

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DANIEL, THE COEUR-DE-LION OF ALL AGES.

Golden Text: "His Windows Being Opened in His Chamber Toward Jerusalem"—Daniel, VI: 10—Delivered at New York Sunday, September 3.



HE scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paw and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the lionine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Coeur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-hot furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion-tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist: Darius, in the early dusk of evening, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonian successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great, and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay-windows, and skylight-windows, and windows of conservatory, and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail-bags, coming down the plank, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds and thousands of persons find-

ing that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good-bye."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forget sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and, if you have surplus means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel, in the text, kept this porthole of his domestic fortress unobscured because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and, once enfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but, out of sixty-three emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion-tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoes. Jerusalem was about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and pray, and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonian window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian Desert!" Yes;

but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of limitless hunting grounds, partridge, and deer, and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lance and bitter draught and miasma, and banishment of neuralgias, and cataplexies, and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah, in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on. An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation, and has calculated that there will be in heaven one hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose a hundred millions yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms; and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children and even the throne-room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the king according to the promise: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell, nothing but shame and contempt; but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

MISSING LINKS.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 320 pounds.

In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself.

In some parts of south Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and their husbands attend to the heavy standing round.

In the British Museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass, with an engraved emblem of the monarch Thothmes III, who lived 3,400 years ago.

Nevada is the most sparsely settled State. There are nearly two and a half square miles to each inhabitant; next comes Idaho, with one inhabitant to each square mile. Montana and Wyoming each have less than one.

As the supply of ivory is becoming short billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

The Mexican torch thistle, growing to a height of fifty or sixty feet, looks more like a candelabra than a tree. Another variety of the same species has long gray bristles, which give it the appearance of the head of an old gray-haired man.

A Pennsylvania railroad train recently went 58.3 miles from Camden to Atlantic City in forty-five minutes, an average rate of 76½ miles an hour. This is considered the fastest time ever made by a railroad train in this country. The fastest single mile was made in forty-one seconds.

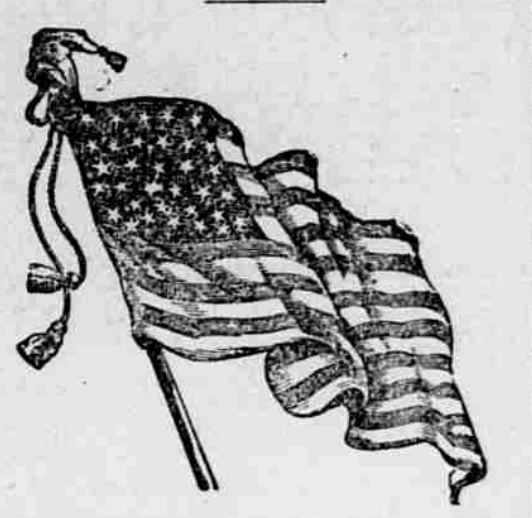
The practice of ringing the curfew bell appears to have prevailed throughout Europe long before the Norman conquest of England, its object being the laudable one of preventing fires, which on account of the houses being built chiefly of wood were at that time quite frequent and destructive.

Belgium's revenue from the drink habit has grown in forty years from 4,000,000 to 33,000,000 francs, crime increasing 200 per cent at the same time and insanity 128 per cent.

GRAND OLD PARTY.

LIVING TRUTHS OF THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

Selections from Various Authorities Which Serve to Prove the Wisdom of the People in Calling the Party Back to Power.



President Cleveland on the Main Issue.

"The millions of our countrymen who have fought bravely and well for tariff reform should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare and constantly guarding against treachery and half-heartedness in their camp.

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering people."

These bold, brave words were penned by Mr. Cleveland less than eleven months ago. They were thought worthy to be incorporated in the campaign text book of the Democratic Congressional Committee last fall. What has come over the spirit of Cleveland and his Democracy that they have ceased to "exhort to continue the struggle" and are not "boldly challenging to open warfare?"

Can it mean nothing more or less than that, their record of tariff reform and their promises of more of the same kind of reform having been repudiated by the voters, they now desire to escape the issue of their own and their President's making. In this respect they display good political judgment, and if they were permitted to make the issues which shall be fought out before the people all would be well with them.

But the Republican party and the people will not permit them to escape from the issue that was so bravely marked by President Cleveland when he told Catchings that their party "should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare." That the Republicans mean to accept that challenge and wage the great battle of next year on that line was plainly manifested at the Cleveland convention. Republicans everywhere are hoisting the banner of the party, which is inscribed "Protection of American Industries and American Workmen," and in that sign they will conquer.

When the President's declaration of last August is recalled, and then the spectacle is witnessed of he and his party putting forth such tremendous efforts to make the money question the issue to the exclusion of all other questions, it must be apparent to thinking men that what they behold is but a great Democratic conspiracy to abandon "tariff reform" and force a false issue before the people.

Their newspapers, even, appear to be parties to the conspiracy, for they are constantly declaring that the tariff question is settled and woe to the party that attempts to open up that question. They are forever sneering at "McKinleyism," which they have made a synonym for protection, in the hope of making it odious before the people. But the more they sneer the stronger the principle becomes with the Republican party and the greater becomes the probability that the man whose name has been coined into a synonym for protection to American labor and American industries will be chosen to lead the Republican army to victory next year.

The Republican State Central Committees of Ohio, Kentucky and other states where elections are to be held this fall could, with great profit to the party, circulate the Catchings letter. The two paragraphs quoted above should be printed in bold-face type. Democrats would not relish having it thrust upon them, but that is only an additional reason why it should be done.—J. L. K., in the Dayton Daily Journal.

Our Insane Tariff Policy.

The report of the first year's exports and imports under the Wilson bill is at hand. It is interesting. During the fiscal year of 1894 we imported silk to the value of \$16,234,182, and in 1895, the fiscal year ending June 30, to the value of \$22,626,056; that is to say, we paid about \$6,400,000 more to foreign silk manufacturers and artisans for the year ending June 30, 1895, than during the corresponding prior twelve months. We imported cotton goods to the value of \$22,346,547 in 1894; and to the value of \$33,195,328 in 1895; this represents a loss to American industry of about \$11,000,000. Our imports of woolen goods were worth \$19,351,350 for the fiscal year of 1894, and \$36,542,396 for that of 1895. This represents more than \$17,000,000 taken from American and paid to European capitalists and workmen. The list of increased imports might be extended indefinitely. The shrinkage in American wages and profits must have been immense.

The free-traders told us that what we lost in wages under a low tariff we should gain in the reduction of prices. The treasury report does not confirm this statement. It confutes it. A sure test of the prosperity of the Americans is their consumption of the almost necessary foreign luxuries, tea and sugar. We import all of our tea and most of

our sugar. If the new tariff had brought prosperity it would have brought increased imports of tea and sugar. But the imports of sugar exceeded \$126,000,000 in 1894 and fell short of \$77,000,000 in 1895. Our tea imports were worth \$14,000,000 in 1894, and \$13,000,000 in 1895. The conclusion is unavoidable; while we are importing, and paying gold for, silks, woolsens, and cottons that we ought to have woven for ourselves, we had to stint ourselves on sugar and tea.

The free traders also told us that what we paid out for imported manufactures would be returned to us for grain, meat, and other products of agriculture. For, said they, the foreigner must eat, and the more American money he gets for his work in European factories the more American-raised food he will be forced to buy. The secretary of the treasury's report destroys its fiction. In the same year, from June, 1894, to June, 1895, in which we so wonderfully increased our imports of manufactured goods, we most woefully decreased our exports of farm products. Europe took less of our cheese by about \$2,000,000 in the year in which it increased our purchases of its silks by more than \$6,000,000. While we added \$11,000,000 to our bill for European cotton cloths, Europe cut down its bill for American breadstuffs, exclusive of wheat flour, from \$59,407,041 in 1894 to \$43,805,663 in 1895, and its bill for wheat flour from \$69,268,829 to \$51,651,928 in the same period.

There was a shrinkage of about \$4,000,000 in our lard exports, of about \$5,000,000 in our seed exports, of nearly \$2,000,000 in our butter exports, and so on all along the agricultural line.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Protection of the Issue.

Despite all Democratic efforts to beg off the issue, the political battle of 1896 will be in the cause of protection. Complicated questions of currency that cannot be settled by a campaign, but rightly belong to a conference of expert financiers, capable of separating the false from the true, cannot displace the great policy of protection to American industries.

This assertion is purely dispassionate and logical. Since 1892, the time of the present administration's rise to power, disaster has involved the entire country, throttling enterprise and stagnating prosperous business ventures on every hand.

A healthy treasury has become an empty one and the national debt has been increased by millions of dollars. Not only this financial distress, but every day adds an appalling quota to a monstrous treasury deficiency. Government receipts lag far behind government expenditures, and revenues have decreased to an alarming extent.

Common sense tells the people that the tariff policy of the dominant administration is at the root of all these commercial and industrial woes. Under protection everything flourished exceedingly; under moderate free trade everything has depreciated.—Daily Saratogian, Saratoga, N. Y.

Situation of the Tin Plate Trade.

The trend of affairs in Wales will probably afford a partial relief to the strained condition in the American tin plate trade, but the greatest relief that can be expected will hardly place the industry here on a proper footing. There is a great difference between the inducements needed to keep in the business a manufacturer who has his trade built up, and his works running on the most economical basis, and the margin of profit to be secured to a beginner who must build up his trade and spend money in experiments necessary to get the works down to economical and efficient operation. For this purpose an increase in the protective tariff is absolutely necessary. A return to the McKinley duty is not now needed. For the first introduction of the industry into the United States profits had to be assured to pay for costly experiments which have been made, and need not be made again, but a protective duty of 15 cents is really needed to put the industry on a fair plane, and it is hoped that proper steps will be taken to do justice to the tin plate industry as soon as the party favoring protective duties again comes into full power.—Tin and Terne.

The Benefit of Free Wool.

Goods are being brought in here, according to trustworthy testimony, at prices which do not cover more than the cost of yarn out of which they are made. The grossest frauds in undervaluation are being perpetrated upon the customs laws, and these goods fraudulently imported are placed in competition with domestic goods and with foreign goods honestly imported. The magnitude of this curse is little appreciated by the average manufacturer and commission merchant, but it is probable that the present light-weight season will furnish object lessons which will strike home and open the eyes of those who now see dimly. Already the cry is heard through the goods district that the foreign manufacturer has obtained the goods market on special grades of worsteds—it is frankly admitted that the domestic manufacturer has lost the market on worsteds from \$1.25 to \$1.75.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal, July 29, 1895.

The Free-Traders Forget It.

While our free-trade friends are pluming their feathers over what they choose to call an increase in wages, let them bear in mind that it is not an increase of wages, but a restoration of wages; and there is one point in this connection that should not be overlooked, and that is that, in most cases, the restoration has been only partial. In but few cases where the wages of mill hands have been raised are they as high as they were in 1892. Don't forget this.—Gazette, Trenton, N. J., July 16, 1895.

Wanted No Invidious Comparisons.

One of the new members of congress was, a few years ago, a county judge in the state from which he hails (says the Washington Star). On one occasion in his court, a lawyer was pleading a case and was making a speech which stirred in the jury to its profoundest depths. In the course of his peroration, he said: "And, gentlemen of the jury, as I stand at this bar today, in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that at any moment he may be called before a greater judge than the judge of this court, I—" The judge on the bench rapped sharply on the desk, and the lawyer stopped suddenly and looked at him questioning. "The gentleman," said the court with dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury, and not permit himself to indulge in invidious comparisons."

In this Work-a-Day World

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Paresis, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unprovoked collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system with a restorative stomach bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out and infirm. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

Bees in a California Church.

Four swarms of bees have taken possession of the Methodist church in East San Jose, Cal., and it is estimated that there are at least three hundred pounds of honey deposited between the outer and inner walls of the church. It is proposed to hold a honey carnival in the church and in that way secure enough money to pay for the damage done in securing the honey.

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