

TABERNACLE SERVICES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE
LAST SUNDAY MORNING.

Nothing Haphazard About the Bible—Superfluities a Hindrance Rather Than a Help—We All Have Fingers Enough. The Most Beautiful Foot.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 23.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on the subject, "Superfluities a Hindrance Rather Than a Help—We All Have Fingers Enough. The Most Beautiful Foot."

We are the people, we are the people,
Our souls are all our mortal frame.
What lasting honors shall we wear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

Dr. Talmage's text was, I Chronicles xx, 6, 7: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this scriptural error? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the passage, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text today because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet four and a half inches high. Or, if you do not believe the Bible, the famous Pliny, a secular writer, declares that at Crete, by an earthquake a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you prefer sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those olden times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling. David had slain the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidic race had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Talmage, the learned writer, says the emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Voltaire, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupetius, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance.

But this giant of the text is a battle, and as David, the dwarf warrior, had dispatched one giant, the brother of David slays this monster of my text, and there lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendages of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformationed giant of the text: "A man great of stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot, and he also was the son of the giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! "all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. As physical size is not to run in families the probability is that this brother of David who did the work was of an abbreviated stature. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body, and mind, and estate, and opportunity that you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrific hindrance. The most of the good done in the world and most of those who win the battles for the right are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand and they have just five—no more and no less. One Dr. Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowments. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses though never heard of. The Swamp Angel was a big gun that during the war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary caliber and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the Peacekeeper, a great iron gun that was to fight with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off and it explodes and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time all up and down our coasts were cannon of ordinary bore able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians who have made all the noise go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people with the silent ballots will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple blossom.

Clear back in the country today there are mothers in plain apron, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by the shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Edisons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the century so bright that this much lauded Nineteenth in comparison will seem a part of the dark ages. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate or a William Wirt or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Must one a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession, but what an unlimited army would pneumonia, and diphtheria, and scarlet fever have in the world if he were not for 10,000 common doctors. The old physician in his gait, rolling up the lane of the farm house or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle bag, arriving on the fifth day of the

fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, are looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case; he is getting well," excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors, Paine, or Gross or Joseph C. Hutchinson of the past, or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers they want six. Instead of an endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood and for the supply of those whom we have behind us after we have departed this life is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel," but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage. The anxieties and annoyances that those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when through your industry and public properties you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses and you leave all those rents to collect and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night; you rush up stairs to look out of the window to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes and there are embellements and abscondings in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recalcitrant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks and trying with anxious chuck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached you have to trust to many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand. The trouble with such a one is he is spread out like the unfortunate one in my text. You have more fingers and toes than you know what to do with. Twenty were useful, twenty-four is a hindrance superfluity. Disraeli says that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so, and he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the ad which I quit is by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be a king myself. Elect whom you choose, for me who am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody, "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worries are real and their insomnia and their nervous prostrations are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he cannot manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide up with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they cannot get enough. Not they guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout and know not that, like the giant of the text, they are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them, by large charities, bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death, and then, as they are compelled to give the money up any how, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting no doubt that he will feel very much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper institute, which mothers a hundred institutions of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to wait five thousand eight hundred years for Peter Cooper. I am glad for the benevolent institutions that rest on a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of heaven and let it out at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at 2 per cent, a month and got a corner on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty or sixty years in the presence of appalling suffering and want and made no effort for their relief. The charities of such people are for the most part in "paulo-post future" tense and are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime selfishness, the heirs at law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyers' hands what was meant for the American Bible society. O ye overweighted successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eye, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad tasting water at Saratoga, Hamburg or Carlsbad—give to God and humanity and the Bible 10 per cent. of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours sleep without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait your regular meals, and your waist check will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave with violets if it be spring, or gladioli if it be autumn.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when you are remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have been appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their face straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally,

fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text and in a post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made, the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle or through machinery has lost them knows anything about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, on the battle field of Waterloo, while engaged in amputations of the wounded was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave \$40,000 for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written. Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones in hand and wrist with the cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers all made just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of its fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief or clap them in joy, or spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifies the usual hand. Fashioned of God more exquisitely and wonderfully than any human mechanism that was ever contrived, I charge you use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of gospel handshaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side and your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones, and joints, and muscles, and cartilages, and ligaments, the voice of nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian salutation a g. s. p. electric thrill runs across the palm from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other. Shake hands all around. With the timid and for their encouragement, shake hands. With the troubled and in warm-hearted sympathy, shake hands. With the young man just entering business and discouraged at the small sales and the large expenses, shake hands. With the child who is new from God and started on unending journey, for which he needs to gather great supply of strength, and who can hardly reach up to you now because you are so much taller, shake hands. Across cradles and dying beds and graves, shake hands. With your enemies, who have done all to defame and hurt you, but whom you can afford to forgive, shake hands. At the door of churches where people come in, and at the door of churches where people go out, shake hands. Let pulpit shake hands with pew, and Sabbath day shake hands with week day, and earth shake hands with heaven. Oh the strange, the mighty, the undefined, the mysterious, the eternal power of an honest handshaking. The difference between those times and the millennial times is that now some shake hands, but then all will shake hands, throne and footstool, across nation with nation, God and man, church militant and church triumphant.

Yes! the malformation of this fallen giant glorifies the ordinary foot, for which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the foot are the admiration of the anatomist. The arch of the foot, fashioned with a grace and a poise that Trajan's arch at Beneventum or Constantine's arch at Rome or Arch of Triumph at the end of Champs Elysees could not equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of the foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movements innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable man to stand upright as no other creature, and leave the hand that would otherwise have to help in balancing the body free for any thing it chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree branch, the foot of the hind fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the lion fashioned to rend its prey, the foot of the horse fashioned for the solid earth, but the foot of man made to cross the desert, or climb the tree, or scale the cliff, or walk the earth, or go anywhere he needs to go. With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession, where do you walk? In what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifications in the rocks have been found the mark of the feet of birds and beasts of thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made fifty years ago as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the Judgment day. Oh, the foot! How divinely honored not only in its construction but in the fact that God represents himself in the Bible by a foot: "The clouds on the dust of his feet." "Darkness was under his feet." "The earth, his footstool." And representing cyclones and aurols and whirlwinds and hurricanes as winged creatures, he describes himself as putting his foot on these monsters of the air and walking from pinion to pinion, saying: "He walketh upon the wings of the wind." "Thou hast put all things under his feet," cries the psalmist. Oh, the foot! Give me the autobiography of your foot from the time you stepped out of the cradle until today, and I will tell you exact character now and what are your prospects for the world to come. That there might be no doubt about the fact that both these pieces of divine mechanism, hand and foot, belong to Christ's service, both hands of Christ and both feet of Christ were spiked on the cross. Right through the arch with both his feet to the hollow of his footstep went the iron of torture, and from the palm of his hand to the back of it, and there is not a muscle or nerve or bone among the twenty-seven bones of hand and wrist, or among the twenty-six bones of the foot, but it belongs to him now and forever. Charles Reade, the great writer, lost the joint of his forefinger by feeding a bear. Look out that your whole hand gets not into the paw of the old Cerberus of perdition. Sir Thomas Trowbridge at the battle of Inverkeithing lost his foot, and when the soldiers would carry him away he said, "No! do not move until the battle is won!" So if our foot be lamed or lost let it be in the service of our God, our home or our country.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beautiful hand that does the most to help others. I was reading of three women who were in rivalry about the appearance of

the hand. And the one reddened her hand with berries, and said the beautiful tinge made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook, and said the water dripped off, that her hand was the most beautiful. And another picked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman appeared, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave her alms. And all the women resolved to leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was the most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gave relief to my necessities," and as she so said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, and in place thereof stood the Christ who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth or in resurrection state, had his own hand and foot lacerated.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Carrie Bragg edits The Virginia Laurel, the only paper in the country conducted by a colored woman.

Jean Ingelew gives several dinners weekly to the sick, poor and discharged convalescents from hospitals.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and a patient at St. Thomas' hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. The illustrious philanthropist is nearly 60 years old.

Grace Greenwood says she never was an active woman suffragist, because she was afraid of being called upon to make off hand speeches, but she has always accepted and advocated the main principles of the suffragists.

Miss Susan Hale mourns the obliteration of the quiet seaside hamlet. She says that she has discovered one after another along Massachusetts coast, only to have them destroyed, as far as her comfort was concerned, by the march of fashion. There is one left, she says, and there she is at present biding.

Miss A. L. Wilson, of Cynthia, Ky., is said to rank next to Miss Middlemore in her knowledge of live stock, and to outdistance that lady's information in the matter of pedigrees and the history of trotting horses. Miss Wilson is manager of The San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman, and has the reputation of being a graceful as well as well informed writer.

"Ouida" has really become religious. It was rumored some time ago that she was verging towards repentance, and now it is learned that she spends her days in reading pious books and making long prayers. She even refuses to associate with worldly people. She is not devoted to any special denomination, but seems to be slowly forming a cult of her own.

Miss Lois M. Royce, the little school teaching heroine of the western blizzard, has received the pair of artificial feet to provide which teachers and others in Boston contributed the means, and they have already proved wonderfully efficient. She writes: "They fit so far admirably, and I walk very well with them. I walked to the carriage this afternoon just by taking hold of my father's arm."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, although still in her twenties, has made a pleasant reputation by her published verses and stories for children. At the age of 7 she showed the bent of her mind by selecting Charles Lamb as her favorite author. Miss Guiney has a strong, intellectual face and a well developed forehead, from which the hair is combed straight up. As the hair is inclined to curl, the effect is not as picturesque as it might be under other circumstances.

Annie Louise Cary Raymond is staying at Scarborough beach, in her native Maine, and there, Nora Perry writes, she occasionally lifts her voice in song, and only occasionally, and for the benefit of a few friends. Mrs. Raymond has lived a very quiet, retired life since her marriage, in strong contrast to the unquiet, exciting life of the stage that she led before it. Although she seemed to enjoy the applause of her audiences and the artistic pleasure of singing, she says that she was never so happy as she has been in married life, and that she has never had the least desire to return to the footlights.

The Russian czarina, though nearly 40 years of age, has still a girlish appearance; her sparkling eyes and her joyful smile, her elastic figure, her graceful and yet natural movements, as she shows them when dancing, all combine to impress her with that stamp of youthfulness rare at her time of life. And how she laughs—so heartily, so loudly, so naturally, that she herself seems now and then to think it almost frivolous, when a husband and a once favored favorite, and a ruler of a vast empire, look on her face, and realize her look still more like a big girl or an overgrown child.

Miss Lottie Dodd, the champion lady tennis player of England, is only 18 years old, but she has handled the racket ever since she was ten years of age. Miss Dodd is a picture of robust English girlhood. She is above the average height of women, with her head set well upon her shoulders. She is unusually dark for an English woman, her hair and eyes being black as the raven's wing. For the last eight years this athletic young lady has traveled all over England, Scotland and Ireland, wrestling the trophies from local champions, until finally she wrested the championship of all England from Miss Maud Watson.

A Valley of Dead Men's Bones. Frank Morrison has lately furnished a reporter with some very interesting facts concerning certain discoveries on the Island of San Clemente, which lies off the coast from Laguna some twenty or thirty miles.

A party of gentlemen, among whom was Arthur Chestnam, of Santa Ana, visited the island a few weeks ago. They reached the island by yacht from San Diego. Of all the many strange discoveries made by the party on the island, which seemed to be a land of wonders, none was so startling as their coming suddenly upon a level sort of plain, which was strewn with the skeletons of about five hundred human beings. They lie scattered about in a promiscuous manner, which suggests that the whole lot must have been suddenly and at once killed. They were apparently Indians, and the place where their remains now lie is a veritable "valley of dry bones."—Riverdale (Cal.) Tribune.

Attached to Her Home.

The tenacity with which people love to hold to their homesteads is illustrated in a place of land at Bar Harbor, the fashionable watering place, which has a "view," and would be a splendid site for a cottage. It is owned by an old Irish washerwoman, who has lived on the place for many years. All persuasions to sell it have failed to move her, and it is said that \$100,000 was offered for the property this summer. The simple minded Bar Harborers have always resented the inroads of "the swells," and the way they have appropriated the place, and many of them have similarly refused to sell their birthplaces.—Philadelphia Times.

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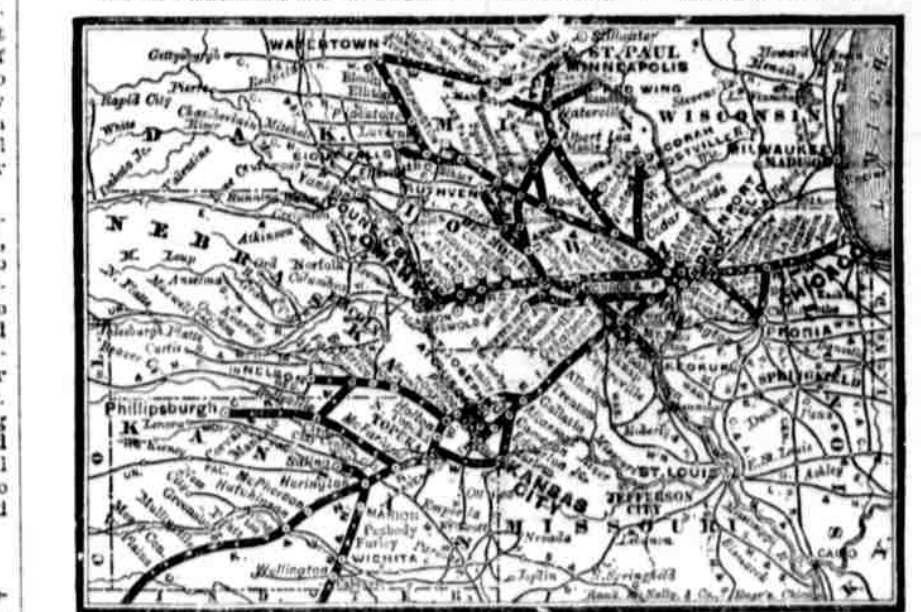
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