

Women

Who are nervous, weak, worn out with local troubles and pure blood, nerve strength, and perfect health in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We do not say the above to raise false hope. It has been the experience of many, very many women in those intensely trying periods which demand and consume so much.

Nervous

force—those special physical trials we delicately indicate by merely using the words—Maid, Mother, Matron.

Like a confidential friend we suggest the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, a reliable blood purifier and tonic; it has helped many others and will help you.

"I was in poor health five years, broken down in strength, and appetite all gone. Local troubles and other weaknesses intensified my misery. Nervous sick

Headaches

dizziness, heartburn and pains in my back made me think I should never be well again. A friend prevailed upon me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon began to improve and in six months it restored me to better health than for years. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla a grand medicine for all troubles peculiar to

My Sex

I am now strong and healthy and can do a good day's work. I stand by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it cured me after other medicines failed." Mrs. LEE DEAN, Carlisle, Illinois.

This and many similar cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents.

THE CHIEF

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Republican Ticket.

For Congress—5th District, W. E. ANDREWS of Hastings.

CLASS OF '96.

more enduring than if engraved on polished marble or burnished brass.

That man who has placed his name on the page of history has done so by his own daily effort.

"Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

Footprints that perhaps another, Treading o'er the same old main, Some other day shall tread, and say: "The bravest were to-day."

Let us then be true to each other, Let us stand as if apart, Still remembering, in our hearts, That in every walk with God, The bravest were to-day.

Dark indeed is that day whose gloom is pierced by no sunbeam, but darker for is that life that leaves behind it no act of kindness engraved on the minds of men, that having completed life's great volume finds every line record of self and selfish motives, that has left no line of good deeds engraven in gold to relieve the dark and somber page.

Friend one to it that at the close of life's great volume the summary shall be noble and enduring; one that thou wouldst not have blotted out, one that is a record of deeds well done, of duties performed, of kind acts done in the kindest way.

Class History.

Once more the wandering world has rolled around its orbit, and again has brought us to the season of flowers and of Commencement. Once again a graduating class greets you. Tonight we stand upon the threshold of life, having drained to the dregs our cups of child joy and sorrow. Tonight we bid adieu to childhood; on the morrow we commence our battle with the world.

As yet, none of us are heroes. No startling events have cast a halo around our names. We have but lived, enjoyed and sorrowed in common with all childhood. Our lives have been like rivulets that flowed through mossy glens, kissed by the sunbeams, and caressed by nodding ferns and clinging vines, with here and there a rapid dashing the placid waters into spray, or huge boulders that chafed and fretted the gentle current. Sometimes, too, ambition has swelled our breasts and heaved and tossed us on its billows, like the rivulet swollen by the mighty torrent of the rain. Like the rivulet, too, after raging and roaring and expending energy, our lives have settled back to their courses, but slightly scarred by the floods.

Were a little band of "seven," the "Class of '96"—seven girls who have progressed from your to year. "Seven is a magic number" (we can't say better) is our

motto. We regret to say that our class consists entirely of girls; yet none, except our prophet, can foretell the vast amount of influence we may exert upon the world. We are sorry that our brothers have fallen by the wayside, but perhaps, in the future, this loss will be, in a measure, condoned by our brothers-in-law.

We owe our parents our deepest love and affection for the many sacrifices and efforts they have made, in order to give us the opportunity which is crowned by the laurels of tonight.

To our superintendent we extend our most sincere and hearty thanks for his ever-ready assistance, kind words, and pleasant smile with which he was wont to greet us, and that have been such a boon to our daily work. He has been with us but one short year, and I can safely say, has found a warm place in the hearts of all his pupils. We hope to have him in our midst for many years to come.

And to our teachers we tender our deepest gratitude for their patience and perseverance during the many struggles with the lessons we must overcome.

Our baby, and one of the brightest of our girls, Jeannette J. Dille, made her advent into the world on All Fools' day, in the year 1879, and a wise choice she made, too, in regard to the day, as she always prefers ten cents worth of fun to three dollars in cash, although the money is appreciated. Her birth-place was Iowa City, Iowa, but, at the age of five, she removed with her parents to Hastings, Neb. Here she began her school life, and attended continuously from the time she was eight years old until March, '95, when she entered our class. Her first punishment was received in the first room. She was very fond of cranberries, and one day, to her great delight, found some within reach of her prying little fingers. In great haste she stuffed them into her first pocket, of which she was so proud. When it was filled to the brim she hurried off to school. In her eagerness she had stuffed her pocket so full that a tiny hole was the result. As she strutted into the assembly room, one by one the cranberries fell out, making a path behind her down the aisle. The children gave vent to their feelings, and poor Jeannette was compelled to stand in front of the school and devour every cranberry. Please don't mention cranberries to her when you pass her Thanksgiving turkey. Jeannette has always been as a ray of sunshine to her home in consequence of her happy disposition, and she is never angry when her friends guff her, even when she once wore a gentleman's shoe.

On the 27th of November, 1878, a little fairy came to Red Cloud and found her way to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow. This little elf is now our beloved classmate, Pearl. She bears the distinction of being the only one in the class who is a native of Red Cloud. At the age of five she entered school, and has attended as regularly as her health would permit. When eleven years old, she went with her parents to California, where she expected to make her future home. While there, a Chinaman fell in love with the little girl and became very anxious to make her his bride. In fact, so much in earnest was he, that he offered her father one hundred and fifty dollars for the coveted prize. This, of course, was promptly denied him, and the poor Chinaman left, broken hearted. After spending a year in Oregon, they, like all sensible people, returned to Red Cloud. She has always been a very industrious pupil, as her teachers will bear me witness. Pearl is loved by her classmates, and holds a warm place in her teachers' affections.

On a calm and balmy evening in early autumn, of 1878, one of the evenings of which Nebraska is so proud, there came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ewmer, in Sterling, a second little daughter whom they, after much consideration as to the proper name for the little lady, decided to call Mary. She has always been of a venturesome nature, having several times narrowly escaped death, and, even then, persisted in her daring deeds. When quite small, Mary was of a very inquiring mind; in fact, she has not yet outgrown it. At a very early age, she learned to make mud pies, and many and varied were the experiments she tried in order to bake them without cracking. Moreover, she was always a sure-footed climber, and many a climbing feat has she performed, much to the chagrin of her playmates, who could not come up after her. But now, instead of climbing ladders, she is building them, and has been in her school life as she was in her climbing, sure of a good foothold ere she advanced into the unknown difficulties that surrounded her.

Our valedictorian, Mamie E. Weideman, was born in Atlantic, Iowa, but moved to Kansas, and from there to Nebraska when but a small child. Most of her education has been obtained in our schools. By the position she holds this evening, you may see that she has always been a very studious girl. For the past year, all pleasure, and even exercise, has been laid aside for her school duties. As fair as her face, we find the record of her school days—equally as clear and transparent. She was, without doubt, the most perfect in deportment, for, when the trying days came in which we must refrain from whispering, many have been the times that she, among our class of girls, was the only one who could truth-

fully say she had not broken the rule which, to the rest of us, seemed so severe. We may surely place Mamie under the studious list. Not only does she study for the knowledge that may be gained by careful, persistent research, but for the pleasure she derives from it. Thus it is that she may gracefully bear the honors of our class of '96, and to her we cheerfully resign the position she has so justly gained.

On the 9th day of the blustery month of March, 1877, a wee cherub arrived in Lincoln, Neb., the chief possession of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bell. Not many days had passed by when the name, Jennie Gertrude, was bestowed upon the first baby of that happy household. At the age of eighteen months, the first great event in Jennie's life took place. Her proud and happy mamma took her to the baby show that was held during the fair, and, much to her delight, her darling baby carried off the first prize. At the age of two years Jennie narrowly escaped death from a severe burn, but, by tender nursing, she was saved to help swell the number of the Class of '96.

When still small, she went into the country to spend a few days, and, as all city-bred young ladies are wont to do, wandered about to see how things are conducted on a farm. Suddenly she ran, greatly frightened, to her mother. When asked the cause of her fright, she said, in a trembling voice: "The cow looked cross-eyed at me!" At another time she saved a little boy's life, and has ever since been quite fond of that sex. At the age of fourteen, she came to live in our midst and entered our schools. She has completed the four years' course in the high school, and is now prepared to enter life's duties as—I will leave that to our prophet.

We have with us, this evening, the proud parents of two-sevenths of our class, and we rejoice with them. Their first child and oldest daughter, Lucy, bears the distinction of being our salutatorian. She was born in Sterling, Neb., November 5, 1876, but, at an early age, had the good sense to move to Red Cloud. Here she has acquired her entire education. The record of her school life might be summed up in the two words, "well done." She has ever escaped the teachers' reproving words, and has always been very studious, spending her time to her own profit. When quite small, it was her delight to commit verses of poetry and repeat them to her seniors, for which she received great praise. Lucy was a great pet with her grand parents, and, on this account, was called, by a jealous aunt, "The Queen of the House," and this was given her as a pet name. When only four years old, she was called upon to encounter with a rattlesnake, and, for a time it seemed that the snake had got the better of the conflict, as her life was despaired of, but finally she rallied from the effects, and now recalls the fact as an unusual event. As soon as she arrived at an age when she could be in somebody's way, she took a great liking to house-keeping, and has not, as yet—although it might be expected—taken a dislike to it.

And, lastly, your historian was born July 25, 1878, on the eastern shore of the beautiful Lake Michigan, in the city of Ludington. At a very early age, she accompanied her parents into the west, and, for some unaccountable reason, made Red Cloud her destination; therefore, as she has been in your midst so long a time her history is known to each of you.

It is with dread and misgiving that we look to our prophet to see what the future has in store for us. Let us hope she may have mercy on our unprotected state, and prepare a brilliant future for each one of us.

One Chord from Nature's Melody.

In the poetic and beauty-loving minds of the ancient Greeks; the planets as they danced on their journey around the sun, were supposed to keep time to rhythmic measures too fine for mortal ears, and whether or not the conception of these children of nature was true; all around us, by the ear that is not too gross, may be heard the sweet strains of nature's melody responding to every vibration of our souls.

In every created thing there is a spirit that moves and thrills, ever seeking to express itself in forms and symbols of beauty. We see it shimmering on the glimmering sea; we catch its refulgent light from the glint of the emerald meadows; we hear its songs from the deep shades of the verdant woodlands. It is ever present in the graceful bend of the drifted snow, ever proclaiming that God is everywhere. E'en within our own forms of clay the spirit of God is indwelling, always attune to nature's sweet and ever varying melody, responding to the beautiful symphony of youth, feeling;

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, And spreads her sheets of daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea. Now larklets wake the merry morn Aloft on dewy wing; The merle in his noontide bowt Makes woodland echoes ring."

And thus, "Admiring nature in her wildest grace," likewise the youth, when entering in upon life's doorway, is admired and cherished as something bright and attractive; and

"The sun is bright, the air is clear, The daffodil swallows' song and sing, And, from the stately elms, I hear The lark's shrill prophesying strain, My God, that near'st this simple rhyme, Begot thy youth, it will not stay, But in the morning, if thy path, For God, it is not always May."

Everywhere is this child of nature met with and in many different forms, each doing its part in composing the sweet strains to which all nature is attune. One may go to the extremities of this earth, yet:

By the dusty roadside, On the sunny hillside, Close by the noisy brook, In every shady nook,

It comes creeping, creeping everywhere, Here it comes creeping, creeping everywhere, Its humming song of praise, Most fully it raises,

To him at whose command Creeping, silently creeping everywhere, It beautifies the land.

Yet how often in the early bloom is this young life cut down and, though mourned by the few, forgotten by the many; still this must be borne by all.

"E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate, That fate is thine—no distant date Stern Fate drives, elate, Full on thy bloom,"

Thou crushed beneath the furrow's weight Shall be thy doom!"

And all must with the poet sing: "Farewell to the mountain high covered with snow, Farewell to the streets and green valleys below; Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods; Farewell, in the torrents and loud pouring floods."

As one departs from spring and enters summer in all her brightness and thinks: "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, comes perfect days; Then heaven itself the earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it gladden; The cowslip starts in the meadows green, The buttercup throws up all its blades, And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean."

To some happy creature's pleasure: The little bird sits at his door in the sun, And like a blossom among the leaves, And lets his blushing breast o'errun With the dawns of summer if he chooses; His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings, And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings to the wide world and she to her nest.

In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?"

At this time of the year all hearts are glad and mirth is everywhere to be found; and

"Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it, We are happy now because God will it."

There are days which occur at the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony as if nature would indulge her offering.

"While summer with a nutmeg grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade."

Now while everything is at its height of beauty and all are sending forth sweet fragrance upon the summer air, one feels like saying

"Hail, old patriarch trees so great and good; Hail, ye plebeian underwood! Where the pebble birds rejoice, And their great nests and pious food, Pay with their grateful voices, Nature does not do a house erect Here, the wisest architect."

Now like a shower that refreshes everybody and makes all feel as though new life had entered; then like the shadows that hover over the starry spheres and the quiet darkness that weeps in rainy tears, comes the summer. How pleasant to meditate upon all these things as one lies on the cottage chamber bed and silently listens to the soft rain pattering overhead.

"Every thicket on the shingles Has its echo in the heart; And a thousand dreary fancies Into busy being start; And a thousand resolutions Weave their bright hues into woe As I sit on to the patter Of the rain upon the roof."

In the morn the first thing one hears is the sweet singing of the birds in the trees.

"How pleasant the life of a bird must be, Flitting about in sweet leafy trees, In the leafy forest, or on the hill, Like a green and beautiful silver ball, With its airy plumage light as a down, That open to the sun and moon That open to the bright blue sky, And the fresh winds as they wander by, They have set their nests in the forest boughs; Those hours of delight they need not know, And the young and old, as they wander on, And receive the green world round about; And here, at top of this leafy and How much to the other they lovingly call 'Sweet air, come softly, they remain to say, Where the larklets wake in the breezes way.'"

Here we find nature to be the great criterion which dwarfs every other and judges like a god all men that come to her.

Scrofula

Is a deep-seated blood disease which all the mineral mixtures in the world cannot cure. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy for blood diseases and has no equal.

Mr. Y. T. Buck, of Delaney, Ark., had Scrofula for twenty-five years and most of the time was under the care of the doctors who could not relieve her. A specialist said he could cure her, but he filled her with arsenic and potash which almost ruined her constitution. She then took nearly every so-called blood medicine and drank them by the wholesale, but they did not reach her trouble. Some one advised her to try S.S.S. and she very soon found that she had a real blood remedy at last. She says: "After taking one dozen bottles of S.S.S. I am perfectly well, my skin is clear and healthy and I would not be in my former condition for two thousand dollars. Instead of drying up the poison in my system, like the potash and arsenic, S.S.S. drove the disease out through the skin, and I was permanently rid of it."

A Real Blood Remedy. S.S.S. never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, or any disorder of the blood. Do not rely upon a simple tonic to cure a deep-seated blood disease, but take a real blood remedy.

Our books free upon application. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



crowded house into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap up their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively important, escape the false views and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us.

Here no history, or church, or state is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

"Pushing the clouds of earth aside, Leaving the dark where foul things hide, Spreading its leaves to the summer sun, Bondage ended, freedom won: So, my soul, like the ivy leaf, Rise for the sunbeams' call, as for thee! Wrapping itself around the giant oak, Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke; Strong and brave is the fragile thing. For it knows one secret, how to cling; So, my soul, there's strength for thee! Hear the Mighty One, 'Lean on Me!'"

Now comes the busy time of the year, when all things are harvested and gathered into barns, likewise in the autumn of life one gathers in the spoils of hard labor and prepares himself for the long winter which follows.

"While a autumn, beneficent kind, By the wind's sweet breath is blown, And sees, with self approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed."

At this time the trees and foliage take on the brilliant colors and show that king frost has made his early visits and we may well sing with Longfellow

"The day is cold and dark and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the moustering wall, But what avails that, should the sleet fall, And the day's work is done, and weary, Our lives are cold and dark and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; Our thoughts all cling to the window-pane, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the day is dark and dreary."

Now on the threshold of life's winter we are standing, looking back and enumerating all things attempted; those which failed and those accomplished. How many of our hopes have become mere and withered, and scarcely give a rustle in the woodland of our life; when

"There is never a leaf on bush or tree, The bare boughs rattle shudderingly, The river is dumb and cannot speak, For the weaver Winter its shroud has spun."

For, like

"The sun on the brief December day, Breathless over hills of gray, And dully strives to give its heat, A sadder light than waning moon, Slow trailing down the following sky Its mite and ominous, desolate, A portent seeming less than threat, It sinks from sight before it sets. A chill no coat, however stout, Of homespun stuff can shut out; A hard, old bitterness of cold, That checks mid-winter, the circling race Of life's blood in the sharpened coils, The coming of the snow-storm bells."

Then

"Out of the bosom of the air, Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest fields forsaken, Silent and soft and slow Descends the snow."

And

"We seek for a shelter from cold and snow, The light and warmth of long days, Though the ages roll on, still nature remains her every grace, for time makes no changes with her; she is ever the same, simple and beautiful. And it is of nature as Teasnyson sings of the "Brook."

"For men may come and men may go, But it goes on forever."

Yes, goes on forever, the same nature is today as was a century ago and I ever will be throughout all eternity; for

"The nature, in her calm, majestic march, Patient with age at best, does the bright sun grow dim as heaven when the dew slipped, Spring comes on, Brooding she with airs less soft, or seems the sky

With flowers less fair than when her reign began; Does faithful Autumn, to our age deny The plenty that once swelled beneath his soverdign eye?"

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth

In her fair page; see, every season brings New changes, to her, of everlasting youth; Still the green soil, with joyous living things, Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings, And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep Of sweet repose, and where the things The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep In his eloquent arms, the earth, the air, the deep."

Thus through endless ages the ever changing seasons roll. Through infinite time nature's varying forms have delighted the eyes of all her children. Throughout the coming aeons will her beauties be spread abroad. Her sweet and majestic melody will continue to entrance in all the countless ages to come. Ever near, and ever dear. Each blade of grass tipped with the sparkling diamonds of dew is constantly pointing to that newer world whose brighter beauties never fade. Whose sweeter melodies never pall.

JENNIE G. BELL.

It does not Pay to experiment with medicines. Hogg's Blood Purifier is no novelty. A record of twenty years proves it to be the best known formula for enriching the blood and driving from the system those impurities which breed disease. For sale by C. L. Cotting.

Go to Peterson's and get an Ohio cultivator.

Wanted, Stock to Pasture, Good shade and plenty of water. Terms reasonable. Pasture five miles south of Rosemont. JOHN KRIGER, Rosemont, Neb.

When your eyes commence to ache and the tears gather in them, and your head aches, it is your eyes pleading for help. Newhouse Bros. will help them.

H. E. Pond has 320 acres of well fenced and well watered pasture land for rent cheap.

For a fine hair tonic call on Hutchinson & Hiett, the barbers.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Nervous Prostration

Cured by Dr. Miles' Nerveine. Prolonged derangement of the nervous system not only affects the brain and mental powers, but develops disease in some of the vital organs. This most dangerous of these indirect results is when the heart is affected. This was the case of the Rev. N. F. Surface, Fawn River, Mich., who writes under date of Feb. 14, 1895:



"Fourteen years ago I had a slight stroke of paralysis, which resulted in nervous prostration, and I was unable to do any of the exertions which my duties caused heart palpitation, and I was almost blind. I used various remedies, and was cured by Dr. Miles' Nerveine. I am now as well as ever, and feel as if I had never been afflicted with this disease. I have not had any more of these attacks since I began using your medicine, and I have you to thank that I am alive today."

On sale by all druggists. Dr. Miles' Book on Heart and Nervous Disorders FREE by mail. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

Dr. Miles' Nerveine, Purgative, Rheumatism, Weak Backs, Astringents, only 25c.

As near as I can get at it Newton alone has expended for poultry and products \$65,500, and I am assured by both poultry dealers that this estimate is low.

These figures show that the poultry industry, as a branch, is one that rates on a basis of dollars and cents, just as does any other branch of farming. No luck about it. Banish from the mind at once the idea that luck has anything to do with success in poultry raising. When you hear that some one has "good luck" in raising chickens, rest assured that they give their flocks proper care and attention, and that their so-called "luck" consists in practical business methods.

Industry and close attention to details are necessary to successful poultry raising, but they are not the only or even the chief factors of success. There was a time when the best farming was the result of increasing toil, with comparatively little thought. The necessity for work has not ceased, but the need of study or "brain work" has enormously increased, and in poultry keeping, as in other forms of labor, it clearly marks the difference between failure and success. In other words 'tis not the business that succeeds, but the man or woman in it, and the one who puts business methods into poultry keeping never fails of success.

I will suggest a few of the ways in which good business ability is shown.

In the first place use pure-bred stock. One is not likely to give first-class attention to scrub stock, and so there is no doubt but that pure-bred stock leads to better methods.

In the second place, and I don't know but it should come first, don't inbreed. More evils and loss of profit result from this practice than from all other sources, lice included. In no place is the saying that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," more appropriate than in the raising of poultry; and if there ever is a time when I am strongly tempted to put cleanliness first, it is in this connection.

Some men practice economy, chiefly when buying for their wives, and on the same principle the men who have granaries, corn and hay structures, hog houses, horse, cattle and sheep barns galore, tell their wives that it wouldn't pay to put up the new hen-house she asked for, and at the same time permit, (I almost said expect) their better halves to purchase the groceries for a family of six or eight, (with an occasional plug of tobacco thrown in) with the proceeds of the poultry yard, with no better facilities for housing than is given by the top of an apple tree, or a 10x12 house, which leaks badly, and has openings between the boards on the sides, through which the wind whistles in a manner mournful enough to suggest an Aeolian harp. Still, I must insist that one of the requisites of profitable poultry raising is a suitable house, which should be made as secure against drafts as possible, with boards and building paper, a door on the east, which should fit closely, and a window on the south of glass with board shutter to close at night.

Browned Turnips.—Pare and slice turnips, put in a saucepan; cover with boiling water; add a little salt, and let boil until tender; take up and drain. Put two tablespoonfuls of pork drippings in a frying pan, and set over the fire to heat; add the turnips; stir and turn until brown; dredge, salt, sugar and pepper.

The old-fashioned, hand-woven quilts, such as our grandmothers made are now the fashion for porties. Those which were woven in blue & white are just the thing for a bedroom. Though they may look a trifle faded this will not detract from their artistic value. Besides being used for porties these old-time spreads make admirable couch covers.

Whatever God asks of us is a noble service.