

SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

TREATMENT OF PARENTS THE SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE.

"A Foolish Son Is the Heaviness of His Mother" the Text—Children Cannot Do Too Much to Honor Godly, Upright Parents.

BROOKLYN, March 16.—The following sermon was preached this morning by Dr. Talmage in the Academy of Music, in which his church is worshipping during the rebuilding of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and which will continue to be occupied until that edifice is completed. After expounding a chapter describing Absalom's carriage toward his father David, and the singing of an appropriate hymn, Dr. Talmage announced as his text the words, "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. x. 1. He said: PARENTS' SOLICITUDE FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

All parents want their children to turn out well. However poorly father and mother may have done themselves, they want their sons and daughters to do splendidly. Up to forty years of age parents may have ambitions for themselves, after that their chief ambitions are for their children. Some of the old time names indicate this. The name of Abner means "his father's lamp." The name Abigail means "her father's joy." And what a parental delight was Solomon to David, and Samuel to Hannah, and Joseph to Jacob! And the best earthly staff that a father has to lean on is a good son, and the strongest arm a mother has to help her down the steep of years is that of a grateful child.

But it is not a rare thing to find people ungrateful, and often the parents are themselves to blame. Aged persons sometimes become querulous and snappy, and the children have their hands full with the old folks. Before entering my profession I was for three months what is called a colporteur. One day in the country districts I stopped at the house of a good, intelligent, genial farmer. The hospitality of such a country house is especially pleasing to me, for I was born in the country. This farmer and his wife were hardworking people, but tried to make their home agreeable and attractive. The farmer's father, about sixty-five years of age, and his grandfather, about ninety, were yet alive and with him. Indeed, there were four generations in the house, for the farmer had little children playing about the room.

We gathered at the dining table. After the blessing was asked the farmer put some of the meat upon his plate and courteously passed it to me, when his father of sixty-five years of age cried out to his son, who was at least thirty years of age: "Why do you not pass the meat as you always do, and let us take it off the plate ourselves, you are trying to show off because we have company." Meantime his grandfather of ninety sat with his hat on at the table, his face unshaven, and his apparel untidy. Still the farmer kept his patience and equanimity, and I never think of him without admiration. He must have had more grace than I ever had.

Because people are old they have no right to be either ungentlemanly or unwomanly. There are old people so disagreeable that they have nearly broken up some homes. The young married man with whom the aged one lives stands it because he has been used to it all his life, but the young wife, coming in from another household, can hardly endure it, and sometimes almost cries her eyes out. And when little children gather in the house, they are afraid of the venerable patriarch, who has forgotten that he ever was a child himself, and cannot understand why children should ever want to play "hide and seek," or roll hoop, or fly kite, and he becomes impatient at the sound from the nursery, and shouts with expenditure of voice that keeps him coughing fifteen minutes afterwards, "Boys! stop that racket!" as though any boy that ever amounted to anything in the world did not begin life by making a racket!

SOME PARENTS ARE NOT WORTHY. Indeed, there are children who owe nothing to their parents, for those parents have been profligate. My lamented friend, good and Christian and lovely Henry Wilson, vice president of the United States, in early life changed his name to Henry Wilson, not his original name. He dropped his father's name because that father was a drunkard and a disgrace, and the son did not feel called upon to carry such a carcass all his life. While children must always be dutiful, I sympathize with all young people who have disagreeable or unprincipled old folks around the house. Some of us, drawing out of our memories, know that it is possible, after sixty or seventy or eighty or ninety years of age, for the old to be kind and genial; and the grandest adornment of a home is an aged father and an aged mother, if the process of years has melted them.

Besides that, if your old parents are hard to get along with now, you must remember there was a time when they had hard work to get along with you. When you were about five or seven or ten or twelve years of age what a time they had with you! If they had kept a written account of your early pranks and misdoings, it would make a whole volume. That time when you gave your little sister a clip, that time when you explored the depth of a jar of sweet things for which you had no permission, that time when you may have made your father's necktie, that time when you were in the orchard of unripe fruit; that day when, instead of being at school, as your parents supposed, you went fishing; and many a time did you imperil your young life in places where you had no business to climb or swim or venture. To get you through your first fifteen years with your life and your good morals was a fearful draft upon parental fidelity and endurance.

Indeed, it may be that much of this present physical and mental weakness in your parents may have been a result of your early waywardness. You made some large and sudden drafts upon the bank of their patience that you broke the bank. They were injured in being thrown while trying to break the coil. It is a matter of only common honesty that you pay back to them some of the long suffering which they paid to you. A father said to his son: "Surely no father ever had as bad a boy as I have." "Yes," said the son, "my grandfather had." "It is about the same from generation to generation, and parents need to be patient with children, and children dutiful to their parents. Taking it for granted that the parents who have today have had a good long life, I want to urge upon all the young the fact that the happiness and longevity of parents much depend upon the right behavior of their children, and I can do this no more effectively than by demonstrating the truth of my text, "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

money and everything you need." "No," said the soldier, "they give me here everything that is nice to eat, but I have no appetite, and I must die." Then the father took from his knapsack a loaf of rye bread, such as the plain people of his country ate, and said, "Here is a loaf of bread your mother made, and I am sure you can eat this; she sent it to you." Then the soldier brightened up, and took the bread and ate it, and said, "It is so good, the bread from home, the bread that my mother made!" No wonder that in a few days he had recovered. O young man, wouldst in the battle of life, and discouraged, given up by yourself, and given up by others, the old folks at the country brook have not given you up. I bring you bread from home. It may be plain bread, but it is that bread of which if a man eat he never again shall hunger. Bread from home! Bread from home!

DO NOT STAR THE FAMILY NAME. Carrying out the idea of my text, I remark that a reckless or dissipated son makes a heavy burdened parent because it hurts the family pride. It is not the given name or the name which you received at the christening that is injured by your profligacy. You cannot hurt your name of John or George or Henry or Mary or Frances or Rachel, because there have been thousands of people, good and bad, having those names, and you cannot improve or depreciate the respectability of those given names. But it is your last name, your family name, that is at your mercy. All who bear that name are bound, before God and man, not to damage its happy significance. You are charged, by all the generations of the past and all the generations to come, to do your star for the protection and the honor and the integrity of that name. You have no right, my young friend, by a bad life to blot the old family Bible containing the story of the marriages and births and deaths of the years gone by, or to cast a blot upon the family Bibles whose records are yet to be opened.

There are in our American city directories names that always suggest commercial dishonesty or libertinism or cruelty or meanness, just because one man or woman bearing that name cursed it forever by misdeeds. Look out how you star the family name! It is especially dear to your mother. She was not born under that name. She was born under another name, but the years passed on and she came to young womanhood, and she saw someone with whom she could trust her happiness, her life and her immortal destiny; and she took his name, took it with the orange blossoms were filling the air with fragrance, took it with joined hands, took it while the heavens witnessed. She chose it out of all the family names since the world stood, chose it for better or worse, through sickness and through health, by cradles and by graves.

Yes, she put off her old family name to take the family name you now wear, and she has done her part to make it an honorable name. How heavy a burden you put upon her when, by misdeeds, you wrench that name from its high significance! To nail it down from your mother's forehead and trample it in the dust would be criminal. Your father's name may not be a distinguished name, but I hope it stands for something good. It may not be famous, like that of Homer, the father of epic poetry, or Zank Walton, the father of angling, or Eschylus, the father of tragedy, or Ethelwald, the father of monks, or Herodotus, the father of history, or Thomas Aquinas, the father of moral philosophy, or Abraham, the father of the faithful, but your father has a name in a small circle as precious to him as theirs in a larger circle. Look out how you tarnish it!

Further, the recklessness and dissipation of a young man are a cause of parental distress at a time when the parent is less able to bear it. The vicissitudes of life have left their impression upon these parents. The eyes are not as clear as once, nor the hearing as acute, nor the nerves as steady, nor the step as strong, and with the tide of incoming years comes the weight of unkind behavior. You take your parents at a great disadvantage, for they cannot stand as much as they once could. They have not the elasticity of feeling with which once they could throw off trouble. That shoulder, now somewhat bent, could not bear so heavy a burden as once it could. At the time when the machinery is getting worn out you put upon it the most terrible strain.

At sixty and seventy years the vitality is not so strong as at thirty or forty. Surely they are descending the down grade of life swiftly enough without your increasing the momentum. They will be gone soon enough without your pushing them away. Call in all the doctors who ever lived since Hippocrates raised medicine from a superstition to a science, and they could not cure the heartbreak of a mother whose son has ruined her. There may be some simple, enough herbs on earth, if discovered, to cure all the ailments of the body; but nothing save a leaf from the tree of the heavenly Paradise can cure a wound made by a foolish son who is the heaviness of his mother.

FURTHER SUFFERING SAVED BY DEATH. Perhaps it is a good thing that cruel treatment by a child abbreviates a parent's life; for what is there desirable in a father's life or a mother's life if its peace is gone? Do you not think death is something beneficent if it stops the mother's heart from aching and her eyes from weeping, and says: "You need not bear the execution any longer. Go to sleep. I will put the defense of a marble slab between you and that boy's outrages. Go now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" At the departure of such mothers let the music be an anthem instead of a dirge. While you and I hear no sound, yet there are at this moment tens of thousands of parental hearts breaking. All care was taken with the boy's schooling, all good counsels given, and the equipment for a sober and earnest and useful life provided, but it has all gone, and the foolish son has become the heaviness of his mother.

Much of the poignancy of the parental grief arises from the ingratitude of such behavior. What an undertaking it is to conduct a family through the ailments and exposures of early life! Talk about the skill demanded of a sea captain commanding a ship across the ocean! That requires less skill than to navigate a young soul in safety across the infantile and boyhood years. The sickness that assails, the temptations that entice, the anxieties that excite! Young men, you will never know what your mother has suffered for you. You will never know how your father has toiled for you. You have been in all their prayers, in all their plans, in all their prayers, from the time your first breath was drawn to this moment's respiration. What they could do for your health, what they could do for your happiness, what they could do for your mind, what they could do for your soul, have been absorbing questions. To earn a livelihood for you has not always been an easy thing for your father. By what fatigues of body and what disturbances of mind, and long years of struggle, in which sometimes the losses were greater than the gains, he got a bread for you, paying for it in the sweat of his own brow and the red drops of his own heart's blood! He looks older than he ought to look at his years, for it has been work, work, work. Many a time he felt his giving up the battle, but then he looked at his helplessness and the helplessness of the household, and he was a nervous little fellow up and

and said: "By the help of God I will not stop; my children must have home and education at all advantages, and a comfortable starting in the world, and I must get a little something ahead, so that if I am taken away these helpless ones will not be turned out on the cold charities of the world." Yes, your father has been a good friend to you. He has never told any one, and he never will tell any one, of the sacrifices he has made for you. And he is ready to keep right on until unto that hand that has been toiling for you all these years shall come the very numberless of death. You cannot afford to break his heart. But you are doing it. Yes, you are. You have driven the dagger clear in up to the hilt.

And your mother—I warrant she has never told you much about the nights when you were down with scarlet fever, or diphtheria, and she slept not a wink, or falling into drowsiness, your first cry awakened her, and brought the words, "What is it, my dear?" Oh, if the old rocking chair could speak! Oh, if the cradle could only tell its story of years! And when you got better, and were fretful and hard to please, as is usual in convalescence, she kept her patience so well, and was as kind as you were unreasonable and cross. Oh, midnight of motherly watching, how can you keep silence! Speak out and tell that wandering young man the story that he so much needs to hear.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OLD CRADLE? By the bye, I wonder what has become of our old cradle in which all of us children were rocked! I must ask my sister when I see her next time. We were a large family, and that old cradle was going a good many years. I remember just how it looked. It was old-fashioned and not unpretty. Its two sides and canopy all cradle like that, and there was a great deal of sound sleeping in that cradle, and many aches and pains were soothed by it as it moved to and fro by day and night. Most vividly I remember that the rockers, which came out from under the cradle, were on the top and side very smooth, so smooth that they actually glided. They must have been worn smooth by a foot that long ago ceased its journey. How tired the foot that pressed it must sometimes have got! But it did not stop for that. It went right on and rocked for the first, and for Dr. Witt the second, and it was a cradle like that, or perhaps of modern make and richly upholstered, in which your mother rocked you. Can it be that for all that care and devotion you are paying her back with harsh words or neglects or a wicked life? Then I must tell you that you are the "foolish son who is the heaviness of his mother." Better go home and kiss her, and ask her forgiveness. Kiss her on the lips that have so often prayed for you. Kiss her on the forehead that so often ached for you. Kiss her on the eyes that have so often wept for you. Better go right away, for she will be dead long ago. And how will you feel then after you realize it is your waywardness that killed her! Romulus made no law against patricide, or the slaying of a father; matricide, or the slaying of a mother, because he considered such crimes impossible, and for six hundred years there was not a crime of that sort in Rome. But then came Lucius Oetius and slew his father, proving the crime possible. Now do you not think that the child who by wrong behavior sends his father to a premature grave is a more heinous murderer than he who slays a mother into the tomb is a matricide!

The heaviness of parents over a son's depravity is all the greater because it means spiritual disaster and overthrow. That is the worst thing about it. In the position regulations a soldier receives for loss of both hands or feet \$72. For loss of one hand and one foot \$39. For loss of a hand or foot \$30. For loss of both eyes \$72. But who can calculate the value of a whole man ruined by body, mind and soul? How can parents have any happiness about your future destiny, oh young man gone astray! Can such opposite lives as you and they are living come out at the same place? Can holiness and dissipation enter the same gate? Where is the little prayer that was taught you at your mother's knee? Is the God they loved and worshipped your God? It is your soul about which they are most anxious, your soul that shall live after the earth itself shall be girdled with flames, and the flames, dying down, will leave the planet only a live coal, and the live coal shall have become ashes, and then the ashes shall be scattered by the whirlwinds of the Almighty.

RESPECT YOUR PARENTS, THOUGH THEY BE DEAD. "But," says some young man, "my mother is gone; my behavior will not trouble her any more." Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed with me but roughly since I heard these last words! What is she dead? How you startle me! Is she dead? Then perhaps you have her picture. Hang it up in your room in the place where you often look. Go and study her features, and oftentimes you are looking the part will come back, and you may hear her voice, which is now so still, speak again, saying: "From my heavenly home, my dear boy, I solicit your reformation and salvation. Go to the Christ who pardoned me, and he will pardon you. My heaven will not be complete till I hear of your changing. But I will hear of it right away, for there is joy up here when one sinners repenteth, and I oh, if the next news of that kind that comes up here might come up regarding you, oh my prayer of many tears and anxieties and joys!"

Come, my boy, do you not hear your mother's voice? O my son, my son, would that I could die for thee. O my son, my son, Young man! what news for heaven would be your conversion. Swifter than telegraphic wires ever carried congratulations to a wedding or a coronation would fly heavenward the news of your deliverance; and whether the one most interested in your salvation were on river bank, or in the temple, or on the battlements, or in the great tower, the message would be instantly received, and before this service is closed angel would cry to me: "Have you heard the news? Out yonder is a mother who has just heard of her wayward boy's redemption. Another prodigal has got home. The dead be alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! Amen!"

The Daily Life of an Actress. Girls who long for the adulation, flattery and amusement commonly supposed to be inseparable from life upon the stage can profitably study the words of an actress who has succeeded in making a name for herself. "My life is very uneventful," she says. "It is full of hard and monotonous work. Excitement—yes, at night, when I am before the public; but for the rest of the day—no. At 9 o'clock in the morning I ring for my maid. After I have finished it I take a cold bath and then my breakfast. Unless I am due at the theatre for a long, tedious rehearsal of four or five hours, I attend to my correspondence, sorting and answering various letters. After that is finished and my household duties are looked after, I go for my constitutional walk of two or three hours. I eat no luncheon, and when I return from my exercise it is nearly time for my dinner, for I dine at 4:30 o'clock. I do not eat meat; I have just a little time to rest before the noon recess of the theatre four hours begins. At midnight I am home again, and after supper I go to bed. Now, this is a fair sample of my life. Every hour has its duties."—Toronto Empire.

HE LED A DOUBLE LIFE.

The Flight of Teller Pope, of Louisville, Brings His Record to Light.

The wrong doing of one man generally casts suspicion on many, and the recent flight of William H. Pope, teller of the Louisville City National bank, with \$60,000 of the institution's funds will probably furnish excuse for the hum-rists again to turn their attention to bank officials as subjects for witty paragraphs. The violation of such a trust as that reposed in a teller is, however, more a theme for serious consideration than for a joke. The fact does not really rob the bank, he robs the honest toilers and professional and business men who are the depositors, and who depend upon their savings to secure their future from want.

Teller Pope is a native of Kentucky, and was born thirty-eight years ago on a farm near Louisville. He received a good education and in 1881 entered the service of the City National bank as a clerk having charge of collections. Several promotions followed in due course of time, and two years ago he was made teller. The bank officials had no suspicion of Pope, and they regarded him as a person without bad habits, and fairly in disposition, his thrift indeed bordering on parsimony. At his apartments on Grayson street and to his business acquaintances he was a model of moral and industry. In another portion of the city he had a different kind of dwelling place and an entirely different sort of reputation. To his study companions he was known as a man of bad morals, who gambled heavily and drank deeply. In a word, he was Mr. Hyde at night and Dr. Jekyll by day.

Pope's absence from his desk one morning created suspicion, and a count of the cash showed that \$60,000 in bills was gone. Pope was bonded for \$20,000 by the Fidelity Gas and Trust company of New York.

SHE WAS AN HONOR TO HER SEX.

Columbia College Perpetuates the Memory of Her First Female Graduate.

Early in March there was placed in the east end of the Columbia College library at New York a memorial window in honor of a woman—the late Miss Mary Parsons Hankey, daughter of James Hankey, of Totts Hill, Staten Island. This memorial is to perpetuate the memory of the fact that Miss Hankey was the first female student who ever received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Columbia. She graduated with the highest honors in 1887, and immediately entered on the career of a teacher at the New York ladies' school with which Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was once identified. One day she met with an accident, but insisted on returning to work prematurely. The result was typhoid fever, and death came six months after her leaving college. Miss Hankey graduated when 23 years of age, and at that time President Barnard said of her: "I have never



THE HANKEY MEMORIAL WINDOW.

known a better example of a finely proportioned and well rounded education for a woman, and that woman a lady, than Mary Parsons.

The design for the window is by Professor Blinn, of Munich. The subject is treated in an allegorical way, and represents the student kneeling, with wreaths of former triumphs at her feet, and reaching for the further honors tendered by knowledge or science. At the same time the student's face is turned toward an angel who beckons her to an immortal crown. Appropriate inscriptions appear at the feet of the figures—the class motto, the family coat of arms, Miss Hankey's favorite motto, and the record in Latin of the young lady's scholastic standing at Columbia and the date of her death, which was Jan. 29, 1888.

Artful Swindle of a Chinaman. Mrs. Keudal, the actress, says that "a girl's first love is her religion." It might also be remarked that a Chinaman's first love is his cash, and the person who gets it from him must be careful indeed. Recently a New York Celestial joined his fortunes with those of a white girl, but failed to contribute much to her support. She bought a baby and pained it off on him as his child. By this means she succeeded in getting several hundred dollars from him, with which she fled. The Chinaman first decided on killing himself, but thought better of that and swore out a warrant for the fugitive.

Sullivan Disagreeably Surprised. John J. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, occasionally finds that he cannot have everything his own way. Recently he entered a New York drinking place and terrorized all the patrons save one, an unknown young man, who resented unseemly familiarity on the fighter's part with a blow which sent Sullivan sprawling on the floor. The abused and intoxicated champion was then led away by his friends.

On the continent of Europe the influenza has been succeeded by a strange malady called la noue. Sufferers recovering from the gripe fall into a state of coma for two or three days. If they wake up roughly, no serious consequences follow, but if they sink into another sleep, it ends within a few hours. Influenza, while abating in Europe, is now raging virulently in Central Asia.

It will cost next year, say present estimates, \$100,000,000 to pay the pensions granted by the United States government to survivors of the late war, and the dependent relatives of those who are dead.

A PRENTICE MULFORD LETTER.

Pen Picture of the San Francisco Chinese Quarter.

[Special Correspondence.] SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Twenty years ago I thought myself pretty well acquainted with this town; but today a good deal of it has grown not only out of my remembrance, but grown since my remembrance. For instance, the Chinese quarter is two-thirds larger than in 1870, when I left. Architecturally it is greener, more dragon like, more oriental. The stores are larger and more pretentious. Most of them are neat, orderly and well arranged. They use the large window panes. They hang out signs both in English and Chinese. Thus, "Yung Sun, dealer in clams," "Wong Hor, manufacturer of white shirts," "Long Sun, manufacturer of brown, New York, branch," "Hung Tso, Fancy Goods." Step in and examine for yourselves. They keep ready made clothing in pattern American and Chinese. In these shops I observed white men bargaining for pantaloons. They have invaded and monopolized street after street, where none of their race dwelt and carried on business twenty years ago. They stretch along these thoroughfares for miles. When you look up a street and note in color a mixture of green, yellow and gilt spotted with red hieroglyphics you may know the Chinese are there in force. Green and yellow seem their favorite colors for house fronts, especially green. The Chinaman paints only such part of the house as he occupies. The rest of the front he leaves in the original hue. In San Francisco this is usually dust or mud color. Their six months of dry summer weather gives the dust time to settle, drive itself into the wood and leave its tinge thereon. San Francisco is largely as yet a wooden city. If the Chinaman occupies a second floor, he streaks its front green or yellow and leaves it sandwiched between the unpainted first and third stories. It is suggestive of boy's play when they have full access to a paint pot. It is on his large restaurant fronts that he most piles on paint, gilding, carvings, verandahs from bottom to top, glass globes, colored paper lanterns, large and small, and diminutive statues. His displays in this respect are glaring and pyrotechnic. Culture, of course, condemns his taste. I like it. It is novel, if glaring, and breaks the monotony of our American dull back streets. It is like the big sunflower in a field of pinks, or a spotted leopard in a flock of sheep. San Francisco's Chinatown is an open street show, a museum of curiosities in things displayed in the windows of which none but the Chinaman knows the use, and things set out in his provision stores which, if absorbable to us, are curious. He has open air stands of hardware, tools etc., like the New York outbreaks of such wares in Vesey street. His fruit stands abound with long stalks of sugar cane. The Chinese man will dog you for blocks and pour most serious suggestions into your ear regarding the possibilities of seeing oriental female society. John is not at all a good man. He seems in cases corruptible, but few which he was corrupted before he came here, and how much he gained in corruption after, is more than I know.

This glare and color is confined to what seems the fashionable center of the Chinese quarter. Reaching far beyond on its outskirts is block on block, reaching high up the hills on which the city is built and far down to the wharves on the level made land, all filled with Chinamen at work. Buildings which wealth and fashion once occupied are full of them. Rainsuckled sheds rotten with decay are full of them. The air reeks with the peculiar odor of a Chinese population. What makes it I don't know. It is not as fragrant as a rose, neither is it so pronounced as the whiffs New York gets when the wind blows from the Hunter's Point coal oil refineries. I am not defending Chinatown; but in seeing and being very much alive to the faults of other races, it seems to me that we do yet strain at some gnats and swallow a few camels.

A drunken Chinaman is rare. An unclean one in person ditto. Look at their hands and finger nails and compare them with those of some other races among us. He was the first washerman California had, something a little less than forty years ago, and she then needed him badly, for a dirtier population had rarely been seen than that in this city in 1852. It was a sort of forced cleanliness. There was hardly time to wash. There were few conveniences. The pioneer hotel often ran but one towel for a horde of guests. It paid better to buy a new shirt than expend an hour in washing it. But under these circumstances you can imagine how long some men would wear some shirts. At this juncture the Chinaman came, jumped into soapuds and cleaned the people, at least outside. PRENTICE MULFORD.

Lady Paucereforte. Lady Paucereforte, of the British legation, is winning popularity by her fair for it is the most open love of everything American. She is not a bit offish or English, and every one is taken by her unmasked desire to know the people among whom she will live. "I like America and Americans," she said when asked her impression of this country, and the way she goes right out and meets the world to call proves that Lady Paucereforte speaks in good faith.

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