

EDITORS' IDEAS.

The republican party advocates two measures: A high protective tariff to keep European products out of the country; a gold standard so that we will have money good in Europe. Now, will some brainy republican please harmonize these two propositions of republicans? For what purpose do we need a money that is good in Europe if we intend to have a policy that will not let the Europeans ship their goods into this country?—Mound City (Kas.) Standard.

Uncle Sam pays the railroads eight cents a pound to carry the mail. The express company pays one-eighth of one cent a pound for exactly the same thing. The publisher of a weekly or monthly publication, which is issued at regular intervals pays Uncle Sam one cent a pound. The large dailies of the cities send their papers by express and they pay one-half cent a pound. The Postmaster General recommends that newspapers should pay eight cents a pound. You see this would assist the express companies to raise the tariff. The people would pay the freight. Gary is another plate.—Non Conformist.

The American Nonconformist, of Indianapolis, refers to the mortgage record of Ohio for last year as reported by the Secretary of State. It appears that there were 71,598 mortgages given, aggregating \$78,744,508, and only 51,323 were released, representing \$59,255,923. This shows that 20,000 more mortgages were recorded than were released, representing \$20,000,000 increase of indebtedness.

The other day we were told in the Associated Press dispatches that the Gould system had advanced the pay of all its employees, involving an increase in wages of nearly \$1,000,000 a year. A day or two afterward truth pulled on its boots, and the fact was disclosed that wages that had been cut down among section men had been restored, and that the sum total of Gould's beneficence would not amount to over \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year. But when a barefaced lie finds lodgment in the brain of the average republican politician truth can't pull it out. The fact is that wages are being cut, or hours of labor are being shortened, in nearly all the industrial departments.—Advocate (Marysville, Kan.)

Hogs in the Parlor.

The Republican press of this state has gone mad and is making itself very ridiculous. It has a vindictive feeling toward Secretary of State Porter and would like to run him, but all the argument they can find against him is that he butchered his own pork in the city limits instead of stealing it from the state as former state officers have done. A whole lot of said papers, including some of the better class, notably the Grand Island Republican, are calling him Pig Porter. Such stupidity and vulgarity in a respectable newspaper is both disgraceful and short-sighted. Don't these fool newspapers know that they have made thousands of votes for Porter among the farming and laboring people of the state? But this reminds me of another foolish thing in the same line. In 1890 the State Journal said that the populist party in the state house would be like hogs in the parlor. Well, the hogs are in the parlor, and are acting characteristically. No sooner did they get there than they commenced to root. They rooted up a record for two Republican state officers that sent them to the penitentiary. They rooted up evidence of recklessness and extravagance in every department of state government. They rooted Post out of the Supreme Court and rooted Sullivan in. They rooted among the debris of Republican defalcation and dishonor and brought to light an addition of about \$400,000 annually to the state school fund. They have rooted to such good advantage that they have encouraged us country hogs, that haven't yet got into the parlor, and we are going into the same kind of business. We will root up a legislature that will send Allen back to the United States Senate this year, and two years from now we will root Senator Thurston out of the seat that he has been unable to fill. We will root up votes to re-elect all the state officers that have had only one term, and we will root up a few thousand more for Porter and Smyth than any of the rest of them, because the fight on them has been the meanest and the most despicable. We will root up some good, honest Democrat like W. H. Thompson or Edgar Howard, to run for governor on the fusion ticket this fall, and in 1900 we will root Republicanism clean out of Nebraska and give W. J. Bryan a unanimous vote with the exception of Sterling Morton and Euclid Martin, whose votes we don't want. Yes, the hogs are in the parlor. Thank God for it, and we will keep them there for many years to come.—Central City Democrat.

There is only one way to get reform measures before the people and that is a thorough education. Get a move on you then and send your friends on the republican side some reform literature. Bread cast on the water will return, and you will. Ask after the election that it returned two or three times.—Red Cloud Nation.

The rich class constitute 9 per cent of the population and own 71 per cent of the wealth. The middle class constitute 39 per cent of the population and own 26 per cent of the wealth of the country. The poor constitute 52 per cent of the population and own only 3 per cent of the wealth. If this distribution of things was being bettered any and a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the country was gradually being made, there might be reason to hope for better times. But it is quite the reverse. A great deal of the property now owned by the middle class is slowly slipping into

the hands of the man of means. It will continue so to do as long as the control of the currency is left with the wealthy and their appliances, the corporations.—People's Banner.

In Defense of Mr. McKinley.

Some enemy of Mr. McKinley is trying to undermine him with the bank wreckers. This wicked person, described anonymously as "an official," has given out figures purporting to prove that Mr. Cleveland did more for the bank-wrecking industry than Mr. McKinley's support and brands those figures as false and misleading.

It is true that Mr. Cleveland did befriended respectable robbers who were unlucky enough to get jailed. But his friendship was of a timid, half-hearted sort that showed itself chiefly in unsatisfactory commutations of sentence. Mr. McKinley has been a bold, open friend, a jail deliverer.

Mr. Cleveland's pardon record does not compare with the splendid one every three weeks rate which Mr. McKinley has established and bids fair to maintain as long as the supply of jailed bank-wreckers hold out.—New York World.

THAT RED NOSE AGAIN.

Doctors Discuss This Most Dreadful Deformity—Nasal Catarrh a Cause.

The nose is the most prominent of the human features. For beauty or ugliness, much depends on the nose. A red nose, a crooked nose, a swollen nose, disfigure the face as nothing else can. People who can afford it, spend thousands of dollars to have the slightest irregularity of the nose corrected. Doctors frequently discuss this important subject in public and private.

Dr. Hartman has always contended that the most frequent cause for deformed noses is chronic nasal catarrh. Catarrh irritates and congests the nose. This leads to frequently blowing the nose, which further irritates it, causing itching, which is partly relieved by rubbing or scratching. This is sure to twist the nose slightly to one side or the other, or enlarge it slightly; sometimes producing a nose closely resembling "rum blossom." The only cure for such a case is a cure for chronic nasal catarrh. Many hundred cases have been cured by Dr. Hartman's free treatment.

Mrs. S. B. Bryant, Crawford, Miss., writes: "I suffered about six years with

catarrh of the head. It was so bad that I could not breathe through my nose for weeks at a time. I took two bottles of your Peruna and now I am entirely well. It has been two years since, and I cannot say too much for it.

Dr. Hartman's latest book, entitled "Winter Catarrh," sent free by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. This book consists of lectures delivered at the Surgical Hotel; frequently interspersed with questions and answers of interest to everybody. Ask your druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1898.

Natural Law and Trust Law.

The American Biscuit trust has made an advance of from 40 to 50 per cent in the prices of the different grades and qualities of crackers. This advance is euphoniouly described as "simply restoring prices to a profit making basis." Wonder what's the matter with "supply and demand?" We always thought "the natural laws of trade" regulated such little things as prices.—Social Democrat.

Greenbacks and Bonds.

The greenback has Uncle Sam, the people, as its redeemer. The bonds have the same. The difference is the greenback is a noninterest bond, and the money king cannot use it for speculation and usury. It is the money that serves the people. It buys bread, clothing and fuel. That is why Shylock says that it must be retired. No, never!—Nonconformist.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels; never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c

Exciting Experience of a Newly Wedded Bookkeeper With Robbers.

W. A. Meany, a St. Louis bookkeeper had an exciting experience with burglars at his house, one morning. He is but recently married, and among his wedding presents was a music box. To this happy circumstance he attributes the fact that the burglars did not succeed in carrying off everything there was in the house.

One of the burglars in rummaging through his drawing-room stumbled across the stored music, and thinking probably that it contained jewelry or silverware attempted to open it. In doing so he set the music machine in motion, and presently Mr. Meany was roused from his slumbers by the touching strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Meany got his gun and started for the window. He arrived at the drawing-room doorway just in time to see two burglars leaping from the window. He fired, but the robbers continued their flight. One of them stumbled in getting over the front fence, and Mr. Meany is convinced that he shot him, as he found several splashes of blood on the ground and sidewalk.

It is opposed to Entrance Fee. At Union, Kan., Jan. 2.—A fine pipe organ was put in St. Benedict's abbey two years ago, and it has been the custom to have recitals there occasionally and charge admission. Bishop Pink lately disapproved of charging for entrance to the house of worship, and if any recitals are held there in the future they will be free.

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!

Ask your druggist today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it with milk or water, and the old folks may drink it with milk or water. It is the most delicate stomach treat that you can get. It is the best of all. It is sold in all drug stores. Sold by all grocers.



SILVER trumpets sounded a flourish, and the javelin men came pacing down Tregarick Fore street, with the sheriff's coach swinging behind them, its panels splendid with fresh blue paint and florid blazonry. It's wheels were picked out with yellow, and this scheme of the color extended to the coachman and the two lackeys, who held on at the back by leathern straps. Within the coach and facing the horses sat two judges of the crown court and Nisi Prius, both in scarlet, with full wigs and little round patches of black plaster, like ventilators, on top; facing their lordships sat Sir Felix Felix-Williams, the sheriff, in a tightish uniform of the yeomanry with a great shake nodding on his knees and a chaplain bolt upright by his side. Behind trooped a rabble of loafers and small boys, who shouted, "Who bleeds bran?" till the lackeys' calves itched with indignation.

I was standing in the archway of the lachhorse inn, among the maids and stable boys gathered to see the pageant pass on its way to hear the Assize sermon.

At the moment when the trumpets rang out, a very old woman, in a blue camelot cloak, came hobbling out of a grocer's shop some twenty yards up the pavement, and tottered down ahead of the procession as fast as her decrepit legs would move. There was no occasion for hurrying to avoid the crowd, but she went by the Paohchroo doorway as if swift horsesmen were after her, clutching the camelot cloak across her bosom, glancing over her shoulder and working her lips inaudibly. I could not help remarking the position of her right arm. She held it bent exactly as though she held an infant to her old breast, and shielded it while she ran.

A few paces beyond the inn door she halted on the edge of the curb, flung another look up the street, and darted across the roadway. There stood a little shop—a watchmaker's—just opposite, and next to the shop a small open with one dingy window over it. She vanished up the passage, at the entrance of which I was still staring idly, when, half a minute later, a skinny trembling hand appeared at the window and drew down the blind.

"Who is that old woman?" I asked, touching Caleb, the head hostler, on the shoulder.

"What woman?"

"She in the blue cloak, d'ee mean?"

"An old, ancient, wisht-lookin' body?"

"Yes."

"A timmersome woman, like?"

"That's it."

"Cordely Pinsent, widow of old Key Pinsent, that was tailor to all the grandees in the county so far back as I can mind. I can just rymind Key Pinsent—a great, red, jolly-umity chap, with a high stock and a wig like King George—my royal patron' he called 'em, havin' by some means got leave to hoist the king's arms over his door. Such mighty portly manners, too. Oh, very spacious, I assure 'ee! Simme I can see the old Trojan now, with his white weskit bulgin' out across his doorway like a shopfront hung w' jewels. Gout killed 'em. I went to his buryin'; such a stretch of experience does a young man get by the time he reaches my age. God bless your heart alive, I can mind when they were hung for forgery!"

"Who were hung?"

"People," he answered, vaguely, "and young Willie Pinsent."

"This woman's son?"

"Aye, her son—her ewe-lamb of a child. 'Tis very seldom brought up



"YOUNG CHAP, I ARREST THEE,"

agen her now, poor soul! She's so very old that folks forgits about it. Do 'ee see her curtsin yonder, over the ope?"

"I saw her pull it down."

"Ah, you would if you was lookin' that way. I've a seed her do 't a score o' times. Well, when the gout reached Key Pinsent's stomach, and he went off like the snuff of a candle at the age of forty-two, she was left unprotected, with a son of thirteen to maintain, or go 'pon the parish. She was a Meubantick, tho', from 'luther side of the ducky—a very proud family—and didn't mean to dip the knee to nobody, and all the less because she'd deowned herself to start with, by weddin' a tailor. But Key Pinsent, by all allowance, was handsome as a biazor, and well informed up to a point that he read Shakespeare for the mere pleasure o' it."

"Well, she sold up the stock in trade an' hired a couple o' rooms—the self-

same rooms you see—and then she ate less 'n a mouse an' took to needle-work, plain an' fancy, for a lot o' the gentry's wives round the neighborhood befriended her, though they had to be shy an' hide 't that meant it for a favor, or she'd ha' snapped their heads off. An' all the while she was teachin' her boy and tellin' 'em what-over happened, to remember he was a gentleman, an' lovin' 'em with all the strength of a desolate woman.

"This Willie Pinsent was a comely boy, tho'; handsome as old Key, an' quick at his books. He'd a bold, masterful way, bein' proud as ever his mother was, an' well knowin' there wasn't his match in Tregarick for headwork. Such a beautiful hand he wrote! When he was barely turned sixteen they gave 'em a place in Gregory's bank—Wilkins an' Gregory it was in those aged times. He still lived home w' his mother, rentin' a room extra out of his earnin's and turnin' one of the bedrooms into a parlor. That's the very room you're lookin' at. And when any father in Tregarick had a bone to pick with his sons he'd advise 'em to take example by young Pinsent, 'so clever and good, too, there was no tellin' what he mightn't come to in time."

"Well-a-well, to cut it short, the lad was too clever. It came out, after that he'd took to bettin his employers' money agen the rich men up at the Royal exchange. An' the upshot was that one evenin' while he was drinkin' tea with his mother in his lovin', light-hearted way, in walks a brace o' constables an' says, 'Willam Pinsent, young chap, I arrest thee upon a charge o' counterfeitin' old Gregory's handwritin' which is a hangin' matter!'"

"An' now, sir, comes the curious part o' the tale; for, if you'll believe me, this poor woman wouldn't listen to it—wouldn't hear a word o' 'What! my son Willie,' she flamed, hot as Lucifer. 'My son Willie a forger; my boy that I have nussed an' reared up, an' studied, markin' all his pretty takin' ways since he learned to crawl! Gentlemen,' she says, 'standin' up an' facin' 'em down, 'what mother knows her son, if not I! I give you my word it's all a mistake!'"

"Aye, an' she would have it no other. While her son was havin' his trial in jail, she walked the streets with her head high, scornin' the folk as passed."

"But her greatest freak was seen when the Assizes came. Sir, she wouldn't even go to the trial. She disclaimed it. An' when that mornin' the judges had driven by her window, same as they drove to-day, what d'ee think she did?"

"She began to lay the cloth up in the parlor yonder, an' there set out the rarest meal, ready for her boy. There was meats, roasted chickens, an' a tongue, an' a great ham. There was cheese cakes that she made after a little secret of her own, an' a bowl of junket, an inch deep in cream, that bein' his pet dish, an' all kinds o' knick-knacks, w' grapes an' peaches an' apricots, an' decanters o' wine, white an' red. Aye, sir, there was even crackers for mother an' son to pull together, with scraps o' poetry inside. An' flowers—the table was bloomin' with flowers. For weeks she'd been a plannin' it, an' all the forenoon she mowed about that table, givin' it a touch here an' a touch there, an' takin' a step back to see how beautiful it looked. An' then, as the day wore on, she pulled a chair over by the window, an' sat down an' waited."

"In those days a capital trial was kept up till late into the night, if need were. By an' by she called up her little servin' gal that was then, (she's a gran'mother now), an' sent her down to the courthouse to learn how far the trial had got, an' run back with the news."

"Down runs Selina Mary, an' back with word:

"'They're a-summin' up,' says she. 'Then Mrs. Pinsent went an' lit eight candles. Four she set 'pon the table an' four 'pon the mantel shelf. You could see the blaze out in the street, an' the room lit up, w' the flowers, an' fruit, an' shinin' glasses. 'So the poor woman sat a while longer an' than she calls:

"'Selina Mary, run down agen, an' as he comes out, tell 'em to hurry. They must be finished by now.'

"The maid was gone twenty minutes this time. The evenin' was hot an' the window open; an' now all the town that wasn't listenin' to the trial was gathered in front, gasp'ng outly at the woman inside. She was tittavat'ing the table for the fiftieth time, an' a touchin' up the flowers that had drooped a bit 't the bowls."

"But after twenty minutes Selina Mary came runnin' up the street, an' fetched her breath at the front door, and went up stairs slowly and 'pon tip-toe. Her face at the parlor door was white as paper; an' while she stood there the voices of the crowd outside began to take all one tone, and beat into the room like the sound o' waves 'pon a beach."

"'Oh, missis,' she begins. 'Have they finished?'"

"The poor chield was only able to nod."

"Then, where's Willie? Why isn't he here?"

"'Oh, missis, they're going to hang 'em!'"

"Mrs. Pinsent moved across the room and gave her a little push out into the street. Not a word did she say, but shut the door 'pon her, very gentlelike. Then she went back and pulled the blind down slowly. The crowd outside watched her do it. Her manner was quite ord'ary. They stood there for a minute or so, an' bewand the blind the eight candles went out, one by one. By the time the judges passed homeward 'twas all dark, only the blind showin' white by the street lamp opposite. From that rear to this she has pulled it down whenever a judge drives by."

COMPETE FOR A BRIDE.

Rivals Settle a Love Affair in a Test of Marksmanship. Few girls can boast having had the pleasure of witnessing two lovers contend for the heart and hand in a friendly way. Recently in Hamilton township, near Trenton, N. J., Oscar Hayward and James Morris, rivals for the affections of a Hamilton belle, decided to settle in a shooting tournament which should give way to the other. Both are crack shots, and the match was watched with a good deal of interest by 400 people. The young woman sat in a big farm wagon a short distance away and watched the proceedings with interest. Occasionally she would applaud the shooters, and once her actions were regarded by the spectators as an indication of a decided preference for one of the rivals. The target was a pine disk on the top of a lath at a distance of sixteen rods from the law. The disk was four inches in diameter, and it was required of the marksmen that they should make four shots stick in the target. If they failed to do that their shot counted for nothing. It was a turkey shoot and the match for the girl did not come off until all the birds had been won. Hayward took a chance in the shooting for the fowls and got his hand in, but Morris did not arrive until late and he had but a few minutes in which to familiarize himself with the range. At the fifth shot Morris failed to make the four stick. Three of the lead pellets went into the wood, but the fourth fell out. Hayward felt that he had decided the best of the bargain and he went to the law for the next shoot with a smile of triumph on his face. Once more he put the four shots inside the disk. Morris followed him with a score. His only hope was in Hayward missing, but there was little to encourage him, for the man was shooting with a remarkably steady nerve. But Hayward was overconfident, and on the ninth shot he managed to get only two shots in the ring. The score was now a tie and the men went to the mark for the tenth shot with a determination to make no mistake in their aim. Hayward took careful aim and fired. "Three shot!" called the referee. Hayward had missed the mark the second time. Morris stepped up to the chalk mark, took a long sight and fired. "Four shot!" cried the referee, and Morris had won the girl. Preparations are now being made for the wedding, which is to come off in a few weeks. The bride is quite satisfied over the result of the contest, as Morris was already her favorite lover. It is expected that Hayward will act as best man at the ceremony.

The Postal Savings Bank. For many years efforts have been made to establish postal savings banks, but the project has always been violently opposed by the people who did not wish banking business diverted from its present channels. There is just now a possibility that the postal savings bank may materialize. This will be of great benefit to small depositors and those who have no confidence in the ordinary bank. A bill which is to be introduced early in the next session of congress provides that the amount deposited shall not exceed three hundred dollars. There are many localities where banks are not convenient, and a very large contingent of the public have no real faith in banks as a means of safety for their hard-earned dollars. No matter how reliable these institutions may be they have heard so many stories that they "run" and bank failures that they have grown suspicious. If they can put their treasures direct into the hands of Uncle Sam they will feel much more confident as to their safety, and very much more money will be saved by this means. As an encourager to thrift and prudence the postal savings bank will be one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the community.—New York Ledger.

She Was Prohibitionist. "I have been told that you feed your turkeys on corn that's been soaked in whisky. Is it so?"

"Yes, ma'am. It adds such a gamey flavor, ma'am. Now, that there turkey next to your hand, ma'am, didn't draw a sober breath for a month, ma'am. You'll find him very snappy, ma'am."

"But, sir, I do not approve such methods. They are shocking, positively shocking! I am opposed, sir, to the use of intoxicating beverages in every form, sir."

"Borry, ma'am—I mean it does you credit, ma'am. And now just take a look at that nice little hen turkey right in front of you. There's a turkey that will accord, ma'am, with your very commendable temperance principles. Yes, ma'am. That turkey was raised on unfertilized catnip tea, ma'am. Shall I wrap it up? Thanky, ma'am."

Cheap American Labor. "All the workmen," says the Glasgow (Scotland) Evening Citizen, "engaged in laying the new asphalt in Buchanan street have been brought over from America, where they have been engaged in the same sort of work for years. A novel sight of Glasgow people is the presence of so many colored men, with their white brimmed hats, who are employed."

The Barnum Giraffe Dead. The Barnum giraffe broke its neck on board ship while the circus was on its way to England. This leaves only one of the animals in captivity. It was valued at \$3,000.

As there is no marriage in heaven we suppose there is no kin there, either.—Aitchison Globe.

Wyatt-Bullard Lumber Company, LUMBER. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Office 20th and Isard Sts. Phone 478. Write for Prices. OMAHA, : : : WEB.

Dr. Ketchum Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Catarrh. Spectacles Carefully Fitted. All fees reasonable. Office 4th floor Richards Block, Lincoln

Removal of Missouri Pacific City Ticket Office. The Missouri Pacific city ticket office has been removed to 1039 O street. When you are going south or east remember that there are two fast trains daily from Lincoln to Kansas City and St. Louis via this line.

PROVIDENCE FUR COMPANY, 49 Westminister St., Providence, R. I. Wants all kinds of Raw Furs, Skins, Glacé, Beavers, etc. Full price guaranteed. Careful selection, courteous treatment, immediate remittance, shipping tags, ropes, furnished free. Write for latest price circulars

FAST TIME, THROUGH OARS. To Omaha, Chicago and points in Iowa and Illinois, the UNION PACIFIC in connection with the C. & N. W. Ry. offers the best service and the fastest time. Call or write to me for time cards, rates, etc. E. B. BLOWEN, Gen. Agt.

Notice to Non-Residents. John Jacob Haberer will take notice that on the 12th day of November, 1897, Walter A. Loebe, a justice of the peace for Lancaster county, Nebraska, issued a writ of attachment for the sum of thirty-five dollars in an action pending before him, wherein Albert B. Howard is plaintiff and John Jacob Haberer is defendant; that property of the defendant consisting of one promissory note for \$5,000.00, due March 1, 1898, with interest at 8 per cent, payable March 1 of each year, has been garnished in the hands of the First National Bank of Lincoln, Neb., under said order. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of January, 1898, at 2:30 o'clock a. m. ALBERT B. HOWARD, Plaintiff.

The Missouri Pacific city ticket office has been removed from 1201 O street to No. 1039 O street.

Wm. Loebe, Attorney at Law. NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS. First Pub. Dec. 31, '97. Last Pub. Jan. 28, '98.

Ellis T. Noble, H. E. Noble, his first name-unknown, Fanny H. Shaw and H. H. Shaw, his first name unknown, Virginia M. Deacon and H. S. Ballou & Co., defendants, will take notice that on the 21st day of December, 1897, John E. Davis, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against the said John E. Davis, defendant, for the sum of thirty-five dollars in an action pending before him, wherein Albert B. Howard is plaintiff and John Jacob Haberer is defendant; that property of the defendant consisting of one promissory note for \$5,000.00, due March 1, 1898, with interest at 8 per cent, payable March 1 of each year, has been garnished in the hands of the First National Bank of Lincoln, Neb., under said order. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of January, 1898, at 2:30 o'clock a. m. ALBERT B. HOWARD, Plaintiff.

There is now due upon said note and mortgage, the sum of \$1,562.50 and ten per cent interest thereon from August 1st, 1897, and the further sum of \$94.00 and interest for taxes paid by plaintiff, to protect his mortgage lien. Defaults having been made in paying the interest on said loan, for more than one year, the plaintiff declares the whole amount of principal and interest to be now due and payable. The plaintiff prays that said mortgage may be foreclosed, and the premises may be sold to satisfy the amount due plaintiff thereon, and that the name of plaintiff may be substituted in the renewal coupon note for that of H. S. Ballou & Co. and for general relief. You, and such of you, are required to answer said petition, on or before the 21st day of January, 1898. Dated this 15th day of December, 1897. JOHN E. DAVIS, By Wm. LEBBE, his Attorney.

The New Union. ELEVATED LOOP in Chicago. IS NOW OPEN. It runs on Van Buren St. Directly in front of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific STATION. Passengers arriving in Chicago use, by the new Union Elevated Loop, reach any part of the city; or, for a five-cent fare, can be taken immediately to any of the large stores in the downtown district. All Elevated Trains will stop at the "Rock Island" Station. Trains every minute. These facilities can only be offered by the "Great Rock Island Route." If you will send a 3-cent stamp for postage we will mail you at once a new bird's eye view of Chicago, just issued in five colors, which shows you just what you want to know about Chicago and the new Loop and Elevated System. This map you should have, whether you live out of the city, and expect to come to it, or whether you now live in Chicago and you or your friends contemplate making a trip. Address John Bechtel, c/o P. O., Chicago. Get your neighbor to subscribe.