## TALMAGE IN LONDON.

### WHAT IT COST TO GIVE HUMANITY THE CHANCE OF SALVATION.

The Lowly Bloth of Christ-The Temp the monarch of darkness. Oh, re tempted ones: Christ was tempted. We are told tation in the Wilderness Christ Before Pilate-How Nature Groaned and Shud dered at the Crucifision.

LONDON, June 26.-An enormous andi ence greeted Dr. Talmage in this city to day, composed of people who had come from all parts of the British metropolis to hear the famous American preacher. His reception in England has been most enthu dastic. Many letters were awaiting him from different cities eagerly pleading for a visit. The doctor will have to preach five or six times a week if he accepts even a small percentage of the urgent invitations now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I l'now already sent to him. He is very muce gratified by the extreme cordiality of his reception. Dr. Talmage entitles his ser mon "The Immense Cost," from the text, I Cor. vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valu able house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grassplots, the fishponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say alond, "What did all this cost?" You see a cost go up in the tower of Antwerp and look ly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettle. disposition to jump; so satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate carnet instantly tell you all it is worth. He says. "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for lay ing out the grounds, so much for the stock. so much for the barn, so much for the equipage-adding up in all making this Aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much abort our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I wan't to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I can not complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through today I hope to give you the fly ures. "Ye are bought with a price."

THE CHOWN JEWELS.

With some friends I went to your Towe to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and esti mate their value. "Ye are bought with a

price." Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once. but you pay it by installments-so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearce of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is careful ly guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born.

In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousand people were crowded, and amid hostler: and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah ap peared. No silence; no privacy. A better dapted place hath the eaglet in the eyriehath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after lay-ing aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a ore gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half way world of great magui tude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom. THE MANGER AT BETHLEREM. Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food! "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day-monarch of eternity! In that ore the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the belimen of heaven lay hold the rops and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for today is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!" The second installment paid for our soul' clearance was the scene in Quarantaria, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell-more sly, more terrific than any-thing that prowied in that country-satan himself, met Christ. The rose in the cheek of Christ-that Publius Lentulius, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus-that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A ong abstinence from food recorded in pro-Juno; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had lasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have tion of the world was thrilled the body with something like Calvary was enacted. ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had. It was about not to be drawn. It is strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid.

## CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892

when there is a dead one in the house you

bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so

the world. As it is appropriate to throw

a black pall upon the coffin as it passes

along, so it was appropriate that every-

thing should be somber that day as the

great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept

sacred. However you may have hated or

faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursu-

have been drinking his tears. Do you want

to drink his blood? They come up closely,

so that notwithstanding the darkness they

can glut their revenge with the contortions

of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves

whether those feet are really spiked. They

and bring them back wet with blood and

wipe them on their garments. Women

stand there and weep, but can do no good.

It is no place for the tender hearted women.

ture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not

been thoroughly fastened to the cross they

would have torn him down and trampled

him with both feet. How the cavalry

horses arched their necks and champed

their bits, and reared and snuffed at the

blood! Had a Roman officer called out 1.-

clash of spears, and the wailing of woman

hood, and the neighing of the chargers,

and the bellowing of the crucifiers then

CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

I lift the covering from the maltreated

Christ to let you count the wounds and

estimate the cost. Ob, when the nails

went through Christ's right hand and

through Christ's left hand, that bought

both your hands with all their power to

work and lift and write! When the nails

went through Christ's right foot and

spear cleft Christ's side, that bought you?

heart, with all its power to love and re-

Oh, sinner, come, come back! If a man is

in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well,

and he asks you to come, you take your

come after awhile. There is no haste.

But if he is in want and trouble you say.

"I must go right away. 1 must go now."

Today Jesus stretches out before you :wo

wounded hands and he begs you to come.

Go and you live. Stay away and you die.

Oh, that to him who bought us we might

give all our time, and all our prayers, and

all our successes. I would we could think

of nothing else, but come to Christ. He

is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sym-

pathizing. He is so good. I wish we could

put our arms around his neck and say.

"Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh, that

you would begin to love him. Would that

I could take this audience and wreathe it

around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

do you remember that the Great Eastern,

and the Medway, and the Albany went

When the **\$**tlantic cable was lost, in 1865,

**FII** 

time and you say: "I can't come now,

put out their hands and touch the spikes,

the corpse of the king.

granite.

have done!

pent and pray.

NO HARM DONE.

#### God in the afternoon shut the windows of How a Would Be Purchaser Got a Ride and a V.

A Chicago millionaire, who had been exercising his team of bays on Michigan boulevard yesterday morning, was on his way back to his down town office. He was compelled to wait at Fortieth street a few moments on account of a Lake Shore passenger train that blocked the highway. A caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making the horses with a somewhat critical eye and said respectfully:

hour cannot be left alone. What! pursu-ing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tags. "I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if this team and buggy are for sale?" "I have not thought of selling the outfit."

amused smile, "but I might, perhaps, if anybody should offer me enough money."

panion. "May I ask your price for the horses,

"Cash down?"

"Certainly,

"Why-I hardly-what do you say to \$5,000.

The man examined the horses critically

It wants a heart that crime has turned into "but I shall have to go to the First Na-The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled

"All right. Climb in. I am going in feet, and the hands of sin and pain and tor that direction."

> this time, and the next moment the team was flying down the boulevard at its best gait, as if bent on showing that it was a rare bargain, even at \$5,000,

an hour later, the businesslike man got a light his voice would not have been out of the buggy, went inside the building heard in the tumult; but louder than the and came out again in about fifteen seconds

> much chagrin, "that the cashier says I haven't a cent in this bank."

"No, sir. I am obliged to confess that the only hope I had of getting the money was what a scene! Look, world, at what you

give them up. I am grateful to you, sir, for having brought me into the city, and I beg your pardon for the trouble and delay

"Did you put up this little job on me to save car fare down town?"

Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run o. climb. When the thorn went into Christ's me for confessing that I did, but"

transaction?" temple, that bought your brain, with all "Yes sir. That is what it would have its power to think and plan. When the

elevated'

come out ahead of me, and you're the first man that has done that within fifteen years, even to the tune of five cents. Here's a five dollar gold piece for you, and if you will hunt Potter Paimer up some day when he's out driving and work this same little game on him I'll give you a twenty."

Journal. of the nature and origin of the articles in

#### Geography in South America.

more of the science of botany he would Boston is a noble and famous city, but hardly have put up the following placard upon a quantity of maple sugar which he exposed for sale:

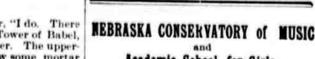
#### Its Origin.

Any one who thinks that the English Has at great ex-pense replaced his order of the state of the state of the state with a new Palle-myer, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a locket up to life size. Open from 10a, m, to 4 language is musical and easy to be pronounced because it is the one to which his ear and tongue are most accustomed, and who hears, when German is pronounced. only its harshness and its gutturals, will appreciate the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German.

"Do you know," asked he of a friend one day, "how the German language originated?'

"Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German!"-Youth's Com-

Hot Weather Item.



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PHOTOGRAPHER

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LINCOLN NEB.

said the major, "I had an experience that I wonder didn't turn my hair gray. I was camped all alone on the side of that historic stream, and had occasion to go for some water to boil my beans in. First thing I knew I stepped plump into a quicksand. I knew what was up at once, and knew that I was gone. And I am willing to admit that I was scared. In fact, that is how I came to escape. As I stood there with that horrible sand dragging, dragging, dragging at me like some living monster, I turned colder and colder. Do what I could, my teeth would keep on chattering, though I knew every vibration of my jaw was sinking me farther down colder and colder. Suddenly I noticed that "Struck bottom, ch?" "Bottom nothing! I had grown so cold from horror and-and fear-I may as well admit it-that I had actually frozen the water in the quicksand-frozen the whole business solid, sir, solid."-Indianapolis

-Life.

"No," was the reply.

answered the man in the buggy, with an

harness and buggy, just as they are?"

again. "I'll take them at that figure," he said,

tional bank to get the money.

The train had pulled out of the way by

On arriving at the bank, less than half

"I am sorry to say," he observed, with

comes a voice crashing through - loud. clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look' "Have you a cent in any other bank?"

here. That has failed me. I had set my heart on those horses, but I shall have to

I have caused you. Good morn"-"Hold on!" exclaimed the millionaire.

"I hope you will not think too hard of

"Then you have saved five cents by the

cost me, if I had had it, to come in on the

"Yes, I see. You haven't really beat me out of any money, my friend, but you have into that ready made grave. And I grew I had stopped sinking."

He tossed the coin out on the sidewalk. gave his bays a light touch with the whip and his buggy was soon lost to sight in the throng of vehicles going north on Dearborn.-Chicago Tribune. in which he deals.

there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. Mr. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was traveling across the pampas of South America in company with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterward overheard this convers

SON STRUCK

Saved by His Exceeding Coolness.

"Genuine."

It is well for a dealer to know something

If a grocer in a western city had known

GENUINE MAPLE SUGAR

PUREST JUICE OF THE CANE.

No Evidence.

university education goes against me in my

Knew Her Brother.

Sister-I don't think that girl you're en-

Brother-She is beautiful when she

Sister-Yes, but she won't do much

His Greatest Effort.

"I should say so," replied the young man. "About the cleverest writing I ever

did was a letter that convinced my uncle I

In a Pickwickian Sense.

Consoling.

needed a hundred."-Washington Star.

when he writes for money?"

"Do you think a man does his best work

Newgrad-Do you know, I find that my

plained.

per's Bazar.

"When I was out on the Platte in 1872,"

would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was pro-I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us nothing can befali us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

these stopes, which look like bread, into

an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under

these circumstances, we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost im-

patient at the time taken for mastication.

But Christ with one hand beat back the

hunger, and with the other hand beat back

that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made,

but he was not quite certain that it was

impenetrable, so he said to the manufac-

turer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now

yourself, and let us try it," and with shot

after shot from his own pistol the emperor

found out that it was just what it pre

tended to be-a good coat of mail. Then

THE GUARD AGAINST TEMPTATION.

I bless God that the same coat of mail

that struck back the weapons of temp-

tation from the head of Christ we may

what it is to be tempted. Take this 1 be

that defended me, and wear it for your-

selves. I shall see through all trials and

I shall see you through all temptations." "But," says satan still further to Jesus,

"Come and I will show you something

worth looking at; and after a half day's

journey they came to Jerusalem, and to

the top of the temple. Just as one might

off upon Belgium, so satan brought Christ

to the top of the temple. Some people at

a great height feel dizzy, and a strange

at the top of the temple they looked off.

A magnificent reach of country. Grain

fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and

streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the

"Now," says satan, "I'll make a bar-

min. Just jump off. I know it is a great

vay from the topof the Temple to the val-

ey, but if you are divine you can fly.

Jump off. It won't hurt you, Angels

will catch you. Your Father will hold rou. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia

Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you

Et. iopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you

Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you

Go tomorrow morning and get in an

altercation with some wretch crawling up

from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your

city. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting into such a contest."

Then think of what the king of heaven

and earth endured when he came down and

fought the great wretch of hell, and fought

him in the wilderness and on top of the

temple. But I bless God that in the

triumph over temptation Christ gives us

the assurance that we also shall triumph.

Having himself been tempted, he is able

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a

boy-for the rigging had become entangled

at the mast-to go up and right it. A gen-

tleman standing on the deck said, "Don't

send that boy up; he will be dashed to

death." The mate said, "I know what I

am about." The boy raised his hat in

recognition of the order, and then rose

hand over hand and went to work; and as

he swung in the storm the passengers

wrung their hands and expected to see

him fall. The work done he came down

in safety, and a Christian man said to him,

before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy: "I went down to pray. My mother always

taught me before I undertook anything

great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament, he said; "I thought I

"Why did you go down into the forecastle

to succor all those who are tempted.

Britain, I'll give you all the world. What a temptation it must have been!

sills, and villages and cities and realms.

the man received a large reward.

HOW CHRIST WAS MOCKED,

The third installment paid for our re-demption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial-there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the courtroom at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpomaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the

midnight of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the courtroom comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sen-tence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friendslet him die," says the judge; and the rufflans outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us!

Away with him! Away with him!" Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us

in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ. and Jesus stands today in every courtroom, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted

upon us. Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of

#### CRUELTY OF THE JEWS.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As

out to find it? Thirty times they sank the graphel two and a half miles deep in wa After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable, and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then, with great excitement, they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a messag could be sent, then every hat was lifted. and the rockets flew and the guns sound-ed until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath Gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. Today we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done and the angels of God bend down and witness, and oh! if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubiles because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

#### How He Popped.

He was about to pop the question to the girl of his choice, and was trying to decide how he should do it.

First he thought of the knightly proposal, in the style of the Middle Ages: "By my halidame, fair maid, say thou wilt be mine, and the holy friar shall unite us ere another sun gilds the turrets of Windsor castle!

Then he considered the theatrical style: "I have long loved you in secret, ge-ur-r-l, and, though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of me whole ha-a-r-r-t'"

He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do: "Well, Alicia-I may call you 'Alicia,' mayn't I?-every one thinks we are going to be married Ha, ha! Suppose we do get married just to please 'em

But after all he did it something like this: "Er-Miss Alicia-er-excuse the familiarity, but-er-er-will you-er- Oh. by Jove!

And then she came to the rescue and said: "That'll do, Willie, dear. It's all right, and I know papa and mamma will be so pleased!"-London Tit-Bits.

#### A Neglected Line of Work.

Municipal governments annually devote large sums of money for the cars of the sick, the criminal and the insane, but devote no energy to investigating and striving to prevent the factors that are constantly at work in producing these classes, Here, if ever, an cunce of prevention is equal to many pounds of cure.-Dr. Henry G. Chapin (\* Popular Science Monthly

of his fellow travelers:

"Where is Bostron?" asked one

"Bostron is in France, to be sure," replied the other. "That cannot be. France is a great way

off and has not got any moon, and the gringo told me the other night that there s a moon in Bostron, and North America he'd lend it to me to ride home on?"-Haris in the same place." "Fool!" exclaimed Number One. "North America is in England, the country where the gringoes live that tried to take Buenos

Ayres."-Youth's Companion.

## Miscalculation.

The Boston Globe prints a story which reminds one of the old saying about the shoemaker and his last:

A Yarmouth captain had a small coast ing schooner lying in port, and decided to give a lesson to painters in general by himgaged to is very pretty. self painting the vessel's name on her bows. He could not reach high enough from the float and did not care to put out smiles. a swinging stage, so he reached down over smiling after she marries you.-New York the side to do the lettering. Weekly. After finishing the job on one bow he

went ashore to view his handiwork, and this is what met his gaze-' H I D D V K

#### Too Exclusive. "Oh, Mamie, I've found a lovely place

for a tennis court. It's just 'round the cor-"Do you mean that lot with a high board

fence all around it?' "Yes." "Humph. I don't think that would do.

Why nobody could see our tennis costumes from the street."-Washington Star.



you expect to marry him?"

tory school. After that he will go to Yale, and when he has been graduated there he will go out west to make his fortune. When he has made his fortune we shall be

The Hot Weather Annual.

Oh, for a lodge in the garden of cucumbers!

Oh, for a pleasure trip to the north pole!

sky.

Oh. that this cold world were twenty times colder-

That's irony, red hot, it seemeth to me-Oh, for a turn of its dreaded cold sho ider! Oh, what a comfort the ague would ue! -Exchange.

-Youth's Comp Wanted It.

A smothered shrick descended parlor-C. L. RICHARDS, wards about 2 a. m.

"Papa must have a nightmare," she ex-TTORNEY "Ah!" sighed the youth. "I wonder if

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

RICHARDS BLOCF

endeavors to get on in the world. Cynicus—Well, why do you tell people that you have it. They would never find it out if you didn't mention it.—New York Herald. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's

a Specialty,

-AT---

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BURR .: BLOCK.

Santa Fe Route !

#### "Aha! I've been looking for you! What Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R did you mean, sir, by telling a friend of mine the other day that I was a hard citi

The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast.

Through Pullman and Tourist

#### Sleepers

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The Direct Texas Route

He-No, darling; but you are the last. She-Am I really? Oh. George, it makes me so happy to think that.-Life. Afraid of Himself.

First Rounder-Why don't you rise early ier, old man? Second Rounder-Well, principally be

cause I am afraid I would meet myself go ing to bed.-New York Tribune.

#### A Relie.

"What an old umbrella Brattles car ries! "Remarkable, isn't it? It is evidently

one of the shades of his ancestors."-Washington Star.

#### A Lord of Creation.

Friend-1 heard your wife giving you fits again this morning. Jinks-That wasn't my wife. That was the servant girl. -New York Weekly.

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OMAHA. NEB.

## "Another letter from Alfred? When do "He has two years more at the preparamarried. Oh, it all seems so beautiful."

Oh, for an iceberg or two to control! Oh, for a home in the vale that the dew cum-

Oh, for a soda fount sprouting up boldly From every hot imppost beneath the hot

Oh, for a mattan to look at me coldly And freeze up my soul with a glance of her

e)'e!

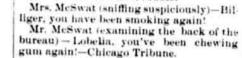
## "I-I meant that you were a regular brick."-Chicago Tribune. Prospective. Miss Pert (at the musum)-Oh, I'm afraid to go near the snake's cage. He might bite me.

zen !!

The Keeper-Oh, don't be alarmed, miss; he never bites, he swallows his wittles whole.-Harvard Lampoon.

you ever kissed?

#### Domestic Trouble.



Happy Girl.

She (still blushing)-Am I the first girl