

TOPICS FOR A DAY OF REST.

Presbyterians in Omaha generally were pleased at the selection of the new moderator by the general assembly at Des Moines, Dr. Hunter Corbett.

"He has done a good day's work and deserves the honor," said Rev. A. S. C. Clarke, pastor of the Lowe Avenue church. "He is a good man and has wrought a wonderful amount of good for the church at home and abroad."

All local pastors of this church concur in these sentiments. Dr. Corbett was the pioneer missionary in China. For over forty years he has labored to teach the gospel of Christ to the benighted people of that country and only returned to his native land a little while ago on a year's furlough.

He had been known as the "father of missions" for all these years and had, indeed, been a father to the new and young missionaries entering the distant and strange land where he so long had labored.

Music at the First Presbyterian church, Nineteenth and Davenport streets: MORNING. Prelude—Allegro Moderato Pastoral.

Music at the First Baptist church: MORNING. Organ Prelude—Meditation—Baldwin.

He wanted the Real Thing—and Got It. "Good morning. How can I serve you today?" "I want a suit of SINCERITY CLOTHES."

"Have you got 'em?" "If not, don't waste any time trying to sell me anything else." "I've had all the flat-iron 'dopes' clothes I care for. I'm tired of having my clothes shaped and pressed every time I get caught in a dew-fall."

"I'm for the 'square deal' from now on, and that's the 'SINCERITY LABEL' when I want clothes."

"You're on the right track, and I see you know where to ring the bell."

"They forget that the flat-iron—Old Dr. Goose—is the 'fak's' that 'dopes' about 80 per cent of all clothes, and cleverly masks defects that ought to have been revised by shears and hand needle-work in the first place."

"I can say this for SINCERITY CLOTHES:—You will find that the careful cutting and tailoring, splendid materials, and stylish designing, will insure you a suit that will hold its style and shape as long as you care to wear it."

Omaha Presbyterian Theological seminary, and George G. Wallace, chairman of the executive committee of the association, will be the Omaha men to take part in the program. "The Problem of the Boy and the Young Man" will be discussed during the convention, the discussion to be led by Secretary E. F. Dennison of the Omaha Young Men's Christian association.

Music at the First Christian church: MORNING. Organ Prelude—Holly, Holy Lord.

Music at the First Baptist church: MORNING. Organ Prelude—Meditation—Baldwin.

Music at the First Presbyterian church, Nineteenth and Davenport streets: MORNING. Prelude—Allegro Moderato Pastoral.

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morning at 10, afternoon at 3 and evening at 8. The Sunday meetings will be in charge of Major J. G. Galley of this city. Special instrumental and vocal music will be furnished. All are invited to attend the meetings.

Y. M. C. A. Notes. W. E. Harper, employment and membership secretary, left early in forenoon for Ottumwa, Ia., where he will spend his two weeks' vacation.

The men's meeting Sunday afternoon will be held in the new theater at 4 o'clock. It will be a farewell service for Rev. E. C. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, who leaves shortly for Buffalo, N. Y.

Y. M. C. A. Notes. The regular gospel service will be held Sunday afternoon at 4:30. There are only a few more of these services before the summer heat compels discontinuance of them.

Miscellaneous Announcements. Bethany Sunday School, 383 Leavenworth—Meets at 3 p. m.

Church of the Living God, College Hall, Nineteenth and Farnam—Millennial dawn Bible study at 2 p. m.

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service, will preach; Sunday school at noon; Young People's meeting at 7 p. m. Calvary Baptist, Twenty-fifth and Hamilton—Rev. E. A. Curry, pastor, services at 10:30 and 8 evening subject, "The Conversion of Saul." Feeding the Hungry: Bible school at noon; men's Baraca class at noon; Young People's meeting at 7 p. m.

INDIAN FEATS OF MAGIC. Buffalo Bill's Stories of Stunts Performed by the American Red Man.

"The western Indians are great magicians," says Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody. "I believe I have seen fakers of just about all nationalities, but these western Indians of ours beat them all."

"The Indian magicians, of course, has the aid of assistants, and of a prepared stage, but the wild Indian just squats down on the prairie wherever he happens to be, seemingly without any preparation whatever, and does some things that will make a man's hair stand on end."

"One day I saw a Sioux medicine man, with nothing on but a breech cloth and a dozen different paints, having in his hand a kind of wand, do some things with rattlesnakes that I never saw equaled by any snake charmer in the world. The old fellow was holding a big rattlesnake in one hand, and I had often heard of him. One day, in his village, I met him and an exhibition was quickly arranged. That fellow positively did not have time to make any preparations whatever, but went at it immediately."

"He waved us away some ten feet or more and soon we were glad to be twenty feet away from him. He took his cane or wand, whirled it swiftly around his head a moment, and when he ceased doing so he was holding a big rattlesnake by the tail. It was a lightning change, all right. He laid the snake on the ground, and when I next noticed it there wasn't any snake at all, but there lay that Indian's stick in his place."

"One day, over in the Big Horn basin, I saw a Crow Indian do some tricks that would make him famous if he ever got to the stage with them. This fellow took a buckskin tobacco bag, drawing it through his hands to show there was nothing in it. He even let it drop, and threw it on the ground. Almost immediately a big jack rabbit, with ears a foot long, bounded out of the sack, darted this way and that, like a streak of lightning, disappearing before he had got right after him. A moment later, and without the Indian going near the bag, three big rattlesnakes crawled out, threw themselves into position and were ready for a fight at once. But before they could raise a row a large snake, which had been coiled up in the winked at the sun for a moment and then flew away. The Indian killed the snakes with his stick, picked up the bag, took out a pipe and some tobacco, loaded the pipe and, without the formality of lighting it, he set it to puff away, white clouds of smoke rolled out."

"But the very best piece of magic I ever saw," said Colonel Cody, "was done by a Cheyenne Indian medicine man in the wilds of Wyoming. There was a full dozen of us, and we agreed to give him anything he liked it, and I never have since then, either."

"We had formed a circle—the whites and the Indians—and when the conjurer entered he was without a stitch of clothing, except that he carried a gray army blanket across his back, and he had a knife in his hand. Along with him there came a little Indian girl, looking about 6 years old. The child didn't have much more on than old medicine did, either."

"The little girl lay flat down on the ground, and old medicine covered her with the blanket, right in front of all. Then he began making passes over the blanket, and suddenly raising his war club aloft, he brought it down with fearful force on the little body, of which we could plainly see the outlines under the blanket. There was a scream, and I instinctively grabbed my pistol, but managed to regain my wits, knowing it was some kind of a fake."

"Then, again and again, that big Indian struck that little girl, and she screamed time after time, the screams gradually becoming weaker and weaker. The Indian kept striking her right after the manner of jumping up and down. We could see the red blood stains coming through the gray blanket, and I mentally resolved to shoot that old fellow before the exhibition was over."

"But suddenly old Medicine stopped his blows, and he picked up the edges of the blanket and lifted it up. We looked, expecting to see a corpse. There was nothing whatever under the blanket. Old Medicine grinned at me as I stood with my mouth open in amazement. We all rushed up and examined the blanket. It was wet as if with blood, all right, but the body was not there."

Good Morning Ladies! Have you seen the latest creations from New York City and abroad in Linens and Silk Suits and advanced styles for fall that are on display in our establishment? We would be pleased to have you call.

S. Fredrick Berger & Co. Authorities on Style. 1517 Farnam St. THE NEW CLOAK SHOP

ample in their rooms of the useful articles made from this bark. Some of these redwood bark articles are pin cushions, pen-wipers, table mats, bathroom nonabsorbent mats, fishing floats, temporary corks, life-buoys, fishing jackets, cold storage insulation, house sheathing, heat insulation, moisture-proof match safes, bicycle handles, chair seat mats, silk hat brushes, sound-deadening insulation, mattress fillings, cork carpet substitute.

Curious natural brushes are produced from one of the palm-tree species on our southern coast. The "bristles" of the brush and the solid wood portion thereof are all one. The brushes are made in two ways. The extreme root of the tree is a mass of fibers. These are cut off close up to the trunk, which is sawn off about an inch up, and the stalk is cut up into simple brushes for the bath, toilet, hair, etc. Another couple of inches will be sawn off the trunk, well soaked and the pithy wood jagged out from between the fibers by a crude kind of steel or jagged comb.

These curious natural made brushes are only locally known and are occasionally sold to tourists. They are unknown to commerce in the American brush trade. They are possibly the longest lived brushes extant—Scientific American.

Starving within sight of the dainties which society women were dispensing, Alfred Harwood, a friendless, penniless young Englishman, slipped from one of the chairs in the Walnut street corridor of the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, and fainted.

The man opened his eyes slowly, tried hard to smile and whispered: "I'll be all right in a few minutes, old man, I haven't had anything to eat for a long time and I'm weak. I'll be all right, though; just let me rest a little while."

That was enough for the hotel men. They carried Harwood to the steward's room and fed him with nourishing soup. For some time he could scarcely speak above a whisper.

Harwood left San Francisco six months ago to work his way home to his father and mother in London. Recently he arrived in Philadelphia and walked the streets from early morning to late at night, unable to get work. He spent his last 25 cents for a frugal supper. Since then he has been continuing his quest, but his pride kept him from begging.

Harwood went to a number of hotels and applied for work, but there was no work for him. As a last resort he went to the Bellevue-Stratford and asked to see the steward. No sooner had the boy started to find the steward than Harwood reeled into a chair, too weak to stand.

Dozens of fashionably dressed women passed him, well-to-do men, smoking expensive cigars, sat or stood within a few feet of him; in the tearoom waiters were serving the best of things to eat—and there in the big, red chair watching it all sat a man actually starving to death.

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