

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Three Years of McKinley In the White House.

PUT HUMPS ON TAXPAYERS.

Republicanism Is a Most Expensive Luxury.

COSTS TWO BILLIONS PER ANNUM.

The Expansion of Jefferson Compared With McKinley Imperialism. Colonel Roosevelt and "Napoleon the Little"—Empire Is Not Peace, but Blood—Money and the Balance of Trade.

(Special Washington Letter.) Of all the men who figured in the Kansas City convention the one who made the most capital was Hon. James D. Richardson of Tennessee, the house leader of Democrats.

Sydney Smith once said: "In the beginning God made round holes and three cornered holes, and then he made round people and three cornered people to fit in them. But the trouble is, the round people have got into the three cornered holes and the three cornered people into the round holes, and nobody fits."

Richardson was an exception to Sydney's rule at Kansas City. He fitted the great place assigned him by the national committee was equal to its exactions, delivered a splendid campaign speech and presided with perfect tact and the absolute impartiality of Chief Justice Marshall. He made many friends. As a member of the house, I am proud of his performance, because the only function permitted to a representative in congress at Philadelphia was when the senatorial cabal which ran the Republican convention let Hon. Seneca E. Payne move to adjourn sine die.

Richardson added to his fame at Kansas City both as an orator and a presiding officer. He has more tact than any man I ever knew, and he had an ample field on which to display it at Kansas City, and he so displayed it as to please everybody. I congratulate my Brother Richardson most heartily.

The Man With the Hump. There isn't a man in America who says more good things than Alfred Henry Lewis, editor of The Verdict. I doubt if a man with a finer or larger vocabulary ever wrote for any newspaper published in our vernacular. Not long since he dished up the McKinley administration in the following jam up fashion:

President McKinley has occupied the White House a little more than three years. For the same period of time the government has been run by the White House syndicate. The humpbacked taxpayer—leather to the man with the hump—can now take stock and ascertain his condition. Three years of McKinleyism have given this patient man with a hump a government that costs more than \$250,000,000 a year, nearly \$6,000,000 a day, more than \$40,000,000 a week, almost \$150,000,000 a month, in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000,000 a year, and yet the patient man with eyes like an ox is not wholly satisfied!

Reckless Expansion. Jingoism says that we are opposed to expansion and call us little Americans. The name is an insult, and the charge that we are opposed to expansion is a lie. There is no use mincing words or being mealy mouthed about the charge. It is a lie made of whole cloth and made willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly and with malice aforethought. I take it that all Americans are expansionists provided the expansion is on right lines, in the right direction and will strengthen our institutions and not weaken them.

But a man does not have to be a fool necessarily in order to be an expansionist. Because he desires to see his country grow in a healthy manner he does not have to be in favor of reaching out indiscriminately in all directions and taking in all countries and all peoples; because a man eats wheat bread is no reason why he should eat arsenic; because beef does him good is no reason why he should gorge himself on rough on rats; because clear spring water slakes his thirst is no reason why he should fill up on aqua fortis.

National people want to expand on rational lines. Thomas Jefferson's greatest act was in making the Louisiana purchase. That was the most profitable and stupendous transaction in real estate proposed on this earth since the devil took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain and offered him the dominion of the world to fall down and worship him. That one act alone would have placed Jefferson in the ranks of the immortals even if he had never written the Declaration of Independence or Virginia's statute for religious freedom or founded the University of Virginia.

I am this day in favor of annexing every foot of the North American British possession clear to the frozen ocean. It is contiguous territory, inhabited by such the same sort of people that we are and who would become good citizens, but I am eternally opposed to owning Asiatic territory 10,000 miles away, more thickly inhabited than any state in the Union, razed by people alien to us in color, race, thought and habit. I would keep only such places in Asia as we need for coaling and naval stations. I am opposed to expanding our territory in Asia because it is dangerous to our institutions.

Louis Napoleon and Roosevelt. The old proverb, "Great minds run in the same channel," finds a new and startling vindication in the sameness of thought and language of a famous man by Louis Napoleon and a recent utterance by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

When "the imperial nephew of his uncle," or "Napoleon the Little," as Victor Hugo contemptuously dubbed him, was endeavoring to justify his betrayal and murder of the second French republic and his establishment of the second French empire, he solemnly and falsely denied that the restored empire meant war, but epigrammatically and vehemently exclaimed, "The empire is peace!"

Colonel Roosevelt is not only both a voluminous writer and voluble speaker, but is also an omnivorous reader.

Whether during any of his incursions into history and literature he ever read Louis Napoleon's famous speech to the chamber of commerce of Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852—the speech containing the imperial maxim just quoted—I do not know; but, if he never perused that remarkable oration, he, by a strange concatenation of events and mental processes, performed the most astounding piece of paralleling both thought and expression to be found in the annals of oratory.

In his speech before the National League of Republican Clubs Colonel Roosevelt earnestly enjoins his countrymen to "remember that expansion does not bring war; it ultimately brings peace."

"The empire is peace!" asseverates the dreaming, scheming, ambitious son of Hortense. "Expansion ultimately brings peace!" echoes the dreaming, scheming, ambitious governor-colonel of New York.

Two lovely berries, molded on one stem, the stem of imperialism; twin statesmen reveling in iridescent dreams of peace—peace to be obtained by a quantum sufficit of throat cutting and bloodletting—the identical sort of peace which reigned in Warsaw on a memorable occasion and which "damned to everlasting fame" the men who secured it by sword and fire.

The Empire Is Blood. Now, be it remembered that I am not accusing Colonel Roosevelt of plagiarizing from Napoleon III. I would not, even in the estimation of a hair, detract from his just fame, but one of two things is true—either he had read Louis Napoleon's Bordeaux speech and boldly appropriated or unconsciously assimilated both his ideas and his language or the exigencies of the case compelled Colonel Roosevelt to use the same argument in favor of his imperialism as the French emperor used in defense of his imperialism.

I like epigrams. "The empire is peace" is a splendid, sonorous, striking sentence. It appeals to the imagination, it soothes the troubled spirit, but it is a lie when uttered by the wily Frenchman. It is a lie today, and it never can be the truth.

The entire history of Louis Napoleon's tawdry, tinsel empire demonstrates the utter falseness and hollow-ness of his terse epigram. "The empire is peace." It began in blood; it flourished in blood; it perished in blood. The coup d'etat, which gave it birth, was one of the bloodiest and most monstrous crimes recorded in the files of time and brought death, imprisonment and exile to nearly every Frenchman of that generation at all worthy of remembrance.

Instead of bringing peace to France the empire brought the unprecedented humiliation of Metz and the awful catastrophe of Sedan. It sent Louis Napoleon himself to die an exile at Chislehurst and his son to die in South Africa, a soldier of fortune, fighting savage Zulus under the cross of St. George in the service of that country which had caged the great Napoleon like a savage beast upon the sullen rock of St. Helena.

That's the sort of peace which Louis Napoleon's empire brought to France.

The Money Question. We stand today on the money question precisely where we stood four years ago. Truth does not change to falsehood in four short years. The men who wrote the Chicago platform had the courage of their convictions, and they have had no reason to change their conclusions since.

Consequently at Kansas City we re-adopted, not merely reaffirmed, but re-adopted, the financial plank of the Chicago platform in all its integrity and all its force, in spite of all cajolings, all threatenings and all temptations, all otherwise. From the bottom of my heart I rejoice that we did so, for if we were right then we are right now.

Individually I have no doubt whatever that, notwithstanding the recent unfriendly congressional legislation, not only America, but the whole world, will soon return to bimetalism under an impulse of self preservation so strong that it cannot be resisted.

The fact that the per capita volume of circulation has increased in the last three years grows out of the accident that the balance of trade has been overwhelmingly in our favor, which happy condition was and is purely the result of the failure of crops in India and of the abundance here.

Under normal conditions, good crops in the old world and good crops at home, the balance of trade will, as in the past, be against us, and as soon as that happens the drain of gold will begin, and contractions will follow.

While the Democratic party has not changed its position since 1896, the Republican party has changed its position radically. In 1896 it declared for international bimetalism. At Philadelphia a short time ago it pronounced for the gold standard in all its baldness and badness. Not only that, but the latest Republican platform states what is positively untrue wherein it reaffirms its allegiance to the gold standard, when, as a matter of fact, it never had declared for the gold standard before.

Wanting over Europe would have secured international bimetalism if it had not been hamstringing by the administration. They were progressing with amazing rapidity in that direction and had gained the consent of the Bank of England when Lyman J. Gage, the secretary of the treasury, destroyed their good works by an interview declaring that neither the president nor the people of the United States wanted bimetalism.

The financial bill passed by this congress is the most monstrous measure ever placed on the statute books. It is sometimes called the Overstreet bill, but it should be called the "Atlantic City bill," because it was concocted there in vagation by a coterie of Republican magnates in secret conclave. In my mind Atlantic City is the poorest place in America to ascertain the settled sober sense or conviction of the American people.

That bill not only established the gold standard, which the Republican party never promised, but it retired the greenbacks, and let me say that if the Republican party had promised to retire the greenbacks there never would have been a Republican congress to enact such a law, and there would not have been a Republican president to sign such a measure.

I will not argue the greenback question. I have simply this to say: There never has been a war waged by our country in which the greenback did not give us the victory, and if the greenbacks were good enough money in the civil war to induce men to leave their homes, their wives and little children to risk their lives on a thousand battlefields in defense of their country, then it ought to be good enough money to pay gentlemen who make their living by reclining in the shade of Wall street, clipping gold coupons off coin bonds. If the greenbacks are not good money, then, as a matter of common honesty, we owe it to the old soldiers to pass a law even at this late day paying them the difference between gold and greenbacks from 1861 to 1865.

Republicans Have Changed. By that Atlantic City bill congress abdicated the paramount function of government, the money making function, and turned it over to an association of national bankers, a function too vast and too dangerous to be given to any citizen or corporation. That bill broadens the money question and puts it on the high plane on which Andrew Jackson fought Nicholas Biddle and the old Bank of the United States, and, as he conquered in the thirties, so will we conquer under the leadership of the great Nebraskan.

I repeat that while we maintain our position of 1896 in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the historic ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth, the Republicans have changed their and changed it radically.

I do not have to make assertions or quote Democrats to show that we are right on the money question. I will quote you a Republican of the highest degree. Certainly Republicans ought to believe each other, for nobody else will believe them.

My Republican witness says: "I am for the largest use of silver in the currency of this country. I would not dishonor it. I would give it equal credit and honor with gold. I would make no discrimination. I would utilize both metals as money and discredit neither. I want the double standard."

These be potent words. They were fitly spoken and are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. They are clear and unmistakable in their meaning. Now, my Republican friends, you who are engaged in the condemned business of worshipping the golden calf, what orator and statesman do you suppose made that forcible declaration in favor of silver which I have just quoted? It wasn't Silver Dick Bland—God bless him! It wasn't William J. Bryan, the peerless leader of the Democratic hosts. It was no Democrat, no Populist. It was a man whom you delight to honor. Don't all fall off your seats in a fit of apoplexy when I tell you his name. It was the head man of the Republican pie counter, William McKinley, president of the United States, and now running for re-election on a gold standard platform after signing a gold standard bill. He is the man who said it. He said it on the floor of the American congress. It is so printed in The Record. You can't deny it. He can't deny it. Those words were spoken by William McKinley, your idol, with front of brass and feet of clay, spoken by him while he was yet free and before he had fallen under the malign influence of Mark Hanna and his foul crew of political buccaneers.

What's more, McKinley in addition to speaking in favor of silver voted for it and voted for it repeatedly. He voted for the original Bland silver bill, which was a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at 16 to 1. He voted for the Bland bill with the Allison amendments, and when Ruthven and B. Hayes vetoed the Bland-Allison bill William McKinley voted to pass it over the Hayes veto, which was the noblest act of his public career.

In passing it may be proper to state another fact, which I stated on the floor of congress in a full house, which nobody denied then and which nobody will deny now, and that is that William B. Allison, senior and perpetual Republican senator from Iowa, is the first American statesman that ever made a free silver speech. But, alas! he, too, like William McKinley, bows to Mark Hanna's command and today humbly worships the golden calf.

Taking a Bath in Johannesburg. "They say that the Boers are a dirty people. Is that overdrawn?"

"The South African Republic is subjected to long sieges of drought, went there in February, that water had been dried up, and the country suffered fearfully from a drought of several months. For the first three days in Johannesburg I used the same water to bathe my face. The fourth day, Sunday, I got three bottles of mineral water to be used in my Sunday ablutions. Some people bought dozens of bottles of water at 12 1/2 cents a bottle for their baths. Of course the poor could not afford such a luxury often. Thus arise the reports you speak of."—Columbia Star.

Margaret's Lover

"Aunt Prue, how proud you must have felt when you won that \$100 prize in your first story competition! I wonder how you did with all that sudden wealth."

"I have never yet told any one what I first did with the money, Margaret," replied Mrs. Morris, "but it can do no harm to tell the story now. It all happened ten years ago."

"As I was on my way home with the two crisp \$50 bills in my pocket I met a young man who had been one of my pupils two or three years before. He was quite a favorite of mine, and I had known his people for many years. On this day he turned and walked with me, and I soon guessed that he was in some deep trouble. After awhile I won the story from him. He had been speculating in stocks and had 'borrowed,' unknown to his employers, \$100 of the firm's money. He had lost and, in despair at being unable to refund the money, had forged his uncle's name to a check, which, however, he had not yet found courage to present for payment."

"Well, the end of it was that the crisp \$50 bills in my possession changed hands. The forged check was destroyed, and Charlie left me, with broken words of thanks and a few earnest promises for the future."

"Did he ever repay you the money, auntie?"

"Yes, he paid it all back in a few months. I believe he has always lived an honest, upright life, and I have never regretted the first investment of my prize money."

A short time later, as Margaret Rimmer was on her way home, she heard a deep, manly voice say, "Good afternoon, Miss Margaret." And Professor Hay fell into step by her side.

"I have just been calling on my Aunt Prudence," said Margaret, as they walked on slowly. "I have spent a delightful afternoon reading some of her old stories. You know, she won a hundred dollar prize once with one of her first stories."

"Yes, I remember," said the professor somewhat absently, looking down as he spoke at a few flurried curls that escaped from beneath the brim of his companion's hat. "I remember that I met your aunt on the day that she received the prize, and she allowed me to walk part of the way home with her. You know, she was my teacher in the old high school."

"No, I did not know it," replied Margaret slowly, with a shock of surprise. "To be sure, I was repeating with a sick heart: 'This is the end of auntie's story. His name is Charles Hay, and it was he who walked home with auntie that day. He must never know that I know.' She forced herself to take some part in the conversation, trying to put aside for the time the thought of what she could never again look up to him with the old respect, that the sweet fancies that had of late begun to come to her of a dearer friendship between them must be resolutely crushed out. No, it could never be just the same again."

When a few days later Mr. Hay called on Margaret, with a few many words told her of his love, Margaret gently, but decidedly, refused his offer. She would give him no reason, except that it could never be. No, she cared for no one else—but it could never be. So the professor went sadly away, and Margaret, with pale face and eyes dim with unshed tears, sought her room.

For some time Margaret Rimmer lay awake and wrestled with the problem—was it fair to condemn the man of 30, honest, respected, who had won his place in the world, for the folly and sin of ten long years ago? Had he not nobly redeemed the past? But, still, how could she respect him as she might if she had never heard that wretched story? A thief! No, she could never trust her life's happiness to one whom she could not reverence as nobler, greater, than herself.

Margaret was calling on her aunt a few days later, when Mrs. Morris remarked, "By the way, you remember the young man whom I helped out of trouble with my prize money?"

"Yes," said Margaret faintly, wondering what was to come.

"He called on me yesterday and brought me a photograph of his two children."

"His children?" exclaimed Margaret. "Yes, the two married and has a lovely wife and a pretty little home."

Margaret listened as if in a dream. "Then—then it was not Mr. Hay?" she stammered.

"Mr. Hay! No, indeed, Charles Hay is the soul of honor. Why, what in the world made you connect him with this story?"

"—he said he walked home with you on the day you received the prize money, and he said he was one of your old pupils!"

Mrs. Morris looked puzzled. "I may have met him that afternoon, and he may have walked part of the way home with me—but why, Margaret?"

For the girl had thrown herself down beside her aunt and, with her face hidden in the folds of Mrs. Morris' gown, was half sobbing and half weeping. The older woman patted the girl's bowed head, while her face lit up with a sudden understanding.

A MILL END SALE

Begins Here on Monday, Aug. 6th.

July, the month of stock clearing, has left numberless odds and ends, broken lots, remnants, etc., on the shelves and counters. Then we have procured the mill ends or factory lengths of many mills throughout the country. Bought them in anticipation of this event. On Monday the whole collection, representing every department in the store, will go on sale at ACTUAL MILL COST. This means that it's possible for you to purchase these, the best of the season's wares, for what they cost the makers. Send for a special circular giving full particulars.

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Fusionists Agreed

The money planks adopted by the three fusion parties are in perfect harmony this year for the first time. We have at last come to the agreement in our statements upon this most paramount and important plank as will be seen by reading the three planks which are here re-produced:

Sioux Falls, Populist.—We reaffirm the demand for the reopening of the mints of the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, the immediate increase in the volume of silver coins and certificates thus created to be substituted dollar for dollar for the bank notes issued by private corporations under special privilege granted by law of March 14, 1890, and prior national banking laws, the remaining portion of the bank notes to be replaced with full legal tender government paper money and its volume so controlled as to maintain at all times a stable money market and a stable price level.

Kansas City, Democrat.—We reaffirm and endorse the principles of the national democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896, and we reiterate the demand that platform for an American financial system made by the American people for themselves which shall restore and maintain a bimetallic price level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation.

We denounce the currency bill enacted at the last session of congress as a step forward in the republican policy which aims to discredit the sovereign right of the national government to issue all money, whether coin, or paper, and to bestow upon national banks the power to issue and control the volume of paper money for their own benefit. A permanent national bank currency, secured by government bonds, must have a permanent debt to rest upon, and if the bank currency is to increase with population and business, the debt must also increase. The republican currency scheme is therefore a scheme for placing upon the taxpayer a perpetual and growing debt, debt for the benefit of the banks.

We are opposed to this private corporation paper circulated as money but without legal tender qualities, and the retirement of the national bank notes as fast as government paper or silver certificates can be substituted for them.

Kansas City, Silver republican.—We shall not cease our efforts until there has been established a monetary system based upon the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold into money at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 by the independent action of the United States, under which system all paper money shall be issued by the government and all such money coined or issued shall be of full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, without exception.

A glance at these three planks shows that they are nearly alike in language and are identical in spirit. All of them demand the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and money issued by the government without any "redeemable in coin" attached to it. This is a triumph for the people party that no one thought possible of accomplishment a few years ago. Every old populist is entitled to carry his head a little higher whenever he contemplates how he has helped to educate the mass of the people up to an understanding of the great money question.

Our First Restaurant.

Until 1830 restaurants were unknown. The first one established in America was started on Park row, New York, by Edward Windust, whose place became the resort of all the famous personages of the earlier part of this century who resided in the Knickerbocker city. Delmonico started his cafe on William street, and the furnishing consisted of a half dozen pine tables, seats chairs to match. Cups and saucers of earthenware, two tined forks, buck bone handled knives and an imposing tin coffee pot completed his outfit. Delmonico waited upon his patrons himself, arrayed in white cap and apron.—Kansas City Independent.

What We Are Worrying About.

A problem that is stirring the literary centers of Boston to their base is whether a woman who is engaged in the manufacture of penwipers is a real "literary person" and entitled to membership in the Authors' club. After Boston decides this question she may proceed to relieve the anxiety of a waiting world by deciding whether a quilting bee ought to be classed as a literary function.—Baltimore News.

He Fixed the Picture.

On one occasion when the well known English painter, Mr. Val Prinsep, R. A., was engaged at the Royal academy in varnishing a picture he unfortunately upset a high box on which he had been standing, with the result that the shaft made its way through a picture, immediately below his own, causing a large and jagged hole in the canvas.

Horried at what he had done and dreading to meet the artist to whom the damaged picture belonged, Mr. Prinsep sought the academy secretary and begged for permission to repair the picture. His request was granted. The severed threads were stitched together, the seam was covered with paint, and so skillfully was the tea touched up that the picture was sold at the private view on the next day.

Fortunately the painter of the picture, when affairs were explained to him, was rather more amused than annoyed at what had happened.—London Chronicle.

Assigning the Topic.

When the committee that was assigning the topics for the "The Ideal Newspaper," the little man in the corner spoke up instantly.

"Oh, that's easy," he said. "There's only one man fitted for it." "Yes?" they returned inquiringly, but they were by no means sure that he knew what he was talking about. "Of course," he replied, confidently. "We must assign it to Smith." They looked at him scornfully. "Why, man," they cried, "he's not an editor." "Of course."

Magnetic Healing

The Kharas Infirmary Company (incorporated) have established a large branch office at 1600 P street, Lincoln, Nebr., for the benefit of those suffering from chronic and so-called incurable diseases who are not in a position to come to headquarters in Omaha for treatment. The patrons of this office may rely upon the fact that the management is perfectly reliable, and that if the manager tells you he can cure you it means you will be cured if you take the treatment of him, or at any authorized KHARAS MAGNETIC INFIRMARY. Beware of imitators if in doubt. Write headquarters at 1515-17 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebr. Sent free.

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Farming in Colorado and New Mexico.

"The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad," "The Scenic Line of the World," has prepared an illustrated book upon the above subject, which will be sent free to farmers desiring to change their location. This publication gives valuable information in regard to the agricultural, horticultural and live stock interests of this section, and should be in the hands of everyone who desires to become acquainted with the methods of farming by irrigation. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo.

When sending in clubs of subscriptions DO NOT FAIL to mention the premium you desire. Best plan is to cut out the premium list, and check the article or articles desired. Remember we are neither hypnotists nor mind readers and must depend solely on you to state plainly what you want.

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The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. Two separate and distinct routes through the Rocky mountains, all through tickets via either. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Three trains daily each way, with through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars between Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and Denver and Portland. The best line to Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington via the "Golden Gateway." Dining cars (service a la hotel) on all through trains. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo., for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

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