

W. W. SANDERS, Prop.

NEMAHA, NEBRASKA

When monarchs seek the simple life their subjects can well afford to follow their example.

Absence only makes Henry James fonder of America. That is why he stays in England all the time.

The hours we spend in wishing and craving for the impossible could be better spent in working for the attainable.

A man of intelligence, wealth and power who treats his subordinates with rudeness and insult is a natural coward.

People who show no kindness or mercy in wealth and power will certainly receive none when poverty comes to be their lot.

The man who doubts and the man who scoffs have this difference between them: The one uses his reason and the other his passion.

Possibly sleeping-car porters may become so wealthy that they will turn the tables and tip passengers who have made the jaunt unkindly.

Prof. Ross says the idle rich are more dangerous than the hoboes. It must be admitted, however, that they are less apt to hit you with a piece of gaspipe.

"Only people with a million or more can afford to have 'stuporous melancholia,'" says the Washington Herald. Well, it isn't exactly a disease that many of us crave.

If the learned professor of Harvard should speak politely to the laboring man would not the laboring man give the learned professor a seat? Let the learned professor try it.

They are talking of sending wireless messages around the world. For what purpose? So that a man can telegraph to himself instead of tying a string around his thumb when he wants to remember something?

King Menelik of Abyssinia claims to be the descendant of Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and certainly it is no violent wrench of facts to say he is a much better behaved old fellow than some of our distinguished senators.

We do not know that it will make any particular difference in the world's history whether Gladys is happy or not. Would some of her patriotic advisers guarantee happiness for her with an American husband whom they might pick out?

The Sheridan statue commission has approved and accepted the model of the statue of Gen. Philip Sheridan, which is to ornament Sheridan Circle, Twenty-second street and Massachusetts avenue, in Washington. The model is the design of Gutzon Borglum of New York.

The battleship Mississippi has been accepted by the government. It is in order now for somebody to discover that she was constructed along antiquated lines and that it would be preposterous to expect her to last more than one round in a battle with anything bigger than a rowboat.

Farmers in many parts of the country have been able, owing to the mild winter, to do a good deal of work, according to reports, but have found it difficult to get help in spite of the number of unemployed men in cities. Getting up at 4 o'clock a. m., and going out to feed the stock does not appeal even to the hungry men.

Orsa, in Sweden, has, in the course of a generation, sold \$5,550,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching, and many other things.

Now a movement has been started to compel women to take off their hats in church. The movement might as well be dropped at once before its advocates lose unnecessary sleep and grow thin through worry. If a woman is to take off her hat in church, what, she will naturally argue, is the good of her Easter millinery? The logical conclusion of this argument is too self-evident for formal statement.

Helen Keller's latest intimate and detailed account of her experiences and emotions in an existence where she is deprived of sight and hearing and restricted to the three other senses, is a remarkable paper in many respects. But is not more remarkable declares the Boston Herald, than her declaration that if a fairy bade her to choose between the sense of sight and touch she would not part with the warm and endearing contact of human hands. Those who possess both gifts of sight and hearing would perhaps ponder long before choosing.

FAITH IN ECLIPSE

Elijah, the Prophet, Flees from the Wrath of Queen Jezebel.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Scripture Authority.—1 Kings, Chapter 19.

SERMONETTE.

Elijah is not the only servant of God who has gone from glorious victory on the mountain top down into the valley of discouragement and doubt.

Here we find exemplified that which is more than apt to be characteristic of every Christian—the extremes of experience. The exaltation of the mountain top with its victories through faith, and the discouragement of the valley with its ignominious flight.

There is great contrast between the heroic figure of the prophet fearlessly facing the 850 prophets of Baal, and the fear-stricken prophet fleeing from the angry threat of a wicked woman. And yet the only difference was that in the one case faith linked him with God, and in the other doubt shut out the vision of God and made him forget his power.

Faith as it finds place in the life makes all the difference in the world as to the manner of expression of that life. Faith is needed in the times of great service and testing when the eyes of the people are upon us, and it is needed in the quiet moments when we have not the stimulus of active service to buoy us up.

The really weak moments of the servant of God nearly always come in the time of reaction, after the successful service has been rendered and nerves and heart and brain no longer feel the high tension.

It is in such moments of weakness that evil comes to put us to flight and makes us forget that the God who sustained on the mountain top of service is able to guard and keep during the seasons of rest and retirement.

What encouragement there is in this story of Elijah for the Christian who fails. How patiently and lovingly God dealt with him; and how loving and patient God is with his failing children. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

"The flesh is weak," as God knows. We fail as did Elijah even while our hearts desire better things. But in such moments God does not cast us off. Nay, rather, he sends ministering angels to succor us and to lead us to the mountain of his presence where with the still small voice he may speak to our souls and restore us to his fellowship and service.

THE STORY.

IT IS marvelous how quickly nature recovers from the dry, scorching period of the drought when the refreshing rain comes. We have all seen grass and leaf and flower brown and withered and dry and have judged that it was past reviving, when behold the rain has kissed its withered surface, washing away the choking dust, and the refreshing water has trickled down to the rootlets and given them drink so that they could pour new

life and beauty into the plant above, and we see the face of nature transformed and beaming forth with new life and beauty.

So it was in the land of Samaria. The drought of the three years had been ended by that wonderful down-pour of rain and where before there was nothing but dry, brown grass and curled, withered leaves the sun rose upon a scene of reviving green. Throughout the land there rested a subdued consciousness that it was the God of Israel who had wrought this change. If the tragic events on Mount Carmel had made the people tremble and fear before the majesty and power of God, the blessing of the rain had revived their faltering and wayward spirits and brought a new consciousness of God.

"Even Jezebel, who heretofore hath murdered the servants of the Lord, must know that the God of Israel is the one God and that Baal is no god at all," exclaimed the prophet Elijah as he walked forth the morning after his coming to Jezreel. How glad he felt that his long period of exile was over. How good to see the smiling face of nature as she struggled back to her verdant green.

"God hath wrought mightily. Now will the people listen to the voice of God's servant and be led from the worship of Baal to the worship of the true God. The land hath been purged with the blood of the false prophets and surely now the people will throw down the high places and altars erected to these strange gods and will return to the worship of God. I am glad that God hath permitted me to live to see this day."

And the prophet sat down beneath the shade of a friendly tree which stood in his pathway and gave himself up to the contemplation of the reforms which he hoped he would be able to bring to pass in Israel. He felt he could count on the help of the people and even of King Ahab. The shout of the people as they had seen the answering fire of God's power descending and consuming the sacrifice, still sounded in his ears: "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

"Yes," echoed the prophet, "he is the God. The people and Ahab have so declared, and even Jezebel, I verily believe, will yet give up her idols and serve the living God."

Approaching footsteps interrupted his reverie, and he looked up to see a man approaching whom he recognized as a messenger from the king by his distinguished garb.

"Perchance the king hath sent for me to consider matters of reform," was the first thought of the prophet, and rising he took a step eagerly forward and then stopped as the messenger threw himself at his feet and cried:

"Evil hath been spoken against thee, and Jezebel hath sent me to say that ere to-morrow's sun hath set she will have made thee as one of the prophets whom thou didst slay at the brook Kishon."

Such a revulsion of feeling as swept over the prophet only those who have been suddenly plunged from the highest aspirations to the lowest depths of disappointment and despair can understand. The elation and hope which had been his but a moment before died within him and in its place came a sense of unutterable loneliness and weakness.

"But Ahab is not consenting to this?" he exclaimed at last.

"He raised no protest when Jezebel sent me."

"But it cannot be that he will so soon forget the experience on Mount Carmel, and his acknowledgment of the true God before all the people," protested Elijah, clinging desperately to the hope that Ahab would certainly stand between him and the threat which Jezebel had made.

"Yea, perhaps he would desire to save thee, but thou little knowest the awful fury of this woman Jezebel," said the messenger, lowering his voice and stepping near the prophet as though he feared some one might overhear his words.

Sick at heart, the prophet turned. He had no heart to ask more questions or to make further protest. Silently he retraced his steps to the place where he and his servant had spent the night, and at every step the panic of fear and discouragement grew upon him. He looked with suspicion upon everyone he met, fearing they might be the avenger sent from Jezebel to fall upon him and slay him. He made a wide detour to escape a man he saw coming in the distance, and when the man called to him and proclaimed himself a messenger from the king with important tidings for him, he bade him stand at a distance and deliver his message.

"It hath been told thee what Jezebel hath sworn she would do to thee," cried the messenger. "Now, therefore, the king hath sent saying: Flee for thy life ere the queen find some hand to do her bidding and strike thee down. Make haste! Flee!"

Poor Elijah! With one cry of anguish and despair he turned and sped toward his lodgings and paused only long enough to bid his servant follow him, and then taking the road southward towards Beersheba, he fled with desperate haste, looking ever and anon behind him to make certain that he was not being pursued. On and on he went, resting neither day nor night until he had come to Beersheba, where he left his servant and then pushed on into the wilderness and at last fell from sheer exhaustion under the shade of a juniper tree.

"It is enough," he exclaimed, in anguish of spirit. "Now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

And then unconsciousness came to relieve him of the anguish and sorrow which filled his soul.

And while the prophet slept with the angels to guard him, what of the woman Jezebel back in Jezreel? In the frenzy of her mad passion she sought hither and thither for one who would carry out her threat against the prophet's life, not knowing that he had fled. All the prophets of Baal were dead and the awe and fear which came at Mount Carmel still rested upon the people, so that there was no one who dared undertake the desperate commission. In vain she searched everywhere for one who would obey her commands and then in the wild frenzy of her wicked heart she declared she would do the deed alone if there was one who would bring the prophet before her. But to her queries as to the whereabouts of the prophet there came the answer that he had gone and no one knew whither.

BEAR TRAP SET FOR OFFICERS.

Surprise for Deputy Marshals in the Tennessee Mountains.

The gaping jaws of a bear trap is what confronted Deputy United States Marshal John Blankenship, Deputy Marshal George Sharp and others when they made a raid the other night into the mountains of Blount county.

In the posse were the two deputies mentioned and Deputy Revenue Collector J. S. Remine. They left this city and went to the North Carolina line, and there located a distillery alleged to have been owned and operated by "Uncle Sam" Burchfield. It was in the fastness of the mountain, and as the officers were just on the point of leaping from the roof into the little house Messrs. Blankenship and Sharp spied the bear trap, and crawled back.

They were both on the point of leaping down at the same time, and had they done so they would have been instantly caught in the trap. The trap is said to have been one of the largest ever seen in the mountains of East Tennessee.

Burchfield had escaped, but it is said that he will be arrested; but the officers in quest of him will look out in the future for man traps as well as bear traps.—Knoxville Sentinel.

A woman can economize more with one dollar than a man can with \$20.

Worthy of Ananias.

Henry Hellenwig, a farmer of Clinton, N. J., recently gave his daughter a zither. She played the instrument about the house continuously, mastering "Old Black Joe" and "Home, Sweet Home." One afternoon Hellenwig, stretched on a lounge, looked up to the mantel where an old clock had lain tickless and backless for years. A big mouse sat within, drumming out chords with his fore-feet upon the loose coil of wire on which the hammer used to strike the hours. Three smaller mice appeared, and, each strutting on a separate wire of the coil, played "Home, Sweet Home" and "Old Black Joe." Hellenwig was lured back into slumber, from which he did not again awake until his family returned home, after dark.

"Talk about nerve!" shouted the great financier. "The fellow actually had the nerve to call me a barefaced robber."

"Oh, well," we gently interposed, "in his chagrin over his loss it was no more than natural that he should fall to notice your mustache."

Swearing the Witnesses.

Town Cynic—"I don't like th' way they're doin' business over in our court house." Friend—"Why?" Town Cynic—"Tom Simmonds, the court crier, tells me that some one stole the court Bible more'n a month ago, an' since then he's been swearin' the witnesses on the town directory."—The Bohemian.

They Had.

Three-year-old was listening to the phonograph. It was singing a duet—an elaborate operatic selection for soprano and a contralto voice. When it ended he approached closer to the machine, peered into the horn and then asked: "Mamma, have the ladies gone away?"

Let Malefactors Begin.

A witty Frenchman was asked if he did not think it was high time to stop putting men to death. "Yes," he answered, "but let the murderers be the gentlemen to begin." The same rule applies to all phases of the warfare between criminals and society.

Philosopher's Praise of Poverty.

Oh, poverty, thou art a severe teacher! But at thy noble school I have received more precious lessons, I have learned more great truths than I shall ever find in the spheres of wealth.—Rousseau.

An Insidious Remedy.

The Buffalo News has discovered that rum and honey is a fine remedy for grippy colds. It is to be hoped the News will not find that its cold has become chronic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made with a Penknife.

Hiram Martin of Reading, Penn., with a pocketknife made two miniature boats, one a steamer and the other a canal boat, each nearly four feet long, and one year was devoted to the task, during spare moments.

Immense Block of Stone.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in Britain was taken some time ago from the Plankington bed, near Norwich. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over 35 tons.

Paint the Lowest Step.

Paint the lowest cellar step white if the cellar is dark. This plan may save a fall and will do away with feeling for the last step when going downstairs.

Lesson Taught by Life's Ills.

He who has not known poverty, sorrow, contradiction and the rest, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling.

Beati Mortui.

Some workmen in Oregon used an empty nitroglycerine can to boil some water in. Right. You guessed it the first time. It did.

Have Learned Lesson.

Widows are attractive because the game of matrimony has proven to them that amiability and kindness are the only cards that win.

Worth Remembering.

In escaping from a fire crawl along the floor. Smoke ascends and there is always a current of air along the floor.

Protein in Orchard Grass.

Orchard grass is richest in protein, being 4.9 to 100 pounds, almost double that of timothy.

Improvement on Opium.

In some parts of China the natives have taken to raising grapes and making several kinds of wine.

Lincoln Directory

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SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS

I know there is not much sentiment in our present order of business. Yet we will never call out the fine heroisms of men until business in some way has been made the perpetual body of the noblest sentiment of the heart. Business ought to be made into a working form for the Golden Rule. Even as things are, we sometimes hear of a man who does what he can to order his business in the light of this lofty ideal. In the depression of 1893 a manufacturer in the west determined not to let the hard times break up his working force, his economic family. He had scores of men and women working for him. He could have shut down and let these workers walk the hopeless streets—these workers who had built up a fortune for him. He could have given them over to an enforced idleness, to the fang of want or the worse fang of public charity. But this business man, with a light on him from the Mount of Olives, this unworldly wise man, went right on

with his factory, losing money with open eyes for a year. He sacrificed goods, he mortgaged property, he borrowed money, that he might see his men through the perilous crisis. This is practical loving; this is religion in action.—Success Magazine.

The Rev. Ng Poon Chow, the Chinese editor, who addressed the Interdenominational Missionary conference in Calvary church last night, aroused the risibilities of his audience by a well meant comment on the new army which his country is now developing. "China," said the learned Oriental, "is raising a standing army of one million men."

After a pause, in which he allowed his auditors to grasp the extent of his statement, he added with an imitable Mongolian lisp:

"China has never had a standing army. It has always been either a running army or a sitting army."—San Francisco Chronicle.