

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

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The air in the English channel was to clear one day recently that the dome of Boulogne cathedral, twenty-eight miles away, could be clearly seen from Dover with the naked eye.

In conversation with a newspaper correspondent, Arabi Pasha has stated that he is in a difficult financial position. He got an allowance of £50 a month from the Egyptian government, which was scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of his large family, which includes sixteen children, aged from three to thirty-eight years.

The Newberry library at Chicago has secured the Prince Lucien Bonaparte collection of 15,000 volumes, said to be among the best philological libraries in existence. The prince spent a fortune in getting it together and his heirs offered it for sale at \$200,000, but the Chicago institution is said to have bought it for a much lower figure.

E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention, reports that he has found in the department of Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a "natural well," whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,027 feet, but the actual bottom has not been reached.

Doctor Voges, the director of the Buenos Ayres National Board of Health, reports that during a recent trip to Paraguay he accidentally discovered that naphthalene is an excellent remedy for mosquito bites. It neutralizes the poison, he says, even when the bite has caused considerable inflammation, and if a fresh bite be rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows.

Speaking of the summer and winter journeys wealthy people make to various "resorts" here and abroad, a shrewd observer of city life remarks that "the finer the house on the avenue, the less it is occupied." In so far as that is true, it is to be regretted. At every season, in some favored region, nature spreads a fairer roof than ever architect devised; but we may leave paradise behind us when we set out to find a better place than home.

In the presence of a large number of officers from the garrison and neighborhood, the famous "Tower of Remembrance" erected at Gravelotte by the Germans in 1870, at a cost of more than £40,000, was blown up recently by the military engineers. Originally intended as a post of observation over the neighboring country, it was afterwards found that the existence of such a watch-tower was incompatible with the safety of the new fort outside Metz, which is completely dominated. All access to the monument has been prohibited for some time past by the military authorities.

No fair-minded landlord can any longer advance the old argument that wretched tenements are inevitable because the poor prefer filth to cleanliness and that good tenements will not pay. The City and Suburban Homes Company of New York has disposed of that insouciant excuse of the parsimonious landlords. This corporation approached the problem with the idea of combining business and philanthropy. It has built excellent tenements in the poorest parts of the city, and rents at prices as low as those of the miserable hovels about them. Its holdings represent an investment of two million dollars, on which it has just declared a dividend of 4 per cent. The landlord who pretends that good tenements will not pay is usually a man who wants fifteen per cent.

In East Oakland, Cal., is to be tried a plan for helping homeless girls which seems almost ideal in method as well as in purpose. A rich and generous-hearted woman has declared her intention of building ten cottages, each of which will accommodate ten girls and be in charge of a "house-mother." The cottages will stand in a beautiful park, with trees, lawns and flower gardens about them. The inmates of each cottage will constitute a separate family, the older girls helping to care for the younger ones. All will attend the public schools as other girls do, and will have their own outside diversions and friendships. Meantime they will also have in the home a thorough training in housework. As they reach a suitable age, each will receive special education in whatever trade or field of work she may select—teaching, dressmaking, millinery, typewriting, art or music—so that when she leaves the home each girl will be equipped to earn her own living. One of the most attractive characteristics of the undertaking is its lack of institutional restraint and the large individual freedom which it permits.

Seven of the largest sugar refineries in St. Mary Parish, Louisiana, have decided to discontinue the use of coal in the manufacture of sugar, and will hereafter use oil as fuel. These refineries use \$150,000 worth of coal annually, and they get it largely from western Pennsylvania. It will cost \$35,000 to adapt their furnaces to the use of oil, but it is estimated that less than \$50,000 worth of fuel oil will do the work of \$150,000 worth of coal. It is probable that next season all the sugar plantations in Louisiana will be using Texas oil instead of coal.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"DISCOVER NOT A SECRET TO ANOTHER."

Keeping One's Own Counsel—People Should Learn to Say Nothing of Others That Is Not of Good Import—Proverbs XXV: 9.

(Copyright, 1901, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, July 28.—A practical question which is asked in most houses, and for many years, is here asked by Dr. Talmage and answered; text, Proverbs xxv, 9, "Discover not a secret to another."

It appears that in Solomon's time, as in all subsequent periods of the world, there were people too much disposed to tell all they knew. It was blab, blab, blab; physicians revealing the case of their patients, lawyers exposing the private affairs of their clients, neighbors advertising the faults of the next door resident, pretended friends betraying confidences.

One-half of the trouble of every community comes from the fact that so many people have not the capacity to keep their mouths shut. When I hear something disparaging of you, my first duty is not to tell you, but if I tell you what somebody has said against you and then go out and tell everybody else what I told you, and they go out and tell others what I told them that I told you, and we all go out, some to hunt up the originator of the story and others to hunt it down, we shall get the whole community talking about what you did not do, and there will be as many scalps taken as though a band of Modocs had swept upon a helpless village. We have two ears, but only one tongue, a physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a good deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill, and then there will not be such awful need of sermons on Solomon's words, "Discover not a secret to another."

Solomon had a very large domestic circle. In his earlier days he had very confused notions about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the matrimonial state kept him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sororal or female debating society of 700, discussing day after day all the difficulties between husbands and wives, between employers and employees, between rulers and subjects, until Solomon, in my text, deprecates volubility about affairs that do not belong to us and extols the virtue of secretiveness.

### Outbranchings of Sympathy.

You sometimes see a man with no outbranchings of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard, like a ship's mast ice glazed, which the most agile sailor could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts and blossom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather together to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the state, some to discuss religious themes, some to kindle their mirth, some to advance their craft. So every active community is divided into associations of artists, of merchants, of bookbinders, of carpenters, of masons, of plasterers, of shipwrights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades would accomplish no more than if you should preach to a busy ant hill a long sermon against secret societies.

Here we find the oft-discussed question whether associations that do their work with closed doors and admit their members by passwords and greet each other with a secret grip are right or wrong. I answer that it depends entirely on the nature of the object for which they meet. Is it to pass the hours in revelry, wassail, blasphemy and obscene talk or to plot trouble on the state or to debauch the innocent, then I say, with an emphasis that no man can mistake, "No!" But is the object the defense of the rights of any class against oppression, the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the advancement of art, the defense of the government, the extirpation of crime or the kindling of a pure-hearted sociality, then I say, with just as much emphasis, "Yes!"

### Secret Societies.

There are secret societies in our colleges that have letters of the Greek alphabet for their nomenclature, and their members are at the very front in scholarship and irreproachable in morals, while there are others the scene of carousal, and they gamble, and they drink, and they graduate knowing a hundred times more about sin than they do of geometry and Sophocles. In other words, secret societies, like individuals, are good or bad, are the means of moral health or of temporal and eternal damnation. All good people recognize the vice of slandering an individual, but many do not see the sin of slandering an organization. There are old secret societies in this and other countries, some of them centuries old, which have been widely denounced as immoral and damaging in their influence, yet I have hundreds of personal friends who belong to them—friends who are consecrated to God, pillars in the church, faithful in all relations of life, examples of virtue and piety. They are the kind of friends whom I would have for my executors

at the time of decease, and they are the men whom I would have carry me out to the last sleep when I am dead. You cannot make me believe that they would belong to bad institutions. They are the men who would stamp on anything iniquitous, and I would certainly rather take their testimony in regard to such societies than the testimony of those who, having been sworn in as members, by their assault upon them confess themselves perjurers.

One of these secret societies gave for the relief of the sick in 1873 in this country, \$1,490,274. Some of these societies have poured a very heaven of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. Several of them are founded on fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. I have never taken one of their degrees. They might give me the grip a thousand times and I would not recognize it, I am ignorant of their passwords, and I must judge entirely from the outside. But Christ has given us a rule by which we may judge not only all individuals, but all societies, secret and open. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Bad societies make bad men. Good societies make good men. A bad man will not stay in a good society. A good man will not stay in a bad society. Then try all secret societies by two or three rules.

### Influence on Home Life.

Test the first: Their influence on home, if you have a home. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of reform and art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstep and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church, waits upon no charitable institution and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone and, I fear, his soul gone.

Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of humanity and of God or anything elevating, but let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as many do, I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the society room and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wives' dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a helpful influence a usurper of his affection and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process his wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. There are secret societies where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain kind and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine quizzler, his wife broken hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone and his home a mere name in the directory.

### Evils of Bad Associations.

The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin, will send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut that man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord?" "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and the chisel and I will cut an honest epitaph, "Here lies the victim of dissipating associations!"

Another test by which you can find whether your secret society is right or wrong is the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial success. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the secret society has advantaged you in an honorable calling, it is a good one, but has your credit failed? Are bargain makers now more anxious how they trust you with a bale of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1 before they entered the society been going down since in commercial standing? Then look out. You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat or cut amidships with the front prow of the regatta or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses or drowned in the large potatoes of cognac or Monongahela. That

secret society was the Loch Earn. Their business was the Ville de Havre. They struck, and the Ville de Havre went under!

### In the Last Hours.

Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Whom would you rather have for your pallbearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Whom would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you would not have been away so many nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has never got over it. She never will get over it. How long the evenings are with no one to put to bed and no one to whom to tell the beautiful Bible stories! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say, "Papa, do stay with me tonight, do stay with me tonight!" You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a bad secret society is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then the returned father comes up stairs, and sees the cradle gone, and he says, "What is the matter?" On the judgment day he will find out what was the matter.

Oh, man astray, God help you! I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become a ship cable. And I am going to take some very small delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day—a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation—and I twist them together, and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection, and then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp seraphic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is enough to hold fast a world!" No, I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed; not to a pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I will wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and, having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

### ONE SHADE OR TWO.

Why are Some Things Gray and Others Gray?

Is there a difference between "gray" and "gray," aside from the matter of spelling? American lexicographers say there is not, but the Academy tells us that we must be careful if we would give each its "special application." And it adds very learnedly: "Who does not feel that some things are gray and others gray?" If anybody does not feel that way let him not be ashamed to speak up. Dr. Murray, the editor of the great new dictionary that is now only partly published, went about in 1893 making an inquiry as to usage and found that opinions in London varied. The replies to his questions showed that in Great Britain the form gray is the more frequent in use, despite the authority of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers, who give the preference to grey. Many correspondents said they had used the two forms with a difference of meaning or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that grey denotes a more delicate or lighter tint than gray. Others considered the difference to be that gray is a warmer color, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. The Academy's own opinion is that gray has more of sentiment, grey more of color, which means that gray is a suggestion rather than a positive outline. After all this learned discussion people will go on pronouncing the word without reference to its vowel, and in saying that the shade is gray they will let any one with a fancy for the dispute spell it to suit himself. These fine distinctions may be ignored on the plea of the brevity of life.—Youth's Companion.

South Australia has never been visited by any great epidemic and is naturally very healthful.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI., AUGUST 11—GENESIS, 15: 1-15.

Golden Text: I Am Thy Shield and Thy Exceeding Great Reward—Gen. 15: 1  
God's Promise to Abraham—Symbols of the Covenant.

Time.—The date in the margin of our Bibles is "about 1913," five or six years after our last lesson. Place.—Hebron, 20 miles south of Jerusalem. This was Abraham's home for a good many years. His place was at Mamre (now Rameth), in the environs of the city, two miles to the north (Tomkins). Here he and Sarah were buried. Abraham's tent was among the Oaks of Mamre, a part of Hebron. Abraham—Eighty-four years old, and still childless, though otherwise rich and prosperous.

I. A Time of Discouragement.—The fact that immediately after this battle there came another vision from God leads us to think that probably the father of the faithful may have fallen into a state of discouragement. Almost all men of great faith and of stirring deeds have had their seasons of discouragement and depression. Moses (Num. 11:10-15) The Psalmist (Psa. 10:1) Elijah, after his mighty deed on Carmel, lay down under the "juniper" and wished to die. John the Baptist, in the dungeon of Macherus after his great labors and courageous deeds, sent to Jesus to know if he, whom he had pointed out as the Lamb of God, was really the Messiah. Almost every worker for God has at some time been with Bunyan's Christian and Hopeful in Doubting Castle of Giant Despair, and, like Hopeful, forgot that he had the key of deliverance in his bosom.

II. The General, All-Inclusive Promise.—V. 1. After Abraham's return from his victory "in rescuing Lot," the Lord gave him one of the best and greatest promises ever bestowed upon man. "I AM THY SHIELD, AND THY EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD."

III. Symbols of the Covenant.—Vs. 5-8. In view of the vision and the promise, Abraham asks the Lord how the promise could be fulfilled, since he was childless. For answer the Lord leads him forth into the open air of the night, and shows him a sign.

5. "And he brought him forth abroad." Out of his tent, so that he could see the stars, showing that this vision was no dream, but a real message from God. "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them." In the promise to Noah, the rainbow was made a sign, appearing occasionally, but at the very times when fears for the fulfillment of the promise would naturally arise. To Abraham God gives a brighter sign, that every night would speak to him of God's faithfulness.

These bright worlds were created and are held in their places by divine power. So great is the God who would defend Abraham, able and willing to keep his promise.

6. The stars never failed. Each night they appeared in their places, and moved unvaryingly in their courses. God's faithfulness in nature was the assurance of his faithfulness to his word given to Abraham.

7. The stars in that climate are brighter than in ours. Professor Hall says that he has known Venus to shine so bright as to cast a shadow. Brighter than the stars, steeper than their flames, shall be the fulfillment of God's promises.

8. There are infinitely more stars in heaven than Abraham could see. God's promises are ever better in their fulfillment than it is possible for us to conceive.

Illustration.—Prof. Camille Flammarion says (1894) that five or six thousand stars can be seen by the average naked eye; eight thousand by the best eyes; one hundred millions by the best telescopes which reveal stars of the fifteen magnitude. "But celestial photography penetrates further still, and the numbers become so enormous that we are overwhelmed by their weight without understanding them." "On a photograph of the great globular cluster Omega Centauri, recently taken in Peru, a count of the stars was carefully made. If the whole sky were as thickly studded with stars as this cluster (which it is not), the total number visible in the whole heavens would be about sixteen hundred and fifty billions."

IV. The Covenant Repeated.—See Gen. 12: 2, 3; 13:14-17; 15:4-6, 18; 17:1-8; 22:15-18.

1. Abraham should have a child and descendants, who should become a great nation.

2. These descendants should be as innumerable as the sands of the stars.

3. They should possess the land of Palestine.

4. He would be their God, and they his people. He would bless them, protect them, train them as a father trains his children.

5. He would make them a blessing to all nations, through all ages.

Note (1) the gradual unfolding of these promises. They grew larger as Abraham grew in faith and character.

Note (2) that there was to be a long period of training before they could be completely fulfilled. All efforts to make the world better suddenly like a flash of lightning are necessarily failures, from the nature of man.

Note (4) that God made everything a reminder of the covenant, his name, his person, the land, the dust, the sand, the stars, his flocks, his altars—everything spoke to him of his covenant with God.

V. Practical Lessons and Illustrations.—1. God comes to us in our dark times, the times of trial and sickness and loss and danger. These with God in them are training in faith and character. How sweet the sunshine after the storm, and the assurance that he is always shining on the other side even during the darkness and storm! Character grows by God's encouragements in the trials of our faith, by earnest believing, by confirmations of faith, by religious observances, by the everlasting covenant with God.

# From Pulpit to Consulate.

Rev. Dr. C. P. H. Nason, who has resigned the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church in Germantown, Pa., is to be United States consul at Grenoble, France. Dr. Nason was graduated at Williams college in 1862, which was President Carter's class and his degree was conferred by Williams two years ago. This is rather a pleasant way for a clergyman to retire. Rev. Mr. Nason was acting pastor of the American church in Paris in 1899.

### A College Professor at 80.

Although President Henry G. Weston of Crozer Theological seminary is more than 80 years old, he performs all the duties of his office and will deliver four lectures next week at the interdenominational Bible class to be held at Lake Orion, Mich. As long ago as 1849 he was moderator of the Baptist General Association of Illinois, which state was the scene of his early labors.

### "Bobs" Is a Crack Rider.

Lord Roberts is a fearless rider and usually well in at the death in a fox hunt, but his eminence as a hunting man depends on his splendid eye for country and his unrivaled knowledge of horse flesh and not on mere daredevilry. Lord Roberts has had his share of "croppers," but, thanks to his light, steel-built frame, he has never come to any serious harm in the hunting field.

### Six Doctors This Time.

South Bend, Ind., July 29.—Six different doctors treated Mr. J. O. Landeman, of this place for Kidney Trouble. He had been very ill for three years, and he despaired of ever being well.

Somebody suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Landeman used two boxes. He is completely cured, and besides losing all his Kidney Trouble, his general health is much better than it has been for years.

No case that has occurred in St. Joseph County for half a century, has created such a profound sensation, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are being well advertised, as a result of their wonderful cure of Mr. Landeman's case.

### Oom Paul's Smoking and Drinking.

Karl Kruger smokes almost incessantly and for many years drank amazing quantities of beer daily, but only on once occasion did he ever taste alcohol. That was at Bloemfontein after the signing of an alliance with the Orange Free State. On that occasion Oom Paul took off a bumper of champagne, and he liked it so well that he has never tasted it since.

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