DR. TALMAGE SCORES HYPOGRITES AND DISHONEST TRADERS.

Ohrist Used Keen Wit Against the Pharfsees, and No Doubt People Smiled in Church Then as Now-Various Forms

BROOKLYN, March 27.-The tendency to formalism in religion and to hypocritical pretense in society received a severe castigation from the pulpit of the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning. Dr. Talmage made a vigorous onslaught upon it, basing his remarks on the text, Matthew xxiii, 24, "Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a millrace. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text he means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great blus ter about small sins and have no apprecia

tion of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparisona gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape and it yet inhabits the water-for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat.

STRAINING OUT THE GNAT. My text shows you the prince of incon sistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or a strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated,"
This water is brought under inquisition.
The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against

the side of the sieve the grub or gnat.

Then the man carefully removes the in-sect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gas tronomer has no compunctions of con-science. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smil-ing at the appositeness and wit of his illus-tration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject ever withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth.

As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a microscope for examination, so Christ finds his way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red hot sepulchers, ye blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are ex-tensively engaged in that business.

EXTREMELY FORMAL PREACHERS. First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conven-tionalties of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those bland guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty peo-ple sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one, but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness it is time for him to give out the dox-ology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services today is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christlike vivacity as we find in the text.

NEARLY ALL GREAT PREACHERS WITTY. I take down from my library the biog-raphies of ministers and writers of the past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond, telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a-hunting. Job used it when he said to his self conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when he ironically complimented the putrefled Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word he decribed the cunning of Herod, saying, "Go

ye, and tell that fox."

Matthew Henry's Commentaries from the first page to the last coruscated with or as summer clouds with heat light-

AT THE TABERNACLE. ning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Row-land Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney and all the næn of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of

So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who cluster in these services Sabbath by Sab-bath, sharpen your wits as keen as scimi-ters and then take them into this holy war. It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight.

Religious work without any humor or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all pathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian church today, conventionally, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom—and vehemently re-fuse to swallow that camel. MAMMOTH CRIMES IN TRADE.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did he not exceriate the people in his time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal, but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat un-til it is larger than a camel.

Again, my subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashler should make mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, who will go into a stock company in which after awhile he gets control of the stock and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$200,000. He stole only \$100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in

that way. One of those men engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf rat stealing an even ng newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while. You stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? You mis-erable wretch!" And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, "Police, police!"

That same man, the evening of the day on which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayer and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!" Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animal-cule in proportion, but great leniency for masto ion iniquity.

CGLOSSAL LIES ABOUT THE CROPS. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal a dollar is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as l can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thou-sand peach baskets.

Any summer go down into the Mercan-tile library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After awhile there is a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corncrib. And men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after awhile to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church or a deacon or a minister of the Gospel or a superintendent of a Sabbath school turns out a defaulter what display heads there are in many of the newspapers—great primer type; five line pica—"Another Saint Ab-sconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Re-ligion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside

tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John-Milton in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camela.

This subject does not give the picture of in the community.—Boston Herald.

of a church is so great it is enough to

one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their like-nesses. F r instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth \$20,000. Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth \$15,-The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the over-

Seer of the poor.

Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the custom house of-ficer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and put-ting a five dollar gold piece in his hand to

punctuate the statement. Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language an elegant specimen of syntax, straining out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and innuendo and profanity and falsehood larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock their intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel. THE PETTY FAULT FINDERS.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watchdogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if that man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are al-ways the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any ex-ception—that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jeal-

ousies and hypercriticisms.

They spend their life in hunting for muskrats and mud turtles instead of hunting for Rocky mountain eagles; always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them half so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors imperfections are like gnats, and they had to support her. strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels, and they swallow them.

But lest any might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I did the young man get out of Jall? Oh, he just gain the world? greater than the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater the beautiful girl's window.] tions to God? the question, How shall I than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater that the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when com-pared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon

away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, brosder than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. O Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

The Insect Wax of China One of the most curious products of China is insect wax, of which 1,530,287 pounds, worth \$460,000 in gold, were shipped from Ichang on the Yangtse river in 1800 It is a product of the western part of the province of Se-Chuen, in central China, where the wax insect flourishes best and finds its food most abundant. Early in the spring numerous brown, pea shaped scales appear on the bark of the boughs and twigs of the Chinese evergreen tree. They con-tain a mass of small animals, like flour. whose movements are almost imperceptible. The female wax insects develop the scales and deposit their eggs in them and the males excrete the substance known as white wax, which is supposed to be intended by nature to protect the scales.

The wax is spread over the whole branch to a depth of a quarter of an inch. When deposit appears to be complete the branches are cut off and as much of the wax as possible is removed by hand. The rest is secured by boiling the branches, which destroys the scales and larve. The wax is put into boiling water, where it melts, and rising to the surface is skimmed off and put into molds.—New York Sun.

## The Golden Mean.

Between the idlers and our overbusy women there is a golden mean, represented here and there by the happily absorbed mothers who reach out occasionally from their home circles to assist in the broader work of life, the needs of which are made known to them. But moderation does not often accompany the degree of earnestness and feeling requisite for genuine philanthropy, so that our perfect woman is to be judged rather for herself, her influence within the home, and thus, indirectly, upon society. She is a harmonious but rarbeing, a gracious presence everywhere, while our typical woman is a definite force

FROM "THE HANDBOOK OF PLOTS."

A Manuple Plot Selected from "Every Mon His Own Novellst."

The following from "The Handbook of Plots, or, Every Man His Own Novelist," extracts from which have been given pre-viously, is capable of expansion into a full blown novel and seems to be worthy of reproduction:

The beautiful girl was in love with the young man, but he was poor, she was ex-travagant, and her father wanted a wealthy son-in-law. As she sat in her boudoir, bathed in scalding tears (she couldn't bear a cold bath), she cried, "Alas! must I give

The young man pleaded with her to fly with him, and she had almost made up her mind to do it and abjure fine clothes for-ever when the gruff father appeared and told him to begone. He promptly bewent. 111.

The wealthy suitor pleaded and refused to be magnanimous or anything else ex-cept her husband, and finally after waiting for three days to hear from the young man she yielded to the wealthy suitor's plead-ings and the gruff father's commands and promised to let the suitor pay for her fine clothes in the future.

The gruff father promptly wrote to the young man, informing him of the beautiful girl's betrothal to the wealthy suitor who didn't suit her, and told him that his appearance in that ward would be a signal for the commencement of forcelosure pro-ceedings on the little house that he had mortgaged to buy the beautiful girl flow-

The young man just as promptly came into both the ward and the precinct, appeared one night at the beautiful girl's window, informed her that he had discovered a terrible secret, in view of which she had better continue in the path she had chosen, but he advised her to make the wealthy suitor deed her half his property before the marriage.

VI.
The beautiful girl was again in tears at the time that the young man was arrested as a burgiar while trying to get away from the house, but she recovered in time to acc on the suggestion regarding the wealthy suitor's property.

The church was brilliantly lighted and there was a fashionable assemblage pre-ent, but the bride faltered as she walked up the aisle, asking herself: "Will he be

VIII. She furtively glanced around and grew pale as the ceremony proceeded. She had hoped against hope that something would happen to stop it, but at last the final words were said.

The beautiful girl almost fainted as they turned away from the altar. She gasped had to support her.

"Two years ago you were in New York," maid the stranger to the groom.
"I was," said the groom.

"In mere sport," continued the stranger, 'you one evening called a young woman your wife and introduced her to some friends as such."

"Alas! I did," admitted the groom. "According to the law there," said the stranger, "that constituted a common law marriage. This young woman is free, and I now arrest you for bigamy."

[NOTE.+Any one can finish this story. She has the young man and half the wealthy suitor's money. What more could she ask? How

### -Chicago Tribune.

Across the Footlights.

Even the immortal and ever blooming anny Herring is not safe from the slings and arrows of the outrageous gallery god.

This type of auditor is bad enough in the popular price theaters, but when he lands in the amusement hall of the local dime museum his behavior is something

Fanny only acts in the latter places, and her plays are short, shocking and delirious. Recently she was appearing in one of an nitra blood and thunder brand in which it was necessary for her to exclaim: "Gr-r-reat hevins! If I only had a horse!"

She exclaimed it. "Say, Fanny," queried a voice from the rear of the house, "would a mule do?"
"Yes," was the retort, "come around to
the stage door."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Professional Opinion. Householder—I am going to move to the suburbs next Monday, and I'd like you to

to the job. Mover-How many loads?

"I don't know. You moved me once, you nay remember." "Yes; I needed three wagons then to get

through, but that was some years ago. Have you moved since?" 'Yes, indeed; half a dozen times," "Hum! I guess one wagon will carry all you have left."—New York Weekly.

John Was All Right. Loving Mother-Dear me, John writes from college that he is doing stacks of

night work.
Practical Father—You needn't worry about John. As long as he keeps his stacks he is all right. -Truth.

Regular Sprinters. Shopper—Are those fast colors? Clerk—Well, I should say as much! You ust wash it once and see how they'll run.

-Boston Courier.



Pater-It's singular that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one

you straightway insist on it. Filia—Yes; and whenever we are agree

Stuttered Hetter.

Wit seems often to be the compensating quality to those who have been afflicted by nature with impediment of speech. A New York man, meeting for the first time in some years a stuttering classmate, ob served:

"Why, Morrow, you do not seem to stutter as badly as you used to."
"N-nun-no," returned the stutterer. "I

h-huh-have h-huh-had so mum-much practice that I fuf-find it v-vuv-very easy 5-tutto stut-tammer now. E-easier thu-than spu-peaking stut-tut-traight."—Harper's Magazine.



Party Behind Screen-Oh, you may laugh as much as you like, but I tell you it's no joke to wake up and find you've been robbed of everything you possessed-clothing, money, valuables, all gone, even my wig and false teeth, and I am to be married in a couple of hours too; that's where it hurts me most!—Life.

She Asked Too Much.

They had been married a month and the world had been turning for them upon at axis of gold lubricated with honey.

The harmony of happy hearts filled their ouls with a divine rapture and the hours flew by on melodious wings.

This day the first shadow had touched

with gray the rose leaves on their path.
"No, Ethel," he said firmly, yet kindly, "I cannot do it."

"But, George," she pleaded, "I—your Ethel—your bride—ask you to do it for her sake," and she came and laid her soft white arms about his neck and turned her

appealing eyes to his.

He bowed his head and kissed her golden

"I know, I know, Ethel," he said in tender. protesting tones, "but this I cannot do. You should not ask it; you who are more than all the world to me. The young wife's hands fell to her sides, she shook under a storm of sobs and a shower of tears wet the sweet pink roses

in her cheeks. The young husband was not less moved but the determined look did not leave his

"And you will never, never grant your Ethel's request?" she asked, stepping back

"Never, Ethel, never," he replied in a harsher tone than he had yet used; "I am willing, only too glad and willing, to do anything you ask in reason, but never will I consent to call your father paps, and that ends it." George had spoken. - Detroit Free Press

He Had Found It Hard Work. He dropped into an armchair and closed is eyes, apparently utterly exhausted. "Been working hard?" inquired a friend who had dropped in to see him. "Working hard!" he returned. "I've done three days' work in two hours."

"Splitting wood?"
"No, indeed."

"Putting in coal, perhaps?" "Oh, no. "Haven't been trying to clean a stove

pipe, have you?"
"No, sir. I pay a man to do that."
"Then what have you been doing?" vell, you know that b "You mean Willie?"

"Oh, yes. Bright boy he is too. What's e got to do with it?" "Everything, sir, everything! I've bee trying to get fifteen minutes' him."—Chicago Tribune.

Really Quite Unavoidable. One of the homeliest women in Buffalo had her portrait painted by a local artist not long ago. He knew on which side his bread was buttered, and painted the pic-ture accordingly. The lady, while she would never confess to herself that she was not comely, yet felt that the portrait was somewhat idealized. She was showing it to a caller the other night. "There, what do you think of it?" said she. "Don't you think that Mr. — has rather flattered

The gentleman looked at the picture, looked at the lady, and said with a languishing sigh, "Ah, my dear Mrs. ----, now could a painter sit in your company and not flatter you?" And she was unutterably delighted. Buffalo Courier.

Aunty Couldn't Guess. Aunty-What became of the kitten you

had when I was here before? Little Niece (in surprise)-Why. don't rou know? "I haven't heard a word. Was she poi-

"No'm." "Drowned?" "Oh, no." "Stolen?"

"No, indeed." "Hurt in any way?" "Well, I can't guess. What became of

"She growed into a cat."-Good News.

Nature and Art.

Tommy, who had been having some severe lessons on using his knife, was sent out on an errand to the family washer woman. When he returned he said: "I had some dinner with her little boy, mamma, and he doesn't eat with his knife either."

"I suppose his mother has taught him it wasn't polite to eat with his knife," said Tommy's mamma.

"No'm," answered Tommy, regretfully, "he eats with his fingers."—Detroit Free

Unconcerned.

An old man and his wife were last summer sailing on a steamer between Black-pool and the Isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing, she said to her husband:

"Oh, John, this ship is going down!"
"Well, never mind," said the husband;
"It isn't ours,"—Boston Globe.

Conclusive Evidence. "That young minister will never sucmed; he is too easily rattled.

"I never noticed it." "I did. At Emma Harkins' wedding be kissed the groom and shook hands with the bride."—New York Sun.

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