

## THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENNETT & GIBSON, Eds and Pub.  
LOUP CITY, ILL. - NEB.

It is now proposed as a punishment to cut off Chan Chi Tung's cue just below the collar button.

A man who marries a disagreeable woman for the sake of her money swallows a bitter silver-coated pill.

Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge has been promptly accepted by the New York Yacht club. Sir Thomas now knows what to do with some of that "pork corner" money.

Allegany, Pa., has an ordinance requiring street railway companies to equip their cars with jacks, for use in lifting cars from the bodies of persons that have been run down.

The Natal subscribers to a testimonial to Major-General Baden-Powell, in recognition of his gallant defense of Mafeking, have decided to present him with a shield made of Transvaal sovereigns.

Those who are privileged to act as hosts of the prince of Wales have to carefully study his likes and dislikes in the matter of food and wines, there being quite a long list of things which are "blackmailed" by him. He is also very particular as to punctuality in the matter of meals, viewing delays with much disfavor.

The relations existing between mistress and maid in Australia are aptly illustrated in a recent issue of a Queensland paper, in which a girl advertises for a situation to take charge of a laundry or dairy. She can cook, and understands housekeeping, and adds: "None but a respectable mistress, who wishes to leave her servant in uninterrupted discharge of her duties, need apply."

Foreign trade has picturesque features which greatly relieve its coldly commercial aspects. For example, in sending to Zanzibar a hundred thousand dollars' worth of kerosene oil last year the United States was doubtless trying to "light up" the dark continent. American locomotives are going to Africa in such numbers that the continent cannot much longer be called slow. Ivory, an ancient source of Africa's wealth, is becoming so scarce that earnest efforts are now making to preserve the herds of elephants from wanton slaughter. What wonders modern commerce works!

Ex-Governor Pillsbury of Minnesota and his wife are going to build a home for poor girls in St. Paul. The ex-governor says: "If a girl is thrown out of employment, or for any reason loses her bread-earning power, we want her to feel that she is not without a friend. She need never despair so long as our home stands. There she can find food and shelter, be as comfortable, so far as her surroundings are concerned, as she would be anywhere in the world." It is by such things as this that John I. Pillsbury deserves his statue, which, the work of Daniel C. French, has just unveiled on the campus of the University of Minnesota.

The growth of population about the Great Lakes will be one of the important revelations of the present census. Six Lake cities, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago, have added more than a million people since 1890, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. The increase is directly related to the growth of commerce of the Great Lakes, which has doubled in the last five years. The tonnage capacity of vessels passing through the canal at Sault Sainte Marie is now half as large again as that of all the vessels which enter and leave the port of New York, and two and a half times as great as the tonnage which passes through the Suez Canal. The Great Lakes certainly cannot be called "a waste of waters." They are teeming with life and usefulness.

A dealer in spices declares that the consumer can now buy a pound of what purports to be pepper, ground, packed in a tin box and labeled cheaper than the wholesaler can buy pure unground pepper by the ton. The dealer who undertakes to sell really pure pepper must therefore charge a price for his goods which seems high when compared with the prices of his competitors, and thus adulteration becomes the general practice. It is an outrage on the consumer, yet it is the consumer's continual demand for cheapness that is largely to blame. The honest dealer and the customer who is willing to pay a fair price for pure goods will have no redress until public opinion demands government inspection of all food products, the compulsory labeling of such as are in any way adulterated and the punishment of all persons who sell adulterated for pure articles.

"A revolution," said a Colombian gentleman to an English traveler lately, "is our substitute for cricket; our young men must have their game." The cricketing season has begun. The Colombian president is in jail, the vice-president has assumed a dictatorship, and a revolution has taken place. Meanwhile, to prove that such political cricket is a family and not an international affair, Colombia and Costa Rica submitted a vexed question of boundary dispute to the arbitration of the President of France, and promise to abide by his recent decision thereon.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TELLS OF GREED'S BLIGHTING EFFECT ON MANKIND.

Denunciation of Those Who Worship the Golden Calf of Modern Idolatry and Sacrifice Themselves and Their Families.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopfisch, N. Y.) Washington, Oct. 28.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the spirit of greed destroys when it takes possession of a man and that money got in wrong ways is a curse. Text: Exodus, xxxii, 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to a powder, and strewn it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did, from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle, or a war charger, but of a silly calf. The gold cools down, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance vigorously and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it, not by the modern appliance of nitromuriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter or by the old fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

Modern Golden Calf. Pull aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whippers on Wall street, and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse.

It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God, it stopped it, and it decided the Russo-Turkish contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

Its Altar of Sacrifice. Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Flasks and 10,000 other people who are slain before this golden calf. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar! What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in nightmare of stocks and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up, shouting, "A thousand shares of New York Central—108½—take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail or a sudden "crash" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord." The golden calf kicked them.

Degrading Worship Goes On. Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches. It is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of tin, banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out

from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething caldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees; and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with molly and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More, more, more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas and stamping like buffaloes and swaying to and fro and jostling and running one upon the other and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order, order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

Day of Judgment Coming. But every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Some years ago in a time of panic we learned as never before that forgeries will not pay, that the spending of \$50,000 on country seats and a palatial city residence when there are only \$20,000 income will not pay, that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It was a tumor, and God cut it out, and the nation was sent back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore \$5 coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a \$50 coat not paid for.

The modern golden calf, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow, and those who are borrowed of, and after awhile the capitalist wants his money, and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money, and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money, and he rushes upon the customer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire and the wheelwright for the wheel and the trimmer for the curtain and the driver for unpaid wages and the harness maker for the bridle and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

Idols Demolished.

But, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we shall see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than an immaterial spirit. You may, perhaps, take \$500 with you two or three miles in the shape of funeral trappings to the cemetery, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring. It would be a temptation to the pillagers. If we have made this world our god, we shall see our idol when we die ground to pieces by our pillow, and we shall have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Where are the men who tried Warren Hastings in Westminster hall? Where are the pilgrim fathers who put out for America? Where are the veterans who on the Fourth of July, 1794, marched from New York park to the Battery and fired a salute, and then marched back again? and the Society of the Cincinnati who dined that afternoon at Tom-tom coffee house on Wall street? and Grant Thoburn, who that afternoon waited fifteen minutes at the foot of Maiden Lane for the Brooklyn ferryboat, then got in and was rowed across by two men with oars, the tide so strong that it was an hour and ten minutes before they landed? Where are the veterans that fired the salute and the men of the Cincinnati society who that afternoon drank to the patriotic toast? and the carmen that rowed

the boat and the people who were transported? Gone! Oh, this is a fleeting world! It is a dying world. A man who had worshiped it all his days in his dying moments described himself when he said, "Fool, fool, fool!"

Unfailing Securities.

I want you to change temples and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are the securities that will never fail. Here are the banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all, for "by one sacrifice hath Christ perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble and soothe you when you are sick and save you when you die. For he has said: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

When your parents have breathed their last and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you a father and mother both, giving you the defense of one and the comfort of the other. For as Jesus died and rose again, "even so" shall we also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say goodbye forever. He only wants to hold them for you for a little while. He will give them back to you again, and he will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a returned prodigal locked in that glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf and bow this day before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes. When shriveling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll, When louder yet and yet more dread Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

BUG PUNCTURES.

Bicycle Bug Operates on Wheels at Evanston, Ill.

Evanston, Ill., is now presenting to science the latest freak in bugs—the "bicycle bug." This hornet-like insect looks like a caricature of a New Jersey mosquito. On a body little more than an inch long it supports a pair of tentacles four inches long, with which it works havoc with the rubber tires of the wheels. The bug bores into the rubber until the escaping air frightens it away. The first wheelman to suffer was Peter Arndt. He found one of the tires flat, while on the other one was the first "bicycle bug" that has yet been captured. He took his prize to Witt Bros' repair shop, where it soon drew a crowd of curious spectators. Before the afternoon had passed a number of Chicago wheelmen told the same story of the strange bug. Professor William A. Locy, of the Northwestern University biological laboratories, called the bug an ichneumon. It is not common in this country. Its usual place of burying its tentacles is in the bark of a tree, laying eggs through them. Professor Locy said that perhaps the bug mistook the soft rubber for the pulp on the trees.—Entomological News.

Bricks from Glass Waste.

An important discovery is said to have been made by Dr. Ormandy of St. Helens, formerly science master in the Gamble Institute. He has succeeded in producing bricks of a commercially valuable character from the waste heaps at glass-making establishments. This refuse, of which millions of tons have accumulated, consists mainly of spent sand, minute particles of glass and about 3 per cent of iron from the various processes, and it has hitherto been considered that the presence of iron prevented the use of the material in the manufacture of bricks. The experiments carried out by Dr. Ormandy have negatived this hypothesis and he has successfully established the fact that bricks can be produced out of the waste by special treatment.

Veteran Returns His Pension.

Uncle Sam has a regular contributor to the general fund of the government. Promptly the first week of every quarter a check for \$75 is received at the treasury department, with a request that it be placed in the miscellaneous fund of the treasury, from which it can only be withdrawn by a special act of congress. The money is from a veteran of the civil war. He is an employee of the Philadelphia mint. He explained in his first letter that as long as the government employed him at a good salary, he would not accept the pension.

Bible from Emperor William.

Emperor William has presented a bible to Rev. F. Wischnau, pastor of St. Paul's German Lutheran church in Philadelphia, in recognition of the sixtieth anniversary of the church and of Mr. Wischnau's thirty years of service in the congregation. The bible contains in the Old Testament portion thirty full-page engravings from paintings by old masters. The New Testament portion is illuminated with fifteen engravings by Heinrich Hoffmann.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, NOV. 11—LUKE XVI: 19-31.

The Rich Man and Lazarus—"Lay Up for Yourselves Treasures in Heaven"—Matt. 6: 20—The Worldly Man at His Earthly Best.

19. "A certain rich man." His name is not given, perhaps to show that in heaven's estimation it is not worth while even to mention a man's name simply because he is rich, though among men it is proclaimed by a thousand trumpets. The name Dives, often given to him, is simply Latin for rich man, used in the Latin translation. "Was clothed in purple." "The imperfect, frequentative tense, denoting his habitual attire." "And (lived) sumptuously." Better "made merry in splendor." Greek, living in mirth, gaily, magnificently, shiningly. "Every day," and not merely on special occasions.

20. "A certain beggar named Lazarus." "The Greek name Lazarus comes from Eleazar (God helps) abbreviated by the rabbins to Eleazar; hence Lazarus." "Goddet, laid at his gate." By some kind friends or relatives. He was too sick to care for himself. "Full of sores." St. Luke here uses a medical term, "ulcerated all over."

21. "And desiring to be fed with the crumbs." The crumbs are not the trifling fragments which would fall from one man's table, but a soft part of the thin cakes of bread in use in the East, which the wealthy, it appears, are sometimes accustomed to wipe their fingers with and throw under the table, themselves eating only the crust.—C. C. Starbuck. "Moreover (yea, even) the dogs came and licked his sores." "A distorted wreck of a man, that the dogs mistake for a carcass thrown out to them."—Dods.

22. "It came to pass, that the beggar died." Nothing is said of his burial, because probably his body "was, without burial, thrown into a ditch, like worn-out clothes, but his soul, his real self, was carried by the angels (blessed bearers, glorious funeral train) into Abraham's bosom." The type of paradise, where Abraham was the host of a great feast (Matt. 22: 2; Rev. 19: 7-9), and "to lie in his bosom, as St. John in that of our Lord (John 13: 23), was to be there as the most favored guest." "The rich man also died. . . . was buried." There is a biting irony in this mention of his burial, connected as it is with what is immediately to follow.—Trench.

23. "And in hell." The invisible land, the realm of the dead, including both Elysium and Paradise. "Being in torment." "Tormented in this flame," not by flame, but "an anguish of soul as intolerable as the touch of earthly flame is to the nerves of the mortal body."—Elliott. "And seeth Abraham afar off." So represented, because both in condition and character they were as far apart as possible. "And Lazarus in his bosom." Reclining in honor at the banquet of bliss.—G. W. Clark.

24. "And he cried. . . . Father Abraham." "This is the only instance in Scripture of praying to saints."—Jacobus. "Have mercy on me. . . . send Lazarus." Said either in the old selfish arrogance, wanting Lazarus for a servant, or in conquered pride, willing to take a favor even from Lazarus. "Dip the tip of his finger." He dares ask but the smallest favor. "Cool my tongue." "The man who had lived so luxuriously now speaks of relief for his tongue, which has been flamed with dainties. 'Tormented in this flame.' 'Figures are employed in the Bible, not because the reality is less than the figure, but greater.' Our Lord here teaches, all the more strongly, because incidentally, that after death the souls of the impenitent suffer as terribly as if fire were tormenting their bodies."—Riddle.

25. "Son." How kindly Abraham speaks, showing his merciful wishes! "Remember." "The river of death is no water of life, bringing with it the forgetfulness of past evil."—Plumptre. "Thou in thy lifetime. . . . good things. . . . Lazarus evil things." Of this there are two explanations: (1) It may mean that the good things, all that he regarded as good and sought for (thy good things), were worldly goods, and he gained them. He had not sought salvation and eternal life, and why should he expect to have them? (2) "And besides all this." The reason drawn from the fitness of things is followed by reason drawn from the necessity of the case.—Kendrick. "A great gulf fixed." The necessary separation growing out of difference of character, and embodied in different places adapted to the different characters.

27. "Send him to my father's house." Note the same supercilious willingness that Lazarus should serve him. Doubtless Lazarus would have been glad to help him.

28. "That he may testify unto them." Hear personal witness to what he had seen, and knew from experience of the results of the earthly life.

29. "They have Moses and the prophets." The Old Testament revelation, through whose teachings many had lived holy lives and gone to heaven, including Abraham and Lazarus. They have already been warned, but have not given heed.

30. "But if one went. . . . from the dead," and spoke with the power and authority of one who knew by experience, he was sure they would then "repent."

31. "If they hear not Moses (if they reject the testimony they have). . . . neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." They would resist the new influence, and find excuses for not repeating, just as they had done under the old.

A Military Marriage.

Nothing was done at a recent marriage in Middletown, Conn., to lessen the force of that trite joke about marriage being a preparation for battle. To the strains of a military march Lieut. George Adolphus Nugent of the Fourth artillery, U. S. A., and Miss Emma Howard Bacon marched to the altar in the Church of the Holy Trinity. The approach of the wedding party was preceded by the sounding of the reveille on the cornet. The ushers presented arms to the bridesmaids and the party two-stepped down the aisles to the altar. Flags decorated the church and many soldiers were present in full-dress uniforms with helmets in hand.

M. H. at Manila.

Two mails were recently received at Manila, each of which numbered over 850 sacks, which is just eight times as large as the biggest mail ever received under Spanish regime, and all this mass of mail matter is handled by sixty Americans and fifty-five Filipinos on the pay roll of the postoffice department. Notwithstanding this great bulk of mail matter to be dealt with, complaints regarding delays or misdirected mail are few and far between, and generally traced to the absence of full and proper addresses.

Haven's Struck Happy Medium.

It has developed that the majority of motor bicycles which have proved impracticable were unsuccessful because their builders placed the motor too high. This caused a tendency to slip when rounding corners. Other builders, in an effort to overcome this very defect, have placed their motors so low that there was danger of striking the ground when going over rough places.

The most bitter medicine is often the best. It is the same with experience.

School Children's Defective Sight.

By order of the London school board teachers in all its schools have tested the sight of the children under their care. The result is that 23.3 per cent. were found to have defective vision. These children were given notices to take to their parents announcing that they were suffering from serious defective vision, and advised to consult an oculist without delay.

Books Without End.

Some notion of the vast quantities of books contained in the British museum may be gained from the announcement made recently that the printing of the catalogue, which was begun in 1891—nine years ago—is still unfinished. It is also stated that in order to store the newspapers which kept on file there a mile of shelving has to be added at least once in fifteen years.

Mrs. Li and Her Wardrobe.

Li Hung Chang's wife, the Marchioness Li, is reckoned a great beauty in China and is also one of the cleverest women in that country. Though close to—or perhaps over—60 years old, she does not look a day over 35. Her wardrobe is something tremendous, including between 3,000 and 4,000 garments, of which 500 are of the finest fur.

Cast-Off Clothing.

Three soubrettes entered a fashionable New York dry goods store wearing gowns that attracted the attention of clerks and customers. A knowing saleswoman remarked, sotto voce: "All from Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street. House up there that deals in cast-off clothing of the rich. Many wealthy women have poor relations in distant cities and in the country to whom they hand down all their dresses and underwear, but some of the swell in town sell what they get tired of, thus increasing their pin money. The dresses those soubrettes have on didn't cost less than \$200 apiece, and they were not worn more than twice or three times by their original owners. These girls bought them for about \$12 each."

Unfortunate Janaschek.

Pathetic in the extreme is the closing chapter of Madame Janaschek's life drama. This great tragedienne refuses to become reconciled to her relatives in Bohemia. In order to pay the expenses of her treatment at St. Mark's hospital, Brooklyn, \$8,000 worth of old lace and \$10,000 worth of her jewels are to be sold. They are souvenir gifts.



### Two Big Pains

seem to be the heritage of the human family everywhere, viz:

## Rheumatism

and

## Neuralgia

but there is one sure and prompt cure for both, viz:

# St. Jacobs Oil



## SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

## OMAHA & ST. LOUIS

WABASH R.R.

### ST. LOUIS CANNON BALL

Leave Omaha 5:05 p. m.; arrive St. Louis 7:00 a. m.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MANY SPECIAL RATES EAST OR SOUTH.

Trains leave Union Station Daily for Kansas City, Quincy, St. Louis and all points East or South. Half Rates to St. Louis and all southern points on 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month. All information at City Ticket Office, 1415 Farnam Street (Faxon Hotel Bldg.) or write

HARRY E. MOORES,  
City Passenger and Ticket Agent,  
Omaha, Neb.