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## 1516 AND 1518

Capitol Avenue.

### ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

**Priest O'Carroll Declares It is Through the Roman Church.**

**Protestants Treated to a Tongue Lashing at a Funeral in Pella, Iowa.**

The Pella (Iowa) Times of the 23d inst. contained the following account of a funeral held in that city one week before:

Last Friday, as noted in our last issue, occurred the funeral exercises of Mrs. John Welch, but as the occasion proved to be one of more than usual importance, on account of the ecclesiastical complications, we feel disposed to note the facts of this good lady's funeral ceremonies. She had lived in this community about half a century and was well known as a kindly disposed, charitable, believing Christian. Her husband, John Welch, had in his early life been a Catholic, but long years ago he threw off and repudiated the usurpations of the priesthood of that church, and declared his disbelief in the power of any priest to decree the saving or losing of any soul, and to this day stoutly refuses to accept the ministrations of the Catholic clergy. The old couple were not members of any church, though charitably inclined toward all except the Catholic,

toward which the old gentleman has always been hostile since his withdrawal from it. Accordingly, when the last rites were to be performed for Mrs. Welch, Rev. Westfall, of the Methodist church, and Dr. Stoddard, for the Baptist, to which churches members of the deceased lady's family adhered, were invited to hold services at the home, which they did. But the Priest O'Carroll, of Oskaloosa, had been summoned, and having previously by a sort of "ex-post-facto" ratification confirmed the rite of baptism administered by a relative to the deceased during her sickness, came to celebrate mass for the repose of the soul of the good woman which had passed to its rest and reward two days previously without his let or hindrance. Upon arrival at the house of sorrow, the priest discovered the presence of the Protestant clergy, and beat a hasty retreat lest he be contaminated by association with heretics, and hastened to his parish church, leaving word that he would await the coming of the funeral procession at that place.

In due time the body of the deceased, borne by the hands of life-long Protestant friends, accompanied by the sorrowing relatives, filed into little St. Mary's, in deference to the wishes of the Catholic relatives, to permit the rites of that church to be performed for the dead.

After the priest had celebrated mass and before beginning his sermon, he said he wished to make a few explanations, and recalling the services of the Protestant clergymen who sat before him, he told the relatives that had he known that others would have officiated, "I would not have come at all. You might have known better, if you have a particle of sense! Are you all idiots? Think of it! Two roads to heaven, one Catholic, one Protestant! Don't that look ridiculous? There is only one church, and that is the Catholic church, and there is only one way to heaven, and that is through the Catholic church." And so it came that the priest's "explanations" were drawn out into about two hours of the most bitter abuse of Protestants and Protestantism: the most dogmatic defense of creed and priestcraft and the bitterest invective against everything in opposition to Catholicism.

Not one word on the immortality of the soul; not one word of cheer to humanity; not a star of hope was allowed to gleam and glitter and guide to the mansions of light; not a word about the Saviour of man, or the potency of his blood that trickled on Golgotha for the saving of the race. Only the cracking of the whip over the backs of the

quiescent faithful; only the flaunting of the "keys to the kingdom" in the face of the Protestants; only the boasting of the bigoted self-styled viceregent of Jesus, such as would gladden the hearts of the most thirsty pope that ever speculated in the "stocks" in the heavenly kingdom and trafficked in the blood of Jesus in the middle ages.

The Protestants who were present still live, enjoying good health and happy in the hope of salvation, yet quietly humming:

'And are we still alive, and do we still rebel?

'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace that we are out of hell.'

And the soul of Aunt Rachel Welch has gone with confiding trust into the presence of that Judge, the quality of whose mercy is not determined by the frailty of human judgment, though emanating from the mind of priest, prelate or pope.

John Welch still lives, wearing complacently his crown of more than ninety years' scolding priest and pope, and glad that it is not in the power of man to bar him from mercy and justice, and more willing to accept damnation at the hands of a just Judge than wear the chains of human creeds coupled with man's impotent and impudent promise of salvation.

In the death of this good old woman, and the sadder ending of the life of Joseph Gregoire a short time ago, was it the Church of Rome that showed its claws, or was it simply the mad roaring of the irresponsible and insulting priest known as Mr. O'Carroll? A few more sermons (like his last and a few more exhibitions of his priest-ridden creed like he has recently given will suffice to dissolution more than a few of his parishioners in Pella who have been greatly enlightened by his recent deliverances.

### No Men Like the American Men.

"I'm glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Enquirer reporter, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London and went abroad with a friend who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and oggle and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I did not understand anything they said. There are no men like the American men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am now, after having seen those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than any place on earth, and I don't want to cross the ocean any more."—Exchange.

### WELL KNOWN IN BOSTON.

**Brave Old Veteran Patriot, Rev. J. G. White, Assailed by a Tough.**

LEXINGTON Ky., Nov. 22.—Rev. J. G. White, of Stanford, Ill., lectured at the Auditorium here, his subject being "Romanism Not of God." He spoke under the auspices of the A. P. A. When two-thirds through his lecture Mike Scully walked down the aisle nearly to the rostrum, and in a loud voice began calling the venerable minister vile names and abusing him in the vilest language. Forty hands instantly went to the handles of forty revolvers, each man waiting for Scully to attempt to strike the speaker. This he failed to do. The greatest excitement prevailed and a number of people left the house. The ladies present were badly frightened, and a panic was barely averted by Rev. Mr. White's coolness and assurance that there was no danger. Finally an officer was secured and Scully was arrested.—Boston Daily Standard.

### Reforming the World.

If, as we are told, charity begins at home, it is a fact even more to be emphasized that reformation should begin at the same place. Reformers, as a rule, take very little of their own medicine. They deal in theories that are warranted to fit—somebody else, and never once dream that they are in much greater need of their own ministrations than those for whose enlightenment they labor so tirelessly day after day.

Especially are there people in plenty who desire and profess to believe in a universal religion. They want to measure all humanity by their own yardstick, and weigh them by their own scales. They do not seem ever to have thought that religion, as well as potatoes and posies, is affected by environment, and that it is scarcely possible to raise in one soil and under one sun the identical product that an opposite part of the world produces.

Truth is the germ of all good, and from it comes every form of religion and most of the characteristics of civilization. Go where we will, seek it in whatever country we may, the good can be traced back to the same original idea, whether it be the blind idolatry of the heathen, the aesthetic piety of the priestess of old, the stalwart honesty of the backwoodsman, or the fire and fervor of the evangelist. It is all one, and with one inspired and inspiring sentiment as a fountain-head.

With the shortsightedness that belongs to human nature, we are disturbed at the lack of uniformity in religious matters. Cautious and troubled

about many things, we give more time to worrying about differences in religious and moral ideas than to the propagation of the ideas themselves. What is wanted is a persistent, intelligent and devoted cultivation of the truth, a careful planting and watering of the highest type of morality. And with these we must not forget that there is a personal fastidiousness that goes a long way toward stimulating growth in grace. Every child should be taught daintiness of mind as well as of person, and impressed with the idea that it is a great deal better to cultivate Christian truth in a clean mind than in one that is overgrown with the tares and weeds of vicious thoughts and evil habits.

There is a great deal of time consumed nowadays in arguing as to which "ology" is true and which "ism" is most worthy of adoption. It matters not a whit whether any or all of these doctrinal points are adopted or rejected. Indeed the world would be quite as well off if ninety-nine-hundredths were swept from its records. They neither make nor mar the beauty of holiness; neither do they insure salvation nor guard against the destruction that awaits those who pursue the ways of sin, regardless of truth, right or justice.

The thing that is needed most of all is that all religious bodies, wherever they may be and by whatever name they may be called, shall ignore denominational differences, forget the hair-splitting of doctrines, and give more attention to the planting and production of pure and simple gospel truth.

Reforming is conducted very much on the principle of painting, which is laid on as a surface coat, instead of being a thorough clearing out from the very marrow of the bones. When the material dwelling gets shabby and unsightly, and shows evident need of reforming and reconstructing, the painter and decorator come in, scrape the walls a little to make them smooth, or sandpaper the paint off for the same purpose, and then go on to produce beautiful and artistic results with paint and kalsomine. This is precisely what a great many reformers do in their zeal for accomplishing something. They seem to lose sight of the fact that the entire inner and outer man must be regenerated and purified. This, under ordinary circumstances, is the next thing to a hopeless task.

While it is true that the outer appearance must be improved in order to correspond with every inward change, it is equally true that there is far too much stress laid on outward indications. A reputation and a character

are widely different things. One is the estimation in which men hold the individual, his standing in the community and his general effect as viewed from without; the other is what the man really is, judged by his intrinsic value, and it is this and this alone that should be adopted as the true standard of the worth of the individual.—New York Ledger, Nov. 23.

### A Romish Insult.

One of the most insulting contentions of the Romish church is that wherein the Protestant mothers of the country are regarded as concubines and their children as illegitimate. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, in a pastoral letter, says:

"There are Catholics who, despising the authority of the church of Jesus Christ, and almost abjuring their faith, apply for the celebration of their marriage to a civil officer or a Protestant minister, not only exposing themselves thereby to make a contract that has no force before God, and consequently does not prevent their intercourse from being a horrible concubinage, but also committing really a sin of sacrilege, partaking of the enormity of a sacrilegious communion received at the hands of a minister or a magistrate. We therefore ordain that in no case whatever can a Catholic be married by any other officer than a priest without subjecting himself to excommunication."

### Illiteracy in Portugal.

The Portuguese census of 1890, the results of which have only just been published, proves the astonishing fact that among 5,049,720 inhabitants there are more than 4,000,000 who can neither read nor write. The census states that there are in Portugal only 938,165 persons who can read and write, in addition to which there are 110,607 who can read only. These statistics probably account for the royal decree enacting the organizing of 500 schools until the end of 1895 and 800 more normal schools until the end of next year.—American Patriot.

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### A Lady Makes Money.

Mr. Editor:—I am always interested in reading of the success of others and will tell of mine. I tried school teaching, clerking and sewing, all hard work for small pay. I met a lady making \$15 a week selling the National Dish-washer—best made. I ordered 1/2 dozen, washed mother's dinner dishes in two minutes sold all first afternoon; profit \$12. The next week I made \$17, in a month \$143; I am a good talker. I buy of the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; they are very kind to me they manufacture aluminum and electric goods, many new, rapid selling articles for agents. Others can do as I have by writing them. CORA MILTON.



B. F. O. Roke and Daughter

### He Can't Live

Sold my friends and neighbors. I had Dyspepsia 16 years; physicians and change of climate did not help me. But Hood's Sarsaparilla

did me more good than all the doctoring. I can now eat, sleep and work. My daughter also had distress and rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla made her stout, well and healthy. B. F. O. Roke, Fairview, Kansas.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

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