that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bi-DON'T INVITE SORROW.

Saviour to deliver.

own burdens.

the future.

thereof."

is wrong because the present is sufficient ly taxed with trial. God sees that we all

need a certain amount of trouble, and so

he apportions it for all the days and years

of our life Alas for the policy of gather

ing it all up for one day or year! Cruck

thing to put upon the back of one camel

all the cargo intended for the entire cara van. I never look at my memorandum

book to see what engagements and duties

are far ahead. Let every week bear its

WHY BRING NEW SORROWS?

why implore the presence of other shavi

ows? The cup is already distasteful, why

halloo to disasters far distant to come and

wring out more gall into the bitterness?

Are we such champions that, having won

the belt in former encounters, we can go

Here are business men just able to man

age affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and man

age affairs as they now are, but what if

there should come a panic? Go tomorrow and write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry

about notes that are far from due. Do not

pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The

God who has taken care of your worldly

1881, God's hand is mightler than the

machinations of stock gamblers, or the

plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness

will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

they are worried about the future. They

So there are persons in feeble health, and

Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking

him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat

chicken salad at 11 o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be pru dent and then be confident. Some of the

sickest people have been the most useful.

It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down

on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodors Frelinghuysen had a

great horror of dying till the time came,

and then went peacefully. Take care of the present and let the future look out for

itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil

ROBS US OF WHAT STRENGTH WE HAVE. Again, the habit of borrowing misfor-

tune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path

will sometimes tumble among declivities

forth to challenge all the future?

The shadows of today are thick enough

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Dr. Taimage Preaches a Powerful Sermon on the Insanity of Borrowing Trouble-It Has Wrecked Many a Life. The Lord Will Look Out for You.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 16 .- Dr. Talmage has returned from his western tour reinvigorated in health and cheered by the hearty and enthusiastic greetings he has received in the numerous cities he has visited. Thousands of persons who have read his ermons in their local newspapers have struggled to get within sound of his voice wherever he has spoken. His sermon this week is on the very common and foolish habit of borrowing trouble, and his text is Matthew vi, 34, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the ma jority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy; his sun shine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaf finches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and over powering all other sounds with its song. and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion-deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer I discourse of the sin of borrowing trou

First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a des pondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other per ished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has uptorn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

FORCE HAPPINESS TO COME.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he mays, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the dates of the bisteau of the bist the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only dif and play ball or fly kite," and the only dif ficulty in the play was that the children ould not keep up with their father. The McChaynes and the Summerfields of the ghurch who did the most good, cultivated sinlight. Away with the horrors! they distill poison; they dig graves, and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing. You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait

fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks and bats and hawks Rapid Transit

Old Bob Keyworth and Gilhooly were discussing scientific topics a few days ago. ble to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a "Light travels at the rate of 20,000 miles

a minute," remarked Gilhooly. "I know better. When I was a boy at school I rersember very well that the Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self exam ination is a hewing down of their brighter teacher told me light traveled at the rate of 6,000 miles a minute, and I know he was experiences. Like a boy with a new jacknot the kind of a man to tell a lie about a knife, hacking everything he comes across, thing of that kind." so their self examination is a religious cut-

"He didn't tell a lie. At that time, forty or fifty years ago, when traveling facilities were slow, 6,000 miles a minute was very ting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and bor-rowing it at thirty per cent., which is al fast time, but in these days of rapid transit 20,000 miles a minute is nothing."-Texas ways a sure precursor of bankruptcy Again, the babit of borrowing trouble Siftings.

Move On.

play checkers? Corner Loafer-Yes

-Truth

Old Captain Prout, for whom Prout's Neck, now a well known summer resort, is named, was a noted gunner in the days when waterfowl were plenty in that vicin-ity. "Early one spring, 1860 or thereoccupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in about," said an old settler to me, "he brought home from the West Indies a gun the like of which had never been seen by the natives. It was a muzzleloader, about a two-gauge and weighed some thirty pounds. Soon after its arrival there came a heavy storm, and the next morning a pond, a couple of acres in extent, back of the captain's barn, was covered with ducks, so thick that another one could not possi-

make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleuri bly have been squeezed in. "Here was an opportunity to try the new gun, and loading it with a regulation sies and rheumatisms and neuralgias and hew gun, and loating it with a regulation charge of one-fourth of a pound of powder and one-half pound of shot he sallied forth. At the corner of the barn he cocked fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are slarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt the piece and stepped out with it held in chilly today, and are expecting an attack readiness. When within forty yards all of typoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take the ducks jumped as one bird. The cap-tain aimed at the middle of the mass and fired. care of your health now and trust God for

Here my informant stopped as if expecting some encouragement, and somewhat

"How many did he get?" "Wal," he replied, "he didn't get any; he undershot, but he picked up three bushels of ducks' legs." - Forest and Stream.

Comparisons.

"Mamma," said Phil, walking gravely out of the study evidently bearing a heavy mental load, "when you smile at me like that your expression is as sweet as-as sac charine.

"Thank you, dear!" replied his mother, with double appreciation. "Do you think you could move this secretary for me to dust behind it?"

"I can't do it," replied he, after an unsuccessful attempt, "'tis as heavy as irid-

'Then hand me the duster.'

"Oh, yes. It's as light as lithium. Now may I go and play ball with cousin Will till dinner time?

"Not today. I may need you,"

Thought She Was Shot, but She Wasn't. Even the saddest accident is pretty sure to be the moving cause of one or two more or less amusing incidents, and Tuesday night's gasometer explosion was no ex ception to the rule. The story is worth telling as illustrating

what imagination can do. A prominent young Rochester physician had a call that night that promised to keep him out late and his wife sat up for him, getting more and more nervous as the slow hours lagged by on leaden feet, after the manner of ladies so engaged. At midnight there came a step up the walk, up the side stoop, even to the office door. Mrs. Doctor thought she recognized it as her husband's, and without any precautionary "Who's there?" or "Is that you?"

threw the door wide open. There was a man there and he was not her husbaud. He was a big burly fellow; his face bore what seemed to her a murderous expression, his right hand waz raised and pointed toward her in what seemed to her a threatening attitude. 'Murderer," "revolver," "shoot," were the words that best represent the impression produced on her. She drew back to close the door, and that very instant came the sharp sudden explosion a mile away. That was enough. The chain of suggestion was completed. Her imagination, directed by having heard gunshot wounds profession ally discussed, caused her to feel a sharp burning pain pierce her shoulder, and with a scream, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" she stag gered into the ball. The man, naturally, ran for dear life.

Mrs. Doctor dropped into a chair and screamed for help. Her brother ran to her assistance. With a last effort she raised herself from the chair, reeled toward him, and fell fainting in his arms, gasping out just before she lost consciousness: "Joe he's killed me. Break it gently to Tom."

It came near being a matter more serious than funny, for when the fainting spell was over it was no easy matter to convince the lady that she was unhurt and quiet her nerves. And now in one physician's family the principal topic for wonderment is whether Mrs. Doctor's nervousness thwarted a genuine burglarious attempt, or whether some innocent visitor, seeking instant relief for some suffering member of the family, is wondering why Dr. --doesn't exercise proper supervision over women he is treating for acute mania if he will keep them in his own dwelling.-Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Gallic Find in Denmark.

An antiquarian find, which will excite interest all over Europe, has lately been made in Rovemose peat bog, near Hobro in Jutland, Aalborg Amt. The objects are all of silver, the principal piece being a very large basin, on which have been fas-tened plates of silver hammered out with figures of men, women and animals. The basin is twenty-six Danish inches in diameter, but scarcely eight inches high. One or two pieces are apparently wanting; but it is hoped they will turn up when the moss is minutely examined.

The eyeboles of the figures are now empty, but had evidently been filled with colored glass. One of the plates, which is nearly seventeen inches long, shows war riors, with belmets and other ornaments. One figure is a god with a wheel at his side, and on another are two elephants. A third shows a borned god in a sitting posture with his legs crossed orientalwise.

All these have apparently nothing to do with northern mythology, as was at first supposed. The whole find has now reached the Danish national museum, and we see that these pieces belong to the god lore of the Gallic peoples. The god with the wheel, for instance, is the Gallic sun god. The whole is the work of a Gallic artist at that early period when the Roman and Gallic peoples first came in contact. Al-lowing time for these things to wander so far north, the date would seem to be, as regards Denmark, the first century before longing to the Gallic group have been found previously in this country. The total weight of precious metal hitherto exhumed is about twenty Danish pounds .- Academy.



Gents' Paragon



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One of the Finest-It's yure move, thin.

A Duck Hunting Story.

you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night hawks and the bats came a sec ond time to the combat; now, the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle." THERE ARE BLESSINGS A-PLENTY.

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pas tures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuber-ance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man ing forward to famine; that one should stand neck deep in harvests look-ing forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected as-sault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should

be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags! Has he spreadstraps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about you do not watch them, for you know they are honest watch them, for you know they are nonest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

THANK GOD FOR WHAT YOU HAVE.

THANK GOD FOR WHAT YOU HAVE. It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant and bound-ing. Praise him for your bome, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, lesping in the cascade, soar-ing in the mist, falling in the abover, dash-ing against the rock and clapping its hands in the temper. Love him for the grass

for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorp will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted; and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone. Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble

is wrong because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be allevi ated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along hy frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great storm walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall bear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Halleluish unto God for ever.

PLACE YOUR TRUST IN GOD. Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl. and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling for-ever Sabbash and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song. 'Tis not the song for me: To weeping it will turn e'er long. For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing. To Jesus, their exaited king. With joyful heart and tongue. Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money

not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large intenset money to pay will scon ent up a farm, a store, an estate. and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Pope, who was an spicure, would lie in bed for days, at Lord Bolingbrook's, un-ieas he were told that there ware stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

"Just a few minutes?" "No.

"Mother," said Phil, "your heart is as hard as rhodium." And he went back to the library to hunt some more respect inducing words.-Pharmaceutical Era

Red Tapelsm.

The widow of an English army officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing her pension. She presented the usual certificate of the clergyman of her village to the effect that she was still alive. ter being in the brain and numerous sub-"This certificate is not right," said the sidiary offices situated in various parts of official.

"What is the matter with it?" "Because it bears the date July 21, and much as the arrangements for automatic your pension was due July 15." 'What kind of a certificate do you want?"

what use is this one that says you were dirculation, respiration and digestion, might otherwise cease to be performed.

An Annoying Mistake.

Stranger (at Delmoneygo's, to distin-guished looking person)-Excuse me, sir, but have I the honor of addressing Mr. Ward McAllister? Distinguished Looking Person (very

haughtily)-Sir, I am the head waiter!-Munsey's Weekly.

Fearful.

"Dawkins looks very pale and anxious today." "He is worried. He is to have a very

painful operation performed tonight." "What's that?"

"He is to have a porous plaster removed from his back."-Epoch.

A Lesson in French.

"Johnny Barkins, what is the meaning f oeuf?"

'Egg, ma'am.'

"That's right. And is it masculine or feminine?'

"Can't tell that till it's hatched, ma'am," said Johnny.-Truth.

The Way It Happened.

Ethel-Mamma and I were attacked by the tramp, and I threw a stone and knocked him flat. Maud-How did you ever come to hit

him with it? Ethel-I fired at mamma -Harper's Ba-

ZAT.

Considerate Johnny.

Mrs. Yerger-Johnny, what became of the berries Mrs. Peterby gave you for me

yesterday? Johnny-You see they were too sour for you, ma, so I 'put, sugar on them and ate them myself.-Texas Siftings.

No Leisure.

"I'll wait until you are at leisure," said a caller to the editor. "I'm afraid I'll be of no use to you when I'm dead," replied the editor.-Epoch

They Varied.

Mrs. Brown-What color are your little boy's eyes? Mrs. Rebinson-Black, generally. He's

a terrible fighter. - Munsey's Weekly.

The Human Mechanism.

Just as every well regulated system of transit possesses telegraphic communications and in places automatic switches and signals, so all parts of the human mechan ism are controlled by nerves, the head cen the body. The organism has advantages over all ordinary systems of transit mas communication are more complete and numerous than any transit system pos-"We must have a certificate that you sesses. And very fortunately is this the were alive on the 15th day of July. Of case, since all the vital functions, including direction

might otherwise cease to be performed. The mechanism being complete and the food supply sufficient, the growth of the body depends on the multiplication of cells. As to the origin of cells opinions differ, the German school holding that each new cell proceeds from a prior cell, while the French school declares that some cells are produced spontaneously from the plasma. Certain it is that in the emphatics the white corpuscies of the blood are found in abundance, the same that are found in the living plasma and are always numerous in the vicinity of wounds where repairs have to be made. Further, where anything serves to check

the flow of this white blood, either by ef fecting the nerves that control the lymph atics and lacteals or these organs directly, bodily growth is checked. To some such influence we attribute the diminutive stature of the "Liliputians." - New York Times.

Where the Line Was Drawn.

What a mystery is woman! How tender, how gentle, how forgiving! Like a moss rose, her love sheds its delicious perfume over her husband's heart and home. She loves for the sake of loving, and where she has once given her heart there it stays, and all the personal abuse and bad treatment heaped upon her by the object of her affec tion only causes her to worship him with increased devotion, as the violet, when crushed under foot, gives forth a sweeter fragrance

But there are some things which a hus-band can do to this mysterious creature that will turn her love to hate and make her fly off in search of a sharp ax or a le gal separation. A woman in Illinois bas created a mild sensation by suing her hus-band—not for a divorce, but for her false teeth, which he took away when she insisted upon biting him.-Galveston News.

Saved Her Stock in Trade.

"Yes, nearly everything 1 had was burned," said a clever American girl who was a visitor in an English country house where there had been a disastrous fire. "I lost all my gowus, but I saved one thing, I am thankful to say, and that is my American accent, and, after all," she continued laughingly, "that is really my stock in trade over here."-New York Tribupe.

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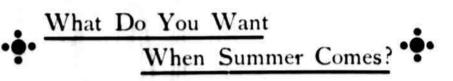
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