# ON HIS WAY HOME.

# DR. TALMAGE'S LAST SERMON IN THE OLD WORLD.

spoken by the old man.

means more than Humbert of the present of

name blanch, and cower, and quake, and

are to fall back on their haunches, and the

dominions seem to be giving out; this seems

wonderfully depleted in power. France had

to surrender some of her favorite provinces.

Most of the thrones of the world are being

every tract distributed, every Sunday school

class taught, every shool founded, every

Christ's name. That name has already been

spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Sibe-

rian snow castle, in Brazilian grove and in

eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up

all other names. That crown is to cover up

all other crowns. That empire is to absorb

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, And white robed innoceace from heaven descend

Still further: it is an enduring name. You

clamber over the fence of the greveyard and

pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded

inscription on the tombstone. That was the

name of a man who once ruled all that town,

The mightiest names of the world have either

perished or are perishing. Gregory VI, Sancho

of Spain, Courad 1 of Germany, Richard I of

England, Louis XVI of France, Catharine of

Russia-mighty names once, that made the

world tremble; but now, none so poor as to

do them reverence, and to the great mass of

the people they mean absolutely nothing;

they never heard of them. But the name of

Christ is to endure forever. It will be per-petuated in art, for there will be other Bel-

linis to depict the Madonna; there will be

other Ghirlandjos to represent Christ's bap-

tism; there will be other Bronzinos to show

us Christ visiting the spirits in prison : othe

Returning justice lift aloft her scale;

all other dominations.

fail

the last temple of superstition

Delivered at Queenstown, Ireland-"What Is in a Name""-The Music of Two Syllables -The Word "Jesus" Fits the Tongue in Every Dialect.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 26.-While the steamer Aurania, from Liverpool, was lying in this harbor a few hours today waiting for the and today hol is 400,000,000 of the race with mails, many of the passengers went ashore. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was omnipotent s, cli. That name in England today means more than Victoria; in Geramong the number, and took advantage of many, means more than Emperor William; in the opportunity to preach. His subject was "What Is in a Name?" and his text, Philip-France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, plans ii, 9: "A name which is above every Garibaldi of the past. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, satan his hard name." The eminent preacher said:

On my way from the Holy Land, and task master, in a bondage from which no while I wait for the steamer to resume her human power could deliver him, and yet at voyage to America, I preach to you from the pronunciation of that one word he dashed this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous down his chains and marched out forever and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with Jesus. By common proverb we have come disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone to believe that there is nothing in a name, out; that name procounced in his learing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelthem, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. ity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jo Strange mistake. You have no right to give cose of the judgment, reckless of an unending to your child a name that is lacking either in eternity, at the mere pronunciation of that euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tigpray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and lath-Pileser. Because you yourself may have rejoice. O it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after you. fall. crumble, the last juggernant of cruelty crash to pieces. That name will first But how often we have seen some name. filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because some make all the earth tremble, and then it one a long while ago happened to be afflicted will make all the nations sing. It is to be the with it. Institutions and enterprises have password at every gate of honor, the insignia sometimes without sufficient deliberation on every flag, the battle shout in every contaken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies flict. All the millions of the earth are to know have been decided by the significance of a it. The red horse of carnage seen in apoca-lyptic vision, and the black horse of death, name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, white horse of victory will go forth, mounted through right behavior and Christian deby him who hath the moon under his feet, or, outlive the fact that we were bapand the stars of heaven for his tiara. Other tized by the name of a despot, or an infidel or a cheat, how much better it would have to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been been if we all could have started life without any such incumbrance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of ad-miration in regard to the name of Jesus, I lowered, and most of the sceptres of the world want to inquire what are some of the charare being shortened; but every Bible printed. acteristics of that appellation. And O that the Saviour himself, while I speak, might fill me with his own presence, for we never church established, is callending the power of can tell to others that which we have not ourselves feit.

First, this name of Jesus is an easy name Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen, and to hear the name given to us two or three times, before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands, and looks up, and says "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here today, there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name?" Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation / That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous, and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name, Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud

That heaven and earth might hear.

Still further, I remark it is a beautiful You have noticed that it is imposname. sible to dissociate a name from the person has the name. So there are names that

the mark of the fever, only turnsout to be the full. The ranks full. The mansions full, carnetion bloom of heaven! Oh, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, Heaven full. The sun shall set afire with splendor the domes of the temples, and burn-isk the golden streets into a blazs, and be

redected back from the solid pearl of the Still further: it is a mighty name. Rothstwelve gates, and it shall be noon to beaven, child is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving neon on the river, neon on the hills, noon in a powerful name in the literary world, Washall the valleys-high noon. Then the soul ington an influential name in the political may look up, gradually accustoming itself to world, Wellington a mighty name in the milithe vision, shading the eyes as from the altary world; but tell me any name in all the most insufferable splendor of the noonday earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, light, until the vision can endure it, then cry and rouse, and agitate, and bless, as this name of Jesus. That one word unborsed Saul, ing out: "Thou art the sun that never sets! At this point I am staggered with the and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck,

thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syltables. O come this day and see whether there is anything in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will rise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus-you pronouncing it, I pronouncing it -the name that is above every name.

#### His worth if all the nations knew Sure the whole earth would love him too

O that God today, by the power of his holy spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blossed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ, an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him in the heart, and ly ing there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was rushing out in his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out: "O Jesus, thou hast conquered!" And if today the arrow of God's spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men, I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my heaven! "Blessed be his glorious name forever. The name that is above every "Hallelujah! unto him that sitteth name," upon the throne and unto the lamb for ever and ever. Amen and amen and amen.

#### The Old Folks.

I am keeping a complete file of that departnent, and have done so ever since it comsenced. Among others who are doing the same thing is a gentleman in London -Savel by name-who frequently writes for evidence to confirm or more correctly disprove the statements of your correspondents, He is responsible for an elaborate argument that the biblical limit of three score years and ten is seldom exceeded by more than twenty years, and that the centenarian is a When Montefiore celebrated the cenmyth. tennial of his birth, Savel saved his theory by ringing in the old chestnut about exceptions proving rules, and every time he gets confirmation of an American centenarian he comforts himself and and his friends by criticising the American system of registering births.

But the English papers give particulars of very remarkable case nearer his home. A Yorkshire lady named Bildershaw was reported to be 106 years old, and Savel lost no time in going to Yorkshire to "dispel the illu-For two weeks he conscientiously hunted up local records and church registers of christenings. In his report he says: "There The archduke asked, for instance, several can be no doubt this venerable lady was born on oak apple day, 1783. I found her hale and they readily did. As soon, however, as he bearty, but opposed to talking to me, because some one told her I was a doctor, and she ex-declared they would not cheat "one of their ects to die from the effects of medicine. found her only surviving son, who is over 80, everal grandchildren nearly 50, great-grandchildren as old as 35, and at least three of her great-great-grandchildren are attending the village school." Such testimony from such a skeptic is very gratifying to old people like myself .-- Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE GYPSIES.

Forther flevelations About Them by the "Gypsy King," the Archduke Joseph.

The Archduke Joseph, commander of the Hangarian Honved army, has made the lan-guage, traditions and habits of the gypsies special study. Extensive as the literature about this strange and interesting people already is, the researches of the archituke have rought several unknown features to light. its opportunities for entering into their myseries have been exceptional

There are in Hungary no fewer than \$3,00: ypsies, and some \$30,000 in the neighboring tournania. The archduke is visiting the ettlements one after another; and to i.s thorough knowledge of their language, a well as his exalted rank, it may be attributed that the gypsies who wantonly deceive other savants reveal their secrets without besitation to the "royal gypsy," as the architeke allows himself jokingly to be called. He published some time ago, as the first result of his studies, a grammar and dictionary of the gypsy language, the most complete book on the subject in existence; and he read a paper recently before the Ethnographical reciety of Buda-Pesth, on the origin and habits of his roteges, which will shortly appear in print. The Archduke Joseph supports Grellman's

theory of the Hi doostani origin of all gyp sics by comparing the two languages. He says, for instance, that the word for snow, which in Hindoostani is "hima," is in the gypsy language "him," and the word for carrier, in the one language "lava," is in the other "lel" and "leva," so that in both languages, Himalaya means the bearer of snow. Many other instances of the same sort ar given, which it is unnecessary to quote, as it s no longer doubted that the slopes of the

Himalaya mountains were the homes of all the gypsies at present in Europe, where their first appearance is traced to the year 1417. It is of far greater interest to learn something of their views and habits.

The earth (phuo) has existed, in their opin ion, from eternity, and is the origin of every thing that is good. God they call "devel," and the devil they call "beng." They foar both, and curse both when they are in bad luck, or in case of the death of one of their number; and they believe also in evil spirits, which can be chased away by throwing branly, or, in default of that liquor, water, upon the body or upon the grave whenever they pass it. They swear by their dead, and that is their most solemn oath, which is rigorously kept in honor; they do not, however, believe in a life after death. Their language has no word for paradise, and none for heaven, but the home of the devil (beng-ipe) they know. The religion they profess, either for convenience sake, or under compulsion, has no real hold upon them. They embrace the religion of the people who allow them to settle in their midst, and call themselves "Christians," but remain in reality heathens, cherishing the traditions of the fire worshipers, which they seem once to have been. The baptism of a child, for instance, as performed by the priest, has no real value for them till the eldest of the clan has held the babe over a large open fire. That is the real reception into the community, whatever outward religion they may profess.

orthodox, 23,000 Greek Catholics, 20,000 Ro man Catholics and 9,000 Protestants of the Helvetian confession, whichs answers pretcy well the proportion of crewls in the district which tolerate them, the Protestants being least inclined to permit them to remain in their vicinity. The gypsies are generally held up as bad examples of superstition, witchcraft and similar failings. In this respect, the archduke says, they are wronged. and, what is worse, their accusers themselves are the superstitious ones, and the gyp-res laugh at them, after having fleeved them gypsy women to tell him his fortune, which

#### Phenician Cotonists in England

An interesting discovery regarding the presence of the Phenicians in the southwest counties has just been made by Mr. W. G. Thorpe, F. S. A. In the village of Ipplepen, three miles from Newton Abbot, Devon, here has for many centuries resided a fam ly named Ballhatchet, the surviving male resolutative of which is Mr. Thomas Balichet. This man is now 74 years of age, I the facial type is quite distinct from that the satives of Cornwall and Dovon, and di city of a Levantine character. The arm, which has seen from time immemorial this possession of the family, is called Ballor Ball's Ford, and behind the group of rtificial construction. The farm evidently stands upon the site of a ci i Gaal temple, of which the Ballhatchets

whose ancient name was widently Baa-Akhel, corrupted into Baal-Achet, etc .held the office of Basi-Kamar, or Basi's priest. Immediately above the farm rises a ill, which is known as Baal-Sar, the rock or hill of Baal. The discovery of this curious survival is very interesting, as it is in harmony with the survival of those ancient ames in the yeoman classes of the south--tern counties. One of these families was re Purkisses, the charcoal burners who carted the Red King's body in their cart from Rufus Stone to Winton cathedral, the

ast of whom died only thirty years ago, and who had held their land from father to son from the days of King Alfred. Many other traces of these Phenician colonists may, no doubt, he found if searched for in Cornwall family. -- Manchester Guardian.

# Hat Etiquette in the Elevator.

A Washington gentleman writes to us, sayfalse etiquecte to take off one's hat in an eleia lies aboard as it would be to uncover in a I am wrong I am ready to stand corrected. and if I am right I shall rejoice in your authoritative support." Flattered as we are by this intimation that we are an authority of ettykwettical matters, and sozzling in pleas ure as we do when a correspondent thus put himself into our hands, we cannot very grace fully decline to issue a manifesto, or pronun ciamento, or, as they call it in certain eccle stastical circles, a bull, on this subject. Know all men, therefore, that we, by the authority vested in us, do hereby proclaim and declar that any man who, during the prevalence of our esteemed contemporary, the Russian in fluenza, takes off his hat in an elevator or anywhere else where a draught may sweep into his system via the roots of his hair and drizzle down his anatomy till it turns his too nails blue, is a chump-c-b-u-m-p, chump, After the grippe has adjourned and society has struck its normal gait, we may issue a handbook setting forth rules for the guidance of men who do not know when to take off their bats and when not to, but until our corre spondent hears from us again he may wear his hat whenever and wherever he pleases, and we don't believe any real lady will kick him off an elevator or throw him out through Of the gypsies in Hungary there are 24,000 a street car window,-Washington Post.

# A Modern Tragedy.

Last spring Guido Alvarez sold bananas in Minneapolis. Those who knew Guido thought him a guileless son of sunny Italy, who was contented with the fate which had led hi footsteps to a city so near the land of the midnight sun as Minneapolis is. But in Guido's heart, albeit his face showed no signs of it, glowed a love for his native land which could not be quenched by the prospects of sliding down a circular toboggan slide during the coming winter carnival. And when a paper came to him granting him pardon for a crime which had made sunny Italy too hot for him, he eagerly packed up his worldly effects in a bandanna handkerchief, sold out hanana stand and

WANTED

Everybody to examine the plans and standing of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a ling is a large square tank of ancient 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.

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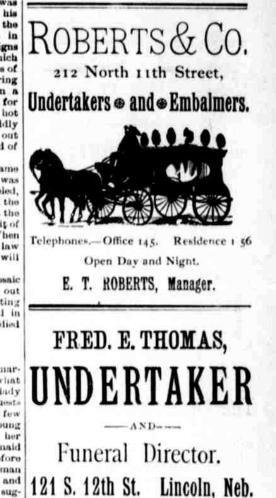
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are to me repulsive-I do not want to hear them at all-while those very names are at-tractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and snappish. and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so unspeakably beautiful. No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem, and Gethsemane, and Golgotha, and you see the loving face, and hear the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch. You see Jesus, the one who, though banquetting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Genessaret; Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on to the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that name is prenounced in your presence you think of how the shining one gave back the centurion's daughter, and how he helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how he made the cripple's crutches useless, and how he looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and, as the little one struggled to go to him, flung out his arms around it and impressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Beautiful name-Jesus! It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for self sacrifice, for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which his people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it, and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Take all the glories of book bind-

ery and put them around the page where that name is printed. On Caristmas morning wreathe it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to

shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and beaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be his glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all, In heaven and earth and sky

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk, and trembthe old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch, and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into heaven. The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap, and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick." And you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-by, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you go-And the red cheek which you thought was

Giottos to appall our sight with the crucifixion. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray his triumph, other Cowpers to sing his love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and its St. Peters. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already i is embalmed in the best books, and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity," and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment. But above all, and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home! Not Not

To destroy the memory of that name Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration. and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin-even then, they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus left!" "Blessed be his glorious name for ever and ever. The name that is above every name."

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet him in heaven! You know he has many names. Will you call him Jesus, or the Annointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you learned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose, and lily, and amaranth, you may look up into his face and say: "My Lord, thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to takes its place in the firmament, and shine as a star for ever and ever, and the luster of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, thou art a brighter star-the morning star-a star forever."

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in crash of peal and amethyst in golden and crystaline urn, and you wander up the round banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalices of love you drink Hingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on to honor sud overlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord,

thou art the fountain of living water.' Some day, wandering amid the sambs and am going to leave you." They say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "I am rock, rejoicing in the presence of him who sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into his loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills.

But there is another name you may select. will imagine that beaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its plied to her by a Paris firm, are suede and harper. Heaven has gathered up overything ing to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." | that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song gloves are not faulties in tone and fit.

#### Just How to Cut a Justice's Gown.

The supreme court is a place of traditions and precedents, and even the cut and make of the gowns of the justices are so well defined by custom that there is but little scope left for the individual taste of the owner. An authority on this subject says that the rown is made of wide struight widths. At the bottom it is three yards and a quarter wide, and it comes down to the ankles. The gown has a narrow hem around the bottom and a broad one straight down the front. At the top it is cauged to a voke, which is short on the shoulders and forms a deep scallop at the back. This yoke has a silk lining between the outside and the inner one of silk. The sleeves are a yard and a quarter wide and reach to the hands. The lining of the sleeves is formed by doubling the material at the bottom, turning it up on the inside, and placing it about a quarter of a yard above the bottom to a narrower silk lining, which nicely fits the justice's arm. The arrangement makes the lower part of each sleeve appear to be a wide, loose puff. The sleeves are gauged to a yoke on the shoulders with many rows of gauging, but not so many as at the back of the gown, where it is a quarter of a yard deep.

One woman has made these gowns for the last forty years, and she gets \$100 for every one of them. They are made alike, the only difference being in the material, the chief justice wearing black Chinese satin, while his associates are robed in black silk. The chief justice always wears a new gown when he swears in a president. The new gown is always subject to a good deal of criticism by the older justices, and its fit is closely scanned. -Boston Herald.

#### The Crazy Quilt Craze.

Paris is afflicted with the crazy quilt craze, from which this country suffered a few years ago. A Paris paper says: "All the world has set itself 'crazy.' Having emptied their drawers and cabinets, despoiled the linings of their old dresses and their used up hats, they have addressed themselves to the dressmake and the modiste: 'As little as you please; the more it will be little the more you will send, and the more you will render me happy,' and letters being sent to the different furnishers of the Rue de la Paix, they receive some days afterward little post packages filled with clippings of the latest creations." The French women tire of such a fad sooner than the fair Americans, and the craze will not afflict Paris long.

#### Faultless Gloves.

Mrs. Morton, wife of the vice president, who has the credit of being always the most perfectly gloved woman of any assembly, wears the mousquetaire, and says she never wears them above the elbow, as no device can save them from untidiness if they end anywhere on the upper arm. They are supvery light tan in color. Mrs. Morton considers the most glorious toilet ruined if the

own," and being explicity asked whether they believed in cards as a means of telling fortunes, they said laughingly. "No, that is good enough for the non-gypsies." Each of their colonies is ruled by an elder.

who in Hungary, Roumania and Bohemia i called vejvadu. The elder has the power of punishing, and he usually uses the stick for more serious crimes; resorting, for lesser ones, to boxing the ears of the culprit. His authority is supreme, and it need not be the eldest man who is raised to the dignity of a vejvadu, but, in Hungary, at least, it must be one who can read and write, in order to defend his people before the authorities. The vejvadu baptizes after the gypsy fashion, as already mentioned, and, of course, he per forms the marriage ceremony and the burial rites.

The bridal pair are married in church, but what we should call civil marriage, namely, the ceremony before the vejvadu, must pre cede it for the marriage to have validity in the eyes of the community. The parents of both the bride and the bridegroom bring the young people before the chief, who addresses them in bombastic phrases of traditional wording, reminding them of the duties of married life; whereupon an earthen vessel is smashed to pieces, and a great libation, in which brandy is the principal beverage, finishes the festival. After this ceremony, the young people, of whom the bridegroom is seldom older than 15 and the bride 12, are considered duly married. As a rule, the religious ceremony follows only years afterward, as a concession to Christian feeling, not as a necessity for themselves. The clan chief inflicts the severest punishment, namely, the greatest number of strokes with a heavy stick, upon adulterers, and he arro gates also the right of dissolving marriages, whatever the civil or church authorities may

have against it. Family life is very simple, and, as a rule, very happy. The father is the absolute master of his house, and where communistic ideas prevail, namely, where several families live together, the magistrate they elect has the same absolute authority over each mem ter of the community. He is called the "vajda" sometimes, also the "uncle," or the

"liest friend," and his insignia are a dolman with big silver buttons and a staff with a silver knob. He, too, must be able to read and to write, and he must strictly keep to the traditions and ceremonies of old .--- Vienna Cor. London Standard.

### Indians Who Buy Costly Coffins.

C. W. Young, one of the principal mer ants in Juneau, Alaska, is in the city Among other goods, he has ordered a score or o of coffins, assorted sizes and of the most xpensive description. He says the indians n that section can have nothing too rich and legant in the coffin line. The linest plush for overing and silver handles and studs thick sespangled over the collin is what they want and will have, if they put up their last dollar. Mr. Findley of the casket company says

the Oregon Indians have the same ideas in egard to coffins and some of the most costly e has go to Klamath and up to the Umatilla eservation .- Portland Oregonian.

A Salem (Ore.) man sold a three-quarter shorthorn cow to a Portland butcher last Wednesday, It weighed 1,630 pounds, The sagae farm owns a sheep that weighs 263 pounds.

statuary Guido and Baree had once loved the same

dainty, black eyed opera singer. Baree was a tenor, Guido the bass. They quarreled, stilettos flashed, and Baree lay cold upon the ground. All's fair in love, they say, but the police thought that all's fair in the pursuit of murderers. The pardon was a decoy. When Guido landed in Italy the hand of the law touched him on the shoulder, and Guido will have to stand trial.

Thus is romance murdered in this prosaic age. The vendetta should have sought out Guido. Then there would have been a fitting end to the man who loved in bass, killed in moonlight, repeated before bananas and died by the avenging hand.-Chicago Times.

### Married Without Knowing It.

It is not often that a young woman is married without knowing it, but that is what happened to Miss Belle Woods, a young lady at Schuyler, Neb. She was one of the guests at the wedding of a young lady friend a few days ago, and so was George Poole, a young man who had long been enamoured with her beauty. She was to officiate as bridesmaid and young Poole as best man. Just before the ceremony Poole called the clergyman aside and told him privately that he and Miss Woods were to be married too, and suggested that a change in the order of the cere monies would be an interesting surprise for the audience. The guests, as he had surmised, were completely astonished when he and Miss Woods came forward and went through a regular marriage ceremony. The other wedding followed immediately, and then everybody wanted to know what it all meant. On being told that she was Poole's wife Miss Woods becomingly fainted, and on "coming to" said that she had supposed herself to be merely going through the performance of her duties as a bridesmaid, and that she should never, never be the wife of the wicked Poole. Nothing has since changed her mind, and a legal separation has been applied for.-Chicago Herald.

### Conclusive as to Santa Claus.

The crop of stories of the children's Christans is beginning to come in, and some of them are exceedingly good. On of the best is of a little girl in the suburbs who is a firm believer in the traditional Santa Claus. She has a small brother, three or four years older than herself, who reads the papers, and discards with scorn the story of the old man and his reindeer and the descent of the chim ney, "Poold Dolly," he says, "there isn't any Santa Claus. Papa and mamma buy the presents at the stores." "Well, anyhow, ays Dolly, "I've seen Santa Claus' picture and how could he have his facture taken if here wasn't any Santa Claus?" This is a settler to the young man, and is entirely unmaverable. Yet he is still a skeptic con rning a personal Santa Claus. - Reston Ad

Rome newspapers describe a duci between vo peasants near Ventimiglia. Tuey were signbors and had quarreled concerning the undary has between their little farms, One challenged the other to fight with weap ins of his own choosing. Musicota were se seted. Early in the morning the men went o the village wood, took their places at a distance of fifty feet, and, at a signal from the challenger, fired simultaneously. Each was mortally wounded and died on the field within a few minutes.



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