

TALMAGE IN JERUSALEM.

PREACHING ON THE SCENES OF THE SAVIOUR'S LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

The Glory of Solomon's Reign and the Golden Age of Jerusalem—The Awful Discontent of Satiety—David's Happier Old Age—Last Scenes About Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, Dec. 8.—At a large meeting of Christian people in this city to-day the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, was the preacher. His text was Matthew xxiii, 37: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! A report of his eloquent sermon is appended.

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as he came in sight of this great city, and all through things have marvellously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorry they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of carnation from England, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from watercave to watercave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers, with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril, would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or a single splendor that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the drylocks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce; for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest 'till his heels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trample in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe, and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"VANITY, VANITY—ALL IS VANITY!" "Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually interwoven with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy! No, while standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them, that they bring also torture and desquand. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I. adorns under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shivering fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic desquand, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been executed by the mob who cry out: "Not this man but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the conditions of your fellow men, but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the sunshine and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Come ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take heed of the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The queen of Siam asks him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and there are many a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar

of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds, and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers, and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoology, the science of animals, about ichthyology, the science of fishes, about ornithology, the science of birds, about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

DAVID'S GREATEST GRIEF. But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful and a far better man. David the conqueror, the king, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? David great for power, and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. He, notwithstanding all his brilliance of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided, the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After a while a servant, standing on the top of a house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits; and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battle field—the question: "Is the young man, Absalom, safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of the palace, his heart breaking as he went, bringing his hand sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!" Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the temple, the very one that Christ visited. His feet had stood there, but Nehuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temple 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 ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy for forty-six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

CHRIST'S LAST VISIT THERE. But standing in this old city all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near the corner of the temple, where the blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city he walked, and that in the outskirts of it he died. Here was his only day of triumph, and his assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tip top of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for his arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village, and that in its stopping at the house of a man whom he had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rush out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when he arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow he will come into the town, and by some supernatural force out the municipal and royal authorities and take everything in his own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of him or hear the hum of his voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because he has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar and outcry and loud discussion about the strange acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night when the stranger was sleeping. Although he came in weary, he finds to rest, though for once in his lifetime he had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gardens wave in the light, and all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast, swaying crowd of wondering people. The excitement around the door of the cottage is wild as the stranger steps out to see an unknown crowd that had never been mounted, and after his friends had shown their garments on the best for a saddle, the Saviour mounts it, and the populace, excited, and shouting, and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusalem. Let some bear now or sell at this rider, or the populace will trample him under foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see swaying of demonstrations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in his majestic brow, something in his princely behavior, that stirred up the enthusiasm of the people. They ran up against the best and try to pull the rider off their arms, and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in his way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Sillon, and above all, rising

on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here fortified gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamme. Yonder is Hippicus, the king's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansion of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock, you see the palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and glory of the earth, lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

PERSONALITY OF CHRIST. The crowd looked around to see an exhibition and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, not from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's doom, which obliterated the landscape from horizon to horizon, and he burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" But that was the only day of pomp that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet he walked the streets of this city the loveliest and most majestic being the world ever saw or ever will see. Paulinus Lantini, in a letter to the Roman senate, describes him as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair the color of a chestnut, fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders, in the midst of his forehead a stream, or partition of his hair, forehead plain, and very delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, a lovely red, his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair—not very long; his eyes gray, quick and clear. He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of his death warrant, signed by John Zerubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Robani and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against him. From 9 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, Jesus hung a-dying in the outskirts of this city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from his lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon his cheek, blood saturating his garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the king of the universe?

In England the name of Henry was so great that his honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the king whose name was so sacred as Christ's, the Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "King Eternal, Immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the kings have been almost imbecile, and their bodies weak, and their blood thin and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of the immortal God.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION. Tell it now to all the earth, and to all the heavens—Jesus, our king, is sick with his last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse, he is breathing a last gasp, through his body quivers the last anguish; the king is dying; the king is dead! It is royal blood.

It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon standing under the cross had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and squeezed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. His nerves are sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not care it so much for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deadly sickness seared his heart—how mountain and city and mob swam away from his dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering with this city be associated. Here his unjust trial and here his death. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! But finally, I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven, which is only another Jerusalem. "The New Jerusalem." And the thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist, rummaged among old manuscripts of the British museum until he found that hymn in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our modern versions:

Hierusalem, my happy home! Who shall ever leave thee? When shall my sorrows leave an end, Thy joys when shall I see? No dainties had I some in thee, No costly robes didst thou give me, There thou hast made me give light. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds and sapphires, Thy gates are of rubies and pearls, Exceeding fine and pure. Thy streets and thy pavements With carbuncles and diamonds, Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy streets are clean and true. Thy houses are of yew, Thy windows crystal clear, Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are of sapphires. Our voices mix with bitter pain, Our eyes we see that do thee look on, Our sorrow shall be ceaseless. But thy love they have in their hearts, And thy grace they have in their eyes, And thy love they have in their hearts, And thy grace they have in their eyes. Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are of sapphires, Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are of sapphires. Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are of sapphires.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Domestic skeletons are very often formed in the bones of contention.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.—Lamb.

It was Garrick who first introduced footlights on the English stage, in 1750. He borrowed the practice from Italy.

"Yes, sir," said a man with a grudge against the orator of the day, "his speech was funny enough to make a donkey laugh I laughed till I cried."

It is stated that the czar of Russia receives from all his gold mines in eastern Siberia about 3,000 pounds of pure gold every year.

Some Wheeling boys put up a job on a user of the word, concealing a piece of soap in the plug. The tobacco chewer manifested some of the compound and was sick for two days.

Chewing gum recently transmitted the germs of diphtheria from one little girl in Bridgeport, Conn., to three other small demsels two of them dying a few days afterwards.

M. Laguerre, the friend of Gen. Boulanger, has a political pseudocall Mirza. When he asks it, "What do you think of Ferry, Mirza?" it barks viciously and then howls dismally. M. Laguerre thought it to do this by kicking it whenever M. Ferry's name was spoken in his presence.

The most fashionable hen in New York state is said to live at Winslow's mills, in the town of Waldenboro. She started in life a plain, dark brown pullet, but soon exchanged this for a black and white suit. The next time she shed her feathers she came out as white as snow, and this fall she appears in a black, white and tan dress.

While removing an old straw stack near Curtis, Neb., there was found a hen which had been imprisoned under the pile for several months. A half dozen chicks in the nest were dead, but the hen lived twenty-four hours after being restored to light and liberty.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disk about the size of a shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens.

These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper and revolve some 4,000 times per minute. Their high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness.

The sum of \$400,000 has been paid by the Quebec government to Father Turgeon, representing the Jesuit order in Canada, in consideration of the order's total and perpetual abandonment of claims to the estates which became the property of the crown when the order was suppressed nearly a century ago.

Living within two and a half miles of Mattapoisett, Mass., where all were born, are nine brothers and sisters named Hollis, who range in age from 60 to 83 years. Altogether there were twelve children, but three died, one at the age of 62, another at the age of 60, and the third when he was 25. The mother lived to be a nonagenarian. The father died in his fifty-eighth year.

King Otto of Bavaria receives 4,231,044 marks, or a little over a million dollars, a year, from which \$250,000 is deducted to pay off the debts of his predecessor, King Ludwig. How large those debts are may be inferred from the fact that it takes fifteen years to wipe them out entirely.

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptoms of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly upside down—that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him, and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on his head.

How an Emperor Goes Shooting. The emperor's hunting party in Styria is now favored by splendid weather. The royal hunters went out singly the other day, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria made the largest bag. Yesterday morning the entire party, after having gone out to hunt early, returned for lunch at 9:30, it being the emperor's fete day. The life led in the little hunting box is the simplest, a game of cards being the greatest gaiety ever indulged in after the day's laborious and fatiguing sport. At 9 the imperial huntsman and his guests retire to rest. The house contains a large number of rare works of art, the finest being a collection of carvings in wood. The entrance hall is decorated with a wealth of trophies of the hunt, and beneath every pair of stag's horns is the name of the huntsman who killed the animal and the date. On the emperor's writing table is a portrait of the Crown Prince Rudolph at the age of 10. The room used by the crown prince whenever he went to Muerzzug remains unoccupied, and in exactly the state he left it in a year ago. The studies belonging to the hunting box hold a large number of horses. The party always drives in carriages to the wild district where the chamois are found. While it was not possible for the late crown prince of Austria and the Prince of Wales to kill a single bear this time last year, a great number of bears have recently shown themselves in the Carpathians. At one place some bears were discovered in a field of oats, and a mother with two young cubs killed. In another place a bear which had been wounded attacked the huntsman and tore his flesh off.—Vienna Letter.

Fattening Weather This Year. "Did you notice that everybody is fat this year?" said Dr. Starkloff. "If you haven't, look closely at the next fellow you meet whom you have not seen for a long time. Is it accidental that your cheeks and those of your girl are now plumper, more rosy than they were a month ago? If it is, it is the result of the Mississippi in running past St. Louis instead of about the neck of the Rocky mountains as usual. The fact is, this has been a vegetable year. The flora is luxuriant and the fauna follows as a matter of course. And man, who derives his sustenance from both, must be in the procession. This year the atmosphere came more maintaining an equilibrium than it did last year. The hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen are in almost perfect proportion. Some years you see the people sallow—the oxygen is low. It would be an excellent idea, were it practicable, for the continents to be weighed the individual of the United States and take the respective ratios of ingredients to members of the three houses—infants, youths and adults."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Mrs. Mackay's Watch. Mrs. Mackay says: "We live so fast now in Europe I never think of going out more than three times a week unless something of extraordinary character turns up."

Among her jewels she has a Mrs. Mackay's watch, which she wears with a very special care. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had. It is a watch that she has had for many years, and she says it is the best she ever had.

It's a Winner!

SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING FOR!

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Will Appear in this Space Next Week.

Watch for It! Look for It! Wait for It!

New Fall and Winter Goods JOHN McWHINNIE'S The Old Reliable Tailor.

First Class Workmanship, Fine Trimming, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. 605 S. ELEVENTH STREET.

For Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction, GO TO THE Lincoln Shoe Store Ludlow's Celebrated Fine Shoes For Ladies. They combine Service, Solid Comfort and Economy. 1225 O STREET. COME AND SEE US.