

"TOMORROW THOU SHALT BE MISSED"

SERMON BY DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

Text: "Tomorrow thou shalt be missed, because thy place shall be empty"—Samuel, Ixxi, whole chapter.

THESE words throw a sidelight upon the friendship between David and Jonathan. David, the shepherd boy, had everything to gain by the new tie—a friend at court, an open sesame to the palace, the favor of the King himself. Jonathan, on the other hand, had everything to lose; in lifting David into eminence, the heir to the throne risked his own future and helped transform the people's champion into a popular idol. But Jonathan was as true as steel and as tender as a woman. He loved David as he loved his own soul. Because that love was wonderful, passing the love of woman, their friendship, like that of Damon and Pythias, had never been celebrated that some day would be remembered. But Saul, the King, was cold and calculating, prudent and far-sighted. He wished to see his throne securely settled upon his son and his own name and fame handed forward forever. He feared, too, lest the fame of David might eclipse the name of Jonathan. Events soon proved that Saul was right. No sooner was David enthroned in the palace than the boom friend of Jonathan, that same boy, with the sun in his hair and smile, won his way into all hearts, gained the hand of the daughter of the palace and a seat at the King's table. Every day, also, the people thought less and less of Jonathan, and more and more of David. Then an unexpected event brought on a catastrophe. One evening, when David was passing through the streets toward the palace, the people surrounded him and cheered him, saying that Saul had slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands. In a sudden outburst of enthusiasm the crowd lifted David to their shoulders and bore him with shoutings to the palace. It happened that Saul was standing on the balcony, and looking down upon the scene, his brow was black with anger. That night the jealous King sought the young man's life. Then, for Jonathan the whole structure of happiness fell into ruins. David, his friend, prepared to flee under cover of darkness, but before he fled the two friends met for a final farewell. Each knew that the friendship was forever interrupted. Tomorrow David's assassin would be on David's track, and even if he escaped Jonathan felt that the inevitable hour named death would be postponed but for a brief time. Whether his friend David died tomorrow, or not until ripe age, at best the end would come soon. Anticipating that end and forecasting the rounding out of his career, Jonathan exclaimed: "Tomorrow thou shalt be missed, for thy place shall be empty." Then the two young men, tearing themselves asunder, separated in the darkness, with the promise, the one to the other, to make ready for the end, and to round out the life career.

Short the Longest Life.

Since that far-off scene, full 29 centuries have come and gone. The tombs of David and Saul are dust, and the city itself is a ruin, but the shortest of life is a fact that still holds this far-off generation. Four weeks ago, in the mountains of the Swiss Alps, the bird's flight, like an arrow that rises only to fall again. The life, even of the strongest man, is a flame on the candle, that for a moment burns up brightly, then flickers, to die out forever. It is this fact that makes a community or a congregation like unto a series of moving pictures. We journey on from births to deaths, from weddings to funerals, the light and the dark being strangely intermingled. Certain men are, indeed, so busy with their task as to be oblivious to all that goes on around them. For that reason they do not realize what a dissolving phantasmagoria life is. These men think that their generation is moving slowly, imperceptibly, towards the end, a movement not unlike that of the glaciers in Switzerland. When the scientists investigate some Mer de Glace, they fix their instruments of observation on the sides of the rocky valley. Three months later the observer takes his observation station, sighting across, and finds the glacier has moved a few feet on the sides, and many feet in the middle. But, in Alaska, there is a sharp, wedge-like valley that runs straight into the top of a mountain many thousand feet high. Swiftly the vast quantities of snow and ice come sliding down, and the traveler sees the river, as it were, ever moving forward. Before men's eyes the river flows, huge blocks of ice break off and sail away to sea, and the water comes from which they came. And for wonderful men, not otherwise is it with our generation, that moves forward with imperceptible swiftness, life dissolving before our very eyes.

A Mechanism That Soon Wears Out.

But the brevity of life gets fresh meaning when we consider it from the viewpoint of the scientist. In the German University is a man who measures the life force of each student. This scholar has made a study of the human body as a piece of mechanism. He tells us that a man of 150 pounds is made up of 129 pounds of water, 23 pounds of carbon, 7 of lime, 2 of calcium, with 2 ounces of salt. These elements are so held together by the vital spark that the physical engine will run 50 years, provided the fire is shut off early each night and the boiler run at gentle pressure and the engine never racked by rapidly. But under present economic conditions he thinks that 40 years of work is a high average. He adds that all of the Sundays and at least 15 holidays must be added for cooling the bearings and guarding against friction. In his estimate he figures that the youth of 20 years old has 40 years of 300 working days each, or 12,000 days. The scholar insists that eight hours are all that the engine will stand, if it is to run for 40 years. This gives 84,000 hours for one's life work, for the founding of a home, the establishment of business, the building a bridge, the invention of the tool, the building of a good name, the acquisition of a holy character. If you are 20 years old you have 84,000 hours left; if 30 years old, 72,000; if 40 years old, 48,000 hours; if 50, 24,000 hours; if 60, you will have 12,000 hours; if 70, you have a little handful of perhaps 500 hours. And what a beggar's handful it is. How soon swallowed up by time, as snow flakes in a river. Such considerations give us pause. In retrospect they tell us this Summer's vacation has made permanent changes in our generation. Friendships have been interrupted that will never be renewed.

Partnerships have been dissolved without the partners understanding it. The book you have just read will never again be opened. Seats tomorrow will be empty that will never again be filled. Whatever you do must be done quickly. The right moment when no man can work. For tomorrow, or on the morrow's morrow, you will be missed, for your place shall be empty.

Today is Very Urgent.

If we stand afar off from life and view it in its totality, we characterize it by three phases—the past controlled by memory, the present presided over by aspiration, the future governed by hope. But, strangely enough, the average man forgets his past, is unconscious of his present and lives only in the future—the one part of his life that is shadowy, uncertain and non-existent. It has been wisely said that the shrine of memory represents a temple that is always empty, but the temple where hope dwells is always crowded with worshippers, and her forehead is always wreathed with flowers. It seems all but impossible for the youth to say that for him there is no tomorrow, the next grave dug in the waving grass will be his grave, or that tomorrow he shall be missed, because his seat will be empty. Therefore, tomorrow eclipses today with its greatness. But life's greatest word is now. Time is a relative thing and, strictly speaking, the present alone is life. Opportunity is not in yesterday. Opportunity is not in tomorrow. Opportunity is here, or nowhere. Every thought, every action, every opportunity standing upon the horizon and blowing the trumpet and saying: "What thou does, do quickly." For every moment is freighted with possibility. The hour may not be long, as the hand ticks off the golden drops named minutes, yet that hour was long enough for Warren Hastings to hear how his father lost an estate and long enough also to make plans for its recovery. In the Western forest the rainstorm drove the farmer's boy into a cabin and for an hour the rain fell in torrents, but in a chink between the logs was a copy of Aesop's Fables, and that hour was long enough for the youth to fill his mind with pictures, upon which he afterwards patterned his stories and parables as martyred President. An hour is long enough for us to read a great chapter that will change the current of life, to make a holy resolve that will exalt the level of our activity. It is long enough to wipe out an old enmity, to form a new friendship. The secret of failure is drifting, delay, the dissipation of time, of thought, of friendships and emotions. This is what Cervantes means when he says that most men dwell in a house named By-and-By, on a street called Never. Therefore, God had appointed an antidote for all these errors and perils. He would sober life, steady it, lend it ballast and in time of storm anchor it by the reflection that the career will soon be ended and our spiritual Waterloo either won or lost forever. It is the part of wisdom and prudence, therefore, for each one of us to reflect today that tomorrow we shall be missed, because our place shall be empty.

Warning for the Mature and Old.

Jonathan was a young man when this word of warning was crowded home upon him. But if it is important for youth to remember that the days are few and brief, how much more important for those who have reached middle life. In view of the few days that are left, alas for him who postpones his tasks, puts off his duties, delays his plans and overcasts his tomorrow. One of the most striking incidents in the career of that great man, Abram Hewitt, was an incident that occurred just before his death. One day a gentleman called upon Mr. Hewitt and expressed a desire to visit the Cooper Institute. It seemed that the merchant was forecasting the end of his life, and was making plans for some form of public benefit. Having a large property, he did not know whether to distribute it, to give it to a hospital, to a college or a church. But when the man left Mr. Hewitt he had apparently made up his mind. A few months passed, the merchant died, and the will was probated. But the man had done nothing. Then Mr. Hewitt, who always had been a generous man, had been approached by perhaps 50 men, who were bankers and manufacturers and merchants, who had accumulated a large property and were planning how they might invest it so as to make themselves unconsciously immortal. That being dead, they might still live and speak and work and be remembered by fellows. But the old merchant added that these men almost without exception thought they had done enough when they talked about what they were going to do for society. For some reason, they could not believe that tomorrow their seat would be empty. For them the important word was the future. Tomorrow they would be generous, tomorrow they would erect a school, tomorrow they would build a library. Tomorrow they would search out some poor youth and send him to college, tomorrow they would be generous to some poor family. Will they? No; these things will never be done. He who does not do his work today will never do it. If the resolve at the present moment is not strong enough to secure action, think you that when time has weakened the resolve, and halved it, that the decision will be reached? For the middle-aged, by way of pre-eminence, the great word is NOW. Are you going to make a will? Make it today. Are you ever going to be generous? Be generous now. Are you going to insure your family? Do it tomorrow morning. Have you planned your grave as a merchant? Have you some poor clerk and stamp your ideals of business into his mind forever. Remember that the night cometh. "Tomorrow also thou shalt be missed, for thy seat shall be empty."

Wise Word for Young Men.

But no man is so young but that he will be the better for remembering this counsel of David. You deem your treasure, young men, to be your youth, health and strength, and the power of recuperation, all yours. Yours, too, the eager, hungry mind, the vibrant memory, yours the power of casting yourself with enthusiasm into some great cause of reform, or department of study. The young man is like a General with ten thousand soldiers or heroes beside him, standing for the ten thousand hours or opportunities, and the old man is like the General

whose host is reduced to a handful. But do not presume upon your youth and opportunities. Opportunity never comes twice. Once she opens her golden gates for you to pass through, but if you delay the doors swing shut, and closing they close forever. Most young men are slain by overburdening their tomorrows. Today they enjoy, today they give themselves to games and pleasure; tonight they will be the theater and disipation; but, oh, in that golden temple named tomorrow, hope whispers there will be a bag of gold lying at the altar. How many dreams will there be in that bag? Not one, young man, unless you cease your present course of living. But another youth there is, who at 30, standing in that temple, will find the bag overflowing with pieces of gold. And whence came these yellow disks? They came in this fashion. Every day being young, the youth saved up one golden circle through his economy and his spirit, and sent it forward, and his far-off future of success was simply the part at which his many and noble yesterdays emptied out their treasure. Tomorrow's wisdom and the ripe honors that come to the scholar, with the wreaths of fame, represent yesterday's study, and each year in the past brought one leaf, and many years brought many leaves, and all the leaves were wrought into one laurel wreath of immortal fame. For it is not enough that a young man should want to be rich. Tomorrow he must open the furrow and sow the seed, and reap the harvest, and then old age will be a granary where the sheaves are garnered. All this perseverance and right in the way of your present method of life, as a young man gay and frivolous, as a young man fitting from pleasure to pleasure, as a butterfly from flower to flower. But he not deceived; Nature and God are not mocked. Whatever you sow, that you shall reap; whatever you plant, that you shall pick. Whatever you mete out to Nature, that will life measure back to you again. To the frivolous, life will give vanity; to the careless, forgetfulness; to those who live for the body, to gluttony and drunkenness, she will give the jaded palate and the racked nerve. For Nature never makes a mistake in her book-keeping. What is your life? If I were a painter and could sketch rapidly while I talk, I would paint a tree, growing in some garden where dead sea apples are ripening with fruit stuffed with ashes and soot. I would show you the tree covered with webs of caterpillars, answering to your evil thoughts; with spiders cutting at the heart of the bud and blossom, putting decay in the young fruit. At the root, the gopher, cutting off the foundation of the tree, answering to the secret sins. Until the boughs are blasted and the leaves are shriveled and

the tree itself gaunt and bare, when the Summer is past. For all these outer symptoms portray those inner vices that are slowly destroying your character at its center. What man is not conscious of some error and mistake in building his life? Time offers opportunity for correction, but the time is short for slaying the evil and planting the good. Turn away forever from your old life, burn all your bridges behind you, pledge fealty to a new career. The hour is sublime with its possible issues. Act quickly, for tomorrow that seat shall be missed, for thy place shall be empty.

No Man Has Done Enough for Society.

Wise and prudent men who wish to make the most of their gifts will find here incentive to increasing influence. If tomorrow we shall be gone, then today let us do one more good deed, speak one more kind word, recover one more prodigal, plant one more vine of happiness, open one more fountain of well-being. Too often old men seek leisure, withdraw from active life. So far from wishing to die with the harness on, they insist that they have done enough for society, and that the time has come for young men to do the work. Over in England there is a most impressive spectacle. The great statesman of his day—I had almost said England's only great statesman—has just resigned from the Cabinet. The man is nearly 70 years of age. Years ago he was called the Cabinet breaker, because he withdrew from Mr. Gladstone, for he believed that the solid nation was an issue paramount to a great man named Mr. Gladstone (though many of us regretted his action). He has been one of the best hated men of his time, and now he has, by his resignation, brought down upon himself abuse, vituperation, hatred beyond all description. So far from seeking retirement, he has striven himself like an athlete and entered upon a task that asks for fullness of strength and 25 years of time. At bottom his position is this—that England is to recover her supremacy only by forming closer ties with her colonies; that Canada and Australia and South Africa are now closer to England, through the new steamships, than the Islands of Orkney once were; that the time is soon coming when the English-speaking people of 300,000,000 will combine against the other 1,300,000,000 of the earth; that the time is not long enough for the new laws, the new treaties of commerce, the new relations that must be developed between the English-speaking people. The statesman feels that the time is short, that the work is great; that the little petty discussions about 2 per cent tariffs are for those who

are young, but he will do the great things, emphasize essentials, stand for principles that abide and let the secondary things go forever. This man of nearly 70 has undertaken an enormous task. It is work for a giant. It demands a score of years and the fullness of strength, when he has but a handful. But it is a sight for the world to admire, that a man, when others seek leisure, rushes into the heart of the fray, covets the hardest task, seeks to win one more great victory for his country and to lift his people to new levels of prosperity and wealth. Time may disprove his theory and discredit his judgment, but in its end and its time he will admire the man who crowds his old age with new duties and toils as one who remembers that tomorrow "I shall be missed, because my seat shall be empty."

Forecast of the End.

In the closing hour of his career, when Jesus Christ rose into the upper realm of intellect, he used only the most powerful forms of truth. At that time, when he was preparing his disciples and his generation for his departure, he gave them three parables on the shortness of life and the duty of rounding out one's work. He likened the soul, with all its treasures of sense, to a palace or ancestral mansion, with noble halls and vast libraries and gallery, stored with parchment portraits of one's ancestors, marbles, pictures, tapestries, ivories and bronzes, treasures from India, art curios from Egypt, wedges of gold and bars of silver. In the storehouse of the mansion he first set food against the Winter, and in the strongbox the family plate. When the householder goes into a far country, he gives all in charge of a trusted servant, and commits to him the key of the strong box, but no sooner is his master gone than the servant calls in his companions, who, with him, enter upon a drunken orgy. Drunken, they consume the precious liquors; gluttonous, they waste the food. They strip the precious tapestries from the walls and sleep on them as swine on the husks. Avaricious, they break into the strong box; careless, the smoke begrimes the wall. Suddenly, in the midst of their carousing, the lord of that mansion returns home. And Jesus tells us that so is the coming of the Son of Man. It is unexpected, like the coming of a thief in the night; it is sudden, without any premonition. He charges men, therefore, to live under the shadow of that over world. On the morrow you shall enter into God's presence, and give an account of every idle word and deed. This forecast, he says, should sober life, steady it, make proud men modest, make strong men humble, make the rich and prosperous remember the source of their prosperity, make the poor to reflect that their troubles were but for a day; tomorrow they will be over. The rain and the friendliness are but for an hour. Tomorrow the door shall open into the faith's house, and then, oh, all forgotten, the key and hall and the fire blast. Therefore watch, be ready. What thou doest, do quickly, "for tomorrow thou shalt be missed, for thy seat shall be empty." (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Honored With Nation's Vote of Thanks

William F. Lukes, an Oregon City Laborer, Received Eighteen Sword Cuts, Defending His Captain.

OREGON CITY, Or., May 15.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—William F. Lukes, who wears the medal of honor and received the thanks of Congress for valor during the Korean outbreak in 1871, is employed as a common laborer at an Oregon City paper-mill.

Lukes has had a most eventful career. He was left to shift for himself when but 9 years old, and became a cook. He went to California when but 15 years old, and prospected all over the Coast. He was mining in Mexico when Maximilian's army started for the City of Mexico. He and his companions enlisted as privates and he was made a Captain for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Acapulco. He was captured soon after, released on parole, rejoined Maximilian, was captured again, and with two companions sentenced to be shot the next day. That night they broke out the blockhouse, swam a river and escaped.

After Maximilian's capture, Lukes drifted out to China, and was in Tientsin during the massacre of 1898. He enlisted in the U. S. Cavalry, and sailed with the fleet under Admiral Rogers to attack the Korean forts in 1871. Under the command of Lieutenant Magee, his company landed and engaged the Koreans. After two days of fighting, the natives were driven into one of their numerous forts. Two unsuccessful attacks were made upon it, and in the third Lieutenant Magee was killed. The command fell to Lukes, who was a petty officer, and the fort was captured.

Lukes looked for the body of the commander, and found that the Koreans were



William F. Lukes.

scattered around them were the bodies of 15 Koreans. The carbine which Lukes carried in that engagement is in the Museum at Washington. The steel barrel was cut half-way through by a great two-handed sword carried by one of the Koreans.

Magee's body was shipped to America for burial, while the man who rescued it lay 23 days unconscious from the 18 sword cuts he had received on the head. Then he suffered from three or four epileptic fits a day. Surgeon-General Gilchrist operated on him at Annapolis, and then he was sent to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital, where a number of other operations were performed. He was discharged from the Navy on account of his infirmity, and soon after inherited \$15,000, which he spent for treatment and operations at the hands of the greatest specialists both in this country and Europe without obtaining beneficial results.

After his discharge he was given a vote of thanks by Congress, brevetted a Captain, and received the medal of honor upon which is engraved "For valor, William F. Lukes, landsman and a member of Company D, U. S. Cavalry, Capture of Korean Forts, June 11, 1871." He now receives a pension of \$20 per month under special act of Congress. This allowance will be increased to \$22 per month when he reaches the age of 60 years. Mr. Lukes is now in his 35th year. He claims the distinction of being the only man living to whom Congress voted its thanks. Lukes speaks fluently the Scandinavian, Russian, German and English languages, and before leaving at Oregon City unexpectedly found Lukes with 18 sword wounds lying unconscious across the body of his commander and his companions

The "Jottings of Old Lim Jucklin"

Opie Read's Philosopher Utters Some Quaint Remarks on the Subject of Funeral Sermons.

"It is a pretty risky matter to tell the exact truth all the time," said old Lim to the young preacher, the Rev. J. Abner Smithson. They were sitting in front of the blacksmith's shop, beneath a dogwood tree in bloom. Within the shop the smith was nailing iron on the hoofs of the preacher's horse. The company was not large, but of course, included old Brintine, the blacksmith, and a cultivator. In the first six months of his circuit-riding, the propriety of solemn expression. He had attained his voice to melancholy, had mastered the necessary sadness of eye, and was now shaping his general attitude toward we-gone-ness. He had not yet reached the happiness of the gospel, that cheerful acceptance of Galilee, that most uplifting of all philosophy, the "Sermon on the Mount." "I think that all the truth is due at all seasons and at all hours of the day and the night," he replied, casting a sorrowful look upon old Lim.

"Well, with a certain amount of leeway," said Lim. "When they asked the Savior if he would pay tribute to Rome, he could have said yes or no, but he looked at the image on the coin and said, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' That was a sort of leeway. The most effective truth can be told by an illustration, and yet it would seem like a dog-dog of the truth. The apparent shift brings out the brightest colors of the truth. Now, Abner, suppose you were called on to preach the funeral of our old friend Brintine. Would you tell the truth?"

"What do you want to drag me into it for?" Briz spoke up. "Do you always need me to fetch out your pints?"

"No, not always," said Lim. "You ain't particularly useful in the illustration of truth, but you are generally close about

and help us to fetch things home. Yes, and now, Abner, suppose Briz was dead and—"

"I object," Brintine interposed.

"Of course, you object," said Limuel.

"You've been objectin' a good many years, tryin' to homestead as many days as possible, stakin' out the weeks and foreclosin' on every month you can, but the time is comin' when you—"

"Can't you talk about something a little more cheerful, Limuel?" Briz insisted.

"Oh, this is cheerful enough. Yes, Abner, suppose Briz was dead and you were called on to preach his funeral. Would you tell the exact truth about him?"

"I could find many good things to say in his behalf," the youth replied.

"Yes, that's to be supposed. But would you tell the folks that the worst bestin' I ever got in a horse swap I got from him, and on a Sunday at that? Would you tell 'em that him and me had got roosters in a barn by the light of a tallow candle?"

The young preacher sighed. His sigh was not as yet fully developed, but it was improving. He sighed and said: "I should not mention such follies."

"This here subject is like a hot potato, and I wish you'd drop it," said Briz.

"I don't want to drop it," said Lim. "You want to serve in the interest of truth? Jest keep quiet a while. Follies, eh, Abner? Well, now, life's putty much made up of follies. That part of a human life is most human is a folly. Of course, Briz don't know what a folly is—he 'lows meebly it's somethin' to eat, but I'll let that go. No, sir, Abner, you'd get up there and rare and sort over what a good church member Briz was, jest as if you'd go to church and acknowledge that the preacher had put forth a powerful effort was the sum total of life. You'd say he loved his fellow man, when the fact is he loves a hog better—hog's soul with mustard greens. And during the time we would set there and agree with you, knowin' that we were all liars. Now, Briz he is all right—putty much my sort of a man, cusses when he feels

like to look at the man you have talked so familiar about. The parson 'lowsed me that, and Henly took the lid off the box. Inside there was the old fellow—an Egyptian mummy. The folks they tittered and the preacher didn't like it. He said Henly had fooled him, and he said, 'I gave you the facts and you fooled yourself.' And Briz, 'old Lemuel added, 'I should think the best way to preach a funeral is to tell the truth. A man who's been a fool for 60 years after he are dead, that length of time seems long to be livin', Abner, but to the dead it ain't a minute. And if you'll excuse me, I'll take a walk. 'Oh, no, I haven't been asleep—jest dozed off a little.' The church is improv'in' all the time. Abner; send fewer children to everlastin' torment, but it hasn't reached a point yet when it can afford to tell the truth at a funeral. To tell the truth wouldn't be just to the liars that are left livin'. There is one thing to be said for the man who's been a fool of a deceased and tell the truth, and that is to call him a useful citizen. And the fact is, after his dead the neighborhood improves."

The youth sighed again. "Ah, Mr. Jucklin, since we have supposed the case in the—er—fictitious death of Mr. Brintine, let us be truly absurd and suppose that you were to preach your own funeral oration. What would you say?"

"He has got you now," laughed Briz.

"I don't know you didn't. Do you mean to say I tell what I'm true?"

"No, but I'm sure you've lost the tickets," replied the husband. "I took a look at the tickets when you were married, and I saw trouble was brewing and told them I would return later to get the tickets," continued the Pullman conductor as he told his story to the man who called me to him. "When I went back the man was reading and the woman was putting the tickets in a seat across from them, and I checked them up. Now, a word was spoken as I returned the tickets to the woman and left."

"A fellow in the car asked me if that was a newly married couple, and I informed him it certainly wasn't, for both man and woman fussed too much for that. I offered to bet him they had been married ten years or more."

"Well, we finally reached El Paso, Tex., where the man and woman were to get off the train. As the train slowed up the man called me to him, and said, 'Look here, old man, you've been rather nice to us and we want to let you into a little secret. We were married just before getting on this train. The book about the tickets was all arranged before we started and I bought the newspaper just to make the bluff good. Don't you think we behave well for bride and groom?'"

ing, beautiful girl got in my car at Chicago as we started West. I noticed that the man sat down very selfishly and immediately began reading a newspaper, as if he didn't know a winsome little woman was sitting beside him. He had a cast and haughty air about him and I rather disliked him for his lack of courtesy. Pretty soon I went around to collect tickets and Henly took them from me. Without taking his eyes from his paper he said, 'Mary, give the man the tickets,' and went on reading."

"You know I haven't the tickets," quickly replied the woman. "Then you've lost them," retorted the angry husband. "I gave them to you before we got on the train."

"You didn't either," his wife replied. "I did."

"I know I did."

"And I know you didn't. Do you mean to say I tell what I'm true?"

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RUSE OF BRIDE AND GROOM
Lost Railroad Tickets and Quarreled Over Them to Fool Passengers.

"I have traveled as a Pullman conductor for 25 years and have seen hundreds of newly married couples and man with a blue suit and bright brass buttons as a Santa Fe train came into the Union Depot at Kansas City the other day, but not until this trip did I ever see a bride and groom who could keep the public from knowing they were on a honeymoon trip. But this couple about which I speak certainly did fool me to perfection."

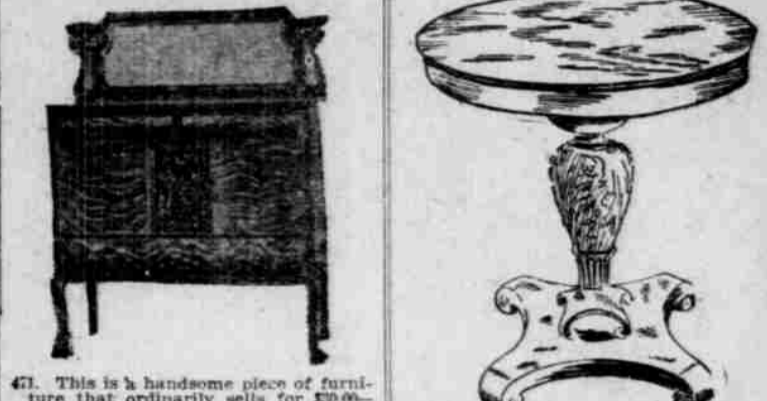
"A handsome young man and a bluish-

Seasonable Specials

Our four-days' cut-price sale was remarkably successful. Throngs of busy-buyers crowded our store from the opening to the closing hours. Many men saved a week's salary in making their purchases here. The people know that when we advertise a cut-price sale, the price is invariably and truly cut—no fake advertising goes here. This week we shall present specials in high-grade goods.

N. B.—Do not overlook our little balcony sales.

\$30 BUFFET \$20 **\$20 Parlor Tables \$12.50**



This is a handsome piece of furniture that ordinarily sells for \$30.00—and is so priced in our seasonable sale. We are going to make it a special this week for only \$20. But one will be sold at this price—first to come to the one to get the bargain. It is golden oak, hand polished, has heavy French plate glass, 12x18 inches, top is 18x24 inches, handsome serpentine front, three drawers, two doors, handsome back, heavy brass trimmings. The workmanship is thorough in every detail. Inspection will convince you of the value of this bargain here offered. Call for No. 47 and take it at once! **\$20**

\$15 Dressing Table \$11

No. 41. A very handsome little dressing table for home. Made of quarter-sawn oak, hand polished, has French plate glass, 17x21 inches, the top of the table is 17x21 inches. Always sold for \$15.00; this week it is cut down to..... **\$11**

\$3.50 Rocker for \$2.50

888—A handsome Rocker with mahogany finish, cobble seat, high-backed, very comfortable. Sells regularly for \$3.50. It is yours for only \$2.50. Call when you need anything of the above number and pay only..... **\$2.50**

Desk Men

Will find this store decidedly the proper place to come or Office Desks, Stools and Chairs. A large stock and prices absolutely right—and goods of first quality. Call when you need anything in this line. Glad to show you our roll-top, flat-top, standing and combination desks, whether you wish to buy or not.

25-foot Desks.....\$2.00
14-foot.....\$1.50
10-foot.....\$1.00

Go-Carts That Go

They have been going all week at a pretty brisk pace, owing to the money-saving cut we have made in the price. There's a window full of them yet, and the sale continues a few days longer. These carts are the regular \$5.00 kind; they have wood back, rubber tires, folding dashboard, rubber tires, fold reclining or flat, and the mechanism is easily adjusted. You will need in this summer on the fair grounds. For a new folding go-cart for only..... **\$4.25**

A Little Special Balcony Sale

In our store there is a little balcony that has never been of any service, and we have determined to utilize it by coming week in a special sale of small, but useful, things. Here's a sample: A \$2.75 taborette for \$1.75; a beautiful mahogany dressing-table, regular \$11 for \$8.50. Keep your eye on the balcony!

J. GEVURTZ & SONS

173-175 First Street. 219-227 Yamhill