REV. DR. TALMAGE'S IMPRESSIVE SER-MON AT THE TABERNACLE.

"The Lord Hath Made Bare His Holy Arm"-A Wonderful Reserve of Power. Achievements Without Effort-On the Winning Side.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21. - Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung this morning by the thousands of Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by cornet and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah lii, 10, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sound-ing the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

THE CREATION OF LIGHT. Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderthan he has ever distributed, more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky, more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The nses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffiansm of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked; against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil-and some of those bare arms are very tired -in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all. except perhaps the fireflies flashing their

small lanterns across the swamp.

MADE WITH HIS FINGERS. But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers, and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fireplace for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and 79 asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, 87 larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace, made out of the one word-Light. The sun 886,000 miles in diameter, 1 do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our noonday san was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

'But.' suys some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar syatem is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The pparm made bare?" No: we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so-'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

THE TESTIMONY OF BAVID. A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Cartyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr.

THE BARE ARM OF GOD "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the allusion of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris - alas, now no more!-you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broach going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became the possession of the throne. and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China 2,800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached or Copernicus or Galilei or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of bolts than he has ever flung, more light our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons and appointed for all worlds their orbits and decided their color-the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux. the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that reverence, from all I can see, God has Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromeda" and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds of the time the world is dark. The on worlds! Worlds under worlds! moon and the stars have their glorious Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, If God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he hence all the inventions for creating do when he puts cut all his strength artificial light, from the flint struck and when he unlimbers all the batteries of his omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched

> arm, but only once, and that in the text of the bare arm of God. A GREAT UNDERTAKING. My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered fore arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw. the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mignty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts

midships. Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaical bowers, has been 60 cepturies pounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the drydock of one word our world was made it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from 462 rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

EVILS TO OVERCOME. Now, fast look at the enthroned difficulties in the way Alag removal of which, Carlyle replied as be glanced upward, the overthrow of which, same to require

the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,-000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmans or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters. At the World's fair in Chicago last tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their beels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world.

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christlike steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the down-trodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake! Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm! AN ECCLESIASTICAL JOKE.

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic s, and resuscitated from these fits he today by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place 73 wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new pinciples from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across continents and now proposes to set up its fitthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups. and the Goodells, and the Blisses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowens, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing presses at Beyroot and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm ancovered, the bare arm of the God of na-

THE NIAGARA OF INEBRIETY. There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeisance and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism. and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions.

tions!

Mississip, i of strong drink rolling through this nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the gulf this mightier flood of sickness and insanity summer those monstrosities of religion, and domestic ruin and crime and hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or spheres without a sin! Why, those killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico. the cashew of Brazil, the basheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guavo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Mo. | that encircles our globe floating not one rocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, men and women on earth, are making the ale of England, the all drinks of America, are doing their best to stupety. inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power, unless re-enforced from the heavens, can never extirpate the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of \$900,000,000 which ram put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowbood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum bath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of gregshops all around the world. Down. thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be queuched! .

PLENTY OF AMMUNITION. But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspa dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read pers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer-meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the wining side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out today is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty joke, at which no man can laugh who in the King's park has begun to play: that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of omnipotence takes the field: when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannons on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and 13 German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The crown prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holi-ness and sin "our eyes are unto the

> A GREAT VICTORY. Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take sternity

hills.

There is a Hudson river, an Ohio, a to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the Gold the glass of propnecy and speaks of it as Sar bankruptcy and woe empties into the stand where the prophet took his stand For sale by Daylo & to be a and look at it as all done. "Hullelmiah, 'tis done.' See! Those cities without A Constantinopie porter, if a tear! Look! Those continents with: is good, can make \$3 17 a week, out a pang. Behold! Those hemis deserts, Arabian desert, American desest, and Great Sahara desert, are all try irrigated into gardens where God walks you in the cool of the day. The utmosphere groan. All the rivers and lakes and busy seasons, 32 cents and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have with everything pestiferous and malev. ing else in future' olent, scarleted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

The Story of a Bell.

In the church tower of the little town of Grosslaswitz, in the north of Germany, hangs a bell, and on it is engraved its history, surmounted by a bas-relief representing a six cared stalk of corn and the date, Oct. 15, 1729. This is the story of the bell: At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Grosslaswitz was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted, but the village was poor, and where was the money to come from? Every one offered to give what he could. but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough for the purpose.

One Sunday when the schoolmaster. Gottfried Hayn, was going to church he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped there by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much. He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until in the eighth year the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it and a cast of the cornstalk to which it owed its existence .-London Globe.

She Silenced Depew.

Some of the best of Chicago's postprandial speakers are of the clergy, and one of the brightest of all of them is Rev. P. S. Henson, the popular paster of the First Baptist church. At a dinner not long ago he was called upon without any warning, and he acquitted himself under such circumstances. He incidentally referred to great men who had been spoiled, like children, by being made much of, and he stated that the only great man who had not been spoiled by being "lionized"

was Daniel. Dr. Henson referred in this connection, too, to Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, the silver tongued New Yorker, who speaks best after he has lost his appetite, and of him he told a story. Dr. Depew, he said, was in attendance at a Baptist social affair once upon a time, and he had a seat next to a good sister, whom he attempted to patronize. "Do you know. madam," he said to her between courses, "I came very near being a Baptist myself." The lady expressed mild surprise, and Dr. Depew proceeded to make it a little stronger. "Yes, I narrowly escaped immersion once," he said. "In-deed," said the lady. "Why, Dr. Depew, I never thought you could disappear from the public gaze long enough for that," whereat Dr. Depew busied himself with the next course and forever after held his peace—on that occasion at least.—Chicago Post.

A Friend of the Family. Mr. Arthur Gilman of Cambridge tells the following story: "You know there was a picture of Mr. Longfellow's children that was copied a good deal which was taken in such a way that the arms of one of the little girls did not show,

burner is employed, from which the heat is cond ceted around the body of the bath by flues, and after doing this duty escaping by a main flue. A bath can be heated in this way in 45 minutes at an By James McNeny, expense of 8 cents. - Hardware.

Give the Boys

A charch to be strong and healthy, feed them with good plater food and k

stready accomplished, and I take my but to we to the accomplished

A Constantinopie porter, if business

Ladie : If you have soft and a long time with diseason on

A line specie

Mrs. N. Mryet v, on General county reasurer of the W. C. I. U. and a very dropped out of them the rigors of the influential worker in the cause of women cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the is the best remedy I have ever tried for old world's name. Let it no more be constipation. It requires smaller doses called the earth, as when it was reeking and is more thorough. I shall use noth-

In Mexico seamstresses are paid 37 cents a day; weavers, 50 conts.

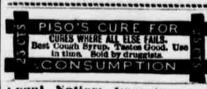
Ladies: Irregularities and all those Land or Beulah or millennial gardens to women are posttively and effectually pains and distressing diseases peculiar cared by using Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles. Deyo & Grice.

> A confectioner in Venezuela can earn from \$12 to \$16 per month.

> Money, experience and skill cannot improve Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles, for diseases peculiar to women. Ladies send to your druggist for a free sample package. Deyo & Grice.

Fig pickers in Asia Minor, if skillful, can make 20 cents a day.

All that money, experience and skill an do has been done in the preperation and manufacture of Dr. Sawper's Pastilles fo ladies. Deyo & Grice.



Legal Notice: Poreciosure of Agisters Lien.

Agisters Lien.

Notice is hereby given tifat by virtue of an gisters lien, an affidavit for which I filed in he office of the county circk of Webster county ciraska on the 9th day of december 1893, for the care, feeding and keeping of one bay rare atth black mane and tail, seven years old, camed "Nell" the property of 1. D. Stucker, for the period of fourteen weeks from the 30th day of August 1803 to the 9th day of December 1893 at the price agreed to by said Sancker of \$2.50 are week, and for the further care and feeding of said mare to the date of this said at the same orice: I will on the 1st day of February 1894, author) offer said mare for sale at ket Coud, Nebraska at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said tay to satisfy the sum of \$25 with cost of keeping said mare from December 3th 1803 to the inte of sale at rate of \$2.50 per week and costs of sale.

A. H. Gray.

CASE & McNitt, Platetit's torneys. Notice to Non-Resident Delend-

ants. In the District Court of Webster county, Ne-

Edward B. Hodge, Abram Scott, Anna Scott, The Nebraska and Kan-sas Farm Loan Co. and Leonard Bevens, Defendants.

To Leonard Beyons, defendant in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 18th day of January, 894, Edward R. To Leonard Revens, dotoniant in the above entitled cause: You are hereby notified that on the 18th day of January, 894. Elw 1d B. Hodgo, plaintiff hereby, fi ed his petition in the district court of We ster county. Nebrasks, against you, impleaded with the other defending that manned in the title of said cause, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the decondants, Abr. in Scott and Anna cout to James H. Talman and now owned by plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in the county of Webster and state of Nebraska, fo-wit: The south-west quarter of section in inhered twenty (20) in township numbered for the first promissory tote, dated August 1st, 1885, and the and payable five years from the date thereof; that there is now one upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$702, for which sum, with increst from this date and cests of foreclosure, plaintiff prays for a decree; that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due; that any right, title, lien or interest owned or claimed by you or any of yor re-defendants in or to said premises be adjuaged to be junit rand interior to plaintiff's dent tereon.

You are hereby further notified that you are required to answer said petition of the daintiff on or before the 25th day of Februar , 1894, and that if you fall to answer the same of or before the and allegation contained in said petition will be taken as true and judgment and decree readered as therein rayed for.

Edward & Hodge

nd decree range.

Datod January 18th, 1894.

EDWARD & HOUGE. BY JAMES MCNENY, HIS Attorney

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.

In the District Court of Webster County, Ne-braska. Preston B Sibley as ex-cutor of the last will and t at m at of Mary E. Enswerth, de-ceased, plaintiff,

John Zackery, Sarah A. Zackery, W.E. Jack-son, executor of the last will and testament of Heavy McCornal, deceased, F. M. Stary, Henry C. Cutter, Corn viny Cutter, The Ne-braska and Kansas Faron Loan Co. and George Winton, de feudants.

was taken in such a way that the arms of one of the little girls did not show, and so it was told about a good deal that she had no arms. One day Mr. Lowell was in a car going by Mr. Longfellow's house, and near him were three women seeing the sights.

"One of them was explaining things to the others, and after pointing out the house she said, 'You know one of Longfellow's children had no arms.' Mr. Lowell thought that story had gone about far enough, so he said, 'Excuse me, madam,' and told her Mr. Longfellow's children all had the usual number of arms. She turned on him with a sniff and a little toss of her head and said: 'One of them has no arms, sir. I had if from a friend of the family.'"—Boston Transcript.

The Bathtub Trunk.

Some novelties in bathtubs are made abroad especially for traveling purposes. They are made of best tinned iron, with japanned oak outside and white inside. The novelty is that they can be closed up with a strap and utilized as a trunk to hold the clothes of the owner. A self heating gas bath is made upon the following principle: An atmospheric gas burner is employed, from which the heat is cond cted around the body of the bath by fines, and after doing this duty.

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Dated January 18, 1824, Paus co. Mai As Executor of and Testana Enswerth, I