### SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

CONTINUATION OF THE HOLY LAND SERIES.

The Doctor's Descriptive Discourses Continue to Excite Great Interest-His Last Here Printed in Fuli.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 23 .- The interest in the series of sermons in which Dr. Talmage is escribing his recent tour in Palestine and inculcating gospel lessons suggested by his theme increases from week to week. There was never so large a crowd at any one of the previous eight sermons as there was today around the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the morning and at The Christian Herald service in the evening, the ninth sermon. Its subject was "Among the Holy Hills," and the text, Luke iv, 16. "He came to Nazareth, where he was brought

where to warrett, where he was brought up." Following is the sermon:

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been us as kindly treated as though we had been the pope and his college of cardinals pass-ing that way! Last evening the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hun-dred bright eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Naza-reth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine—namely, Bethlehem, Jerusaiem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die, whether under ax or down in the floods or straight through the fire.

THE VILLAGE OF NAZARETH Grand old village is Nazareth, even putting aside its sacred associations. First of all, it is clean; and that can be said of few of the oriental villages. Its neighboring town of Nablouf is the flithiest town I ever saw, although its chief industry is the manufacture of soap. They export all of it. Nazareth was perhaps unusually clean the morning I speak of, for as we rode into the village the afternoon before the show-ers which had put our macintoshes to the test had poured floods through all the alleys under command of the clouds, those orough street commissioners. Besides that, Nazareth has been the scene of battles passing it from Israelite to Mo-hammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful of the battles being that in which twenty-five thousand Turks were beaten by twenty-one bundred French, Napoleon Bonaparte commanding, that greatest of Frenchmen walking these very streets through which Jesus walked for nearly thirty years, the morals of the two the antipodes, the snows of Russia and the plagues of Egypt appropriately following the one, the dox-ologies of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven appropriately following the other. And then this town is so beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl the surrounding fifteen hills. The God of nature who is the God of the Bible evidently scooped out this valley for pri-vacy and separation from all the world during three most important decades, the thirty years of Christ's boyhood and youth, for of the thirty-three years of Christ's stay on earth he spent thirty of them in this town in gesting ready-a startling rebuke to those who have no pa-tience with the long years of preparation necessary when they enter on any special mission for the church or the world. trouble is with most young men that they want to launch their ship from the drydock before it is ready, and hence so many sink in the first cyclone. Stay in the store as a

subordinate until you are thoroughly

equipped. Be a good employe in your trade until you are qualified to be an em-

ployer. Be content with Nazareth until

you are ready for the buffetings of Jerusa-

lem. You may get so gloriously equipped in the thirty years that you can do more in

three years than most men can accomplish in a prolonged lifetime. These little sug-

gestions I am apt to put into my sermon, hoping to help people for this world, while I am chiefly anxious to have them prepare for the next world. WHERE CHRIST WAS A BOY. All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are play-ing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their face, and in skirts of blue and scarlet and white and green move on with water jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave him with, being in humble circurnstances and having no attendants. I not believe there was one of the sur-rounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides he did not explore, or one species of bird flying across the tops that he could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that he had not recognized.

You see it all through his sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between 7 and 17 always sticks to him. When the apostle Peter preaches you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's ser-mons and conversations you see all the phases of village life and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time he cries: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth millers flying out, having de-stroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth doth corrupt." In childhood he had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree tops, and no wender in his manhood sermon he said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past

him so near as almost to flurry his hair the partridge and the hoopes and the thrush and the esprey and the crane and the raven, and no wonder afterward in his man-hood sermon he said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and on the road to it there are a great many camels. I see them now in memory making their slow way up the zigzag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect, the gnat, which he had seen his mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into his sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins and reckless about large ones, cries out: "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel!"

HE KNEW ABOUT THE SHEEP. He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheepstealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle this matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheepstealer in another direction. and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheepstealer calls and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ, years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice, and the stranger they will not follow, for they know not the voice of the stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grapevines. Clip! goes the knife and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more of the sap and go be more fruitful."

No wonder in after years Christ said in his sermon: "I am the true vine and my father is the husbandman; every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations! When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon he had seen. And then he has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imag-ine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand, Christ visited the Mediterranean sea only once, but any clear morning he could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of as cension, and youder on the east and south east Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is the plain of Esdraelon over which we rode vesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of his boyhood in his memory, do you wonder that Christ when he wanted a good pulpit made it out of a mountain— "seeing the multitudes he went up into the mountain." And when he wanted especial communion with God he took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world. and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court rooms and our healing art and our studios and our theology They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowding environments of city life would have halted the world; but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral in-vigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plow boy's furrow and vil-lage counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, nostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farmhouse and the prairies and the mountain cabins, and the obscure homestends of north and south and east and west, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun if they be still alive or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Naza

But alas! that the city should so often treat the country boys as of old the one from Nazareth was treated at Jerusalem! Slain not by hammers and spikes, but by instruments just as cruel. On every street of every city the crucifixion goes on. Every year shows its ten thousand of the slain. Oh, how we grind them up! Under what wheels, in what mills, and for what an awful grist! Let the city take better care of these boys and young men arriving from the country. They are worth saving.
They are now only the preface of what
they will be if, instead of sacrificing, you
help them. Boys as grand as the one who help them. Boys as grand as the one who with his elder brother climbed into a church tower, and not knowing their danger went outside on some timbers, when one of those timbers broke and the boys fe'l, and the older boy caught on a beam and the younger clutched the foot of the older. The older could not climb up with the younger hanging to his feet, so the younger said: "John, I am going to let go; you can climb out into safety, but you can't climb up with me boiding fast; am going to let go; kiss mother for me and tell her not to feel badly; good-by!" And he let go and was so hard dashed upon the ground he was not recognizable. Plenty of such brave boys coming up from Nazareth! Let Jerusalem be careful how it treats them! A gentleman long ago en-tered a school in Germany and he bowed vary low before the boys, and the teacher

said, "Wiy do you do that?" "Oh," said the visitor, "I do not know what mighty man may yet be developed among them." At that instant the eyes of one of the boys flashed fire. Who was it? Martin Luther. A lad on his way to school passed a doorstep on which sat a lame and invalid child. The passing boy said to him, "Why don't you go to school!" "Oh, I am lame and I can't walk to school." "Get on my back," said the well boy, "and I will carry you to school." And so he did that day and for many days until the invalid was fairly started on the road to an education. Who was the well boy that did that kindness? I don't know. Who was the invalid he carried? It was Robert Hall, the rapt pupil orator of all Christendom. Better give to the boys who come up from Nazareth to Jerusalem a crown instead of a

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer and saw and plane and auger and vise and measuring rule and chisel and drill and adze and wrench and bit and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth shoving a plane; he who cleft the mountains by earthquake pounding a chisel; he who opened the mammoth caves of the earth turning an auger; he who wields the thunderbolt striking with a hammer; he who scooped out the bed for the ocean hollowing a ladle; he who flashes the morning on the earth and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A skeptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not belive anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns and others have no horns. "No," said the skeptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed," said the clergyman, "you will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone? Yes," said the skeptic. "How do you know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of Godhead and humanity interjoined I cannot understand and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves some-thing for heaven. If we knew everything here heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people those who are in perpetual feet because they cannot understand all that God says and does! A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A B C class, and we cannot now un-derstand the Sbraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we do not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million fold and at the center of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe

CANA IN GALILEE. In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative, having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ-for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ, and he to relieve the embarrassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted. became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant, or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk girlded with the nine beatitudes; E the great centennial banquet in New York, two years ago, left senators, and governors, and generals, and merchant princes, the difference between the wine t the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being, that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Propably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start in housekeeping and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or

old, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine or logwood or nux vomica in that beverage, and, as the Lord made it, it would keep. He makes mountains and seas that keep thousands of years, and certainly he could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcoholism that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey-I traveled through Italy and Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Syria and Turkey, and how many intoxicated people do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

GLAD HE WAS THERE. Oh, I am glad that Jesus was present at that wedding, and last December, standing at Cana, that wedding came back! Night had fallen on the village and its surroundings. The bridegroom had put on his head a bright turban and a garland of flowers, and his garments had been made fragrant with frankincense and cam phor, an odor which the oriental especially likes. Accompanied by groomsmen, and preceded by a band of musicians with flutes and drums and horns, and by torches in full blaze, he starts for the bride's home. This river of fire is met by another river of fire, the torches of the bride and bridesmaids, flambeau answering flambeau. The bride is in white robe and her veil not only covers her face but envelops her body. Her trousseau is as elaborate as the resource; of her father's house permit. Her attend ints are decked with all the ornaments they own or can borrow; but their own personal charms make tame the jewels, for those oriental women eclipse in attractiveness all others except those of our own land. The damson rose is in their cheek, and the diamond in the luster of their eyes, and the black-ness of the night in their long locks, and 'n their step is the gracefulness of the morn-

ing. At the first sight of the torches of the bridegroom and his attendants coming over the hill the cry rings through the home of the bride: "They are in sight! Get ready! Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him." As the two processions approach each other the timbrels strike and the songs commingle, and then the two processions become one and march toward the bridegroom's house, and meet a third procession which is made up of the friends of both, bride and bridegroom. Then all enter the house and the dance begins and the door is shut. And all this Christ uses to illustrate the joy with which the ransomed of earth shall meet him when he comes garlanded with clouds and robed in the morning and trumpeted by the thunders of the last day. Look! There he comes down off the hills of heaven, the bridegroom! And let us start out to hail him, for I hear the voices of the judgment day sounding: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!" And the disappointment of those who have declined the invitation to the gospel wedding is presented under the figure of a door heavily closed. You hear it slam. Too late. The door is shut!

AND NOW FOR LAKE GALILEE.
But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes to-night till I see from a mountain top Lake Galilee, on whose banks next Sabbath we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Pales tine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes. on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the blesseds-blessed this and blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in molehills and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides where in the later season hyacinths and daisies and phloxes and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the beatitudes themselves arched into skies and rounded into valleys and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Look out mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Ay, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity.

The valley of Hattin between here and

Lake Galilee is an amphitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard him on this very spot his word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experi enced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; blessed are the supercilious; blessed are the tearless; bless ed are they that have everything their own way; blessed are the war eagles; blessed are the persecutors; blessed are the popular; blessed are the Herods and the Casars and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ, with a voice that rings over these rocks and through youder valley of Hattin, and down to the opaline lake on one side, and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be blessed are the meek; blessed are the hun gry; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the pure; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are the persecuted; blessed are the

falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with his left hand built Palestine and with his right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same being. And in proportion as Pales tine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightiest book of the past! Mightiest book of the future! Monarch of all li erature!

The proudest works of genius shall decay, And reason's brightest luster fade away; The sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight, Shall sink in darkness and conclude in night But faith triumphant over time shall stand, Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand; Back to its source the heavenly gift convey; Then in the flood of glory melt away.

A Station Master and the Nobles. An amusing incident occurred on a south ern railroad in England in connection with the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute. The duke and marquis were fellow travelers, and when the train stopped at - station a companion joined them in the person of the station master himself, who was going for a jaunt some twenty miles further up the line. The duke and the station master, who were both dimin-utive men, and therefore fond of talk, soon got into conversation, while the marquis, a tall, robust man, was inclined to be reticent, until be found his friend, the duke, up to his ears in conversation, when he himself joined, addressing most of his conversation to the stranger.

At length the train arrived at B-, and the marquis bid a hearty farewell to the duke, and, with a kindly adieu and a shake of the hand from the stranger, the marquis quitted the carriage, while his dispatch box and wraps were secured, to the surprise of the station master, by a tall, powdered footman, and the train soon glided again out of the station. Silence was not, however, long maintained, the station master breaking out with the question, "I wonder who that swell was?" "That," replied his compan-ion, "was the Marquis of Bute." The answer seemed to dumfound the stationmaster for a time, but presently he exclaimed: 'So that were a marquis, was he? Well, now, I do think it kind of him to talk to two such snobby little chaps as us, don't

The duke nodded his assent and had a good laugh. When the train drew up again his grace affably bid his companion "Goodand, on alighting on the platform, was received with the greatest deference by a throng of Jesuit priests, this incident again setting the station master the task of inquiry, who inquisitively asked a brother official "Who that little bloke was." "That, replied the guard, "is the Duke of Norfolk." The station master, after this, declared he would never travel first class again as long as he lived.-London Society.

Signor Calspi, the Italian prime minister, is a man of id, tall, thin and surprisingly active for one of his years. He laughs incessantly. His mouth is large, his eyes are pieroing and he is completely bald. He wears jeweled rings on every finger and his shirt studs are diamonds

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# Scribner's Magazine.

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest and among them the following may be mentioned:

### Sir Edward Arnold

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four Articles upon Japan, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Seribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr.

### Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmics of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keitle's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

### The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two part story by Frank B. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M.P.,
author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India,
embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest,

# Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of 'the successful Rail road Articles. "Passenger Travel." "The Life of Officers and Men." "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management." are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

### Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thorough fares. The first, on Broadway will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly. London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one are the poor; blessed are the mournful; other reading at very small cost. Oders should be sent at once.

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lington route" and therefore starteth

He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibuled flyer, where smoke and dust are never known.

He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and pro-ceedeth 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, can-vasbacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee,-verily, the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lighteth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

It occurreth to the wise in the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, insomuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. How-ever, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. afforded a view of Elysium.

The wise man retireth 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

scalper. In the morning, behold, he saveth fifty cents; and lo, at nightfall he is out \$9.27. He starteth wrong.

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

As he journeyeth along, he formeth a new acquaintance, for whom he casheth

Five minutes for refreshments. While he rusheth to the lunch counter some one stealeth his gripsack. He changeth 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 sneak-ing off with his boots; the Porter's excuse availeth nothing, and the foolish man straightway putteth his boots un-der 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 lifteth up his voice in great lamentation, for lo and behold, the tavern is away but

He reacheth home weary and hearts sore; his trunk cometh next day minut the cover and one handle, he resolvehhereafter to travel only by the "Great

# MORAL: Travel by the Burlington Route

I. FRANCIS.

Gen. Pass, and Ticket Agent,

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City Pass, and Ticket Agent,