

Hayden

FINE : ART : STUDIO
1214 O street.

Examine samples of our work before ordering elsewhere.
Cabinet Photographs reduced from \$4.00 \$3 per dozen

Ladies' & Gents' FINE SHOES

At greatly reduced prices
AT

W. W. WEBSTERS,

1043 O Street.

E. T. ROBERTS & SON



Undertakers and Embalmers.

212 North 11th Street,
Windsor Hotel Annex,
Telephones.—Office 145. Residence 156.
Open Day and Night.

N. M. RUDDY, Practical Optician.

A specialty made of expert Eye Glass Fitting. Glasses that rest the eye, 3000 kinds.

217 South 15th Street,
OMAHA, NEB.

Miss Ethel Howe, Teacher of Singing

Room 131 Burr Block.
Hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Miss Claire F. Link, TEACHER OF—

Drawing and Painting

Orders taken in Pastel and Oil.
Room 131, Burr Block.

THE GREATEST AND BEST,



The Victor Bicycles and Tricycles

H. L. CASE,
109 North 9th St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

WESTERFIELD'S Palace Bath and Shaving PARLORS.

Ladies - and - Children's - Hair - Cutting
A SPECIALTY.

COR. 12 & O STS., NEW BURR BL'K

PEERLESS

Steam Laundry,

327-331 N. 12th Street.

C. J. PRATT, Prop'r.

Q. L. MARTIN, City Solicitor.
Fine Laundry Work a Specialty
TELEPHONE 199.

GEO. H. POEHLER, Ice Cream and Oyster Parors

Bakery and Confectionery.
132 O Street - LINCOLN, NEB.

Families and Parties supplied with all delicacies at short notice. Ice Cream for party by private orders all during winter season. Telephone 457.

"A BAD BOIL CURED."

DR. TALMAGE ANALYZES RATIONALISM IN RELIGION.

Christianity's New Foe—Religious Dissection and the Brushing Away of the Old Religion of Christ—Are Prayers Answered?

BROOKLYN, Dec. 23.—At the Tabernacle today the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., read and expounded a chapter about the multiplication of loaves and fishes. The opening hymn was:

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears.
Dr. Talmage took as the subject of his sermon, "A Bad Boil Cured." The text was: "I have heard thy prayer; behold, I will heal thee. And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil and he recovered."—II Kings, xx, 5, 7.

Luxurious living is not healthy. The second generation of kings, and queens, and lords, and princes is apt to be brainless and invalid. The second crop of grass is almost always short. Royal blood is generally scrofulous. You will not be surprised, then, to hear that King Hezekiah had disorders which broke out in a carbuncle, virulent and deathful. The Lord told him he must die; he did not want to die. He turned his face to the wall, so that his prayer would not be interrupted, and cried to God for his life. God heard the prayer and answered it, saying: "Behold, I will heal thee." But there was human instrumentality to be employed. This carbuncle needed a "cataplasm." That is a tough word we use to show how much we know. If in the pulpit we always used words the people understood, we never should have any reputation for learning. Well, this carbuncle needed a "cataplasm," which is a poultice. Your old mother, who doctored her own children in the time when physicians were not as plenty as they are now, will tell you that the very best poultice is a fig, and that was what she used upon the carbuncle of King Hezekiah. The power of God, accompanied by this human instrumentality, cured the king.

In this age of discovery, when men know so much it almost kills them, and write so wisely it almost kills us, it has been found out that prayer to God is a dead failure. All things are arranged according to inexorable laws. There is no use in praying to God for rain in time of drought. The "weather probabilities" in the morning papers will decide the question, rain or no rain, and the whole nation in prayer before God would not bring down a single drop. I am not now speaking of an imaginary theory, but of that which is believed by ten thousand times ten thousand men.

If sickness comes to your household, it will depend entirely upon ventilation, good diet, and the skill of the doctors, as to whether your child gets well. The father might pray all day, and the mother might pray all night—it would not have any effect in the case. If squills, belladonna, paregoric and gruel do the work, your child will get well, if not not. There is a cast iron God seated at the head of the universe, holding in the cold grasp of his metal fingers a band of law from which nothing can break away.

Men and women of God, at this point the great battle of Christianity is to be fought. The great foe of Christianity to day is rationalism, that comes out from our schools, and universities, and magazines and newspapers, to scoff at Bible truth and caricature the old religion of Jesus. It says Jesus is not God, for it is impossible to explain how he can be divine and human at the same time. The Bible is not inspired, for there are things in it that they don't like. Regeneration is a farce; there is good enough in us, and the only thing is to bring it out. Development is the word—development. The Garden of Eden is a fairy story and no more to be believed than the "Arabian Nights," or "Gulliver's Travels," or "Robinson Crusoe." We all started as baboons, and are blood relations to that monkey squirming about on the top of that hand organ. Lazarus was not dead when Christ pretended to raise him; he was only playing dead. The water was not changed into wine at the wedding, but Christ brought in some wine that he had found elsewhere to make up the deficiency. Christ did not walk on the sea, but on the shore, so near that it seemed as if he really were on the water.

What is still more alarming is, that Christian men dare not meet this ridicule. There is not one Christian man in five that can, unblanched, stand in the presence of all this railing, saying: "I believe in the whole Bible, and in every single statement that it makes." Christian men try to soften the Bible down to suit the skeptics. The skeptics sneer at the dividing of the Red sea, and the Christian goes to explaining that the wind blew a hurricane from one direction a good while, until all the water piled up, and besides, that it was low water anyhow, and so the Israelites went through without any trouble. Why not be frank and say: "I believe the Lord God Almighty came to the brink of the Red sea, and with his right arm swung back the billows on the right side, and with his left arm swung back the billows on the left side, and the abashed water stood up hundreds of feet high, while through their glassy walls the sea monsters gazed with affrighted eyes on the passing Israelites?" The rationalist comes to you saying: "How about Jonah and the whale? Do you really believe that fish story?" There were never so many Nantucket fishermen after one whale as there have been rationalists flinging harpoons at the Mediterranean sea monster, and from that one whale they have got enough oil to light ten thousand souls to perdition. A skeptic tells you that Jonah would have been killed in the process of swallowing, and that he could not, anyhow, have lived three days in such close quarters, but would have been smothered by the poor ventilation. How the good Christians immediately go to work, and try to explain the whole thing by natural laws, so as to please the rationalists, and say that a whale is an air breeding fish; that every little while it comes to the surface, and that the whale that swallowed Jonah did the same thing, and thus got a supply for itself and for the prophet. Why not rather say that God can do anything, and he could take Jonah through the whale's throat, although the throat would not have been half large enough ordinarily to let him pass, and could have kept him alive in the whole five years without any air, if he had chosen to? Who made the whale? God. Who made Jonah? God. Then he could do anything he pleased with either of them.

WHAT REMAINS OF THE BIBLE WITHOUT MYSTERY?

The moment you begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural you surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible, and you make it a collection of lies and humbug, in preference to which I choose "Aesop's Fables." They are what they pretend to be—fables. But if, after all that the Bible declares, Jesus is not God, and Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red sea was not divided, and in answer to prayer Hezekiah's boil did not get well, then the Bible is the worst fraud ever perpetrated in God's universe.

Ab! my friends, have we been mistaken? Does God hear and answer prayer, or does he not? Hezekiah was sick unto death; he prayed for his life; God heard him, and added fifteen years to that lifetime. The prayer saved him—the lump of figs applied being merely the God appointed human instrumentality.

"But," says some one, "I don't believe the Bible." Ah! then we will have to part company for four or five minutes, for it is useless to try to argue with any man with whom you cannot stand upon common ground. In any argument, if you would be successful, there must be some common data to start from. It is foolish to try to prove to a man that twice three are six, provided he does not admit the multiplication tables or that two and two are four, if he does not admit the addition table.

My first address, therefore, is to those who do believe the Bible. I want to tell you that prayer is the mightiest of all remedies, and that the allopathic and homoeopathic and the eclectic schools will yet acknowledge it. Here are two cases of sickness precisely alike; the same kind of medicine is given to both of them, and in the same quantities. The one patient recovers, and the other does not. Why? God blesses the one remedy, and does not bless the other. Prayer has helped many a blundering doctor through with a case that would have otherwise become completely unmanageable. There is such a thing as gospel hygiene, as Christian pharmacy, as divine materia medica. That is a foolish man who, in case of sickness, goes only to human resources, when we have these instances of the Lord's help in the sick room. Before you call the doctor while he is there, and after he goes away look up to him who cured Hezekiah. Let the apothecary send the poultice, but God makes it draw. Oh! I am glad to have a doctor who knows how to pray. God send salvation to all the doctors! Sickness would be oftener balked, death would be oftener hurried back from the doorsill if Israelite men came into the sick room like Isaiah here, with a prescription in their hands and the word of the Lord in their mouths.

SOME MEN WHO BELIEVED IN PRAYER.
John Abercrombie, the most celebrated physician of Scotland, prayed when he went into the sick room, and he wrote no more ably about "diseases of the brain" than about "the philosophy of the moral feelings." I don't know how much of the medical success of Sydenham, and Cooper, and Harvey, and Rush depended upon the fact that they knew how to pray as well as to prescribe. I don't know a physician who sees no God in human anatomy or in broken bones. If a child made us (and I think he did), and if the Bible is true (and I am rather disposed to think it is), then it is not strange that prayer does traverse natural cause; ay, that it introduces a new cause. When God made the law, he did not make it so strong he could not break it. If God made our bodies, when they are broken he is the one to mend them; and it is reasonable that we should call him in to do it. If my furnace in the cellar breaks down, there is no one so competent to repair it as the manufacturer. If my watch stops, there is no one so competent to set it going as the one who made it. If my body is disordered, call in the Maker of it. It is not all, as these physicians tell us, a matter of ventilation or poisoned air, or cleanliness or diet, or nutritious diet or poor fare. I have known people to get well in rooms where the windows had been six weeks down, tight shut, and I have known them to die right under patent ventilators. I have known children sickly who every day had their bath, and I have known children robust, the washing of whose faces would make their features unrecognizable.

God did not make the law and then run away from it. What is a law of nature? It is only God's usual way of doing things. But he has said that if his children ask him to do a thing, and he can consistently do it, he will do it. Go on with your pills, and plasters, and nostrums, and elixirs, and your catholicon, but remember that the mightiest agency in your recovery is prayer. Prayer to God brought the king's cure, the lump of figs being the God directed human instrumentality.

I would have you also see—for it is another lesson from it. What is our prayer most also be accompanied by means. It is a sin to rage to ask God to do a thing while we sit inert. The prayer, to be acceptable, must come not only from the heart, but from the hands. We must work while we pray, devotion and work going together. Luther came to Melancthon's bedside and prayed for his recovery, and insisted, at the same time, that he should take some warm soup, the soup being just as important as the prayer. In the time of the great plague that came to York, of England, the priests prayed all night and all day for the removal of the plague, but did not think of clearing out the dead dogs and cats that lay in the gutters, causing the sickness. We must use means as well as supplications. If a man has "evening prayers," asking for health, and then sits down to a full supper of indigestibles at 11 o'clock at night, his prayer is a mockery. A farmer has no right to pray for the safety of his family when he knows there is no cover on the eastern. The Christian man, reckless about his health, ought not to expect the same answer to his prayer as the Christian man expects who retires regularly at 10 o'clock at night, and takes his morning bath with the appendix of a Turkish towel. Paul said to the passengers of the Alexandrian corn ship that they should get safe ashore, but he told them they must use means, and that was: "Stick to the old ship!" God is not weak, needing our help, but God is strong, and asks us to co-operate with him that we may be strong, too. Pray by all means, but don't forget the fig poultice.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.
That God answers prayers offered in the right spirit, seconded by our own effort, is the first and the last lesson of this text, and it is a lesson that this age needs to learn. If all communication between earth and heaven is cut off, let us know it. If all the Christian prayers that are going up toward God never reach him, then, I say, let silencesmite the lips of the afflicted world, and the nations smother their groans and die quietly. God does answer prayer. The text shows it. You say: "I don't believe the Bible; I think that those things were merely coincidences, which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it more happen so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the lions' den just at the time when all the lions happened to have lockjaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose his place in his sermon, and make a mistake, when he said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" And, lest some were so stupid they could not understand it, he goes on: "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

But some one persists in saying: "I don't believe anything of the Bible." Then I appeal to your own instincts. Prayer in certain circumstances is as natural to man as the throbbing in the pulse, as the respiration of the lungs. Put a company of men—I don't care how bad they are—in some imminent

peril, and they will cry out: "God have mercy on us!" I challenge that those men who don't believe in prayer charter a steamer, go out in the Narrows, swing out 800 or 900 miles to sea, and then heave to and wait for a cyclone. And after the cyclone comes and the vessel has gone under ten times, when they did not expect it would rise again, and the bulwarks have been knocked in, and the masts are gone—if they do not pray, I will surrender my theory. Do you tell me that this instinct which God has put in us, he put there just to mock us for his own cruel amusement? If God implanted that instinct in the human heart it was because in his own heart there was something responsive.

To prove that God does hear prayer, I put on the witness stand Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Micah, John, Paul, Peter and King Hezekiah. Tell me, ye ancient battle fields, ye Oriental throbbing floors, ye bottom even fields, ye Galilean fishing smacks, is God deaf and dumb and blind to all human petition? That God answers prayer, I bring the ten millions facts of Christendom to prove. There has never paper enough come out of the paper mills to write the story. Has not many a mother prayed back her bad boy from the ends of the earth—from Canton, from Madras, from Constantinople—until he knelt beside her in the old homestead? Have there not been desperadoes and renegades who have looked into the door of a prayer meeting to laugh and scoff at it, who have been drawn by the power of prayer, until they ran to the altar crying out for mercy? Did not the blacksmith in Lyons, N. Y., pray to God until there came a great awakening that shook the community?

A STORY OF HOW PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED.
In my parish in Philadelphia one night at a meeting I asked a young man to go into a room at the side of the church and talk upon the theme of religion. He grew violently angry, and shook his fists at me. We resolved to pray for that young man, and we prayed that he might yield his soul to God. And when, next night at the meeting, the side door was flung open, he was the first to step in. Prayer had captured him. I had a classmate in college, whose uncle, Dr. John Scudder, of India, wrote to him, saying, "I will pray for you every day until such a day, and then I will give my attention to some other subject." The last day of these prayers, when they had all gathered up before the throne of God, my classmate surrendered his soul to Jesus. This is no second hand story. I saw the letter, and I know the young man.

But why should I go so far? I have had in my own experience, and I have had in the history of my own family, the evidence that God answers prayer. My mother, with three Christian women, assembled week after week and prayed for their children; they kept up that prayer meeting of four persons year after year. The world knew nothing of it. God answered all those prayers. All the group came in, the eleven sons and daughters of my mother came in, myself the last.

Sickness came to my household—hopeless sickness, as it seemed to many. At 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the invalid was carried to the steamer for Savannah. At 11 o'clock the next day, being Sunday, standing in this very place, man of God prayed for the recovery of the sick one. At that time, 11 o'clock, she who had been prostrated three weeks, with some help walked up on deck. The occurrence was as near to being miraculous as I can imagine. That she was hopelessly sick, people who sat up with her night after night, and here he can testify. That the prayer for her recovery was offered it this pulpit, thousands of people could testify. That at 11 o'clock on that Sunday morning she walked up on deck, as by a miraculous recovery, I call the passengers on the San Jacinto, commanded by Capt. Atkins, Dec. 16, to testify. This is no second hand story.

Prayer impotent! If I dared to think there was no force in prayer, methinks God, after all he has done for me and mine, would strike me dead. Prayer impotent! Why it is the mightiest force in the universe. Lightning has no speed, the Alpine avalanche has no power, compared with it.

Will you let the abstractions and the vagaries of a few skeptics, or a good many skeptics, stand beside the experience of Gen. Havelock, who came out in front of the English army, lifted his hat, and called upon the Lord Almighty, or of George Washington, who at Valley Forge was found upon his knees in prayer; or of William Wilberforce, who went from the British parliament to the closet of devotion; or of Latimer, who stood with his hands on fire, in martyrdom, praying for his persecutors? Was Washington weak? Was Havelock weak? Was Wilberforce weak? Was Latimer weak? Bring all the affairs of your store, of your soul, of your body, of your friends, of your church, before him, and the great day of eternity will show you that the best investments you ever made were your prayers, and though you may have broken promises you made to God, God never broke his promises to you. Let God be true, though every man be found a liar.

PRAYERS ARE ALMOST INVARIABLY ANSWERED.

And now, in conclusion, I have to present you some checks, blank checks, on the bank of heaven, written in blood, and signed by the hand wounded on the cross. It is not safe for you to give a blank check with your name to it. You do not know what might be written above. But here is a blank check which God says I can give you; it is signed by the handwriting of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can fill it up with anything you want to. "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find." I do not say that your prayer will be answered in just the way you expect, but I do say it will be answered in the best way. Oh! will you trust him! This is the outcome of all this subject.

If I should ask the men and women in this audience who have found God a prayer answering God to rise up, you would nearly all rise up. In time of darkness and trouble, as in time of light and prosperity, he answered you. I commend you to that God to whom your parents dedicated you in infancy. They believed so much in prayer that their last word was a supplication for you. Having heard you in days of prosperity, he will not reject your last petition, when in the darkened room, after they have wiped the dew of death from your brow, and the whole group of loved ones have kissed you good-by, you have only strength enough left to pray: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Women as Dairy Farmers.

Two young ladies, Miss Jeannie Wolfe and her sister, have gone into the dairy business in New Orleans. They have large stables, milk many cows, and have every prospect of success. There are several ladies in various parts of the city and suburbs who are engaged in dairy farming. It pays well, and is a womanly and healthful employment, and is not so uncertain as the poultry business. Another New Orleans woman who stands in store all day has become a pig farmer. Two or three oak trees in the yard of her tiny home give sufficient mast for her pigs. The cost of keeping them has been merely nominal, and she expects during Christmas week to sell \$50 worth of young pigs. There are so many home industries open to women that pay well and are possible for women who are engaged in other works.—New Orleans Picayune.

NEW YEAR CALLING CARDS.

As this beautiful custom of calling on New Year's day is to be more generally observed than heretofore, The Wessel Printing Co., has received a line of the finest

CALLING CARDS

ever shown in the City. The line comprises a variety of the finest and most artistic designs, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$50.00 per hundred.

FOR BUSINESS MEN

we have also a fine line of New Year Souvenirs to send by mail. These are handsomely illuminated, have envelopes and are perfect models of art. We shall be pleased to quote prices, or send agent if requested. Telephone 253.

WESSEL PRINTING COMPANY,

COURIER OFFICE—NEW BURR BLOCK.

The stock now being new and complete it would be well for patrons to call early before the assortment is broken and best designs are taken.

Most Popular Resort in the City.
ODELL'S DINING HALL,
MONTGOMERY BLOCK,
1119, 1121 and 1123 N Street.
Meals 25 cts \$4.50 per week.

FINEST LIVERY RIGS
In the City all come from the
Graham Brick Stables
1027 Q STREET,
Where all kinds of
Buggies, Carriages or Saddle Horses,
Can be had at any time, Day or Night, on short notice
Horses Boarded and well taken care of at Reasonable Rates
Call and see us, 1027 Q street, or give all orders by
Telephone 147.

From Mother Goose
To Herbert Spencer
IS THE RANGE OF BOOKS AT
H. W. BROWN'S,
CALL AND SEE THEM. 127 S. BLEVENTH ST.

COOPER'S
MERCHANT TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT,
Webster & Briscoe Block, 129 South 11th Street.
J. W. SMITH, Representative.
We carry a Full and Complete line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths in all Shades and Colors.
Also at Mendota, Ill., Aurora, Ill., and Lyons, Ia.

"OUR MOTTO"
Fine Work, Correct Styles, Popular Prices.
MAX MEYER & BRO.,
LINCOLN PIANO PARLORS,
C. M. HANDS, Manager. 142 North 11th Street.

Dealers in high grade Pianos: The standard Steinway & Sons, Chickering and Knabe & Co. the elegant Behr Bros. & Co. and Vose & Son, the durable James M. Starr & Co., the celebrated Story & Clark organs. Pianos sold on installments or for cash. Old instruments taken in exchange. An invitation extended to all to examine these instruments and get prices that you can not get elsewhere.

1222 O ST. 1222 O ST.
CAPITAL
Steam Dye and Cleaning Works
S. R. MANN, Proprietor.
Ladies and Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on Short Notice. Twenty-five per cent discount on all Plushes, Velvets and Sealskins Steamed for the next Sixty Days.