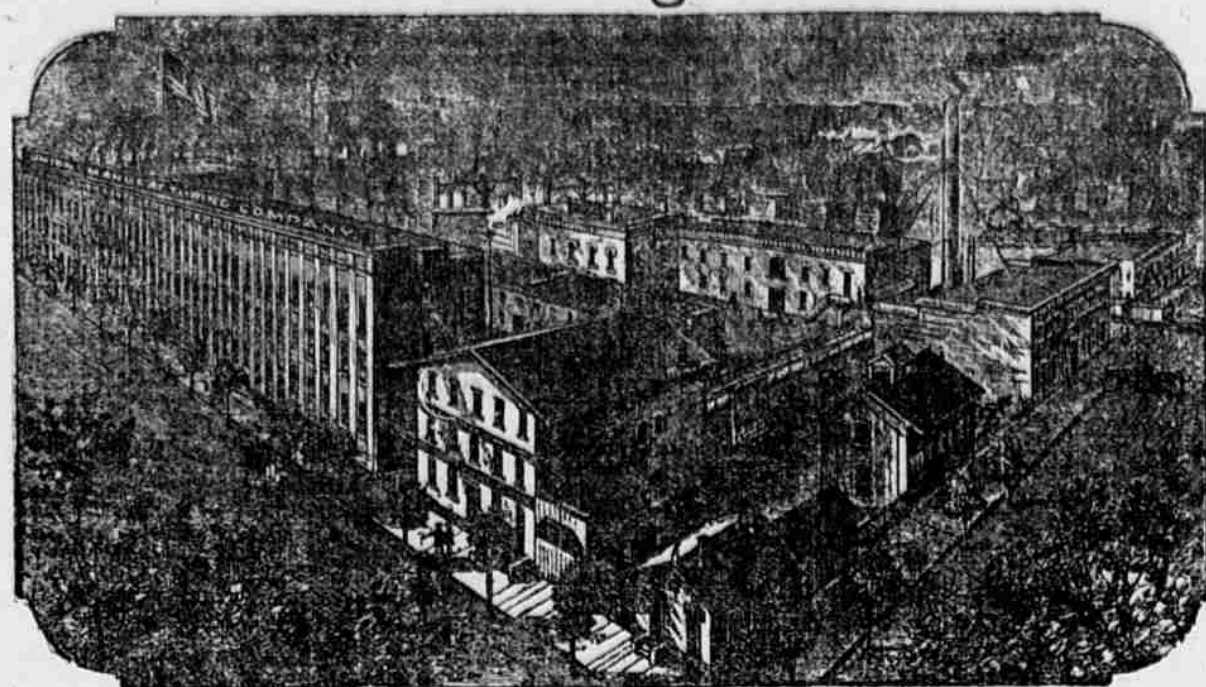


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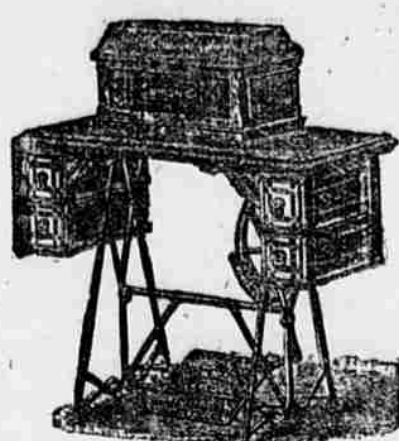
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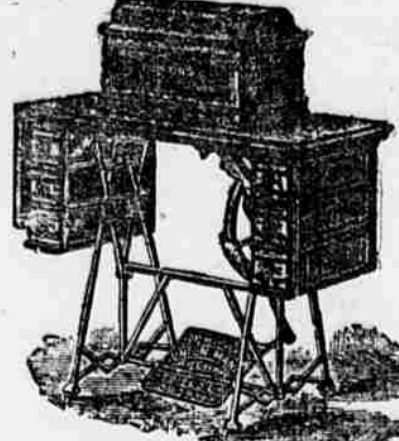
Style No. 3 \$55



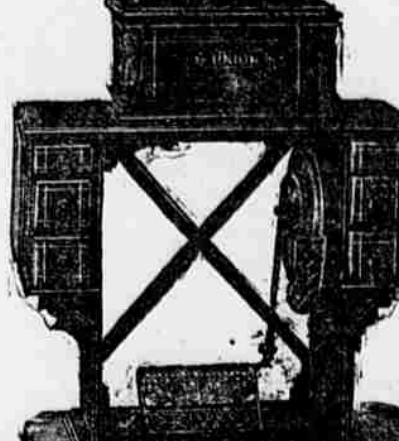
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IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Progress of the Russo-Greek Church in America.

CONVENT ABUSES IN PARIS. A Heathen Institution Under a Christian Guise — Boy-Cotting Religious Butchers—An Underground Chapel.

A Peculiar Religious Boycott. Chicago Tribune: A very peculiar boycott has been inaugurated in Milwaukee, Wis., against four butchers. They are the orthodox butchers and meat sellers for two orthodox Jewish congregations. The members of each are very poor and were not able heretofore to enjoy the luxury of a rabbi, prayers at their services being said by those who are able to do so. Then a committee of both the Montefiore and the Anse Jacob congregations hit upon a novel plan to secure the money necessary to pay Mr. Kumschersky, an orthodox rabbi at Chicago, who had been selected. They demanded that the four butchers were to pay 1 cent for every pound of meat which was sold at their shops. In vain they protested that their profits did not allow of this novel tax, being just sufficient to maintain their families. The committee urged submission, but failed. They then declared the boycott by proclaiming that the meat sold at these shops were not clean, and not treated according to Jewish rites, and consequently unclean. They sent out postal cards to all orthodox Jews in the city, asking them not to patronize the rebellious meat vendors. Two of the butchers have been compelled to close their shops, while the other two intend to call upon the courts to protect them.

An Ancient Underground Chapel. Globe-Democrat: An interesting discovery has been made in an old Spanish mine on the property of the Cornudas Cattle and Mining company, on the Casa Grande river, in northern Chihuahua, an immense estate belonging to El Paso and New York parties. The mine is called the San Pedro, and there is on it an old incline going into the mountain at an angle of forty-five degrees, and evidently following the richest ore streak in a zigzag manner. At the end of this incline a subterranean chamber was found, which had been fashioned evidently with great labor and trouble into a regular Catholic chapel. The chamber is some thirty feet high. Seats have been cut from the solid rock running all around the chapel, and so have been an altar and a pulpit. The whole was found neatly whitewashed, and presents a peculiar and weird aspect. The ancient chapel could be used at a moment's notice as a place of worship. The whole country adjacent to the Casa Grande and Santa Maria rivers is full of objects of interest to the archaeologist and naturalist. Prehistoric ruins are found everywhere, many of them clearly traceable to the Aztecs, but others evidently ante-date any authentic records of history. A richer field of exploration and investigation cannot be found anywhere in North America.

A Bogus Convent. St. James Gazette: A sham convent has just been discovered in Paris. The

case is attracting much attention. It abounds, a correspondent says, in scandalous revelations, and it is simply amazing that the police know nothing about the place until quite lately. The "false convent" was opened about six years ago by two turgidians, who originally had been expelled from a religious congregation of which they were members. The "mother superior" called herself "Sister St. Adalbert," and her artful assistant was "Sister Therese." They "sailed" under Franciscan colors and wore the habit of that order. Little difficulty was experienced in providing funds for the bogus establishment. "Sister St. Adalbert" inveigled a wealthy old spinster, a Mademoiselle de St. Andre, to come and live in the convent. She did so, and, being half crazy, allowed the so-called "nuns" to do what they liked with herself and her money. They shut her up in a damp room in order to accelerate her death, and told her that if she dared to leave it she would be "everlastingly damned." Poor Mile. St. Andre took this extremely bad language for evangelical truth, and lived on—half-starved, cold and comfortless—in her miserable room. She had a female friend, however, who came to visit her and saw through the frauds of the sham "sisters." Nevertheless, this person fell a victim to the wiles of the establishment, and was actually shut up herself with Mile. St. Andre, so, at least, it appears from the particulars furnished by the police; but the point is still involved in a little mystery. As to the "boarders" and "nurses" of the establishment, they were girls from six to sixteen. Some of them paid for their support, while others were received gratuitously into the strange nunnery. All, however, had to work like slaves with the needle, the sham "sisters" having succeeded in obtaining orders from leading linen drapers in Paris and the provinces. "Sister St. Adalbert" had also a retreat for old men in her monastic inclosure, and had been very successful in obtaining funds for the institution. The police have unearthed the scandal owing to the protestations of the parents of some of the "boarders," who complained of the way in which their children had been treated by the pseudo nuns.

Was It a Spirit. Philadelphia Press: A few months ago young Barnes came to Chattanooga from Georgia and formed a partnership with M. J. Nix to engage in the boot and shoe trade. After a few weeks Barnes sold out to Lewis Owens, one of the wealthiest and best known men in Tennessee. It appears that Barnes and Owens quarreled over the settlement, and, after being struck in the face, Barnes drew his revolver and shot Owens three times, the third shot being fatal, though not instantly. The wounded man was carried to his home, but nothing could save him. However, he fought desperately to beat back the rider of the pale horse, and so gallantly did he struggle that he lived several days. Saturday, January 14, came and Barnes was for the second time taken before the magistrate, and after a stormy fight trial he was released on bail, the magistrate holding that, inasmuch as the victim of the shooting was still alive, murder was not committed. The next day Owens grew worse, and toward evening sank into a stupor. Those who had been watching by the bedside knew that the end was not far off. Among those who remained through the night was ex-Mayor Sharp. A little after 4 o'clock Monday morning Mr. Sharp left the room, in which the wounded man was lying, for a moment,

and a circumstance that soon occurred is the feature of the story. Mr. Sharp does not like to talk of the matter, but he consented to tell it to your correspondent, and his own words are used. "It was standing," he said, "with my elbow resting on the mantelpiece looking down into the fire. The coals were nearly consumed and the apparent efforts of the embers to burst again into flames reminded me of the heroic efforts of my friend to get a fresh and stronger hold upon the soul that was surely though slowly slipping away from him. And I was running over in my mind the vicissitudes of life; how fleet of foot misfortunes are; how sorrow comes across our path at the meridian hour of the brightest day, leaving a shadow by us. "The lines of Horace came to me—"Pale death of equal tread knocks at the cottage of the poor and the palace of the rich." The thought was still lingering in my mind when I was aroused by a tap on my shoulder. Supposing some one had entered while I was absorbed in thought, I turned to answer, but no one was there and the door was still closed. I was startled, and immediately turned to the wounded man's side, where I found the watchers as pale as the watched, and trembling like aspen leaves. They asked me if I had been making any noise, and on assuring them to the contrary they looked at each other in amazement. They said that just before I entered the room a sound as of the moaning of the wind seemed to pervade the room, and peculiarly appalling sounds—not loud, but ominous—were distinctly heard; that for an instant the lamp, which had been turned low, almost went out, and the little light left seemed to shine as though through a fog. "What it was I know not, but it couldn't have been fancy on the part of the watchers, for I was actually there besides myself. Besides I was in a separate room, with the door closed, and I had said nothing to them of the tapping on my shoulder. If I were a spiritualist I would believe that the soul of Lewis Owens, just starting on its journey home, stopped to say good-by to me, for when we went to look at our charge he was still in death."

A Word in Defense of Inspiration. LAMONI, Ia., April 24.—To the Editor of the BEE: In the BEE of April 18 I find an article under the caption of "Self-Constituted Deity" over the signature of "Minnie Rath Winn," in which, among other things, the doctrine of inspiration is severely criticized. The shot, so to speak, is fired at Utah Mormonism in particular, and all other Mormonisms, including the original, in general, in which the author brands all alike with a want of fidelity to the government, and as the scum and slum of society. Perhaps the lady is not aware of the existence of the re-organized church, (so-called), and its very emphatic declaration of principles in regard to the government. As to the cranks, false Christs, and deadbeats generally, she tells us about, and the enormities of Utah blasphemers we will not take issue, for we deplore their existence as much as she does, but as to the general scope of the sound or original principles we take issue, to-wit: Faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sin, laying on of hands for confirmation and gift of

the Holy Ghost, and for the ordination of the ministry, and for the healing of the sick, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment; also, the doctrine of inspiration, we do take issue. The reorganized church is under the leadership of Joseph Smith, son of the murdered Joseph Smith, with headquarters at Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa, and this church now numbers some fifty or sixty thousand members, mostly all of whose feelings would be wrought up a little were the lady to say in their hearing that they are among the slums of society. The main thing objected to in the article referred to seems to be the doctrine of inspiration. If it be a fact that inspiration is a delusion, then the whole religious fabric founded on the Bible is a mere machine by which, as she says, "the leaders" in religious movements go into to gull the people in order to make a living without earning it. And if inspiration from God ever existed there is no reason why it cannot exist now. It seems to me that a government would be rather a tame one whose officers were all assumed, and whose head existed in such a way as never to be seen or heard from by any one of its subjects or citizens. No one can doubt there being great differences of opinion regarding points of doctrine in the Bible. How are we to arrive at the truth in regard to these points without the advantage of inspiration from God? The simple fact is we cannot, and that is the reason that religion is so diversified at this age of the world. And there is another thing which is a simple fact, take away inspiration and then the doctrines of deism, infidelity, paganism, and every other ism is just as true as Christism or Godism, and the whole profession, including pagan worship, is nothing but a delusion. It is not in supporting an avowed infidelity in laziness and extravagance. You knock the props from under inspiration, and you knock them from under the whole religious structure which has the Bible for its foundation.

Religious Aspect of Special Creation. Popular Science Monthly: Nothing has brought out the difficulty of the "special creation" theory more strongly than the modern science of comparative embryology. It has added enormously to our knowledge of the existence of (apart from its suggested explanation of rudimentary organs, and rudimentary organs have always been a difficulty in the way of the "special creation" hypothesis. Take the case of the whale. As Prof. Flower pointed out at the Reading church congress, it possesses in the embryo state a complete set of teeth, together with rudimentary hind-legs, furnished with bones, joints, and muscles, of which there is no trace externally. Both teeth and legs disappear before birth. On the theory that the whale is a descendant of a land animal, which used both legs and teeth, they are intelligible as survivals in a creature to which they are apparently useless. But that God should have created these structures in a new being, which had no organic relation with other created forms of life, seems almost inconceivable. We can neither believe that they were created "for more sport or variety," nor that they are "Divine mockeries," nor as an ingenious but anthropomorphic writer in the Spectator suggested, that God economically kept to the old plan, though its details had ceased to have either appropriateness or use. The difficulties are even stronger in the case of man and the now well-known facts of his embryonic life. How is it possible, in the face of these, to maintain the

we have in man a creation independent of the rest of God's creative work? Of course, if the theory of "special creation" existed either in the Bible or in Christian antiquity, we might bravely try and do battle for it. But it came to us some two centuries ago from the side of science with the imprimatur of a puritan poet. And, though scientific men are now glad to palm off upon theologians their own mistakes, religion is not bound to wear, still less to be proud of, the cast-off clothes of physical science.

RELIGIOUS. One thousand sinners have lately been converted at a Methodist revival in New York. The paschal candle in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, is ten feet, six inches high, weighs seventy pounds, and cost \$250. Rev. Wallace Nutting, who has not yet completed his studies at Union college, and who at one time met the expenses of his education by acting as a waiter, has received a call from a Congregational church in Newark, N. J., at a salary of \$2,000 a year. A man in Charlestown, Prince Edward's island, disinherited his relations and left \$40,000 to Bishop McEneaney for the erection of a new cathedral for that city. The bishop refused the gift and declined to take the whole or any part of the unusual bequest. A pure blooded Aztec is among the party of Mexican pilgrims now journeying toward Rome. The most valuable single present to be given by the pilgrims to Pope Leo is a massive cross of solid gold studded with precious stones, it is nine inches in length, and is said to be worth upward of \$80,000. The body of a Hebrew stock broker was cremated at Woking, which is a mortuary suburb of London, last week, being the first instance of a Jewish cremation in England. A delegate from a synagogue was present, and Rabbi Marks will conduct services over the incinerated remains to-morrow which will be the amount up to \$200. The vestry at once agreed to do so, and the first named pastor, the "boy preacher," who has been accompanying Rev. Sam Jones in his pilgrimage through Kentucky, is described as a handsome eleven-year-old lad. Dressed in knickerbockers and plaid button shoes, a jaunty little hat and high button shoes, he makes no more impression upon the casual observer than any ordinary well-dressed boy of eleven, but a close scrutiny will show the observer that there is something unusual about the lad. The impression is made when one looks at his large, brown eyes, that have in them an expression beyond boyhood—a thoughtful light that indicates a man of more than ordinary intelligence, while eminently boylike, is so full of nervous force as to at once impress a close observer.

In Church. Yankee Blade. I feel a solemn ecstasy, My heart rests of a sudden, My heart abides in pious peace, My bonnet sets divine! Grace, like a river, flows my soul, I feel religion's deepest power; My saviour's a splendid fit. A holy fervor penetrates My soul's remotest nooks. An earnest, chastened, fervid joy— How neat that ribbon looks! The good man streams of Christian peace. In chastened joy I sit. I bathe in tears of pure delight, My dress cost more than Nell's. O holy rest! O Sabbath calm! O chanted peace serene! I feel thy deep abiding spell. How drowsy is Miss Green! I feel a pure religious glow, O rapture undefinable! I know my bonnet looks as nice To those who sit behind.

The Country Editor's Wife. Montreal Gazette. You have heard of the country editor's life, With its cares and worry and doubt, Of his shabby gentee of his seamy clothes, Of his diamond pin and his calm repose, His bayonet, which he had put, But say, have you heard of the editor's wife? Of that silent co-partner, who, With a blending of sentiment, beauty and sweet, With temperate knowledge, with tact and will, The whole of his labor can do It is she who embroiders the garments worn By the editor's hard old chair, Now dressed with cushions soft and neat, And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet, Which once was so poor and so bare. If the editor's sick, or away, or behind, In need of more hands or more haste, She directs his wrappers so they can be read, And writes his leaders right out of her head. With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair, She reads the magazines, papers and books, As the cradle she softly rocks; While the editor sits in his easy chair, With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair, She quietly mends his socks. Then she reads the ads, with the editor, As the country subscribers so faithfully bring, With a cheerful seldom seen. But her life so full of merry delight Has one dark cloud, alas! Though she shares his ticket to circus and play, To lectures and negro minstrelsy gay, She can't use his railroad pass! When time hangs heavy on his hands, She beguiles the hours away, And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along The whole of each leisure day. Oh! who would exchange this sweet content, This simple life of a queen of royal birth! For the happiest woman on all this earth Is the country editor's wife!

IMPIETIES. A young lady in Pittsburg is being tried by her church on the charge of stealing a towel. Here's hoping she will be nicely whitewashed—as defendants in church trials usually are. The Salvation Army at Newton, Kan., is preparing for a grand jubilee. If the people in other parts of Kansas hear a strange racket some night they will know what it means. In the Peeshawur cemetery in India is the following amusing epitaph: "Sacred to the Memory of Rev. —, missionary aged —, murdered by his chowkidar, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant.'" New York gossip says that some of New York's fashionable men manage to pay their club fees by judicious renting of the family church pews during the periodic yearly meetings of the family from one fashionable resort to another. A minister overtook a Quaker lady and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in town, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr. —. Haven't you heard me preach?" "I have heard you try," was the quick rejoinder. One hundred years ago the town of Wilton, N. H., passed the following vote: "That the town provide one barrel West India rum, five barrels New England rum, one barrel good brown sugar, half a box good lemons, two loaves of loaf sugar for raising and framing said meeting house." Minister (to sick official)—You are aware, dear brother, that you are about to die! Sick Official—Yes; I am aware of it. Minister—And do you feel that you can go with resignation? Sick Official—Yes; but I'm going without resignation. We die, you know, but we never resign. Pomposus (to teacher (to class in sacred history)—What weapon did Samson use to kill the Philistines. No one remembers. P. O. T. (who believes in suggesting answers,

touching his chin)—What is this! Bright boy (who takes the hint and remembers it all now)—The jawbone of an ass, sir. George Cull, of Dallsburg, Ky., when a boy of only seven years, memorized and recited 1,300 verses of the Bible. His memory was so strong that after hearing a sermon preached he could repeat it verbatim. Yet, for all that, he did not turn out well! for he was sent to jail later in life for horrid stealing. "Ma," said Bobby, on his way home from church, "was old Mr. Hentley blown up by dynamite?" "Certainly not, Bobby; didn't you hear the minister say that his last hours on earth were peaceful?" "Yes, ma; but the minister said that he was gathered to his fathers, and I didn't know but what he was blown up by something. A small boy is rather slow in committing prayers to memory, and require a good deal of prompting. The other night began his regular prayer in his regular way. "Now—I lay—me,"—and there he stuck fast. "Down," said his mother, prompting. Whereupon Johnny set off again with great alacrity and fluency—"Down came a black-bird and nipped off her nose." "John, did the wife from the head of the stairway, 'do you know it's long past midnight! Must you work so hard on your next Sunday sermon as early in the week as this?' 'Coming in a moment, my dear. Don't bother me,'" replied the reverend spouse from his study. "Let me see—where was I? If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half—blister the puzzling thing, anyhow!"