

DR. TALMAGE IN LONDON.

THE AMERICAN DIVINE PREACHES IN THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

The Philippian Earthquake—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou shalt Be Saved"—Where the Text Should Be Appointed—Who Is Christ?

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today, taking for his text Acts xvi, 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He said:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, lathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sun and a deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of the consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the words are heard: "What's that? What's that?" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailers, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh! they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallooing, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable, Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself. Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one stroke, been thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer? "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hobbles on these prisoners, lest they get away." No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A DIFFERENT KIND OF EARTHQUAKES.

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His tid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck upon the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names came in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is he? Is he living? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what staff he is made of, and an I understand this morning when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea, that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidst, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his little arms. "Suffer little children to come unto me." That was addressed to the Pharisees, not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical comeliness and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivated and winsome. I suppose a look at him was just to love him. Oh! how attractive his manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids

as quick as they could and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Take away these sores; do not trouble me with these leproses!" No; no, there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

A LOVING CURST.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hyponites trembled before him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Caesars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages! He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his character, this Christ mounts the cross. You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake his left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes, and while some hold the cross upright, others throw dirt and the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore! Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die, he must die. His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for a crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed his crime." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

HOW TO TRUST HIM.

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by thousands in this assembly is: "How?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home today. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What," you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one, in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head, or your heart?

AN ILLUSTRATION.

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Capt. Braveheart of the sea risks his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! We are lost! We are lost!" The sails puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, and the spirit of woe hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveland sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with grief at his loss, and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; ay, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you cross it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arch bridge built from the Rock of Ages, and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there

ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven offered to you! For how much? A million dollars! It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars! Less than that. Five thousand dollars! Less than that. One dollar! Less than that. One farthing! Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No excitement, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I will not tell you that I am to be saved, but I will tell you to see me through. He has sworn he will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yes, further than that—it means a peaceful death.

DEATH.

Mrs. Homans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about death. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendons snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year"? Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful thing. I shudder back from the natural illumination. I shudder back from the My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave and all the darkness is gone and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright; for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation then I am folded over the still heart, that then I shall be able to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour, if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

JESUS THE CHIEF BLOOM OF HEAVEN.

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his home how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity. Talk not about chiefs dashed with effluence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and face the very hand that dropped its blood for the short term of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be lonely, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquiet. O, I say, say: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a sigh into the loneliness and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepit change for the love of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom, having not seen, you loved? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid his disbanding troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

Saved by His Enemy.

A curious incident occurred at the well known Parisian Cafe de la Paix a day or two ago. A Republican deputy, M. Jules Roche, while breakfasting, was on the point of being choked by a mouthful of bread, and would probably have succumbed had not his critical condition been noticed by M. de Sussac, the French Baudouin, and one of M. Roche's most pronounced political enemies, who was staying in his neighborly at a neighboring table. M. de Sussac, in an instant, for a doctor, forgetting all animosities and party distinctions, instantly assisted the choking deputy, and having saved him from certain suffocation, escorted him to the chamber. Even French political rivals, it would seem, are not so bitterly irreconcilable as is often made out.—London Figaro.

Grade crossings in Chicago in 1889 caused the death of 200 persons. The record for the last four years is nearly a thousand lives.

FALLACIES.

A Few of the Medical Line Pointed Out by a Boston Physician.

The idea that fresh air is necessarily cold and that it travels in a draft. Both are injurious, but some people want not only to breathe fresh air, but to feel it.

The idea that it is wise to throw off the clothing if one becomes too hot. Keep cool, and take things slowly, even in cooling off.

The idea that consumption is always hereditary. Less than 25 per cent. of cases are due to this influence. The remainder are due to poor living, catching cold and nervous exhaustion and contagion. Three-fourths of the consumption occurs in men before the age of twenty-five, and in women during the teens.

The idea that he who is ahead wins. In the death race for bread and a competency success often means bodily failure, and nine-tenths of the winners die on the track.

The idea that personal resemblance entails similar characteristics of mind and body. "Like father, like son."

"Blood will tell," but it sometimes tells lies.

The idea that great draughts of ice water quench thirst. A little piece of ice in the mouth is better than a big piece in the pitcher, just as concentrated sweetness is better than protracted sweetness long drawn out.

The idea that much clothing, many bed clothes, hot rooms and close confinement will prevent colds and sickness. The more a restless youth is helped the more help he needs and the less able he is to take care of himself. If you keep the body too warm, it will not keep itself warm.

The idea that pie is essentially indigestible; the quality of indigestibility cannot be logically affirmed of any article of food absolutely and apart from a consideration of the digestive capacity and ability of the victim whose particular stomach it is to be tested.

The idea that morbid processes are necessarily destructive; they are often conservative. Disease is sometimes nature's method of ridding of a wrong or removing an effect of some bad habit or of a disturbing agent. The clinic picture is made up of evidences of reaction as well as of direct morbid action.

The idea that health consists in feeling well and sickness in feeling sick; those who feel sick are not always sick, but sometimes well, and contrariwise, those who feel well may be sick; but, after all, feeling has a good deal to do with it.

The idea that if one is ill, takes drugs and gets well, there is a connection between the remedy and the disease. It may be a coincidence and the disease might get well of itself; nor does the repetition of such cases establish anything more than a probability that the remedy was good and the proper thing in the proper place.

The idea that cheap medical advice is worth anything. He who sells himself for nothing gets all he is worth, and he who buys anything for nothing gets all he pays for.

The idea that a knowledge of medicine is gained in any other way than by hard study and constant application. The seventh son of a seventh son knows no more than any other son unless he has worked for it. Instinct may be intuitive, but knowledge is not, and he knows most who qualifies best.

The idea that a big brass sign tells where the best doctor is. Sometimes the sign and the man are of the same material character. Brass signs and self assurance are both cheap, not always indicative of worth within. Cheap goods sometimes have a gaudy exterior; washed rings do not wear well, and a great big glittering diamond is sometimes the most brilliant part of the man who wears it. Beware of show and blare.

The idea that a string of amber beads will ward off bronchial trouble; the idea that a horse chestnut in the pocket will ward off rheumatism; that a piece of money that is found will bring more money; the idea that a horseshoe will bring luck and the idea that we should lock arms on the street to prevent the devil from passing between us and leaving a quarrel, with a host of other superstitions, are just as foolish as these fallacies, but in spite of sober sense we cling to a great deal of nonsense and find joy and comfort in our blind faith.

The idea that there are any "laws of health." Every man is a law unto himself. No rule without an exception. This statement is a rule, and therefore has its exceptions. That which has an exception cannot be a rule, therefore there are no rules. Having reached this end with a fallacy, it is time to stop with this far-well fallacious idea that all advice is good advice.

Many give advice as the priest is said to have given his blessing, because it was worth little and cost less. So beware of those who are free with advice, and do not be misled by falling, but go to the nearest doctor when you are sick, but better keep well and dispense with his services. Whatever you do, do not get blind, but stop and cogitate. Ruminative ideas as the cow does her cud. Cows never have indigestion, because they take time, and you would do well to follow their example.—Charles Everett Warren, M. D., in Boston Globe.

Point for the Signal Service Man.

A man with many indications of the crank came into the room Wednesday and in a half hoarse manner wished me a happy New Year. "By the way," he said, "that's not what I came in here for. I wanted to say to you that it would be a good idea to have the signal service man interviewed about the goose bone of the wild goose. Some folks think that it indicated cold weather. They simply guessed at it. If your signal service man here had only got a wild goose in November he could have told you folks all about the wild weather in December. The goose bone was unmistakable. That, I may be late in giving you this, but I'm modest. Let me give you a pointer: The spring is going to be the earliest you ever saw in this latitude. It is in the goose bone."

An Immense Organ.

An organ which would appear to be unprecedented in some of its parts and appointments has been erected in Lissau, Russia. Its size is such as to occupy the whole width of the church, about sixty feet, and has the unestimated number of 147 registers, 6000 pipes, 44 bellows of large size, and there are four harpsichords and one organ. The largest pipe is formed of planks three inches thick and thirty-one feet in length, has a section of seven square inches, and weighs nearly 1200 pounds. In addition to the large number of registers there are also twenty-one accessory stops, which permit of combining various purposes of the instrument without any direct reference to the registers, and by a special manual combination they are capable of producing various effects, thus obtaining surprising results. Montreal Star.

More Fall Footprints.

A great discovery of fossil footprints has just been made at Lewisville, N. Y., in the valley. There is a vast surface of shale about 100 by 40 feet, on which are seen about 250 tracks. Nearly all of them are in rows, the tracks are from six to eight inches in length, and were probably made by a frog that, if it had front feet, seldom used them. This, without doubt, is the largest uncovering of tracks since the days of President Hitchcock.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Which is Better?

It is better English to say "You would better" than to say "You had better," but the latter expression is colloquial, and, if good usage can sanction a wrong use, is allowable.

Two Large Ships.

Though Galveston is a port of considerable importance, there are no ships of any great magnitude that float the nation's highway owing their paternity to Galveston. This condition of things, however, will not exist much longer, as two large vessels of 1,300 tons each are now being built, with a view of their special adaptability to the Galveston trade, and will plow the sea as hailing from Galveston. These ships are about 135 feet in length, 37 feet beam and 16 feet hold. One is being built at Bath, Me., and is now nearly ready to be launched; the other is in course of construction at the shipyard at Newburyport, Mass. They will cost about \$450,000 each.

These ships are being built with the view of supplying tonnage for Galveston's trade, and being under control of the local shipping interest they will aid very materially in supplying tonnage during the busy season here, when freight is frequently offered in excess of the tonnage capacity of the ships. Very few monthly ships that come to this port with cargoes are chartered for the round trip by northern and eastern brokers, and instead of being chartered for return cargoes from Galveston, they are under contract to return with a cargo of lumber from some of the lumber ports on the gulf coast. These are by far the largest ships in which Galveston owners are interested.—Galveston News.

Changing Dates.

Of course you are all going to have trouble when you begin a letter. One gets on such good terms with a year that when it is gone he retains associations of the old friend which are not readily shaken off. So you will write "1889," scratch it out, write "1890" and throw away the sheet of paper. You will catch yourself doing this until you take a big sheet and scrawl all over it: "New York, Jan. 19, 1890," and again and again. Now you think you are safe, but you are not. When you begin to write another letter the year has quite slipped out of your mind. Perhaps you get through your letter before you discover the mistake.

"This is too bad," you say. You wonder if you will ever get used to the new year. No doubt you will, and very soon at that. It was just as bad a year ago, and a year from now you will find 1900 tagging after you when you want the company of 1891. But if it is difficult to change the year, how will it be with the century? Think of ten years from now. You could always depend on the "18." But when you have to write 1901 there will be a change! And after you have been writing it for six months it will look so natural that when you run across a date with an "18" in it, say 1889, it will seem odd, old-fashioned to you, as 1779 does now. After the first plunge cold water is not so chilling.—New York Tribune.

A Story from the Diamond Fields.

Traveling in the Transvaal a few weeks ago, I had, writes a correspondent of a South African journal, an opportunity of meeting the old man O'Reilly, who can certainly claim to be the first individual who proved that diamonds existed in South Africa. But for this man's thick skinned pertinacity the £200,000,000 worth of diamonds which have been unearthed since the discovery might still have been in the place where they had lain for ages. Yet this man has gained nothing by the discovery, and is now working for his living; indeed, his constant complaint is that he was ruined by the diamond fields. Prior to the early stampedes to the fields he was a successful trader amongst the natives, but with the advent of the thousands of Europeans his occupation departed. O'Reilly stated to me that prior to 1869 no idea whatever existed in the minds of the colonists of South Africa that the country was rich in diamonds and gold. The country was then in a condition verging upon a general financial collapse and commercial bankruptcy.

Malaria and House Plants.

A few years ago a lady residing in a healthy part of St. Petersburg fell ill of malarial fever. There was no doubt as to the nature of the malady. Nevertheless, a mystery hung over the case, for the lady had not lately visited any malarial district, but had been living at home in a locality purely non-malarial. The mystery was further increased by the fact that so long as the patient remained in her bedroom the disease yielded to the usual remedies, but on removing to the sitting room a relapse invariably followed, and fever with all the characteristic symptoms set in once more. For some months these alternations continued, until the doctor's suspicions continued, until serving that while plants were growing in the sitting room they were absent from the bedroom. Inquiring into their history, he found they had been sent direct from a district known to be malarious. On getting rid of the plants a complete recovery followed, and the mystery was explained.—Nineteenth Century.

Novelist and Legislator.

Ferez Gallos, besides being a novelist, is a legislator. He is a member of the chamber of deputies, sitting in that body as a representative of the distant island of Porto Rico. Not that he is a resident of that island or has any special affiliations with it, but, as in most other European countries, one may stand for any district that pleases to have him. Nor is he an orator, nor yet an active man in the political way. I have heard it said that he had himself elected a deputy merely in order to get an opportunity to study legislative matters at first hand. In his next book therefore, we may perhaps have an intimate and thorough picture of the cortes of Spain, as we have of the government offices in the last. Fancy an American literary man getting elected to congress to secure material for a new novel—or, indeed, getting elected there on any score whatever!—"A Day in Literary Madrid," by William Henry Bishop, in February Scribner.

What Good Men Love.

Somebody writes a word of advice to young American women which is that if they want to attract Englishmen they must not be athletic and rosy checked, that Englishmen are so much that way themselves. You had better be fragile, clinging creatures with pale cheeks, who turn the scale at a hundred and ten pounds. Don't believe it, girls. Neither Englishmen nor Americans, or the men of any nation, love you because you are tall or short, fat or thin, pale or rosy. They love you, if love is the question, because you are just what you are.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Burying Bill.

There is a bill called Burying Bill in Plymouth, Mass., where many of the Pilgrims were buried. On this bill, which commands a line of the barriers of Plymouth and Duxbury and the adjacent country, a fortification was built in 1622, with six cannon on its flat roof.

WANTED!

Everybody to examine the plans and standing of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, before insuring. It has the lowest continuous death rate of any company. Realizes the highest rate of interest on invested assets which enables it to pay large dividends.

Policies *incontestible* and *non-forfeitable* after third year.

The Union Central issues endowment policies at ordinary life rates; these policies are now maturing and being paid in from one to two years earlier than time estimated by the company. They protect the family and estate during the younger years of life, and the insured in old age at regular life rates. Other desirable policies issued. Call on us or write for plans.

J. M. EDMISTON, State Agent.  
C. L. MESHER, Asst. State Agent.  
G. T. PUMPELY, City Solicitor.  
Room 22 Burr Block.

LINCOLN, NEB.

WESTERFIELD'S

Palace Bath and Shaving PARLORS.

Ladies - and - Children's - Hair - Cutting  
A SPECIALTY.

COR. 12 & O STS., NEW BURR BLK

ROBERTS & Co.

212 North 11th Street,  
Undertakers and Embalmers.



Telephones—Office 145. Residence 1 56  
Open Day and Night.  
E. T. ROBERTS, Manager.

FRED. E. THOMAS,  
UNDERTAKER

Funeral Director.  
124 S. 12th St. Lincoln, Neb.

OUR NEW GOLD FREE, SILVER FREE, BRASS FREE, COPPER FREE, ZINC FREE, LEAD FREE, SOLDER FREE, ALL THE WORK YOU WANT TO DO AT HALF PRICE. We have the best machinery and tools in the world, and we will sell you any quantity of any of them at a price that will make you say "Well, that's a good thing." We have a large stock of all the above named metals, and we will sell you any quantity of any of them at a price that will make you say "Well, that's a good thing." We have a large stock of all the above named metals, and we will sell you any quantity of any of them at a price that will make you say "Well, that's a good thing." We have a large stock of all the above named metals, and we will sell you any quantity of any of them at a price that will make you say "Well, that's a good thing."

WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, BALL PROGRAMS, MENUS, ETC. SOCIETY ART PRINTING WESSEL PRINTING CO. LINCOLN, NEB. FINE WORK OUR SPECIALTY WOOD METAL PLATE ENGRAVING ARTISTICALLY EXECUTED SAMPLES SENT ON REQUEST THE TRADE SUPPLIED WITH STOCK AT JOBBER PRICES. ALL ORDERS SHIPPED O. D.