

HOW TO MEET JESUS.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE FAMOUS QUESTION OF PILATE.

It is Not Enough to Sympathize with His Sufferings or to Reverence His Character or Morality—He Must Be Taken Into the Heart.

LONDON, July 8.—Dr. Talmage continues to receive from all classes of the English people the warmest of welcomes and the heartiest greetings. The work of arranging his tour has been exceedingly difficult. So numerous were the invitations awaiting him that to accept some and decline others equally pressing seemed invidious. Wherever he has gone the largest churches in the cities have been crowded to excess and could have been filled many times over. Among the sermons he has preached the one selected for publication this week is from the text, Matthew xxvii, 22. "What shall I do with Jesus?"

Pilate was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were in the grasp of government, and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barabbas, the murderer, there stands Christ, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free, but Jesus is held. As the hard visaged and cruel eyed Barabbas goes among his sympathizers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild, meek, inoffensive, loving, self-sacrificing—and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impudently asks a jury to decide, saying to them, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?"

Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as he is, for he fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the question, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?" Well, my friends, there are three or four things you can do with him.

THE CONTEMPTUOUS WAY. You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey, you will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary, you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say, "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say, "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity, and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let him stand without recognition—the wounded one of the hills. You will ask, What makes him weep? where was he hurt? who wounded him? whence came he? whether goes he? I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing you can do with him—you can thrust him back from your heart and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impudence and bid him away. Well, that is what we can do with Jesus. He has stood close by you a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day, breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He has been in the nursery among your children; he has been in the store among your goods; he has been in the factory amid the flying wheels, and now if he wishes to go to you, can you bid him away, say, "If he will not go you can take him by the throat and tell him you do not want his interference; that you do not want his breath on your cheek; that you do not want his eye on your behavior. You can bid him away, or if he will not go that way, then you can stamp your foot, as you would at a dog, and cry, "Begone!"

Yet I know you will not treat Jesus that way. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. Desperadoes and outlaws might do so, but I know that that is not the way you will treat him, but that is not what you will do with Jesus. There is another thing you can do with him—you can look upon him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes, or an aurist to tune deaf ears, a friend, a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing. You can look upon him as a God and be abashed while he rebukes the storm, or blast a fig tree, or hurls a rock down the mountain side. That will not do you any good, no more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or William Shakespeare.

I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus, and that is to take him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with him; that is the only safe thing you can do with him, and may the Lord omnipotent by his spirit help me to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speaking to some children and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience and came up and put her hand in the hand of the pastor and said, "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be now with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of his benediction and his mercy!

THE TRUSTING WAY. You may take Christ into your confidence. If you cannot trust him, whom can you trust? I do not offer you a dry, theological technicality. I simply ask you to come and put both feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment and hurl yourself into the deep sea of his mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that believe him and say: "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Aye, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in everything; more trust in the bridge crossing the stream, in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook that prepares your food; more trust in the clerk that writes your books, in the druggist that makes the medicine, in the bargain maker with whom you trade; more trust

in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this moment offering without limit, and without mistake, and without exception, universal pardon to all who want it. Now, is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing?

This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it—that if you believe that Christ died to save you you are saved. When? Now. No more look about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—murder and blasphemy and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to him, as though you had committed only the slightest sin of the tongue. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul he stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protrudedness is nothing.

O'er sins like mountains for their size, The seas of sovereign grace expand, The seas of sovereign grace arise.

Lord Jesus, I give up all other props, give up all other expectations, ruined and undone. I lay hold thee. I plead thy promises. I fly to thy arms. "Lord save me; I perish." When the Christian commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegate of the commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said, "Cut those slices thinner or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this Gospel. Bread for all; bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

THE LOVING WAY. Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now there are two things which make us love any one—inherent attractiveness and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ, in both these positions, inherent attractiveness—fairer than the children of men, the luster of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a heaven of holy beings, the best. In a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a heaven of great hearts, the tenderest and the most sympathetic. Why, scripture has never yet been able to give his form, nor painting to present the faint of his cheek, nor music to strike his charms; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first moment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture, we cry out, "This is Jesus!"

All over glorious is my Lord, He must be loved and yet adored; His worth, if all the nations knew, Sure, the whole earth would love him too. Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship carpenters to help them, but Russia got the chief advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and relieve their wrongs, but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes, it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me.

If I were hopelessly in debt, and some one came and paid my debts and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors, if I were on a foundering ship, and you came in a lifeboat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service, or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sin and plucked us out!

Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest—aye, a red hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep while they are hearing it. And yet there he hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared to this spectacle of generosity? Did heartstrings ever snap with worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush, in each globe the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming lances rampaged through his holy soul.

THE INFINITE SACRIFICE. Oh, see the dethronement of heaven's king! the conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of a God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of his exile and the horrors of his darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean, the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is, that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying, "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, my all! Jesus! Jesus!"

Oh, can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry, and the iron hand of agony could press out nothing more. Would you put him to worse excruciation? Then drive another nail into his hand, and plunge another spear into his side, and twist another thorn into his crown, and lash him with another flame of infernal torture. No, if any one here says, "stop! stop! he shall not be smitten again. Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the torture. Enough the agony." "Enough," cries earth. "Enough," cries heaven. "Aye, "Enough," cries hell. At last enough.

Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and gashed as they flung him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a language. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. How, ye winds, and how, ye seas, for your Lord is dead? Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Grown again, O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Grown again, put the four fingers and the thumb of the wounded hand upon them that the gash in the palm may strike their soul and thy warm life may bleed into them. O Jesus, and see if they will not feel.

Oh, what will you do with such a Christ

as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by your sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again? What will you do with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yet more than a mother's love, through all these years? Oh, is it not enough to make the heart beat of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with thee?

I have to say that the question will after awhile change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say: "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I impounded. But they would not stay of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart, I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more traveler in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments, and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger nail these words: "O God, I am dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst. We take hold of them today. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth! God, thy Father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul, bend now this moment over this immortal auditory to see what we will do with Jesus."

An Interesting French Yankee. On Saturday, May 21, Mr. Alexander Hutchinson, manager and proprietor of the great caoutchouc works at Langley, near Montreal, celebrated his coming of age by a fancy dinner at which his immediate relatives were the only guests. This young gentleman and astute and prosperous business man is one of the most curious developments of the principle of heredity that has ever come under my observation. His father, the elder Alexander Hutchinson, himself a native of Connecticut and the son of the original founder of the great India rubber works at Langley, married a French lady, the daughter of the Count de Loyseau.

His children, including his namesake and youngest son, all grew to maturity and were educated in France. He died some three years ago, and the younger Alexander Hutchinson succeeded him as proprietor and manager of that portion of the estate that included the property at Langley. He was chosen according to French law to follow the nationality of his father; but though thus a citizen of the United States he has never visited America. Thus this young Parisian, born and bred the cherished darling of an accomplished French mother (a lady of remarkable intelligence and force of character), has developed by sheer power of heredity into a sturdy and practical American. He was waited upon not long ago by a deputation of the citizens of Montreal, who offered him the nomination of deputy assessor as he reached the age of twenty-one if he would embrace the French nationality. But the young man preferred to be an American citizen like his father and grandfather.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Influence" on the Stage. I was talking to a pretty and discouraged little girl the other day who is singing in the chorus in one of our comic opera companies. "I can't get along," she said sadly. "I though I try my best. I'm not satisfied with the chorus. It only means twelve dollars a week in this city. I can sing, I can act, and I can talk as well as I can sing. I can't get no 'pull'."

"Pull!" said I. "Why, that sounds like politics."

"It's just the same on the stage," she replied. "You've got to have influence or be somebody's favorite. There are lots of little parts that I know I could play, but, bless you, I'll never get the chance. In our company the leading lady, who plays the principal part, is the protegee of the star and his wife. The next two parts are played by the nieces of the composer—that's natural enough, of course—and the next one to that by a young lady whom the manager seems very fond of."

"Then many of the chorus girls are pat in the front row because they have influential friends, while some of the prettiest are pushed into the background because they haven't. And so it goes."

And there were the mists of discouragement as she turned away.—New York Recorder.

A Cruel Stroke. An instance of a laboriously produced effect being effaced by the simplest means was that of a breach of promise case. The barrister who held the brief for injured beauty was famous for studying of fact when he pleaded, and to that end arranged that his fair client should be so placed that her charms should be well under the observation of the jury. He began a most pathetic appeal by directing their attention to her beauty, and calling for justice upon the head of him who could wound the heart and betray the confidence of one so fair, concluding with a peroration of such pathos as to melt the court to tears. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and after paying the lady the compliment of admitting that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums lavished upon her face, he asked the jury not to forget that she wore a wooden leg. Then he lay down.

The important fact, of which the fair plaintiff's counsel was unaware, was presently established, and the jury, feeling rather sheepish at their tears, assessed damages at the smallest amount.—London Tit-Bits.

A Monkey's Revenge. The following anecdote clearly illustrates the reasoning powers of the monkey tribe: One was kept tied to a stake in the suburbs of Havana, in a place where he was repeatedly robbed of his food by crows. One day he lay still on the ground, pretending to be dead. The crows were allowed to steal to their hearts' content until the artful simian was sure they were in reach. Instantly he grabbed one by the leg, and, despite its loud calls for help, literally plucked every feather from the luckless bird and then flung it toward its screaming companions.—St. Louis Republic.

A Test for Sewer Gas in a Room. As a capital test for sewer gas employ unglazed paper saturated with a solution of one ounce of pure acetate of lead in half a pint of rain water. After partial drying expose in the room. Sewer gas in any amount will darken or blacken the paper.—New York Journal.

BEING ENTERTAINED.

OBLIGATION RESTING ON THE GUEST ARE IMPORTANT.

The Welcome Visitor Is One Who Does Not Appear to Disturb the Regular Routine of the Family—Rights of a Hostess—Mistakes of Some Guests.

We do not disregard the Bible command, "Be ye not forgetful to entertain strangers," and there are few who in obeying it have not found at some time the "angel unawares;" and yet, despite the many pleasures that come to us through the friends who from time to time are sojourners under our roof, we do feel that there is another side, and that she who entertains has her rights as well as she who is entertained. The friends who come into our home have a right to expect that we will do all we can to make their stay with us pleasant and comfortable. No woman should invite another to visit her and then fail to do all she can to make her guest's visit enjoyable. To fail at any point where it is possible to do otherwise is rudeness. It may be that means are limited and the home small, but the welcome should be warm and the very most made of everything. The instincts of hospitality lead one to do all this. We invite our friend into our home because we believe it will be mutually pleasant to us together, and while we try to please we hope also to receive pleasure.

But—and this brings me to my subject—do we? There is a faculty for being entertained, as well as for entertaining, and the one is even more rare than the other. Some persons can enter a strange home, sit at once into the place made ready for them, and the household wheels move on without a jar; while others, from the very moment of their arrival, necessitate the taking apart and readjusting of every piece of the household machinery.

The housekeeper, in anticipation of her visitor, has a room in readiness. On this she has bestowed not a little care and thought. Everything is in the neatest and most perfect order, and she waits in pleasant expectation. Her last glance has assured her that everything is in readiness, even to the useful "wash cloth." Few women have not known the pleasant sensation with which a guest is shown to the room made ready for her. But how often her cup of joy is rudely dashed from her lips. In a few days, in the room to which she has given so much time and labor, chaos reigns. Clothing, shoes, hats, gloves lie scattered everywhere. Shoe polish and ink bottles stand side by side with her cherished toilet ornaments.

Towels are used for dusters and floor cloths, crockery is broken, crumpled or lost. She is a woman of wonderfully philosophic temperament if she does not turn away from room and guest with a feeling of pain, and with the mental resolution to next time strip her beautiful room of everything not absolutely necessary to the comfort of her guest. But if it was only in the room assigned to the guest that discomfort made itself felt, one might not complain. Every person and thing in the house feels the presence of this disorderly element. Breakfast is delayed, dinner must wait, and supper is served at unheard of hours. If there are servants the matter is still worse, for there are just so many more to suffer. Their regular hours are all upset, and they find themselves "at sea." Nothing disturbs a good servant like being called upon to do unexpected errands or work.

Every one in the home of another should seek to fit into his place with just as little disturbance of the rules of the house as possible. He should do his best to see that everything coming under his immediate care is kept as neat as when he found it, and certainly should see to it that nothing is broken, lost or needlessly soiled. He should be general in all meals and all other engagements. If there are servants, all orders or requests to them should be made through the lady of the house. A lady once had a guest who, having received an invitation for herself and husband to dinner, told her hostess's cook of their intended absence. This the lady had purposely refrained from doing, but instead had asked two intimate friends to drop in to dinner. Imagine her consternation, on going into the dining room with her friends, to find the table set and dinner prepared for but her own family of two. She had a right to feel annoyed at any such interference on the part of a guest.

One would hardly expect friends to visit her without an invitation, special, if informal; and on the other hand no one has the right to take her welcome for granted. It is a good plan to always give notice of an intended visit, even if it extend through but a single meal. This, not that extra preparations may be made, but that should it not be convenient both the visitor and the hostess may escape the embarrassment of an ill timed visit, than which few things are more annoying.—S. Q. Green in Good Housekeeping.

Women's Fashionable Medicines. "The greatest trade we have among ladies," said a handsome young druggist, "is not perfumes, as you might reasonably suppose, or cosmetics, but nerve tonics. Any new nerve tonic that is put on the market finds a ready rush of customers. I know one of our patrons who is a good, strong woman, and whose health is never troubled, is that she thinks she has nerve trouble, who has tried every nerve tonic we have in stock.

"Her system by this time should be perfectly callous to any new compound, and yet it is not half an hour since she left here, taking with her a bottle of the present fashionable nerve soother. She has a pillow of dried poppy flowers, another of hops, and she has tried all the chemical foods. She is only one of many. Each new tonic has a short run, to be replaced by another. If there is a permanent fashionable disease it is so called or real nervous prostration."—New Orleans Picayune.

Fires in Bedrooms. Gas stoves should never be used in sleeping rooms; they give a stuffy, close feeling which is most unpleasant, while an open fireplace encourages ventilation, and makes the air pure and fresh and is most agreeable. Children's sleeping rooms are better without fires at night, unless the weather is cold or very damp. They should be lighted early, not just before bedtime.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Death Rate Among Babies. "The large death rate among babies," said a leading physician, "results to a great extent from the injudicious use of cow's milk. The child's stomach is too weak to bear anything but mother's milk, or lactated food. This lactated food is a pure substitute for the natural food, and in many cases in my practice has, I believe, saved the child's life."

What Wealth Enables One to Do.

The fashionable woman of wealth buys her gloves by the dozen, wears them only till the first freshness has gone, and not then throws them away, but tosses them aside as she does her faded flowers. Not long ago, in a pretty morning room up town, belonging to the daughter of a rich man even among New York's rich men, there sat, chatting lightly after the fashion of their kind, four young girls—one the owner of the room, the other three friends. They had all been at the same dance the night before, and the hostess was taking down the gown she had worn from the clothes tree, where it hung to show and comment on a mishap which had nearly ruined its new Parisian elegance. As she did so the long gloves, exactly the shade of the dress, fell to the floor. One of the girls picked them up.

"Thank you," said their owner, noticing her. "Their usefulness is over too, but, fortunately, I bought six pairs of the same shade to have plenty of fresh ones."

"But those look perfectly fresh yet," commented another of the girls.

"No, they're not," was the answer. "A pair of gloves to a dance is my invariable rule. And I never wear cleaned gloves."

"Well, I do." "And I." "And I," came from her companions. Whereupon the pretty hostess turned quickly:

"Why, girls," she cried, "if that's the case, go through my glove drawer and stock yourselves up. There's many a pair there will beat cleaning," and she drew out a wide, shallow drawer in the bottom of a wardrobe. "Here," she said, "I throw discarded gloves, and every once in a while I bundle off a lot of them to a little friend of mine in the country. She'll miss one drawerful."

The girls laughed and seated themselves on the floor before the drawer. The gloves were in balls, a pair to a ball, and when they were unrolled, smoothed and laid out, not a pair was found with a rent or any marked soil. Seventy-nine pairs of gloves by actual count were the yield of the drawer, which gave each of the three twenty-three pairs apiece, with four pair thrown back for "the little friend in the country."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

To Detect Oleomargarine.

Most housekeepers would treat with scorn the idea that they would be unable to distinguish oleomargarine from butter, but as a matter of fact it is now made to imitate the genuine article so closely that no one but an expert chemist or butter dealer could tell, by simple inspection, the one from the other. It is a mistake to suppose that oleomargarine is disagreeable either in taste or odor. Made as it is from purified fats and oils the flavor may be somewhat tame, but this is usually corrected by salting, and, too, the materials are frequently flavored with milk so that the imitation is almost perfect.

If there is a small amount of butter present in oleomargarine, say as much as 15 or 20 per cent, the only method of determining that the material is not genuine butter is by chemical analysis, but if, as is almost invariably the case, there has been no butter added to it, the housekeeper can determine this for herself with as great certainty as the experienced chemist. It is only necessary to place about a tablespoonful of the suspected material in a small tin cup or pan and heat it on the stove. Butter will melt quickly, give off its characteristic odor and form up until it has reached several times its original bulk. Oleomargarine will not foam at all, but will act just like hot fat, into which water has been spilled. It will spurt and crackle and drops of the melted fat will be projected from the dish. Precisely the same effect may be gotten by mixing a little water with lard and heating it. If at the same time some genuine butter is heated in another dish the contrast between the two effects will be very evident.—Philledphia Times.

Dainty Characteristic Perfumes.

The delicate odor of violet or sandal wood that clings to women's frocks nowadays is either subtle and fascinating or else vulgar. There is no middle ground. To be the former it must be as mysterious in its coverings and goings as the wind itself—no drop of essence, no matter how delicate, must produce it. Essence is for the eyebrow and ear tips alone. Sachets thrown anywhere and everywhere in the bureau drawers must make every undergarment fragrant, and wherever the dressmaker elects to put a layer of wool wadding there must a sprinkling of powder find a resting place. The perfume once chosen should be the same always, till it becomes a part of the personality and is as much associated with one as her favorite color. Have something distinct and characteristic, like sandal wood or sweet lavender. This last is always acceptable and never grows heavy, even in a warm room. Get the flower, if possible, and make up a lot of big cheese cloth bags full and have them around everywhere. Sweet clover is odd and refined. Have bags of it hanging in your wardrobe all the time. Enough can be gathered on a summer afternoon to last all winter, and there is nothing so little apt to pull on one's friends. Keep it in your paper drawer as well, and let the letters bring a breath of summer all the year around.—Toronto Pictorial.

A Japanese Hygienic Bath.

In hygienic matters the Japanese have everywhere a habit which may have a lesson for us. In their nightly bath and morning wash the water is never cold, never warm, but always as hot as it can be borne. To foreigners this habit seems very surprising, but the most inveterate Englishman, if he stays in the country long enough, abandons his cold tub in its favor. The cold taking which it is suspected must follow it is not found to occur if the water has been hot enough. This heat is maintained by a little furnace beneath the bath. In the bath the bather or bathers take a prolonged soaking, the washing proper being done on the bathroom floor, then follows a second and final soaking, drying with towel and a lounge in bathing wrapper. This habit seems to promote softness and suppleness of the skin, and by persons inclined to rheumatism is soon found to be altogether preferable to the cold bath in every particular. The poorest of the Japanese hear of a cold bath with amazement and would be sure the man who used it must be a barbarian.—Rural Collaborator.

Common Thyme for Whooping Cough.

Common thyme is advocated earnestly by Dr. Neovius as a remedy for whooping cough. During an epidemic of this malady he had ample opportunities of observing its effects, and came to the conclusion that if given early and constantly it invariably checks short the disease in a fortnight, the symptoms vanishing in two or three days, liable to return, however, if the thyme is not regularly taken for at least two weeks. He gives from 1 1/2 to 6 ounces per day combined with a little marshmallow sirup, and says he has never known an undesirable effect produced except slight diarrhoea.—Baby.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Has at great expense replaced his old instruments with a new battery, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a pocket up to life size. Open from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays.

Studio, 1214 O Street.

NEBRASKA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Academic School for Girls, Lincoln. All Branches of Nebraska. Music, Art, Elocution, Literature, and Languages, Taught by a Faculty of Sixteen Instructors. Each Teacher an ARTIST AND SPECIALIST. The only Conservatory west of Boston owning its own building and furnishings. A refined home for lady students. Tuition from \$2.00 to \$20.00 per term of 10 weeks. Write for Catalogue and general information. O. B. HOWELL, Director.

The First National Bank

O and Tenth Sts.

Capital, \$400,000 - Surplus, \$100,000

OFFICERS: N. S. HARWOOD, President. CHAS. A. HANNA, Vice-President. F. M. COOK, Cashier. C. S. LIPPINCOTT, Asst. Cashier. R. D. MILLER, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS: N. S. Harwood, John Fitzgerald, R. E. Moore, J. D. Macfarland, W. M. Clark, D. H. Cook, T. M. Marquette, C. T. Bogg, F. M. Cook, Charles A. Hanna, John H. Ames, John L. Carson.

DR. T. O'CONNOR, (Successor to Dr. Charles Sunrise) Cures Cancers Tumors. Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife Chloroform or Ether. Office 1227 O Street LINCOLN NEB.



C. L. RICHARDS, ATTORNEY. RICHARDS BLOCK LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting and Shampooing a Specialty. AT SAM. WESTERFIELD'S BURR BLOCK.

Santa Fe Route! Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast. Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers.

Between Kansas City and SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN FRANCISCO. Short Line Rates to PORTLAND, Oregon.

Double Daily Train Service Between Kansas City and PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS, and DENVER. Short Line to SALT LAKE CITY.

The Direct Texas Route. Old Trains Between Kansas City and Galveston. The Short Line Between Kansas City and Gainesville, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Austin, Temple, San Antonio, Houston, and all Principal Points in Texas.

The Only Line Running Through the OKLAHOMA COUNTRY. The Only Direct Line to the Texas Pan Handle. For Maps and Time Tables and Information Regarding Rates and Routes Call on or Address E. L. PALMER, Passenger Agent, 1316 Farnam Street, OMAHA, NEB.