

Guarded and Kept

Elijah, the Prophet, Preserved During the Years of Famine.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1908, by the Author, W. S. Edison.)

Scripture Authority.—1 Kings 17 and 10th verse of Chapter 18.

SERMONETTE.

Elijah lived in the spirit and confidence of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm. During all these terrible three years while King Ahab and his emissaries scoured the land and sifted the nations round about seeking in mad rage for the prophet that they might kill him as they had killed all the priests of the Lord upon whom they could lay their hands, Elijah rested safely and peacefully under the shelter of the Almighty. No evil could come to him, for God's hiding places are beyond man's power to find, and God's resources for supplying the needs of the body are infinite.

There were only two things the prophet needed to do in order to bring himself within the sphere of God's perfect care. To OBEY and to WAIT.

Obedience made him the bearer of an unwelcome but needful message. He dared to speak the truth, even to the king. It is not honeyed words the world needs, but the burning words of God's judgment on sin and his call to righteousness.

Obedience made for the prophet powerful enemies who sought his life, but obedience also made certain the unflinching friendship of God.

Obedience made him a fugitive and drove him from the fellowship of man, but it also won for him the fellowship and hospitality of God.

And having obeyed, he waited. Perhaps this is the hardest test to which the servant of God can be subjected.

To push boldly into the presence of the king and bluntly give God's message took courage, but to wait, just wait, during the weeks and months while God's word was being fulfilled; to wait, just wait, while the devouring drought wasted the land; to wait, just wait, until God spoke, even though the angry king had decreed your death and was sending his soldiers to take you; there is where the real testing comes; there is where sublime faith is needed to keep one steadfast.

To wait on God is to make certain that you do not miss the only door of escape to God's sheltering care. Elijah waited even until the king had spoken the sentence of death upon him, even until the shadow of the executioner had fallen across the doorway of his humble dwelling, and then God bade him go to the brook Cherith.

It pays to obey God and then to wait, for "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

THE STORY.

FULL three months had passed and no rain. The ground was parched and dry, and even the choice pasture lands of King Ahab began to fail, so that the herdsmen were anxiously questioning whether they should turn to find good food and water for their flocks and herds.

Only that morning the head keeper over the sheep had arrived with re-

ports of the growing severity of the drought, and Obadiah, the governor of the royal household, had taken the king word. Ahab listened with troubled heart to the disheartening reports. The brazen skies and the parching ground had not escaped his eyes even in the beautiful palace grounds at Jezreel, and the laugh of scorn with which he had dismissed the prophet Elijah three months before had given place to one of apprehension and fear. No rain had fallen since then. Would the word of this "crazy Tishbite," as he called him, really come true? What would three years bring forth, when already but three months had passed and the land was even then beginning to feel the lack of rain?

Ahab asked himself these questions as he sat alone after dismissing his servant, and then rising impatiently he went to the window and looked out. How cruel the sun seemed as he poured his withering heat upon the earth. How brazen and empty the sky. He searched its blue, clear depths from horizon to zenith in a sort of desperate hope that he might discover some vagrant cloud which would give promise of the needed rain.

"Can the word of this uncouth Gileadite shut up the heavens that they give no rain?" he angrily exclaimed.

"And is my lord the king content to suffer such a low-born fellow to trouble him?" spoke a voice behind him. There was a cruel, harsh contemptuous ring to the words as they fell with accentuated intensity, and Ahab turned suddenly to look into the beautiful face of his wife Jezebel.

"Let Baal our god drink the blood of this pestilential fellow," she continued, with an air of decision, and then as though the only question which remained to be settled was the manner of carrying out her decree of death, she added:

"Let the servants of the king be dispatched at once to seize the prophet, and I will see that the prophets of Baal are prepared to receive him. It will be a great day for Israel, and Israel shall know that Baal is god, indeed, and that he knoweth how to destroy those who are his enemies."

"But suppose the God of Elijah had shut up the heavens and was mightier than the god Baal?" questioned Ahab, a rising fear taking possession of his heart.

"Wouldst thou leave the worship of Baal to serve the God of this wandering Tishbite?" contemptuously demanded Jezebel. "Are not the gods angry with us because such a pestilential fellow is suffered to trouble the land, and will not rain come when the affront to Baal is wiped out with his blood?"

"Perhaps," admitted Ahab.

"Nay, not 'perhaps,' but for a truth. Will thou not send and search for this fellow?" Jezebel pleaded in softer, quieter mood, and by way of reinforcing her appeal she threw her beautiful arms about his neck and looking into his eyes, she whispered softly: "Where is there more glorious king than thou? Be king indeed in thine own land. He who dares to speak curses upon the land let him feel the king's displeasure."

"Thou hast spoken well, I verily believe," exclaimed Ahab, yielding himself to the charm of those eyes and that face, for long since had this beautiful but wicked woman gained complete ascendancy over him and she knew how by her wiles to completely dominate both the political and the religious atmosphere of Israel. It was her influence which had established the worship of Baal so completely upon Israel, and it was she who was now ready to boldly and fearlessly take issue with the prophet of the Lord and bring him to an accounting.

And so it came to pass that day ere the sun had set that messengers of the king were speeding here and there in search of the prophet Elijah. They had traced his movements from the time of his meeting with Ahab through the various places he had visited since then and came at last to the dwelling in a little village where it was

said that the prophet had taken lodgment.

To the insistent, imperious knock of the soldiers the door was at last opened, and, in spite of the protests of the woman who came to the door they pushed their way in and demanded to know where the prophet Elijah was. Powerless to resist, the woman led the way to the little room where the prophet had found shelter and pushed open the door. Eagerly the soldiers crowded in, but the room was empty, and search the house from end to end as they might no signs of the prophet could be found.

"When did he leave?" demanded the soldiers. "And whither went he?" "I know not," faltered the woman, a light breaking in upon her puzzled heart, "save that last night I heard him speaking as though in prayer and then heard him moving softly about his room. After that I fell asleep and heard nothing more, and still supposed he was resting and meditating within, as was his wont."

Baffled and disappointed, the messengers of the king reported to him, and at once Ahab sent messengers into all the nations about demanding whether the prophet Elijah had come thither, and asking that diligent search be made for him. Thus was the quest kept up, man measuring his skill with that of the Almighty God and always being disappointed and baffled, for who is there who can search out the hiding places of God? And who is there mighty enough to harm when God holds within the hollow of his hand? But to the land of the Zidonians the messengers came not, for Jezebel exclaimed with lofty scorn:

"There be none in my father's land who would give shelter to Elijah, for all there are worshippers of Baal, even as are the people of Israel since we destroyed the remaining prophets of the Lord."

But Jezebel knew not that within a stone's throw of the palace walls in the caves in the hills 100 prophets of the true God were sheltered, and that in the very heart of her father's dominions, where she supposed the worship of Baal ruled supreme, there was a poor widow woman into whose heart the light of the true God had come and who was prepared to receive the hunted servant of the Lord and give him shelter.

SHOWS THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Labor-Saving Devices That Would Astonish Our Forefathers.

When McCormick built his first hundred reapers in 1845 he paid 4½ cents for bolts. That was in the mythical age of hand labor. To-day 50 bolts are made for a cent. So with guard-fingers; McCormick paid 24 cents each when James K. Polk was in the White House. Now there is a ferocious machine, which, with the least possible assistance from one man, cuts out 1,300 guard-fingers in ten hours, at a labor cost of one cent for six. Also, while exploring one of the Chicago factories, I came upon a herd of cud-chewing machines that were crunching out chain links at the rate of 50,000,000 a year. Near by were four smaller and more irritable automata, which were biting off pieces of wire and chewing them into linchpins at a speed of 400,000 bites a day.

"Take out your watch and time this man," said Superintendent Brooks of the McCormick plant. "See how long he is in boring five holes in that great casting."

"Exactly six minutes," I answered. "Well, that's progress," observed Brooks. "Before we bought that machine it was a matter of four hours to bore those holes."

In one of its five twine mills—a monstrous bedlam of noise and a wilderness of fuzz, which is by far the largest of its sort in the world—there is enough twine twisted in a single day to make a girde around the earth.—Everybody's Magazine.

If only men bought things nobody would ever have issued trading stamps.

A Peculiar Name.

There is a post hamlet in Cass county, Missouri, with nothing peculiar about it except its name, and that is Peculiar. Its origin, according to local tradition, was as follows:

When the settlement had become sufficiently populous to need a post office, one of the prominent citizens sent a petition to Washington to have one established. In due course the petition was granted, and he was asked to suggest a name that would please the people. He replied: "The people are not particular so long as the name is peculiar."

Thereupon the post office was christened Peculiar, and the name has never been changed.—Sunday Magazine.

Might Guess, Otherwise.

Dugsby—"Do you know where I am going next month?" Warsworth—"Not if you live."—Somerville Journal.

Persecution.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.—Whately.

HER GOOD FORTUNE.

After Years Spent in Vain Effort.

Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago



I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys. Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly discolored. I lost flesh and grew too weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS LECTURE ON JOB.

Brother Dickey Thinks He Was Over-rated as Patient Man.

"I dunno what dey call Job a patient man fer," said Brother Dickey, "kaze of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he sho' wuz de growlinest. But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—that he did. De devil say: 'Looky yere, Job, yer in my power, now, an' I gwine ter flict you wid a few biles.' An' Job say: 'All right; I kin stan' it ef you kin.' But de biles commence ter break out so thick an' fas' dat Job say: 'Looky yere, man, dese ain't no biles—dis de smallpox, sho' ez you bo'n.' An' he eetch and eetch so dat he had ter scratch his-self wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in a high win' and blow down Job's house; an' dat wuz too much. So ol' Job lif' up his voice an' he say: 'Looky yere, I bargain fer biles, but I didn't want no harricane th'owed in fer good measure.'—Atlanta Constitution.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

Cause for Alarm.

A young man had been courting a girl for nine years. "Jennie," he said, one evening, "I read the other day that in 50,000 years Niagara falls would dry up."

Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, you promised to take me there on our bridal trip. Don't you think you had better be a little careful that it does not dry up before we get there?"

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Sophistry.

"Dear, I only play poker for fun." "But you bet, don't you?" "Well, there wouldn't be any fun without a little betting."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Every Lover of Good Music

should take advantage of the offer the Jerome H. Remick Co. of New York make in the advertising columns of this paper to send for 25 cents the words and music of nine of the best pieces of the Merry Widow Opera, all the rage at present in London, Paris and New York.

The best acting at an amateur performance is always done by the people who sit down in front and act as though they enjoyed it.

Digestive Difficulties? Headache? Sal-low complexion? The remedy is Garfield Tea, the Herb Laxative. Write for samples. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If a young man sits half the time on a hot stove and the other half on a cake of ice it's just like being in love.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The average man's idea of a good sermon is one that goes over his head and hits one of his acquaintances.

Hem the Ends of a Veil.

As a rule it is no easy matter to hem a veil, as the flimsy ends have a most provoking way of slipping out of the fingers and from under the needle. It is really easy, however, if done in this manner: Baste an inch hem in each end of the veil and then baste a piece of paper under the hems. When this is done, stitch the hems on the sewing machine through the paper. The paper then may be carefully torn off. The veil should be pressed with a warm iron and special attention given to the hems.

Hot Ham Sandwiches.

A housewife who was tired of serving cold sliced ham advises other people to try hot ham sandwiches.

"Cut thin slices of white bread and spread half of them with soft butter and the remaining half with finely chopped ham," said she. "Press the slices together and remove the crust. Beat one egg slightly, add one-half cup milk and strain over the sandwiches. When moistened place them in a hot frying pan with two level tablespoons of butter. Brown on both sides and serve at once."

Open Peach Pie.

Line a rather deep pie plate with a layer of good crust, made in the proportion of one-half cup shortening to one cup pastry flour, a saltspoonful of salt and a third or less of a cup of ice water. Bake the crust as for a lemon pie. Fill with fresh peaches, sweetened and cover thickly with whipped sweetened cream. Some good cooks advise the addition of a little apple marmalade to the peaches, holding that the combination of flavors is pleasing.

"Kitchen Minded."

"Kitchen minded" is an epithet applied to women who are too much engrossed with domestic affairs. The word is evidently meant as a reproach. No doubt there are women who give too much time to the kitchen, as there are others who give too little. Who will undertake to decide just how much time is enough? That a woman should grow to like the place in which she passes most of her time is not strange. She might become parlor-minded; but many, like George Eliot, enjoy a clean kitchen best of all.

Apple Ketchup.

Stew the apples and strain them, use them instead of tomatoes with the same spices, onions, celery, cinnamon, red pepper, cloves, salt and vinegar. In making ketchup make use of every bit of jelly or preserves of any kind.

Prevent Chipped China.

Cut about one inch of ordinary rubber garden hose and slip over the end of the faucets in the kitchen sink. It will prevent many a nick in beloved china.

Filling for Fancy Pin Cushions.

Always a new wrinkle from the young woman of "faculty" who knows how to do everything the nicest and easiest way. Rice, she says, makes the best possible filling for a fancy pin cushion, as it holds its shape well and takes the pins easily.

Boiled Cider Sauce.

Beat one egg yolk in sauce pan over boiling water, add one tablespoon of brown sugar, beat, then add three-fourths cup of nice boiled cider. Continue heating until smooth and foamy.

Lincoln Directory

HARDY'S

THE most attractive and up-to-date Furniture and Carpet Store in the State. One of the show places of Lincoln.

Make our store your headquarters when visiting the Capitol City.

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Stoves and Hardware.

NEW LOCATION: 1314-1320 O STREET LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

HERBERT E. GOOCH

BROKER AND DEALER
Grain, Provisions, Stocks, and Cotton.
Main Office, 203 Fraternity Bldg.
Lincoln, Nebraska.
Bell Phone 512 Auto Phone 2359
Largest House in State

A. G. DAVIS & CO. Wall Paper

Wholesale and Retail
Our 1908 Sample Books are now ready for shipment to any dealer or paper hanger.
1234 O ST., LINCOLN, NEB.

EDUCATIONAL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Affiliated with the University of Nebraska at Lincoln. Greatest College of Music in the West. Send for beautiful catalog to W. L. AND KIMBALL, Director, Lincoln, Neb.

LAW'S STERN GUARDIAN HANDY

"Cop" Feared Statesmen Were on Verge of Physical Encounter.

A scene that was more than farcical occurred in the house of commons last session, according to London M. A. P. Two of the most respectable members of the house were seen with their coats off, and with a staid old policeman standing between them.

The two had been downstairs to wash their hands, and by some mischance had changed coats. They went into the house together. One of them, putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out an old briar pipe of very strong flavor. It was not his. He looked at the coat, also that of his neighbor, and, turning to his friend, said:

"Excuse me, but I think you have put on my coat."

"I beg your pardon; I have done nothing of the kind."

"I think," replied the other parlia-

mentarian, "this is your pipe; and if you put your hand into the right-hand pocket of the coat you are wearing you will find a cigar case."

"Dear me!" was the reply. "you certainly are right. What shall we do?"

"We cannot change in the house," observed the first member. "Let us go into the division lobby."

Here is where the policeman came in. Seeing the two facing one another, and, at the same time taking off their coats, the policeman feared the worst. He rushed up, and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Not here, jeans."

How Combination Works.

"Take rum and honey for colds," is a doctor's advice. The honey will kill the taste of the rum and the rum will fill the remembrance of the grip cold.