

OUR OWN GENERATION.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE FEB. 10.

Text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, After He Had Served His Own Generation by the Will of God, Fell on Sleep."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—Before an audience gathered from all parts of the earth the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded passages of Scripture descriptive of stirring scenes in David's life. Led by organ and cornet the multitudes joined in singing:

Time, like an ever rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten, as a dream, Dies at the opening day.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking around of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was but perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

SITE COULD NOT LEAVE HIM OUT.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, perhaps a thousand generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a forced march at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eighty generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Many of the greatest estates of today have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute seventy thousand human skulls and Bagdad ninety thousand human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserably they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacco-nicotine calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers, and all the doctors, and all the ministers, and

all the reformers, and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beef-steak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others, which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were disbanding him from a certain campaign, saying "it would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a dualism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?"

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax, from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax glistering and sharp, and with edge so keen he would cautiously run his finger along, lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is, it will be an awful failure of a world. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banquet table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

THE GREATEST BATTLE FIELD.

I have read that the battle field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle field of Leipzig, one hundred and sixty thousand men under Napoleon, two hundred and fifty thousand men under Schwarzeberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread." And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the patios, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slovenly apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The one-fourth who have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence, if outlaws had his way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country, are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change and by generosity on the part of the crowded ward-rooms, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty ward-rooms, there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part to want the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back

and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shutes of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abraham and Davidge times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for thousands of years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you cannot see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter, as well as summer, shall not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before his cold?"

HOW MAY WE SERVE OUR GENERATION?

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation and in locomotion and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them it would be found we have now living in this year 1889 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in the north and south were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off. But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side is victory; on the south side is death; on the south side is poverty; on the north side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves, for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one of his troops followed, and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line today. One side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes. Believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? Have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

BEHAVE WELL YOURSELVES. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went west and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but today old memories come back to me and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right! What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and dying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We cannot stop. They cannot stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject." But we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel, and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixty-five wheels turns twenty-four smaller wheels, which are

the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to save this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearl and garlands amarantine, and fountains rainbowed, and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was. Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he lay down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work. It takes all the aching out of the head and all the weariness out of the limbs and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fever so that the attendant must by sheer force keep the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin blooded and shivering with ague, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

AWAY WITH IT.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the flight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing me from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest college, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the gospel ministry and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture and stepped back again, but after a while went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep. Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowd slumber, enwrapped by angels' wings? Sleep. Transporting sleep. And what a glorious awakening. You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey, we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like heaven. It is it. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, lo! look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm over arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer."

A HOUSE NOT BUILT WITH HANDS. But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and

down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those booming feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! Never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words: "Never more to part! Never more to part! Then our glorified friends say: 'Come out with us and see how heaven is! And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And, as all are making obeisance to this great one of heaven I cry out: 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This the greatest of all the kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.'"

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Louisville, Ky., doctor tries to prove that elopements are hereditary. Try a small brush, not too stiff, for cleaning potatoes and other roots, and save your hands.

In Paris, France, a big company has the monopoly of the funerals. This company handles 50,000 bodies yearly.

The most frequented court room in the United States is the front parlor. Most divorce cases are begun there.

Fresh water always freezes at the surface first. Sea water during calm weather begins to freeze at some point beneath the surface.

Edson Adams, one of the founders of Oakland, Cal., who died recently, disposed of \$3,000,000 in a will of less than 100 words.

There are two Episcopal ministers, missionaries, on the Yukon river, Alaska. They are 3,000 miles from the southeastern line of the territory.

In Florida, where they manufacture ice with a machine, freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies imbedded in all its beauty of form and color.

A party of San Bernardino, Cal., hunters who went for a day's sport had very hard luck until they hired a small boy to play the harmonica for them. As soon as the music began the canyon swarmed with rabbits, and the hunters loaded themselves down with game.

The New Orleans creole woman's exchange is now an accomplished fact, and the early stages of its career are apparently most auspicious. Every sort of woman's work will be handled, and home made articles will, of course, be the special feature of the sale department.

A bird very rare in Europe was shot in the Island of Moen, in Denmark, viz., a specimen of the "isabel colored runner" (Cursorius sabellinus). The home of this bird is the Desert of Sahara. Only one or two specimens have hitherto been seen in Europe.

The difference between a fair housekeeper in an apartment house and a dandel devot to a pet kitten, is that one has the keys of her flat and the other is very apt to possess the floss of her cat.

There is a company in Birmingham, England, that makes about ten millions of pins every day, the weight averaging five tons per week. The company is in possession, as proprietors, of the privileges and rights of the original patentee of the solid headed pin. There are at least two other extensive pin manufacturers in Birmingham, where it is said that half the pins used in the world are made.

The immigration that has poured into southern and western Florida has made it a white man's land, wealthy and prosperous. While the 10,000 negroes south of St. Augustine had grown from 1870 to 1880 to 16,000, the 17,500 whites had grown to 45,000, and are nearly 70,000 today. In that section of the state the races were nearly equal eighteen years ago, the whites are four to one today, and in a number of the counties the negro population has actually decreased.

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or nerve portion of the brain that does the seeing, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina rarely tires. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball, and the muscle of accommodation which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at. It is in these three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, which may be accompanied with some pain. When the eye tires easily, rest is not the proper remedy, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to aid in accommodating the eye to vision—Good Housekeeping.

The Business Girl.

According to Boston papers there is a new feature of life in the universal Club. It is the business girl. She is not afraid of a man and doesn't bother her head about catching one. She dresses faultlessly, looks her prettiest, has a soft voice, but does not flirt during business hours. She comes in on the steam or horse cars and shows her good sense by taking a crowd as a matter of course, and does not disturb others with disagreeable, petulant ways when she has to stand. She is like a man in two things: First, she dresses at home and never appears to think of her clothes again until she changes them; second, she regards men as they do each other, in perfect equality and with perfect confidence. —Chicago News.

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