

# KANSAS--NEBRASKA.

ARE NO LONGER THE HOT BED OF WILD EYED THEORISTS.

Gradually Settling Down to the Conditions Ordained by the Laws of Nature--The States Will Fight the Delusions and Vote Republican Ticket.

Nebraska will be one of the battle centers in this national campaign. Nebraska is the home state of Bryan. Because of his nomination for the presidency, all the hysterical and nervous mind force of his Nebraska followers will be aroused to its utmost tension from now until election day. So far as Bryan's followers are able to make it so, the campaign will be sensational. Bryan himself being the very embodiment of sensation, in his attitudes and in his oratorical effects, and the doctrines which he preaches being such as to appeal to the hysterical and nervous mind force of the community, the campaign will undoubtedly be one of the most exciting ever witnessed in the country; and Nebraska will be one of the centers of this excitement.

Not only is Bryan himself a breeder of political hysteria on general principles, in his attitudes and in the effects which his oratory produces, and not only is the attitude of the democratic party in espousing so suddenly the free silver cause, heavily charged with sensationalism, but populism, which is the very essence of sensationalism, being now merged with Bryanism and this new democracy, the whole at once becomes a complete aggregation of all the sensational fads that have characterized the last decade in American politics.

Until recent years the mind force in farming communities has been supposed to be phlegmatic in its character, slow in action, and more than any other class of people, farmers have been judged as conservative and deliberate. For the last few years, farmers in Nebraska and Kansas have exhibited the very reverse of conservatism to a degree almost alarming. People in the east have been unable to account for the universal activity of the mind force in these western farm communities, and especially their tendency toward sensational doctrines.

In the old world the cities are the resting places of sensation. The unusual mental activity of the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska is undoubtedly due to the physical conditions; the clear, bracing atmosphere, the healthy and nourishing food, the high altitude and the electrical conditions which arouse the mental force to the utmost tension, all combine to make them the most active and bright minded people on the face of the earth. It is as impossible for the mind force of Kansas and Nebraska people to be dull and phlegmatic as it is for the mind force of the people of the south to be bright.

Whoever comes from an eastern state and spends a week in Nebraska will feel upon his own person and in his mental faculties this same exhilarating force. There is no brighter minded boy in the world than the Nebraska boy. It is said, by those who understand that a man in both mind and body is the product of the physical conditions which surround him, that the future will show in the western prairie states of high altitude, the brightest minded men and women in the world. This unusual mental activity, peculiar to Kansas and Nebraska, makes the people quick to grasp at a new idea and bold to espouse a new cause. This quickness to act in a new cause, while it indicates the bright mental faculties of the people, also indicates a recklessness which would be alarming, were it not understood that the community is new, that there is gathered on these western prairies a heterogeneous mass of men from all sections of the country, blending all the isms of a dozen different types and civilization, not yet fully settled down into conditions of order and harmony susceptible of the best leadership. Any declaimer who had a piece to speak could get an audience in Nebraska; any orator who had a sensational speech to deliver could get applause; and any theorist who had a plausible scheme could find ready and eager followers. In the last six years, however, Nebraska and Kansas have had much experience. The farmers have listened to many orators and many isms have been expounded and exploded. The two per cent per annum government loan proposition which caught the farmers of Kansas like wild fire six years ago has run its race and is a dead cause. The doctrine of the government ownership of railroads no longer arouses the enthusiasm that it did a few years ago, and only plays a perfunctory part in giving body to the populist platform.

The bitter and relentless attack of a few years ago on railroads, telephones, telegraphs, banks, and all manner of corporations for which these western states were famous, has subsided, and now the populist United States senator, congressman, member of the legislature and the populist official of whatever rank, rides on a railroad pass whenever he can get one with as much nonchalance as the most confirmed wire-puller of the old parties. In the earlier history of the populist party, each county and state platform denounced the politician and office seeker, and each orator declaimed with sanctimonious uncton on the evil effects of personal ambition and office seeking.

All this is at an end in Kansas and Nebraska. Now, the populist orator boldly asserts the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, and in the county and state conventions they jostle each other in greedy scramble for place and power, without rebuke from the

populist press or protest from the rank and file.

The present campaign will be exciting and Nebraska will be one of the centers of battle, but let it be understood that the bright mind force of these prairie farmers has passed upon the sophistries of populism, and it will be rejected in this year as it was six years, four years, and two years ago. The voting population of Nebraska has been subject to the Bryan windmill for six years. Every light grain, every shriveled kernel, and every empty hull has been blown out into the populist chaff pile.

The republican wheat which remained after the campaign of six years ago, four years ago, and two years ago, remains still, and there is enough of it to make a good round majority for McKinley and protection.

### Free Trade and Free Silver.

When Hamlet was about to commit suicide he reasoned with himself as to whether it was better for a man to be dead than alive. When Plato showed him how it was impossible for him to destroy himself, that he would live on in the next world, and that there would be trouble there, just as there is trouble here, he hesitated, saying, "Aye, there's the rub."

Many a voter in these United States who has listened kindly to the silvery voice of the free silver orator, will pause before he drops the ballot, and say to himself, "Aye, there's the rub."

When we have shuffled off the gold bug and the plutocrat, when we have dismissed the trained minds from the councils of the nation, when the boy orator is in the presidential chair, and when all the other free silver orators are in the seats of congress, when the sober, experienced business mind of the republic has been dethroned and the inexperienced, experimental mind is enthroned in power, what ills may come to the American people? Will Altgeld, Tillman, Waite, and Peffer, whispering in the ears of the boy president, bring us peace and financial security, or will they bring us ills that we know not of? It's an undiscovered country, this Beulahland of silver and two per cent farm loans.

They tell us that in this undiscovered country each cloud will have a silver lining, but we cannot see behind the clouds and we know not what storms of wreck and revolution may be gathering there.

What other new isms will be evolved by the inventive genius of these new and inventive statesmen when they sit down in council to doctor the financial system of this country? As they have raved about among the people like strolling minstrels, each has sung his own particular song and each has startled his audiences with doctrines unique and original. But when they get into congress, these men of new ideas, under the stimulating influence of competition, what new and yet unheard of experiments will they not bring forth? When populism had control in Kansas it enacted stay laws which were intended to make every borrower a dishonest repudiator, which drove out of the state every dollar of conservative low-rate money and cost the borrowers of the state \$2,000,000 annually in advanced interest. They defied the laws of the state and surrounded the state capitol with armed soldiery. The election of Bryan and a Bryanized congress may mean to re-enact these Kansas scenes at Washington. It is not so much the intent of these free silver orators to be revolutionary that makes them dangerous, but rather the recklessness with which they invent new doctrines and their inability to agree among themselves as to just what they do want and as to just how to bring it about.

It was two years and three months from the time Cleveland took his seat until the Wilson bill was passed. It will be three years from now before a free silver law can be enacted. What will happen in the meantime?

### Decline of Populism.

Now that the populist party has been swallowed bodily by the democratic party, it is interesting to go back to its earlier history and see how far it has drifted from its original moorings.

Kansas was its chief nesting place when it made its famous campaign in that state six years ago. Then it had for its chief corner stone the doctrine that the government should issue unlimited quantities of paper fiat money and should loan this money to the farmers of the country, \$2,500 on each quarter section of land, at two per cent per annum.

This proposition is regarded now as absurd and impractical even among the populist farmers themselves; and yet only six years ago it was the one particular doctrine which more than any other was talked of in the farmers' meetings and advocated as a safe and practical measure.

At that time Frank McGrath, of Beloit, Kas., then the state president of the Kansas Farmers' alliance, was continually deluged with letters from Kansas and Nebraska farmers inquiring as to the two per cent per annum scheme. In these letters President McGrath was urged to hurry the matter forward with all possible haste, and in some of them strong personal appeals were made on the ground that the writer's mortgage was nearing maturity and that he was exceedingly anxious to change his rate of interest from seven per cent per annum to two per cent per annum, and to shift his debt from some grasping New England creditor to the government itself.

Frank McGrath, who is a strong, self-reliant, practical man, had opposed the two per cent government loan scheme in the populist state convention at Topeka, and it was the greediness with which he saw this doctrine devoured

by the populists that made him first lose judgment in these nervous and excited people, and it was this deluge of letters pouring in upon him during his presidency of the state alliance more than anything else that made him sick of the populist cause and caused him to abandon it, which he did in the following year.

Talking to a friend of this matter, he said: "Many of these letters were pathetic. They urged that the two per cent government loan proposition should be crowded forward to completion with all speed, and many of them desired reply by return mail that they might know just when to expect the money. It was pitiful to see a community of honest, well-meaning men so carried away on so flimsy and unreasonable a proposition."

About that time, through an interview in the Kansas City Journal, Frank McGrath gave it out that he despaired of success for the Farmers' alliance as soon as he saw that into the new movement was drifting all the hysterical and nervous mind force of the country. He saw that this two per cent government loan proposition was greedily seized by these nervous and excited men. He knew that, though the fallacy of the scheme would soon be apparent, other financial schemes equally catchy and equally unpractical would be suggested from time to time, and by the appeal of these catchy doctrines and by the appeal to class prejudice the weaker and more hysterical part of the people would be gathered together by designing leaders into one vast army of excited and unreasonable men, and he feared that such a condition might be the beginning of the end of the republic.

What Frank McGrath feared six years ago has come to pass. All the hysterical mind force of the American people has been aroused by these catchy doctrines and organized into one mighty impulse to do--what? Does it know what it will do? Just now this impulse is for free and unlimited coinage of silver. Six years ago it was for the free and unlimited coinage of government farm loans. What will it demand next year? Should it get into power, this impulsive mind force, when will it enact this free coinage law? When Bryan is elected and when his triumph has swept into the national congress all these nervous and unstable minds, when will they agree on a free coinage law? And what other dangerous and unpractical measures will be gathered in by this mighty drag net, this organization of disorganized mind force, this aggregation of visionary and unpractical men?

### THE MAREMMA.

Large Tract of Insalubrious Land Bordering on the Mediterranean.

The name of Maremma is given to a large extent of insalubrious land which borders the Mediterranean, whether insalubrious because uncultivated, or uncultivated because insalubrious is a problem which has not yet been solved, says Good Words. Though both modern science and quickened national enterprise have of late years been applied to its solution, the results accomplished have been unconvincing. The Tuscan part of the Maremma stretches inland nearly to Siena; beginning at the north a few miles from Leghorn, it extends to the ancient frontier of the pontifical states, from whence the same immense tract of sparsely cultivated and malarial territory continues under the name of the Roman Maremma and Campagna to the gates of Rome. There is no hard-and-fast border line between the healthy and the unhealthy land but the transformation is a gradual one, the villages become rarer, the cultivated land diminishes, stretches of wood and bog are more frequent until we no longer see any houses by the roadside but only here and there in the distance some small gray hamlet perched on the top of a rocky hill, "like roosting falcon musing on the chase." On the hillside near such oases some field, a few olive trees and then again begins the woodland, large forest trees, then groves of beeches and oaks loomed continually for firewood, the forest full of dangers and alarms, with its ponds and bogs and labyrinths, a hiding place or anything from a ghost to a brigand--in short, the typical forest of the Maremma. Toward the Mediterranean coast the hills become less abrupt and along the shore and up the broader valleys which diverge from it stretch immense extents of undulating grass lands, seemingly uncultivated but which really are sown piece by piece in regular rotation every ten years.

### Napoleon After the Battle of Dresden.

The night of the 7th was spent in indecision as to any one or all of these ideas but in active preparation for the retreat; any contingency might be met or a resolve taken when the necessity arose. During that night the emperor took two warm baths. The habit of drinking strong coffee to prevent drowsiness had induced attacks of nervousness, and these were not diminished by his load of care. To allay these and other ailments he had recourse for some time to frequent tepid baths. Much has been written about a mysterious malady which had been steadily increasing, but the burden of testimony from the emperor's closest associates at this time indicates that in the main he had enjoyed excellent health throughout the second Saxon campaign. There were certainly intervals of self-indulgence and of lassitude, of excessive emotion and depressing self-examination, which seemed to require the offset of a physical stimulus; but on the whole natural causes, complex but not inexplicable, sufficiently account for the subsequent disasters.

# CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Power of a Child--An Up-to-Date Fish Story--The Buffalo's Debt--Nailed the Baby Down--Humming Birds--Anecdote of a Cat.

OME they brought her warrior, dead; She nor swooned nor uttered cry; All her maidens watching said, "She must weep or she will die." Then they praised him soft and low--

Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior slept, Took the grave-cloth from his face, Yet she neither moved nor wept. Rose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knees; Like summer temple came her tears, "Sweet, my child, I live for thee." --Tennyson.

A Fish Story.

There is an old dorky who can be found any day perched on such freight as may rest on the platform of the little station at S-- up in Maine. He has a cheerful word for everyone that will greet him, and was never known to lose his good humor except on one occasion. One morning he was, as usual, perched on a bale of straw but instead of whittling at a piece of stick, a habit of his, he sat with his face in his hands, gazing mournfully out over the little lake that stretched away among the hills. It was then I noticed that his nose had assumed enormous proportions, almost shutting out his eyes.

"Why, Ike, what's the matter with your nose?"

He shook his head sadly and inquired if I had a little "baecy." I handed him some and waited for an explanation about his nose.

"I's neber gwan ter fish no mo', sah--no, sah! neber no mo'; 'cause dat's whar I's got dat nose, youse see."

"How did it happen, Ike? Tell us; perhaps we can fix you up."

"See dat little neck er-runnin' out past de big mountain ober dar? Well, round dat neck dere's a cove, and dere's as fine er trout stream runs in dere as dey has 'bout dis place. Ise er-fishin' dere de oder day, when Ise seed er big one fittin' by a rock dat's dere. Ise thrashed dat spot by de hour, and dat trout he done come an' look at de fly, an' den--yes, sah, den dat trout laugh at me an' swim 'way. I's tried ebery'ting to ketch him, but 'twan't any use. Den Ise grew er-thinkin'. What he do 'round dat stone all de time? So Ise rested very quiet and watched dat stone. Pretty soon Ise see er bee hummin' 'round close to de water and near de stone, and Ise see de trout make er leap fer him.

"Dat settled it; Ise knew what ter ketch 'im wid. Ise just caught er bee an' put de hook in between 'e wings, where it wouldn't hurt him. Den Ise casted. Yah, yah!--he! he! Dat trout he made one leap an' he had de bee; but de flight was awful. He done paid no 'tention ter me, but he an' de bee wuz er-havin' it out--and how dey did fight! Ise got him on de bank at last, and dere's whar my trouble came in. Ise opened his mouth ter get de hook out, when out flew dat bee, and he wuz mad. Yes, sah, he just been er-waitin' fer me, Ise know, an' he landed plumb on my nose. Youse see de result. But dat's only part ob it. De trout he swelled up de same way. He wuz five pounds when Ise first ketched him, but when he was done swellin' he was too heavy ter carry home."

We silently left Ike to continue his mournful contemplation of the lake.--Harper's Round Table.

### Nailed the Baby Down.

Tommy Teale was just six years old. Today was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. The mother had gone out on some errands and left him all alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very, very badly to think such a thing had to happen on his birthday, and besides little Nellie cried a great deal.

He did not know what to do with her, of course, he loved her dearly, but did not enjoy taking care of her when she was fretful.

As he stood at the window Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" "I can't," shouted back the little prisoner, "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight, and she can't get out!" screamed Ned.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. He thought Nellie might burn herself, or pull the cover off the table and break the lamp, or some other thing that babies seem to love to do. Ah! a bright idea came into Tommy's head. He ran quickly to the closet, got the hammer and tacks and then went over to his baby sister and drove three tacks right through her pretty little dress, fastening her down tight to the floor.

When this was done he ran out of doors as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. In such a hurry was he to get to play that he neglected to shut the door tightly.

In about an hour Tommy's mother returned, and much to her surprise she found her baby daughter out on the top step! Both her chubby arms and dim-

pled neck were bare, for she had no dress on. Her mother picked her up and carried her into the sitting room. There was the little frock nailed to the floor, in torn condition, showing how very hard baby must have struggled to get away, and of course, it had to be put into the rag bag.

Tommy came in soon after and was very much astonished at what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby," he said. "I thought you only wished to keep her out of mischief, and I felt sure the nails would do that!"

Tommy's mother shook her head, as much as to say, "I never did see such a boy!"--San Francisco Call.

### The Buffalo's Debt to the Flamingo.

The buffalo is used as a beast of burden in Java. Everywhere you see them grazing lazily in the fields or dragging carts or plows. It is a clumsy animal. Thick folds of superfluous fat and skin hang about its neck and limbs, and a constant stream of perspiration runs from its almost hairless body. A beautiful pair of crescent-shaped horns adorn the forehead of this tropical horse. Flocks of flamingoes and white cranes strut and fly in and out among these beasts.

On one occasion I saw a beautiful flamingo parading up and down upon the back of a buffalo cow, which was lying almost immersed in a mud hole by the roadside. This bird was feasting his tropical appetite by picking insects and other unwelcome visitors from the shining back of this mammoth beast. This kind of thoughtfulness on the part of the flamingo is much appreciated by the cow, and I am convinced there exists between them a pure, platonic friendship.

### Humming-Birds.

It was long thought (says a writer in Chamber's Journal) that humming-birds would not live in confinement, and this idea is so far correct that, although easily tamed, they will not live long in captivity if fed only on syrup. If confined to this food they die in a month or two, apparently starved; whereas, if kept in a small room, the windows of which are covered with fine net, so as to allow insects to enter, they may be preserved for a considerable time in health and beauty. Their nests are very curious; many of them are cup-shaped and very small, sometimes no larger than the half of a walnut shell, and they are often beautifully decorated on the outside with lichens, so as exactly to resemble the branch in the fork of which they are placed. They are formed of cottony substances and are lined inside with fibers as fine and soft as silk.

The nests of other species are hammock-shaped, and are suspended to creepers; the Pichincha humming-bird has been known to attach its nest to a straw rope hanging in a shed; their eggs are white, and they never lay more than one or two.

Once, when on the Amazon, Mr. Wallace had a nest of young humming-birds brought to him, which he tried to feed on syrup, supposing that they would be fed on honey by their parents. To his surprise, however, they not only would not swallow the liquid, but nearly choked themselves in their efforts to eject it. He then caught some very small flies and dropped one into the wide-open mouth of the poor little orphan humming-bird; it closed instantly with a satisfied gulp and opened again for more. The little creatures, he found, demanded fifteen or twenty flies each in succession before they were satisfied, and the process of feeding and fly-catching together required so much time that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon them to their fate.

### A Cat Story.

Many strange anecdotes have been related which seem to show almost human intelligence and reasoning powers in animals; but the following true incident, furnished by a correspondent of Youth's Companion, suggests the possession of even higher qualities:

On a farm in Indiana there were two cats, and in the barn each had a nest of kittens about the same age, on opposite sides of the haymow. One of the cats fell sick; she had a little cough, and wasted away till it became apparent that she would not long be able to take care of her family.

One day the two old cats were noticed sitting on a beam in the barn, and the observer was impressed by something unusual in their actions. They seemed to be absorbed in the consideration of some important question.

After this had lasted for some time the well and strong cat got down from the beam, and going to the nest of her afflicted friend proceeded to carry the kittens from it one by one to her own nest on the other side of the haymow.

The dying mother watched every motion of her sympathetic friend until the last kitten had been safely transferred to the home of the other family, and then she dragged herself from the beam, went out of the barn and was never seen again.

The other cat brought up both families as one, treating all alike, until they were old enough to shift for themselves.

### Wanted to Go Home.

The two small boys who wanted to fight Indians had gotten some distance from home. The romance had dwindled and a discouragement which neither liked to confess had taken possession. "Look here," said one of them at last, "I've been playin' I'm Sierra Sam for two days now, haven't I?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, I'm kind o' tired o' that game, I think I'll play the prodigal son."

### What to Do With Hard-Boiled Eggs.

A man sent his daughter to buy four eggs. She bought them and he put them in a sauce pan to boil, saying to his wife:

"Just look at those eggs, will you and take them out when they are done."

He went away and came back in half an hour. Finding the eggs still boiling, he cooly took them off, put them cold water, dried them and said to his daughter:

"Take those eggs back and say you wanted ducks' eggs, and if they have no ducks' eggs, bring the money back."

### A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing twinges of indigestion, might be truly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for fever and acute debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

### What a Broken Chain Did.

A broken bicycle chain stopped the operation of an entire street railway system in Chicago recently. The chain parted and fell from a wheel with one end in the slot of an underground trolley line. One end of the chain touched the trolley wire, and the other remained outside, forming a short circuit. All the cars suddenly refused to work. The trouble was finally discovered by a track-walker, who saw a blue flame where the chain and track were crossed. When the chain was removed the operation of the cars was resumed.--Exchange.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.--Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 30, 1895.

### A Census Experience.

In the recent census of the county of London, the occupier of a tenement handed back a blank paper to the collector with a confused statement that it did not apply to her. "And where do you live then?" asked the bemuddled enumerator, after a long struggle to disentangle the witness. "Where do I live? Why, where should I live but in my own 'ome'?" "Well, where is your 'ome'?" "This is my 'ome, of course it is." "But you just now said that you did not sleep here last night." "No more did I. I never slept a minute all night long, and my husband 'I tell 'e the same."--Household Words.

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Man is name of honor for a king.--Chapman.

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