

SILVER MEN GO OUT.

BEING LED BY TELLER OF COLORADO.

Cheers and Hisses by Turns Over the Movement—All of the Delegates of Two States Bolt—Senators Brown of Utah and Carter and Mantel of Montana Refuse to Go With the Holders—The Plea that Senator Teller Made.

The Fourth Day's Work.

St. Louis, Mo., June 19.—When the delegates to the national Republican convention assembled at the convention hall this morning, the word was passed around that the program was to adopt the platform at the morning session, nominate the candidate for President in the afternoon and name the Vice President at the evening session. The McKinley leaders had arranged to push things through and all preparations had been made accordingly.

At 10:30 o'clock Permanent Chairman Thurston rapped for order, which was soon partially secured. Then spectators and delegates arose for the prayer by Dr. John R. Scott of Jacksonville, Fla., the second colored pastor who has conducted the devotional prelude. Although Dr. Scott's voice was a strong one, so great was the confusion of the entering delegates and spectators that it could be told only from the movement of the minister's lips that he was praying.

Then Chairman Thurston, without any preliminaries, plunged into business by announcing that the first thing on the program was the report of the committee on resolutions.

Senator-elect Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio advanced to the front and presented the platform.

The first sentence of the plank pledging the party to "sound money" started a great cheer among the delegates on the floor. When the declaration of unalterable opposition to the free coinage of silver was read the delegates, led by Senator Lodge and Colonel W. A. Stone of Pennsylvania, rose in a body. Fans, canes and hats waved wildly until the pit looked like a hurricane tossed sea and the galleries roared their approval. For two minutes the tumult continued. The mention of the "gold standard," while received enthusiastically by the Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York delegations, did not arouse such great enthusiasm.

Hawaii and Monroe doctrine were applauded, but the enthusiasm over the Cuban plank was a general disappointment. As the plank was read Colonel Fred Grant, who sat on the platform with the distinguished guests, arose and wildly waved about his head the flag of the Cuban revolutionists, presented by the Cuban junta to James Creelman, the American correspondent, when he was exiled by General Weyler.

The invitation to the women of the country to help the Republican party to redeem it from Democracy and Populism was given a good natured cheer and the motion which Senator Foraker made to adopt the platform was also cheered.

TELLER MAKES HIS PLEA.

The Colorado Senator Forcefully Opposes the Gold Standard Plank.

As soon as the applause which greeted the reading of the report of the majority of the resolutions committee had died away the chairman announced that he would recognize, to move a substitute for the majority report, the gentleman from Colorado, Mr. Teller.

The name of Teller set the Westerners wild. In little scattering squads the handfuls of delegations who had been sitting under the banners of Colorado, of Idaho, of Nevada, California and Montana, and some of those from Tennessee and other Western and Southern States, were on their feet waving hats, flags, umbrellas and handkerchiefs and cheering. The fire spread to the galleries and spread across them until they seemed to be almost unanimously carrying the cheer. This lasted for about two minutes.

Then there fell over the house a deep, profound calm, and the people listened to a man while the clerk proceeded to read the substitute platform as follows:

"We, the undersigned members of the committee on resolutions, being entirely unable to agree with that portion of the majority report which treats of the subjects of coinage and finance, respectfully submit the following paragraph as a substitute therefor:

"The Republican party favors the use of both gold and silver as equal standard money, and pledges its power to secure the free, unrestricted and independent coinage of gold and silver at our mints at the ratio of sixteen parts of silver to one of gold."

TELLER MAKES HIS APPEAL.

Senator Teller, as he stood on the platform to make his final protest to the Republican party against the adoption of a gold standard policy, was a striking figure. Tall, gaunt, he wore the old-fashioned frock coat of the old-time statesman. His face is deep-furrowed with lines of thought, and no one who beheld him as he surrendered all of his old associations for a deep conviction on a single topic doubted his honesty of purpose. His gestures at times were almost fierce. But his general tone was one of sadness and regret. He was given a most respectful hearing by the delegates, but except for those in sympathy there was no demonstration on the floor in the early part of his address. The galleries, however, were at times vociferous, and when he vehemently asserted the power of the United States to control its own affairs without dictation from Europe in the matter of finance or anything else, many of the delegates were drawn into the display of enthusiasm by the wild tumult about them, but he made no effort at dramatic effect. He spoke in clear, ringing tones. It was not until toward the close of his speech that he became both impressive and pathetic. His review of his long service in the party visibly affected him. As he realized the step he was about to take he drew himself together for a final appeal and declared with an earnestness that impressed all who heard him, that in his opinion the morality, religion and

the salvation of the country were at stake.

DEEP FEELING IN HIS TONES.

After Mr. Teller had said: "I must sever my connection with the political party which makes the gold plank one of the principal articles of its faith," he paused and swept his eyes across the hall. For an instant the full significance of his defiance failed to impress itself. Then it sunk home and the galleries arose with another cheer and mingling with the cheer came a fusillade of hisses.

A moment later, when Mr. Teller said that if under such circumstances he remained in the party he would be unfaithful to his trust, enthusiastic cries of "No, no" came from the delegates in the Eastern and Southern states.

There was deep feeling, almost pathos in the Senator's voice and those nearest could detect the glimmer of tears in his eyes, in expression of the grief over his sacrifice which he and his colleagues made for the sake of their consciences.

Another demonstration was made when Mr. Teller folded his arms across the plank, rose out of his seat and sank into his seat. The cheers began this time with the silver men and spread to the galleries and caught up in its whirl many of the gold delegates who were on their feet from admiration, not of the cause, but of the man, and this time the hisses were very few.

WILD SCENES.

Convention Beside Itself With Excitement and Emotion.

The following delegates were those who walked out: The entire delegations of Colorado and Idaho; three from Utah, Pettigrew from South Dakota, Hartman from Montana, Cleveland and Strother from Nevada. The Utah men were Cannon, Kearns and Allen. None of the delegates from the territories went out. The delegates around the Colorado seat broke off the Colorado standard and sent it out after them. The Idaho standard is still standing.

As a file of stern faced men marched along the long pathway to the door a great yell went up before which every other outbreak of the day paled into silence. It was a shout in which admiration, defiance, devotion and rage were joined. The band in the highest gallery broke into the tumult, but its brazen clangor made no impression on the vocal storm and was drowned in it. Finally when the shout had somewhat subsided the noise of the band asserted itself by degrees in the shape of the melody, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Twice and three times was the strain repeated, and then a voice took up the words: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," and then by degrees the whole assembly took up the chorus with a magnificent burst and sang "The Army and Navy Hymn." "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." Two stanzas were sung by this chorus of 12,000 and the band, tiring of its work, dropped out of the song.

In a few moments the chair found a lulling place in the applause to say: "A gentleman from Montana who did not go wants to address you."

Again the hats, the flags and umbrellas waved, again the chorus of thousands of throats sent forth peans and the delegate with the white face waited. He was Lee Mantle of Montana.

Mr. Mantle said that the Montana delegation was divided. Some would continue to participate in the proceedings, but others would remain silent.

An attempt of Henderson of Iowa, to interrupt was cried down by the delegates and spectators and Mr. Mantle was allowed to speak to the finish.

When he had finished Chairman Thurston recognized Senator Brown of Utah. He said that while he joined his silver colleagues in their protest against the reading of silver out of the party, still he believed that there were greater issues than even the financial supremacy of the country, the tariff, the mercantile marine and many other things talked about in the party.

Mr. Brown then moved that the convention allow three alternates from the state of Utah to sit in the convention during the remainder of the session in place of the three regular delegates who had walked out. This was carried with a viva voce vote amid applause.

Senator Brown was followed by A. F. Burlingame of the State of Washington, who said that his state looked upon the issues of McKinley and protection as greater questions than the simple one of a financial standard.

The regular order of business was then demanded and the chair called for the naming of state delegation chairmen.

The convention quieted down after this scene and the chairmen called upon the states for the lists of national committeemen selected.

PROTECTION FOR SUGAR.

Sub-Committee Agrees to Report a Plank Declaring Strongly for It.

St. Louis, Mo., June 18.—H. T. Oxnard, president of the American Beet Sugar Association, was given a hearing by the sub-committee on resolutions and after discussion the following resolution was accepted as a part of the platform to be reported to the full committee: "We condemn the present administration for not keeping faith with the sugar producers of the country; the Republican party favors such protection as will lead to the production on American soil of all the sugar which the American people use, and for which they pay to other countries more than \$100,000,000 annually."

Mr. Oxnard says that while the resolutions do not refer specifically to beet sugar, that is what is meant, as he regards this as the sugar crop of the whole country. He says the encouragement of the beet sugar industry would result in the next five years in the investment of at least \$300,000,000 in improvements for manufacturing.

COCHRAN FOR CONGRESS.

The St. Joseph Editor Nominated by Acclamation by the Democrats.

St. Joseph, Mo., June 19.—C. F. Cochran was nominated for Congress this afternoon by acclamation. He had no opposition.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOD IN LITTLE THINGS," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Are Not Two Sparrows Sold For a Farthing, and One of Them Shall Not Fall on the Ground Without Your Father?"—Mat 10:29.

YOU see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some Divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the

spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprey. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, will he not care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a Divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence, but cannot understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of the pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting him there to act out his stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under Divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Caesar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough; but no more certainly than he is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that he decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that he sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses our occupation for us. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another.

Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason;" God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to attend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of regal dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the springs are getting out of their places. I sent it down to the jeweler's and say, "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plough that tough gleebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

I remark further that God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and he selected just that one house as better for you than any of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof

and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say. Proverbs 2: 23, "He bleaseth the just."

I remark further that God has arranged all our friendships. You were brought to the wall. You found a man for that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certainly as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outposts of heaven to greet you at your coming.

I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly, shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock-gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children.

My brethren, do not kick against the Divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will. Rom. 8: 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory, and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This band is rolling off this way, and another band another way; one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory!" Oh, no, all these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you in one way and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which he will advance your everlasting and present well-being.

Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage, are often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart, if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say, "O Lord, I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into Thy hands!" That is what religion is good for or it is good for nothing.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons, "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says, "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop, or our store, and says, "Things are going wrong, I am going to take charge. I am Master, and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates. It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up; and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and cleaning the slate says, "Begin again." Just so God says to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and he rubs everything out and says, "Begin again!" Is he not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so large a difference between the Divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of anyone who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Washington bank or the Central bank or the Metropolitan bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fall when he is backed up like that?

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert of the promised land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a

map of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea? but, blessed be God, that path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that! Mark that!

I remark, again, that all those things that seem to be but accidents in our life are under the Divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helpless and anchorless. You say, "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you right every step you have taken, every wept, you have carried is under Divine supervision, and that even which vine insipid, whole household with startled you with perfect placidity. Horror God's great plan projected. It was part of a great plan projected long ago, in eternity. When you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings.

God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to shed into minister's chair by being pushed down a pit; and to many a Christian a diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that sing, event which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past and the other chain reaching through all eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

There is a man who says, "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer, "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says, "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and, having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the Divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say, "Just and true are all Thy ways." It is all right at the top. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you may be disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the east, and I went to the west; and all the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass-blade under your feet learn the lesson of Divine care, and never let the smallest bird fit across your path without thinking of the truth, that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

CELEBRITIES AND CYCLING.

James Whitcomb Riley has sold his horse and bought a bicycle.

William E. Gladstone recently said, with a smile, that he would be out of the fashion entirely if he did not learn to ride a bicycle.

Jean de Reszke, the great tenor, is credited by his press agent with this: "As cycling is the poetry of motion, so is singing the cycle of music."

Trenton is the only place that can boast of a bishop as a bicyclist. Bishop James A. McFaul of the Trenton diocese is the only one of that ecclesiastical dignity that has attempted to tame a bicycle.

Rudyard Kipling, once a pronounced anticyclist, but now an enthusiastic wheelman, has written a dialect poem entitled "How Breitmann Became President on the Bicycle Ticket." Rudyard's conversion seems thus to be assured.

Uncle Adrian C. Anson, who has seen the whirligig of time send a generation or two of baseball players to oblivion, while he still swings the ashden club, is assiduously paying court to the bicycle these days. "The electric cars may be good enough," said he recently, "but when I am in a hurry I'll use my wheel. That will give me the added advantage of so much more preparatory exercise and make me more supple for practice with the boys."

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Popular Fabrics for Summer Gowns.
New and striking effects in the way of cotton gowns always appear after the first of May. New cotton crepes, organdies, dimities and piques delight the eyes of every one able to wear cotton gowns. I say "able," for many women from climate, health or occupation are debarred from wearing any but woollen gowns. Even heavy Irish linen has been taken for midsummer wear, and gold lace appears on grass linen.

Cook's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A Hen Wanted.
A newspaper published in an Oklahoma town where the women recently carried the election sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small cut of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."—New York Tribune.

For lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

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