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SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

Jubilant Exercises at the Morning Service—The Right Hand of Fellowship Extended to Many New Members. Thousands to Hear the Great Divine.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership four thousand one hundred and fifty. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before the sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:
When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaiah v. 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:
The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of the nation chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board, which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite paths into the speech of unouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out, "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbowed. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble, and trials, and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and eighty years after you are dead, and "O! Mortality" has worn out his chisel in recutting your name on the tombstone, your great grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street, he steps into the path of temptation. There are four mouthed children who would like to take your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them harem plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You can not help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolation, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and no pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks, and the folded hands, and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies!

song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school girl asks for a schottisch or a glee; but her grandmother asks for "Ballerina" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed and aged the lips, and the music heard must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the palm-book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild sleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray haired minister leaning over the pulpit, and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit, in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"
There was a song today that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which speckled old age reads the promise: "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because out day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little furnished ones: "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back on the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek, and the half-closed eye, and the retching and lie. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus. Songs in the night! Songs in the night!"

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailor's bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choir in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets, whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the night hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphan, the lame man that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the tier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the suter for a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his stone bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable cross of torment and travail, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him; the sorrow of his disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, trending the pathless air, higher and higher, to the feet of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the top of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee.

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song in the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels, shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"
There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress sounding through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—these will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Sileon; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in the song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long hair and coarse apparel, pronouncing woes against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing tonight." "Yes," she said, "I know they are, I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The ministrals of heaven strike such a tremendous strain, the walls of Jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of that kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, held beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet. Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David; and when he came to the word, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces, and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

A Queer Exhibition.
There was a queer exhibition in the highest law court in England a few days ago. The tables in front of the bench were covered with women's bustles. A patent was involved, and the various styles of bustles were examined with curious interest by the learned judges.—Chicago News.

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 Physica 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 of the Campaign of Waterloo, by JOHN C. ROPES; on "The Man at Arms," by E. F. BLASHFIELD; 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 EXPLAINS, 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 Harvest," by FREDERIC J. STIMSON, will be begun in the January number, and early in the year no. eldies 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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