

# A FAIRY STORY.

An interesting story by an old-fashioned fellow.

A certain giant being out at elbows went to court to find employment; and all the court would have laughed at him had they dared, he cut such a queer figure with his long beard and his great pipe that he was forever smoking. The King, however, thought it no laughing matter, for here was a fellow that could kick a fellow over his palace, if he happened to get in a rage; and what in the world could they find for this great clumsy monster to do? So he called all the wise men in the kingdom, and they sat in the council-hall and looked very solemn for seven days, but said never a word.

At the end of that time the Princess, the King's daughter, who was exceedingly silly, came tripping into the hall. "La!" said she, "what a great fellow you make over nothing! I can settle the matter. I want a page in buttons and he is precisely the proper person. I will take him into my service."

"Exactly," said all the wise men together. "That is just what we are going to propose to her Royal Highness. We will take the words out of our mouth," although nobody but such a foolish girl as the Princess would ever have thought of making a giant twenty-five feet high a page in buttons.

The King, however, could see no other way out of the difficulty; so he sent for a tailor, and the tailor, resting a ladder up to the giant's shoulder, went upon it and took his measure. It required many yards of cloth, you may be sure, to make a suit for this astonished page, and a whole cartload of buttons; for you see they had buttons on all the seams and all over the jacket, and on his cap and sleeves, and they would have had one on his nose. I believe if they could have sewed one on. When the suit was finished, as most giants are, thought, however, that he had never looked so well in his life; and his silly mistress being very vain of a page twenty-five feet high, took him with her when she called on the other ladies of rank who were her neighbors; and these ladies, thinking that they had never seen anything so ridiculous, giggled behind their fans, while they pretended to admire him and said: "Dear Princess, we really envy you. There never was anything so fine as your page."

At last one of the ladies, more malicious than the rest, said to the Princess:—"Now that you have your page, you have all that a Princess can possibly require, with the exception of one thing."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"You should get the King, your father, to make a law," replied the lady, "that no one except the Lady High Fiddlestick, the Dame of the Slippers, and the Queen, your mother, shall touch so much as your hand on pain of instant death. You are too great a Princess to be approached like a common mortal."

"Why, so I am," said the Princess, "though I never thought of that before."

At home she posted to urge the King to pass this admirable law, without which she was fully persuaded she could no longer exist. The King and his Court, having nothing better to do, were quite ready to gratify her; therefore a decree was posted on all the trees and fences making it high treason for any one but the Queen, the Lady High Fiddlesticks and the Dame of Slippers to touch even the Princess's hand under any circumstances. The Princess now thought herself the proudest and happiest of human beings; and though every one was laughing at her simplicity, it made no difference to her, since she heard nothing of it.

Now the Princess had a habit of walking out every morning, followed by her huge page in buttons; and one fine day, coming to a great quaking bog, the princess grew very curious to see what was on the other side of it.

"But your royal highness can't cross it," said the giant; "you will sink."

"A common person might sink," said the princess, disdainfully; "but a princess can't sink, especially in her own territory. This land belongs to me, and should know its duty better than to let me sink."

"Oh, of course," said the giant; "for even his stupidity was not quite sure whether the bog would make the distinction between a princess and a peasant girl; and after a step or two he said, 'Royal mistress, don't you think you had better let me carry you over? You will get your slippers muddy.'"

"Not for this world," cried the princess, much shocked. "Have you forgotten that it is high treason to touch me?"

"So, holding up her trail and trying to keep her slippers on, she began to pick her way across; but first she tore her gown and then she lost one slipper and then the other, and then she struck fast.

"Royal mistress," bellowed the giant, "don't you think I had better pull you out?"

"You stupid idiot!" cried the princess, "haven't I told you it is high treason to touch me? Run for the queen."

Away went the giant, three steps at a time, and coming to the court in a mighty hustle, asked for the queen; but alas! she had gone on a ten days' journey; and instead of telling anybody his errand, the stupid fellow posted back to the quagmire, where the princess by this time had sunk to her waist.

"Princess," said the giant, "the queen has gone on a ten days' journey."

"Mercy on us!" gasped the princess; run for the Lady High Fiddlestick.

Away trotted the giant four steps at a time, and coming to the court, found every one there in a bustle.

"Get a doctor!" screamed one; "and bandages," said another; "and water and spirts," and, "oh, dear, dear!" sighed a third. "To think that the Lady High Fiddlestick should trip her foot on a vulgar, nasty stone and break her arm! If I were king I would order every stone removed from the kingdom."

Back ran the giant five steps at a time.

The Lady Fiddlesticks has just broken her arm, your royal highness."

"My stars!" cried the princess, who

had sunk to her neck, "get the Dame of the Slippers."

"Don't you think I had better pull you out, if it is high treason?" asked the giant.

"No, no! you mustn't—you can't—you shan't!" squeaked the Princess. "Go quick, you booby, and do as you are told."

Off raced the giant, ten steps at a time, but when he came to the court everybody said "Ssh! ssh! don't make such a noise; the Dame of the Slippers has just died."

Back galloped the giant with all his might, and made such good speed that he got to the bog just in time to see the tip of the bonnet going under the mud.

"Oh, what a pity! what a great pity!" sighed the giant, "that it would have been high treason to pull her out."

**A GALLOWS FORMED BY NATURE.**

**A Giant Oak in California That Hung Forty Men.**

There is in California, in Calaveras county, a tree from which forty men have been hanged.

Hangman's Oak, as it is called, is on a level tract of land close to the side of the old road between Milton and Copperopolis. It is naturally one of the most famous monuments of that part of the country.

The tree stands by the roadside and a great branch stretches over the highway, brown and bare, save for a little clump of foliage at its end.

According to the San Francisco Call, when the tree first sprang into fame Stockton was known to the miners as Tuleville, and the hills around Copperopolis were filled with camps that bore musical names, such as Ragtown or Whisky Chute. The tree was an old one then, so that it must by this time have seen nearly a century of life.

There was no more ceremony attending an execution on the Hangman's Oak than was gone through with in other parts of the state at about the same time. The culprit was taken to the spot in the handiest way. Sometimes in a wagon and at others he was compelled to sustain his balance on the soft side of a rail carried on the shoulders of the executioners. When the spot was reached the man who was to be made to "straddle off" was placed on the end of a wagon with a rope around his neck, one end of which was fastened to the limb above his head. Sometimes when they wanted to give a man a good "drop" he was made to stand on a box or barrel placed on the end of the wagon.

The most famous crop which the "hangman's tree" has ever borne was reaped in the early fifties. On this occasion a man had been executed just as a party of friends, who believed him innocent, came up to rescue him. A fierce fight ensued and the rescuing party, being the best shots, came off victorious.

Twenty men shed their blood on this day. At the end of the fight five of the hanging party who executed the first man were left alive. They surrendered and asked for mercy, but were not given it, and in less than five minutes their bodies were swinging beside that of their victim. Fourteen dead bodies strewed the ground around the tree. At least a dozen flights of this kind have taken place beneath the old tree, and people say the ground is "soaked with blood."

**SHOOTS WITH ONE ARM.**

**A California Hunter Who Kills Game to Support a Family of Seven.**

For twenty-eight years Thomas Allen of Monterey, familiarly known as "Allen the Hunter," has been making a living for seven people with his left arm and a gun. One day, when he was only fifteen years old, he was out hunting ducks on the Monterey lagoon. In some manner his gun caught and was discharged, wounding him in his right arm, near the shoulder. He lay in the tules with his arm bleeding profusely until he was picked up by some men who chanced to pass, and was taken to his home. Dr. Canfield of Monterey and Dr. Callahan of San Francisco held a consultation. Owing to the great loss of blood, they pronounced the boy beyond the reach of medical aid. His mother, however, called in an old Indian herb doctor, and before the year was out the boy was as well as ever, but minus his right arm.

Young Allen's father was a famous huntsman, and the boy seemed to inherit a strong taste for hunting. When he was only four years old he would beg to go with his father to shoot the "little cats," as he called the cotton-tail rabbits which infested Monterey in those days. When five years old his career as a hunter began, for his father took him out into a field and joining their hands, placed the gun over a chair, and let him shoot at one of the "little cats." He killed it, and from that moment he always had a mania for hunting all sorts of game.

When Allen was fifteen and the accident occurred that resulted in the loss of his right arm he thought his hunting days were over. As his father died shortly before, part of the support of the family devolved upon him. At first he tried the gaming table, as it seemed his only resource.

"In those days," he said, in speaking of the matter recently, "320 gold pieces were more common than nickels are to-day. But I didn't like the ups and downs of a gambler's life and the associations; so I gave it up and determined to learn to shoot with my left arm."—San Francisco Examiner.

**Who Can Solve It?**

Who of those who have not heard this old puzzle before can solve it? The answer will be given in two or three days.

A traveler carried a cabbage, and led along a wolf and goat until he came to a river with a ferry cross it.

There, however, he found the ferry-boat so small that it would only hold himself and the cabbage, or himself and one of the animals.

As long as he was near the goat or wolf all was well, but if he left them by themselves for a moment the wolf would eat the goat, or the goat would eat the cabbage.

He was thus in a dilemma, for it seemed impossible to cross the river without either losing the cabbage or the goat. How did he manage it?

# GOLD REPUBLICANS.

**WALL STREET AT LEAST WILL CONTROL CONVENTION.**

Masses of the West Will Join Democrats and Populists at St. Louis—The Eastern and Western State Platforms So Far Adopted.

Two weeks ago The National Bimetalist discussed the republican platforms of Ohio, Iowa and Kansas so far as they had any bearing upon the money question.

Kansas trusting blindly to the National Republican Convention, Iowa swallowing anything and everything in the name of Allison, and Ohio presenting a ridiculous straddle, rendered positively grotesque by the overdrawn rhetoric in which it was clothed, made a picture of weakness that should cause every true republican ear to tingle with shame.

Since then the republicans of New York and Massachusetts have spoken.

Whatever may be said of the soundness of their financial policy, their platform declarations at least have the merit of frankness, and are without equivocation for gold.

The New York declaration is as follows: "The agitation for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 seriously disturbs all industrial interests and calls for a clear statement of the republican attitude upon this question, to the end that the trade of this country at home and abroad may again be placed upon a sound and stable foundation."

"We recognize in the movement for the free coinage of silver an attempt to degrade the long-established standard of our monetary system, and hence a blow to public and private credit at once costly to the national government and harmful to our domestic and foreign commerce."

"Until there is a prospect of international agreement as to silver coinage, and while gold remains the standard of the United States and of the civilized world, the Republican party of New York declares itself in favor of the firm and honorable maintenance of the standard."

That of Massachusetts is almost identical, except that it is a little more strongly in favor of the national banks: "We regard the silver agitation as hurtful to business and destructive of confidence, and, as has been recently shown, hostile to all tariff legislation designed to give protection to our industries and revenue to our treasury."

"We are entirely opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and to any change in the existing gold standard, except by international agreement. Each dollar must be kept as good as every other dollar. The credit of the United States must be maintained at the highest point, so that it cannot be questioned anywhere, either at home or abroad. Every promise must be rigidly kept, and every obligation redeemable in coin must be paid in gold."

"We are opposed to the unsound and dangerous system of state banks. We support the national banking system, and believe that it should be so amended as to give room for expansion and opportunity to meet the demands of the growing business and population of the country."

Not only this, but the candidates named as their choice can be safely relied upon to stand squarely by the platform declaration.

All of Morton's instincts are upon the side of wealth, while Reed's environments are such that he cannot oppose it, if he would.

It will be observed that these enunciations in favor of gold are not even veneered with the thinnest coating of bimetalism.

The New Yorkers are in favor of maintaining the gold standard "until there is a prospect of international agreement as to silver coinage."

Massachusetts is "entirely opposed to free and unlimited coinage, and to any change in the existing gold standard, except by international agreement."

Neither suggests the slightest probability of such an agreement, any desire for one, or any intention to try to bring one about. So they are clear-cut, flat-footed, unqualified declarations for the gold standard.

Twenty-three years ago that standard was fastened upon the people of the United States and a large part of Europe. Almost immediately prices began to fall, business depression began, and there was an almost universal cry of hard times. Some classes in New York and Massachusetts (the money lenders, and business men occupying positions of exceptional advantage) have prospered; but with the great army of toilers and producers, there has been scarcely a glimmer of sunshine.

Each succeeding year has found them a little poorer, with their load of debt increasing, their ability to pay diminishing, and with an almost hopeless future staring them in the face.

Property values in the United States are very little, if any, more than half what they would have been if the old standard of measurement had been preserved, the American people are selling their exportable commodities on a silver basis in competition with Asia, and paying their debts by the gold standard appreciated nearly or quite 100 per cent.

Almost every honest business man in the country admits that times have been bad for many years—in fact for more than twenty—with only occasional spasmodic waves of revival. Leading trade and financial journals have been put to their wits' ends finding excuses for the unnatural conditions. All sorts of preposterous reasons have been given, such as "overproduction" and the like, without a scintilla of proof to support them, while the

practical destruction of one-half the money of Europe and America by the demonization of silver has been completely ignored.

We have had twenty-three years of financial and business distress for all except the few who could control and manipulate the money supply, and the New York and Massachusetts Republican leaders think it so good a thing that they are determined to maintain it at all hazards.

It has long been a belief among economists that money is an instrumentally designed to enable men to do business upon the principles of natural justice, and in such a manner as to bring a reasonable share of prosperity and happiness to the door of every industrious and careful man.

The New York and Massachusetts Republican leaders, though, have outgrown all such sentimental philosophy as that. They have discovered that the end and aim of man should be to preserve the gold standard, in order that the money lender may thrive, the millionaire become a multimillionaire, while the debtor bends lower and lower beneath his increasing load, and the laborer toils on and on for a smaller and smaller pittance.

Whether this is what the New York and Massachusetts Republicans really desire, it is what their beloved standard of gold means, and what it is rapidly accomplishing.

There is scarcely a doubt that the Republicans of the remaining New England states, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and perhaps some others will be some substantially the same position.

With Kansas and Iowa silent, and Ohio and other Western states simply playing a policy game, it is almost a foregone conclusion that the gold standard idea as set forth in New York and Massachusetts will dominate the next Republican convention.

This is exactly what the out and out silver Republicans desire. They know that ambiguity, evasion and provisos with reference to silver coinage mean gold, and they want the issue made so clear that "he who runs may read."

They tip their hats to the New York and Massachusetts Republicans, and will politely pick up the gauntlet so boldly thrown down.

H. F. BARTINE.

**We're Coming, Gen. Warner.**

By Henry T. Niles.

(Tune: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains.")

We're coming, General Warner,  
Three hundred thousand more;  
From Maine's remotest corner,  
From California's shore.

From workshop, mill and farmhouse,  
From mountain, hill and plain,  
We're coming as the van guard—  
Three hundred thousand men.

A mighty band of brothers  
Are gathering for the fray;  
The party chains are breaking,  
The right shall win the day.

Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
"Tis Freedom's shout I hear;  
A mighty host of farmers  
Are bringing up the rear.

Down with the tools of Mammon,  
And Shylock with his gold;  
Men's lives are more than money,  
Their rights shall not be sold.

We'll clean the Augean stables,  
We'll break the power of greed;  
From bonds and needless burdens,  
The people shall be freed.

Cheer up! heart-broken brother,  
And sister, sick and sad;  
A better time is coming,  
Your children shall be fed.

Our fathers fought for freedom,  
Their children shall be freed  
From worse, more cruel bondage,  
Than England's grasping greed.

**Silver Again Rampant.**

In the telegraphic columns of the Chicago Tribune of March 26 a special from New York says: "Members of the 'sound money' committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce and of the Reform (?) club, backed by President Cleveland, have begun an energetic campaign in the west to beat free silver." It is alleged they will invade Chicago, and from good authority we are told that President Cleveland has written personal letters to such men as Lyman J. Gage, urging them to action. We haven't heard at this writing whether or not Governor Altgeld or Secretary of State Hinrichsen have received any communication from Grover upon this question. Shades of Jefferson! Here we have a president who does not trust the people to decide for themselves what legislation is necessary for their government on this question of finance. Are we a colony, subject to the dictates of Wall street, or an independent people? The people of Illinois and of the great West, we are sure, have the ability to think for themselves without the aid of Grover Cleveland or the New York Chamber of Commerce. It is amusing to hear some who are opposed to the restoration of silver say that the silver cause is on the decline, and in order to enlighten these misguided friends of "honest" money (gold) we quote Mr. Cleveland, who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, being the hub of the gold-bug wheel. In the above dispatch he is quoted as saying: "The silver sentiment, which was rapidly abating some months ago, has again become rampant."—National Times-Democrat, Chicago.

What the fool does in the end the wise man does in the beginning.—Spanish.

The fire and the gold never understand each other.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**LESSON VI, MAY 10—THE POWER OF PRAYER.**

**Golden Text: "The Publican Standing Afar Off Would Not Lift Up So Much as His Eyes Unto Heaven"—Luke xviii, 13.**

**THE LESSON FOR TODAY** includes Luke xviii, 9-17.

The subject is almost the same as that of lesson XI, of the first quarter. "Teachings about Prayer," but the text suggests a different line of thought, so that this lesson is a continuation of the teachings we then learned, and not a repetition of them.

Time—March. A. D.

Two or three weeks before the crucifixion, Place—Perea, beyond Jordan.

The full text of today's lesson is as follows:

9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

10. Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14. I tell you, he went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

15. And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

16. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

17. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

Some explanations are as follows:

9. "Certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous." "These is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." "And despised others," the tendency of self-righteousness is to look down upon others.

10. "Two men went up into the temple," the acknowledged place of prayer. "One a Pharisee," the highest, most respectable class among the Jews.

11. "Stood," the ordinary attitude of prayer. "Prayed thus with himself." Either by himself, apart from others, or he was congratulating himself on his goodness, rather than praying to God. "God, I thank thee." It was well to be thankful, but his thanksgiving was pride and boasting, in the name of gratitude. "That I am not as other men are," the rest of mankind. He is in a class by himself, and all other men were far below him. "Extortioners" very common, especially among the publicans. "The Pharisee," a Pharisee, a man of the law. "And then, his eye alighting on the publican, he drags him into his prayer, making him to supply the dark background on which the bright colors of his own virtues shall more gloriously appear."

12. "I fast twice in the week." He thought he did more than his duty. "The law appointed only a single fast-day in the year, the day of atonement (Lev. xvi, 29). The holy weekly fast of the Pharisees was a burden imposed by the oral law."—Cambridge Bible. He made fasting a virtue, instead of a means of virtue, and thus destroyed all its value, and made it a means of evil. "I give tithes," a tenth, "of all that I possess," rather of all that I acquire, all his gains. "Here, too, he exceeds the written law, which only commanded tithes of corn, wine, oil, and cattle (Deut. xiv, 22, 23), and not of mint, anise, and cummin (Matt. xxiii, 23)."—Cambridge Bible. He was exceedingly particular as to outward forms, and made this a substitute for real virtues, as to which he was careless, or which he did not wish to practice. He tithed mint and anise, but had no love to God, and still one has these qualities, he is by the necessity of the case outside of that kingdom.

**RELIGION AND REFORM.**

A floating chapel has just been fitted at Kuttawa, Ky., to make evangelizing voyages along the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Out of the 19,756 public elementary schools in England, 11,897 are controlled by the Church of England and draw support from the whole community. In 18,000 parishes there are no other public schools.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the St. Hedwige, which is served by the sisters of charity. A recent annual report shows that during the year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. Of this number 3,311 were Protestants, 2,248 were Catholics and fifty-nine were Jews.

Ireland has about 4,000,000 Catholics and 1,200,000 Protestants. Catholics are most numerous in the county of Cork, while Protestants have the ascendancy in the county of Antrim. A little over 76 per cent of the entire population are Catholics, 12 per cent belong to the Church of England and 9 per cent are affiliated with the Presbyterians.

A criminal suit against the lay rector for neglecting to repair the chancel of the parish church, probably the first suit of the kind brought in the present century, was instituted recently by the church wardens of St. Peter's church, Derby, England, in the consistory court. The gentleman who draws the tithes and enjoys the revenues of the church pleaded guilty and was condemned to make the repairs.

**RINGS OF GOLD.**

A story is related by Pliny that, after the golden treasure had been stolen from the Captoline by Crassus, Jupiter, the custodian, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, dying instantly from the concealed poison.

Before the introduction of coinage the only gold in circulation in Egypt was the ring, and the Egyptian at his marriage placed one of these gold rings upon his bride's finger as a token that he entrusted her with all his property. Hence the marriage ring of to-day.

**That**

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly every body at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

**Tired**

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

**Feel-**

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

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Many advertisements differ only in a word or two; others in the style of type; distinct variations only, however, will be counted.

Each advertisement must have plainly attached to it the name and date of the newspaper or magazine from which it is clipped.

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