THE NORTHWESTERN.

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LOUP CITY, - - NEB.

The United Kingdom has colonies and possessions whose area is equal to more than twenty-seven times her own size.

Among the ruins of Pompeii have been found chafing dishes of exquisite workmanship, which give undisputed proof of their use in the city, which contained villas of many wealthy Romans.

Northern Indiana farmers are experimenting in the domestication of quail. During the winter the birds are fed regularly, and on some of the farms they have become so tame that they roost with the barnyard fowls.

The watchfulness of members of congress is not always rewarded in a way anticipated. Two resolutions recently offered in the house requested the president to return to that body two private pension bills. A member of inquiring mind wished to know what was the defect in the bills. "There is no defect," was the reply. "The beneficiaries are dead."

Quite as remarkable as the wrecking of the Pacific Mail line steamship Rio de Janeiro just at the entrance to San Francisco harbor on Feb. 22 is the total disappearance of the wreck. Divers have explored large areas of the bottom of the sea at the point where the wreck is supposed to have occurred, but not the slightest trace of the ill-fated ship has been found.

One of the most prominent Baptist preachers in the vicinity of New York has made it a practice in all his pastorates to write his resignation within a week of his entrance upon a new field, sign, seal and deliver it to the proper official with the remark: "There, now! Never ask me for my resignation. Whenever you want me to go just break open the envelope, write in a date to the document and offer it to the congregation."

The recent appointment of General Chaffee as major-general is the first instance of a private attaining that rank in the regular army of the United States. "I should know that Chaffee was not educated at West Point," commented a military visitor at the review of American troops in China last summer. "He is so unused to full-dress uniform that he has his sash over the wrong shoulder." It was true, and all the more honor to him for his success.

A recent importation of foreigners against which no one will be likely to take exceptions, except, perhaps, the natives they have come to destroy, has been graciously received and welcomed by the quarantine officer of the California State Board of Agriculture at San Francisco. The newcomers are a consignment of tachina flies from the grasshopper tribe—their wholesale exterminators, in fact, wherever found. They came as cold storage passengers and with them came a large number of ladybugs, for service in clearing the orchards of red scale—the pest of fruit growers. The flies are to be released in May. They will make short work of the grasshoppers, which swarm at that time.

A college professor, reading Lord Rayleigh's "Theory of Sound" a few years ago, became particularly interested in that part which relates to the vibration of cords. He began to study the waves which travel along a cord when one end is shaken, and then to experiment with cords loaded at intervals with weights, and vibrating in air or water. What could he hope to learn from such investigations? What practical results were to be looked for? He could not tell, nor could any one else have told. Yet he studied the subject for five years. The facts he discovered make it probable that telephone communication may take place under three thousand miles of sea, and the professor has sold his invention for half a million dollars.

The German army has furnished another terrible illustration of what dueling means. An infantry captain present at an officer's dinner took offense at the innocent but rough horse-play of an army surgeon, and struck him. He then retired to his quarters. In a little while two officers representing the surgeon appeared with a challenge. Before they could deliver it a brother of the surgeon entered and shot the captain dead. His excuse was that he sacrificed himself to save his brother, the surgeon, who had a wife and children, and could hardly hope to survive a duel with the offended captain, a noted pistol-shot. Such an incident must come home with peculiar force to the emperor, who has frankly commended dueling in the army as the proper way for a soldier to protect his "honor."

The name of Sing Sing, so far as the New York village is concerned, is no more, having been changed to Ossining. Manufacturers brought about this change, the impression having gone abroad that all goods turned out in the village were prison-made. The village showed a decrease in the last census of 1,313 in population, though neighboring places showed uniform increase. Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813 and the prison was erected eleven years later. The prison is still within the village boundary lines.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RESURRECTION OF THE REDEEMER SUNDAY'S SUBJECT

"Now Is Christ Risen from the Dead and Become the First Fruits of Them That Slept"—First Book Corinthians, Chapter Twenty-Five, Twentieth Verse

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Washington, April 7.—The great Christian festival celebrated in all the churches is the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse; I Corinthians xv, 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens. And well may we forgive such a superstition, which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies, and I hear it say, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose and it seems to whisper, "I am the rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." The women came to the Saviour's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre and the stark and the dead must come forth.

The World's Great Conquerors.

If I should come to you and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world you would say Alexander, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Chalons and Atlanta, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. He carries a black flag and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! In the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, "the first fruits of them that slept."

Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that? And you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer. But there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I don't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down one kind of flower seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about everyday life you cannot answer.

Significance of a Great Sound.

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry, "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incorruption." Hundreds of spirits hovering about the fields of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering, hundreds of spirits,hovering waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash goes Westminster abbey, and the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

The Immortal Body.

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations. But in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a differenec between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body. In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face, but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years. But in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day. O glorious, resurrected body!

But I remark, also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an important body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blood vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are at all times trying to get their pry under the tenement or to push us off the embankment of the grave. But, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! O ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning, ye who are never well, ye who are lacerated with physical distress, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

In Heaven.

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonday is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotism on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth his children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to life, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep or to take any recreation or to rest or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired. It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are going to have a body that will never grow weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb if at thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That is a splendid resurrection hymn that we have all sung:

So Jesus slept. God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

The Risen Savior.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers! While you tell of a risen Christ tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after awhile lost his hold on the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy. Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, never more to weep, never more to part, never more to die.

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, and let the associations of this morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. The one hundred and forty and four thousand and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Glorious anticipation!

Blest are the saints beloved of God;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood.
Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their wonders splendid and sublime.

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

CURIOUS IDEAS OF CHINESE.

Belief That Men Should Not Rob Animals of Milk.

A curious system of philosophy regarding eating is evolved by some persons, but the queerest "anti-pronuncia-mento in some time is that published in the Loa Chow Herald regarding the use by man of animal's milk. The erudite Chinese who edit this journal of the twentieth century publish a proclamation which says: "Man should not rob animals of their own proper food; and, of all animals, the cow is the most valuable to man. The sellers of milk blacken their souls for gain; but those who drink milk do so in the foolish belief that it is good for them. Before taking any medicine, we should carefully investigate its properties, and who does so with milk? Milk is the natural food for babes and of young animals; but when adults drink it, do they not thereby endanger the life of the suckling calf, and arouse bitter resentment in the souls of the calf and its mother? Beasts have not the power of speech, and so cannot tell men that by drinking cow's milk they will become like quadrupeds. If men must have a strengthening draught, there are a thousand better things than milk, so why slect that? Besides, the term of life is foreordained and it cannot be prolonged by drinking milk. Everyone who reads this warning is especially enjoined to abstain from milk in the future. Children whose parents will not allow them to drink milk will not be stunted in growth, but they will have their lives prolonged and be immune in epidemics. So it is proclaimed in the Hall of Good Counsel."

Fun and Pathos of Sing Sing.

Of all griefs, probably those are the hardest to bear which, while real and serious to the people who suffer them, are of a kind to excite unsympathetic smiles in everybody else. So it is no wonder that the residents of Sing Sing are eager to change the picturesque name of their village. They know perfectly well that to the outside world Sing Sing means a big prison, and they have wearied of the jests to which the identification of the title and the institution exposes them. So they want to say that they live in Ossining instead of in Sing Sing, and the desire is natural enough. But, unfortunately, it is also funny and possibly it would be wiser to endure their present ill than to bring their sensitiveness to general attention by taking action for relief. And how long would it be, moreover, before the prison association fastened itself upon Ossining? What Sing Sing wants to do is to grow so big that it can win recognition for itself. There is no other cure for its woes, but a cultivation of a philosophical indifference will do much to mitigate them, as it will for most other woes.—New York Times.

It is the opinion of experts that the opening of China and Siberia will disclose large deposits of gold and that Asia after a while will furnish a large part of the world's supply.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, APRIL 21 — LUKE XXIV: 13-35.

Golden Text: Did Not Our Heart Burn Within Us, While He Talked With Us by the Way?—Luke XXIV: 32—The Walk to Emmaus.

13. And behold, two of them went that very day to a village named Emmaus, which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem.

14. And they communed with each other of all these things which had happened.

15. And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

17. And he said unto them, What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk? And they stood still, looking sad.

18. And one of them, named Cleopas, answering said unto him, Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?

19. And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

20. And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and crucified him.

21. But we hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel. Yea and beside all this, it is now the third day since these things came to pass.

22. Yea, and certain women of our company amazed us, having been early at the sepulcher;

23. And when they found not his body, they came, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

24. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulcher, and found it even so as the women had said; but him they saw not.

25. And he said unto them, O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken;

26. Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory?

27. And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

28. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went; and he made as though he would have gone further.

29. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30. And it came to pass, when he had sat at meat with them, he took the bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

31. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

32. And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us, while he talked with us by the way, while he opened to us the scriptures?

33. And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them.

34. Saying, the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

35. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them breaking of bread.

Any one can easily know enough of the Scriptures to see the way to heaven, and to be guided safely through life, as a child may know enough of nature for the ordinary purposes of living. Yet, as in God's works of nature there are untold treasures, and all that even modern science has gained is but a little spray from the great ocean, a small sheaf from the boundless harvest of good things God has laid up for man's blessing, so there are yet untold ttreasures in the Word of God. We are like children who, having learned to read and spell, imagine that we have some conception of the vast and glorious literature into which the simple letters of the alphabet can be formed.

We can often see a thing very clearly after it is pointed out to us, which yet entirely escaped our notice before. We have seen those puzzle pictures in which various forms of persons or animals are outlined by the trees and branches. Sometimes they are very hard to discover till pointed out, but once seen, they are plain at every glance thereafter. A picture explained by an artist has been a new picture ever since, though we have seen it many times. A fact of nature pointed out by a scientist has illumined some portions of God's works which were unknown before. Ruskin's fifth volume of "Modern Painters" has opened the eyes of many to see in clouds and trees and leaves a multitude of things which were unseen, though plain before the eyes. The same is true of many of the best books.

There are promises in God's Word that no man has ever tried to find. There are treasures of gold and silver in it that no man has taken the pains to dig for. There are medicines in it for the want of a knowledge of which hundreds have died. It seems to me like some old baronial estate that has descended to a man who lives in a modern house and thinks it scarcely worth while to go and look into the venerable mansion. Year after year passes away, and he pays no attention to it, since he has no suspicion of the valuable treasures it contains, till at last some man says to him, "Have you been up in the country to look at that estate?" He makes up his mind that he will take a look at it. As he goes through the porch he is surprised to see the skill that has been displayed in its construction; he is more and more impressed as he goes through the halls. He enters a large room, and is astonished as he beholds the wealth of pictures upon the walls, among which are portraits of many of his revered ancestors. He stands in amazement before them. There is a Titian, there is a Raphael, there is a Correggio, and there is a Giorgione. He says, "I never had any any idea of these before." "Ah!" says the steward, "there is many another thing that you know nothing about in this castle;" and he takes him from room to room, and shows him carved plate and wonderful statues, and the man exclaims, "Here I have been for a score of years the owner of this estate, and have never before known what things were in it!"

Recalled Incidents of 1812.

Captain Thomas Sherman of Chelsea, Mass, who died the other day, was able to recall incidents connected with the embargo of shipping during the war of 1812. He was fond of telling of his personal intimacy with Daniel Webster and of his frequent convivial meetings with that statesman. Mr. Sherman led a moderate life, but always claimed that his good health and longevity were due to a reasonable use of alcoholic liquors. A son, Dr. James Sherman, aged 70, survives him.

Flowers in New York.

Five years ago one florist in Broadway sold for the Easter display alone over $100,000 worth of flowers. Fifty-six years ago a single florist did nearly the entire cut flower business in the city, and his sales on New Year's day footed up a total of $200. Sales at retail two years ago on the first day of January amounted to $200,000. Sales for the year 1899 amounted to over $6,000,000. This for New York city alone.

Won His Queer Wager.

An Englishman made a wager that he could cook a plum pudding, ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames, and won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slaking when it came in contact with the water was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

Baedeker Barred.

It is reported that Sultan Abdul-Hamid II., was so annoyed at certain strictures on the political and social conditions of the country that appear in Baedaker's "Guide to Palestine" that he has prohibited its use in Turkey. Travelers are warned that their copies of the handbook are liable to be confiscated at the port of entry.

Live Dummy's Job a Hard One.

A patron of a more or less popular method of advertising says that people who are able to sit in a show window all day, and work in full view of the gazing throng without being flustered are exceedingly rare.

The far-seeing man is not apt to rush into things blindly.

There are a large number of people that think they are among the elect.