

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DANIEL, THE COEUR-DE-LION OF ALL AGES.

Golden Text: "His Windows Being Opened in His Chamber Toward Jerusalem"—Daniel, VI: 10—Delivered at New York Sunday, September 3.



HE scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Coeur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-hot furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion-tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist: Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What, no sound?" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonian successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some days to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great, and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows in your house—bay-windows, and skylight-windows, and windows of conservatory, and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons find-

ing that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-bye."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor-Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forget sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and if you have surplus means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel, in the text, kept this porthole of his domestic fortress unobscured because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and, once enfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but, out of sixty-three emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion-tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and pray, and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonian window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes;

but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting grounds, partridge, and deer, and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draught and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias, and cataplexies, and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits and that means lucious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah, in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on. An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation, and has calculated that there will be in heaven one hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose a hundred millions yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms; and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children and even the throne-room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the king according to the promise: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt; but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

MISSING LINKS.
The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 329 pounds.
In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself.
In some parts of south Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.
In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and their husbands attend to the heavy standing round.
In the British Museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass, with an engraved emblazonment of the monarch Thothmes III, who lived 3,400 years ago.
Nevada is the most sparsely settled State. There are nearly two and a half square miles to each inhabitant; next come Idaho, with one inhabitant to each square mile. Montana and Wyoming each have less than one.
As the supply of ivory is becoming short billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.
The Mexican torch thistle, growing to a height of fifty or sixty feet, looks more like a candelabra than a tree. Another variety of the same species has long gray bristles, which give it the appearance of the head of an old gray-haired man.
A Pennsylvania railroad train recently went 53.3 miles from Camden to Atlantic City in forty-five minutes, an average rate of 70 1/2 miles an hour. This is considered the fastest time ever made by a railroad train in this country. The fastest single mile was made in forty-one seconds.
The practice of ringing the curfew bell appears to have prevailed throughout Europe long before the Norman conquest of England. Its object being the laudable one of preventing fires, which on account of the houses being built chiefly of wood were at that time quite frequent and destructive.

Belgium's revenue from the drink habit has grown in forty years from \$100,000 to \$3,000,000 francs, crime increasing 200 per cent at the same time and insanity 128 per cent.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII.—SUNDAY SEPT. 22 —"THE NEW COVENANT."

Golden Text: "The Lord Our God Will Serve and His Voice Will Obey"—Joshua 24: 24—"Eighteen Years of Rest."



(years were shorter than now). The religious capital was still at Shiloh. Joshua still lived at Tunnath, Serah, not far from Shechem. At the latter place the great assembly, held for the purpose of renewing the covenant, was assembled.

14. Now, therefore, fear the Lord and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your father served on the other side of the flood and in Egypt, and serve ye the Lord. (Joshua to the assemblage at Shechem. He had noticed that a spirit of degeneracy was becoming more manifest, and called the assemblage to renew the covenant with God.)

15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

16. And the people answered and said: God forbid that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods.

17. For the Lord, our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight (miracles), and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people whom we passed. (The tribes in their pursuit of earthly wealth had forgotten God and his works—that all comes from God, and the rebuke of Joshua is fitting.)

18. And the Lord drave out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwell in the land: therefore will we also serve the Lord: for he is our God.

19. And Joshua said unto the people. Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is a holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins.

20. If ye forsake the Lord and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good.

21. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord.

22. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses.

23. Now, therefore, put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.

24. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

25. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem. Witnessing Against Ourselves. It is



SHECHEM.
still true of men that they are witnesses against themselves as to their duty toward God now; and they will be all the witnesses needed in the day of judgment. (1) Every sinner's conscience is a witness against his course. (2) The principles on which business men must act as condition of worldly success will witness against those who refuse to apply like principles to religion—principles, which, if lived out, would lead them to be Christians. (3) The fault-findings of men against good people show that these fault-finders know what is right, and are to blame if they do not live up to it. (4) The principles on which good government in this world is based will justify God's moral dealings with men. (5) The obedience which parents require of their children, the gratitude acknowledged to be due for favors received, the honor demanded for those to whom honor belongs will all witness to the justice of God's demand for our obedient and loving service.

MUCH IN LITTLE.
Nothing is so trustworthy as love. God never gets tired of helping man. Let a man define life, and he tells how much he lives.
The smile that helps others has to begin in the heart.
You don't need a mastodon to contain the courage of a mastiff.
A rogue turns pale inside whenever he looks a policeman in the face.
When the seed of the woman bruises the serpent's head, he won't wear a velvet slipper.

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

It Is Not Always So Free and Generous as to Be Very Encouraging.

"The case presented in last night's paper of a reward of \$10 being paid for the return of \$50 reminds me of a similar anecdote—only different," said the ancient New England member of the club to a Utica reporter. "It happened in Providence (R. I.) forty years ago, when the city contained but one millionaire, who was an old Scotchman named Alexander Duncan. One day Mr. Duncan, in leaving his office, dropped a large roll of bank notes in the street. They escaped his eye, but not that of the small boy, who is around everywhere, and who pounced upon the bills immediately. The roll contained \$500. When Mr. Duncan received it he eagerly counted the money and, finding it correct, he turned to the boy and said: 'I thank ye, my little man.' Then, noticing the look of dismay in the poor lad's countenance, he felt in his trousers pocket and fished out a coin, which he handed to the finder of his wealth. And the coin represented—what do you think?"

"Five dollars?"
"A dollar?"
"A half dollar?"
"A quarter of a dollar?"
"Just half of that. It was an old Spanish coin that we used to call a nippence in New England and that you would call a shilling in New York. In other words, it was twelve and a half cents which Alexander Duncan, the millionaire of Providence, paid to the honest boy who found and returned to him \$500."

A POET'S LICENSE.

Squeezed the Hand of an Empress in the Fervor of Recitation.

G. W. Smalley, in "Studies of Men," relates the following incident: "Tennyson was one of the party invited some years since by Sir Donald Currie on a yachting trip, the yacht provided being an ocean steamer of the South Africa line, known as the Pembroke Castle. Mr. Gladstone was another guest. I think—certainly he was on one of the two or three trips then taken. There was on board a young English girl, since married and dead, whose beauty and intelligence and charm were all remarkable. Tennyson attached himself to this brilliant and sympathetic creature. He was often asked to read, and it became his habit to read holding her hand, which, in the fervor of recitation, he often pressed. The ship put in at Copenhagen, and the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia, then on a visit to her old home, came on board. There was luncheon, and after luncheon Tennyson was asked to read; and did, sitting between the Empress on one side and the English girl on the other. When it was over and they had gone up on deck, he asked the girl whether she thought the Empress liked it. 'Well,' answered she, 'her Majesty must have thought it a little unusual.' 'What do you mean?' 'I mean that I don't think the Empress is in the habit of having her hand squeezed in public even by poets.' It seemed proper to Tennyson to offer to the Empress his most humble apologies for his mistake. The Empress laughed, and told him she had enjoyed the reading extremely."

Has Gray Whiskers and a Terrier.

A bicycle seems to call out a man's latent peculiarities with unflinching certainty, and there are always interesting examples of such development to be seen among the riders in the park or on the roads. A gray whiskered man rides on the boulevard almost every day with a small Skye terrier in a wire basket fastened to the front of the bicycle just below the handle bars. He has been riding this way for several months, and is never seen without the dog. The animal's expression is a curious combination of terror and ennui, and there is an alertness in his look which might be understood to indicate that he would jump out at the first opportunity. Other similar riders are to be seen on the road every day, but unfortunately all of them are not so harmless.—New York Sun.

Plants Boarded for 50 Cents a Month.

Boarding houses for plants are a novel institution, designed for the housing of plants for families who close up their city houses for several months during the summer. Every woman who loves flowers is at her wits' end to devise a means of having her plants cared for while she is away. In the case of a large and valuable collection this becomes a serious matter. Often in the spring and summer anyone passing a florist's may see in his window a strip of painted glass or, some other sign, bearing the words: "Boarding House for Plants, 50 Cents Apiece." A few of the establishments offer accommodations for 25 cents. This price covers a month's board and lodging for a single potted plant.

Cleveland's Flag.

Just at the eastward of Gray Gables stands a flagpole, which towers 50 feet high toward the clear blue of the summer sky. The moment he leaves the place an American flag, which waves from the apex of the flagstaff, is lowered, which tells all onlookers that the president is not at home, for when he is at home the glorious star-spangled banner is always whipping about the signing wind. Many a marine glass sweeps the flagstaff from cottages and hamlets miles around, and many glass owners smile when they see the flag is not flying and mutter to themselves, "Cleveland has gone fishing again."

Maudie's Busy Week.

Following is a society item from Cedar Point, Kan.: "Maud Hastings was pretty busy while here last week. She broke John Sayre's colt to ride, raked alfalfa, pitched wheat and killed a snake. Come again, Maudie."

Wanted No Invidious Comparisons.

One of the new members of congress was, a few years ago, a county judge in the state from which he hails (says the Washington Star). On one occasion in his court, a lawyer was pleading a case and was making a speech which stirred the jury to its profoundest depths. In the course of his peroration, he said: "And, gentlemen of the jury, as I stand at this bar today, in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that at any moment he may be called before a greater judge than the judge of this court, I—" The judge on the bench craned sharply on the desk, and the lawyer stopped suddenly and looked at him questioning. "The gentleman," said the court with dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury, and not permit himself to indulge in invidious comparisons."

In This Work-a-Day World

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Parents, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unwarmed collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out and infirm. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

Bees in a California Church.

Four swarms of bees have taken possession of the Methodist church in East San Jose, Cal., and it is estimated that there are at least three hundred pounds of honey deposited between the outer and inner walls of the church. It is proposed to hold a honey carnival in the church and in that way secure enough money to pay for the damage done in securing the honey.

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