

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CROWNS OF THORNS AND CROWNS OF ROSES."

From the Text: "Ye Know the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, That Though He Was Rich Yet For Your Sake He Became Poor"—II. Cor. 8:9.



HAT all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarified of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, "What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? The brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that the Psalmist spoke of, he was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described him, he took white palfrey with what prince of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers, chimneys, the prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, grey of chrysolite, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aqua-marine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal; harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the prince surrounded by those

who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumference, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, therefore, to the seraphic, archangelic! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly sojourn to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell! 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor.'"

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of his earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn-door. The Rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this member of eternal Royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary Prince, "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn, and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing-smack, and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

But the Crown Prince of heaven's dominion has less than the prince, less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the Throne to the bottom of the Cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the Evangelist, in his last hours, took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

land of heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary about three o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that he left behind when he started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me." Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote: "Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear." When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments; the king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But seeing the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement. For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered to be constructed. Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the North, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer; something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever.

PERSONALS.

Richard Croker will return to this country in December. R. D. Jefferson has completed the feat of riding a bicycle a distance of 6,574 miles in 150 days. Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford has added 600 members to the suffragist clubs since her arrival in Idaho. Every morning Mrs. John Burns, wife of the great labor leader, reads for four hours before breakfast. Gov. Budd, of California, says he thinks the fraudulent coyote scalp claims will aggregate \$50,000. The sultan of Turkey of late has been given quite a number of nicknames. The last to come to the surface is that of "Hamid the Hangman." Dr. Livingstone used to tell how, while traveling in Africa, he was so hard set for food that he made a meal of two mice and a light, blue-colored mole. The queen of the Netherlands is not as strong as might be, and it has been decided to take her to Italy, and, perhaps, to Egypt, for a good part of the winter. Czar Nicholas has become a patron of literature. He has commissioned M. Istomine to make a collection of the popular songs and patriotic ballads of his empire. Mr. George Faudel-Phillips, the new lord mayor-elect of London, is the fourth Jew to hold that office. His father, Sir Benjamin Phillips, who was lord mayor in 1868, was the second. Sir Henry Irving is one of the best swordsmen in England. He has practiced scientific swordsmanship for many years. One of his fencing masters was Prof. McLaren, now of Olympia. The oldest living graduate of Harvard is Dr. William Lambert Russell, of Barre, Mass., who was in the class of '26. He is also senior alumnus of the medical school, being in the class of '31. The Belgian government has just conferred the civic cross of the first-class upon a man of the name of Achilles Vandercamp, in recognition of his having saved the life of King Leopold. A rich discovery of gold has been made near Grahamstown, Cape Colony.

BONANZA FORTUNES GONE.

Inheritors of California Millions Now an Almost Penniless Crowd. California has long had the reputation as the home of the bonanza king and a recently issued document, based on the records of the San Francisco Probate court, tells an interesting story of the contents and entanglements which have massed about the last testament of many famous millionaires and the final disposition of the vast sums they left behind them, says Denver Field and Farm. The document gives the history of fifty-three wills, disposing of \$175,000,000. About 400 heirs divided the vast sum and to-day nearly half of that number are penniless again and only a few succeeded in adding to their inheritance. The average number of persons provided for in each was ten, though in a number of instances, the most notable of which was the case of Florence Blythe, the entire estates passed into the hands of single heirs. The comparatively small estate of Kate Johnson, which was appraised at \$1,250,000, reached more heirs than any other, the number on the list being twenty-five, while the \$4,000,000 of Thomas Blythe went to one child, Florence, after a celebrated trial. The estate of Maria Coleman was valued at \$1,757,000 and it went equally to three heirs. Charles Crocker's \$22,000,000 reached six persons, while Mary Ann Crocker's \$11,883,657 went share and share alike to four of the six who got Charles Crocker's larger fortune. Peter Donahue's \$3,708,312 went in equal parts to three heirs. Mrs. Theresa Fair's \$4,693,250 went to three persons—Charles L. Fair, Miss Virginia Fair and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs—while William P. Fuller distributed his \$1,771,262 to seven persons of his name. Emmanuel Goldstein's \$1,000,000 went to six heirs, George Hearst's \$8,788,137 went in equal parts to his wife and son, while Walter Hobart's \$5,273,366 went in thirds to his three children—Walter Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart and Mrs. Wentrop Lester. Mary Hopkins' \$20,694,762 went to two persons. Robert C. Johnson's \$1,910,550 went to eleven persons in almost equal portions. There are a few exceptions to the general course of estates, as in the case of Lick and Stanford. The \$5,000,000 of the Lick estate went chiefly to one heir and to a number of trusts of a public nature created before James Lick's death. Charles McLaughlin left his \$2,476,000 to his widow, while Alexander Montgomery's \$2,356,845 went to three heirs. Daniel T. Murphy's \$2,041,670 went to six heirs. William S. O'Brien's \$9,655,450 reached eight persons. James left an even million, which reached four persons in shares and a number of small bequests. A. J. Pope's \$1,650,000 reached four heirs. Washington Ryer left \$1,276,398 to fifteen persons. Leland Stanford's \$17,688,319 went to four persons and the trust for the university.

MENELEK'S INDEPENDENCE.

Not Such a Barbarian as is Commonly Supposed. The pope's influence has failed to secure the release of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia. It is said that his shrewd counsellors disapproved an attempt so little likely to succeed at a time when his holiness cannot afford to risk the papal prestige; but a generous pity overcame their reasoned objections. As if to emphasize the refusal, Menelek has set free sixty-four officers and men of his own accord. They report that the Abyssinian monarch is not such a barbarian as is commonly supposed. He reads the leading Italian journals through an interpreter—it is well for the prisoners mean exactly by "many," stand them himself. Menelek desires to make himself equal to the European sovereigns; and this fact represents progress, for all his predecessors firmly believed themselves to be already equal or superior. The Italian officers are frequently questioned about the manners and customs of royalty in Europe. His queen actually wears dresses from Paris and stockings, shoes, etc. Many French families are settled at and near Entotto, where the negus has a palace, and they supply these articles. One would like to know what the prisoners mean exactly by "many." It may be credited, however, that Abyssinia is about to undergo a change, with Russians and Frenchmen to direct it; and, in that case, the sooner Egypt gets command of the upper waters of the Nile the better for her safety. To occupy the Sudan would be the first move of the energetic negus, who felt himself strong enough to organize a grand attack upon the hereditary foe, says the London Standard. And if he got possession of the Sudan, self-interest would tempt him to divert the Nile, cutting ill-will towards Egypt aside.

Longfellow's Gentleness.

He was reluctant to make any criticism of other poets; I do not remember ever to have heard him make one and his writings show no trace of the literary dislikes or contentments which we so often mistake in ourselves for righteous judgment. No doubt he had his resentments, but he hushed them in his heart, which he did not suffer them to embitter. While Poe was writing of "Longfellow and other plagiarists," Longfellow was helping to keep Poe alive by the loans which always made themselves gifts in Poe's case. He very rarely spoke of himself at all and almost never of the grievances which he did not fail to share with all who live.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

Fatality at a Card Party.

Mrs. George J. Snook overturned a lamp at a card party in Akron, Ohio. Her dress caught fire and she was burned to death. Apple beer is now the rage in the country districts of Maine.

100 Hood's Sarsaparilla

Does One Dollar Is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is economy to get Hood's when you need a blood purifier and nerve tonic because Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate, etc.

A Pugilistic Earl. London society is much interested in an incident reported from Bucks, in which the earl of Orkney, who a few years ago married Connie Gilchrist, was the principal figure. The earl was walking out a few days ago with the countess' pet dog and met some roughs who had a bull terrier which they set on the countess' pet. The earl called upon them to desist, which they insultingly refused to do, whereupon he went for the biggest of them in true pugilistic fashion. A ring was formed, and there was a hot fight to a finish. The earl came off victor, leaving his opponent in a battered and helpless condition. The earl came out of the encounter almost unmarked. He was heartily congratulated the next morning at the meet of the hounds on his triumph.

One Secret of Longevity. Those anxious to prolong this rapid transitory existence of ours beyond the average span, should foster his disposition, negatively by abstaining from indiscretions in diet, and affirmatively by the use of Bitter, less stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when he experiences symptoms of indigestion. The impairment of the digestive function is fatal to vigor. Subdue with the Bitters, also, fever and ague, biliousness and constipation.

No More Four-Year-Old Mutton.

With regard to mutton, four-year-old mutton is now a thing of the past. Formerly people could not dine unless the saddle of mutton was cut from a four-year-old sheep; now the mutton sent to the table is from 18 months to 2 years old, and the younger generation are not sure that it is not preferable to the much-prized four-year-old mutton. The saddle is still considered the prime joint to serve.

McClure's Magazine will begin in the January number a series of "Life Portraits of Great Americans" with reproductions of all the existing portraits of Benjamin Franklin known to have been made from life. There are fifteen such portraits, and some of them have never been published. Mr. Charles Henry Hart, probably the highest authority on early American portraits, is collecting and editing the material for the series, and will add introduction and notes giving the history of the several portraits and whatever is interesting in the circumstances of their production. There will also be an article on Franklin by Professor Treat, of the University of the South.

Dangers in Target Practice.

Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar, the late commander of the forces in Ireland, once told Father Healy that he found "blind shooting" prevailing to a deplorable extent among the Irish militia regiments, and that he intended to insist on a greater attention to target practice. "For goodness' sake don't do that, your royal highness," exclaimed Father Healy; "if you make the militiamen good shots, there won't be a landlord left in the country."

Merchants Hotel, Omaha.

CORNER FIFTEENTH AND FARNAM STS. Street cars pass the door to and from both depots; in business center of city. Headquarters for state and local trade. Rates \$2 and \$3 per day. PAXTON & DAVENPORT, Prop's.

She ought to Vindicate.

The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the cardinal was this: "My child, I am sorry for you; but the scripture tells us to watch as well as pray."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Every winter we long for a night gown made out of a red blanket.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

The world may owe you a living, but all it ever pays is a pauper's funeral.

I shall recommend Piso's cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Maudigan, Fumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1875.

When a boot agent of other fakir tries to rob you ask him if he is familiar with the new word nit.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet. Tender sores, Feet, Chills, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

It is not such a terrible thing to lose your reputation; some men would be lucky if they could do it.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

It is probable that every man has tried to have two girls at one time, and failed.

BONNIE DUMPS. HOW did he get there? Once a vigorous, prosperous business man. How did he get there? By getting in the dumps when his liver was lazy, losing his temper, losing his good sense, losing his business friends. When You Feel Mean and Irritable send at once for a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the kind you need in your business, 10c., 25c., 50c., any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample. **Cascarets CATHARTIC** Cure CONSTIPATION. ADDRESS: STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK, N.Y.

Flower Ghosts. Anyone who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The specter of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 50c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Beggared herself for Charity. The duchess of Santonna, who died recently in the deepest poverty at Madrid, spent a fortune in charity, her gifts for half a century back being of the most generous description. On one occasion, hearing that a noble Spanish lady was about to sell her jewels to pay a debt, the duchess sent her a check for \$200,000. She died in want, and none of those to whom she had given abundantly thought enough of her to see that her days were ended in comfort.

In the opening paper of Harper's Magazine for January Poulitney Bigelow will sum up the result of "Portuguese Progress in South Africa," showing how ineffectual a colonizer Portugal has been during four centuries of nominal possession, and how demoralizing has been her influence upon the blacks. For this paper R. Caton Woodville has made four spirited illustrations, including the frontispiece, from photographs taken by Mr. Bigelow. George du Maurier's "The Martian" will continue to increase in interest with the development of its hero, Barty Josselin.

Insulted. As she jumped from her bike, dusting her boots with a spray of goldenrod, she exclaimed: "I have wheeled more than sixty miles since dinner; what do you think of that?" "Great feat," he surprisingly ejaculated. "Sir!" she almost hissed and turned away with malign hauteur; nor has she spoken to him since.

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE. GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? . . . If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures. **San-Cure** puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest. The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions. There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be convinced through personal proof.

BLAKES' BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE ACTUAL BUSINESS FROM THE START. Teaches business by doing business. Also thorough instruction in all branches by mail. Life scholarship \$24, six months course \$6. Corner 16th and Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or How to Get Patents. O. F. A. R. H. & S. W., Washington, D. C.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS Stove Repairs for any kind of stove made. 1207 DOUGLASS ST., OMAHA, NEB. Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease