OUR DEAD STILL LIVE.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE UN DEC. D.

An Intensely Interesting Discourse Which Will Appeal to Every True Christian Heart—The Hope of Immortality Beyond the Grave.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 9,-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today on "Our Departed Still Living." His text was Genesis xlv, 27, 28: "And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sant to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive." Dr. Talmage said: The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges, there

had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cianamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, rurple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brillians chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures-their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower buds; there were stone pillars, at the top burst-ing into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx, and fane, and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palan-quin, carried by servants in scarlet, or e'sewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow white horses, golden bitted, and six abreast, dashing at full run. There were fountains from stone wreathed vases elimbing the ledders of the light. You would hear a bolt shove, and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace, and dripped from the arbors, and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry, and beryl, and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of the tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day, and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward; so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble tempes, mausoleum and obelisk.

WHAT & CONTRAST! This was the place where Joseph, the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharach in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble starting, and the pit into which his brothers threw him! Yet he was not forgetful of his early home; he was not ashamed of where he came from. The bishopof Mentz, descended from a wheelwright, covered his house with spokes, and hammers, and wheels; and the king of Sicily, in honor of his father, who was a potter, refused to drink out of anything but an earthen wessel. So Joseph was not ashamed of his early surroundings, or of his old time father, or of his brothers. When they came up from the famine stricken land to get corn from the king's corn crib, Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maltreated and abused him, sent them back with wagons, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacob, the father, in the very same wagons, was brought back, that Joseph, the son, might see him, and give

days.
Well, I hear the wagons, the king's wagon's, rumbling down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the wagons go off, stands Pharaob in royal robes; and beside him Prime Minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring given by Pharaoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so, Wagon after wagon rolls on down from the palace, laden with corn, and meat, and changes of raiment, and everything that could help a famine struck people. One day I see aged Ja-cob reated in front of his house. He is possibly thinking of his absent boys sons, however old they get, are never to a father any more than boys; and while he is seated there, he sees dust arising, and he hears wagons rumbling, and he wonders what is coming now, for the whole land had been smitten with the familie, and was in silence. But after a while the wagons have come near enough, and he sees his rons on the wagons, and before they come quite up, they shout: "Joseph is yet alive?" The old man faints dend away. I do not wonder at it. The boys tell the story how that the boy, the long absent Joseph, has got to be the first man in the Egyptian palace. While they unload the wagons, the wan and wasted creatures in the neighborhood come up and ask for a handful of corn, and they are satisfied.

JACOB GOING ON HIS JOURNEY. One day the wagons are brought up, for Jacob, the old father, is about to go to see Joseph in the Egyptian palace. You know it is not a very easy thing to transplant an old tree, and Jacob has hard work to get away from the place where he has lived so long. He bids good-by to the old place, and leaves his blessing with the neighbors, and his anticipations, and that was Joseph. Well, then his sons steady him, while he, determined to help himself, gets into the wagon, stiff, old and decrepit. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the prime minister, gets in his chariot, and drives down to meet the old man. Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on the one side-the dust covered wagons of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the charlet and jumps into the emigrants' wagon, throws his arms ground the old man, and weeps aloud for past memories and pres-The father, Jacob, can herdly think it is his boy. Why, the smooth brow of childhood has become a wrinkled brow, wrinkled with the cares of state, and the garb of the shepherd boy has become a robs royally bedizened! But as the old man finds out it is actually Joseph, I see the thin lip quiver against the toothless gum as he cries out: "Now let me die, sinco I have seen thy face; behold Joseph is yet alive?" The wagons rell up in front of the pulace. Help out the grandchildren and take them in out of the hot Egyptian sun. Help old Jacob out of the wagon. Send word to Pharach that the old chepherd has come. In the royal spartment shall do through the long ages of eteraty, different states, and they employ capital to be the constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the court and the long ages of eteraty, different states, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the court and the long ages of eteraty, different states, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the court and the long ages of eteraty, different states, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San the long ages of eteraty, and they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constant of at least \$20,000,000.—San they employ capital to be constan

plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old countryman at case, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man; "How old art thou?" Give the old man a seat. Unload the wagons; drive out the cattle toward the pastures of Goshen. Let the slaves in scarlet kneel and wash the feet of the newly arrived, wiping them on the finest linen of the palace. From vases of perfume let the newly arrived be sprinkled and refreshed; let minstrels come in with sandals of crimson, and thrum the barps, and clap the cymbals, and jingle the tambourines, while we sit down, at this great distance of time and space, and learn the lesson of the king's wagons.

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine struck; but the King is in constant communication with us, his wagons coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show you what the wagons bring and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the Kng's wagons now bring us corn and meat, and many changes of raiment. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us; but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the sheep's back? Oh, I wish we could see through every grain field, by every sheep fold, under the trees of every orchard, the Joseph was to see Jacob. Every time the King's wagons. They drive up three times a day-morning, noon and night. They bring furs from the Arctic, they bring fruits from the tropic, they bring bread from the temperate zone. The King looks cut, and he says: "There are twelve hundred millions of people to be fed and clothed. So many pounds of meat, so many barrels of flour, so many yards of cloth and linen and flannel, so many bats, so many socks, so many shocs;" enough for all, save that we who are greedy get more shoes than belong to us, and others go harefeeted. None but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a king's feed and clothe the world. None but a king's corn crib could appease the world's famine. None but a king could tell how many wagons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground today. Do you not hear their rumbling? They will stop at noon at your table. Oh, if for a little while they should green homes world come in the they should cease, hunger would come into the nations, as to Utica when Hamilear besieged it, and as in Jerusalem when Vespasian surrounded it; and the nations would be boliow eyed, and fall upon each other in universal cannibalism; and skeleton would drop upon skeleton; and there would be no one to bury the dead; and the earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; sleek hide of leopards. There were sofas earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; footed with the claws of wild beasts, and and the birds of prey would fall dead, flock after flock, without any carcasses to devour; and the carth in silence would wheel around, one great black hearse! All life stopped because the King's wagens are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread-for bread!

JACOB HEARS GOOD NEWS. I remark again, that like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the Ling's wagons bring us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. Ho never thought of him but with a heartache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where lay the corpse of his unburied Joseph; and when the wagons came, the king's wagons, and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The King's wagons come down and tell us that our Joseph-Jesus is yet alive; that he has forgiven us because we threw him into the pit of suffering and the dungeon of shame. He has risen from theuce to stand in a palace. The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the wagens that brought the tidings. Our Joseph-Jesus sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph-Jesus is

kitchen, but I find no Jesus, I go into Pilate's court room, and I find the judges and the police and the prisoner's box, but no Jesus. I go into the Arimathean cemetery; but the door is gone, and the shrond is gone, and Jesus is gone. By faith I look up to the King's palace, and behold I have found him! Joseph-Jesus is still alive! Glorious religion, a religion made not out of death's heads, and cross bones, and undertaker's screw driver, but one bounding with life, and sympathy, and gladness. Joseph is yet alive!

I know that my Redeemer lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ever living Head!

He lives to grant me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death; He lives my mansion to prepare, He lives to bring me safely there

He lives-all glory to his name; He lives, my Jesus still the same: Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,

I know that my Redeemer lives! The King's wagens will after a while unload, and they will turn around and they will go back to the palace, and I really think that you and I will go with them. The King will not leave us in this famine struck world, The King has ordered that we be lifted into the wagons, and that we go over into Goshen, where there shall be pasturage for our largest flock of joy, and then we will drive up to the palace, where there are glories awaiting us which will melt all the snow of Egyptian

marble into forgetfulness. WE WILL SEE OUR PRIENDS AGAIN. I think that the King's wagons will take us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not seeing the Nile, nor of secing the long colounades of crehitertural beauty, nor of seeing the throne room. There was a focus to all his journeyings, to all my friends, I do not think heaven would be worth much if our brother Jesus was not there. If there were two heavens, the one with all the pomp and parapherualia of an their children, eighty two in all, followed eternal monarchy, but no Christ, and the other were a plain heaven, humbly thatched, with a few dnisies in the yard, and Christ were there, I would say, "Let the King's wagons take me up to the old farm house."

If Jesus were not in heaven, there would be no music there; there would be but few people there; they would be off looking for the lost Carist, crying through the universe: "Where is Josus? where is Juses!" and after they had found him, with laving violence they would take him and bear him through the gates; and it would be the greatest day known in heaven within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Jesus never wented from heaven but once, and he was so bully treated on that encursion they will never lot him go

ob, the joy of meeting our inother, Joseph-Jesus! After we have talked cloud him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with him, and to clasp hands with the here of the ages; not crouching as underlags in his presence, but as Jacob and Joseph, hug each as hardly to notice their existence.-Conother. We will want some new term by temperary Review. which to address him. On earth we call him Saviour, or redeemer, or friend; but when we throw our arms around him in everlanting embrace, we will want some new name of endearment. I can think of what we shall do through the long ages of eternity,

ance, in the first rush of our emotions, what we shall do I cannot imagine. Oh, the overwhelming glory of the first sixty seconds in heaven! Methinks we will just stand, and look and look and look.

The king's wagons took Jacob up to see his lost boy, and so I really think that the King's wagou's will take us up to see our lost kindred. How long is it since Joseph went out of your household! How many years is it now last Christmas, or the 14th of next month! It was a dark night when he died, and a stormy day it was at the burial; and the clouds wept with you, and the winds sighed for the dead. The bell at Greenwood's gate rang only a few moments, but your heart has been tolling, tolling, ever gineo. You have been under a delusion, like word and a part of the family Bible, and then you put it in the death record of the family Bible, and then you put it in the death record of the family Bible, and cabi you have been deceived. Joseph is yet alive. He is more alive than you are. Of all the sixteen thous and millions of children that statisticians say have gone into the future world, there is not one of them dead, and the King's wagons will take you up to see them. You often think how glad you will be to see them. flave you never thought, my brother, my door in heaven opens, they look to see if it is you coming in. Joseph, once standing in the palace, burst out crying when he thought of Jacob—afar off. And the heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes! I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in heavent" "No, my dear, you wen't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in beaven?" "No, my dear, 'you won't be blind in beaven!" They are all well there.

In my boyhood, for some time we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days the children staid at home, but father and ing about his iron steed. A little oil here mother always went to church; that was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we staid at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted; for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at 12 o'clock to see if they were coming, and then we would go at half-past 12 to see if they were coming, and at a quarter to 1 and then at 1 o'clock. After a while, Mary, or David, or De Witt would shout: "The wagon's coming!" and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in front of the old farmbouse; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's wagons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after a while we will come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred, who have been waiting and watching for us, will rush out through the doors and over the lawn, erying: "The wagons are coming! the King's wagons are coming!" Hark! the bell of the city hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on

earth, and likewise it is high noon in heaven. Does not the subject of today take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight? We used to think that when we died we would have to go afoot, sagging down in the mire, and the hounds of terror might get after us, still alive.

I go to hunt up Jesus. I go to the village of Bethany, and say: "Where does Mary lives." I tered and my knees knocked together when I lives" They say: "Yonder Mary lives." I the sitting that the grave will be the of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

I was reading of Robert Southey, who said he wished he could die far away from his friends-like a dog, crawling into a corner and dying unobserved. Those were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch surrounded by loved ones, so that they with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announcement: "The King's wagons are coming." Hark! I hear them now. Are they coming for you or me!

The Haunted Gallery.

Here is the mysterious haunted gallery connecting the old "queen's apartments" with the royal chapel. The gallery is haunted, it is said, by the shricking ghost of Queen Catherine Howard. The queen was a fac-cinating, deceitful, delightful little creature, who had been sadly neglected in her youth and corrupted by debasing companionship, but full of the delight of life and shrinking sensitively from every touch of pain. Yescruel husband; today she was doomed to the fearful fate that awaited Harry's eiscarded wives. In the horrer of her po-sition, surrounded by rough and brutal soldiers of the king's guard, she found a momentary chance of escape, and rushing through the long gallery ran to seek her husin The chapel, to cling to his knees, to soften with her tears that heart of adamant. The guards at their utmost speed followed the poor distracted creature. Just as she reached the king's closet they overtook her and dragged her back, her frenzied screams resounding through the palace. The gallery is now used as a kind of lumber room, but still the shricks of the agonized queen are to be beard at times. Anyhow, in Ernest Law's interesting volume, "Hampton Court in Tuder Times," there is recent testimony to that effect .- All the Year Round.

St. Petersburg's Sidewalks.

One of the most extraordinary things about St. Petersburg is the unevenness of the sidewalks. It must surely be accounted for by a reaction against the prevailing flatness of Russia. Even in leading thoroughfares the sidewalks, inctend of being made, as with us, as level as possible, abound in the most treacherous ups and downs. How drunken men survive a walk through the streets is to me an unsolved mystery. In Middlesborough it used to be profunely said that the Quakers, who laid out the town, purposely elevated the ridewalk a couple of feet above the readway to some of the streets in order to break the nechs of druckards. Possibly a similar benevolent motive prompted the construction of the trottoirs of the Russian capital. People get exed to anything, and after a week in the city you become so cocustomed to the sudden shiftings of gradient

Wood Pulp.

The woods used for the pulp making are the poplar, cottonwood, spruce and fir. Wood pu'p mills are now located in twenty-four

Intelligence Undermining Theories. The present century has been one

sially of intellectual, as well as material, ad-

vancement to the great middle classes, which compose the bone, sinew and brains of the nations of the world. The raising of the standard of education in public and common schools; the enormous growth of the printing press, and the consequent dissemination of news from every region of the world to every other region, has quickened the faculties of analysis, reflection and judgment, and rendered it possible to gain even experience by proxy, while it has put the most famous and the most useful productions of literature and science within, the reach of all; all this has rendered it possible for the artisan in his workshop, and the peasant in his cottage, to keep himself as exactly informed upon coatemporary history and questions of pub-lic policy as the minister in his cabinet or the king upon his throne. Thus it has come to pass that the man has become more of a monarch, and the monarch more of a man. Again, it may be remembered, in commenting upon the curtailed prerogative of kings in the present day, that there is not the same room for the exercise of dictatorial power as there was even a century ago; and that the ruler cursed-for to him it would so prove-with the genius of a Frederick or a Napoleon would, if he should attempt to imitate their tactics, but make of himself a sbining mark for the arrows of hi neighbors, and one upon which the thunder boil would be sure to fall. Thus, the very mediocrity of existing royalty, instead of be ing the handicap under which it seems at first sight to labor, may really tend toward more extended permanence. As regards a lasting stability and perpetuity for the thrones of Europe it is idle to speculate, for the simple reason that the political history of the ancient world had no counterpart of

A Sulky Engine.

drawn.-San Francisco Argonaut.

and bore no relation to the political and

social conditions of the present. With no precedent to go upon no deductions can be

He was the engineer of one of the biggest locomotives on the New York and New Haven road, and as the train stopped at Stamford he jumped out of his cab and began fusaand a little tightening there and all the while he was talking apparently to the engine. It seemed silly, but inquiry revealed the fact

that he was in dead carnest. "I'll tell you what the trouble is," said he, as with a grimy hand he patted the glistening piston red. "The old girl is balky and sulky. You may laugh, but I'm telling you nothing but truth. This is one of the best engines on the road and one of the largest, She isn't but three years old and is as sound ns a dollar. I will defy any mechanic in the world to find anything the matter with her machinery, yet she is not working worth a cent. The truth is she is sulky. Last week she was changed from her regular run to this one. The first two days she behaved all right, but the last two or three she has been as masty as possible.

"I have one of the best firemen on the road, the coal is first class, her trains are never beavy, yet she won't work worth a cent, When I start out the steam is in good shape, her fires are drawing and overything seems just right, but by the time I get across the Harlem she begins to sulk. Her steam comes slowly, the fires don't draw and she seems all out of gear. There is but one thing to do, and that is to lay her up for a week. She don't need any tinkering; all she wants is to be let alone. Inside of a week I can run her out and she'll work as well as ever. Oh, no; it's not peculiar or uncommon at all. Ask any locomotive engineer in the country and he'il tell you the same thing. Why, out on the western roads an engineer won't start out with a sulky engine. They have been known to die on the road between stations. An engine is said to die, you know, when her fires keep getting lower and lower, her steam gets soggy and weak, and the first thing you know she's stone cold with her fires out, Then you have to get another engine to pull her in, for she won't be worth a cent until she has rested awhile," and he climbed into his cab and rolled out of the depot with his train and his sulky engine. - New York Mail and Express.

The World's Population.

Here are some interesting facts about the people who compose the population of the

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitate profess more than 1,000 religions

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons only one renches 100 years of life. To every 100 only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 93,023,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,733 every hour and 60 every minute or I every second.

The married are longer lived than the single, and above all those who observe a terday she had been the petted toy of her sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of ago than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxesband, who was at that moment hearing mass that is, during the months of June and December.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths.

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.-Chicago Journal.

He Wore Itis Old Hat. Speaking of Joseph Ballister as one of the

old merchants of Boston fifty years ago, recalls an incident he used to relate himself. He was a man punctilious in matters of dress, and especially observant of any lack of neat ness in others. One day he invited to dine with him, as was his wont, one of his old captains, just returned from a voyage. Mr. Ballister was to drive the captain out to his beautiful country residence in Dorchester At the appointed hour the guest appeared at the counting house of his host. As they walked up State street the merchant observed his friend's well wors as well as well brushed hat. Reaching the head of the thoroughfare, Mr. Ballister said: "Come, my friend, let us go into Rhodes', where I will treat you to a new hat." Having selected the "beaver," the benefactor said: "Now, captain, have your old hat sent to your lodging place." "Oh, no," said Capt. P., "I have just bought a new bonnet for my wife, and I'll send my new hat to the milliner's to be put in the same bandbox." So Mr. Ballister put his pride in the place whence he had taken his bank bill, and drove his guest out in his old fushioned chaise in no better headgear than before his call at Rhodes'.—Desten Gamette,

The nutment blekery of the Arkansas region is said to be the strongest wood in the United States, and the weakest is West India The heaviest word is the bluewood of Texas.

GREAT REMOVAL SALE

\$25,000 WORTH

FURNITURE

To be sold in next two months at

Hardy&Pitchers

A Complete Line of Folding Beds now in Stock.

Pomeroy Coal Co.,

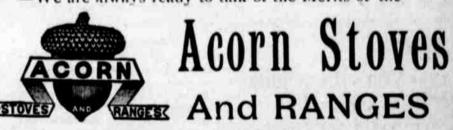
RETAIL DEALERS IN WHOLESALE

COAL

Office, corner 12th and O Sts. Yards, 9th and 4th Sts.

J. R. LEMIST, Agent.

-We are always ready to talk of the Merits of the-



To be found at F. E. NEWTON'S Old Stand, W. B. WOLCOTT. 230 S. 11th St.

1222 OST.

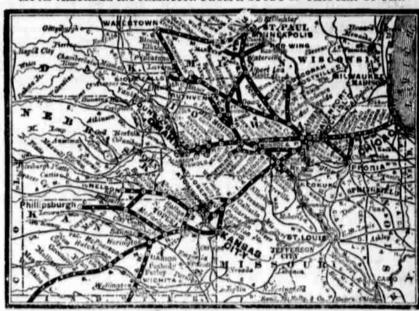
1222 O ST.

CAPITAL Steam Dye and Cleaning Works

S. R. MANN, Proprietor.

Ladies and Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on Short Notice. Twenty five per cent discount on all Plushes, Velvets and Sealskins Steamed for the next Sixty Days.

MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y.

Its central position and close connection with Eastern lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points, West, Northwest, and Southwest, make it the true mid-link in that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main lines and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Lasalle, Peoris, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, millinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Vashington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indiancla, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffis, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Camera, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Minneapolis and St. Lud, ir hannesota; Watertown and Sioux Fulls in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities it also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate places, making all transfers in Union depots. Fast Trains of fine DAY COACHES, elegant DINING CARS, megnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and between Chicago, St. Joseph. Atchi. a and Kansas City; restrol AEU. INING CHAIR JARS, seats FREE to holders of through first-class tickets.

THE CHICAGO, KANSAS & NEBRASKA R'Y GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Extends wast and southwest from Kansen City and St. Joseph to Fair-bury, Nelson, Horton, Topaka, Harington, Hutchinson, Wichita, Caldwell and all points in Southern Nebroaka Interior Lansas and beyond. Entir-peasenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman menufacture. Solidly bal-lasted track of heavy steel rail. Iron and stone bridges. All safity appliances and modern improvements. Commodious, well-built stations. Celerity, cer-tainty, comfort and luxury assured.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kaneas City, and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The fourist routs to all Northern Summer Resorts. Its Watertown Branch traverses the most productive lands of the greas "wheat and dairy belt" of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota and East-Centrell Dakota.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leaven forth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps. Polders, or any desired information apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass'r Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

General Manager.