

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Our Republican Friends In a Dreadful Mix Up.

LIKE CATS OF KILKENNY.

Hurling Foul Epithets at Each Other's Head.

BEVERIDGE'S VILE INSINUATIONS.

Charged Certain Senators With Being Responsible For Philippine Troubles—Intimated That They Were Traitors—John Wamamaker Calls Him Down—Seating of Aldrich in the House an Outrage, Fleeing From Wrath to Come.

The cats of Kilkenny were in a heavenly frame of mind beside that of our Republican friends. The cats did not claw half as much hair and hide off each other as these warring, snarling, caterwauling Republicans are clawing off each other. It is awful—yes, awful—the reckless manner in which they hurl such pet epithets as "traitor" at each other's head. They ought to be arrested for indecent exposure. When Senator Beveridge made his great speech—the only great speech delivered since the confusion of tongues at Babel—he insinuated that certain grave and revered senators were responsible for the death of our soldiers in the Philippines and intimated that he would assert that they were traitors if he were speaking in a different forum. He based his foul insinuation on the fact that their speeches had been reprinted by the Filipinos and circulated broadcast over the islands. I commend to the exuberant and self-complacent young senator these immortal lines from Lord Byron:

But time at last will set all things even, And if we do but watch the hour, There never yet was human power Which could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long, Of him who treasures up his wrong.

Or, if he prefers a briefer statement of the case, I commend to his profoundest consideration the old saw, "The whirligig of time brings its own revenges," the truth of which he must feel in all its force when he peruses the following excerpt from Pious John Wamamaker's Philadelphia North American, a rampant Republican organ. Now, be it remembered that Brother Wamamaker not only runs the biggest Sunday school and the largest bargain counter in America, but that he is also one of the chief priests in the temple of Republicanism. He it was who made postmaster general in 1896 because in 1888 he fried \$400,000 in fat out of the Philadelphia manufacturers in 48 hours in order to help purify politics. So Pious John's Republican credentials are unimpeachable, for he paid hard cash for them. When John speaks, a waiting and expectant world stands on tiptoe and cranes its neck to hear his chunks of wisdom. If he hasn't a right to speak for Republicans, I beg leave to rise to a question of information and ask, "Who has?" Pious John has spoken. He hops on to Brother Beveridge rudely, roughly, ruthlessly. The iron must enter the soul of the great Hoosier when he reads Pious John's exhortation. John says:

IS BEVERIDGE A TRAITOR?

Senator Beveridge is embarrassed. In his notable speech he accused Mr. Hearst and other anti-imperialists of having encouraged the Filipinos to continue their war upon the flag. He pointed out that anti-imperialist speeches had been reprinted in Spanish and distributed among the insurgents. Therefore the deliverers of these speeches were responsible for all the bloodshed in the islands. Mr. Beveridge did not exactly denounce Mr. Hearst and Mr. Mason and his Democratic colleagues as traitors, but he made it tolerably clear that only his respect for parliamentary form restrained him from doing so.

Now the news comes from Manila that Senator Beveridge's own speech has been translated into Spanish and is being circulated among the natives to serve them to persistence in rebellion. His description of the natural resources of the Philippines and his argument that we ought to hold the islands for the trade advantages they will bring to us are being cited by the Filipinos as proof that "American premises of good government are merely a mask for commercial exploitation of the Philippines."

Hence it follows that if Mr. Hearst and the other anti-imperialists are traitors because they encourage the Filipinos to fight, so is Senator Beveridge himself. Let us hope that the eloquent young gentleman from Indiana and others will derive from this enlightening experience is that free speech cannot and ought not to be suppressed in the United States. It is free speech that is our advantage—and that is undeniable—we must keep in mind that it also has advantages which cannot be surrendered without the sacrifice of American liberty. When we go to war, we do so with a full understanding of the conditions under which it must be waged. One of these conditions is the freedom of debate in congress and the privilege of the citizen to dissent verbally from what his government is doing. The crime of less majesty is unknown to our system.

Now, I am sorry to say that I have not the honor and pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Senator Beveridge. I never gazed upon his glowing visage but once, and that was at long range, at a Gridiron dinner. I have been compelled to admire his towering genius and oratorical gyrations at a distance. Consequently I do not know precisely how and where he learned all those things—wondrous and innumerable things—which he knows and which have made him the envy of all the other senators, to say nothing of 380 representatives and delegates in the more numerous branch of the national legislature. But I take it for granted that, like the rest of us western fellows, he learned how to spell out of Webster's old blue backed spelling book. If he will withdraw his mind from foreign conquest for a few moments and turn to the anecdotes in the rear portion of that immortal work, he will find a tale to the effect that much depends upon whose ox is gored. He can

also realize the force of the philosophy of the shoe being on the other foot.

As Senator Beveridge ponders the caustic words of Brother Wamamaker, he may recall, if he is up in Shakespeare, Cardinal Wolsey's lament:

Mark but my fall and that that ruined me; Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels. How can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man. Today he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, tomorrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a ripening—nips his root, and then he falls, as I do.

But, truth to tell, I take no more interest in a tussle betwixt Wamamaker and Beveridge than did the old woman whose husband and the bear were fighting and who, with absolute impartiality, encouraged both combatants by first shouting, "Go it, husband!" and then, "Go it, bear!" The more that Republicans wool each other the better I will be pleased and the better the country will be off.

Some Antitrust Poetry.

With Mr. Andrew Carnegie's observation, "Poverty is a blessed heritage," for a text, George V. Hobart perpetrates the following poem, which stump speakers would do well to paste in their hats for future use and reference:

Trust in Leather, Trust in Ale, Trust in Copper, Trust in Nails, Trust in Whisky, Trust in Wine, Trust in Iron, Trust in Twine, Trust in Pickles, Trust in Tools, Trust in Gundrops, Trust in Mules, Trust in Bark, Trust in Meat, Trust in Dry Goods, Trust in Steel, Trust in Rubber, Trust in Hens, Trust in Paper, Trust in Pens, Trust in Sawdust, Trust in Rice, Trust in Green Goods, Trust in Ice, Here's the limit: Andrew C. Wants a trust in Poverty.

Another Republican Outrage.

"The earth belongs to the saints; we are the saints; therefore the earth belongs to us," has been Republican logic for 10, these many years, but at the November election in 1898 the Republican machine slipped a few cogs in several portions of the earth, among others in Alabama, where Robbins, Democrat, defeated Aldrich, Republican, by about 1,400 majority, and in Virginia, where Young defeated Wise and Judge Rhea beat General Walker, both by handsome majorities. The Republicans with wondrous effrontery promptly ousted Robbins, who was elected, and seated Aldrich, who was never elected. Then, with appetites whetted for blood, they yanked Young out and put in Dr. Wise, son of the immortal Henry A. Wise! This is the third time land running that Aldrich has crept into congress on a contest, and the second time that Dr. Wise has performed the same caper. Yet these outrages on a free ballot and a fair count are committed with a sanctimonious snarl and in the name of political purity by the self styled God and morality party. In commenting on these cases the Washington Post, gold-bug, independent, high tariff, says:

The seat stealing in the house of representatives cannot be justified on the mere ground that the dominant party needs more majority. The voters have a happy faculty of settling with the political organization that substitutes brutality for justice.

The Post makes another jab at them in this wise:

The house of representatives simply gave Mr. Robbins of Alabama the Post-Rite job. Yet again The Post remarks:

The same wrong never remedies an injustice, but at the same time there are people who will not shed tears if the next house is Democratic and some of the seat stealers are given robust doses of their own nasty nostrums.

Now, let it not be forgotten that in election cases members sit as a jury, judges of both the law and the facts. Yet when the Robbins case was being argued as a matter of curiosity I counted the occupants of the 180 seats on the Republican side of the house and found six members, two pages and one assistant doorkeeper! That, too, while Judge De Armoud was speaking—an able man, a clear headed lawyer—but when the time came to vote Republican members trooped in from every point of the compass and cast their ballots to oust a man fairly elected on evidence of which they had heard or read not one single word or syllable. Could any greater farce than that be conjured up by the most imaginative novelist in existence? I think not, and yet a few months ago our great papers went into hysterics about the travesty on justice perpetrated in the Dreyfus case! France is 3,000 miles away. A travesty as bad as the Dreyfus case is performed in congress, and these same papers are dumb as castles. It is no light matter to elect a properly elected and qualified representative from his seat. The man is little; the representative is everything. He stands for the majesty, the dignity, the power, the hopes and aspirations of a great constituency who have a right to be heard in congress and heard through the man they elect and not through one elected by the house of representatives.

Campaigning in Tennessee.

Mark Twain says, "Blessed is the man who bloweth his own horn lest it be not blown." Mr. Gibson of Tennessee has a jewel of a campaign manager who has evidently taken Mark's lesson to heart, with variations. He does not, so far as appears, blow his own horn, but he exulteth Brother Gibson's horn in the following lusty, refreshing and exultant manner:

GIBSON'S GREAT WORKS IN LAST CONGRESS. He did more than any other of our congressmen in any one term.

- 1. He put through more southern war claims, the total number being \$23, amounting to over \$1,200,000.
2. He put through more special pension bills, the total numbering 63.
3. He had more men commissioned as officers in the army by the president, the total number being 41.
4. He had more men appointed postmasters, the total number being 230.
5. He had more new postoffices established, the total number being 74.
6. He made more visits to and calls on the pension bureau in Washington, the total number being about 12,000, all in the interest of the pensioners.
7. He sent out more vegetable seed, the total

number of packages being 29,000, 17,000 of which he bought with his own money.

8. He sent out more pamphlets and books for farmers, the total number being 67,000, most of them paid for out of his own pocket.

9. He sent out more of his own speeches on the great questions of the day, the total number being 107,000.

10. He wrote more letters to his constituents in relation to their business at Washington, the total number being 47,000, all Mr. Kinley's doing.

11. He was more regular in attending the sessions of congress and missed fewer roll calls.

12. He gave more of his time to the business of the people and spent less of it in idleness and pleasure.

13. He has been more honored by Speaker Henderson than any other southern Republican, having been made vice chairman of three important committees—viz, invalid pensions, war claims and revision of the laws.

14. He has been more attentive to the wants and wishes of the common man, especially to those of the soldiers, the farmers and the workmen.

15. Remember, all of the above work was done during one term and does not include what Judge Gibson did during his first term. And yet a few people are saying that he has not done anything.

A Farmer's Letter on Binder Twine.

If a man in public life were to make a speech or write a letter in favor of putting binder twine on the free list, all the protection organs in the land would jump on him with both feet. Not long since, when I introduced a bill to put binder twine on the free list, that is precisely what they did to me. The other day I received a letter from one of my German constituents, Mr. Louis Hubert, on the subject. He is not a stump speaker or a writer for the press. He is a plain, industrious, sensible farmer, living in Audrain county, Mo., which is a magnificent agricultural country. Mr. Hubert had no idea that anybody except myself would ever read his letter, but it is such a clear, terse, comprehensive statement of the case in favor of binder twine being placed on the free list that I give it to my readers entire. It goes straight as a bullet to the mark. Here it is:

Mexico, Mo., March 3.

Dear Sir—As our representative in congress I would like to call your attention to a great evil that is threatening the farmers in general—the duty on binding twine. This article in an absolute necessity for the farmer to save his hard earned crop. At a meeting of twine dealers recently in Nebraska it was found that only 15 per cent of the necessary twine to harvest the coming crop was on hand, at a price of from 15 to 16 cents per pound.

Now, what is the farmer going to do about it, with a duty on top of such high prices, which is the object of this letter. Do everything you can to get the binding twine on the free list. I do not think that there is anything the farmers would appreciate more than justifying the coming of the free list. The farmer certainly has enough to carry on the imposed high prices on almost all everyday articles of necessity.

As a consequence of imperialistic and unjust aggression in a country where we got our twine has caused the absence of the present supply, consequently high prices on binding twine. Our government ought to encourage its people instead of demoralizing their existence and income. The farmers must work hard before a crop is mature at the season of standing ripe and chances to lose all by hail, storm, cyclones, insects, etc., and consequently it's a shame to tax him for saving his crop, the foundation of prosperity in a land.

Now, I have just written this to you. If you possibly can do something for us against the duty on binding twine, please do so, and you certainly will be the cause of every farmer in the United States. Sir, I have the honor to be, yours respectfully, LOUIS HUBERT.

I submit to all who read these letters that that is an unanswerable argument in favor of free binding twine and also a rather hard knock against our new-fangled and senseless policy of imperialism.

"Benevolent Suffocation."

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." "Give the devil his due" and kindred sayings are familiar to the ears of men. The Washington Post and I differ as to many things, indeed nearly all things political—but when they make great gold-bug, high tariff journal make an invention or a discovery in "technical terminology" it is entitled to the praise, the unstinted praise, of all who wrestle with our conglomerate and exceedingly live, not to say lively, language. The Post has achieved the distinction of evolving from its inner consciousness a new phrase, a striking phrase, a phrase that fits like a glove, the Republican party, a phrase which ex proprio vigore will go to every place where our vernacular is spoken. It is "benevolent suffocation"—grows out of our amazing conduct toward Porto Rico, or Puerto Rico if you please, and fills a long file want. It is a fit companion piece to "criminal aggression" and "benevolent assimilation." I take off my hat to The Post for making this timely and appropriate and brilliant contribution to our political literature.

Fleeing From the Wrath to Come.

It is said that, even after Noah had built the ark and it had been raining two or three days out of the predicted 40, certain anti-imperialists—the Republicans of that day—scooped at Noah's invitation to repeat ad remarked: "Go to, Noah! It isn't much of a shower after all!" Everybody knows what happened to them. They were the Paynes, Dalzels, Cannons, Dollyivers, Steeles, Grosvenors and Tawneys of that damp season.

But in all times there have been those who had sense enough to go in out of the rain, to take shelter from an impending storm. My good personal friend, Hon. George W. Faris of Terre Haute, Ind., is one of these. Faris is a rampant Republican, a splendid, handsome gentleman, and went with the majority on the Porto Rican bill. But Faris is one of the wise men who keep their fingers on the public pulse and their ears to the ground to note the movements of men. Faris is not going to stand for protection. Faris has the sense enough to flee from the wrath to come. Three times hand running Faris has carried a close district by the skin of his teeth. He knows enough not to buck against fate. So Faris goes back voluntarily to his law business, which, I hope, will prosper. Many of his Republican brethren will follow him involuntarily in "the melancholy days of November."

READ HIS RECORD.

- 1. He put through more southern war claims, the total number being \$23, amounting to over \$1,200,000.
2. He put through more special pension bills, the total numbering 63.
3. He had more men commissioned as officers in the army by the president, the total number being 41.
4. He had more men appointed postmasters, the total number being 230.
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7. He sent out more vegetable seed, the total

number of packages being 29,000, 17,000 of which he bought with his own money.

The Line Up

There are two great armies now slowly mobilizing for the coming political battle. On one side stand those who revere the constitution and the declaration of independence; who believe in the greatest personal liberty compatible with justice; who believe in equal rights to all and special privileges to none; who believe that issuing money is a function of government and should never be delegated to individuals; who believe that public utilities should belong to the public and be operated by the government for the common good; who believe that no man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent. On the other side are arrayed those who profess to believe that the constitution and the declaration of independence are glittering generalities containing some really pretty sentiments but of no practical application at this time; who believe in maintaining a great standing army in the name of the people in support of the right to issue a circulating medium to a favored few; who believe in private ownership and monopoly of public utilities; who believe in conquering by force of arms a weaker nation and then making all the money possible out of the transaction.

Surely the questions which must be discussed during the coming campaign are grave enough, important enough for Nebraska editors to give their best efforts in discussing them. Yet there are certain factors in the state that seemingly have not the ability or inclination to go much farther in the cause of reform than a continual harping on the past question. When these editors show their sincerity by absolutely refusing to barter advertising space for editorial message, pay cash for their fare and require for their railroad advertising, then I'll believe they are not simply talking to the galleries.—DEFRANCE.

\$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liver-It, the Up-To-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. NERVITA MEDICAL CO., Cor. Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Harley Drug Co., Cor. 11th and O Sts., Lincoln, Neb.

PUBLIC PROPERTY

How the Railroads can be Taken Away from the Corporations.

It is easy. The public welfare demands it under the eminent domain of the State. The power exists to condemn these railway properties for the public welfare just as under the eminent domain of the state, private lands were condemned on which to build these railways for the public welfare. Pay these corporations for them just what they are truly worth and the people will be content. The result that no injustice is done either to the people or to the stockholders of these railways. But someone says, how could the government pay the interest upon the enormous public debt which this purchase would create. Mr. Chairman, the people who are the government, are paying it to-day. These corporations are taxing the people by exorbitant freight rates to pay the interest on all of the bonded debt of these roads, dividends on much watered stock, and in addition, hundreds of millions annually for the salaries of the trusts, monopolies and favored shippers. Mr. Chairman, under government ownership, the people are only changing the managers of their highways, for these railways are the people's highways, and one of the greatest jurists that this land ever produced has said, "that a public highway cannot be private property. And the people have the right to control their highways and maintain them on the principles of equality.—Lockwood.

EDUCATION FOR THE DEAF

Furnished Free by the State at the School For Deaf and Dumb in Omaha.

Professor H. E. Dawes has sent out a circular calling the attention of the people of the state to the Nebraska school for the deaf and dumb, and to the fact that there is no charge for tuition. There are doubtless a large number of deaf children in the state who should be in this school taking advantage of the privilege made by the state for their education. Many parents of deaf children permit them to grow up in ignorance, not knowing that it is possible for them to receive an education, or that the state provides such education as freely for the deaf as for the hearing. For the school occupies six large brick buildings, located upon large and spacious grounds, about five miles northwest from the postoffice, but within the Omaha city limits. Twenty teachers are employed to give instruction in the literary, articulation, art and industrial school.

It is the earnest desire of the management to bring into this institution every deaf or dumb boy or girl that may be entitled to the benefits of the education so generously provided by the state. Persons having deaf children should write to Professor H. E. Dawes, Omaha, Nebraska.

To the Honorable George W. Faris, U. S. Senator from Indiana.

Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All drug stores around the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Judge Holcomb, in the case of Rogers & Bro. vs. Marriott, had laid down the rule for determining whether a purchase of grain for future delivery on the board of trade is a gambling contract and void or a bona fide contract enforceable in the courts. The rule as laid down by Judge Holcomb is that where no actual delivery is contemplated by either party, the transaction is mere gambling and not enforceable in our courts.

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Dr. Lenore Perky, 141 So. 12th St. Diseases of Women. Chronic Diseases, Electrical treatment.

A STREET PLAYER.

My first acquaintance with balliffs began at the early age of 12. My father had failed in business, and money matters were pressing heavily upon him. There had been a great many hastily convened family councils, from which the members had separated with gloomy and despairing countenances.

My family also began to exhibit a distaste for taking walks abroad, though usually the most indefatigable of pedestrians. I myself was solemnly warned to give up my rambles and furthermore was threatened with dire and awful penalties if I answered a knock or ring on any pretense whatever.

I shall never forget the first day of the siege. From seven o'clock to shadowy eve knocks resounded as unexpected intervals on our front door.

Sometimes it was a single hopeless salute. Then would come a smart, businesslike summons as if the knocker were in a hurry and couldn't wait for the life of him, followed after an interval by a lazy rat-a-tat-tat, with a final dropping of the knocker as if the effort were too much for the executive.

After that an infinitive variety of fancy salutes were delivered such as only a master of the art could execute.

Then ensued a delightful lull, during which we fell into a doze. From this we were rudely awakened by some one playing with diabolical energy a frantic fantasia.

The same variety of efforts had been lavished on the bell, and at dusk it still swayed uselessly to and fro, as though loath to stop its horrible din.

My father heaved for some time and then pushed a quarter under the door, saying grimly: "What does it matter? He won't be the first who has swindled me."

"I say," said the boy's voice in answer to the quarter, "what sort of a turnip have you got screwed on? Why don't you open the door when you get a chance and break the knocker off. Jerk it up, guv'nor. It'll snap like a match."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated my father in a crestfallen tone. "Imagine none of us thinking of that!"

That day and the next passed quietly. The house seemed unusually silent, and every one grew depressed. We seemed constrained to move about softly, and the conversation was carried on in whispers.

On the sixth day of our investment a letter was dropped into the letter box by the morning's post. We were at breakfast at the time. It was for my father. As he took it I saw his face flush.

After toying with it a moment in a hesitating way he tore open the cover and commenced to peruse its contents. His face grew happier every minute as he read it.

"Your uncle, whom I have not seen for years," he explained, "owing to a foolish misunderstanding, writes to say he shall be here today. He has heard of our misfortunes and reproaches me for not letting him know of my troubles. Tomorrow, through his aid, I rejoice to say, we shall be free to go in or out as the spirit moves us."

After breakfast he called for his clarinet, an instrument which he played with much sweetness, and commenced with the very appropriate air, "There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud."

A little later, to our surprise, a similar instrument began to play the same tune in the street. We crowded with one accord to the front windows and beheld on the opposite side of the road a most miserable looking musician tooting on an instrument as dilapidated as himself.

"Poor fellow," said my father pityingly, "how cold he looks! Agnes, my dear," he continued, addressing my eldest sister, "see if you can make him a drink of hot coffee."

Agnes hastened to obey him, and when she had gone he tapped at the window and attracted the attention of the musician, who at once abandoned his performance and hastened across to us.

"You seem very cold. Would you like a drink of something hot?"

The musician bowed gratefully and said he would.

"We are in a little trouble here," said my father apologetically, "and cannot open our doors as freely as we should like."

"I see," said the man, winking knowingly and giving his drunken looking billycock a lazy flip. "Balliffs, eh?"

My father nodded and said, "Would you be kind enough to cast your eyes up and down the street and see if the coast is clear, and then I will hand you out some coffee."

The player answered this by going to the garden gate and making a survey. When he returned, he said, "All's clear, sir. There's not a thing in sight but a policeman and a couple of sparrows." Taking the coffee, my father now sought the front door.

"You are sure there's no one about?" he asked cautiously.

"Not a soul," whispered the musician.

HUMPHREY BROTHERS HARDWARE CO., LINCOLN, NEB.

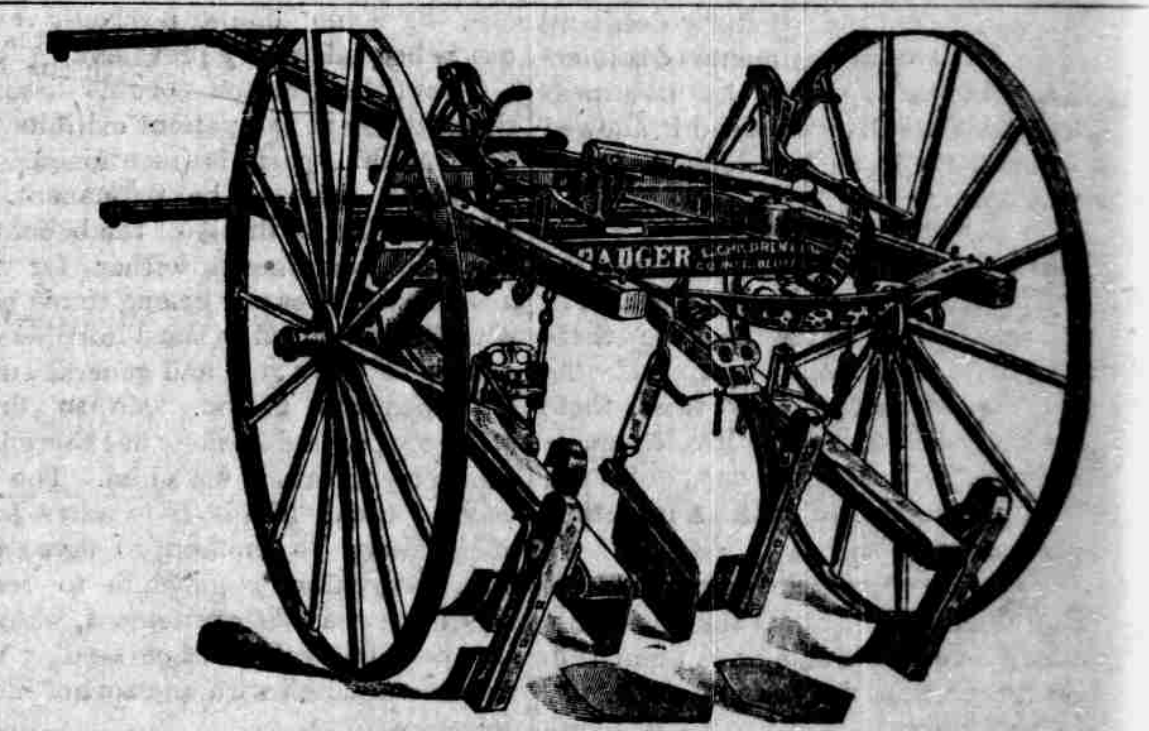


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4 phaetons, leather top, \$35, 45, 50, 65 and \$15; 5 top buggies, \$35, 45, 15, 25 and \$10—5 road wagons, \$20, and one \$8; 2 spring wagons, \$15 and \$18. We have never just set up—two-seated surreys and buggies and spring wagons, B grades, and warranted, at very low prices. THE CELEBRATED HARRISON FARM WAGON. Come and see and get a bargain. We will meet all catalogue prices.

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Reasons why the NEW BADGER is superior to OTHER CULTIVATORS. Because the operator has more control of it. No other is as independent of the team. Being operated with a lever in combination with pivoted pole and gangs, he easily keeps it in proper place, even though the team is not kept centered over the plants—is easily operated on side hills, as a slight change in direction of wheels overcomes the tendency to slip down, and in turning at the end many plants may be saved that would be lost with other cultivators.

BLUE VALLEY FEED MILLS

The only practical mill for farmers' use. We fully guarantee Blue Valley Mills for one year. The Blue Valley Mills will grind your corn—cob and all, shelled corn, wheat, oats, rye, kafir corn, sorghum, and in fact all kinds of grain.

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A COMPLETE OUTFIT of Tools, etc., for Shoe, Harness, Tinware Repairing

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CONTENTS Continued: 1 Ball shoe wax, 1 Package 1/2 half-soiling nails, 1 Package 1/4 half-soiling nails, 1 Package 1/8 half-soiling nails, 1 Package 1/16 half-soiling nails, 4 Pairs heel plates, 1 Doz. shoe and harness needles, 1 Saw and harness clamp, 1 Box harness and belt rivets, 1 Rivet set for same, 1 Harness and belt punch, 1 Soldering iron, 1 Handle for soldering iron, 1 Bar solder, 1 Box resin, 1 Bottle soldering fluid, 1 Copy directions for soldering, 1 Copy direct's for 1/4-soiling.

PRICE \$2 PER SET Securely packed in wooden box with hinged lid. Weight 19 lbs. No family can afford to be without one of these outfits. Will pay for itself many times over each year.

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