

## THE NORTH POLE LAND.

Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land,  
With its wondrous, whitened midnight and its  
glowing, swirling land,  
Where the snowflake fairies dwell  
And no human foot e'er fell!  
It is only in our dreaming  
We can see the fabled gleaming  
Of the stately, icy castles in the north pole  
land.  
Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land,  
Where by shining stars in heaven a silent  
world is spanned  
Till again the snowflakes fall,  
Sing and whisper, sigh and call,  
And a sudden, icy laughter  
Follows clinking, tinkling after,  
And there's strange, unearthly music in the  
north pole land!  
Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land!  
Who can picture all the splendours where the  
crowding icebergs stand?  
Of its beauty who can tell?  
For to feel its mighty spell  
You must see it in the night-time—  
Down the dreamways of the night-time—  
Oh, the shining, icy castles of the north pole  
land.  
—Annie Campbell Heustis in St. Nicholas.

## AUNT ALICE.

"She never got over it."

Ephraim Drayton, leaning on his garden fence, looked across the road to the house where Alice Travers lived and added:

"And she never will."  
Ephraim had been tending grapes in the garden, and he was talking to himself. The habit had come from his living so long alone. Tall and straight and fresh faced, there was only a bit of gray above his ears to show that age was coming on.

He was thinking of that May morning 20 years ago when he was across the road and asked Alice Travers to be his wife. A week before that she had stood beside the open grave of her father and the "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" had covered the last one of her race, and she was alone in the world.

"I was sorry for her," Ephraim continued to himself. "I think I could have made her happy. She would have come to me if it hadn't been for that boy."

Sorrow after sorrow came to Alice Travers until she was 20 and alone in the world. If she had been a weak woman, her spirit might have been broken. As it was, it was purified and strengthened. When she turned from the last grave, she looked forward to a long life of usefulness. Perhaps she would be a teacher, perhaps a missionary. High hopes are born to counteract the effects of disappointment and the great trials of life. She respected Ephraim Drayton. She had known him all her life, but she would not marry anyone, she said.

Then one day word came that a poor woman she had been looking after was dying. Her little boy was 5 years old, and she begged Miss Travers to care for him. "His father must surely be dead," I have not heard from him in four years. Promise me to care for my little Albert."

"I promise,"  
So the bright-eyed little Albert Layton came into her life and she became "Aunt Alice." Not Aunt Alice to the boy only, but to his playmates. She was Aunt Alice to the children coming home from school and begging with wistful eyes for a scarlet tulp from the mound bed or a bunch of lilies from the old bush at the gate.

So the boy was cared for and loved by Aunt Alice. She dressed him like a little prince. She taught him all she knew, and when he was 15 she sent him away to a preparatory school. She was very proud of her boy. Sometimes she felt that an especial Providence had sent him to her. Certainly out of nothing else in life could she have realized so much comfort as in caring for the boy. She pictured a great future for him. Knitting by her fireplace on winter evenings, she looked into the future and saw him making impassioned speeches for his country's welfare in congress or filling the highest place on the judicial bench.

Then one day an unusual thing happened. The operator at the depot called an urchin from play on the platform to take a message to Miss Travers. The boy found her in her garden and stood in childish curiosity as she opened the envelope and read: "Albert has disappeared. Is he at home?" It was signed by the principal of the school.

A great wave of fear came over Aunt Alice, choking her dumb and drawing lines of pain about her mouth. It was hours before a train was due for the city. How she lived those hours she hardly knew. When she reached the school, she found that every effort had been made to find the boy. The papers had "Abduction" headlines and the police were at work, but the boy had vanished as if he had been swallowed up by the earth. His room was in order, his clothes carefully put away. Even his watch she had given him on his last birthday was ticking the minutes away in its little satin case on the dresser. He was gone. With the intuition that comes to highly sensitive natures, Aunt Alice felt that she would never see that bright, boyish face again. She packed up his belongings as one puts away the things of one who is dead and went back to her lonely home.

And it was on account of all this that Ephraim Drayton said to himself as he leaned on his garden fence in the dusk of the evening:

"She never got over it, and she never will."  
She was still Aunt Alice. The children who had begged the flowers were grown up now. Sometimes they came to her and told their little trials and love affairs, and she advised them just as she would have advised her boy had he lived. He was surely dead. If not, he would have come back to her.

The dew was falling on the lilies, and their heavy odor drifted across the way to Ephraim's garden. He opened the gate and walked up the gravel path to Aunt Alice's veranda. She was sitting there in the red rocker. He sat down on the top step of the porch.

"I am going to cut my grass tomorrow," he said, "and I thought maybe you'd let me try my new mower on your lawn."

"You are very kind," said Aunt Alice. "I will be glad to have the grass cut. The warm rains have started it up so."

Ephraim removed his wide straw hat and leaned against the post. Before him, beyond Aunt Alice's lawn lay his own handsome domain, the house he had built when he had brighter hopes than now, the great orchard all in blossom and the wide barns beyond. It was an estate of which any man might be proud. There was everything there heart could wish, save the one thing that fills a man's heart until there is nothing more to want this side of heaven. It was really this very thing that had led Ephraim's feet up the path this evening. He didn't know just what words to choose for the occasion, so he spoke what was in his heart.

"I find it mighty lonesome over there, Alice," he said, pointing toward his house with the hand that held his hat. "It has been 20 years since I asked you before."

Don't you think you could come now?" There was a little tremble in his voice born of tenderness and long years of waiting.

Aunt Alice was sorry for him, just as he had been sorry for her when she was left alone. "I have always appreciated your feeling for me," she said. "You know how it has been. I have always been hoping against hope that the boy would come back some day. Of late I have felt that he is not dead, and I would like to have a home for him when he comes, if he ever does come. He might be poor and need it." All the love of a woman's lifetime was in what she said. "But if you want me I will—I will tell you in the morning."

She held out her hand to him as he went away, and it seemed to Ephraim that the clouds were opening to show their silver lining.

Morning came, and Aunt Alice had cut some lilies and was arranging them in the blue bowl on the table. There was a click as the gate swung open.

"That is Ephraim coming to cut the grass, and to—" Something like a bluish stole over Aunt Alice's cheeks. Then there was a crunching of gravel under quick feet, a stride that made two steps of the five leading up to the veranda and a shadow fell across the floor. Surely Ephraim would not come in in such a rush. Aunt Alice turned. The figure was almost as tall as the doorway, the face was bronzed by wind and sun, a cap with a knot of dark curls, a blue uniform with a dash of gold made up the rest, but all this was as nothing. Aunt Alice saw only the brown eyes misty with emotion and the outstretched arms, and heard only the voice—"Aunt Alice, don't you know your boy?"

"My boy," was all she said, and then her arms went round his neck, and a bridge spanned the years of silence and sorrow.

"I have been dreaming of this for years," he said at last, "when I should come back to you and ask you to forgive me. I have felt like an ingrate always, but each year I have promised myself to come, and I wanted to surprise you."

Then followed explanations. Albert's father, a seaman, had stolen the boy away and taken him with him to sea. For months it had been impossible for him to get any word to her, then in the interest of his life at sea he postponed writing. His father died, he received an appointment. Ambition claimed him.

"I meant to bring an honorable name to you when I came, Aunt Alice, and I worked hard for advancement."

She glanced at his uniform, but it told her nothing. Living inland, she had never seen one like it before. She did not ask any questions. She was so glad to have him back she could not speak. She did not dare ask if he would stay. She knew his answer would be disappointing.

Then, after all the explanations had been made and the history of the years had been told, Ephraim drove upon the lawn, and the clatter of the whirling knife of the mower came to him.

"That is Ephraim Drayton," said the boy. "I would have known him in China. You didn't marry him, after all, Aunt Alice. I always thought you would some time."

Aunt Alice's face flushed like a girl's of 16. "I didn't marry him, but—" "But you are going to, Aunt Alice? I am so glad, for then you will not be alone when I go back to my ship."

Ensign Travers' short leave of absence soon came to an end, and the morning he started to return to his ship the bell in the little village church told the town that there was a bride that day and that Ephraim Drayton was the happiest man in the country. Ensign Travers kissed the bride and said, "Pray for me, Aunt Alice, when you read of battles at sea, and don't forget your boy," and to Ephraim he said: "Be good to her, Uncle Ephraim. God never made a better woman than my Aunt Alice."—Katharine Hartman in Buffalo News.

## Capture of Havana, 1762.

It was on July 30 that a breach was successfully made, but so narrow was it as to admit but one man at a time, and it was but the impetuosity of the British soldiers that enabled the work to be stormed and captured. Equally brave, however, were the defenders, who sold their lives most dearly and left dead or wounded upon the ground most of their number, including more than one of their chief leaders. Conspicuous among these were the Marquis de Gonzalez, the Spaniard second in command, who was killed, and one Don Luis de Velasco, the commander of the Spanish ship-of-war, the Reina, who established himself in an inner intrenchment with about 100 men, and, after offering a most determined resistance, fell mortally wounded.

With the fall of Fort Morro, the chief defense of Havana, came of necessity the fall of that city, for, although the Spanish commander, true to the last to the instincts of a soldier, refused at first the terms offered him by Albemarle with a view to sparing unnecessary loss of life, the bombardment of the city, which his refusal entailed, placed the issue beyond doubt. Commenced on Aug. 10, this bombardment by 45 cannon and eight mortars, among which were ten 32 pounders manned by seamen, resulted in the entry into Havana of the victorious British forces on the 14th of the month.—Nineteenth Century.

## Coffee and Coffee Heart.

Coffee drinking to excess is more injurious to the human system than overindulgence in whisky, the medical director of a Pennsylvania insurance company has told a Philadelphia Ledger reporter. Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart, and medical examiners for insurance companies have added the term "coffee heart" to their peculiar classification of the functional derangements of that organ. These physicians advise that the use of coffee be limited to two cups a day. Coffee toppers, they say, are plentiful and are as much tied to their cups as the whisky topper. The effect of the coffee upon the heart is more lasting and consequently worse than that of liquor. It is a powerful stimulant, and in certain cases of extreme weakness is more valuable than liquor. As a beverage it is important to use it only at the close of a meal, when it is said to assist digestion. In this respect it is unlike tea, which by its tannic acid prevents digestion.—New York Post.

## Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac, and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.—Exchange.

## "BURNING STICKS."

Columbus' Impressions on His First Introduction to Smoking Tobacco.

It was on the island of Cuba, in the autumn of 1492, that the use of tobacco was learned by Europeans. Columbus makes the first mention of the weed in his diary under date of Oct. 15. When he and his men landed on Cuban shores, the kindly natives, who mistook them for messengers from heaven, brought them numerous offerings. Among these, as stated by the admiral in his diary, were some "dry leaves, which must be something much prized by them (the natives), for they had already brought me some in San Salvador as a present."

Little heed was paid to these leaves in the beginning by the Spaniards. They were in search of gold and saw no possibility of converting miserable weeds into that precious commodity. In the course of time they began to notice that as the natives went to and from their villages and the shore smoke escaped from their mouths, "in a truly diabolical manner." Soon they discovered that these unclad children of the wilds carried in their hands a "burning stick," which every now and then they would put into their mouths and blow out a cloud of smoke. This had a most heathenish look, as it is recorded, to the Spaniards, and they inquired, as well as they could by signs, into the custom.

They learned that the burning sticks were composed of the dried leaves so treasured by the natives, and that the custom of smoking the fragrant weed was supposed to lessen fatigue on long journeys. They tried it for themselves and found this actually to be the case. On many a troublesome jaunt thereafter they were refreshed as the pleasant perfume curled upward from their own "burning sticks."—Detroit Journal.

## SPECULATING ON SHIPS.

How Underwriters Gamble on Overdue Vessels Posted at Lloyds.

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyds. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances the higher the premium and vice versa.

The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ship ever being heard of again. These underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant name of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyds as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the committee is thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting" a notice is put up for a week inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the committee at its next meeting votes the ship as "missing," and a notice is posted accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyds constitutes a legal death certificate for any one on board the missing ships.—Good Words.

## Smallest and Oldest Republics.

Goust is the smallest republic as to area, but Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population. Goust is only one mile in area. It is located on the flat top of a mountain in the Pyrenees, between France and Spain, and is recognized by both of those countries. It is governed by a president and a council of 12. It was established in 1648 and has 130 inhabitants. The president is tax collector, assessor and judge. Goust has no church, clergyman or cemetery. The people worship in a church outside of their own territory, and the dead bodies are slid down to a cemetery in the valley below. In that valley all the baptisms and marriages are performed. Tavolara is 12 miles northeast of Sardinia. It is an island five miles long by a half mile wide. Its total population consists of 55 men, women and children. The women go to the polls with the men and elect every year a president and council of six, all serving without pay. The inhabitants support themselves by fishing and raising fruit and vegetables. The republic has no army and no navy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Scrofula, hip disease, salt rheum, dyspepsia and other diseases due to impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Market Quotations on Scalps.

The market price of "scalps," as agreed upon between the early French colonists of Louisiana and the Indians, with whom they bargained to fight out their battles with hostile Indians for them, varied with circumstances. At the time the French were at war with the Alibamons a "scalp" of one of the last named, when brought to them, was paid for at the rate of a gun, five pounds of musket balls and as much powder. "On the 14th of March" (1704), writes De La Harpe, "a party of 20 Chickasaws (Chickasaws) brought in four Alibamon scalps. They were given for each scalp a gun, five pounds of balls and as much of powder, according to the contract made with them."—New Orleans Picayune.

Cure for rheumatism or neuralgia. Buy a 25 cent bottle of Salvation Oil and use it according to directions. It will cure the worst case.

G. A. R. Encampment Sept. 5-10. \$5.00 Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, Chattanooga and return. W. C. Rinearson, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O.

## Young Girls Fading Away.

Symptoms that seem like consumption; a lack of blood; friends feared one girl would fall dead on the street; restored to health by a sensible woman's suggestion.

Many girls of sixteen years seem to have consumption, although they have it not.

Their anxious parents and friends watch them slowly fade away. A death-like pallor, transparent complexion and listlessness are signs of this condition.

The body lacks blood. Mrs. John Tansey knows the meaning of these symptoms, and the cure. She lives at 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Mich.

Her advice to mothers has been of great value to her neighbors. She tells the story to help others who are at a distance. She said:

"When my daughter was sixteen years old she began to waste away. 'Had I not known there was no taint of consumption in the family I would have believed her lungs were affected.'"

"She grew thinner and thinner every day. She lacked only the hacking cough to show all the outward signs of consumption."

"Our doctor called the disease by an odd name, which I learned meant simply weak blood."

"No treatment seemed to do her any good. 'She was fading away before our eyes.'"

"I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the change they made was almost magical."

"Before she had taken half a box there was a great improvement in her looks, appetite and weight."

## SLICK PETE'S WATCH DEAL.

Bought Them at \$2.15 Each and Sold Them to Swindlers for \$10 Apiece.

An old time detective the other day was discussing with some sleuths new in the profession the methods of up to date swindlers. After deprecating the originality of the modern crook he told of what he considered the sharpest game he ever saw worked.

"I suppose you fellows know," he said, "that during Centennial year Philadelphia was a hotbed of bunco steers and sharpers of every description. Well, I was detailed to keep an eye on these gentry, and in time I became acquainted with most of the 'big ones,' who were generally exceedingly bright men. One in particular, who was known as 'Slick Pete,' I took a great liking to, for he had an inexhaustible fund of humor and was a good hearted chap. Toward the end of the Centennial exhibition one day I dropped into a down town auction room where some fake jewelry was being sold. A lot of watches were offered, and I saw that they had been made evidently for bunco steering purposes, for the works were good, and the cases were made to look like solid gold. They were finally knocked down for \$2.15 apiece, and I saw that the buyer was 'Slick Pete.' Jewelry was out of his line, but I knew he had some scheme in view. Two months passed before I again saw Pete, and then I asked him what he had done with the watches. He began to laugh and said, 'Oh, skinned some swindler with them!' Then followed the explanation. He had hired a room and inserted an advertisement in various papers something like this: 'Found —A solid gold watch; Elgin works; loser pay costs. Apply, etc.' Nearly every crook in town answered the ad. and claimed the watch. Pete, who made up as an old man, seemed a mark, and the 'fly' crook, in the hurry to depart, made but a cursory examination. 'The costs,' \$10, were invariably handed over, and in two days Pete had disposed of his stock."—Philadelphia Record.

## Heavier Than Before.

"My stomach and liver had troubled me for years, and not obtaining relief from medicines, I continued to grow worse until I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. This medicine cured me and I am now sound and well and heavier than ever before in my life." BELE MURPHY, Alvordville, Indiana.

Hood's PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

## A Twentieth Century Train.

Electric lighted throughout (including lights at the head of each berth), the North-Western Limited, which leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 p. m., and reaches St. Paul and Minneapolis early next morning, is regarded by the traveling public as the highest development in railway science. This train is equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, regular and compartment sleeping cars, and luxurious dining cars.

The principal summer resorts in Wisconsin are most easily reached via the Chicago & North-Western Railway, "the pioneer line west and northwest of Chicago."

All ticket agents sell tickets via this popular route.

Many People Cannot Drink coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

To make your Sunday dinner complete, go to Fiess & Herman, 27 north Fourth street, where you will always find an abundance of the choicest meats of all kinds. They have also on hand sausages of all kinds of their own make. Telephone 252.

FOR EITHER SEX This remedy requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, \$1.00.

Sold only by Geo. W. J. Hoffman, successor to Geo. Hoff & Co., sole agent, cor. Wabash ave. and Fourth st., Terre Haute.

Excursions to Northern Michigan. To Petoskey, Bay View and Waukegon and return. \$10.00 Mackinac Island and return. \$11.00

On trains leaving Union Station at 5:15 p. m. Tuesday, August 30th, Saturday, September 3d, and Wednesday, September 7th, 1898. Good to return within 30 days from date of sale. LOW RATE! LIBERAL LIMIT!

Information cheerfully furnished on application at City Ticket Office, 654 Wabash ave., Telephone 37, or Union Station.

GEO. E. FARRINGTON, Gen. Agt.

LE BRUN'S G & G CURE

FOR EITHER SEX This remedy requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, \$1.00.

Sold only by Geo. W. J. Hoffman, successor to Geo. Hoff & Co., sole agent, cor. Wabash ave. and Fourth st., Terre Haute.

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## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Trains marked thus (\*) run daily. Trains marked thus (S) run Sundays only. All other trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

## VANDALIA LINE.

## MAIN LINE.

Arrive from the East.	Leave for the West.
7 West. Ex. 1:30 a.m.	7 West. Ex. 1:40 a.m.
15 Mail & Ac. 9:50 a.m.	5 St. L. Lim. 10:10 a.m.
5 St. L. Lim. 10:05 a.m.	21 St. L. Lim. 10:25 a.m.
21 St. L. Ex. 2:35 p.m.	3 Eff. Ac. 2:40 p.m.
3 Eff. Ac. 2:30 p.m.	11 Fast Mail. 9:00 p.m.
11 Fast Mail. 8:55 p.m.	

Arrive from the West.	Leave for the East.
6 N. Y. Ex. 3:20 a.m.	6 N. Y. Ex. 3:25 a.m.
4 Ind. Ac. 7:05 a.m.	4 Ind. Ac. 7:10 a.m.
20 At. Ex. 12:25 p.m.	12 Ind. Lim. 11:35 a.m.
8 East Lim. 1:45 p.m.	20 At. Ex. 12:32 p.m.
2 N. Y. Lim. 5:11 p.m.	8 East Lim. 1:40 p.m.
	2 N. Y. Lim. 5:15 p.m.

## MICHIGAN DIVISION.

Leave for the North.	Ar. from the North.
6 St. Joe Mail. 6:17 a.m.	21 T. H. Ex. 11:20 a.m.
20 St. Joe Spl. 1:00 p.m.	3 T. H. Mail. 6:40 p.m.
8 S. Bend Ex. 4:30 p.m.	11 South. Ex. 11:00 p.m.

## PEORIA DIVISION.

Leave for Northwest.	Ar. from Northwest.
7 N-W Ex. 7:10 a.m.	12 At. Ex. 11:10 a.m.
21 Decatur Ex. 3:35 p.m.	11 South. Ex. 11:00 p.m.

## EVANSVILLE &amp; TERRE HAUTE. NASHVILLE LINE.

Leave for the South.	Arrive from South.
5 C & N Lim. 11:50 p.m.	6 C & N Lim. 4:03 a.m.
6 C & N Ex. 5:38 a.m.	2 T. H. Ex. 11:00 a.m.
1 Ev & I Mail. 2:45 p.m.	8 N O & F Spl. 3:35 p.m.
7 N O & F Spl. 3:40 p.m.	4 C & N Ex. 11:10 p.m.

## EVANSVILLE &amp; INDIANAPOLIS.

Leave for South.	Arrive from South.
33 Mail & Ex. 9:00 a.m.	48 T. H. Mixed. 10:10 a.m.
49 North. Mix. 4:35 p.m.	3 T. H. Mail. 6:40 p.m.

## CHICAGO &amp; EASTERN ILLINOIS.

Leave for North.	Arrive from North.
6 C & N Lim. 4:08 a.m.	5 C & N Lim. 11:45 a.m.
10 I. M. S. & T. H. 6:30 a.m.	3 C & N Ex. 5:30 a.m.
2 T. H. & C. Ex. 11:30 a.m.	1 C & N Ex. 5:30 a.m.
8 N O & F Spl. 3:40 p.m.	9 I. M. S. & T. H. 5:15 p.m.
4 E & C Ex. 11:20 p.m.	7 N O & F Spl. 3:30 p.m.

## C. C. C. &amp; I.—BIG FOUR.

Going East.	Going West.
36 V & Cn Ex. 1:55 a.m.	35 St. L. Ex. 1:33 a.m.
4 Ind. Cn. Ex. 8:00 a.m.	9 Ex & Mail. 10:00 a.m.
8 Day Ex. 3:02 p.m.	11 S-W Lim. 1:36 p.m.
18 Knickb'r. 4:26 p.m.	5 Matt'n Ac. 7:00 p.m.
	15 Sund'y only 8:45 p.m.

## C. &amp; E. I. R. R.

## REDUCED RATES TO ALL Summer Resorts

## WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, MICHIGAN.

(Via Steamer from Chicago.)

**\$25.95 to OMAHA**

AND RETURN. ACCOUNT OF EXPOSITION.

Homeseekers' Excursions to the West September 6th and 20th

For further information call on J. R. CONNELLY, Gen'l Agt., Ticket Agent, Tenth and Wabash Ave. Union Depot.

**E. & T. H.**

Home Seekers' Excursion

TO THE SOUTH

August 2 and 16 Sept. 6 and 20

ONE FARE, PLUS \$2, FOR THE ROUND TRIP.