

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
F. T. LUSE.

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Silk can now be made from wood pulp by machinery at very small cost and without the unreliable services of the silk worm. The process is a French invention. Extensive factories are soon to be built in this country for the manufacture of the "new" silk and the silk worm is likely to lose his job.

Prince Bismarck grows philosophical and sentimental in his old age, and expresses his feelings in a graceful way. At the recent occasion tendered to the Iron Chancellor at Friedrichsruhe the Prince said: "One of the advantages of becoming old is that one becomes indifferent to hatred, insult and calumny, while one's capacity for love and good will is increased."

Edison is now proposing to combine the phonograph and kinetoscope and expects to produce a machine capable of transferring an entire play to a big screen at any theater and at the same time reproduce the various spoken and musical parts so that they may be heard in any part of the house. The wizard says he will sit in a New York theater and enjoy a London play or a Paris Grand Opera.

The doctors are saying such awful things about natural gas that localities in which it is an unknown quantity will probably soon be advertising their advantages as health resorts for unfortunate people who have ruined their health by keeping warm with gas fires. The most notable symptoms alleged to be the result of the improper use of natural gas are various affections of the eye, dryness of the air passages, congestion of the throat and a sense of suffocation, dry hacking cough and a dull headache and general languor. At the recent meeting of the State Health Conference several papers were read urging the necessity of a more careful use of the gas as a fuel for heating houses. The prevailing habit of gas users in keeping their houses too warm was especially condemned.

The rage for "ceremonies" of all descriptions seems to be gaining ground. We read of ceremonial christenings, increasing red tape at swell weddings, interminable dedications of all kinds of edifices, etc., etc. The launching of ships has for centuries been made the occasion for holidays at sea-ports and the final scene has afforded gratification to thousands who have had an eye for the spectacular. The vessel has usually been christened with a bottle of wine broken over the bow by a beautiful maid, who at the same instant bestowed the name upon the craft which it was to carry over seas. This was all well enough at the seaside, but when it comes to launching sand scows on White River at Indianapolis with all the formality used for an ocean liner the affair becomes ludicrous, if not ridiculous. The display of bunting and the general holiday appearance of the surroundings, however, pleases the children and affords a harmless pastime for all who can forget that the ceremony is a travesty on the real thing as seen by people at the seashore.

AN INHERITANCE LAW.

The New York Legislature has passed a vigorous law for the taxation of all inheritances. The law now awaits the Governor's signature which it is presumed will be withheld. A large exodus of millionaires is anticipated. The new law is an amendment to the existing statute, which taxes all inheritances 5 per cent. on their appraised value, and requires that there shall be a graduated tax of 1 per cent. on each \$250,000 in excess of \$500,000 until the sum of \$3,000,000 is reached, when there shall be a fixed tax of 15 per cent. In case an heir inherits \$1,000,000 from a deceased relative he must "give up," under this law, the neat fortune of \$700,000 to the State. If the legacy amount to \$2,000,000 the "tax" will be \$220,000. The great millionaires are vigorously "kicking" and will no doubt carry their opposition to the statute to the court of last resort at the first opportunity. They argue that such a law is unwise, because rich men will refuse to die in New York at all. They will remove to other states and by so doing will reduce the demands of the tax duplicates much more than the State treasury will gain from the inheritance tax—large as it is—whereas if a reasonable law is passed they will remain. The new inheritance law can not be "dodged" by the gift of property before death, as it applies to all transfers of real or personal property for a nominal consideration.

It is an old saying: "He would laugh if he were dying." This would be a rule he more excusable than to laugh when others are dying. Yet it sometimes happens, even amidst scenes of death and destruction, that incidents and persons will combine to produce situations absolutely irresistible as fun producers to persons at all susceptible. Such a culmination occurred on board the steamship Leona which was compelled to return to New York because of a bad fire off the Delaware capes which suffocated thirteen steerage passengers and damaged the ship considerably. While the conflagration was raging there was great excitement among the passengers. Mr. Woodruff, of New

York, a commercial traveler, hastily grabbed a life preserver and his sample cases, called for his "plug" hat and coolly announced that he was prepared for the worst. An amateur "kodaker" with an eye for the ludicrous, secured a snap-shot of the hero which was reproduced in the city papers. The funny phase of the episode was the way in which M. W. clung to his silk hat. Fortunately (!) it did not get wet.

The Senate has passed the bill appropriating \$1,500,000 for a public building at Indianapolis and the people of that city begin to feel that their day of deliverance from the antique stone structure which is made to serve as a post-office and Federal court house is at hand. The necessity for a new Government building at the State capital is generally conceded. In fact, it may be safely stated that the Indianapolis post-office is about the most ill-conceived, inconvenient, unhealthy and unfit public building for the purposes for which it is used in the United States. One million five hundred thousand dollars will pay for a very handsome specimen of architecture that will add materially to the attractions of the Hoosier capital.

"The City of New York" is the official description of the huge municipality which will come into existence January 1, 1898, under the government of a Mayor and Municipal Assembly to be elected November 2, next. The population of the "new" city will be 2,400,000, which will make it rank as the second largest city in the world. The boundaries of the new city include the city and county of New York, the city of Brooklyn and the county of Kings, Long Island City, Newtown, Flushing, Jamaica, Far Rockaway, Richmond Hill, Whitestone, Morris Park, part of Hempstead, in the county of Queens, the town of West Chester, the village of Williamsbridge and parts of the towns of East Chester and Pelham, in the county of West Chester; Castleton, Middletown, Southfield, Northfield, Westfield, Edgewater, New Brighton, Port Richmond and Tottenville, in the county of Richmond. The area is 317-77 square miles, and its greatest length will be thirty-five miles. There are 1,300 miles of improved streets, 1,186 places of worship, 5,800 policemen, 140,000 inhabited dwellings, 6,000 acres of parks, 37,000 business structures, 2,000 miles of gas mains, 1,125 hotels and 350 public schools. The Mayor under the new regime will hold office four years and receive a salary of \$15,000 per year. He will make all appointments and will in fact have more power than the President of the United States.

"OLD TRINITY."

Old Trinity parish of New York, the oldest and richest church organization in America, has recently been celebrating with great pomp its 200th anniversary. This society, with its numerous missions and vast holdings of untaxed real estate in the midst of the most valuable section of the great city, is a survival of what might be termed the British Established Church on American soil. Deriving its land grants as it did from the English crown, and parliamentary and assembly grants nearly two years before the Revolution, it has held them to this day without question from modern rulers of either State or Nation. Bishop Potter's address was eloquent to a rare degree. In part he said:

"The significant thing in the anniversary which we are keeping today is that all through the vanishing plans and schemes which through the centuries this church has looked down upon—the colossal enterprises that have sprung up and thriven and crumbled into dust, the great fortunes that have been won and lost, the reputations that have seemed so stable and proved so evanescent, the everlasting march of human energy and enterprise, contriving, constructing, triumphing and then vanishing into thin air—it has stood serene, a steadily deepening, widening, greatening influence for God and for good."

To Trinity's unfriendly critics the Bishop had this to say:

"Would any of us like to calculate the multitudes of clever people that, looking over this scene, have uttered their fine contempt for an ecclesiastical body that had so stupid a perception of the best uses, in the midst of a great city, of real estate?"

"Improve it," cry these, 'and make these building lots productive and profitable for the enrichment, if you please, of your church's coffers. Hustle these graves into some remote corner or distant cemetery and rear here a twenty-story building, or a row of them, for income!"

"And all the while the church stands, already beginning to be touched with the fine charm of age and ripeness, and the dead sleep here undisturbed. Who shall estimate with what solemn and tender voice the two have spoken all these years to the fevered thoughts of men? Looking down the memorable highway yonder (Wall street), through which have ebbed and flowed the financial forces of the nation, the bells in yonder tower have spoken of God, and time, and human destiny."

Other speakers followed and the most elaborate services were conducted at midday. The old church was crowded to its utmost capacity and the overflow impeded traffic on Broadway. Bishop Potter and other church dignitaries were arrayed in robes of vivid scarlet and the building was beautifully decorated. "Old Trinity," as nearly every body knows, stands on lower Broadway, New York, looking down Wall street.



AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. LUQUER.



ND now, Miss Jinney, you is allus a wantin' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Car-ol'ry, an' I's jes don' tole ye all I knowed ober and ober agin."

And our own colored cook, Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done recollecter one moah of dem yams, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep Decoration Day all by her lones self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Here old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop de axe, an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wid de axe—fur Lige was de laziest niggah in de whoe kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An', shore enough, when he came up, all out of breff, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: 'Tildy, tell de missus dar's a sojier lyin' down dar back o' de fence, by de run, an' I recon he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's a grownin' an' done seem to sense nothin'."

"Wal, my missus wadn't berry ole in dem days, but she was jes' done fading lake a putty posey, along ob dat dreadful wah, expectin' to heah dat de cannon was killed, an' all de oder trouble erbout de niggas gittin' free, wid de place half woked an' fust one army takin' rations and den de oder till it 'pears lake day wanten much lef. Wal, I jes' pulled de stick under dat soap kittle an' run round to de front porch, whar missus was sittin', an' tole her, what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkey, de coachman, go and brung dat poah fella to de house. She an' me a fixin' up a bed fur him while day was gone."

"Byenby day toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got de death blow, and de doctor recon he was eider shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' lef him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothin', an' de doctor say he was parlised, so he couldnt even move his pooh tounge."

"Wal, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of nah."

"But jes' afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldnt, de big tears roll down his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hands dat his pretty dark curls looked like day were don got lipped in de rain water barrel."

"De missus take his han' an' say: 'Nebher mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes' what ye want to say, an' I would help him ter make her en-stan', anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died duin' his duty, or what he thought war his duty."

"Den he kep' looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin' but a little Bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes' shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tynp of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby erbout a year old draped out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him ef dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem by 'vertisin' in de newspapers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem, an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was loosin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang lake an angel dat pretty hymn about:

"All my trus' on de is staid."

"Dar was two or three verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was singin' de gates ob glory opened and tuk dat pooh boy in."

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he didnt dun know it. He jes' did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to res' up in de grove back o' de house, an' ebry Decoration Day she dun put poses on dat lone grave, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur year she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen yars. De wah was dun, de niggars all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only child, young Massah John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a pacter, an' dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggars to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de triflin' ones go."

"Wal, der used to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massah John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she brung erlong a young school frien', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a pacter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de garoin'."

"Wal, such time as dem young critters had. Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' horseback ridin' ebry day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty mornin' my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun strach herself on de veranda, an' she say: 'Seuse me, aunty, I'm awful tired of dat grave; ebry since I was a baby I recollecter it.'"

But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah sojier an' I know some day you will git your reward." So she an' missus walked off in the bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', an' day carried a great basket of posies—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' jasmine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash."

"Miss Liddy she lay dar, swingin' in de hammak, and Massah John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove to go. Den Miss Liddy laughs and says kinder scornful lake: 'Is it Miss Nell or de grave dat takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?"

"He jes' laugh back at her an' say: 'Ob corse it's de grave, dat's my ligeous duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain.'"

"De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes' as Mr. John got dar, an', as usual, my missus opened dat sojier's Bible, an' was jes' goin' ter read when Miss Nellie saw de leetle tynp, and she gabe a leetle cry lake, an' takin' it from de missus han' she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Carter, my ma has got jes' such a picture, an' its hers an' mine when I was a baby." Den she laid her laid down into missus' lap an' began

ter cry, an' she sobbed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day dun tried ebry way to fine out sometin' about him. Missus ax her what was her pas an' mas name an' she tole her dere names war "George an' Lucy." An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar was de leaf, 'From Lucy to George.' Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: 'How wonderful are dy ways, Oh, Lord! An' my chile, dare under all dem flowers sleeps your father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, so now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled. I trus' you will be comforted.'"

"Massah John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' varse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"How wonderful are Thy ways, Oh Lord."

"Let dis yar teach yer a lesson ob faith. Your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de clouds." "Wal, chile, it is time ye were in yer beds. It's jes' erbout true, dis yam. Ebry body is as true as de gospel. Yas, Miss Jinnie, dat are grave is decorated ebry year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole missus is lyin' down beside dat young sojier boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grave now, fur she dun gon' and marr'd Massah John, an' he jes' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur months afore she dun went to her reward, an' she say ober an' ober agin'."

"No kind act is overlooked by de Master, an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now fur honorin' de dead by de few flowers on a lonely grave upon de day de nation set apart to 'memorate dose dat lef'."

TWO HOLIDAYS.

To Little Relations Maintained Between May 30 and July 4.

There is far too little relation maintained between Independence Day and Memorial Day. One is the natural sequence of the other, and the celebration of both should be observed with due solemnity as well as with comely and becoming rejoicing. A sacred service of thanksgiving, of grand and appropriate music, then with the congregation pouring out into the highways and byways of the earth, the spirit of peace and good-will might be merged into a feeling of joyousness and a giving way to all forms of hilarious sport and innocent amusement. We have in one of these days honored our forefathers through whose wise and determined efforts the country was established, and in the other we have remembered those who rescued us from danger and saved us for a great and glorious future. These days are the red-letter days in the American calendar—impressive because they are reminders of great struggles, because they made our present condition of existence possible; happy because we know by them, and what they typify, that the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice and the great and all-comprehensive spirit of divinity that was originally planted in the hearts of men has neither been dimmed nor extinguished. It has only slumbered, and smoldered; the living fire is there, and needs by the breath of treason or the slightest blow from an assaulting hand to bring it full-grown to its feet, a stalwart young giant able to cope with any adversary that threatens the life and the union of the states.

Memorial Day and Its Significance.

There is a melancholy pleasure in considering this great anniversary, second only in importance to Fourth of July, but overshadowed by a vastly different sentiment. Independence Day is the birthday of American freedom. Memorial Day may well be called its day of baptism and consecration. On this occasion we turn from the everyday concerns of life and give ourselves up to the contemplation of acts of heroism that raise humanity above the common level and link it more closely to the Divine Spirit. These heroes whose graves we strew with flowers, gave their lives for their country, sacrificed themselves and all that they possessed that liberty and peace as established by the Constitution of the United States might be freed from the bands that had been thrown around them, and might flourish untrammelled, unconditioned, and without reproach.

It Was Worth While.

The war of the rebellion, dreadful as it was, a strife of brother against brother, was worth while if for no other reason than that it broke the bands of millions of human beings, and made human slavery in the country impossible forevermore.

Providing a Cure.

"I've cured our next-door neighbor of borrowing our lawn mower." "How did you arrange it?" "Every time he did it I sent over and borrowed his bicycle."—Chicago Record.

"I presume," said the talkative man to his seat-mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation that you have family ties." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "I s'pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy 'em for myself, but my wife and the girls all wear 'em whenever they feel like it."—Washington Star.

German Shipbuilding.

The statistics of 1896 of the German ship-building trade show a distinct increase in the number of commissions received from foreign admiralties. In the year 1895 some eight war vessels were built in German dockyards for the navies of Norway, Austria-Hungary, Brazil and Turkey. At the present time the three great ship-building firms at Stettin, Elbing and Kiel are constructing nine ships of war for abroad, including three armored cruisers and four torpedo-boats for China and two torpedo-cruisers for Brazil, while one ironclad is being rebuilt for the Brazilian government.

A Sure Delivance.

Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a disordered liver is capable of inflicting by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pains in the right side and throat, the redness of the face, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and sufferings of the skin, are entirely removed by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.

A book on Central American biology mentions 40,114 insect species belonging to that locality.

Court Decision Affecting Trademarks.

An imported decision concerning rights in trademarks and names of preparations has been rendered by the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas. Charles E. Hires, from manufacturing and selling a preparation under the name of Hires Rootbeer. In their decision the judges said: "It is established that an article of commerce known as 'Hires Rootbeer,' by a long and costly method of advertisement, has attained a trademark and value peculiar to itself. The sales have reached an extraordinary yearly volume. The respondent Hires, a kinsman of the plaintiff, has endeavored to manufacture and place on the market for sale a rootbeer in all the external physical preparation might be termed a complete reproduction of the plaintiff's preparation and device. The testimony in the case, we think, makes it indubitably clear that the respondent's purpose was to fabricate an article of trade which resembled the plaintiff's article, and thereby deceive and mislead purchasers. We find, therefore, that the allegations of the plaintiff's bill are established, and that the temporary injunction prayed for should be awarded."

Distinguished Bums.

A Philadelphia police station was besieged the other evening by newspaper men, who had heard that Senator "Matt" Quay and "Dave" Martin were holding a conference in it. The report arose from the fact that two "bums" in the station-house had given as their own the names of the two politicians.

Ponder Over It.

A prominent building owner, with years of experience, gave the following instructions to his architect: "I have had my experience with kalsomine and other goods claimed to be just as good as Alabastine. I want you to specify the durable Alabastine on all my walls; do not put on any other manufacturers' dope, if they furnish it for nothing. Alabastine is right, and when I cease to use it I shall cease to have confidence in myself or my own judgment."

Amsterdam had 1,475 fires last year, at which nine persons lost their lives.

When bilious or constive eat a cascara candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c 25c.

The army expense per head of the population is \$4.75 in France and \$5.50 in Germany.

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 one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c and 25c per package.

A Laconia (N. H.) merchant deposited 25,550 pennies in the local bank one day last week.

Just try a box of Cascara's, candy cathartic, niver and bowel regular, made.

"How would you define 'ennui'?" "It's when you're tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."—Puck.

Church Insurance.

Get Rates from Phenix of Brooklyn agent before placing insurance on church property. The Phenix has agents everywhere.

J. IRVING RIDDLE, State Agent, Terre Haute, Ind.

Berlin now has electric street cars with storage batteries that need to be charged but once a day.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be untrue. The First Co., Warren, Pa.

The number of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland in 1896 was 241,012 of whom 36,000 went to South Africa.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shies bald, no preparation will restore the hair, in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

There are about 2,000 persons in France who are set down as anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

Church Insurance.

Write or call on the agent of the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn for special rates on church property.

J. IRVING RIDDLE, State Agent, Terre Haute, Ind.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe. The yearly average in Spain is 3,600 hours; that of Italy, 2,300; Germany, 1,700; England, 1,140.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It is for purposes of extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and a number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country with the possible exception of the Columbian at Wash. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and South, and can be visited en-route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established, make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

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