

An Easier Way.
 "No," said the elderly lady, "I don't think that woman is advancing the right way. She is getting to a point where she is liable to be imposed upon."

"Don't you think she ought to vote?"
 "Of course, if she can't do any better. But in my younger days a woman made up her mind how she wanted a vote cast, and sent her husband to the polls to cast it, while she stayed at home and busied herself with whatever she thought proper. That's what I call woman's rights."—Washington Star.

A Canal Choked Up
 Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the waste and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hosette's Stomach Tablets will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

Potato Pancakes.
 Boil six medium-sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked; wash them and set aside to cool; then add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well-greased griddle and serve very hot.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

We can only do our best when we are sure we are right.

BETTER WALK A MILE than fail to get a 5-cent package of Cut and Slash smoking tobacco if you want to enjoy a real good smoke. Cut and Slash cheroots are as good as many 5-cent cigars, and you get three for 5 cents. Sure to please.

The farmers' rivals in making hay while the sun shines are plumbers and dentists.

THE GENUINE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are sold only in Lozets. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

Many of the best social positions are filled by underbred people.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wanslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Many a man whose hands are busy has a loafer's head.

Cox's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Rain for the complexion is most beneficial.

COLORADO GOLD MINES. If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to The Gold Miner, an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Nearly 60 per cent of premature deaths can be traced to excess of strong drink.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., August 26, 1895.

The slightest material these days makes fashionable scandal of longest duration.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT. Des Moines, January 24.—Patents have been allowed to Iowa inventors as follows: To L. J. Stanley, of Harlan, for a brake for bicycles adapted to be advantageously operated by the rider's foot. To Rev. J. D. Moore, of Atlantic, for a gravity door lock in which the latch is shaped and pivoted in such a manner that it will be retained in its normal position by its own weight. To L. L. Edwards, of Lorimor, for an armored mitten specially adapted for handling barbed wire and other objects that have sharp points. Valuable information about obtaining, valuing and selling patents sent free to any address. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one United States patent sent upon receipt of 25 cents.

THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents.

Some gentlemen and their American wives' money are soon alienated.

HIGH PRICE FOR POTATOES. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid \$300 for a yellow rind watermelon, \$1,000 for 30 bu. new oats, \$300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc. Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty, Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 28 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

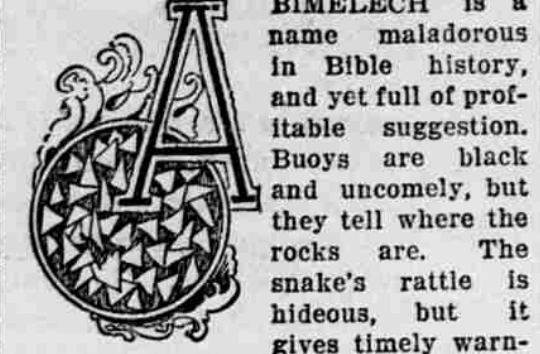
If you will send 14 cents in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue 5c. for mailing. w.n.

Metropolitan society will be more miscellaneous this winter than ever.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE POWER OF EXAMPLE" LAST SUNDAY'S THEME.

Golden Text: "And Abimelech Took an Axe in His Hand and Cut Down a Bough from the Trees and Laid It on His Shoulders"—Jud. ix, 48.



ABIMELECH is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day; and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry: "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood and dismembered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up begglingly for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city, I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god! do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are here fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering-ram, rolled up by hundred-armed strength crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men: "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the cracking and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has the limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes "All armed." And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the sparks begin to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within, and "Fire!" without, announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying: "Victory! victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject, the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons, and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house, and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround

this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn, this day, is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle; but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowder explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then with this pile, kindled by the fires of holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do, fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another. If the Church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer-meeting at half past seven in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass, and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arms puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was. What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of the century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they are going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blight in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can get together. Oh, the infinite, the semi-omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch the work would not have been accomplished; or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty, there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten drones in every hive to one busy bee; as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were fifty thousand men belonging to the reserve corps, and only one thousand active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands; but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, you religious sleepy-heads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living Gospel made to storm the

world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God; and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes, and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one, and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sunday, I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them, and said: "Brethren, here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks, and were idle as to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ to-day should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster-roll of the Lord's army; and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple, they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he can not batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say: "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unparadised sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assault, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blazon redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken; of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh! fling yourself into it. Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh! get inside. Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick! quick! quick!

WELL KNOWN.
 Dr. Felix Vulpus, who died in Welmar the other day, was the nephew of the wife of Goethe, the poet. He was 73 years old.

Ex-Speaker Crisp was not born in this country, which explains his temerity in wandering to considerable distances from his cyclone cellar.

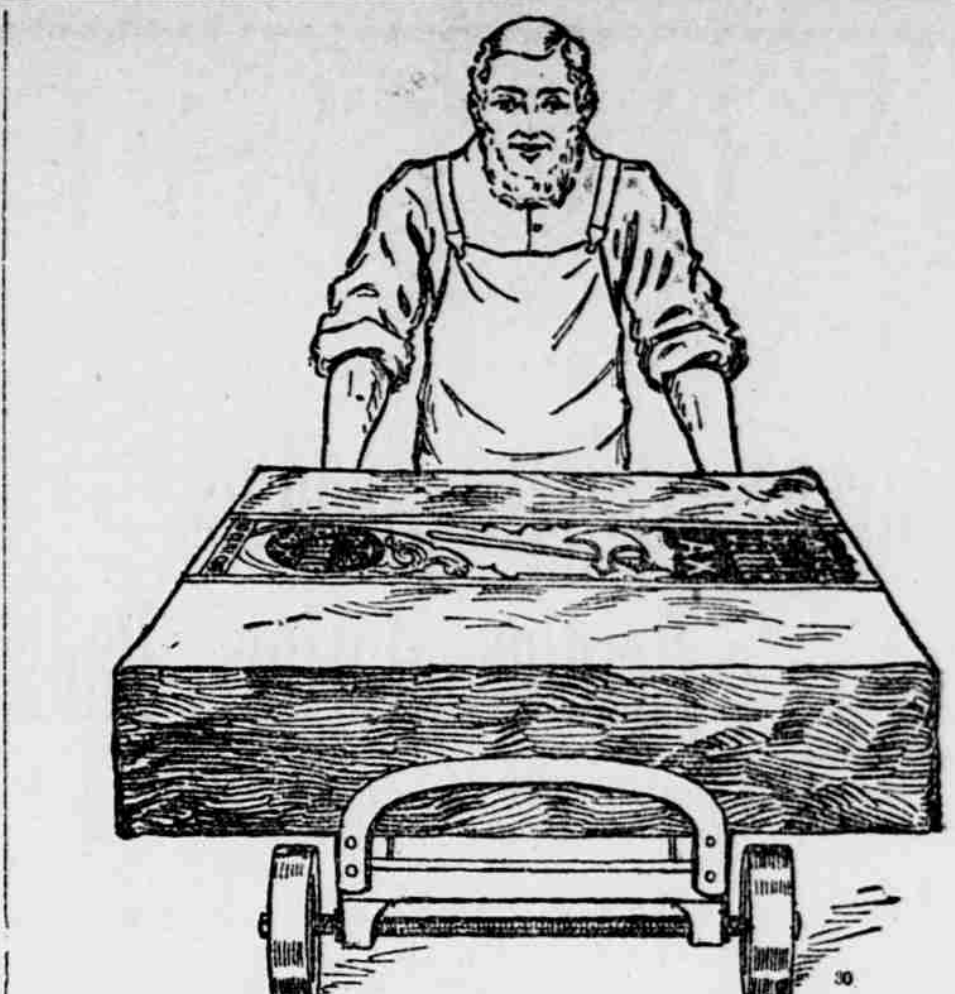
Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others are preparing to write a volume of comments on texts of the Bible usually considered as hostile to woman in her latter day aspirations.

John Rogers' statue of Abraham Lincoln, which has been set up in the Manchester (N. H.) public library, represents the president as studying a war map. The figure is one-third larger than life size.

Old Jules Simon is quoted as saying that the young German emperor speaks French like a Parisian, whereas the first Napoleon spoke it all his days with an Italian accent, and the third Napoleon with a strong German accent.

Lady Florence Dixie is the president of the British Ladies' Football club, which was founded last year by its present secretary and captain, Miss Nettie Honeyball. The members wear divided skirts of blue serge resembling knickerbockers, and the teams are distinguished by wearing blouses of pale blue or of cardinal red.

Charles G. Delmonico, the present proprietor of the famous dining places, was not born a Delmonico. His mother was a sister of the famous Lorenzo Delmonico and married a man named Crist, by whom she had two sons, Charles and Louis. So the present representative of the great Delmonicos was Charles Crist until, for commercial reasons, he assumed the better known name. Sixty-seven years ago the first restaurant bearing the name of Delmonico was opened.



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 SEE WHAT I GOT FOR 10 CENTS

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A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents



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Dr. Parkhurst and Young Men

In twelve familiar "talks" Dr. Parkhurst, the great New York preacher and reformer, will address himself to young men. A feature that will continue through the year of 1896 in

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 TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 25 CT.

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