

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**  
 Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist today and get a FREE sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

The Spanish children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes Christmas eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar plums on Christmas morning.

A great many people will be interested in reading the advertisement of the New York Life, printed in this issue, giving the results of the recent examination of the company by the New York insurance department, showing the assets of the company to be over \$120,000,000 and its surplus over \$14,000,000, and also showing the results of the company's twenty year "Ten use policies, which are now maturing.

In recent years a number of expeditions, scientific and commercial, have touched at Nova Zembla, but the island is still little known, and even the greater part of its coast line is not yet accurately laid down on the maps.



**Nothing like it**  
 —Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's as peculiar in its composition, as in its curative effects, in all the diseases and disorders that afflict womankind. It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a positive remedy for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper. You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only one that's guaranteed to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

**Kennedy's Medical Discovery**  
 Takes hold in this order:  
**Bowels.**  
**Liver.**  
**Kidneys.**  
**Inside Skin.**  
**Outside Skin.**  
 Driving everything before it that ought to be out.  
 You know whether you need it or not.  
 Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by  
**DONALD KENNEDY,**  
**ROXBURY, MASS.**

**SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE**  
 THE GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If your fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price 50c and \$1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters.

**ANAKEN'S INFANT RELIEF**  
 THE GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If your fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price 50c and \$1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters.

**RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**  
 BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.  
 DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.  
 HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

**HALF AN HOUR IN HEAVEN**

The Only Time in All Eternity That Silence Reigned.

The Riders on the White Horses Reined in Their Chargers, the Doxologies Were Hushed and the Trumpets Ceased to Sound.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 31.—Dr. Talmage has of late been preaching on texts of scripture that seem to have been neglected and here is a sermon on a beautiful text which probably was never before selected for a discourse: "viii: 8: 'There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.'"

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The bible represents it as active, with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was, and I do not know when it was, but on the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

And, first, of all, we may learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World-making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to, there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right (and I believe they are) there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels and the crashings and the splittings and the uprons and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Ofttimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to do, is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at 2 o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters died. The remaining child by sunstroke had become insane. The afflicted man said: "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven. Oh, the power of patience silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever got  
 By him who fastest runs,  
 Nor the battle by those popell  
 That shoot with the longest guns.

My friends, the tossing sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ in the amount of noise it made, for, he said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of silence. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day, or whole week, or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonia and Hippicus—had been going on for a long

while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and shoved them it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were 1,100,000 dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which 844,000 Christians suffered death and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial program is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantatas, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let the 144,000 get through each with his own story, and then the 144,000,000, and then the 144,000,000,000, and then the 144,000,000,000,000.

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up; so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see; so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained; so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation. How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors, who died not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master-miner who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying: "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery;" and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth, we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it is when that recess of thirty minutes occurs. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, octupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were a few houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yea, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up-town and now when Canal street is far downtown, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half-hour. That half-hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past, and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the bible. The half-hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half-hours. Tell me the history of your half-hours, and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or hateful, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half-hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, the half-hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half-hours between his duties as school-master that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice, the half-hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson vice-president of the United States, the half-hours between canal boats that

made James A. Garfield president. The half-hour a day for good books or bad books; the half-hour a day for prayer or indolence; the half-hour a day for helping others or blasting others; the half-hour before you go to business, and the half-hour after your return from business; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half-hours. The half-hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half-hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel; the half-hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half-hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half-hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half-hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half-hour in which I stood on Mars Hill; the half-hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half-hours, are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most important events of your existence, but those half-hours, like the half-hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half-hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And, during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half-hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence. Far back in history a great geographer stood with a sailor, looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The undiscovered continent was America. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied until he had picked that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yea, another world, that you may yourselves find, a rapturous world, and that is the world a half-hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses. In other words, make this half-hour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half-hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV., while walking in the garden at Versailles, met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with their heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said: "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready to do this very half-hour to accomplish it.

**Her Memory.**  
 "Memory, the warder of the brain," says Shakespeare; but with many it would seem that the full meaning of the aphorism is sadly lost. Most every one has some sort of a memory, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be; but one person out of fifty has some process or other intended to aid his memory, hoping in time to be able to retain in mind all matters worthy of retention. This recalls to a writer in the Kansas City Times a story told of a young lady friend, who has lately taken on the fad of "memory brushing." She confided in a gentleman acquaintance that she was poor at dates, a sad failure on place and weak on events. "How may I learn to retain things in my mind as they should be?" she exclaimed, as if in disgust at her intellectual shortcomings. "Oh, that is easy," replied he, "as all you have to do in each case is to form some little couplet with anything you wish to remember and you will never forget it." "Explain," she said. "For instance," the gentleman replied, "in fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue." The young lady was in a high state of glee at such a practical and really beautiful manner of aiding memory and her thanks were profuse. Time went by—two days. I believe—when the two met again. "How are you getting on with the couplets?" asked he. "Capitally," she exclaimed. "A pound of candy goes that you don't remember what I told you, verbatim," he banteringly said, and she took the bet on the spot. Then she rattled off the words: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the deep blue sea."

**Hindoo Breadmaking.**  
 The Hindoo though as primitive in his breadmaking as the Bedouin, is a little more dainty. He waits until the wood fire he has built on the ground has been burned to coals; then, putting two or three stones around it, he places on these a shallow metal bowl, the under side being up. When his dough of flour and water has been pressed and pulled into a cake of an inch and a half in thickness he bakes it on top of the bowl. It is by no means a bread to be despised.

**Vertical Beams of Light.**  
 An extraordinary result has been obtained by some experiments made in England in signaling with electric lights turned vertically to the sky. The light of the Eddystone lighthouse can be seen only seventeen and a half miles, and then on a clear night; but a vertical beam of less power is visible just twice as far, with a strong chance of its surmounting an ordinary fog.

**Dear Fuel.**  
 Coal costs \$23 per ton in Venezuela, but then few people need fires.  
 A Chesterfield (Va.) man recently killed a deer with his pocketknife.

**THE REPORT ON THE EXAMINATION**  
 —OF—  
**THE NEW YORK LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**

By the New York State Superintendent of Insurance, published January 22, 1892, shows:

Assets June 30, 1891, per Superintendent's Report	Surplus June 30, 1891, per Superintendent's Report
<b>\$120,710,690.</b>	<b>\$14,708,675.</b>
Assets January 1, 1892, per Company's Report	Surplus January 1, 1892, per Company's Report
<b>\$115,947,809.</b>	<b>\$14,898,450.</b>

The above surplus, as shown by the Superintendent's Report, is larger than that of any other Purely Mutual Insurance Co. in the world.

Further attention is called to the fact that the new business written by the NEW YORK LIFE in the State of Iowa for 1891 was over five and one-half million dollars, or over a million dollars in excess of that written in 1890, and also over a million dollars more than the new business written by any other company in the State of Iowa during 1891. To those contemplating taking a policy of Life Insurance we would say: Do not make an application for a policy till you have seen an agent of the NEW YORK LIFE.

**THE NEW YORK LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**

Begs leave to announce that its Twenty-Year Tontine Policies, issued in 1872, are now maturing with the following results:

- 1.—Ordinary Life Policies are returning from 20 to 52 per cent. in excess of their cash cost according to the age of insured. (See example below).
- 2.—Twenty-year Endowment Policies are returning from 58 to 71 per cent. in excess of their cash cost, according to age of insured. (See example below).
- 3.—Limited Payment Life Policies are returning from 43 to 141 per cent. in excess of their cash cost, according to age of insured. (See example below).

**Examples of Maturing Policies:**

1.—Policy taken at Age 43.	\$2,000.	Cost, \$1,402.	Cash Value, \$1,757.76
2.—Policy taken at Age 30.	\$5,000.	Cost, \$4,853.	Cash Value, \$8,238.45
3.—Policy taken at Age 37.	\$10,000.	Cost, \$7,166.	Cash Value, \$10,338.40

These returns are made to members after the company has carried the insurance on the respective policies for twenty years.

- 1.—Persons insured under Ordinary Life Policies may, in lieu of the above cash values, continue their insurance at original rates, and receive cash dividends of from 71 to 115 per cent. of all premiums that have been paid, and annual dividends hereafter as they accrue. (See example below).
- 2.—Persons insured under Limited-Payment Life Policies may, in lieu of the above cash values, continue their insurance, without further payments, and receive cash dividends of from 67 to 163 per cent. of all premiums that have been paid, and annual dividends hereafter as they accrue. (See example below).

**EXAMPLE OF DIVIDENDS.**

- 1.—Policy (see above) may be continued for the original amount, at original rates, with annual dividends, and the accumulated dividends, amounting to \$980.62, may be withdrawn in cash.
  - 2.—Policy (see above) may be continued without further payments, receiving annual dividends and the accumulated dividends, amounting to \$4,820.30, may be drawn in cash.
- Persons desiring to see results on policies issued at their present age, and further particulars as to options in settlement, will please address the company or its agents, giving date of birth.

The management of the company further announces that:

- 1.—The Company's new business for 1891 exceeded \$150,000,000.
- 2.—Its income exceeded that of 1890.
- 3.—Its Assets and Insurance in force were both largely increased.
- 4.—Its Mortality Rate was much below that called for by the Mortality Table.
- 5.—A detailed statement of the year's business will be published after the Annual Report is completed.

**WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.**  
**HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.**  
**ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-Pres.**  
**RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.**  
 346 and 348 Broadway, New York.

To the right men, who can show good business records, liberal contracts will be granted to act as agents.  
**GILBERT A. SMITH,**  
 Office, Peavey Grand, Sioux City, Ia.  
 Manager for Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota.