CHRIST'S WRITING.

TRACING IN THE DUST THE WORDS HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS.

The World Is Still Under the Divine Eye. Christ's Gentle Treatment of the Erring Woman-An Illustration of the World's

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 17.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tab-ernacle on the subject, "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ he gave out the hymn:

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine!

Text: John viii, 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground." A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and orna-mented gateways. The building of this tem-ple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say, "Let her die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does, they would how at him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee or both knees, and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression, until he looked up and told them that they might themselves beain the woman's assassi nation, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written, the scoundrel skulked away. Finally the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, he looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out Christ is victor, and he says to the woman "Where are the prosecutors in this case! Are they all gone? Then I discharge you. Go and sin no more.'

on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time that he ever wrote at all ! I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever and the one who had more to say that any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes, there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Al exandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned reposi

tories of all nations, not one word written di

rectly by the fingers of Christ. All that be

ever wrote, he wrote in dust; uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get, at least, on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobo cratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cac-tus and magnelias in full bloom, into the outside air 10 degs, below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven and down from second heaven to first beaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. From homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Casar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galileo was high, but he had to come down, before with his feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet, but he had to come down, before with his lip he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in conson ance with humiliations that had gone before and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's clock of crows on their way up from a car-temple he stooped down and wrote on the case, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that

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Whether the words he was writing were in another word in that dust. From her entire Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I cannot say, I amor, I am sure that arraigned woman from the way you cry, you have trouble head a for he knew all those languages. But he is was repentant. She made no apology, and enough of your own. Why, how cold and the still stooping down and with his finger writ- Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her sick you seem! Oh, my! can it bef Yes, Press.

ing on the ground; in the winter, in letters of crystals in the spring, in letters of flowers; in summer, in golden letters of harvest; in autumn, in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and em-blazon this world, could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it! This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes his hand off it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a de funct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world, "Let there be light" was said at the begin-ning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring, and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is this, "Without him was not anything made that was made," Christ writing on the ground! If we could see his hand in all the passing sea-sons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric and again we would hear him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roun-delay of a brown thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barn yard could not cluck for her brood, but we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off of the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," In a picture gallery of Europe, there is on the celling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the floor and now, visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the beaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's bibles, aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well, they discard the Old Testament, Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest, namely, that which was written before Moses was put affoat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife! No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of CHRIST WROTE IN SHIFTING AND VANISHING the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in I have always wondered what Christ wrote the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked the ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he. "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

THE WORDS CHRIST WROTE: "HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS."

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine, cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground! The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground! I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman who, evidently, was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they aretwenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipiee, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertimes dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A one word written on the ground that day by THIS WORLD IS STILL STORE THE DIVINE the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was

supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust, so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about him. He was walking through the streets of a city and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said, "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful. Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of eleven letters and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though he write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin, the red leaf atone ment, the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon. AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE WORLD'S INJUS TICE.

I must not forget to say that as Christ stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit, Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment! No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women, scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense, she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon meffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad, because they are walking lazarettoes of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no! says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East River at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind! It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on!

SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S DUST WRITING. But while I speak of Christ of the text, his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only the door of its mighty dust. cavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resur-rected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened, and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Casar? Dust: Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chæronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,-000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopy læ?

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Albambra, or the Persian palaces of Abasterus! Dust! Where are the musicians who played, and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our owns Dust! The greatest library in the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled, and all these volumes unclasped; and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life, and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own foreflager, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late, a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open fast Enough. It wants a Mixture to Make the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzio!' 'Lizzio!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess,

you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that might! And Christ again stooped down and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the liberating words that he had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million attreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At every railroad in Holland there is watch woman at the crossing

Marriage would be more frequently a suc cess if fewer men and women were failures. All matches, friendships and societies are langerous and inconvenient where the con-

tractors are not equal,-L'Estrange. At Canajoharie, N. Y., a horse was frightened to death by the noise made by steam escaping from a locomotive.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—Zimmerman.

A Kansas man hauled 800 carloads of dirt in one month, and the local editor chronicled it as "800 transfers of real estate in one month. Rhubarb came from China about 1573, and

when introduced into England was called patience." Turnip leaves were first eaten

At a book sale in Boston a pamphlet entitled "Captivity in Canada," and published by Rev. John Norton in 1747, fetched \$303. The proposed East river tunnel between New York city and Long Island, it is stated,

will be four and a half miles long and cost \$5,000,000. Our admiration of a famous man lessens upon nearer acquaintance with him, and we seldom hear of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and

infirmities.—Addison. A St. Louis coal company mined at Danrille, Ills., a lump of coal that weighed 37,000 pounds. It was shipped to Chicago, and the timbers in the mine had to be taken down for its removal.

At a typewriting contest in London there were 126 entries and nearly all appeared. The first prize was for seventy-nine words a minute, twenty or thirty words less than has been achieved in this country.

What a wretched commentary on the "divine right of kings" to rule is afforded when we contemplate the physical and mental characteristics of the kings and princes of Europe!—Philadelphia Record.

The region covered by Professor Pickering's experiment for enumerating nebulæ, photographed in a given portion of the heavens, was about four-thousandths of the entire sky, and resulted in the discovery of twelve new clusters.

A millionaire named Tagliabei, who died at Milan, bequeathed the sum of 50,000 francs to the street sweepers of that town, on condi tion that they would all go to his funeral in their working clothes. In his youth he had himself been a street sweeper. The Sevres dessert service in Windsor cas

tle is valued by an expert at fully £100,000, the punch bowl alone being estimated at £10,000. The value of the china at Buckingham palace and that of Windsor together thought to exceed considerably £200,000.

At Charlotte Harbor, Fla., a blackbird was seen to dive into water his own depth and bring out a live crab as big as a silver dollar. He flung the crustacean on the beach and picked and shook him until he killed him, and then made a breakfast on him.

Candles and candelabra now find a place in the most fashionable drawing rooms. They are used for mantel ornaments and stand on tables, and come in silver, various kinds of bronze and china. The most stylish gas fixtures are also in the shape of sconces and indle brackets.

The war department has granted to the smithsonian Institution the privilege of erecting an astro-physical observatory on the heights of Arlington, its purpose being, as its name implies, the investigation of the physical constituents of the heavenly bodies.

A man who got lost in the bush in South Australia resorted to an ingenious expedient for escaping from his dilemma. After wandering about for four days he decided to cut a telegraph line and camp on the spot. His plan worked. The telegraph repairers were sent out along the line to discover the cause of the interruption, and came upon the wanderer in time to save his life.

A Rotary Icicle:

I must tell you of a curious icicle that formed recently out in the far west. The superintendent of a large smelter in Colorado says in a recent letter to me: "It was the most curious affair I ever saw. Between the engine room and the blower room are numerous electric light wires and a small steam pipe with a coupling joint, from which a small jet of steam is scaping. The steam condensed and from on to one of the wires, and soon an icicle nung down. The wire twisted so that the icicle took a turn and another point form.d; soon another and then the affair broke loose at the point where the wire went through, and a perfect pinwheel was formed. It kept very slowly turning as the ice grow heavier on the side towards the jet of steam. It was probably a foot in diameter, or even more, nowhere more than three inches through and remarkably symmetrical, the curves of the spiral being quite regular.—Philadelphia Times.

A Practical Fire Extinguisher. A physician says that he had studied the subject very carefully and was convinced that it would be well for every house to keep its own fire extinguisher, and it could be easily done. It would certainly be invaluable to persons living in the country, and far removed even from neighbors. The doctor then told me that he would give me the exact recipe now used in the fire extinguishers being offered for sale. Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had at any drug gist) and dissolve in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room of the house, to be used in an emergency. In case of a fire occurring one r two bottles should be immediately thrown with force into the burning place so as to break them, and the fire will certainly be extinguished. - New York Telegram.

The Plant and the Shadow.

A Plant which was Growing finely in the unshine of June was suddenly covered by a Shadow, and as soon as the Gardener appeared it said:

"I was doing Splendidly until that Shadov came. If you expect me to do my Best you must keep it away."

"My friend," replied the Gardener, "if it were all Sunshine you would Grow too fast If it were all Shadow you would not Grow you Worthy of your Name." MORAL.

The toothache and corns and colds in the from the way you cry, you have trouble head and tacky sore throats are sent to keep enough of your own. Why, how cold and us from getting ahead too fast.—Detroit Free head and tacky sore throats are sent to keep Beings and Beasties.

There is a saying, full of that keen observa-tion for which the French are famous, "Chacun a sabete dans la figure." Each of us has a resemblance more or less exact to some animal, and the lines of likeness to horses, dogs, monkeys, birds, fishes, snakes, tigers and mice, as well as to those of sheep, goats, pigs, cows, cats and lizards, can be traced in men and women who yet are purely human and without any moral likeness to their antitypes. Some of these resemblances make pretty faces enough. If the horse and cow leave much to be desired on the score of beauty. the dog gives several fascinating replicas. We have known spaniels and setters and Skyes and Blenheims and funny little Jap anese noudescripts, in frocks and hats, walk ing erect on two legs—with human voices to match their buman minds—who were as delightful in their womanhood as they were pretty in their personality. And yet their faces, with only a few strokes of the pencil, could be made an exact likeness of the creatures we have mentioned. Do we not all know the women who peck

like birds when they make a show of kissing They cannot kiss even their babies like true human beings, but dab and dash and peck at the soft flower face like reird picking up grain, and their pointed lips seem as if they must burt as much as the bony peak they simulate. And are not hands very often like claws! and did not Dickens liken the working sinews of an old woman's shriveled neck to the scratching legs of poultry? And are not certain men like eaglest and certain other like secretary birds! and others again like herons! and yet again, others like geese! And do we not all know the dove among women; and the little brown wren; and the angry little bedge sparrow, all fuss and bluster and fight and feathers, with a body no bigger than a walnut underneath those apparently quite formidable quills? Surely! In fact, birds have nearly as large a following as dogs, and we might multiply the instances of likeness till we had included all the species given by Audubon. - London Queen.

The Kind of a Wife You Want. You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house cleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoul-der a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar! Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden! Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof! Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not swag? Can you do anything about the house that

Con Reagan can! My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled bands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.-Bob Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye,

A Successful Editor Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of The North

American Review, is one of the richest edi tors in the United States, and his is an instance in which wealth and ability go hand in hand. He is reputed to be a millionaire twice over, is but 33 years of age, a handsome man and a bachelor. With these attributes combined with the advantages of an excellent education and an inexhaustible fund of information obtained by foreign travel, it is but natural that he is a popular as well as a prominent leader in the literary world. He received his early education in France and Germany and finally graduated from Oxford. His rather slight figure, dark complexion and Spanish cast of countenance is familiar to the habitues of the up town clubs. In manner he is democratic, with a slight tendency to be reserved. He spends several hours a day at his office and overlooks every line of matter that appears in the magazine of which he is owner as well as editor. Mr. Rice is a frequent contributor to his own periodical. In politics he is an ardent Republican, and takes an active part in every national campaign. His hobby in politics is electoral reform, of which he has long been a zealous advocate both by pen and tongue. He framed the first ballot reform bill ever introduced in the New York legislature. His stable contains some horses the pedigree of which is gilt edged, and he is also the owner of a steam launch which has a record of twenty-two miles an hour. Mr. Rice is an operation man and an enthusiast in his work.

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We mak a specialty of the celebrated energetic man and an enthusiast in his work. -Current Literature.

An Odd Custom.

Law requires that in one of the rooms of the Tower of London there shall be kept six horse shoes and sixty-one nails. The sheriffs of the city were formerly compelled, when they were sworn in, to count these, as a proof of their education; as in the time of Edward II, when this usage began, only well educated men could count to sixty-one! If I am not mistaken, sheriffs still go through the absurd form of counting these horseshoes

Another requirement was that in proof of drength the new sheriff should cut a bundle of sticks; and the same knife has always been sed and is still in existence, but in place of ticks a bundle of matches is now made to unswer the purpose. - Wide Awake.

Suilding in Winters

The question of energing on mason work in certing wentler has excited a good deal of prehitects since the publicaal report to the British govrument by one of its agents in Copenhagen, rom which it appears that brick walls are aid in the city in winter with perfect suc ess, the only precaution taken being to use reshly slacked lime in the mortar, so that it may be warm when put on. - Frank Leslie's OWSDADCT.

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Walking sticks are now being made that re useful as well as ornamental. From one silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to he cane; another has a receptacle for nickels and cents, and is convenient for those who do on street and other city cars and cross erries; another contains a measure for the eight of horses and has a spirit level attachneat, and still another has a good little watch ot in the crystal bandle.-Chicago Times.

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