscheles, at a peculiarly interesting time of his career, will furnish the substance of several articles of great interest to musical readers, which will be illustrated with portraits and drawings from Mendelssohn's own hand.

THE FICTION will be strong, not only in the work of well-known writers but in that of new authors, in securing whose co-operation the Magazine has been so fortunate during its first year of publication. A serial novel, entitled "First Harvests," by FREDERIC I. STIMSON, will be begun in the January number, and early in the year new stories will be published by HENRY JAMES and H. C. BUNNER. The short stories are of noticeable strength and freshness.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Magazine will show increased excellence in its illustrations. They will be more abundant and elaborate than ever. It is the intention of the publishers to represent the best work of the leading artists, and to promote and foster the most skillful methods of wood engraving.

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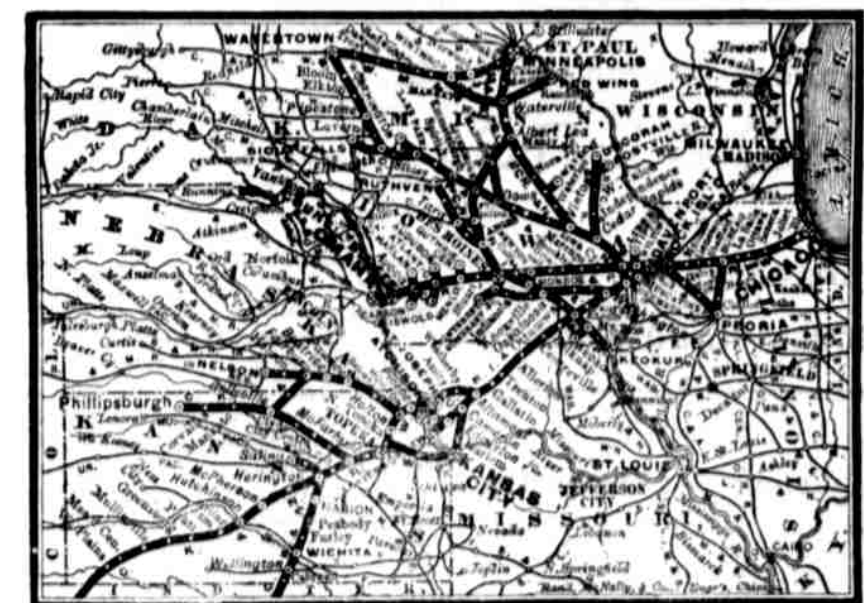
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