#### BEAUTY OF THE GOSPEL.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES LLO-QUENTLY ON DIVINE SCRIPTURE.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame to Paris Made the Subject of a Striking Comparison-The Symbolic Myrrh, Aloes and Cassin-Some Rich Metaphors.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 2.-New members were received at the Tabernacle this merning, making the communicant membership 4,192. Multitudes of strangers from all parts of the earth were present, and all together, led on by organ and cornet, united in singing William Cowper's hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood

Lose all their guilty stains. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., protehed an eloquent sermon on "The Fra-grance of the Gospel," taking for his text: 'All thy garments smell of myrrb, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalms xiv, 8. He said:

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quarter foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints, But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain re-publican tastes than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved fliled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the specta-More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Ziou, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant, and jeweled, and redolers. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay. They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivery palaces.

THE HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF MYRRH.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnot, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminally to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many be is only like any historical person-another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue-but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music and light, and warmth and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic-the same morning, noon and night-yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens. and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon him that ope would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul; and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more elequent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to eatch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken! Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kissaway our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler com-parison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes, and to hear him with our ears, and to touch him with our hands. Ob, that today he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nestril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of pungent, lasting and all pervasive

Oh, that you all know his sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the role, on of a mathematical problent, how will you feel leaping from the into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceil-

fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed, clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost bitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE DITTERNESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFER

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with alces. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the eclor of the flower, what is the par cular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through -nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert! Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two flugers where he was not whipped!
Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot! Ob, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus! The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ! Denied both cradle and death bed, he had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun shuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to his lips, until the acrid, nausenting, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted counter nance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr! All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Casarf No! no! All this because he wanted to pluck you and me from heil. Because he wanted to raise you and me to heaven. Because we were lost and he wanted us found. Because we were blind and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs and he wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharme has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stend, and to purchase your disenthrailment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes? THE PECULIAR QUALITIES OF CASSIA.

Your third curiosity is to know why these carments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia! We are athletic. Our respira-tion is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these cool days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet 1 must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollifled with cintment. The marasmus of sin is on man that is expiring to-night on Fulton street-the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words -is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the divine physician. written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia.

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phini on his mantelpiece with medicine be knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the bealing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it! If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross roads and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

SOME OF THE CURES BROUGHT ABOUT BY CHRIST. When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him-people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not waik, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmin. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club foot," Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O, Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"-that means fragrance-"and a ocs" -they mean bitter sacrificial memories-"and cassia"-that means medicine and cure: and, according to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic eleplants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and elmirs of ivery, and tables of ivery, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivery, and fountains that dropped

ings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering ceasty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of lights flashing on the lustroussurroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The more thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have beard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory pal-

THE GRANDEUR AND MAGNIFICENCE OF HEAVEN,

Oh, what a place beaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish Albambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God the ivory palaces! One for the angels, in-sufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes, from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Ob, the ivory palaces!

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivery, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not 82 years and 79 years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children went out from you-Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christain out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces." And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is enly one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in beaven they have not got. They want it, What is it? Your company. But, ob, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto. as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed Call louder from the ivery palaces When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather and my shoes have been bemired and my coat is soiled and my hair is disheveled and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests, iso some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver. standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST'S DIVINE EX CHANGE And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoseever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whelm this audience with thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace. Ride through today the conqueror, Thy garments smelling "of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Oh sinner, fling everything else away and take Christ! Take him now, not to-morrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be

## Long Lived Persons.

The statistics taken of aged people in New England are very encouraging to people of light complexion, blue eyes and brown hair. while tall people have a decided advantage over the short. The men who stand above 80 years range from 100 to 160 pounds, and the women from 100 to 130. The men through life have been of the buoy sort; but the women the other way. The teeth are mostly gone, but hair in good condition; and in almost all cases the skin remains smooth and moist. If any one wishes to figure up his chances of living to a good old age, he can take these items into the count, if they are favorable to him; if not, we advise him to reject them and rely on good habits, moderate exercise and going to bed early and rising early. The old recipe for long life is good yet: "He that would live long must be up at sunrise. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONDENSED CREAM.

Of all the appetites that curse young men, the appetite for office seems to me to be the silliest and meanest.

Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses.

Josephine's famous chateau, Malmaison, in which she lived so many years after Napoleon divorced her, is going to deeny. There were no bidders for it at a recent attempted

Tam O'Shanter speed attends the paragraph which states that the saw and ax in railway cars are for the use of passengers who call for pie when the train stops 'twenty minutes for refreshments."

Wood oil is now made on a somewhat extensive scale in Sweden, where the refuse of timber cutting and forest clearings is turned into count for the oil it contains. It is used for illuminating purposes, and gives, when put in a lamp especially made for it, a very satisfactory light.

Lebanon, Ky., claims the champion old woman-Aunt Til Purdy, aged 121. Her mother, Charlotte Schuck, who died three years ago, was 135, and the Bible of her former owner is put in evidence, as therein is recorded the birth of Charlotte Schuck in 1750, and the birth of this daughter in 1767, when the mother was but 17 years old.

Suspicions, as transient guests of the mind, may be useful in establishing the innocence which should be brought to light or in proving the guilt which should be purged away; but as permanent inmates of the mind their influence is most pernicious. Suffered to remain they rankle and fester and produce all manner of social corruptions.

The Princess Lewfida Hanem, eldest sister of the Khedive Tewilk Pasha and wife of Manur Pasha, who died recently at the age of 38, had emancipated herself almost entirely from Oriental manners, dress and ways of life, and was a great favorite among the European residents in Egypt. Her funeral was attended by the British troops and by the diplomatic and consulur corps,

Slaveric is the name of the man who has neceeded to the position of chief bandit in Bulgaria. He is described as a handsome young fellow, highly educated and a most eloquent orator. Two years ago he was a member of the Bulgarian skuptschina, but being detected in "boodling" fled to the mountains, and now has a very desirable position as boss of the back counties.

The chrysanthenium has taken its accustomed place as the most popular flower of the season. In loose bouquets, tied with white ribbon, it is carried by the bride; in great pyramids of gorgeous color it appears as a table decoration; it brightens the drawing room and nods from the hall. The loose, fringed blossoms are noticeably the most popular variety this fall and pale lavender seems to be considered the most desirable

The following item is from The Boise City Democrat: Miss Allie Angel, stepdaughter of L. L. Tiner, who went to Baltimore a few days since, took with her an apple grown on the Tiner place that measured twenty one inches in circumference both ways and weighed forty ounces. This specimen of Boise valley fruit created a sensation on the ears all along the route, and its fair possessor refused many tempting offers of coin to part with it. Every one who saw it took it to be some sort of a squash and would not believe it an apple until submitted to handling and applied to the nose.

At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Anthropology an address was made by Viroqua, princess of the Six Nations of the Mohawks, who live on the Grand River reservation. Her address was in regard to an Indian college which she is deavoring to have established at Washington. Col. Jaquess, a wealthy Philadelphian, who has been living in England for the last ten years, has promised to contribute \$1,000. 000 towards such an institution on the condition that \$2,000,000 more are raised in this country. The princess is quite confident of her success in the attainment of her object, and is going to lecture on the subject in vir rious parts of the country.

## The Dog That Owned the Decr.

Two dogs had been chasing a deer, and ben it was finally brought down the coners of the dogs began to wrangle about which of the dogs started the deer. The game was laid on the green sward, and soon the best arrived with the two dogs. One of the old hunters cried out: "Send those hounds up here, and let us see whose deer this is."

The gentleman who relates the incident never having heard of so strange a test, said, half in doubt:

"What nonsense is that you are talking?"

"No nonsense, doctor; wait and see." Being deeply interested I approached closely, that I might better observe the ani-One of them walked up to the deer, smelt him all over, and seemed quite in doubt. Then the other dog came up with an angry growl, smelt the deer, and deliberately the ivory palaces of beaven for the cruci-fixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first dog quietly placed his tail between his legs and walked away. I could not help expressing my amazement, and, still doubting the fact, I said to my old guide:

"That dog that is lying by the deer has been the master of the other, and has cowed

"On the contrary," said my informant, "the dog that gave up the deer is the better fighter, and whips that dog every time." During the day it was learned that the deer had been started ten miles down the river by the dog that claimed it, and the sound of his voice drew the other one about four miles below the lake.-True Flag.

## The Stetho-Telephone.

If the Lowth stetho-telephone comes into general use, as it promises to do, the mouth will cut but little if any figure in the transnission of telephone messages. The instrument is a new departure in the field of telephony. Instead of talking into a diaphragm the operator applies a button to the vocal cords on either one or the other side of the thorax, talks into space, and the vibrations are taken up, carried along the wire, and delivered accurately in unwritten language at the listener's ear, miles away. The instrument is a combined transmitter and receiver, the small box containing the receiver having a hollow extension, about four inches long, starting from the side and ending in a small bell shaped mouth, protrud og slightly from which is a small, light button. The receiver is adjusted to the ear in the usual way, the button is slightly pressed against the larynx, and the work of transmission is done by muscular vibrations that preceds and accompany the utterance of words or sounds instead of by atmospheric or sound waves, as in the ordinary telephone.

A peculiar feature of the invention is that there being no diaphragm only the operator's voice will be admitted, no matter how many watch the sun;" that is, go to bed early and persons may be talking loudly around him. Chicago Times.

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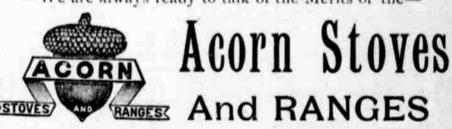
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