

DR. TALMAGE'S JOURNEY

WONDERFUL ITINERARY OF CHRIST'S WALK TO NAZARETH.

Bethel and the Sea of Galilee—Farewell to the Historic Mountains Around Jerusalem—A Wonderful Tragedy of the Olden Times.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9.—Today Dr. Talmage preached the seventh of his course of sermons on his recent tour in Palestine. As on previous Sundays the sermon was preached before two large audiences. In the morning it was preached in the Academy of Music, in the city, and at night Dr. Talmage preached at again in the New York Academy of Music which The Christian Herald continues to rent for these services. During the six meetings thus far held in New York 60,000 people have endeavored to hear Dr. Talmage preach. Of these 30,000 have been admitted and 60,000 have been turned away for lack of accommodation. Following is the sermon from the text, "So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north" (Isaiah 66:7).

At 1 o'clock on a December afternoon through Damascus gate we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Hol for Bethel, with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow; and Jacob's well, with its immortal colloquy; and Nazareth, with its divine boy in his father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed—

Thus Galilee, sweet Galilee, The lake where Jesus loved to be; and Damascus, with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places shared and purchased with apostles, evangelists, prophets, patriarchs, kings and Christ's remission.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine I am impressed, as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the homeliness of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which patterned with him into Jerusalem very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally he walked. How much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ.

We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives, and you must climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives, and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked twice a day in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

VIEW FROM MOUNT SCOPUS. Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip Top house on Mount Washington before the railroad was laid I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Ahab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Antony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads and where there were no roads at all Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintance had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity. We rode down through the valley and then up to Mount Scopus and, as our dragoman tells us that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time.

On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the besieging armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell, yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell, sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul indelible.

THE CORPSE CUT INTO TWELVE PIECES. And how, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at eventide from his work in the fields finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them, and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together, and surrounded the house, and left the woman dead on the doorstep, and the husband, to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins, and the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse today plants his foot in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on to where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rishah, the mother of two of these dead

boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from hawk of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rishah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets Rishah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent, and sometimes falls into a dream or half sleep. But the step of a jackal, or the dry leaves or the panting of a lion, arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac she rushes out upon the rock crying, "Away! Away!" and then, examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again wakes her.

THE GIBBETS IN AMERICA. A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene, and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the vultures crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self sacrifice of Rishah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnight guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted upon the mountains!

Go home, Rishah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that from the darkest midnight of the century Rishah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay on my breast in infancy, and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club!"

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea coast there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys who are gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after working until 12 o'clock at night for the money to come home and giving it up, he may say, "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is 1 o'clock in the morning. It is half-past 1. It is 2 o'clock. It is half-past 2 when he comes staggering through the hall.

Do you say that young man is yet alive? No, he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep; but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rishah watching the slain!"

A POINTED POLITICAL SUGGESTION. And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jacks and buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog shops and boot above the door. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties today. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rishah looked! She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! woe! woe!

My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the outside of the sea our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Bethel, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary met, and the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem they thought that certainly he was walking on in the crowd. They described him, saying: "He is 12 years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child. Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirringly as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when, in a great outdoor meeting, I was preaching, and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child."

After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little boy that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said, "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said, "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing and shoulders were nothing and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the temple of Jerusalem talking with those old ministers of religion, Shammai, Hillel and Bethrah.

THE CHILD PRAYED FOR IS CARED FOR. I bear down on you today with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said, "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry? or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if

you found him after a while. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean, you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and the child will find you while in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say, "I do not have any way of influencing my child?" I answer you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter, and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marcellus," put on your wishes about your child, "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is, "Before they call I will answer." That means at your first motion toward such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at 10 o'clock at night it will be answered five minutes before ten. "Before they call I will answer."

Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory had not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say "I forgot," but God has never yet once said "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers has greened the top of your grave, that your son may be fifty years from now when some morning the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof."

Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You see, God could not afford to do otherwise. One of the things he has positively made in the Bible is that he will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that he would wreck his own throne, and the foundations of his palace would give way, and the bank of heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiation" would be written across the sky, and the eternal government would be disbanded and God himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S PRAYER. Out on the western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin, and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed and entered the cabin and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and pleaded gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tent for the night at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses, and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines, where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! Whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent a theological seminary, where of old they made disciples, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "sons of the prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with special affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care.

I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers, who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming, and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries, and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisedec wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time as between a lightning express rail train and a canal boat.

Years ago I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words, "No admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door inscribed with the words, "No admittance." Having entered this I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So over the outside door of many of the churches has been prettily written the words, "No admittance." Some have entered and have come to the inside door, and found the words, "No admittance." But, persisting, they have come inside, and found us shouting out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

ANGELS ASCENDING AND DESCENDING. But most distinguished was Bethel, for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anything else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face, and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story, but after a while it was a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bed he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long skeleton ladder, the feet of it on

either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow, and the top of it mortised in the sky. And bright angels came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that if we will use what we have God will provide a way, and if we will employ the hand and the foot he will furnish the ladder. Young men, do not wait for wings. Those angels folded theirs to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows—hard for sickness, or hard for poverty, or hard for persistence—know that a hard pillow is the landing place for angels. They seldom descend to pillows of elderdown. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John, with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession, cherubim, seraphim, archangels. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it he cried out in his dream, "I wish myself among them."

RUNG BY RUNG THEY ROSE. The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillowcase of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutter's pillow, but on the ladder let down arose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England quake with the factories he set going. Akinside slept on a butcher's pillow, and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship.

John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are today great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They were all born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Bethel I stood in front of my tent and looked up, and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely, God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not." But to-night God is in this place and I know it.

An Orchestra in a Baptist Church. The unusual sound of orchestral instruments filled the First Baptist church Sunday night, and made the simple "gospel hymns" seem more than ever inspiring to the congregation. The innovation has been made with such successful results that it is the purpose of the church to continue the orchestral accompaniments and hold regular Sunday evening services of song. The introduction of other instruments than the organ into the church was not made without a good deal of consideration, although the Sunday school has had orchestral accompaniment for some time. The only Sunday school in the city playing such music, with the single exception of that at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

It is the only Baptist church in the state which has a church orchestra, and the directors think that it is, perhaps, the only one south of Boston, where a full orchestra is one of the features of the service at Tremont temple. Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches have long made use of orchestral instruments on special occasions or feast days of the church, and within the last few years other denominations are gradually adopting the custom. At the service Sunday night the orchestra consisted mainly of stringed instruments, but both stringed and wind instruments will be used at these services.—Baltimore Sun.

How Roman Candles Are Made. Every one knows what a Roman candle is, but few know how this indispensable adjunct of a Fourth of July celebration is made. First of all in the making comes the pasteboard cylinder, which is plugged with clay. After the clay is dry it comes a small charge of powder; then a "star" is pushed tight down on the powder, and charges of powder and "stars" alternate until the cylinder is filled. Then a fuse is attached which communicates with the powder nearest the top of the cylinder, which, when it is exploded, sends its "star" sailing upward. A fuse running through the candle connects the other charges of powder with the first, and explodes them one at a time, each one shooting out the star which is next above it.

The stars are made of chemical mixtures which vary with the colors which are produced. A red star is sometimes made by mixing four parts of dry nitrate of strontium and fifteen parts of pulverized gunpowder. Copper filings change the color to green. Rosin, salt and a small quantity of amber make it yellow. Small particles of zinc change it to blue, and another and perhaps better red can be made by using a mixture of lamp black and nitre.

The white stars in the cheap "one ball candles" are merely balls of cotton soaked with benzine.—Edward Marshall in the Youth's Companion.



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He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment.

And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Points, Bergundy, frog legs, canvassbacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee—verily, the wise man exacteth fat, and while he lightheartedly smokes, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

It occurred to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elvism.

The wise man retirith to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

The foolish man buyeth a ticket of a scalper. In the morning, behold, he saveth fifty cents; and lo, at nightfall he is out \$9.27. He starteth wroth.

With might and main he hurrieth to the depot, only to find his train four hours late. The peanut boy seizeth him up and selleth him a paper of an uncertain date.

As he journeyeth along, he for nacquaintance, for whom he casheth a check.

Five minutes for refreshments. While he rusheth to the lunch counter some one stealthily his grip sack. He chagrineth cars, lo these many times, and it striketh the foolish man that he "doesn't get through pretty fast," and he bemoaneth his ill luck.

He getteth a cinder in his eye, and verily he sweareth and cusseth full free. He exchangeth three pieces of silver for a bunk in a sleeper, and awaketh just in time to catch an infernal nigger sneaking off with his boots; the Porter's excuse availeth nothing, and the foolish man straightaway putteth his boots under his pillow, that no man may break in and steal.

His train runneth into a washout, a hackman taketh him in to the tune of six shillings, and the foolish man fifteth up his voice in great lamentation, for lo and behold, the tavern is away but half a block.

He reacheth home weary and hearts sore; his trunk cometh next day minus the cover and one handle, he resolveth hereafter to travel only by the "Great Burlington."

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