TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF LEAGUED OPPRESSION.

From the Text, "Who Art Thou, O Great Mountain? Before Zecubbabel Thou Shalt Become a Plain."-Zecharia, Chapter 4, Verse 7.



ERUBBABEL! Who owned that difficult name, in which three times the letter "b" occurs, disposing most people to stammer in the pronunciation? Zerubbabel the splendid man called to rebuild the destroyed Tem-

ple at Jerusalem. Stone for the building had been quarried, and the trowel had rung at the laying of the corner-stone, and all went well, when the Cuthaeans offered to help in the work. They were a bad lot of people, and Zerubbabel declined their help, and then the trouble began The Cuthaeans prejudiced the Secretary of the Treasury against Zerubbabel, so that the wages of the carpenters and masons could not be paid, and the heavy cedar timbers which had been dragged from Mount Lebanon to the Mediterranean and floated in rafts from Beyrout to Joppa, and were to be drawn by ox team from Joppa to Jerusalem, had halted, and as a result of the work of those jealous Cuthaeans for sixteen years the building of the Temple was stopped. But after sixteen years, Zerubabbel, the mighty soul, got a new call from God to go ahead with the Temple building, and the Angel of the Lord in substance said: "They have piled up obstacles in the way of Zerubbabel until they have become as a mountain, height above height, crag above crag; but it shall all be thundered down and made flat and smooth as the floor of a house. 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

Well, the Cuthaeans are not all dead yet. They are busy in every neighborhood and every city and every nation of every age, heaping obstacles in the way of the cause of God. They have piled up hindrances above hindrances until they have become a hill, and the hill has become | mountain, and the mountain has become an Alp, and there it stands, right in the way of all movements for the world's salvation. Some people are so discouraged about the height and breadth of this mountain in front of them that they have done nothing for sixteen years and many of those who are at work trying to do something toward removing the mountain toil in such a way that I can see they have not much faith that the mountain of hindrances will ever be removed. They feel they must do their duty, but they feel all the time-I can hear it in their prayers and exhortations-that they are striking their pickaxes and shovels into the side of the Rocky Mountains. If the good Lord will help me while I preach I will give you the names of some of the high mountains which are really in the way, and then show you that those mountains are to be prostrated, torn down, ground up, leveled, put out of sight forever. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

First, there is the Mountain of Prejudice, as long as a range of the Pyrenees. Prejudice against the Bible as a dull book, an inconsistent book, a cruel book, an unclean book, and in every way an unfit book. The most of them have never read it. They think the strata of the rocks contradict the account in Genesis. The poor souls do not know that the Mosaic account agrees exactly with the geological account. No violin or flute ever were in better accord. By crowbar and pickaxe and shovel and blasting powder the geologist goes down in the earth and says, "The first thing created in the furnishing of the earth was the plants." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that in the Book of Genesis: 'The earth brought fourth grass and herb, yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit." The geologist goes on digging in the earth, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the making of the creatures of the sea." Moses says, "Ay! I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life; and God created great whales." The geologist goes on digging, and says, "The next thing in the furnishing of the earth was the creation of the cattle and the reptiles and the beasts of the field." "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the first chapter of Genesis: 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind. cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind." The geologist goes on digging in the earth. and says, "The next creature was the human family. "Ay!" says Moses, "I told you that was next in the Book of Genesis: 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female, created he them.'" Those prejudiced against the Bible do not know that the explorations in Egypt and Palestine and Syria are confirming the Scriptures,-the same facts written on menuments and on walls of exhumed cities as written in the Bible. The city of Pithom has been unburied, and its bricks are found to have been made without straw, exactly corresponding with the Bible story of the persecuted Hebrews. On terra cotta cylinder recently brought up from thousands of years of burial, the capture of Babylon by Cyrus is told. On a Babylonian gem recently found are the figures of a and holding about thirty-five billion tree, a man, a woman, an a serpent, corpses, not million but billion,

and the hands of the man and woman are stretched up toward the tree as if to pluck the fruit. Thus the Bible story of the Fall is confirmed.

In a museum at Constantinople you

see a piece of the wall that once in the ancient Temple of Jerusalem separated the court of the Gentiles and the court of the Israelites, to which Paul refers when he says of Christ. "He is our peace, who hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." On tablets recently discovered have been found the names of prominent men of the Bible, spelled a little different, according to the demands of ancient language. "Adamu" for Adam, "Abramn" for Abraham, "Ablu" for Abel, and so on. Twentytwo feet under ground has been found a seal inscribed with the words "Haggai, son of Shebaniah," thousands of years ago cut, showing that the Prophet Haggal, who wrote a part of the Bible, was not a myth. The Royal Engineers have found, eighty feet below the surface of the ground at Jerusalem, Phoenician pottery and hewn stones with inscriptions, showing that they were furnished by Hiram, King of Tyre, just as the Bible says they were. The great names of Bible history, that many suppose are names of imaginary beings, are found cut into imperishable stones which have within a few years been rolled up from their entombment of ages, such as Sennacherib and Tiglath-Pileser. On the edge of a bronzed step, and on burned brick has been found the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Henry Rawlinson and Oppert and Hincks, and Palestine exploration societies, and Asyriologists, and Egyptologists, have rolled another Bible up from the depths of the earth, and lo! it corresponds exactly with our Bible, the rock Bible just like the printed Bible, inscriptions on cylinders and brick-work cut thirty-eight hundred years before Christ testifying to the truth of what we read eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years after Christ. The story of the Tower of Babel has been confirmed by the fact that recently at Babel an oblong pile of brick one hundred and ten feet high evidences the remains of a fallen tower. In the Inspired Book of Ezra we read of the great and noble Asnapper, a name that meant nothing especial, until recently, in pried-up Egyptian sculpture, we have the story there told of him as a great hunter as well as a great warrior. What I say now is news to those prejudiced against the Bible. They are so far behind the times that they know not that the than good men, and they come up with Old Book is being proved true by the prying eye of the antiquarian and the ringing hammer of the archaeologist and the plunging crowbar of the geologist. No more is infidelity characterized by its blasphemy than by its ignorance, but oh! what a high mountain of prejudice against the Bible, against Christianity, against churches, against all evangelizing enterprises-a mountain that casts its long, black shadows over this continent and over all continents. Geographers tell us that Mount Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Oh, no! The

Yonder also is the Mountain of Crime, with its strata of fraud, and malpractice, and malfeasance, and blackmail, and burglary, and piracy, and embezzlement, and libertinism, and theft, all its heights manned with the desperadoes, the cut-throats, the pick-pockets, the thimble-riggers, the plunderers, the marauders, the pillagers, the corsairs, the wreckers, the bandits, the tricksters, the forgers, the thugs, the garotters, the fire-fiends, the dynamiters, the shoplifters, the kleptomaniacs, the pyromaniacs, the dipsomaniacs, the smugglers, the kidnappers, the Jack Sheppards, the Robert Macaires, and the Macbeths of vilainy. The crimes of the world! Am I not right in calling them, when piled up together, a mountain? But we cannot bring ourselves to appreciate great heights except by comparison. You think of Mount Washington as high, especially those of you who ascended as of old, on muleback, or more recently by rail-train, to the Tip Top House. Oh, no! That is not high! For it is only about six thousand feet. whereas, rising on this western hemisphere are Chimborazo, twenty-one thousand feet high, and Mount Sahama, twenty-three thousand feet high, and Mount Sarota, twenty-four thousand eight hundred feet high. But that is not the highest mountain on the western hemisphere. The highest mountain is the Mountain of Crime, and is it possible that this mountain, before our Zerubbabel, can ever be

mountain of prejudice against Chris-

tianity is higher than the highest

crags that dare the lightnings of

ever become a plain?

heaven. Before our Zerubbabel can it

There is also the Mountain of War, the most volcanic of all mountains,the Vesuvius which, not content, like the Vesuvius of Italy, with whelming two cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, has covered with its fiery scoria thousands of cities and would like to whelm all the cities of both hemispheres. Give this mountain full utterance, and it would cover up Washington and New York and London as easily as a householder, with his shovel, at ten o'clock at night banks a grate fire with ashes. This mountain is a pile of fortresses, barricades, and armories, the world's artillery heaped, wheels above wheels, columbiads above columbiads, seventyfour pounders above seventy-four pounders, wrecked nations above wrecked nations. This Mountain of War is not only loaded to cannonade the earth, but it is also a cemetery, holding the corpses of thirty million slain in the wars of Alexander and Cyrus, sixty million slain in Roman wars, one hundred and eighty million slain in war with Turks and Saracens,

"What a hissing, bellowing, tumbling, soaring force is Kilauea! Lake of unquenchable fire: convolutions and paroxysms of flame: elements of naure in torture: torridity and luridity: congregation of dreads; molten horrors: sulplaurous abvsms: swirling mystery of all time: infinite turbulence: chimney of paralition: wallowing terrors: fifteen zeres of threats: glooms insufferable and Dantesque: cauldron stirred by the champion witch of Pandemonium: camp-fire of the armles of Diabolus: wrath of the mountains in full bloom; shimmering incandescence: pyrotechnics of the planet: furnace-blast of the ages: Kilauea!" But, my friends, mightier, higher, vaster, hotter, more raging is the volcanic Mountain of War. It has been blazing for hundreds of years, and will keep on blazing until, until, -but I dare not hazard a prophecy. Can it be that its fires will ever be put out? Can it be that its roar will ever be silenced? Can it be that before our Zerubbabel that blazing mountain will ever become a plain?

Sometimes a general begins a battle

before he is ready, because the enemy

forces it on him. The general says, 'The enemy are pushing us, and so I open battle. We are not sufficient to cope with them, but I hope the reserve forces will come up in time." The battle rages, and the general looks through his field glass at the troops, but ever and anon he sweeps his fieldglass backward and upward toward the hill, to see if the reserve forces are coming. "Hard pushed are we!" says the general. "I do wish those reinforcements would come up." After awhile the columns of the advancing cavalry are seen tossing on the ridge of the hill, and then the flash of swords, and then the long lines of mounted troops, their horses in full gallop, and the general says, "All is well. Hold out, my men, a little longer. Let the sergeants ride along the lines and cheer the men and tell them reinforcements are coming." And now the rumbling of the batteries and gun-carriages is distinctly heard, and soon they are in line, and at the first roar of the newlyarrived artillery the enemy, a little while before so jubilant, fall back in wild retreat, their way strewn with canteens and knapsacks and ammunition, that the defeated may be unhindered in their flight. That is just the way now. In this great battle against sin and crime and moral death the enemy seem too much for us. More grogshops than churches. More bad men brayado and the force of great num bers. They have opened battle upon us before we are, in our own strength. ready to meet them, and great are the discouragements. But steady, there! Hold on! Reinforcements are coming. Through the glass of inspiration I look, and see the flash of the sword of "him who hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written King of kings and Lord of lords." All heaven is on our side and is coming to the rescue. I hear the rumbling of the King's artillery, louder than any thunder that ever shook the earth, and with every roll of the ponderous wheels our courage augments, and when these reinforcements from heaven get into line with the forces of God already on earth, all the armies of unrighteousness will see that their hour of doom has come, and will waver and fall back and take flight and nothing be left of them save here and there, strewn by the wayside, an agnostic's pen or a broken decanter or a torn playbill of a debasing amusement or a blasphemous paragraph, or a leper's scale, or a dragon's tooth, to show they ever existed. Let there be cheering all along the lines of Christian workers, over the fact that what the shovels fail to do will be accomplished by the thunder-bolts "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

The mountains look on Marathon. And Marathon looks on the sea. Shrine of the mighty can it be

That this is all remains of thee!

Club of San Francisco.

Years and years ago when the Bo-

How Dr. Holmes Joined the Bohemian

nemian club of San Francisco was in its infancy, there was a "Jinks." Now, a Jinks, especially a Jinks in a Bohemian club, is not conducted on strictly temperance principles. This one was no exception to the rule. Tommy Newcomb was president of the Bohemian club in those days, and under his supervision the reins of discipline were drawn but laxly. The subject of the Jinks was the then famous Protessors at the Breakfast Table. One member recited "Old Ironsides,"and a moment later another

capped it with "The Height of the Ridiculous." The "Chambered Nautilus" was followed by "The One-hoss Shav." And so it went until some spirit bolder than the rest indited a telegram to the good, gray poet of Boston, informing him of his election to the Bonemian club, with all privileges appertaining thereunto, and sent it before the more sober members Now, Boston is three hours nearer

the rising sun than San Francisco. The telegram had scarce left the club rooms before some mathematically inclined member had discovered that it would be midnight or later ere the New England doctor and poet would receive his notification of election.

Judge the astonishment of the rollicking Bohemian crew when a uniformed messenger of the telegraph company ran up the steps with the following message and asked: "Is dere any answer?"

Message from San Francisco Whisper low, Asleep in bed an hour or more ago. While on his peaceful pillow he reclines. Say to his friend who sent these lovin: lines: "Silent unansweriat, still to friendship true.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. And thus was Holmes made a member of the Bohemian club.

He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you'

WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1896. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 hushels, corn 260, Wheat 60 bushels, I'o atges 1,660 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc. \$10.00 FOR 18 CENTS.

Just Send This Notice With 10 Cents stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed

samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n. Col. T. W. Higginson in his reminiscences in the January Atlantic speaks of an interesting coincidence. It was often his habit to read far into the night; and sitting up until four one morning, he left his book mark at an unfinished page, having to return the book to the college library. A year later he happened to take the book from the library again, chanced to get up at four o'clock to read, and began where he left off. Afterward looking in his diary he found that he had skipped a precise year between the two days and continued reading the same passage.

New Line to Washington.

The popular Monon Routchas estabished a new Sleeping Carline to Washington, D. C., via Cincinnati and Parkersburg, by the C. H. & D., B. & O. S. W. and B. & O. Railways. The sleeper is ready for occupancy in Dearborn station any time after 9 p. m., and leaves at 2:45 a. m. daily, arriving at Washington at 6:47 the following morning. This schedule will be in effect on January 24 and thereafter. As the sleeper goes through without change. and the hours of leaving and arriving are most convenient, this will prove altogether the most comfortable, as well as the most picturesque route to the national capital. City ticket office, 232 Clark street. Depot. Dearborn Station.

The Climate of Thibet. Anthropologically considered what an enormous strain there must be on the man, as an animal, when exposed to the wild changes of temperature which he experiences in twenty-four hours when living on the isgh Thibetan ranges. There is not a night in the year that water does not freeze, while at mid-day the heat is often

The Most Unique Calendar of the Season Has just been issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. Copy can be secured by sending six cents in stamps to cover postage, to A. J. Smith, G. P. A., Cleveland.

120 degrees.

She Was a Hygienist.

The robber knight pleaded. "May I not hope," he asked, "to exact a tribute from those sweet lips?" His fair captive shivered. "If you can find it in your heart to take advantage of my helplessness-" In her voice was the dull, leaden ring of despair. "To force attentions upon me that are so very unsanitary." From all of which it became at once apparent that the lady had followed the scientific discussions of the day.

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Fgg-Shells.

The employment of egg-shells for ornamental purposes is extremely ancient. A manuscript in the Harleian collection represents a number of egg shells ornamented in the most elegant and costly manner. Miniatures were often painted upon egg-shells with extreme care, and shells thus curiously decorated became valuable and highly-esteemed presents. in Venice young noblemen frequently lavished large sums of money upon portraits painted within egg shells intended as presents.

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Volces of the Nations. The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.

Calendars and Coupons.

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A new monument to Garibaldi, and perhaps the finest in Italy, is to be erected in Rome next September. It is to stand on the Janiculan hill, opposite the dome of St. Peter's. It is said that there is not a town in Italy, or even a populous village, that does not contain statues of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi. The great monument to Victor Emanuel now in course of erection on the Capitol hill will have cost \$5,000,000 when completed.

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Abbreviations, contractions, obsolete words and proper nouns are n allowed. The same letter must not occur twice in one word, but may be used in other words. In case two or more winning lists contain the said number of words the neatest and best list will take first place, the other ranking next below in the order of quality. Residents of Omaha and win ners of former prizes in World-Herald contests are not permitted to com pete directly or indirectly.

No contestant can enter more than one list of words, and each contestant is required to send, in the same letter with his list, one dollar to year's subscription to the OMAHA WEEKLY WORLD-HERALD. Every competitor whose list contains as many as twenty-five whether he wins a prize or not, will receive

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the news twice a week, and hence is nearly as good as a daily. This is the paper of which W. J. Bryan was editor for about two years prior to his nomination for the presidency, and is the leading advocate of free silver coinage. This ad will not appear again. ADDRESS

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