

suicide; that in old times they buried him where the roads crossed, and drove a stake through his body. They took his property from his children and gave it to the state. If Christians would only think they would see that orthodox religion rests upon suicide—that man was redeemed by suicide, and that without suicide the whole world would have been lost. If Christ were 'God,' then he had the power to protect Himself from the Jews without hurting them. But instead of using His power He allowed them to take His life. If a strong man should allow a few little children to hack him to death with knives when he could easily have brushed them aside, would we not say that he committed suicide? There is no escape. If Christ were, in fact, 'God' and allowed the Jews to kill Him, then He consented to his own death—refused, though perfectly able, to defend and protect Himself, and was in fact a suicide. We cannot reform the world by law or superstition. As long as there shall be pain and failure, want and sorrow, agony and crime, men and women will untie life's knot and seek the peace of death. To the hopelessly imprisoned—to the dishonored and despised—to those who have failed, who have no future, no hope—to the abandoned, the broken-hearted, to those who are only remnants and fragments of men and women—how consoling, how enchanting is the thought of death! And even to the most fortunate, death at last is a welcome deliverer. Death is as natural and merciful as life. When we have journeyed long—when we are weary—when we wish for the twilight, for the dusk, for the cool kisses of the night—when the senses are dull—when the pulse is faint and low—when the mists gather on the mirror of memory—when the past is almost forgotten, the present hardly perceived—when the future has but empty hands—death is as welcome as a strain of music. After all, death is not so terrible as joyless life. Next to eternal happiness is to sleep in the soft clasp of the cool earth, disturbed by no dream, by no thought, by no pain, by no fear, unconscious of all and forever."

Of the many interesting replies to Ingersoll's article one of the most striking is by "Nym Crinkle," the journalist, who writes in a satirical vein. This writer says: "I suppose the usual number of people will rise up to answer Ingersoll. I am told that one of the chief occupations of men in the United States is answering Ingersoll. But in Mr. Ingersoll's present impregnable position, no one but a fool would rush in to his own destruction. He is literally and absolutely unanswerable. 'When life,' he asks, 'is of no value to a man, and he is of no assistance to anybody, why should he not destroy himself?' This is the keynote of a higher life. It touches the fundamental right of everybody, first, to be worthless, and then to get out. Such a clear and noble perception of man's inalienable right, not only to destroy himself, but to make the excuse first, puts Mr. Ingersoll among the finest thinkers of our age. The old and absurd idea that we were made with a purpose, and it was our duty to remain, has, he says, 'been outgrown.' How these clear-cut enunciations strike at the very roots of our being! How they brush away the modern cobwebs of sentiment and duty and let in the clear light upon the scientific fact that there wasn't any purpose and can't be any duty. 'Why,' asks this master thinker, 'should the man who commits a crime stay to be punished and thus put his friends and family to distress when he can kill himself?' I have not seen anywhere, a deep, broad thought so admirably put. Why should a man who commits a crime not commit two? I await with equanimity an answer to that. It is true that religious fools will ask, 'Why should a man commit a crime at all, and why provide an escape for him when he does?' But that is the besotted reasoning of the insane orthodox mind. When we have succeeded, as we assuredly will in time, especially if this great teacher is spared to us, in convincing mankind that life doesn't begin to be as luxurious as the abnegation of it; that wet clay is more comfortable than dry responsibility; that any man can escape from toil, from taking care of his own children, from supporting his wife or defending his home—by cutting his throat; when we have established this great truth, then suicide will become the great boon of that poor humanity who prefers sleep to work. For death, as Colonel Ingersoll truly observes, 'is liberty absolute and eternal'—that is to say, liberty from purpose, accountability, and penalties—and it is from these things that the soaring Ingersollian mind wishes to escape. Suicide is the great corrector of all evils. It is the one privilege given to all mortals through which they can crawl from the agony of doing something to the dreamless felicity of being nothing. What sons of

agony the world would have been spared if this had been understood at the start and the race had generously and generally availed itself of it! Colonel Ingersoll is one of the few men who see that great truth clearly. How many years of bitter disappointment would have been denied to that little girl who found that her doll was stuffed with sawdust if instead of going to a convent she had gone upstairs and taken a dose of arsenic. All this time she would have been lying in the loving embrace of the sweet subsoil instead of fighting and suffering and learning the vain lessons of misfortune and building up a superfluous character that must come to the same clay sooner or later! But this opens a new subject, namely, the beauty of suicide by children who are unhappy and of no use to anybody, and I leave the unworked thought for the able pen of the eloquent old Colonel. Under the magnetism of the Colonel's splendid effort in behalf of promiscuous self destruction I hesitate to let my feelings run away with me. But, like all who have been under his spell, I see the heavens of a better era opening and the time coming when this earth, burdened with a sad humanity, shall be gladdened only by graves, and if any wandering spirit visits the redeemed planet he will learn that the race, having suspected the superior value of the dreamless sleep to the working life, with one accord cut its multitudinous throat and got square on destiny."

### THE FAIRIES' GARNIVAL.

Rehearsals for the Fairies' Carnival to open at the Funke next Wednesday, have been going actively forward for two weeks, and Mr. Owen, the projector of this enterprise, is confident that the spectacle will be given with a precision and effectiveness not often attained in productions of this sort. The three hundred children have entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and the rehearsals give promise of a most excellent entertainment. The scenery and costumes used in this production are particularly handsome. The entertainment, which as previously announced, will be given under the auspices of the Women's Christian association, will have four presentations, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings with a matinee on Saturday. The performance Wednesday evening will be the informal opening of the new Funke opera house. J. Edgar Owen, the creator of this charming operetta, personally directs all rehearsals and he seems to be in his element; he has had years of experience in this kind of work and has brought the matter of fine productions down to a system—a science. He also appears in the piece as Ugho, the ogre—the "Bogie Man" of the play, and his great size eminently fits him for the character. We could go on describing the many charming features of the production to a great length, but lack of space forbids saying much more. The Women's Christian association, under whose auspices it is to be given, are to be congratulated on securing so beautiful an entertainment for their benefit. It is a light, airy creation well suited to this season of the year and all who attend will feel well repaid. It is unquestionably the most elaborate juvenile entertainment ever given in Lincoln. And what of the new Funke that Manager Frank C. Zehrung seems so proud of? Well, he has reason to be proud of his beautiful theatre. The big audiences that are sure to attend the opening and subsequent performances will be delighted with all that they see. The decorations are in perfect taste; the arrangement of the house is vastly superior to the old one, and no pains have been spared to give Lincoln a superior temple of amusement. Upon the occasion of the informal opening the house will be beautifully decorated in palms, flowers etc., and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of the coming week will be gala nights, not forgetting the matinee Saturday afternoon. The sale of seats will commence Monday morning at 10 o'clock at Gerung's drug store, and you are advised to be on hand in good season if you wish desirable locations. We understand that several theater parties are being made up and will occupy the many new boxes with which the house has been provided. These boxes hold six persons each and are the choicest seats in the house.

### Malaria and Scrofula.

I was all run down with malaria and scrofula and only weighed 108 pounds. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised I thought I would try a bottle. It helped me so much that I took six bottles and I feel entirely well. MISS CARRIE SHARR, 408 North 26 Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25 cents.