

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, "No-to-bac" Braces up paralyzed nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St., New York, 10 Spruce St.

Judge Benson is called the brightest orator in southwestern Nebraska.

Why Do You Cough?

Do you not know that Parks' Cough Syrup will cure it? We guaranteed every bottle. There are many Cough Syrups but we believe Parks' is the best and most reliable. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

Clyde P. Johnson, '95 L. S., will captain Cornell's nine next year.

Diseases unfriendly to women are positively cured by Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles. Ask your druggist for a free sample package, it heals and cures. Sold & Grice.

Lowlander was eligible to start in the suburban until 45 minutes before race.

Ladies—Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles are effective for female weakness, pain on top of the head and lower part of the back. It strengthens and cures. Deyo & Grice.

The Kentucky stable lost heavily on Ingomar.

Mrs. W. J. Fahey of LeRoy, N. Y., says: "Have tried fifty cough Cures. Parks' Cough Syrup is the only one that helped me. I know it is the best Cough Remedy Sold by C. L. Cotting."

President Von der Horst pays all the fines of the Baltimore players.

W. P. Bayes of 2405 Jones St., Omaha, Neb., says of Parks' Sure Cure—"My wife has been constitutionally wrecked for years. Tried everything fruitlessly. My druggist's persuasion backed by his guarantee, induced me to buy a bottle of Parks' Sure Cure. The results are truly wonderful. Parks' Sure Cure for the Liver and Kidneys is a positive specific for the diseases of women. Sold by C. L. Cotting."

Farmers in the Platte valley are warning hunters to keep off the grass.

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That's why we recommend DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure Constipation, Indigestion and Biliousness. C. L. Cotting.

Tom Lovett is giving Boston as little satisfaction as Staley and Stivetta.

Small in size, great in results: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for Constipation, best for Sick Headache, best for Sour Stomach. C. L. Cotting.

The ex-Cleveland's, Doyle and Davis at the New York batting.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Skin Affections and Piles. C. L. Cotting.

Complaints about McGraw's dirty ball playing still abound.

No Gripping, no Nausea, no Pain, when DeWitt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small Pill. Safe Pill. Best Pill. C. L. Cotting.

It looks as if Hutchison has seen his best days as a pitcher.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay C. y. Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It is a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles.—C. L. Cotting.

Abbey is the most popular Washington player.

Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure is the result of experience, skill and honesty. It is a positive cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Jake Beckley always gets shaved on ladies' day.

Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure cures Stomach trouble. Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure cures Liver complaints, cures Kidney difficulty. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Teddy Larkin seems to have retired for good.

Try a bottle of Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure and you will be convinced that it will cure all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel difficulty. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Griffith is Chicago's winning pitcher. Dugdale is Washington's Tom Tucker.

Experience and money cannot improve Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure, because it radically cures Dyspepsia, Liver complaint and Kidney difficulty. Deyo & Grice.

Reitz can beat any man playing ball on getting a ball to first on a double play.

Ladies—For diseases of women, Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles will reach the difficulty radically, positively and effectually. It is mild but effective. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Terry had his revenge upon Pittsburg. How troublesome cast-offs are.

Ladies—The druggist named below will give you a free sample package of Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles, which cure diseases peculiar to women. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Chicago has finished its series in Cleveland and will play there no more this season.

Ladies—Remember that diseases become incurable. Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles will positively cure long standing cases. It heals and cures. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Manager Hanlon is wearing his last season's hat. It's a little snug, though.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

TOUCHING AND FERVID SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Preaching to a Nation Through the Press While He Is at the Antipodes—"The Rustic in the Palace"—Duty of Children and Love of Parents.

BROOKLYN, July 8.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the antipodes on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press today "The Rustic in the Palace," the text being taken from Genesis xlv, 28, "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries afterward persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to 140 years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event 150 years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth and died at 140 years. Joseph Crelo of Pennsylvania lived 140 years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of 37 persons who lived 140 years and the names of 11 persons who lived 150 years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception, but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of 140 years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living and his children shook the oriental abode with their merriment.

A Glorious Visit. The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you—my dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him and the news was confirmed the tears began their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man, and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text, "I will go and see him before I die."

The Love of Parents. What a strong and unfeeling thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost the fate for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on, but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh today, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at 17 years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died 50 years before, and I said to my parents, "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated. I am often asked as pastor, and every pastor is asked the question, "Will my children be children in heaven and

forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy 17 years of age and the man in middle life, his forehead developed with the great business of state—but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness and from health to more radiant health. O parent, as you think of the darling paunting and white in membranous croup I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph, notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon.

A Great Day. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors, and the fountains, and the carved pillars, and oh, how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come there with him to see their son in his great house! "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farmhouse of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was president of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night, telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost the midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capital. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister.

It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed, but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you 50 times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final goodby. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said, "Husbands, remember what you lately were and remember what you are and be thankful."

Joseph and Jacob. By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father, Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs and walking over these mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions, but I can't take a man from Padannam and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!" Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living, and when he was dead Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs, but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man! They are

so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again and the son has to repeat it he bawls in the old man's ear, "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years, and not gone yet! Eighty years, and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store, and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay. I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs, "The eye that mocketh at its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pallbearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

Closing Days of Peace. I rejoice to remember that, though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past, and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him, and when life had passed the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible and carried him to the village Machpelah and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture fields of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remain unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self sacrificing ones peculiar or angular, but if you have had as many annoyances as they have had Xantippe would have been an angel compared to you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children than of one childish old man. Among the best women are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were sound asleep they were soaking the old man's feet or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillion they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septuagenarian and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

Women to Be Honored. In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who staid on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood 6,000 years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some especial mission are the names of Anna Ross and Margaret Breckinridge and Mary Shelton and Anna Etheridge and Georgiana Willetts, the angels of the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain and Chancellorsville, and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibates.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne prepared for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to father;" the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother." "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned God by my prosopopoeia text, but I thank God I may find in my text "Over the hills to the palace."

Jacob's Resolution. As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the 1,100 shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaninondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Zeus from burning Troy, on his shoulders Anchises, his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence, burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said, "O God, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of excretion provided for his old mother. Jacob kept

his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit of mine iniquity! Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance. I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that embalmed residence, and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ you, too, will be enlaced.

Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throneroom and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauleted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming! Your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

Immortal Symmetry. But, oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their feet now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe as they shall say to you, "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world, but you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here, and as we used to visit you on earth before we died now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" And mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The saints' everlasting rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the Cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famino struck Padannam turned into the rich pasture fields of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

Inflammable Iron. The fact that iron in a very finely divided state, when exposed to the atmosphere, may oxidize so rapidly as to practically take fire is pretty generally known.

The circumstance is brought to mind by a newspaper waif reporting an incident of the Alexandria bombardment in Egypt a dozen years ago. A shell belonging to one of the English ships had passed into a house without exploding, and the residents subsequently requested the removal of the unwelcome guest. A number of men were accordingly sent ashore, and after some consideration as to the best plan to be pursued in removing the dangerous missile a feather bed was procured and the shell firmly enveloped in it. It was then carefully rolled down stairs and was probably thrown into the sea. To show, however, that this was by no means convincing evidence that its dangerous properties were destroyed the case was cited of an iron shell which had laid under water for about 200 years, and which, when brought to the surface, was so completely honeycombed by the sea water and presented metal in so fine a state of division that, to the horror of the surprised finder, it gradually steamed fiercely and became redhot.

From this it was argued as not at all improbable that a similar occurrence might take place with the shell of the later period, and that if, in after years, it should be found and brought to the surface its finder might be surprised in much the same way.—Cassier's Magazine.

Plastometite. It is stated that the German invention—plastometite, or improved smokeless powder—has been satisfactorily tested by the government authorities. As produced by Herr Gutter, the originator, the solution is poured into forms, where it becomes a fairly hard material, capable of being pressed, rolled, etc., can be colored at will and is, like celluloid, serviceable for numerous purposes. As powder, it is adapted for blasting, for cannons and rifles, signal rockets, etc. The special advantage, however, claimed for it is complete durability, while all other such powders manufactured by the means of ether and nitroglycerin invariably deteriorate. The combustion of plastometite, it is also asserted, is so well balanced that it leaves no residue in barrel or cartridge, although the striking velocity of the projectile is unusually great; the initial velocity from a 0.3mm. caliber is given 715m. with a gas pressure of considerably below 3,000 atmospheres. Neither cold nor hot weather has any effect upon cartridges of this kind, whereas all powders containing nitroglycerin suffer from changes in the atmosphere.—New York Sun.

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Are the leading and most successful specialists and will give you help.



Young and middle aged men. Remarkable results have followed our treatment. Many years of experience in the use of curative methods. We have cured cases of nervous debility, indigestion, and impotency, and the result of our treatment leads to the recovery of the system. We guarantee our own exclusive treatment will afford a cure. SYMPTOM: Do you want to get cured of that weakness with a treatment that you can use at home without instruments? Our wonderful treatment has cured others. Why not you? Try it. CATARRH, and diseases of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Liver and Kidneys. UNNATURAL DISCHARGES promptly cured in a few days. Quick, sure and safe. This includes Gleet and Gonorrhoea. TRUTH AND FACTS. We have cured cases of Chronic Diseases that have failed to get cured at the hands of other specialists and medical institutions.

Address or call on DR. HATHAWAY & CO., 3 E. Cornish Street, and Fifth St., Rooms 1 and 3 (Up Stairs), ST. JOSEPH, MO. LE BRUN'S. YOUR BROTHER. The remedy being injected directly into the seat of the disease, it is not necessary to disrobe, requires no change of diet or unusual, medicinal or poisonous medicines to be taken internally. When used AS A PREVENTIVE by either sex it is impossible to contract any venereal disease. It is equally applicable to those already uncleanly affected. All correspondence answered promptly. Business strictly confidential. Entire treatment sent free from observation. Refer to our patients, banks and business men.

For sale by Deyo & Grice, Red Cloud.

To Water Consumers. Notice is hereby given to the patrons of the city water service, of the city of Red Cloud, that section 24 of ordinance No. 43 heretofore annexed of said city will be strictly enforced hereafter: It shall be unlawful for any person within said city to sprinkle, eject or throw water from private or public sprinkler, washer or hydrant upon any public street, lane or alley, or any yard garden or enclosure, or permit or cause the same to be done, nor upon or against any building upon such street, lane or alley, except for the extinguishment of fires and ordinary house cleaning except between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock a. m., and 5 and 8 o'clock p. m., of each day; and any other person violating any of the provisions of this section shall upon conviction thereof be fined in any sum not exceeding ten dollars and stand committed until such costs and fine are paid. W. B. Rony, Mayor.

Water Commissioner. Dated May 4, 1894.

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are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price \$1.00; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by For sale by Deyo & Grice, Red Cloud.

THE GREAT DIVIDE FOR 6 TWO-CENT STAMPS we will send you a Brilliant Gem of unusual color, and a copy of "The Great Divide," so you can see what a wonderful journal it is, provided you name the paper you saw this in.—It's a real Jewel we'll send you.

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