

THE GLORIOUS PALM.

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS OF THE TYPE OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

The Entry into Jerusalem—A Lesson for Arbor Day—Thank God for the Trees. The Gospel of Self Sacrifice.

BROOKLYN, April 10.—This day is recognized as Palm Sunday throughout the world, and that fact gave direction to Dr. Talmage's sermon. Among the hymns sung was the hymn—

Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand. Text, John xii, 13. "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him."

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olive was crowned with palms. The Dead sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old time palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead sea.

SPARE THE TREES. Let women spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festival. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem today. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that way all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been at the roadside, it was unbroken, and I have no doubt frantically at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people gripped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mounting.

The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phoebe, in the far east, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red hot ball of iron and threw it into the sea, and said they would never return to Phoebe until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstration in the text.

THE VISTA OF PALMS. As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on. Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek and Latin legends the colt is called palm. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thrown upon his brow, for a little while at least had palms strewn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnaeus calls it "the prince of vegetation."

Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous use. Do you want flowers? One tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 307,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in India will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for subsistence.

Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatched the roofs. Do you need a supply for the "kitchen"? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sugar and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

GIVE US MORE PALM TREES. Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says, "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar he says, "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree he says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree he says, "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.'"

Oh, Lord God, give us more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful, dispositions all abloom; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded they are ready to lift them. People who say "Yes! Yes!" when they

are asked for assistance by word or deed. Instead of "No! No!"

Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me, because I adjourn them. But the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hindrances. They suggest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life, instead of pulling in the traces, they are lying back in the breechings. They are the everlasting No. They are bramble trees, they are willows, always mourning, or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter, or crab apple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness.

But how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the afterpart of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little an angel of God needs to exert himself to see it all.

THE GOSPEL OF USEFULNESS. Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this springtime, and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eyes and sleep, for who cares for thy shining?" "No," saith the star. "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on his sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whether I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no time to sleep."

The snowflake comes struggling down. "Frail, little wanderer, why comest thou here? I am no idle wanderer," responds the snowflake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no straggler, for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and the ingie fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toss me from your muffler and crush me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfill what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and when my work is done and God shall call, in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the fiery courses of the sun."

"What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me substance from the soil and breath from the air, and he who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green."

LESSONS OF THE CLOUDS. "For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" "Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: 'Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that like me they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lakes and seas, and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At evening tide on the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron, and the purple, and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen people across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh with clouds.'"

Oh, my friends, if everything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green pillar of cloud like me led the chosen people across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh with clouds.'"

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else.

Brooklyn bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his tools and the other for a lifetime invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches had, in their pathos, the lives of the composers, the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between which were the hemorrhages of the nation.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ADVANCES. The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be won over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungle or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway.

To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphed? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford to leave from our branches to make emerald his way?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn to

day? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it.

I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need and his children should be well educated and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime, and that the wolf of hunger should never put its paw on his doorstep, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the path of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and there have been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem.

THE CARRIAGE WHEEL. What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not all ways as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yes, look at both hands, and the story of the weary hours of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing.

Yes, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croup and midnight watchings, when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was, and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household.

Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you at the thought of the maternal assistance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining?

I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because your hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? Do not be always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

MATERIAL FIDELITY. Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoes? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locust, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot today, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear?

It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes to town, and because his manners are a little old fashioned try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor and say, "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English parliament a member was making a loud speech that was unanswerable a lord deservingly cried out, "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and did I not do it well?" Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree.

FORGET THE UNPLEASANT THINGS. I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved on over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they tolled their flags and were killed in the contest. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet, and they will be with us until we lie down to sleep. Self sacrifice! What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a coward. But when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and though the waves were rough, the sailor, swimming with one arm, carried the child on the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all huzzas at the scene of daring and self sacrifice.

A WIDOW'S HEROISM. When recently Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript, which he expected would be his life's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. The publisher told her he could himself make out of it \$100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals.

With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself, "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific purpose might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She sunk her livelihood, but

home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but from the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but we will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way. Self sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them.

Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with glory, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his heroic career of evangelization, he said, "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that I seemed to fan me like immense wings. I went about with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and until, I recollect, I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.' And when a gentleman came into the office and said, 'Mr. Finney, you are in pain?' he replied, 'No, but so happy that I cannot live.'"

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE. My heart, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers, and our self sacrifices, and our contributions, and our consecrations, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming victory.

I feel this morning as did the Israelites when, on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious oases present today. Indeed, it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when, our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wiped, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands."

Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

Tea and Temperance.

Toast or bread and tea have much to answer for in the next world, if not in this. Two-thirds of the drunkenness among women is due to the excessive use of strong tea. I was told yesterday that the increase of drunkenness among young servant girls in New York was alarming, and in each case I found that the girls were in the habit of keeping a teapot over the fire most of the time. This creates a form of stomach trouble that produces a "hankering or gnawing," the brain is excited and liquor is taken to relieve this pain, and in a short time seems almost necessary.

Do not for a moment think that I would not use either tea or bread, for I should with a liberal supply of nutritious food. But not alone to take the place of good food, for they are inferior in food value. In large cities the tea drinker is, as a rule, a woman, and it seems to do for her what tobacco does for a man—produces a strong desire for alcohol. This is a question for our temperance people to think over. It has always been my opinion that if the community would spend a little more time studying food principles, and teaching the same to the intemperate class, saloons would soon close for want of support. That tea and coffee excite and stimulate the nervous system there is not a doubt; but many persons who would be shocked at a glass of whisky and soda before rising in the morning see no disgrace in strong tea, and still by it they are excited and their nerves are in a state of tension. In some, it produces no drawback; but such are the exceptions which prove the rule.—Table Talk.

The Secret Ballot in the Coming Election. The fact that all the so called "doubtful" states, whose vote is decisive in the election this year, are to test their ballots in absolute secrecy, free from all espionage and intimidation, is one of momentous importance. The first and inevitable effect will be to lessen enormously the part which money will play in the contest. Every state in which money has heretofore been used most freely has adopted the new system. If votes be bought in those states hereafter the purchaser cannot follow the money which they have bought to the polls to see if they keep their bargain. The result will be the same in those states as it has been everywhere else under similar conditions—namely, very few votes will be bought.

This is a novel phase of a presidential canvass and election which both political parties will do well to take into consideration in selecting their campaign managers for this year. If money is no longer to be the controlling factor in the election, will it be either expedient or wise to put a professional corruptionist in charge of the campaign of either party? On the contrary, will it not be the highest political wisdom to put men of character in charge of all the committees, national, state, district and other?—Century.

Baby Shoes. Said a woman the other day, toying with the baby's kit boxes for baby feet, she stood at a shoe counter: "I never see these but I think of a pair of little shoes which were a family possession with us. They were made for an uncle of my mother, who was a baby seventy years ago. Save for the size there is nothing babyish about them, for they are a facsimile in miniature of the stout calf shoe which men of that day wore, even to the leather lacing. I feel a thrill of sympathy for the tender little feet they covered so long ago, for they must have been cruel protectors to the soft flesh, but at that time, in that place it was in New Jersey—nothing else was obtainable, and mother has heard her grandmother tell how she sewed up pieces of felt in crude shoe shape when these strong boots chafed the baby feet. What a contrast to these shapely little things!"—Her Point of View to New York Times.

THE EASTER SUN.

He had always thought she was the sweetest girl in the world. And he told her so on Ash Wednesday. It seemed a queer day to select, but as he knelt in the pews just back of her and heard everybody call themselves "miserable sinners" he felt that they were doing one woman a wrong, for she was an angel.

As they walked home from church together he carried a large heart and small prayer book, and somehow or other he never did know just how he got up the courage to do it, but he asked her to be his wife. He told her how much he loved her and he got her to confess that she did care for him a little bit. After this his heart felt no light that the prayer book seemed the heavy part, for he had a decided inclination to throw it away and hug her then and there right in the street. But better sense prevailing, he waited until he got into the house. Unlike most other love stories, there was no cruel parent in this, and the wedding was set for June.

"But," said pretty Nell, "every year since I was a little bit of a thing I have gotten up to see the sun dance on Easter morning, and I have always been just a few minutes too late. Now, I charge you if you love me that you either sit up all night or have yourself awakened by a messenger boy, or do anything that will result in your sending somebody to wake me up; because you know, dearest, it will be perfectly lovely for us to see the sun dance together." The promise was made when the engagement ring was put on. It was sealed with a kiss, and the dearest fellow in the world and the sweetest girl in the world gazed over the idea of the charming time they would have early on Easter morning seeing the sun dance for very joy, as their eyes and hearts would.

Now, if the sweetest girl had a fault, which may be doubted, it was that she knew when other creatures, mere men, looked at her with admiration, and her bright eyes would flash back a sort of "Thank you." If the dearest fellow in the world had a weakness, which may be doubted, it was that he called this polite smiling, and that he objected to it to such a degree that he actually became jealous. It was unreasonable in him, but still it was true. On Good Friday, when Nell and he were eating hot cross buns and drinking coffee, he put down his cup with great fierceness and said, "Nell, I will not permit you to make eyes at that dark haired man in the corner." Nell properly enough answered that she didn't even see there was a man in the corner. Now, this wasn't quite true. Then the dearest fellow said that he had at least always thought Nell was truthful (and this was in a very sorrowful tone), and Nell got up from the table, and with what she thought was great dignity, and which was merely ugly temper, announced she wouldn't eat a mouthful with the man who thought she would tell a story, and out she went.

By the time she got home she wished she was dead. By the next morning she wished she had never been born. And when she went to church, and the dearest fellow in the world was saying his prayers on the



NELL GOT UP FROM THE TABLE.

other side of the aisle and never came near her, she wished that her father and mother had never been born and that Adam and Eve had never been created. That night she went to her pretty little room, took off her engagement ring, for she was tired, and longed to remember what she said when she put it on—that the diamond was symbolic of earthly love and the sapphire of heavenly; and yet this was the way it was ending. It went into its little box, was tied up and addressed to be sent the next morning to its original owner. Then Nell cried awhile, and then she made arrangements with a friendly maid to be awakened early enough in the morning to go to see the Easter sun dance.

She was up in time, put on a dark dress, and—never tell it to anybody—a new yellow karter for good luck, and out to the park walking on the east side did poor Nell go. She dragged her hat well over her face so nobody would see her, and when she was bumped into she was too downcast to do anything more than raise her eyes and say "Certainly!" to the apologetic offered. Of course it was the dearest fellow in the world who had been so rude. He had come out as a sort of goody to see the sun dance too. He said to her, "There is no reason why we shouldn't be friends." And she answered, "Certainly not!" But when he looked into those eyes it was love, not friendship, he saw there, and stooping down he kissed the tears away and started to apologize for his wrongdoing, but she called out quickly, "Look, dearest, look: the sun is dancing!"

And so it was, and the eyes of these two true lovers saw it, and then they heard coming up from a little church near the old, old Easter song—

Christ hath risen, death is no more— and Nell knew as she rested her head against the shoulder of her own true love that the Easter morn of her happiness had come. After all she, the sweetest girl in the world, and he, the dearest fellow in the world, are willing to declare, no matter what unbelievers may say, that if you go to look for it with faith in your heart the sun does dance on Easter morning.

That this whole story is true is vouched for by me, and so I sign it

ISABEL A. MALLON.

Easter Dress in 1850.

In all countries at all times until now, Easter, coming as it does at the threshold of creation's home, has been the signal for dress change. Here is a description of an Easter dress of 1850:

Green silk velvet skirt perfectly plain and very full (six yards) three-quarters high body, fitting closely to figure, ornamented with "noeuds" (bows) of ribbon ranging at regular intervals from the neck down to the bottom of skirt, which must clear the floor under wide hoop, deep gathers at waist, point back and front, chemise and full sleeves of white cambric, bonnet of deep blue velours, epingle across the center of the front worked with tambour work, the edge of the front finished with a narrow filling, the curtain bordered with same and decorated inside with bows of ribbon and "brides."

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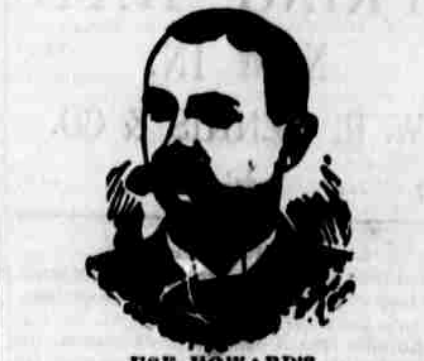
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