DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE YOUR LIFE OVER AGAIN!"

An Able Discourse from the Text "All That a Man Hath Will He Give for His Life," Job ii, 4-Don't Look to the Past, but Gaze Forward Into the Future.

BROOKLYN, March 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, this morning, to an overflowing congregation. After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture he announced his subject to be: "Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" His text was Job ii, 4: "All that a man bath will be give for his life." He said:

That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord, when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive diseases since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark: "All that a man bath will be give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passsengers got off and be drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open drawbridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, sacrifleing his life in the attempt, and thousands of martyrs who submitted to flery stake and knife of massacre and headsman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, have proved that in many a case my text was not true, when it says: "All that a man bath will be give for his life."

But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and, if we would not give up all, there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggles in crisis of accident. An admiral of the British navy was court martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard be said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around and admit it was damaged; but do you want to know why I turned it! There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it, they would like to try it again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, from thirty to twenty. I purpose for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others, and others have again and again asked of us: Would you like to live your life over again?

The fact is that no intelligent and right

fearing man is satisfied with his past life.

We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled

into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not to have been said, and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least ninety-five proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it. That feeling caused the Fountain of Youth, the waters of which taken would turn the hair locks of a boy, and however old a person who again. The island was said to belong to the group of the Bahamas, but lay far out in the Ponce de Leon, fellow voyager with Columbus, I have no doubt felt that if he could discover that Fountain of Youth he would do as much as his friend had done in discoving America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were and its waters sand dollars a bottle, the demand would be who has come through a life of uselessness, and perhaps sin, to old age, would be shaking up the potent liquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a teaspoonful, and if directed to take a teaspoonful would to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many riod. Yea, in order to get a fair start some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grand-father lived his life over again and your father lived his life over again and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this world would be, a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to pass off and give another generation a

life over again it would be a stale and stupid man says he would like to live his life over experience. The zest and spur and en- again because he would do so much better, thusiasm of life come from the fact that we and yet goes right on living as he has always have never been along this road before and lived, do you not see he stuitifies himself? He everything is new, and we are alert for what | proves that if he could go back he would do may appear at the next turn of the road, abnost the same as he has done. If a man Suppose you, a man in mid-life or old age, cat green apples some Wednesday in cholera were, with your present feelings and large time and is thrown into fearful cramps and started life with as good a prospect as any attainments, but back into the thirties or the says on Thursday: "I wish I had been more twenties or into the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhappiness to yourself. Your contemporaries would eats apples just as green, he proves that it not want you and you would not want them. would have been no advantage for him to be sowed. Harvest of wild outs! the nice requirements of society—a bolicenian Things that in your previous journey of life live Wolnesday over again. And if we, destirred your healthful ambition, or gave you ploring our past are and with the idea of impleasurable surprise, or led you into happy provedient long for an opportunity to Young man, as you cannot live life over their house Mrs. Tadema was awakened by a interrogation, would only call forth from you try it over again, yet go on making again, however you may long to do so, be rule knocking at her chamber door. Much a disgusted "Oh, pshaw" You would be the rame outstakes and committing the sure to have your one life right. There is in miarmed, she aroused her busband, who do blase at thirty and a misanthrope at forty same sins, we only demonstrate that this august assembly I wot not, for we are manifed to flerce tones what was wanted. It and unendurable at fifty. The most iname the repetition of our existence would afford made up of all sections of this land and from was Vetter who was at the door, and he are and stupid thing imaginable would be a sec- no improve neat. It was green apples before, many lands, some young man who has gone swered in a voice loud enough to be heard all ond journey of life. It is amusing to hear and it would be green apples over again. As away from home and perhaps under some lit. over the house: "I say, Talema, old chap, people say: "I would like to live my life over some a superplant strikes a rock in the blespite or evil persuasion of another, and his where do you keep the scissors that you trim again if I could take my present experience bale or sea be reports it, and a buoy is swung parents know not where he is. My son, go your cuffs with f and knowledge of things back with me and over that over and marines henceforth stand begin under those improved auspices." Why, off from that rock. And all our mistakes in where you may be tempted to go. Go home! this blatant inquiry produced upon the sensi-

No one would want such a boy around the house; a philosopher at twenty, a scientist at ilfteen, an archeologist at ten and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an acorn. A Reeks mountain eagle thrust back into the egg shell from which it was atched.

Beside that, if you took life over again, you would have to take its deep sadness over again. Would you want to try again the safe griefs and the beartbreaks and the bereavements through which you have gone! What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process f losing your father again or your mother gain or your companion in life again or ar child agains if you were permitted to stop at the sixtisth milestone or the fiftieth milestone or the fortieth milestone and retace your steps to the twentieth, your expence would be something like note, one day last November, in Italy. I walked through great city with a friend and two guides, and there were in all the city only four persons, and they were these of our own group. We went up and down the streets, we entered the houses, the museums, the temples, the theatres. We examined the womlerful pictures on the walls and the most exquisite mosaic on the floor. In the streets were the the deep worn ruts of wagons, but not a wagon in the city. On the front steps of mansions the word "Welcome" in Latin, but no human beng to greet us. The only bodies of any of the citizens that we saw were petrified and in the museum at the gates. Of the thirtyfive thousand people who once lived in those omes and worshiped in those temples and clapped in those theatres, not one left! For eighteen hundred years that city of Pompeii had been buried before modern exploration scooped out of it the lava of Vesuvius. Wellwho should be permitted to return on the pathway of his earthly life and live it over again, would find as lonely and sad a pilgrimage. It would be an exploration of the dead past. The old school house, the old church, the old home, the old play ground either gone or occupied by others, and for you more depressing than was our Pompeian visit Beside that, would you want to risk the

temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unconsecrated, you have got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has been far from being as conscerated as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would do worse, Why, just look at the temptations we have all passed through, and just look at the muititudes who have gone completely under. Just call over the roll of your schoolmates and college mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same factory with just as good prosets as you, who have come to complete nishap. Some young man that told you that ie was going to be a millionaire, and own the fastest trotters on Westchester turnpike, and retire by the time he was thirty-five years of age, you do not hear from for many years, and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and asks for five cents to get a mug of beer. You, the good mother of a household and all your children rising up to call you biessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the belle of the village, who was so transcendently fair and popular. But while you have these two honorable and queenly names of wife and mother, she became a poor waif of the street, and went into the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again! Why, if many of those who are per cent, of improvement. Now would it not | now respectable were permitted to experibe grand if the good Lord would say to you: ment, the next journey would be demoli-"You can go back and try it over again. I tion. You got through, as Job says, by the will by a word turn your hair to brown or skin of the teeth. Next time you might not black or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles get through at all. Satan would say: "I out of your temple and cheek, and take the know him now better than I did before and bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the have for fifty years been studying his weakstiffness from the joint and the rheumatic nesses and I will weave a stronger web of ringe from the foot, and you shall be twen- circumstances to catch him next time." And ty-one years of age and just what you were | Satan would concenter his forces on this one when you reached that point before," If the man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward the ancient search for what was called than backward, even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1890. Oh, if the octogenarian into the curly life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over drank at that fountain he would be young it, not once, but twice-yea, a thousand times. But life is an uncertain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan ference, and some take fire of evil passions, and some lose their bearings and run into the skerries, and some are never heard of, Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough.

Beside all this, do you know if you could have your wish and live life over again it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life you are were bottled up and sent abroad at a thou- not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emgreater than the supply, and many a man paradised leved ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now, suppose you went back in your earthly life thirty years or forty years or fifty years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet and you got to take a glassful. But some of you would have Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Hoboken or Harlem to get a better start; as though you were going to who manage to get all wrong before that pe- Fagiand to be crowned and having come in sight of the mountains of Wales you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. The further on you get in life, if a Christian, the nearer you are to the renewal life corrected, for some of you are suffering of broken up companionship. No; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and forward, rather than three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and backward. But hear ye! hear ye! while I tell you how you may practically live your life over think that it is better for each generation to again and be all the better for it. You may have only one chance and then for them to put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You may make the coming ten years worth Beside that, if we were permitted to live the preceding forty or fifty years. When a

for us if we split on the same rock where we How I would like to make your parents a split before. Going along the sidewalk at night where excavations are being made, we frequently see a lantern on a framework and we turn aside, for that lantern mys, keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to mid-life we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is un-

Beside that, we have all these years been learning how to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God and the church and the world than in any adopted their habits. Years passed on, but previous four decades. The best way to atone for past indolence or past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet you often find Christian men who were not converted until they were forty or fifty, as old age comes on, say ing: "Well, my work is about done and it is time for in to rest." They gave forty years of their life to Satan and the world, a little fragment of their life to God, and now they want to rest. Whether that belongs to comedy or tragedy I say not. The man who gave one-half of his earthly existence to the world and of the remaining two quarters one to Christian work and the other to rest, would not, I suppose, get a very brilliant recep father that he may rejoice when he sees the heaven. If there are any dried leaves in beaven they would be appropriate for his garland; or if there is any throne with broken steps it would be appropriate for his coronation; or any harp with relaxed string it would be appropriate for his fingering. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to sin and Satan and then get converted and then rest awhile in sanctified laziness and then go up to get your heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to you nil your dues. He will not ask you whether you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of earning her livelihood by washing. She is a my sermon in italies, and have it underscored, and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we cannot live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to atone for the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the

'Tis worth a wise man's past of life, Tis worth a thousand years of strife, If then carst lessen but by one The countless ills beneath the sun.

If this rail train of life has been detained and switched off and is far behind the time table, the engineer for the rest of the way must put on more pressure of steam and go a mile a minute in order to arrive at the right time and place under the approval of conductor

and directors. As I supposed it would be, there are multitudes of young people listening to this sermon on whom this subject has acted with the force of a gaivanic battery. Without my saying a word to them, they have soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again, and I can make only one trip, I must look out and make no mistakes. I have but one chance and I must make the most of My young friends, I am gind you made this application of the sermou yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says: "Now a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who in substance said: "I shall be along this path of life but once, and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can." My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one lesp reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn, when the birds migrate, you look up and air, and so today I look up and see two large all, these amount to only two dozen words flying hours, and each of these is followed by about a town (a dozen). sixty and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from! Eternity ninety words, carefully selected, would an past. Where are they bound! Eternity to swer every pressing need. Of course, in come. You might as well go a gunning for order to be theroughly comfortable, one the qualis that whistled last year in the should carry with him a pocket dictionary, meadows or the robins that last year carolled. It is far better to procure this than any of in the sky, as to try to fetch down and bag | the conversation manuals offered at the book one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say: "I will lounge now and make it | language. These are not to be recommend up afterwards." Young men and boys, you el; their vocabularies contain words that cannot make it up. My observation is that one would never need, and omit some of the those who in youth sowed wild oats, to the most necessary; their conversations are end of their short life sowed wild oats; and bighly grammatical, stilled and unnatural. that those who start sowing Genesee wheat, Boston Traveller. always sow Genesee wheat. And then the reaping of the harvests is so differ-There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have man of jewels as he laid a diamond to rest been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eyesight for the De Beers mines, in South Africa, and was heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so discovered by a coolie employed by the comneute as it once was and he must bend clear pany. His practiced eye saw that the gen over to hear what his little grandchild says was a marvelous one for beauty of color, and when she asks him what he has brought for a desire to steal it overcame him. Well, he her. But he easily catches the music raised did steal it, and to conceal the diamond about from supernal spheres. Men passing in the his person-for the coolies work almost nakes streets take off their hats in reverence and in the diamond mines-cut a hole in his flesh women say: "What a good old man he is," under the arm. But the wound did not beni, Seventy or eighty years all for God and for and the observant eye of the foreman saw making this world happy. Splendid! Glori what was the matter. A few days after he ous! Magnificent! He will have hard work | charged the coole with having stolen a dia getting into heaven because those whom he mond, but the negro denied it. helped to get there will fill up and crowd the

call it the harvest of Genesce wheat. Out yonder is a man very old at forty years threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the gespel, and only a sample of what has hap ground, he passes through the street, and the pened more than a hundred times in the diastep of a young man or the roll of a prosper inquirer. ous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick with no resources he is carried to the almshouse. A lonthsome spectacle, he lies all day long artist in London. He lives in princely style, waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises is much courted and is quite chummy with on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and of what he will be. He man on the American continent, but there be ma's experience with Ednu Velder. The feet under. He has only respect what usages and traditions, wholly insensible to "There is a way that seemeth right to a degree. At one time he visited the Ta to a man, but the end thereof is death." denus, and the morning after his arrival at home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night

present of heir way ward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter and you to carry the letter saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus," My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that sursed you so tenderly in your childhood years. A young Scotchman was in bat tle taken captive by a band of Indians he fearned their language and the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regi ments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old. Indian, chieftain said: "I lost my sow in battle, and I know how a a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?' The young man said: "I am the only son of my father and I hope he is still alive." Then said the Indian chieftain; "Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free Re turn to your countrymen. Revisit your sun rise in the morning and the trees blosson in the spring." So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin! father is waiting for you. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home Go home

A Washerwoman's Fortune. There is considerable stir among a number of good ladies, who are now looking about for a washerwoman. It came about in the way; Mrs. Kelly, a woman about 55 years old, living in the rear of George W. Stout' residence, on North Meridian street, has been hard working woman, a member of the First Eaptist church

She says that about ten years ago, upon the death of her father, she inherited a piece of property in St. Louis, upon which there was a mortgage of \$2,500. For this property she was offered \$15,000, which she refused to take, her triends advising her that it was worth more. She got no income from it, but kept on washing, having found a renter, to whom she leased the house and lot for \$50 s month, and arranged that all in excess of taxes and repairs was to be applied upon the mortgage.

It was a temptation for her to take \$15,000 but she resisted, continued at work, and the other day she received notice that the last payment had been made, and the property which is in the heart of the city, was free of debt and all her own, being valued at nearly \$40,000. Later came news of the death of brother in California, who left her a fortun of \$60,000. It is said she arranged with a St. suis man, for a fee of \$1,000, to go to Cali forms and make full settlement; that he re turned with \$40,000 in approved securities chiefly United States bonds, but that \$20,000 more is coming to her, which will require her personal presence to make proper settlement The ladies lose a good washerwoman, but Mrs. Kelly gains \$100,000. — Indianapolis News.

Ninety Words Sufficient. One can learn with case, and in a very

short time, all that is absolutely necessary to make one's way through a foreign land Here are a few hints: Take first a lesson or two in pronuncia-ion

from a competent teacher; then master about a dozen verbs-the auxiliaries, of course-and several other irregular verbs should be ac quired with perfect flexibility. Among the most useful of the latter are, in French pouvoir, vouloir and alter; in Spanish, poder querer and ir. Then the numerals should be see the sky black with wings and the learned, and so thoroughly as to be able flocks stretching out into many leagues of quickly to count a hundred backward. After wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock half a dozen adverbs of time and piace. And of three hundred and sixty-five and they are the flying days is use in traveling (perhaps a dozen), at the dead now, but I feel like a fighting cock. followed by twenty-four and they are the hotel (a score), and in inquiring one's way Altogether, I believe that a vocabulary of

stores as royal roads to the acquisition of

Story of a Diamond.

"That stone has a tragic history," said amid a nest of snowy cotton, "It comes from

"When Jack, the foreman, reached for his gates to tell him how glad they are at his sore arm, the thief made a dash and ran coming until he says: "Please to stand back | towards the outskirts of the camp like a deer. a little till I pass through and cast my crown | The foreman followed him, but the fleet foot at the feet of him whom having not seen I ed negro outstrapped him. He knew that a love." I do not know what you call that, I severe punishment awaited him if captured, and centered all his effort on getting away with the stone, whose value would have made of age, at a time when he eight to be buoyant him rich for life. But Jack was equal to the as the morning. He got had habits on him emergency, and, drawing his pistoi, shot the very early and those habits have become coolie through the back just as he was taking worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with all to the falls. His dead body was dragged coholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with back into camp, his arm cut open, and this the world and the world out with him. Down beautiful gem in the rough was taken from and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his the insertion. It's a tragic story, but true as quick step of an innocent child or the strong mond mines of South Arrica. - Undadelphia

Two London Notables. Alma Tadema is perhaps the most swell he Prince of Wales. He is exceedingly swell and is correspondingly proud of his social poattens. They tell a good story about Tade

what an uninteresting by you would be with the past ought to be buoys warning us to Your father will be glad to see you, and your tive, the finical Tadema, the boon companion your present attainme. in a child's mind. keep in the right channel. There is no excuse mother, I need not tell you how she feels. to the Prince of Wales.—Chicago News.

Ris Same Was William. "What are you doing there, daughter! It's time for breakfast," called a congressman to his only child as she stood by the front window in patient waiting

"It's all right, paper; I'm only waiting for the Bill to pass," she replied sveetly, and the father called the roll and the beefsteak and proceeded to the business of the morning nour. Washington Post.

Stiff Necked Generation Ask for a Sign.



"Has she no pride no self respect! How arcshepermit that fellow to smoke while they are promenading on the avenue?" "Oh, that's Charlie Van Ninny, and she's afraid people wouldn't know it was a man.

He Meant to He Gallant.

There is a young member of a diplomatic orps in this city who is disposed to be polite. mt who is not always judicious. He was conversing with a lady who combines intelectual and physical graces with a consider able degree of maturity.

"I have enjoyed talking with you very

"But, Mr. Brown," she said, laughingly perhaps I am not so old as I look. "I was always sure of that," he returned, with all the gallantry of manner that he could muster.—Washington Post.

Why They Pleased Him

Suburban Railway Official (traveling insog, on his own line)-They say there has been some fault found with the lamps on these trains. Do you see anything wrong with them?

Passenger-No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamps I like to see used in cars. Railway Official-(highly pleased)-1 pre-

ume you are a professional man! Passenger - Yes, sir. I am an oculist. - Ex

Examination of History Class. School Board Inspector-Now, boys, what

is the diet of Worms! Can any of you tell

(Dead silence prevails.) School Board Inspector-Surely one of you an answer so simple a question as this. Come now (coaxingly), what is the diet of Wormst Small Boy (timidly) Dead cats and

Estimated in Round Numbers, Debutante (confidingly)-Say, how much young Mr. Lancers worth Banker Friend (earnestly) - In round num

apseses, please, sir! - Yenowme's News,

"Well, I'll write it down for you-here"-

And these were the figures she found on the '\$0,000.00,"-Chicago Times.

nights you'll be sick.

Father-How can that be? What a contradiction. Boy-Oh, I feel like the chicken that got licked.—New York Herald.

Further Information.

His Lordship-There's no dodging it, you know, but one does miss the influence of leisure class over here.

She-But we have a leisure class His Lordship (suspiciously) - I haven't met them. Who are they!

She-Our plumbers and messenger boys.

He Could Say the Same.

"I swear by you moon," she cried, "before neeting you I never loved mortal man." He clutched her with an enthusiastic grasp. murinuring in a voice whose every accept was fairly smothered in truth:

"And I, darling, can say the same of the time before I met you."—Philadelphia Times.

All Tastes Suited.

New Clerk-I notice some of these barrels of apples are marked X, and some Z. Arthey different kinds? Dealer-No, same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top. -New York Weekly.

His Little Pun.

Charley Lovelox (who sees a chance to say something really bright; - Weally, Miss Squelcher, you wemind me of a cowoner's

Miss Squeicher-Yes! Why, pray! Charley Lovelox-Why, you sit on a body so, you know.-Life.

Can't Be Denied.

"Have you read Smithers' book?" Why, you said in your review that it was a great story." 'Well, that's all right; Smithers told me that himself."-Harper's Bazar.

Who Can Tell?

Violet-Does a tramp ever go to heaven! Sister-I suppose some of them do. Why do you ask? Violet-I didn't know but they would be too lazy to work their wings. - Once a Week

A Distinction with No Difference, Defeated Pugilist do trainers - Alax, Bill, I am undone!

Trainer-Oh, no you aren't, pard. Ch or up! You are only done up. Burnington Free

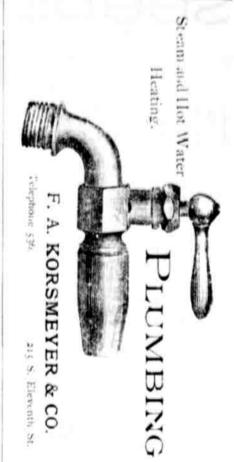
Currant Art.

Chromo Agent-Do any of your family take iderest in current art, madamet Parmer's Wife-My shared shares in She puts up jelly every season. Commercial

That Would Seem to Be the Place. McCorkle. Where can I get turkets for the distributed McCrackle -At the box office, I suppose Venowine's News.

As Directed.

Ted -She accepted him after having refused him. Ned -So he was sha'ren before taken. - New York Sun.



WESTERFIELD'S society of some one who has observed the Palace Bath soo Shaving PARLORS.

Ladies - and - Children's - Hair - Cuttin g

Ash' ... ALTY.

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