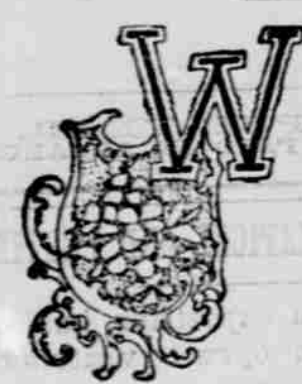


HOPE OF THE WORLD.

TURN TOWARD CHRIST IN OUR ADVERSITIES.

This Refers Alike to Individuals and Nations—Christmas Eve Sermon by Dr. Talmage—A Beautiful Picture of the Redeemer.



WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 22.—In his sermon to-day, Dr. Talmage chose the universal theme of the season—the Christmas tide. The text selected was, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem." Matt. II, 1.

At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an out-house of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary, God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such a brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Caesar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a center for such a delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the windows of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

It is my joy to tell you that was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climactic, I begin, in the first place by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—his parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the medieval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty he rose until to-day he is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to his example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home in Westmoreland. Kitto and Pringle, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, though the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and ninety-five years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or gentleness, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out radiance. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation, that carries shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary—'Good will to men.'"

"Oh," you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me

to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all our hearts this Christmas time. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilee sleigh-ride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. From that supernatural grouping of the cloud bank over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birth-place. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh, yes, I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels bring it, and when it dies another takes it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in the church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfections out of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen was being wrapped around that little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets sput out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornellans and the jaspers and the crystals before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very poor setting! The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliers with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn.

Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out!" No. Christ came to the world in one door, and he departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and he departed through the door of the sepulchre, and his one business was so to wash away our sin that after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race, that was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of their genius to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louises of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of him who hath the moon under his feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that

night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide open door of solid pearl to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

Some of your children have already gone, and though people passing along the street and seeing white craps on the doorstep may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service, he said: "Come around and comfort us, for we loved her so much."

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying: "Steer this way, father, steer straight for me. Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee."

Oh, those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door! All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I was dying—not physically, for I never was more well—but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the Commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions: "Who art thou? and whence?" and he says: "I am captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight! Chime all the bells. Merry Christmas!

Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay him down in all our hearts! We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the prostration of our worship.

Down at His feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the arch-angel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. John Jones, one of Chicago's colored people, is worth \$300,000. The wife of President Cleveland has a most mellifluous voice, and an admirer says: "Her speech is a continual song without words."

One of the richest heiresses in the world is Lady Mary Hamilton Douglas, the 11-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, whose income is now about £160,000 a year.

Princess Waldemar, wife of the youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, is a courageous woman. At Copenhagen recently, when a fire started in a building adjoining her residence, she borrowed a fireman's helmet, mounted a wall and assisted in extinguishing the flames.

The ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, in her early married life, embroidered a piece of tapestry, on which all her children knelt when confirmed; the late Emperor's coffin rested upon it; the present German Emperor and the Princesses Charlotte, Sophia and Victoria, were married standing on it.

Mrs. Barney Baranto, a pleasant-faced, unaffected woman, was born in South Africa of English parentage.

GENERAL LABOR NOTES.

Printers of Toronto are unionizing the town. The new bicycle workers' union starts out with 2,000 members.

All state printing of Nevada bears the printers' union label.

A \$500,000 iron mill has been erected by co-operators at Edinburgh, Scotland. A national anti-sweating league has been formed at Melbourne, Vic., N. S. W.

An effort is being made to combine the four central labor bodies of Chicago.

A GREAT REPUBLICAN

SENATOR HANSBROUGH FOR AMERICAN POLICY.

A Gentle Hint to the National Convention Next Year—Why Protect Industries and Leave Financial System Exposed to Foreign Invaders.

Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, is not only a statesman of discernment and ability, but he is an experienced journalist and knows how to put his views into concise English for publication. In compliance with a request, he sends the editor of the World the following interesting summary of the political outlook in North Dakota:

"The political situation in this state amounts to this: The people are looking forward anxiously to the time when they can assist in bringing about a change of administration. The money question and the tariff will be the two national issues here. The two old parties are about equally divided with respect to silver. There is talk about organizing a silver party, and I should not be surprised to see a third party upon an exclusively silver platform, place a ticket in the field next year. There is a very strong and growing disposition on the part of the people, regardless of party, in favor of independent action on the part of the United States on the financial question. Our people are getting tired of dictation from abroad. A great many republicans do not understand why it is that our party, which goes for the protection of American industry, should not also go for an American financial system. I am one of the republicans who cannot understand why we should favor a foreign financial system. Perhaps I do not fully grasp the American idea."

In the foregoing, Senator Hansbrough voices the sentiments of vast numbers of republicans in all parts of the United States. They are at a loss to know why the average republican leader should swell with indignation, look big and talk big whenever it is suggested that we should follow England's revenue policy, and at the same time enter a tremulous protest against an independent financial policy.

They appear to think that our very salvation depends upon being in accord with England's monetary system. Just why, they never explain.

The talk in a grandiloquent way about the "best money in the world," but they never clearly and intelligibly state how gold meets that definition. They start out with the broad assumption that gold is the best money in the world, and if we only preserve the gold standard, our monetary system will necessarily be "sound," even though the business of the country be paralyzed. They never stop to consider that we have had the gold standard for 22 years—that since 1873 every dollar in use has been upon a par with every other dollar, and still there has been endless complaint.

We have had high protection all these years. Some classes and some favored localities have prospered, but at the same time general conditions have not been healthy. There has been a constant melting away of property and commodity values, altogether to the disadvantage of those engaged in productive industry, and utterly destructive of genuine prosperity.

While millions of producers have been literally ruined by the ever-increasing burden of debt, consequent upon the fall of prices, in the money centers, millionaires and multi-millionaires have been created with startling rapidity. If there is a party leader in the country who can not see so palpable a fact, he ought to descend from his pedestal at once.

Republicans ought to know that there is less reason why we should adopt England's monetary standard, than there is for us to oppose her free-trade policy. In the latter, there is simply a legitimate rivalry. But upon the question of adopting a monetary standard the interests of the two countries are completely reversed. England is a creditor nation; the United States is a debtor. A creditor is benefited by a rise in the value of money; a debtor is injured by such rise. As gold goes up the English creditor is enriched, while the American debtor is impoverished. Instead of making ourselves a potential factor in maintaining and enhancing England's gold standard, the principle of self-preservation should prompt us to use our strength in breaking it down.

If we should demonetize gold entirely, it would considerably lower the value of that metal, and relieve us of a portion of our debt to England. On the other hand, the more nations England can induce to demonetize silver, the greater becomes the demand for gold and the more it rises in value.

What America wants is not "England's monetary system," not especially the money standard of any nation, but an honest standard, which will measure the same to-day, to-morrow and for all time.

Of course this would be an "ideal" standard which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to reach; but there can be no question that the restoration of true bimetalism by the full and free use of both gold and silver, will be a vast improvement upon existing conditions. But to return to Senator Hansbrough. The significant part of his utterance is that relating to the formation of a silver party. It is very closely in line with the language of Senator Pettigrew a short time since, and it indicates a strong silver sentiment in the ranks of the republican party. Republican leaders will do well not to be over-confident because of the recent elections. Hundreds of thousands of silver men voted the republican ticket because at the time there was nothing else for them to do. They were thor-

oughly disgusted with Clevelandism in finance, but no man should make the mistake of assuming that they will be satisfied with Shermanism as a substitute.—Republican.

COMING GOLD GLUT.

The Real Reason Why Bankers Oppose American Bimetallism.

National Bimetallist: Last week we called attention to the increased production of the yellow metal, and pointed out the inconsistencies of those gold champions with whom an increased production of gold and an increased production of silver both prove the same thing, namely, the supreme excellence of the gold standard.

The suggestion was also casually thrown out that ere long the demonetization of gold might be proposed.

An intimation of that kind comes even sooner than we dreamed of.

Mr. W. R. Lawson, in the London Bankers' Magazine speaks of the matter in this way:

"Inflation of paper money and an over-abundance of silver money are matters of common knowledge, but a possible plethora of gold, presents itself as a novel idea. It is, however, an idea which may have to be reckoned with shortly. * * * The right of free coinage of gold may have to be suspended in England as the free coinage of silver was suspended in India and under the Latin Union. Behind that, again, would stand the last resort of all, limitation of its legal tender power. If the gold shut out from the mint lost value in consequence, that would be a matter for the producers to adjust, as other producers have to do. For the evil of excessive currency there is but one remedy, whatever the currency may be; it is restriction; and for metallic money the only known methods of restriction are, first, limited coinage; second, limited legal tender."

The American goldite draws all of his inspiration, primarily, from London, and he ought to study with care the language quoted above. It completely exposes the unsoundness of the fundamental arguments in favor of the gold standard. What becomes of the "intrinsic value" theory, if Mr. Lawson knows what he is talking about? Where is Mr. Atkinson's "fixed and invariable standard"? What of the "hammer" and "fire" tests of which we hear so much?

Mr. Lawson says that the coinage may have to be suspended and its legal tender limited. If the value is "fixed" and "unchanging" how can such an act possibly do any good? It seems, too, that he appreciates the fact (which ought to be self evident) that the gold bullion excluded from the mint would shrink in value; but says that concerns the producer only. What a joke it would be if in a few short years we should have a "gold question" to haunt the souls, and harrow the consciences of the champions of "honest money!" But don't get alarmed, brothers! We won't let London and New York demonize gold in this country if we can help it. Although you call us "fakirs" and "silver monometallists" we assure you that we want both metals, and Providence permitting, we are going to have them one of these days, not merely in concurrent circulation, one as "token" and the other as "standard," but both as standard.

SUCH IGNORANCE.

A Once Great Paper Joins the Forces of Mammon.

Bland made a statement in a speech out West which is of interest in the free silver discussion—if that question is of enough interest to provoke further discussion. He admitted that if the original Bland bill of 1876, which was a free coinage 16 to 1 bill, had passed the Senate in the shape in which it passed the House, the gold standard of this country would have been destroyed. This statement has the merit of absolute truth, and he might have added that free coinage at 16 to 1 would do the same thing now.—Toledo (O.) Blade.

Of course the Bland bill of 1876 would have destroyed the gold standard, and of course free coinage now, at 16 to 1, would do the same. That is exactly what bimetalists everywhere demand. The demonetization of silver established the gold standard, the remonetization of silver would destroy the gold standard. And it ought to be destroyed upon every principle of expediency and common honesty. Destroy the gold standard and restore the standard of the constitution, the standard of both gold and silver.

John G. Carlisle in '95.

Carlisle has repeated the somewhat stale assertion that the government should not be engaged in the banking business. Nor is it so engaged. Banking business, in its simplicity, is a money-lending business. The issue of money and its representatives is the business of the sovereign—the government, and when a government surrenders that particular function to private individuals not only does it place in jeopardy the interests of the people, but it betrays a sacred trust.—The Manufacturer, Rep.

What Fifty Men Can Do.

"Fifty men in these United States have it in their power, by reason of the wealth which they control, to come together under an understanding by which every wheel of trade and commerce may be stopped from revolving, every avenue of trade blocked, and every electric key struck dumb. Those fifty men can paralyze the whole country, or they can control the circulation of the currency, and create a panic whenever they will."—Chauncey M. Depew.

The strike of the Philadelphia children's jacket makers has been settled in favor of the employees.

Improved Filtering Funnel.
A French photographer has patented an improved filtering funnel for the use of chemists and druggists. Those whose labors include the purifying of fluids are frequently annoyed by the tenacity with which the filter paper adheres to the inside of the ordinary glass filtering funnel as soon as wet, thus impeding the free passage of the liquid through the paper, and concentrating the whole filtering process at the lower apex of the cone. The new funnel has irregular corrugations or grooves extending over the entire inside, and intersecting each other in irregular series, which renders it impossible for the paper to cling to much of the surface, and thus brings the whole surface of the paper into action.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., of La Crosse, Wis., have recently purchased the complete catalogue trade of the Northrup, Brasian, Goodwin Co., of Minneapolis and Chicago. This gives the Salzer Seed Co. the largest catalogue mail trade in the world and they are in splendid shape to take care of same, as they have recently completed a large addition to their mammoth seed houses. The 1896 catalogue is just out and the largest ever issued. Sent to any address for 5 cents to cover postage. W. N.

How He Collected His Salary.
The genial pastor of one of the suburban churches, whose salary is somewhat in arrears at present, stepped into the hardware store of one of his parishioners the other morning and asked to see some corkscrews—very large and strong ones, he explained.

"Why, Dr. —, what in the world do you want with one, anyhow?" said the dealer.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "I want a corkscrew large enough to give me some assistance in drawing my salary."

The story reached the ears of his congregation and the indebtedness was cancelled forthwith.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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