

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

Proper and Advantageous Way to Sell Farm Products.

The independent shippers of grain to Chicago begin to realize that they have a common obstacle to surmount. The professional grain shippers over a dozen big states tributary to Chicago number an army. Many of them have grown rich from the farmers' wagons by a 25 years' stay at their stations. Some of them have private banks. Some have bought farms, all are prosperous. This house has not a word against these people. It is not doing business with them. It is doing business with an army of farmers. It has given producers the best practical help since the railroads made the big central markets possible. If 10,000 farmers have discovered that they have no further use for 1,000 country grain buyers, they have a perfect right to go past them, fill their own cars, and ship their own grain. Many years ago farmers discovered that the old reaper and the old double-shovel one-horse corn cultivator were too slow. They left them in the fence corners and bought improved machinery. The manufacturers did not kick. They met the demand with self-binding and riding sulky plows. The world has grown tired of many old things. The farming world is getting tired of paying others to do what it can do itself. If farmers wish to desert the local shippers (who may have been needed 40 years ago), no amount of malevolence on the part of the shippers can stop them. Grain shippers have an organ to keep up their courage. Their publication has again filled its columns with abuse of the farmers' commission house. It is a case of sore toe. They howl because they are hurt. The farmers understand this sort of warfare made on the house which has put them in touch with Chicago. Their letters to us show that they believe this fact, viz., that if there is enough in grain shipments to fight for, the farmers want that margin. All that is now needed to spread direct shipments is some well-developed opposition. Farmers are in a frame of mind to do about as they please this year. We welcome any fair and honorable attention from the paid organ of grain shippers, and will see that its attacks are well spread before independent shippers and independent thinkers in a thousand farming communities. We have assurances that our efforts in behalf of farmers will be fully appreciated and reciprocated. Any man or any house may be glad of a fair criticism from the enemy with such an army at his back, but unjust, malignant attacks, made with the intention of vilifying and injuring us, are different. Farmers never were in better temper to demand their full rights and full profits for their labor than they are to-day.—H. H. Carr.

Looking Forward and Upward. One cannot too soon forget his errors and misdemeanors. To dwell long upon them is to add to the offense. Not to grieve long for any action, but to go immediately and do freshly and otherwise, subtracts so much from the wrong; else we may make the delay of repentance the punishment of the sin.—Thoreau.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Bismarck Cards. A New York printer, who has struck off several thousand Bismarck cards, has disposed of more than 6,000, some for parties in Texas, and from the United States between 25,000 and 30,000 congratulatory postals will be sent to Prince Bismarck. The cards of United States origin go for 2 cents.

Read the Advertisements. You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

Unexpected Corroboration. Mrs. De Platte—Dr. Knowall says milk should not be used in large quantities, because it makes the hair fall out. Do you believe that? Mrs. Suburb—Dear me! It might be. Our cow sheds its coat dreadfully.—New York Weekly.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Fare and Stars. Blazley—"I was coming downtown in a car this morning and the conductor came along and looked at me as if I hadn't paid my fare." Blizley—"What did you do?" Blazley—"I looked at him as if I had."—Roxbury Gazette.

Dr. Kay's Renovator builds up the nervous system and worn-out tissue, renovates the whole system and makes the weak strong. See advt.

Poor, Indeed. Mrs. Crimmonbeak—"The gas is very poor tonight." Mr. Crimmonbeak (sailing)—"Yes; it seems to have only a bad scent."—Yonkers Statesman.

FITS Permanently Cured. Notice or non-response also first day a box of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer sent for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KILME, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Every man is secretly proud if his beard is stiff and hard to cut.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The smallest humming bird weighs twenty grains.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Serenade—a Pretty Story for the Little Ones—Reading a Newspaper at the Top of a Flagstaff—Daring Deed of a Chicagoan.

Where to Walk. HERE the pools are bright and deep, Where the grey trout lies asleep, Up the river and over the sea— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the black-bird sings the latest, Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the nestlings chirp and flee— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest, Where the hay lies thickest and greenest, There to trace the homeward bee— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest, Where the shadow falls the deepest, Where the clustering nuts fall free— That's the way for Billy and me.

There let us walk, there let us play, Through the meadow among the hay, Up the water and over the lea— That's the way for Billy and me.

The Serenade. One day a man, who had pictures to sell, came through the village where Mr. Chester lived. The pictures were mounted on large squares of pasteboard edged with gilt paper and were colored very brightly.

"Oh, can't we have one, mamma?" they plead, so their mother told them they could choose the one they liked best and hang it up in their room after the had looked at it. The boys were a long while choosing among such a number, for there were landscapes and roses and kittens playing with balls of cotton, but at last Fred, the eldest, decided that one called the "Serenade" was much the finest. It represented a garden, a fine house and a balcony. In the garden were flowers of all colors, and a great yellow moon made everything as bright as day, and beneath the balcony stood a gentleman with immense black eyes and curling hair, dressed in crimson velvet coat and knee breeches, with white silk stockings and buckled shoes and lots of lace ruffles at his neck and about his wrists. His big eyes were fixed upon the curtains of a window which opened on the balcony, and through them was thrust a very small white hand holding a rose. Below this picture were these words, "The Serenade" and some verses. When the boys had paid for the picture they sat down on the porch to look at it.

"I think," said Frank, "that it is the most beautiful picture that ever was. Don't you, mamma?"

"I believe it is the brightest I ever saw," said the mother.

"What does a 'serenade' mean?" asked Fred.

"Why, the thing he is playing on, of course," said Louis.

"No," said mamma. "That is a mandolin. When gentlemen admired ladies in those days they often went at night after every one was in bed to sing beneath their windows. They chose or wrote some song that told the lady how they admired her, how pretty and nice she was, and they often sang to a guitar or mandolin. Sometimes they did not sing, but played the flute. This gentleman is serenading the lady who is hiding behind the curtain, and this is probably what he is singing, and she read the verses below the picture.

"Why does the lady hide herself?" asked Frank.

"Well," said Mrs. Chester, "it was considered proper, but you see, she is going to throw the singer a rose, which will show him that she likes the serenade."

"That's his bike suit, isn't it?" asked Louis. "Where has he left his bike?"

"Bicycles were not invented when men dressed like that," said Mrs. Chester.

Fred read the verses again. "I think everything must have been prettier than it is now," he said.

"I often think so myself," said his mother. "Men will probably never dress like that again, but there could be a little more romance in the world if people chose."

"I know what you mean, mamma," said Fred. After awhile he sat down on the lower step of the porch and began to write on his slate, and pretty soon he called Louis and Frank to him, and they all whispered together. Their mother saw they were talking over some little secret.

After awhile papa came home to tea, and then they all sat about the table until about half-past nine o'clock.

As they were very early people they all went upstairs about that time, and at ten the house was dark and everyone in bed or supposed to be.

However, just as the clock struck, Mr. Chester lifted his head to listen.

"Dear me, what can that be?" he asked.

There was a sound of something not unlike Chinese music under the window, a queer whistling and a loud tapping and some laughing. Mrs. Chester jumped up, ran to the window and looked out. The moon shone bright and lit up the small lawn perfectly, and standing upon it she saw three little figures in knickerbockers, wearing sashes around their waists, plumed hats and making the music of which we have spoken. Just as she looked out one of them began to sing.

their waists and feathers from the large duster in their caps. Louis was playing on a comb covered with tissue paper. Frank was tapping his little red drum, and it was Fred who was singing. And now his mother guessed that what he had been writing on the slate was this song, which he now sung to a tune something like "Baby Mine": We have no mandolin, mamma, dear; No flute and no guitar, mamma, dear; But we play upon the comb And we beat upon the drum, And so we serenade our mamma, dear.

Because we love you so, mamma, dear; And you are so nice, you know, mamma, dear; So pretty and so good That you really, really should Have a serenade sung to you, mamma, dear.

Papa laughed as he listened, but mamma did not feel like laughing.

"How cunning they are! Oh, the little darlings!" she cried. Then she ran to the vase on the mantelpiece and took out three lovely roses that had been given her that day, and threw them down to her dear little boys.

And oh! the kisses that she gave them when they came to breakfast next morning with the roses in their button-holes and what raspberry jam with their pancakes.

A True Story.

Everyone knew and loved Father Graham. He was an old-fashioned gentleman with the simple heart of a child. Because of his goodness his influence was very great with both old and young in the little town where he dwelt.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will be only to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

Reads the News on High.

From the Chicago Dispatch: Just Wang, the assistant janitor of the Tacoma building, hunted up a queer place to read his morning paper today. He was not satisfied with even the roof of a sky-scraper, and so he climbed the fifty-foot flagstaff of the thirteen-story building at the northeast corner of La Salle and Madison streets, where he remained for nearly an hour calmly perusing the story of the preparations for Logan day.

While he sat perched at the top of the flagstaff, 300 feet above the sidewalk, people in La Salle and Madison streets craned their necks and wondered who was erratic enough to choose such a place for a morning airing. But Wang was not up there for his health. He climbed the fifty-foot flagpole to fix the halyard, which refused to work when the janitor attempted to put up the flag for Logan day. When he reached the top of the flagstaff he discovered that the pulley over which the rope passes was broken. A new pulley was needed and while Jacob Pfeifer went over to South

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face. Tender Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Hogs Saved Him. Gus Teeler, of Kirwin, Mo., fell off a windmill tower and saved his life by falling on his two porkers. It killed the hogs.

We have noticed that lawyers have very little respect for the law.

\$100 to Any Man.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE OF Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy—contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have \$20,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

IT'S DANGEROUS

To buy SCALES, guaranteed "AN GOOD AS FAIRBANKS," for less money; they can't be made. Don't buy unless you get the best. A cheap scale is the most expensive investment you can make; it is unreliable, and means that sooner or later you must buy again. Buy only a genuine, latest improved FAIRBANKS which will last you a lifetime, and prove the value of them to you. Beware of cheap imitations; your weights BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., 1102 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. (Old Scales Repaired.)

CARNOT MEMORIAL CHAMBER.

Widow of His Martyred President Now Has It Completed.

Mme. Carnot has now completed the memorial chamber dedicated to her martyred husband, and means that it shall be used as a private chapel. The room contains some praying chairs, President Carnot's desk and inkstand, and the souvenirs to which he was attached. On the walls hang the ribbons that tied the wreaths that appeared at his funeral, with the inscriptions turned to view, and the different silver wreaths sent from Russia are placed on easels. Albums filled with the letters of condolence and telegrams received from all the great ones on earth, and photographs of every description relating to the visit to Lyons and to the funeral are disposed in cases especially made for them. At Mme. Carnot's death these family treasures become her son's, but after that they will be given to the state, if then the state is republican and cares to remember the tragic assassination of its president well enough to receive their charge. The age changes so rapidly that one can not predict, even in a matter closely allied to the nation's welfare.

Confinement and Hard Work. Indoors, particularly in a sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much-needed rest. In the open air, they often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigorating more certain and agreeable than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Ratio of Sickness. The ratio of sickness rises and falls regularly with death rate in all countries, as shown by Dr. Farr and Mr. Edmunds at the London congress of 1860, when the following rule was established: Of 1,000 persons, aged 30, it is probable 10 will die in the year, in which case there will be 20 of that age sick throughout the year, and 10 invalids. Of 1,000 persons, aged 75, it is probable that 100 will die in the year, in which case the sick and invalids of that age will be 300 throughout the year. For every 100 deaths let there be hospital beds for 200 sick, and infirmaries for 100 invalids.

There is a Class of People Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation, called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Wealth of England. Highly important and significant are the figures just issued, with comparisons, showing the wealth of England in spite of twenty lean years of depression. The taxable property of England and Wales in 1894 was \$161,000,000, compared to \$104,000,000 in 1870. This increase of more than 50 per cent has taken place when the taxable value of land has decreased within fifteen years from about \$40,000,000 to \$33,000,000. The land formed in 1870 about one-half the taxable property of the country. It is now little more than one-fifth.

Droopy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest droopy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Perfectly Satisfied. Crack Boat Builder—Ah! How do do, Mr. Richman? How did that row-boat I made you last summer suit? Mr. Richman—Perfectly. Crack Boat Builder—Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Satisfied perfectly, eh? Mr. Richman—Yes. I left it in front of my boat-house all summer, and every scallawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned.

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For a Son's Memory.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ludlow, the mother of the well-known New Yorker, Robert Center, who was killed while riding a bicycle on the Western boulevard in New York, some months ago, has given his entire estate, valued at \$150,000, to endow in his memory a fund for instruction at Columbia College.

\$10.50 TO BUFFALO AND RETURN via Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago, good going August 21-23. A rare opportunity to go East at very low rates over "A First-class Line for First-class Travel." Reserve your sleeping car accommodations early by writing to L. D. Heusner, Gen'l Western Pass' Ag't, 119 Adams Street, Chicago. \$10.50 to Buffalo and return.

Half the kissing in the world is a habit.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beitz, 438 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 5, '95.

The best cure for a love is another one.

FAHRELL'S BAKING POWDER IS The best, at half the price; all grocers will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Of the 136,000 persons in Johannesburg 50,907 are Europeans.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Wild birds do not sing more than ten weeks in the year.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897: Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

Ride on Certainty

1897 COLUMBIA BICYCLES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD \$75 TO ALL ALIKE.

Not absolute certainty, for that isn't anywhere, but as near to it as possible. The Columbia of 1897 is the culminative finish of an evolution of twenty years of best bicycle building.

1896 COLUMBIAS \$60
1897 HARTFORDS 50
HARTFORDS Pat. 2 45
HARTFORDS Pat. 1 40
HARTFORDS Pat's. 5 and 6 30

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

If You Need Renovating Take

Dr. Kay's Renovator.

It invigorates and renews the whole system. A perfect renovator, removing the cause. Send for our new 64-page book with 56 pictures. Mr. Andy Winters, of East Chicago, Ind., writes: "I would not take \$1 for your book if I could not get another." Will send it now for a stamp. Address DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., OMAHA, NEB.

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILROAD

REACHES THE GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD:

Ute Pass, Hogerman Pass, Hell Gate, Pike's Peak, Mount Sopris, Mount of the Holy Cross.

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT LANDS OF THE GRAND VALL-VEY: Grand Junction and DeBeque.

THE MOST FAMOUS MINING CAMPS: Cripple Creek, Victor, Leadville, Aspen.

W. F. BAILEY, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo.

FARMERS! A NEW WAY TO SHIP YOUR GRAIN.

Instead of selling your grain at home and to use and save middlemen's profit. We have Saved Other Farmers Thousands of Dollars. Why don't YOU try it? Address for full particulars.

H. H. CARR & CO. 94 Board of Trade, CHICAGO.

SHIP YOUR GRAIN ESTABLISHED 1864

TO MARTIN D. STEVENS & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 212 BIALTO BUILDING CHICAGO. GRAIN, SEEDS AND PROVISIONS. Chicago Board of Trade Orders and Consignments Solicited.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. H. P. Hall & Co., Props., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For next 20 days we will sell this machine for \$1. to advertise same. Weave your fence for 10c. per rod. \$500 FOR A COMPLETE OUTFIT. AMERICAN TRUSS FENCE CO., TREMONT, ILL.

each WEEK to men all over U. S. to sell Stark Fence—cheap—BEST—OUTFIT—takes no money to TRY the work. Also want CLUB MAKERS get their trees free. Drop us postal-name references. Stark Nursery, Louisville, Mo. or Rockport, Ill.

PENSIONS, PATENT'S CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 10 adjudicating claims, city, etc.

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 35.—1897.

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

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