

A BOWER OF BRANCHES.

SUBJECT OF SERMON PREACHED JULY 14 BY DR. TALMAGE.

The Eloquent Brooklyn Divine Adapts the Words of the Bible Relating to the Feast of the Tabernacles to the Present Time.

THE HAMPTONS, July 14.—The subject of the Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage's sermon today was: "The Bower of Tree Branches." His text was Nehemiah viii; 15: "Go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unroofed. The people have gone into the mountain, and have cut off tree branches, and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the housetops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes, and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festival time. It is the feast of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths, on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also become highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven, and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may today be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned New York? Passed on.

There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But blessed be God we are not in this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are gospel booths, or gospel arbors, in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build booths.

THE ARBOR OF THE GOSPEL. Well, now we are today to construct a gospel arbor or gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text we must go up into the mountain and bring olive branches. What does that mean? The olive tree grows in warm climates, and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an offshoot from that stem. And then people come and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of one army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? Why, it means unsaddling the war chargers. It means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying Peace!

Now if we are today going to succeed in building this gospel arbor, we must go into the Mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have, and we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as a bloody chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm there is no more antagonism between a bound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness, and we are all sin, there must be a readjustment, there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

THE HUMAN VS. THE DIVINE. There is a great law suit going on now, and it is a law suit which man is bringing against his Maker; that law suit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine; it is iniquity versus the immaculate; it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it; God did not begin the law suit. We began it; we assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent, the sooner we end it the better. Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Cavalry—that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill; but I persist in calling it the mount of God's divine mercy and love, far grander than any other place on earth—grander than the Alps or Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it; and I have noticed in every spot where the cross of Christ is set forth it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get rid of this war between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing, and pluck these olive branches and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Oh, it don't make much difference what the world thinks of you; what this king, that queen, that senator thinks of you. But come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the round universe; that is the joy that makes a hallolelujah seem stupid. Ah, why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God, we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, but leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It won't hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines you are no Christian.

Best be the tie that binds Our hours in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above. From sorrow, toil and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountain, and fetch olive branches and pine branches. Now, what is suggested by the pine branches? The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get to the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the healthfulness of our holy religion; it is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul.

DINED DAILY WITH THE KING. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine; he did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosiannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the king. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion; healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipoise. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now. I mean that it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick; but if a man take a full, deep, rostral inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this pine branch of my text also suggests the simple fact that it is an evergreen. What does this pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter cannot freeze it out. This evergreen tree branch is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest winter of misfortunes and disaster, it is as green as it is in the brightest summer sunshine. Well, now that is a practical truth. For if I should go up and down these aisles I would not find in this house fifty people who had no trouble. But there are some of you who have special trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh, how many bereavements, how many poverty, how many persecutions! How many misrepresentations! And now my brother, you have tried everything else, why don't you try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the days of your prosperity; it is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost Muckle Backie, the fisherman, who was child one day because he kept on working, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him and said: "It is indeed for you to be mending that boat when this afternoon you buried your child." And the fisherman looked up and said: "Sir, it is very easy for you gentle folks to stay in the house with your backkerchief to your eyes in grief; but sir, I ought to let the other five children starve because one of them is drowned! No, sir; we man work, we man work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

RELIGION CAN HELP YOU. You may have had accumulation of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in herds upon your soul; and yet I have to tell you that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you if nothing else will. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you? How was it with the man who had such a fondness for money that when he was sick he ordered a basin of gold pieces to be brought to him, and he put his gummy hands down among the gold pieces, cooling his hands off in them, and the rattling and rolling of these gold pieces were his amusement and entertainment. Ah, the gold and silver, the honors, the emoluments of this world are a poor solace for a perturbed spirit. You want something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the children came around to play with him, refused to play; he said, I will play only with kings. And it might be supposed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfaction, this imperial joy. Ye who are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty ought to play only with kings. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

THE HONORED PALM TREE. But my text takes a step further, and it says, "Go into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and palm branches." Now the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had three hundred and sixty different uses. The fruit was conserved; the sap was a beverage, the stems were ground up for food for camels; the base of the leaves was turned into hats, and mats and baskets, and the leaves were carried in victorious processions, and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew eight-five feet in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five yards long; it meant usefulness, and it meant victory; usefulness for what it produced, victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great man, Christians don't amount to anything. You have to shove them out of the way when the Lord's chariots come along. We don't want any more of that kind of Christians in the church. The old maxim says: "Do not put all your eggs into one basket;" but I have to tell you in this matter of religion you had better give your all to God, and then get in yourself. "Oh," says some one, "my business is to sell silks and cloths." Well, then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to raise corn and carrots." Then, my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of God. And some one says: "My business is to manufacture horseshoe nails." Then manufacture horseshoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we don't want in the church any more people that are merely weeping willows, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satiated, namby-pamby, high-tighty religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity.

WANTED—TRUE RELIGION. Give me five hundred men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take any city for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him: "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said: "To-morrow morning." The learned men were astonished; they thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be earnest for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you have the decision to say, "To-day, now." Go now into the mountain and gather the palm branches. But the palm branch also meant victory. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. We are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. The word comes from our Father that we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong, our Father will help us; and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." "But," says the man, "I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But," says the man, "I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "I who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror." Yes, unless you are so self-conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? Oh, no, you say, I want to be in the lead. Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the dust any where, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror. Don't you think we had better begin now to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting house at Summerville my father used to lead the singing, and he had the old fashioned tuning fork, and he would strike it upon his knee, and then put the tuning fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But, friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song, the song of victory when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

City for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him: "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said: "To-morrow morning." The learned men were astonished; they thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be earnest for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you have the decision to say, "To-day, now." Go now into the mountain and gather the palm branches. But the palm branch also meant victory. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. We are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. The word comes from our Father that we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong, our Father will help us; and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." "But," says the man, "I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But," says the man, "I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "I who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror." Yes, unless you are so self-conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? Oh, no, you say, I want to be in the lead. Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the dust any where, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror. Don't you think we had better begin now to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting house at Summerville my father used to lead the singing, and he had the old fashioned tuning fork, and he would strike it upon his knee, and then put the tuning fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But, friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song, the song of victory when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

City of eternity, to their bridal halls. From this prison world I flee. Ah, glory that be for you and me. WE HAVE A BRAVING CHRISTIANITY. My text brings up one step further. It says, go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees. Now, you know very well that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So, then, the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth; and hence for the building of the arbor for the world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a braving Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine, not only love, but justice; not only invitation by warning. It is a mighty Gospel; it is an omnipotent Gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees. I remember what Mr. Finney said in a school house in this state. The village was so small we called it Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village; and he was called Lot; and Mr. Finney, preaching, described the destruction of Sodom, and the preacher declared that God would rain destruction upon his hearers unless they too repented. And the people in the school house sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fists in indignation; but before he was through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning; an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees. Well, my friends, I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. I went out at different times with a powder horn and a net to catch pigeons, and we made our booth, and we set in the booth, and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after a while they dropped into the net and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth and I look out, I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. "Come into the booth. Come into the booth."

Robert Browning's Social Life. Robert Browning goes out a great deal in society, and has an especial weakness for dinners. He is short and stout, with white hair and a glow of ruddy health; he wears his hair quite long and has a mustache and goatee. He enjoys the best of health and has an almost boyish flow of animal spirits and enthusiasm. Society is his life and he is always in evidence. He dines out nearly every night and loves balls and receptions. Most agreeable in conversation, of course he is well posted on every subject, and his friends number the great men of the entire world. He is a great flirt and very proud of his conquests. Of course he is low down to the Browning name, one of the grandest in literature, much sought after by all classes of society. His presence is thought to put a most learned and distinguished stamp on any reunion.—London Letter.

The Idea of a telephonic church is being carried out at Tunbridge Wells, England, where the pulpit of a Congregational church is connected with sixteen subscribers. We are told that "these included doctors and apothecaries, clerks working in various parts of the town, an invalid lady who has been obtaining consolation from the telephone for several months, and some lazy club men, who went into the thing presumably more from a spirit of experiment than devotion."

Miss Agnes Maitland, who has been elected to succeed Miss Shaw-Lefevre as principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford, is a local inspector of the government schools of cookery, author of some valuable handbooks on that subject, and well known as a lecturer on food, cooking, hygiene, and other cognate topics. Miss Maitland has also had a large experience in the conduct and organization of various benevolent movements, and has long been connected with the periodical and weekly press of Liverpool and London.—Once a Week.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Iceland has six newspapers and periodicals. He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.—Hazlitt.

A Nuremberg manufacturer has invented pencils in blue, black and brown for writing on the human skin. They are for use in anatomical and chemical demonstrations. George Augustus Sala, the journalist, is reported to have declined an offer of knighthood from Queen Victoria.

Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.—Miss de Staël.

The coin and slot device has been applied to children's savings banks. When one set for action a regulated number of coins must be dropped in the bank before it can be opened.

Be it true or false, what is said about men often has as much influence upon their lives, and especially upon their destinies, as what they do.—Victor Hugo.

A curious feature in ornithology is reported from Eokington, Yorkshire, England, where a hen has hatched two chickens from one egg, both chickens being in a perfect state except that they are joined together on one side of the membranes of the wing. Beyond this they walk about and feed in the usual manner.

He who acts in all things openly does not deceive the less, for most persons either do not understand him or do not believe him. A man who lives near Platt, Sullivan county, Pa., claims to have a scheme whereby he can manufacture shoes with movable soles, so that when one sole wears out the old one can be replaced with a new one without any trouble.

"Ma," shouted a Pierpont street boy, "the old rascal hen has laid 'em." "Well, it's about time. Where did she lay 'em?" "In the road, and a wagon run over her and she's dead."

A San Francisco firm has built the largest wine cellar in the world. It is capable of holding 3,000,000 gallons of wine. Its cost was \$250,000. This is one indication of the rapid growth of wine production on the Pacific coast.

No man ever sank under the burden of today. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George McDonald.

A camel coach is to be tried in the Darling river district, New South Wales. The sultry climate tries horses so severely that the manager of a line of mail coaches thinks that a team of camels will answer far better, owing to their capacity for enduring heat and drought. Much curiosity is felt as to the result of this novel venture in coaching, considering the haughty temper of the "stump of the desert."

Vegetables and meats are sealed up in air tight vessels to preserve them, so that the bacteria or minute organisms which are always present in the air, and which would cause them to putrefy and decay, are thus excluded. The jars are heated before they are finally sealed, so as to destroy any bacteria that may already be present in the food.

It is reported that a Dr. Eisenmann, of Berlin, has invented a piano which, by the aid of electro-magnetism, can sustain, increase and diminish sound. This has been attempted by other experts, notably Boehm, the inventor of the metal flute. Another novelty will be that by moving the electro-magnets the timbre of the tone is changed; for example, from that of a violin to that of a piccolo. If true, we shall probably hear more about this novelty anon.

On a drooping bough of a large elm, close by a hotel, in Sunderland, Mass., two English robins have made a nest. Strong winds caused so much swaying as to endanger the eggs in the nest. The birds have been equal to the emergency. They have secured some twine and fastened one end under the nest and the other end to a larger branch below, thus avoiding the danger of too much oscillation. The instinct exhibited by these birds has attracted considerable attention.

The Tenmoyson of Today. Tenmoyson is described as being very angry at the recent throwing upon the market of the M.S. of some of his earlier works, together with original editions containing interlineations by his pen. That very intimate friends, to whom these were given, should have disposed of them for filthy lucre is a queer vagary of British taste. It is said of the Tenmoyson of today: "His tendency to shrink from proximity to the madding crowd is well known. Even the queen has not such a dislike for casual human kind as has the poet laureate, who, it is well known, gave up the loved abode of many years because it was approachable by passersby. His horror of intrusion upon his privacy is peculiarly evoked by this handing out of his manuscripts, on which are set forth many evidences of his innermost self communications. He has taken the best possible means to prevent his memoirs being written, keeping no record of his correspondence, much less a diary. "When I am dead," he said to a friend permitted to join him in the companionship of a pipe, "I will take good care they shall not rip me up like a pig."—New York Tribune.

An Eccentric Old Gentleman. An eccentric old gentleman who recently died in Tyler, Tex., left a sum of money to be divided among persons now living in the south whose birth was coincident with his own—May 9, 1855. If every person who is entitled to a share puts in a claim there will not be much for each one. There are in the United States at least 400,000 persons who were born in the United States in the year 1855, and of those the number in the southern states would be about 150,000. Assuming that May 9 of that year was an average one for births, there are now living in the United States 1,100 persons who were born on that day, and 400 of them are residents of the south.—New York Sun.

The Passion Play. Preparations are now being made for the production of the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau in 1890, that being the tenth year since its last performance. Several alterations have been made. Among others the character of Judas is to be brought out much more strongly than has previously been the case. It is hinted that the desire to make money out of the performance will be more marked than ever at the coming exhibition, and the degeneracy from a pure though peculiar act of devotion to a mere money making enterprise is said to be more conspicuous than ever.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The New Principal. Miss Agnes Maitland, who has been elected to succeed Miss Shaw-Lefevre as principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford, is a local inspector of the government schools of cookery, author of some valuable handbooks on that subject, and well known as a lecturer on food, cooking, hygiene, and other cognate topics. Miss Maitland has also had a large experience in the conduct and organization of various benevolent movements, and has long been connected with the periodical and weekly press of Liverpool and London.—Once a Week.

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