

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.  
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France's new prison at Fresnes, some eight miles from Paris, is the largest in the world.

Andrew Carnegie intends to erect a monument to James G. Blaine at Pittsburg, probably in Schenley Park, near the Carnegie Institute.

A memorial of Rosa Bonheur, presented by Senor Gambart, the Spanish consul at Nice, has been unveiled at Fontainebleau, near which town she dwelt for many years. The memorial consists of a bronze bull, an enlarged fac-simile of one of her sculptures; the bas-reliefs of the pedestal give her portrait and representations of three of her principal paintings.

The women of the German city of Magdeburg will honor the memory of Queen Louise by the erection of a statue of the venerated queen. Johannes Goetz was entrusted with the task of creating in Carrara marble the figure of the beautiful queen. The figure stands on a massive cubical base, bearing on one side the inscription: "Louise, Queen of Prussia," and on the opposite side: "Dedicated by the women of Magdeburg."

State Geologist Dumble of Texas has disclosed sources of mineral wealth that are astounding. He says that in one county alone, that of Cherokee, there are 600,000,000 tons of rich iron ore in sight, and that in east Texas, as a whole, there are 3,000,000,000 tons. And by the side of this ore lies all the coal necessary to work the ore into shape. The geologist makes the flat statement that "no country in the world has cheaper material for smelting iron than east Texas."

In order to appreciate the extreme democracy of the people in the south-east of Europe, it may be mentioned that Mme. Karaveloff, wife of the prime minister of Bulgaria, continues to pursue her avocation as school teacher, and every morning when her husband leaves home to attend to his duties as premier she takes her departure for the public grammar school to fulfill her duties as one of the teachers. She is a very remarkable woman, and has been imprisoned and tried on charges of treason and of lese majeste while the political foes of her husband were in office.

Now that Rostand's play, "L'Aiglon," has aroused so much interest in the melancholy story of Napoleon's son, there will be some interest in the death of the last considerable actor in the abortive conspiracy to restore the empire with the Duke of Reichstadt in his father's place. This person was Varabowski, a Pole, who was a lieutenant in the grand army and fought at Waterloo. The conspirators in 1822 took possession of several towns in the west of France in the name of Napoleon II, but at Saumur the movement was stopped and the small force they had gathered rapidly scattered. Varabowski escaped and returned to Poland, where he has just died at Warsaw, at the age of 105 years.

The "brown-tailed" caterpillar has been officially considered by the Boston board of health, whose members are ready to acknowledge that this pest can produce the skin irritation complained of by some residents in the suburbs of that city. The insect is destructive of fruit trees. The hair of the worm is brittle and barbed, and its action on the skin is regarded as purely mechanical, rather than poisonous. It is yet to be determined whether actual contact with the worm is necessary to cause the irritation, or whether this may result through the blowing about of the hair or fur by the winds. The doctors incline to the latter belief. However produced, the irritation and resultant sickness are described as being severe.

King Carlos of Portugal has become passionately devoted to yacht racing, and has announced his decision to have a racing yacht built for the express purpose of enabling him to win back from the English Royal Yacht Squadron the Vasco de Gama Cup in the third international race, which takes place next year over a course extending from Southampton to Lisbon, that is across the dangerous Bay of Biscay. The king is now in consultation with naval architects with regard to the designs for his new racing yacht, and is disposed to have the latter built in the United States, rather than in England, the victors of the America Cup and the recent mishaps to the Shamrock inclining him to the belief that boats built on this side of the Atlantic unite a greater degree of strength, with lightness and delicacy of lines, than those of English construction and design.

It cannot be too often repeated that the secret of German success in so many branches of human activity is specialization. And it may fairly be asked whether in many cases they do not "pay too much for their whistle." The days are long gone by when Schiller could venture to condemn the exclusive pursuit of what he called "bread-and-butter" studies. Nowadays nearly every one in Germany keeps "bread and butter" steadily in view. The next generation of Germans will be even more specialized than their fathers.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"BRILLIANT FAULTS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"The Same Hour was the Tiding Fulfilled on Nebuchadnezzar and He Was Driven From Men and Did Eat Grass as Oxen"—Dan. IV: 33.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopf, N. Y. Washington, July 21.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that there is a tendency to excuse brilliant faults because they are brilliant, when the same law of right and wrong ought to be applied to high places and low; text, Daniel iv, 33. "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did not eat grass as oxen.")

Here is the mightiest of the Babylonish kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueduct, palace, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up today from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Merodach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the red hot furnace or be crunched by lion or lioness. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he committed the sin in high places or because the transgressor was wide renowned. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high places just as he would measure the humblest operative.

But in our time you know as well as I that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous place and if it is wide renowned and of large proportions. Ever and anon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a state or city and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery or an absconding bank cashier or president or the wasting of trust fund or swindling mortgages. I propose in carrying out the suggestion of my text as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong whether in high place or low place and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impaled Nebuchadnezzar.

**Needs to be Presented.**  
A missionary in the island of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods, which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him, "Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yesterday, the God of heaven and earth, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us distribute them among their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States today rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty and the sermons were blessed of God and arrangements could be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man should be put in the city halls of the country there is not a city hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the gospel; that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the gospel we must just as certainly proclaim.

Now, look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around different styles of crime. The question that every man and woman has been asked has been, Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have the penitentiary for the man who steals an overcoat from a hatrack and all Canada for a man to range in if he have robbed the public of millions?

**The Way to Get Money.**  
There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble appearance: "What, you only get \$1,500 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin money. I spend \$5,000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises—all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board and has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion and deny himself all luxuries. After awhile he gets tired of his plodding and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, and, although he is almost all the time idle now and has resigned his position in the bank or the factory or the store, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little farther over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles and he will get political jobs and will have something to do

with harbors and pavements and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now, I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out and mortgages would rip and parchments would rend and gold would shoot and beggars would get on horseback and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

**The Temptations to Dishonesty.**  
How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices and in the plastering of false labels and in the flinging of customers of rival houses and in the making and breaking of contracts! Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

A young man stood behind a counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated, "I see there is a flaw in that silk." The lady recognized it, and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man, living in the country, saying: "Dear sir, come and take your boy. He will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his son had done. He came into the store, and the merchant said to him, "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day and spoiled the sale and we will never have that lady probably again for a customer, and your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence, John, get your hat and coat; let us start." There are hundreds of young men under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands of young men have gone down under the pressure; other thousands have maintained their integrity. God help you! Let me say to you, my young friend, that you never can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Besides that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to do right, but it is never safe to do wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you, if she is worthy of you. She will say: "My son, come out from there. God has taken care of us all these years, and he will take care of us now. Come out of that."

**Misuse of Trust Funds.**  
Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about the use of trust funds. It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There are many who are practicing that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered, perhaps, for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands; or he is in a commercial establishment and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities; or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money for the suffering goes through his hands; or he has some office in city or state or nation, and taxes and subsidies and supplies and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money, the money of others, and goes to speculate with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of theft, falsehood and perjury and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families today—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank default, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time; it is a story long as eternity.

**Dangers of Libertinism.**  
So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pur-

sues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent or disposed to palliate. Here is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a state prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its villainous on pillars and temple wall and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether he will do it by fire or hurricane or earthquake; but a holy God I do not think will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which he has uttered himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

**The Sacredness of Life.**  
Then look at the fascinations thrown around assassination. There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law, and they go scot free. You say they had their provocations. God gave life, and he alone has a right to take it, and he may take it by visitation of providence or by an executioner of the law, who is his messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime.

Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garrotting, for all beating out of life by a club or an ax or a slungshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke, but you know that when men get affluent and high position and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others, great sympathy is excited, lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge heats, jury is bribed and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him, a new trial is called on through some technicality and they adjourn for witnesses that never come, and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right, I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of gallows, no aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife and the strongest arm and the quickest step and the stealthiest revenge. He who willfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer. I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic courtroom, he may be sent by the government of the United States as minister to some foreign court, or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism; but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

**Some Plain Questions.**  
There are hundreds of young men who have good blood. Shall I ask three or four plain questions? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? Have you a pool ticket in your pocket? Have you a fraudulent document? Have you been experimenting to see how accurate an imitation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blood. Remember your father's prayers. Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been going astray? Come back. Have you ventured too far?

As I stand in pulpits looking over audiences sometimes my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so many who have sacrificed their integrity, so many far away from God. Why, my brother, there have been too many prayers offered for you to have you go overboard. And there are those venturing down into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you have seen men go down into the surf to bathe, and they waded out farther and farther, and you got anxious about them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" And you then stood and shouted: "Come back! Come back! You will be drowned!" They waved their hand back, saying, "No danger." They kept on wading deeper down farther out from shore, until after awhile a great wave with a strong undertow took them out, their corpses the next washed on the beach. So I see men wading down into sin farther and farther, and I call to them: "Come back! Come back! You will be lost! You will be lost!" They wave their hand back, saying, "No danger; no danger." Deeper down and deeper down, until after awhile a wave sweeps them out and sweeps them off forever. Oh, come back! The one farthest away may come.

Mrs. Winfield Taylor Durbin, wife of the governor of Indiana, is an admirer of good pictures and has a splendid collection of paintings which she gathered during several trips abroad,

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V., AUGUST 4—GENESIS, 13: 1-18.

Golden Text: Whatsoever Ye Would That Men Should Do to You, Do Ye Even So to Them.—Matt. 7: 12—Abraham and Lot.

I. Varied Experiences of the Pilgrim Family.—Vs. 1-4. In our last lesson we left Abraham on his way toward the south, the country in the southern part of Judah. He was looking over his promised land. With such glorious promises in his mind, with the assurance that he was a child of God, protected and blessed by him, he would naturally dream of "a land flowing with milk and honey." Utopia, a paradise, bright, peaceful, luxurious. But now came a famine. The pastures were parched and bare, the water-courses dry, his cattle were dying of hunger and thirst, in strange contrast with the ever-green fields and blooming gardens of his native land. He must have asked himself as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Slough of Despond, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of?" It was his first experience of famine. And now came two imperfections in his life. 1. He left the promised land and went down into Egypt, which had already attained a high civilization, full of heathenism, worldliness and luxury, which has a great fascination and charm to one who first enters its enchanted circles, especially when, as was the case in Egypt, there were many good precepts in its religion.

2. In Egypt he felt in danger of his life, because his wife was very beautiful, and he feared that the Pharaoh would kill him in order to obtain her for his harem, nor were his fears groundless. "Possibly," says Professor Dods, "he may have heard the ugly story which has recently been deciphered from an old papyrus, and which tells how one of the Pharaohs, acting on the advice of his princes, armed men to fetch a beautiful woman and make away with her husband."

To escape this danger he told a lie which was a formal truth, that Sarah was his sister, for she was his half-sister. Pharaoh took her, but troubles arose; he released her and sent her back to Abraham with a reproof. 3. Worldly Prosperity Compels a Separation.—Vs. 5-7. Lot also. "He was a good man," it is said that "he vexed his righteous soul" at the deeds of the Sodomites, his neighbors; but he did not have the strength of faith, the nobleness of character, the depth of piety which his uncle possessed. His goodness depended partly on the company he kept to help the inner fires. He received strength from the greater Abraham, and shared in his prosperity. The man that treated his nephew so generously as is described in this lesson must have been generous to him long before. This act was but one illustration of a lifetime of the same spirit.

4. Abraham, the Peace-maker.—Vs. 8-9. "And Abraham said unto Lot." As the older, as the richer, as the more favored of God, as the better and more generous man, Abraham speaks first. Let there be no strife between me and thee. "It is evident that Lot was beginning to take part with his herdmen, and regard himself as an injured man." And there was danger that the quarrel of the servants might soon alienate their masters. "The words of this verse would make a beautiful motto for the kitchen, for the parlor, for the factory, for the church."—Joseph Parker. "For we be brethren." In kinship, in love, in interests, and especially in religion. If we are brethren, let us not fight like brothers and not like enemies.

5. Lot's Unwise Choice. He Pitches His Tent Toward Sodom.—Vs. 10-13. "And Lot lifted up his eyes." From some high hill whence a wide range of country could be seen. "And beheld all the plain of Jordan." Probably the Ghor, or depression near the mouth of the river, and one of the most remarkable depressions in the world.—Conder, Tent Work, 1:14. If we accept the division into two narratives, they may have been at Hebron and looked northward to the southern end of the sea. "That it was well watered everywhere." This was the great necessity in the East. It would promise him security from periodical famine. It seemed to him a paradise. (See description in Lesson IX.) "Before the Lord destroyed it, as described in Lesson IX. This, doubtless, changed the face of the country. "Even as the garden of the Lord." Even as the paradise from which Adam was sent forth, and whose glories still lingered in the memories of the race. Although the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea is barren enough, the Ghor, or deep depression at the northern and southern extremities, teems with life and vegetation. "Desert of the Exodus." "Like the land of Egypt." "The best and most fertile land then known." "As thou comest unto Zoar." Rather Zoar. Not the Zoar near the Dead Sea to which Lot fled after the destruction of Sodom, but Zoar, the border land of Egypt looking toward the east, near the Great Wall which once stretched across from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Suez. Zoar was the garden land of Egypt, through which Lot and Abraham must lately have passed, which fact makes the reference natural. "Plenty and abundance are perpetual in it."

6. The Fruits of the Two Choices.—Vs. 14-18. As we study these promises in the next lesson in connection with another chapter, we will not dwell on them here. At once as one fruit of Abraham's right choice. Immediately after the departure of Lot, God appeared again to Abraham, as if to reward him for his generosity, and to show him that his apparent losses for the sake of peace and love were no real losses, but would be made up to him a thousand fold in a higher and better way. The old promise was renewed, and intensified, and enlarged. One reason for this revelation may have been, as Professor Dods suggests, "It is always as difficult to govern our heart wisely after as before making a sacrifice. It is as difficult to keep the will decided as to make the original decision; and it is more difficult to think affectionately of those for whom the sacrifice has been made, when the change in their condition and our own is actually accomplished. There is a natural reaction after a generous act, which is not always sufficiently resisted."

**Big Telescopes Cost \$10,000.**  
The cost of a telescope of the largest size is about \$10,000, and an equal sum is required for a building and the incidental expenses.

**HERE AND THERE.**  
John D. Rockefeller has turned over to his son all matters pertaining to charity. Babies are now sent to sleep by a lullaby trilled forth by the phonograph. It is reported that some of the Staten Island ferryboats are more than forty years old. The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

**Artistic Timekeeper.**  
Phil May, the London artist, tells how at the age of 12 he became a timekeeper in a large iron foundry. Says he: "I was delighted with the office, but the foundry masters were not quite so satisfied. At first they were surprised at the great punctuality of the entire staff of workmen; later they simply marveled at its continuance, and finally they discovered that I kept the timebook on a system of my own."

**ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.**  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy, which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's, for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the same high standard as that of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher of St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of climatic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the concentration of devoted lives to educational Christian work in a spot favored by the Lord.

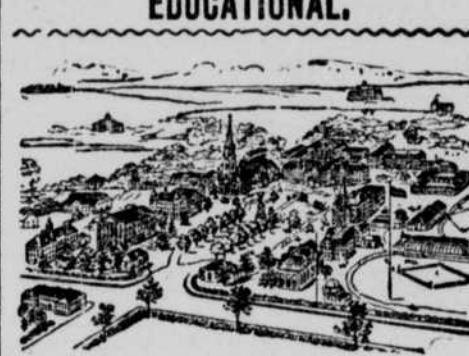
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**Accused of Too Much Zeal.**  
It is charged by the opposition in Altoona, Pa., that the anti-saloon league has employed minors to solicit drinks at bars, misrepresenting their ages, and that the theological students have been imported to work up evidence against gamblers. One of the students is said to have been so well up in the game of poker that he took all the money in a big game played at one of the political clubs. The crusaders, of course, deny all these stories.

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