

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MUSIC IN WORSHIP," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Nehemiah 7: 67: "And They Had Two Hundred Forty and Five Singing Men and Singing Women"—Children of the Heavenly King.

(Copyright 1829 by Louis Klopsch.)
The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—you would call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England; the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipzig, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old-style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall or the opera house or the drawing room may be inappropriate in church. Glee, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes from the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution!" "Did you ever hear such a soprano?" "Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if he had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn!" "I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Savior as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old

souls, how they used to sing? When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the boarded meeting houses rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assembles every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred songs for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawing and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Savior's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing; do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says, and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching and the elders all the praying and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse, N. Y., in a Presbyterian church, there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now, clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marsellaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assembly heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long-meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment,

division by division, joined in the doxology:

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

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they sang the victory. O, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God and the mercy of Christ and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

THE COMING CENSUS.

On the first day of next June, census enumerators in the various districts assigned to them will start forth to count the population and to acquire such other information as congress—as decreed shall be a part of the twelfth decennial census of the United States.

These enumerators will have two weeks in the cities and four weeks in the country in which to gather their information, and will count each person as belonging to the city or town of which he was a legal resident on June first.

Whether this is the best time in the year to take the census has long been in dispute. Previous to 1830, August first was the date on which the count began. This shows that the summer vacation habit had not then developed. June is now almost too late. Most students of statistical science think April or May would be a better time, and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in a census bill which he drafted a few years ago, made April first the date for beginning. Congress was conservative, however, and preferred to make no change; but by 1910 it is probable an earlier month will be chosen.

The objection to beginning the enumeration on June first comes from the cities, most of which are ambitious to show as great a growth as possible. When the census reports are not as favorable as had been expected, the cry of "inaccuracies in the census" is usually raised. It is doubtless true that the summer migration to the country does result in some errors and oversights in an enumeration begun in June.

The Christmas holidays are a favorite time for census taking in Europe, but in America the heavy snows of the Northern states would make any winter month impracticable. Even in April the country roads in the extreme North are heavy with mud, and travel is almost impossible.

The difficulty in fixing a date adapted to all parts of the great republic is a forcible reminder of the extent of its territory and the diversity of its climate and physical conditions.

A Henry Clay Story.

An old negro and his wife, who had found freedom through Clay's efforts, made their home in Washington, where the old man, with the assistance of some white folks, turned an unearned barn into a meeting-place for religious services. He was indefatigable in his efforts to collect a sufficient fund to supply a pulpit, and so on. One Sunday morning he was walking along Pennsylvania avenue, when he happened to meet the great Kentucky senator. "Well, Bob," said the senator, "what are you doing out so early Sunday morning?" "Sarvant, Marse Henry; sarvant, sah. You know de early bird ketches de worm." "Oh, you are worm-hunting, are you?" "Yes, Marse Henry. I wants to ax of you, won't you help me some 'bout my little church." "No, indeed," said the senator; "I'll not give you a cent. I gave you something not long ago to help you with that church." "Yes, Marse Henry, dat's so, sah; you did indeed, sah, an' dat's a treasure laid up for you in heben, sah." "Oh, it is, it is?" and Clay moved on. Turning suddenly, he said: "Come here, Bob, come here." Taking from his pocket a roll of bills, he continued: "Here is \$30 I won at cards after sitting up all last night. Now, if you can reconcile the use of money gotten in that way to church purposes, take it along." Old Bob bowed and pulled his cap. "Sarvant, Marse Henry; thankee, sah. God do move in a mystery, Marse Henry; thankee, sah!" "The Argonaut."

Built Her Nest on a Pulpit.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Glenville, W. Va.—At Vadis, this county, a member of the congregation found a bird's nest on the pulpit of the M. P. church containing five eggs. The nest was built of a variety of flowers that had been placed on the graves of soldiers on Decoration Day. The bird is now setting, and a glass of water has been placed near the nest for the bird to drink. The members are greatly agitated and think the appearance of the bird is a token of death.

Bond of Friendship.

"I never can forget Mabel Meadows, whom I went to school with."
"Was she so studious?"
"No, but she always brought such lovely cucumber pickles with her luncheon."

HER FRIEND SAID NO.

The manager threw the manuscript down upon the table, tilted his chair, thrust his hat a little further back on his head, and gave two or three satisfied puffs at his cigar.

"We've got a winner there, Colby," he announced decisively.

The stage manager took up the manuscript and looked over the list of characters.

"Looks like it—if you get the right people," he assented; "but it calls for a strong company."

"Oh, I won't spare expense! I'm going to give it a production that will make it the talk of London. It's splendidly advertised already, you know! The people are crazy over Crinton's work, and this is the best thing he's done. Supposing we could get the people, how would you cast it?"

"Beverly, of course, for Lord Rothsay, Norris for the heavy, Ellerton for young Hal, Barry for Sir Jerry, Benton for the low comedy, Mrs. Frisby for the dowager, Carbridge for the earl he's the best old man on the stage. As for the adventures," went on the stage manager, checking off each name rapidly as he spoke, "Lady—what's her name?—I don't know a woman who could best Wallace in that role. She'd be great! Little Dellabay would make a good Kitty Darling—the part suits her down to the ground!"

The manager took his cigar from his mouth, and gazed at it meditatively.

"Don't let such a trifle as the salary list bother you," he commented briefly.

Colby stopped his checking to look keenly at his chief. "You've got to have the best," he answered. "I know they're all high-priced, but it will pay you to engage them."

"How about Lady Clare?" asked the manager. "You've mentioned nobody for that, and it's the star role of the piece."

"I don't know. I've been running that over ever since I read the play and nobody I've thought of seems to equal it. There's Maud Lester—she'd look the part to perfection, and she's sympathetic, but she hasn't the power. Helen Dracy's got power and intelligence, but she hasn't the looks. Can you suggest anybody? The success of the piece depends on Lady Clare."

"I know of only one woman who can play it as it should be played, and has the looks to go with it," said the manager. "That's Edith Kingsley."

The stage manager shrugged his shoulders.

"Her declination was very decided," he remarked.

"I've known women to change their



CAN YOU ANSWER THAT ARGUMENT?

minds occasionally!" said the manager, with flippant sarcasm.

"But she said her retirement was final—that she would never act again."

The manager bestowed a look of pity on his subordinate.

"Kingsley had the world at her feet when she married and retired two years ago. She's had time to think it over, my boy; the novelty of private bliss must have worn off somewhat by this time."

Colby gave another look at the manuscript.

"If you can get her it's a success," he said.

He had too much on his mind to enter into the ethics of the philosophy of a woman's change of mind.

The manager gave another self-satisfied puff at his cigar.

"I'll see Kingsley today," he said.

Two hours later he was ushered into the pretty drawing-room of a house in a fashionable quarter of the city.

With his practiced eye he took in the handsome surroundings, while the neat maid carried his card to her mistress.

"She's got all the money she wants," thought the manager; "but money isn't everything to an ambitious woman."

Something on a table near by attracted his attention. He went to it, and took up a large tinted photograph of a beautiful, grave-eyed girl in Juliet's bridal robes.

"H'm!" he chuckled. "She hasn't forgotten her old triumphs."

As he put down the picture the mistress of the house entered the room and greeted him with outstretched hand.

"How glad I am to see you, Mr. Hunt. Is this a social visit?"

With a keen, professional eye to effect he looked on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—on the queenly pose of the lady—

youth and beauty on the desert of private life.

"My dear Miss Kingsley—I beg pardon, Mrs. Arnold—I have come in person to urge the offer I made in my letter."

"But I answered your letter!" she replied, smiling, but with a very decided curve to the red lips. "I am happily married—my old ambitions are dead."

The manager's eyes turned in a swift glance toward the Juliet photograph.

Her voice dropped suddenly.

"I never had a home before; I lived on the stage."

"Best child-actress we ever had!" promptly broke in the manager. "Now, listen to me." He pulled out his watch. "Will you give me half an hour? I want to show you what you are throwing away."

Nature had endowed the manager with a gift of plausible eloquence which had tided over many a crisis in his theatrical career; but never had he sounded so plausible, so eloquent, even to himself, as when he tried his persuasive powers on the woman before him. When his half-hour was ended he felt that he had made good use of it.

"Don't think me inhospitable if I must ask you to say goodbye," she said, as she held out her hand. "You have spoken very persuasively, but I can not answer you at once. I have a dear friend—a very dear friend—whom I must consult. Come tomorrow, and you shall have my answer."

When the manager walked into the office his face was glowing.

"I think you may cast Miss Kingsley for Lady Clare," he said.

The stage manager looked up incredulously.

"You don't mean to say she has consented?"

"Well, she's to talk it over with a friend, and I'm to go for her answer tomorrow. But I rather think, Colby, that friend is going to decide in our favor."

The manager still felt sure when he went next day for his answer. It was not in human nature, he argued, to refuse to sparkle as a bright particular star in the leading production of the season. "That woman isn't human if she resists it," he murmured, just as the tall, graceful figure he was mentally posing before the newspaper camera entered.

"Well?" he said.

"I have consulted my adviser, and I am convinced that my original decision was best."

The manager groaned aloud.

"My dear Mrs. Arnold," he said, "I think, if I could see your friend and talk to him, I could convince him that you are making a mistake."

She shook her head.

"His opinions are very positive."

"You don't object to my calling on him?"

She smiled.

"Not at all. And he is very near—in fact, he happens just now to be in the house. Will you come with me?"

The manager followed her, a little mystified.

She threw open a door, and they entered a large room flooded with sunshine.

"Here is my friend, Mr. Hunt. He is ready to hear all your arguments."

The manager fairly gasped with astonishment. He found himself standing at a little crib in which lay a fat, round, rosy baby, crowing to himself in perfect content.

"The gentleman wants to talk to you, darling," she said, bending over, with a tender thrill in her voice new to the man standing beside her, well as he thought he knew its every accent.

The baby's great bright eyes looked up at them; then, as he saw his mother's face bending over him, he gurgled ecstatically, while the little face broke into dimples of delight, the fat little fists clutched eagerly at her, and the bare, rosy little heels beat a triumphant tattoo in accompaniment to the gurgles.

"Mam-mam-mam!" he cooed, rapturously.

She turned to the manager with shining eyes.

"Mr. Hunt, can you answer that argument?"

By this time the manager had recovered himself.

"My dear madam, this is hardly fair—" he began.

"By-by," said the baby.—Answers.

The Possibilities of Peace.

Three powers stand out pre-eminently in the world as being strong at the present time, and as having great possibilities of development before them—England, with her dominion on the shores of every sea; Russia, with her vast empire in the old world; and America, with her magnificent union of states in the new. Each of these powers is aiming at peace, though by different methods. Russia proposes a self-denying ordinance of disarmament, America proclaims the sufficiency of arbitration, not either of these countries has as yet abandoned the effort to secure exclusive advantage for industrial and commercial development, and the possible clash of national interests still looms in the future for each; the thunderclouds have not dispersed. But there is a better method of pursuing the same end; if we can prevent strife from arising, we need not concern ourselves about methods for keeping it within bounds or allaying it. England alone has entered upon a line of policy by which the old occasions of hostility are laid aside; with all her national pride, she shows a genuine unwillingness to take offense. Perhaps this is the more excellent way.—William Cunningham in Atlantic Monthly.

Johnson Lodged in Jail.

WAHOO, Neb., Sept. 11.—Johnson, the would-be slayer of Sheriff Farris, was brought to this city and lodged in jail to await a preliminary examination.

Caught on a Crossing.

SUTTON, Neb., Sept. 11.—While driving home in a buggy, the hired man of L. Lavington attempted to cross the railroad track ahead of No. 3 and was struck by the engine and thrown out but not seriously hurt. The horse was killed and the buggy wrecked.

Falls From a Windmill.

TECUMSEH, Neb., Sept. 11.—Earl, the 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Versaw, who reside northeast of Tecumseh, climbed to the wheel platform of a windmill and fell to the ground. Besides being badly shaken up, his right leg was broken between the thigh and knee.

William Rhoden, a farmer boy residing near here, was severely scalded about the head one day recently in some manner and as a result he will probably lose an eye.

Switchman Killed.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 11.—D. S. Quick, a switchman employed in the Burlington yards, was killed here by being run over by a freight car. He had been employed by the road in this capacity for a short time. He was 23 years old and leaves a wife and three children. At the time of the accident a switch engine attached to a short string of cars was at work on a repair track. The unfortunate man was standing on top of one of the cars, when it gave a sudden lurch and threw him forward. Before he could regain his balance he fell to the track and the wheels of the car passed over him, killing him instantly.

Wreck on the Union Pacific.

SIDNEY, Neb., Sept. 11.—A wreck occurred on the Union Pacific at Pine Bluffs, Wyo. Freight train No. 22, eastbound, with Conductor Smith and Engineer Henry Thorne in charge, had been at the above named station switching for an hour.

There is a sharp curve at this point and a fruit special, with Engineer Baldwin and Conductor Ed Leighton in charge, came around the bend at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The freight had no signal out and offered no warning for the fruit special. The latter slowed down to ten miles an hour and struck the caboose of the freight train and smashed it, together with five cars of coal. No one was seriously hurt.

The Claim Rejected.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 11.—Auditor Corneil has rejected the claims of Robert W. Furnas for the unused state fair appropriations for the years 1898 and 1899. Mr. Furnas, acting as secretary of the state board of agriculture, sought to obtain this money, amounting to \$4,000, to apply on the indebtedness of the association. Deputy Attorney General Oldham furnished the auditor with a written opinion this afternoon, holding that the money appropriated by the legislature could be drawn from the treasury only for premiums offered and paid by the board of agriculture. As the board has held no fairs for the last two years the money will therefore remain in the treasury. The indebtedness of the association is something like \$6,000 and it was thought that the appropriation might be applied on unpaid premiums of previous years.

Paroled by the Governor.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 11.—Benjamin D. Mills, the Harlan county banker who was sentenced to the state penitentiary about three years ago on the charge of being an accessory to the unlawful conversion of public funds, has been paroled by Governor Poynter. Mills had spent about a year and a half of a five-year sentence in the penitentiary. Benjamin Mills was at one time one of the leading republicans of Harlan county and had been a bank at Republican City. The offense for which he was convicted was that of borrowing public money from Ezra S. Whitney, treasurer of Harlan county, who was also convicted, sent to the penitentiary and paroled about two weeks ago. When Whitney retired from office his books were inspected and it was found that he was short over \$20,000. On promise of immunity for his own dishonesty he testified that he had loaned \$6,000 of the county money to Mills.

Seeks to Recover Big Damages.

LINCOLN, Sept. 11.—Attorney A. G. Wolfenbarger has instituted a sensational suit in the district court against Isaac B. Robinson, seeking to recover \$35,010 damages, alleged to have been sustained as a result of a severe horse-whipping he was subjected to on O street about two months ago. Wolfenbarger was the attorney for Mrs. Robinson in a divorce suit and during the trial of the case he provoked the defendant husband to such an extent that the latter assaulted him a few minutes afterward with a rawhide, inflicting several wounds about the face and neck. This affair took place in front of the Burr block on O street and was witnessed by several hundred people. In his petition Mr. Wolfenbarger asserts that he expended \$10 for medical treatment and that altogether, including the pain, injury and humiliation and the damage to his name he has suffered in the sum of \$35,010. Mr. Wolfenbarger is a prominent temperance advocate and reformer and a few weeks ago a local anti-saloon organization passed resolutions attributing the assault to the influence of the liquor power.

Corner Stone Laid at Tekamah.

TEKAMAH, Neb., Sept. 11.—The ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new high school building in this city occurred under the auspices of the grand lodge of Masons of Nebraska. Hon. W. W. Keyser delivered an appropriate address. Hon. M. R. Hopewell was in charge of the ceremonies and marshaled the parade. The city was prettily decorated. All business houses were promptly closed at noon by the order of Mayor W. G. Sears. The new school building is to be built of brick and stone and to cost \$25,000.