TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY SER-MON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE.

Subject of the Discourse, "The Three Tabernacies, a Story of Trials and Triumpha"-Review of the History of the Doctor's Church.

BROOKLYN, April 8.—This is a festival day at the Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage is celebrating the twenty-third anniversary of his settlement in Brooklyn. In white flowers embedded in green at the back of the pulpit stood the inscription, "1899 and 1899." Dr. Talmage's subject was, Three Tabernacies, a Story of Trials and Triumphs," and his text, Luke ix, 33,

Let us make three tabernacles. Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "the Mont Blanc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliance. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three—Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing all worlds.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three,

hat, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he oried out, "Let us make three tabernacles -one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the homers? Where the gold?
Where the show the curtains?
Where the cor. dornments? Hermon is in such a place suld have been an under-taking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us

build three tabernacles. And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1870, and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1889. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that we are worship-ing today. What sounded absurd for Peter to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were compalled to do. God were compelled to do.

UNJUST CRITICISM. We have been unjustly criticised by people who did not know the facts, sometimes for putting so much money in church buildings, and sometimes for not giving as much as we ought to this or that denominational project, and no explanation has yet been made. Before I get through with the delivery of this sermon and its publica-tion and distribution, I shall show that no church on earth has ever done more magnificently and that no church ever conquered more trials and that no membership ever had in it more heroes and hero-ines than this Brooklyn Tabernacle, and I mean to have it known that any individual or religious newspaper or secular newspaper that hereafter casts any reflection on this church's fidelity and generosity is guilty of a wickedness for which God will hold him or it responsible.

One year it was sent out through a syndicate of newspapers that this church was doing nothing in the way of liberality, when we had that year raised \$94,000 in hard cash for religious uses. There has been persistent and hemispheric lying against this church. We have raised durmy pastorate, for church building and church purposes, \$998,000, or practically dollars. Not an Irish famine, or a Charleston earthquake, or an Ohio freshet, or a Chicago confiagration, but our church was among the first to help. We have given free seats in the morning and evening services to 240,000 strangers a year, and that in twenty years would amount to 4,800,000 auditors. have received into our membership 5,357 members, and that is only a small portion of the number of those who have here been converted to God from all parts of this land and from other lands.

Under the blessing of God and through the kindness of the printing press my sermons now go every week into every neigh-borhood in Christendom, and are regularly translated into nearly all the great lan-guages of Europe and Asia. The syndicates having charge of this sermonic publication informed me a few days ago that my printed sermons every week, in this and other lands, go into the hands of 25,-000,000 people. During the last year, I am authoritatively informed, over 2,000 differ-ent periodicals were added to the list of e who make this publication, and yet there are ministers of the Gospel and reli-gious newspapers that systematically and ndustriously and continuously charge this church with idleness and selfishness and

I call the attention of the whole earth to this outrage that has been heaped upon the Brooklyn Tabernacle, though a more conrecrated, benevolent and splendid convocation of men and women were never gathered together outside of heaven. I have never before responded to these injustices, and probably will never refer to them again, but I wish the people of this country and other countries to know that what they read concerning the selfishness and indolence and lack of benevolence and lack of missionary spirit on the part of this church, is from top to bottom and from stem to stern, falsehood—dastardly falsebood-diabolical falsehood. What is said against myself has no effect except, like that of a coarse Turkish towel, the rubbing down by which improves circulation

and produces good health. But this continuous misrepresentation of my beloved church, in the name of Almighty God, I denounce, while I appeal to the fair minded men and women to see that justice is done this people, who within a few years have gone through a strugele that no other church in any land or any age has been called to endure, and I pray God that no other church may ever be called to endure, viz., the building of three tabernacies. I ask the friends of the Brooklyn Tabernacie to cut out this sermon from the newspapers and put it in their pocketbooks, so that they can intelligently answer our falsifiers, whether cler

And with these you may put that other statement, which recently went through the country, and which I saw in Detroit, which said that the Brooklyn Tabernacle had a hard financial struggle, because it

TABERNACLE PULPIT. had all along been paying such enormous salaries to its pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact is that after our last disaster and for two years I gave all my salary to the church building fund, and I received \$6,000 less than nothing; in other words, in addition to serving this church gratuitously for two years, I let it have \$6,000 for building purposes. Why is it that people could not do us justice and say that all our financial struggle as a church came from doing what Peter, in my text, absurdly proposed to do, but which, in the inscrutable providence of God, we were compelled to do—build three

IN SMOOTH WATERS AT LAST.

Now I feel better that this is off my mind. The rest of my sermon will be spur, out of hosannahs. I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fully and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and be-yond all indebtedness, considerably more

I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils. and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our mightiest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through the Red sea and stand today on the other bank clapping

the cymbals of victory.

Do you wonder that last Sabbath I asked you in the midst of the service to rise and sing with jubilant voice the long meter Doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below, Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventful years. It was a pros-trated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call

before me in an upper room in my house in Philadelphia, there were two other committees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was entertaining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of the Brooklyn church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were dangerous to e let loose, or it acted as a barricade that was unnecessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all

My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the minis-try, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach at half past 7. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the amphitheatrical shape would be

appropriate for a church.

Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much hovering over deigns they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, and must be satisfied," But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What style of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my pocket, in less than a minute by a few curved lines I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in your trying." He said:
"I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

TWO CHURCHES AND NO MONEY. At 8 o'clock of that evening architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees during the work I went to Europe, and when I got back the church was well nigh done. But here came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money.

By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees (here and there one of them present today, but the most in a better world), we got the building ready for consecration, and on Sept. 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopal church and the Chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a sermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough out of the Episco pal prayer book to keep himself from being reprimanded by his bishop for preaching at a non-Episcopal service; and we, although belonging to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the liturgy, "Good Lord, de-

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakening. Hosanna! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in that first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church

architecture, was called by some "Tal-mage's Hippodronte," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirthful nomenclature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough o have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolution-ize church architecture. People saw that it was the common sense way of seating

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircle, so that they could sesome another 's faces, soythat they could sesome another 's faces, the auditorium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed fireproof, but the insurance com-panies looked at it, and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they de clined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron, if the inflammable material between the sheets of iron took fire no engine hose could play upon it. And they were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay days we educated and sent out from a my college under our charge some twelve hun-dred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming regularly ordained preach-ers, and I meet them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for God.

THE FIRE OF 1872. One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, was on my way to church. There was an excitement in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind was out the sermon I was about to preach, until some one rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same kind of a charlot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss.

All were anxious to do something, and

s on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the mem-bers, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches came kind in-vitations to occupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamppost near the de-stroyed building, before 12 o'clock that morning, was a board with the inscription, "The congregation of Brooklyn Taber-nacle will worship tonight in Plymouth

Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliter-ated. "But arise and build," said many voices. Another architect took the amphi-theatrical plan of a church, which in the first instance was necessarily somewhat rude, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately adopted.

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the questionexpensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive be-cause of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congregation. It was at that time when for years our entire country was suffering, not from a financial panic, but from that long continued finan-cial depression which all business men remember, as the cloud hung heavy year after year and commercial establishments without number went down. Through what struggles we passed the eternal God and some brave souls today remember. Many a time would I have gladly accepted leave the flock in the wilderness.

At last, after, in the interregnum, having worshiped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of Feb. 22, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington wh conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, chaplain of United States senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggai ii, 9, "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Irenæus Prime. On the platform on dedication day sat, among others, Dr. Dowling of the Baptist church, Dr. Crook of the Methodist church, Mr. Beecher of the Congregational church and Dr. French of the resbyterian church. Hosannah! Another \$35,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 328 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communons over 500 souls joined at each one At another ingathering 628 souls entered this communion, and so many of those gathered throngs have already entered neaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! my! Won't we be glad to see them—the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were jubilant! Hosannah The work done in that church on Schermer horn street can never be undone.

What self sacrifices on the part of many. who gave almost till the blood came What hallelujahs! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What sequies! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was best that one who had just come to manhood, and with brightest worldly prospects, should be taken and we left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fall.

THE SECOND TABERNACLE. That second tabernacle! What a stupendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertak ing it is to build two tabernacles he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of three. As an anniversary sermon must needs be somewhat autobiographical, let me say I have not been idle. During the standing of those two tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published. During that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this continent, and in many of them many times, besides preaching and lecturing ninety-six times in England scotland and Ireland in ninety-four days.

During all that time, as well as since, ! was engaged in editing a religious news paper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have een a constant contributor to newspaper and periodicals. Meanwhile all things had become easy in the Brooklyn Tabernach On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announce to my congregation that I would in a fe weeks visit the Holy Land, and that t

officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a lifetime was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the curcle of my house declared taken from the cupola of my house declared that the second Tabernacle was putting on red wings.

I scouted the idea and turned over on the pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the flery catafalque of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that I said to my family: "I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. How can any one preside at the building of three churches?" But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles." We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand,

Having selected the spot, should we

Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a tabernacle, beauti-ful and commodious? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what push, what industry, what skill, what self sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary! Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the per-severance of our church officials, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God the work would not have Almighty God the work would not have been done. But it is done, and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamlin, of Washington, preaching an inspiring sermon, Dr. Wendell Prime, of New York, offering the dedicatory prayer and some fifteen clergy. dedicatory prayer and some fifteen clergy-men during the day taking part in the services. Hosannah!

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pul-pit—"1869" and "1862"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum books analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet preached, and I have preached, as near as I can tell, about 3,380.

During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among others I have learned that "all things work to-gether for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been opened.

Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did say-and one of the ermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word-roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the

Gospel. After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Christendom and more than Christemdom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an as-sault, during all these twenty-three years, but turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work ogether for good?" Hosannah!

NOT NECESSARY TO PICK FLAWS. Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preach error or pick flaws in the old Bible in order to get an audience; the old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me, and higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, un-til many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshipers of an eternal 'What is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity, I have found the mightiest magnet, and we have never lacked an audience Next to the blessing of my own family l account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you these twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach till I die, and charge my son, who is on the way to the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's thunderbolt, "If any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary,

the past, but have been translated to high-What groups of children-too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present today. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat, and the pallor from the cheek, and they h ve on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail groups of glorified children! How glad I am to have you come back to us today! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs, and where are your gray locks, and where your stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and

see two audiences. The one is made up of

all those who have worshiped with us in

the bath in the river from under the Throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but acepters!" Hall, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunit, as a church, directly or indiopportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back today. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabers and the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabers. ernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries. fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thou sand galleries high.

I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted

from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i, 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach for I am a child?" until the sermon I preach today from Luke ix, 33, "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past and the present, all gather in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercles, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here today, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that reminiscence and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago:

Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

A Woman at Camp Creede With her nut brown hair all unkempt and falling around her wan white face in tangled masses, her blue eyes red from weeping and her cheeks pitiably sunken where the roses used to be, with her thin called dress bedraggled and frazzled and her shawl, that once was of some color, now twisted into a cord around her poor, spare neck; with the faded remnant of a lisle thread glove clinging to the lean, bony fingers of the left hand, and with her right hand bare and red and numb with cold; with her toes peeping through the holes in her shoes like affrighted children in a deadhouse, and her stockings bespat-tered with mud and incrusted in kickes. with the remains of a once jaunty hat held upon her poor, fevered head by a little strip of blue ribbon—this forsaken crea-ture stalks around Creede like the ghost

ture stalks around Creede like the ghost of a princess in a haunted Spanish castle.

"I am looking for Will," she will tell you, if you ask her about herself. "Will came here from Gainesville, and was to send for me in two weeks. He sent me the money to come on, and told me in the letter that he would meet me at the depot here. He didn't meet me, but I know he must be here, for he has never deceived me, and we have been married five years. me, and we have been married five years. Somebody has stolen him from me—I know they have—and are keeping him locked up in one of those houses in the mountains." And thus the poor forsaken creature rambles on. Great rough men listen to her and their eyes fill with tears. They offer her assistance, but she refuses all aid. "Will will come to me soon," she persists when declining the kindly offers. God pity her! Will's bleached bones lie down the gulch toward Wagon Wheel Gap. Will was accused of jumping a claim and he paid the penalty. Nobody knows who shot him. But everybody knows that the buzzards plucked out his But everybody eyes and picked the tremulous flesh from oor tired bones. The little woman's mind is blank now; disappointment made her insane. It is better so. A kindly old negro woman looks after her and will see

Creede Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The "Schalensteines" of Switzerland In many parts of Switzerland smooth flat stones evidently hand polished, are often picked up. They are covered with lines, dots, circles and half circles, and are known to the Switzers as "schalensteines." The origin and use of these stones has long been a mooted point among the learned Some have thought that they were charms, others that they were meant to commem-orate the dead. The characters upon them have long since been declared to be undecipherable hieroglyphics, but it has been reserved for Herr Rodiger, of Bellach. to suggest a theory that comes anyways near explaining their true origin and use

that no further harm comes to her .-

The schalensteines, he says, are topographical charts, as a comparison of them with any modern map of the district in which they may be found will show. The engraved dots correspond with existing towns and villages, the lines with the roads. Even the forks and the mountain passes are indicated with precision that is truly surprising. Herr Rodiger has ex-amined many of these stones from various parts of Switzerland, Italy and Austria, and is sure that they are rude outline maps of the country in which they are found He has a large collection of them in his possession which, taken collectively, form a most accurate map of Solathurn, the canton in which the majority of them were picked up. Another significant and curious fact concerning the schalensteines is that they are found most plentiful at intervalof about six miles, and usually at places where crossroads cross or fork.—St. Louis Republic.

A Member of the Lobby. She was an innocent woman, and when her husband went to Washington on some business or other connected with the legis lative branch of the government she ac-

cepted his explanations without suspicion. Not long ago a lady friend met her. "I understand your husband has been in Washington some time," said the lady. "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. X-, "and he will not return until congress adjourns."

What is he doing there? "I don't know exactly the nature of the work," was the innocent reply, "but he writes me that he is a parliamentary solici

"Oh," said the other, equally as unsophisticated, "that must pay very well."
"Indeed it does," exclaimed the wife, "for he sends me a big check every week besides a sealskin coat, a set of diamonds and any amount of other nice things be tween times.'

"My, my, ' sighed the other woman en-viously, "I wish my husband could get a government position too."—Detroit Free

Keeping Utensils Clean. Iron pots should always be boiled out first with wood ashes and cold water. Then thoroughly wash and they are ready for Skillets, griddles, iron gem pans and waffle irons should be well greased and allowed to burn off once or twice before using -New York Journal.

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