

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A BRIGHT SUNDAY VERSUS A DOLEFUL SUNDAY.

The Gloominess That Pervades All False Religions—The Christian Religion Should Have the Grand Characteristic of Cheerfulness—A Word to Long Faced People.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 13.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today on "A Bright Sunday versus a Doleful Sunday." After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture he gave out the hymn:

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.

The text was: "And call the Sabbath a delight.—Isaiah lviii, 13. Dr. Talmage said: There is an element of gloom striking through all false religions. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world, but an eternity of the same passionate indulgences. But God intended that our religion should have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness.

St. Paul struck the key note when he said: "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice." This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulders; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funeral pyres on which to leap; it has no juggernauts before which to fall. Its good cheer is symbolized in the Bible by the brightness of waters, and the resilience of lilies, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarities of a banquet. A choir of seraphim chanted at its initiation, and ringing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wings of archangel, to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: "Glory to God in the highest!" and it will close its earthly mission with the ascription: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sabbath. They say: "You can have your religious assemblages, and your long faces, and your sniffing cant, and your psalm books, and your Bibles. Give us the Sunday excursion, and the horse race, and the carnival laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and you shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious dolefulness. I want to show these men—if there are any such in the house this morning—that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy and glory and salvation and heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, and call the Sabbath a delight!"

THE DOLEFUL SABBATH IS AN ADMONITION. I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of healthy repose. In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. No one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doct in the sick room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the Gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the load of bricks up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well. But when Saturday night comes, you are jaded and worn. The hand cannot so skillfully manufacture; the eye cannot see as well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods that went out on Monday. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week, when the men were tired out."

The Sabbath comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain, and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are seven day clocks, and unless on the seventh day they are wound up, they run down into the grave. The Sabbath was intended as a savings bank; into it we are to gather the resources upon which we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bone. He dips up the robe of his own life, and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed, and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, and pore, and cell, and finger nail demands the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throbbing of the pulse in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket declare: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath. A prominent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely, and I have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day, or opened their counting houses, have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy, I noticed out on Long wharf there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night, and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

HOW THE SABBATH BREAKERS END. I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sabbath breakers, and who have been Sabbath breakers ever since? Without a single exception, you will tell me, they have come either to financial or to moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has either been a financial or moral defalcation in every instance. Six hundred and forty physicians in London petition parliament, saying: "We must have the Sabbath obeyed. We cannot have health in this city and in this nation, unless the Sabbath is observed." This in our own country have given evidence on the same side. The man who takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption, and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and plowed the ground on Sunday, and ran rows of corn on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with its lightning, and away went the Sunday crop. So great is the moral depression coming upon

those who toil upon the Sabbath day, that you may have noticed if you have not, I call your attention to the fact that in cases where the public interest demands Sabbath toll the moral depression is so great that there are but very few who can stand it. For instance, the police service, without which not one of our houses would be safe—there are very few who can stand the pressure and temptation of it. In London, where there are five thousand policemen, the statistic is given that in one year nine hundred and twenty-one of that five thousand were dismissed, five hundred and twenty-three were suspended and two thousand four hundred and ninety-two were fined. Now, if the moral depression be so great in occupations that are positively necessary for the peace and prosperity of society, I ask you what must be the moral depression in those cases where there is no necessity for Sabbath work, and where a man chooses worldly business on the Lord's day just because he likes it or wants to add to his emoluments? During the last war it was found out that those public works which paused on the seventh day turned out more war material than those which worked all the seven days. Mr. Bagnall, a prominent iron merchant, gives this testimony: "I find we have fewer accidents in our establishment and fewer interruptions, now we observe the Lord's day; and at the close of the year, now that we keep the Sabbath, I find we turn out more iron and have larger profits than any year when we worked all the seven days." The fact is, Sabbath made ropes will break, and Sabbath made shoes will leak, and Sabbath made coats will rip, and Sabbath made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of that new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my buildings; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thousands of dollars; but I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been to me ruin. I enlarged my buildings, I made a great many thousands of dollars, but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this community who break the Sabbath and the men who keep it, and then I ask you who are the best friends of society? Who are the best friends of morals? Who have the best prospects for this world? Who have the best for the world that is to come?

Sabbath morning comes in the household. I suppose that the mere philosopher would say that the Sabbath light comes in a wave current, just like any other light; but it does not seem so to me. It seems as if it touched the eyelids more gently, and threw a brighter glow on the mantel ornaments, and cast a better cheerfulness on the faces of the children, and threw a supernatural glory over the old family Bible. Hail! Sabbath day, we rejoice in it. Rest comes in through the window, or it leaps up from the fire, or it rolls out in the old arm chair, or it catches up the body into ecstasy, and swings open before the soul the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened store window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: "This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing woman, with weary hands, and aching side, and sick heart. Rest for the overtasked workman, the mine, or out on the wall, or in the sweated factory. Hang up the plane, drop the axe, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind, and for the soul.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast And these rejoicing eyes.

HOW PARENTAL LUGUBRIOUSNESS AFFECTS CHILDREN. Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of domestic reunion and consecration. There are some very good parents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children grow up against the wall of parental lugubriousness on that day. They are sorry when Sunday comes and glad when it goes away. They think of everything bad on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there were wrong notions about the Sabbath, have gone out into dissipation and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath day. I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a boy, I never got over it, and I never will." Those parents do not "call the Sabbath a delight." They made it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I wonder when Sunday will come!" They are anxious to have it come. I hear their hosanna in the house; I hear their hosanna in the school. God intended the Sabbath to be especially a day for the father. The Sabbath is home all the week. Sabbath day comes, and God says to the father, who has been busy from Monday morning to Saturday night at the store, or away from home: "This is your day. See what you can do in this little flock in preparing them for heaven. This day I set apart for you." You know very well that there are many parents who are mere settlers of the household; they provide the food and raiment, once in a while, perhaps, they hear the child read a line or two in the new primer, or if there be a case of especial discipline, and the mother cannot manage it, the child is brought up in the court martial of the father's discipline and punished. That is all there is of it. No scrutiny of that child's immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will soon go out in a world where there are gigantic and overwhelming temptations which have swamped millions. But in some households it is not that way; the home, beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "Good morning," there is more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child and the child looks at the father. The little one dares now to ask questions without any fear of being answered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lip. He sees in that child a long line of earthly desires; he sees in that child an immortal eternity. As he touches that child he says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one?" And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the dance, or that which is like the "reveling of thorns under a jet," but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

Have I been picturing something that is merely fanciful, or is it possible for you and for me to have such a home as that? I believe it is possible.

SOME STATISTICS THROWING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT. I have a statistic that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were two neighborhoods—the one of six families, the other of five families. The six families

disregarded the Sabbath. In time, five of those families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a drunkard, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and rogues. Four or five have been in state prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church; one is a minister of the Gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The home-land is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the joy of the Gospel. Oh, is there nothing in a household that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possible that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered for this life, or have any good hope of the life that is to come?

Again, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of Christian assemblage. Where are all those people going on the Sabbath? You see them moving up and down the street. Is it a festival day? people might ask. Has there been some public edict commanding the people to come forth? No, they are only worshippers of God who are going to their places of religious service. In what delicate scale shall I weigh the joy of Christian convocation? It gives brightness to the eye, and a flush to the cheek, and a pressure to the hand, and a thrill to the heart. You see the aged man tottering along on his staff through the aisle. You see the little child led by the hand of its mother. You look around and rejoice in the presence of God, and in this communion of saints. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some familiar tunes set all the soul a-quake and a-quake with rapture. You plunge into some old hymn and all our cares and anxieties are bathed off. The glorious Gospel transports us, the Spirit descends, Jesus appears, and we feel the bounding, spreading, electric joy of Christian convocation.

I look upon the Church of God as one vast luncheon, joy dripping from the baptismal font, joy glowing in the sacramental cup, joy warbling in the anthem, joy beating against the gate of heaven with a hallelujah like the voice of mighty thunders. Beautiful for situation! The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. It is the day and the place where Christ reviews his troops, bringing them out in companies and regiments and battalions, riding along the line, examining the battle torn flags of past combat, and cheering them on to future victories. Oh, the joy of Christian assemblage!

I remark also, we are to have in this day the joy of eternal Sabbathism. I do not believe it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of heaven. There is something in the gathering of people in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Christian church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, and the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harpists. The light of a letter from heaven glides the top of this, and earth and heaven come within speaking distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the church of earth, now sent back by the church of heaven.

Day of all the week the best, Edition of eternal rest. The Christian man stands radiant in its light. His heart rejoices at the thought of a country where there is neither coffin nor grave; his weary body glows at the idea of a land where there are no burdens to carry and no exhaustive journeys to take. He eats the grapes of Eschcol. He stands upon the mountain top and looks off upon the promised land. He hears the call of the eternal towers and the tramp of the numberless multitude with sins forgiven. This is the day which the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it. Oh, ye who have been hunting for Sunday pleasures in the street and on the river and in the house of sin, I commend to you this holy day and holy service! I do not invite you to swallow a great bitterness or carry a heavy yoke; but I invite you to feel in body, mind and soul the thrill of joy which God has handed down in the calendar of the golden Sabbath.

THE JEREMIAH AND JIBERS AT THE SABBATH. With what revision and with what pity we must look out on that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up; the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath. Take away one, and you take both. Take either, and farewell to our Christianity in this country, farewell to our civil and religious liberties. When they go, all go. He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be 100 years of age. He said to me in his 90th year: "I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: 'No, I won't go; it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'you have, I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath breaking usage; in this day; and the first thing is to get our children right upon this subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the holiest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shrink responsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath school and the house of God, that will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you, in the name of Christ, my Master and my Judge, that your example will be more potent than any instruction they get elsewhere, and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise show contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with a fearful curse. It is a rough truth, I know, told in a rough, but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your child may go on to seventy or eighty years of age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantage of having had a Sabbath breaking father or a Sabbath breaking mother. It is the joy of many of us that we can look back to an early home where God was honored, and when the Sabbath came it was a day of great consecration and joy. We remember the old faces around the table that Sabbath morning. Our hearts melt when we think of those blessed associations, and we may have been off and committed many indiscretions and done many wrong things; but the day will never come when we forget the early home in which God's day was regarded, and father and mother told us to keep holy the Sabbath.

HOW THE EVIL IS TO BE FOUGHT. There is another way in which we can war against the Sabbath breaking usage of the country at this time, and that is by making our homes of worship attractive and the religious services inspiring. I plead not for

a gorgeous audience chamber; I plead not for gilded rafters or magnificent fresco; but I do plead for comfortable churches, home like churches—places where the church going population behave as they ought to. Make the church welcome to all, however poorly clad they may be, or whatever may have been their past history; for I think the church of God is not so much made for you who could have churches in your own house, but for the vast population of our great cities, who are trending on toward death, with no voice of mercy to arrest them. Ah! when the prosyral come into the church, do not stare at him as though he had no right to come. Give him the best seat you can find for him. Sometimes a man wakes up from his sin, and he says: "I'll go to the house of God." Perhaps he comes from one motive, perhaps from another. He finds the church dark and the Christian people frigid and there are no people on earth who can be more frigid than Christian people when they try; and the music is dull, and he never comes again. Suppose one of those men enters the church. As he comes in he hears a song which his mother sang when he was a boy; he remembers it. He sits down, and some one hands him a book, open at Jerusalem, my happy home.

Same ever dear to me. "Yes," he says, "I have heard that many times." He sees cheerful Christian people there, every man's face a psalm of thanksgiving to God. He says: "Do you have this so every Sunday? I have heard that the house of God was a doleful place, and Christians were lugubrious and repelling! I have really enjoyed myself!" The next Sabbath the man is again in the same place. Tears of repentance start down his cheek; he begins to pray; and when the communion table is spread he sits at it, and some one reaches over and says: "I am surprised to find you here. I thought you didn't believe in such things." "Ah!" he says, "I have been captured. I came in one day, and I found you were all so loving and cheerful here that I concluded I would come among you. Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will be buried." Ah! you can't drive men out—you can charm them out.

I would to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of this Sabbath heritage. We cannot count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. Oh, blessed Sabbath! blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about the old Puritanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbath they used to have in New England. I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbathism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritanic Sabbathism, I shall be satisfied, and I shall be surprised.

Oh, blessed day! blessed day! I should like to die some Sabbath morning when the air is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dying blessing, I should like to look off upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the one hundred and forty and four thousand and the thousands of thousands standing around the throne of Jesus. Hark! I hear the bell of the old kirk on the hillside of heaven. It is a wedding bell, for behold the bridegroom cometh. It is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through him who hath loved us. It is a Sabbath bell, for it calls the nations of earth and heaven to everlasting repose.

Oh when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend? Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.

Novel Freight Cars. Of all the unique designs in freight cars the one known as the "Presser" car was the most novel. The scheme consisted of two immense iron cylinders, each capable of holding 3,000 bushels of grain. Tires were shrunk upon them in such manner as to form flanges fitting the rails, to keep them in place. Two of these were yoked together by a sturdy oak frame that rested on journals or axles, one in the center of each cylinder end. When loaded, which was done through a sort of manhole which was then sealed, the engine was coupled on and the cylinders rolled over and over to the destination of the grain. They took a number of these peculiar cars on a trial trip from Chicago to New York, and they were such a curiosity that they drew larger crowds than Barnum's would have done. But as the machines started rolling down a big hill in New York one began to fly. It peeped the faces of those who had gathered at a station, which the strange vehicles passed, like bird shot. It formed a perfect cloud as it scattered the corn about in its own liberal manner, without regard to whether it fell on thorny ground by the wayside or on fertile soil. By the time the trainmen discovered the leakage fully 1,700 bushels had been strewn, and the cars were relegated to the scrap pile. I recommended that they be put on as a milk train. Start them out with milk, and they would have brought in a load of butter, churned in transit.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Business Methods of Modern Girls. A Toronto Mail reporter invested thirty-four cents in two advertisements. In one advertisement he expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of a young lady not over 25; object, fun and mutual improvement. In the other he solicited correspondence from a young lady between 20 and 25 years, object matrimony. To the first he received one answer, to the second forty-seven, only one lady going in for recreation and improvement, and forty-seven got down to a business basis. The number of the replies started the reporter out of his matrimonial intentions, and the one answer written by him was addressed to the giddy thing anxious to be improved. She had an artless manner and was brimful of spirits early on the first and only evening. As the hour for parting drew near, however, she grew more serious, and before the farewells were exchanged also insinuated an opinion that married life was much jollier than existence in the single state.—Chicago News.

Ladies of Letters. Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., who is young and pretty and devoted to society, has made her debut in letters as the author of a novel or two. Her story, entitled "Those Pretty St. George Girls," while not profound at all, displays, nevertheless, a sprightliness of style that made it popular. She lives with her husband and child in Fifth avenue and is said to be engaged upon a new novel of fashionable life. Mrs. Poulney Bigelow is another society woman who has done some good literary work. As Miss Edith Jeffery she contributed a number of poems to the various periodicals, and recently a novel of hers called "The Beautiful Mrs. Trevelyan" appeared in Lippincott's Magazine. Mrs. Bigelow is above medium height and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband has been engaged in journalistic work and was for an extended period the editor of Outing.—Current Literature.

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