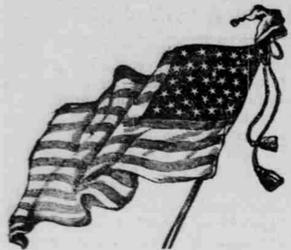


FOR SILVER MONEY.

EVERY HONEST ADVOCATE OF GOLD IS A POOR THINKER.

Sample of the Ignorance That is on the Side for Which Roswell G. Horr Went Down into Obscurity and Shame—A Boycott.



WILL BE OUT OF THE QUESTION NEXT YEAR. THEY HAVE HIT ON THE "SOUND MONEY" IDEA WITH A VIEW OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS. IT IS AN ENGLISH SCHEME ALL THROUGH AND WILL LOSE VOTES TO THE GOLD CAUSE. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE ALERT AND WILL NOT TOLERATE FOREIGN INTERFERENCE IN OUR ELECTION. THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE, WHICH HAS ADVISED A BOYCOTT ON THE REFORM CLUB MATTER, IS THE BULWARK OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, HAVING CHARGE OF THE PUBLICATION OF ALL THE PARTY'S CAMPAIGN LITERATURE. IT IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF INFLUENTIAL AMERICANS. NOTHING ENGLISH ABOUT IT. THE LEAGUE HAS VIEWS ON THE MONEY QUESTION WHICH MAY FIND EXPRESSION IN NEXT YEAR'S NATIONAL PLATFORM.

The Cry for More Bonds.

It looks very much as if Wall street were conspiring to compel the government to issue another batch of bonds. It is not likely that the same syndicate that took the last batch will take the next. There had been an issue of bonds prior to the one taken by Morgan and his associates. The Cleveland policy is to let these "soft snaps" go around. Every bond issue puts a big pot of money in the coffers of the negotiators of it. That much is in the nature of things. These negotiators, from Jay Cook to J. Pierpont Morgan, are brokers, entitled to a commission.

Now that the balance of trade is against this country, Wall street has hit upon a very simple plan for draining the treasury of gold. It does not take a very heavy drain to get up a scare. By what may be called the common law of finance it has come to be regarded as necessary to the parity of the two coins, gold and silver, that there should be \$100,000,000 of gold in the treasury. It is only necessary to draw out enough to reduce the gold reserve below that arbitrary figure to create a cry for more bonds. Two issues were put out by President Cleveland during the first half of his administration, and there is no telling how many more will follow. Cleveland seems to be at the mercy of the sharks that swim around the ship of state, and the ship itself is rudderless. The administration seems to have mistaken these sharks for the moneyed interest of the country. This is much like mistaking the bears and bulls in the Chicago grain pit for the farmers of the wheat and corn belts of the prairies.

Kindness to Horses.

It pays in dollars and cents to be kind to all domestic animals. An ugly temper is an expensive thing on a farm; this is especially true in the handling of horses. One of our most successful breeders of driving horses, who has built up a profitable trade in family drivers, his orders exceeding his supply, says his success has been very largely due to the fact that he never allows a blow or a cross word in the stable, yard or pasture.

Bad drivers make bad horses. A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value, the animal should be perfectly gentle and reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in harness to be scolded and struck, it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and its excitement is liable, through fear, to do something which is not expected. It is possible to train a horse to be governed by speaking to him, almost as completely as to train a child, and when thus trained, the horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver, and we have seen him calmed down from great excitement by no other means, it may be fairly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a humane man and a sensible one.

A gentle horse is worth more than it would be if not gentle. What is termed viciousness in horses is frequently nothing but sheer timidity, and almost invariably is the result of rough treatment. Horses would not give way to fear when a man approaches them if they had always been accustomed to receive kind and humane treatment. Young colts should be taught not to fear the approach of a human being. They are fond of being petted, and with constant kindness will become quite docile. A nubbin of corn, a handful of grain, or a little sugar offered them occasionally will gain their confidence, and they will gradually lose all fear. The spirit of trustfulness thus inspired and the resulting gentleness of disposition will last through life, unless adverse influences are allowed to interfere.

A horse so trained is worth much more than one equal in all other respects, but lacking the training, or, as Dr. Currier calls it, the education. An educated horse, like an educated man, is valuable for what he knows, as well as weight, strength and vigor.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An Antique Love Affair at Chicago.

Franz Gottesleben and Paulina Mueller, inmates of the German Old People's home at Chicago, eloped last week. Franz is 78 years old and Paulina 75. Franz is an educated man, having been a school teacher for years, and his fluent talk captivated the septuagenarian maiden. They began to make love as ardently as if a third their years. The trustees told them they were violating a rule of the home, but couldn't stop the billing and cooing. So Franz was given the key to the street. A few days later Paulina was missing. They were discovered, separated and Paulina taken back to the home.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

STORY OF GIDEON'S BATTLE AT MOUNT GILBOA.

"And the Three Companies Blew the Trumpets, and Broke the Pitchers and Held the Lamps in Their Left Hands"—Judges, vii, 20-21.



HAT is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large; for the glory must be given to God, and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home may go, and twenty-two thousand of them scampered away, leaving only ten thousand men. But God says the army is too large yet; and so he orders these ten thousand remaining to march through a stream, and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign; but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on they are to be the men selected for the battle. Well, the ten thousand men marched down in the stream and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink; but there are three hundred men who, instead of stooping just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those three hundred brist, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets and throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites, sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his three hundred picked men and when everything is ready the signal is given and they blow the trumpets and they throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe; and they run, and cut themselves to pieces, and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place, from this subject, the lawfulness of Christian stratagem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes crossing a river on unheeded rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry, or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and entrenched.

For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections and in five minutes you can capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints; he does not believe in it. Attack him at that point and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism; he believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded; and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pseudo-baptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eye-sight. In other words, you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially entrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt and it will spring back and the door will swing open and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God today enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful ma-

neuversing. I would rather have the three hundred lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than one hundred thousand drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of thirty-two thousand men, but they went off until there were only ten thousand left, and that was subtracted from until there were only three hundred. It is the same in all ages of the Christian Church; a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of a thousand and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of five hundred and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think, of the ten million membership of the Christian Church today, if five millions of the names were off the books the Church would be stronger. You know that the more crowns and drapes there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the three hundred picked men of Gideon than the twenty-two thousand untried host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the Church of God to ride over them and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, oh Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men, rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the three hundred that fight than the twenty-two thousand that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been; that battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the three hundred men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops: "Well done, my brave men, go up and take the spoils! Be more than conquerors forever!" and in that day all deserters will be shot!

Again: I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle we would have marched those thirty-two thousand men that originally belonged to the army and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army and takes away all their weapons and gives them a lamp and a pitcher and a trumpet and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wisecracks were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of three hundred men, unarmed, conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear, or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says: "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday School—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life we would have said: "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in; let his surroundings all be agreeable; let him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if man must be cut, and hit, and pounded even in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third-story window and has its life dashed out; his most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy; his friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down; his life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of twenty-two thousand advantages he has only ten thousand—ay, only three hundred—ay, none at all. How many people there are at their wits' end about their livelihood, about their reputation. But they will find out it is the best way after awhile; God will show them that he depletes their advantages just for the same reason he depleted the army of

Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grape vine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now! Summer weather will come and the garden will be very beautiful!" But the gardener comes, and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall and the grape vine cries out: "Murder! what are you cutting me for?" "Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis and the grape vine says: "Thank you, sir; you could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding mill, no crown, no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on, when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could so easily demolish them? It is his way, in order that all generations may co-operate and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

Oh, thou father of all iniquity! If thou canst hear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples, and forge thy chains; but know that they fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy fiery den, and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shalt have an additional hell of fury poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God, and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow, as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!" God's way in the composition of the Bible, God's way in the Christian's life, God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in everything—different from man's way, but the best.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, oh army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them and the mountain to guard them and strong arms to defend them let no slumbering foe man dream of disaster! Peace to the captains and the spearmen!

Crash go the pitchers! up flare the lamps! To the mountains! fly! fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset, how wild the consternation, how utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God, as he stood amidst the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed, and in the snowy satin the pallor of the white-cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. In the blood of the oppressed glowing in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver doorbell. No beggar dared sit on that marble step. No voice of prayer floated amidst that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall and Dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The "parted" left its eggs unhatched. Crush went all the porcelain pitchers! Rain, rout, dismay, and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the three hundred that are going to win the day, or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and as the God-armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Hal! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blown shall speak the roll call of the dead and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

Prince George of England is an inveterate cigar smoker. He consumes from forty to fifty of the little rolls of paper and tobacco each day.

Miniature Painting an Exact Art.

Those who know only the finished miniature, and have no acquaintance with the method of its production, cannot conceive of the labor that it requires. Each of these tiny masterpieces—these ornaments with human identification—these concentrated expressions of pictorial art—startled expressions of a peculiarly exacting sort, some of the largest canvases. The brushes, some of them containing scarcely half a dozen hairs, make strokes so fine that most of the painting must be done under a magnifying glass. And the touches on the frail bit of ivory must be as unerring as they are light, for the smallest mistake may destroy the characteristic translucence that constitutes the miniature's greatest charm.

Appropriate to the election season is an article written by Mr. Edward J. McDermott of Louisville, for the October number of the Century, entitled "Fun on the Stump; Humors of Political Campaigning in Kentucky." Mr. McDermott has gathered many anecdotes of amusing experiences at the polls, but he laments the decline of public speaking, which he declares is by no means up to the old-time standard in Kentucky.

Daniel Boone's Gun.

The gun of Daniel Boone has been taken to Charleston, Va., and it is said to be still capable of good execution. Its stock and barrel are five feet long and it carries an ounce ball. It is a flintlock, of course. The gun has been in the family of Nathan Boone Van Bibber, back in the wilds of Nicholas county. Matthias Tice Van Bibber received the gun from his friend Boone and he carried it at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774 and through the war of 1812. The original powder horn and bullet moulds are with the gun. Matthias Van Bibber left these relics to Capt. C. R. Van Bibber, who left them to his son, Nathan Boone Van Bibber, the present owner.—New York Sun.

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To make some provision for your physical health at this season, because a cold or cough, an attack of pneumonia or typhoid fever may now make you an invalid all winter. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends upon pure blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be a paying investment now. It will give you pure, rich blood and invigorate your whole system.

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