

THE MAGIC SEVEN.

THOUGH THE NIGHT IS DARK, THE SUN WILL SHINE TOMORROW.

This Sick and Tired World is Approaching its Time of Rest and Peace—God's Laws Will Undo the Wrong Wrought by Man's Laws.

In a ministerial meeting not long ago one of the ministers said: "The people are going to try to get to heaven without the church and us ministers. The ministers are not respected and revered as formerly. We are to be a diminishing force from now on to the end. The churches in the cities are not increasing in numbers. The church has failed to meet the spirit of the age." All of which is true whether said by a minister or not.

We are not told anywhere in God's word that the millennium was to be ushered in by preaching the gospel. But we are informed that the great battle of Armageddon would bring it.

The great havoc that sin has produced in our world is indescribable. The war, bloodshed, poverty, want, misery and wretchedness have made it resemble hell more than heaven by far. And still the awful state continues. And when we reflect that this wretched condition is produced by wicked human laws and governments the wonder is that any sane man desires the system to continue a day. The great Father above anticipated the wants of his earthly family fully before he placed them here. He gave the world to them for homes. There is soil enough for every family on earth to have a home. It is the duty of governments to see that every family has a home and to see that no power on earth evicts them from their homes.

There is land enough in the United States to support a thousand million people. If all the present inhabitants in the United States were set down in Texas, it would not be as densely populated as Belgium is. But Mammon idolatry elevates man's laws above God's laws, and some men own millions of acres, while millions of other men as good or better can never hope to own land enough for a grave. Supreme injustice! Some men get possession of millions of dollars, while millions of other men as good or far better never have a single dollar. The one lives rich in idleness; the other wears out his life by ceaseless toil and is carried off to the potter's field.

Take the great cities. Every one of them is the fruit of Mammon worship. Three-fourths or more of the houses are built to rent. The landlords live perhaps in Europe. Every 10 or 15 years the renters have paid enough rent to build another city and are poorer than ever. Monstrous injustice! Take the debts of our comparatively new country. They are estimated at not less than thirty-five or forty thousand millions of dollars, every dollar drawing interest. Now, when we remember that every dollar of interest is paid by the labor of the poor we must add more monstrous injustice. And when we take into account that this Mammon idolatry builds penitentiaries and jails and fills them, builds insane asylums and fills them, and legalizes the infernal liquor traffic, costing a thousand millions of dollars each year, digs a hundred thousand graves and fills them with drunkards, crushes a hundred thousand mothers' hearts, ruins hundreds of thousands of innocent children, creates four-fifths of the crimes in our country, don't you, my dear reader, think it is time for the ruler of the world to interfere and stop the thing? Men won't do it. It is growing worse and worse. Do you think that the great Father above is an indifferent spectator of this dreadful scene? No. He has said: "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord."

This poor, sick, sinful, tired world has been groaning and bleeding at every pore in consequence of the oppressions of civil governments in the hands and under the control of old Satan for 6,000 years. The seventh thousand is to be a Sabbath of rest to our tired world. There seems to be something sacred about the number 7. We read of the seven geologic epochs, the seven primary colors, the seven sciences, the seven vowels, the seven notes in music, the seven wonders of the world, the seven wise men of Greece, the seven days of the week, the seven years of plenty, the seven years of famine, the seven hills of Rome, the seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven angels, seven devils, seven seals, seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven vials of wrath, etc.

The Creator and ruler of the world is going to answer the prayer: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in heaven." Men have been repeating it for ages and then voting to continue the kingdom of Satan. This world is to have true systems of civil governments—governments in harmony with the divine government. It will be peopled by true men, just men, men who love each other and labor to make each other happy. If this could not be brought about, then the race would be blotted out. It will cost fearfully to cure this wicked world of rebellion against God. But the result will be cheap at any price.

REV. D. OGDEN

The Example of Detroit.

The Detroit public lighting plant, operated by a non-partisan commission, is a monumental argument in favor of the plea for municipal ownership of the electric lighting system as endorsed by the majority of a majority of the 44 cities in the United States.

The story of how Detroit built her own plant and has maintained it for five years at a remarkable saving to the citizens is a practical demonstration that St. Louis has it within her power to wrest herself from the grasp of local monopolies and secure a system of public illumination far superior to the miserable sham that has become dignified by such a term.—St. Louis Star.

AGRICULTURE IN GEORGIA.

Worse Than Ever Before, Says an Industrial Commission Witness.

Mr. James Barrett of Augusta, Ga., testified before the industrial commission the other day concerning the conditions in Georgia. He said that agricultural conditions in the south are now worse than they have ever been.

There is a natural increase of agricultural laborers in the south, but there is no immigration there. Immigration is prevented by the low rate of wages paid. Negro labor is very generally confined to the farm, and in the south there is a disposition to exclude negroes from the mechanical pursuits. These laborers, hired by the month, are paid \$3 a month and house and "keep." When cotton picking time comes, he is paid from 30 to 40 cents a hundred for cotton picked, and the negro will pick from 100 to 125 pounds a day. Labor at \$3 a month will allow the raising of cotton at 4 cents a pound, which is now the price in the market, but labor at \$6 a month will not permit the industry except at a loss. The country stores charge the credit customers a profit of 50 or 100 per cent on what they sell, credit usually being for not more than four months. The poor cotton raiser has to pay 8 per cent on money he borrows and promises to send his ten bales of cotton to the lender to be sold and to pay a commission of \$1.50. If he is prevented from raising ten bales, he has to pay the commission anyway.

The great trouble in the south, he said, was from the fact that the national bank act prevented those banks lending money on real estate security. This "outlawing of the land as a security" he believed to be the reason why money cannot be got cheaply in the south.

"The national bank law," he said, "has done more to injure the agriculturists in the south than any legislation enacted by the government."

Nine-tenths of the cotton crop is mortgaged before it is picked, and that fact makes it necessary to sell the cotton when picked, and that depresses its price.

The cotton mills of Georgia are being operated almost exclusively by southern people. The operatives are native whites, and even the superintendents, who went south when the mills were established, are being displaced by southerners. The witness said railroad rates are high in Georgia.

Agricultural conditions in Georgia would be improved if the national bank law would allow real estate security for loans by such banks and also through the government ownership of railroads.

The witness had diversified his crop. Formerly he raised 200 bales of cotton; now he raises but 10 or 12 bales, the balance of the land he cultivates being in truck gardening, but he has made no money by it. At one time all about his section of the state watermelons were raised. Now practically no watermelons are planted, for the reason that high railroad rates prevent them from getting the crop to the northern markets.

They have but two banks in his county, and they charge 10 per cent for a loan of three months. That amounts to 40 per cent, and before they had two banks they paid about 50 per cent annum.

TEXAS ANTI-TRUST LAW.

Here are some of the provisions of the Texas anti-trust law which Governor Sayers has signed:

Every combination of capital or its equivalent for the restraint of trade, whether organized under the laws of Texas or any other state, doing business within the state, is deemed a trust or monopoly.

The giving away of any article or selling it for less than cost for the purpose of preventing free competition in manufacture or distribution is prohibited.

Refusal to buy or sell to any person because he is not a member of a combination is prohibited.

Combinations for the regulation of insurance are prohibited.

Violators of the act are subject to a loss of their charters or prohibited from doing business within the state and are subject to a fine of \$200 to \$5,000 for each offense. Each day's business is a separate offense.

Prosecutors are given one-fourth of the penalties. All court business may be set aside for the trial of a case under the act.

Purchasers of articles manufactured by violators of the law cannot be obliged to pay for them.

Each corporation is required yearly to state under oath whether it is in any pool. Failure to answer or to answer within 30 days is considered evidence of guilt.

All associations for the collection of news or its distribution which refuse to sell to all applicants are considered guilty without extenuation.

BILL TO CONTROL TROTS.

L. N. Funtzky of the customs divisions of the treasury department, when before the industrial commission, read a draft of a bill empowering the president to reduce the duty on articles produced by a trust whenever he thought the trust was charging exorbitant prices. The president was to act when the trust raised the price of its product and lowered the wages of its employees.

Senator Mantle asked if the president should not have this power when either contingency came. The bill was changed to meet Senator Mantle's views, and he said he would introduce it in the senate.

A subcommittee of the industrial commission, consisting of Senator Kyle and Messrs. A. L. Harris and R. D. Conger, has been appointed to investigate the grain elevator trust in the west. The subcommittee will probably visit Duluth, Minneapolis and other grain centers of the west.

Loosening Up a Stingy Brother.

A story goes that a church in Warrensburg, Mo., was sadly in need of general repairs, and a meeting was being held in it with a view of raising funds for that purpose. The minister having said that \$500 would be required, a very wealthy and equally stingy member of the congregation arose and said he would give \$1. Just as he sat down, however, a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him on the head, whereupon he rose up hastily and called out that he had made a mistake; he would give \$50. This was too much for an enthusiast present, who, forgetful of everything, called out fervently: "Oh, Lord, hit him again!"

Stealing Horses' Tails.

An extraordinary revelation of how undertakers meet a public custom was made at Bolton on Saturday, when a cabman, named William Lazenby, pleaded guilty to stealing horses' tails. When the supply of black Belgians with streaming tails runs short false appendages are attached to the stumps of common black animals, and fashion's tyranny is appeased. For detaching these make-ups and raising the tail at a broker's, Lazenby has two months in which to ruminate over the desecration of an old custom.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Canyons of the Great West.

The grand canyon of the Yellowstone river, with its magnificent and gorgeous coloring, is only from 1,200 to 1,500 feet deep. The grand canyon of the Arkansas river, in Colorado, is 2,000 feet deep and very narrow, but neither compares in size or grandeur with the grand canyon of Arizona, which is about 200 miles long, upward of 7,000 feet deep, and at some points, from rim to rim, measures ten to twelve miles in breadth.

Japanese Spaniels.

The Japanese, who have a fondness for dainty things, and spent hundreds of years in growing dwarf trees and other queer plants, have the tiniest dogs in the world, and they carry them around in their wide sleeves, where the little creatures of pearly white hair with black spots peer out at the world through black beady eyes and bark a funny little bark that is as tiny as the dogs.

Only Fitted for Hunting.

Dr. Phillips, bishop of Exeter, called to account several sporting clergymen in his diocese in the early part of the century. He met one of them at a friend's house. "I am told, my lord, that you object to my hunting," said the clergyman. "Dear me; who could have told you so?" answered the bishop: "what I object to is that you should ever do anything else."

Lighting the Ocean.

A new method of illumination on the ocean consists of using a hollow cylinder of steel tubing, charged with calcium carbide. This shell is to be shot from a gun to a distance of two miles. When it strikes the water it generates acetylene gas and gives 1,000 candle power, which burns from the end which floats. This light cannot be extinguished by water.

Home Improvement Club.

Another new club has just been incorporated in New York. Designated the Woman's Home Improvement Club, its purpose is "for the education and instruction of married women in the art of making their homes attractive to their husbands and conducive to the health and future prospects of their children."

A Natural Deduction.

Long—You look out of sorts this morning, old man; what's wrong? Short—Family troubles. Long—I'm sorry to hear that. Nothing serious, I hope. Short—I'm afraid it is. I had a misunderstanding with my rich uncle last night. Long—Indeed! Did you lose the ticket?

World's Volcano List.

There are 671 known volcanoes in the world, of which 270 are active; 80 in America, 24 in Asia, 20 in Africa. Java has 109, of which 25 are active. In New Zealand, within a range of 127 miles, there are 63, ranging from 195 feet to 900 feet in height.

A Happy Sourette.

The Comedian—The sourette seems unusually happy tonight. What is the matter? The Villain—She has just received a telegram saying that her grandson has made a hit in Chicago as Rip Van Winkle.—Harper's Bazar.

No Excuse for Delays.

Of course the man who is honestly anxious to lead a good life is not expected to sit down and wait till the brigs controversy is definitely settled before making a start.—Washington Star.

Detached.

She—Why haven't you told me that you had been married? He—Who said I was married? She—I can tell by the way you take the umbrella all for yourself.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Single Liberty.

The Dearest Girl—What makes you old bachelors say such horrid things? Married men do not talk that way. The Savage Bachelor—No, we say only what married men think.

Not Exactly.

Jack—Am I the first man you ever kissed? Ethel—You are the first man who ever waited for me to begin.

OLD AND NEW.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight, Through pre-ent wrong the eternal right. And step by step since then began We see the steady aim of man.

That all of good the past hath had Remains to make our own time glad, Our common daily life divine, And every land a Paradise.

Through the harsh noises of our day A low, sweet melody finds its way; Through clouds of doubt and crowds of fear A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall stir no more For olden time and holier shore; God's love and blessing then and there Are now and here and every where.

—John G. Whittier.

JACK'S SWEETHEART.

The autumn day was closing in a glory of purple and gold; the last rays of the setting sun entered the window of the farmhouse, and slanting across the row of shining milk-pans, formed a halo of gold about the head of the farmer's daughter, Cecile Grey, as she stood with the full pail of milk poised in her hands and thought seriously, a perplexed pucker between her straight brows. Pretty she was not, but her fair, calm face, looking placidly out from beneath her crown of really beautiful hair, the envy of all the village girls, was very attractive.

The farm hands were coming for supper, the day was dying as the sun sank reluctantly behind the trees, and still Cecile stood there silently, buried in reverie, and unmindful of what was going on around her.

"A penny for your thoughts, Cecy!" spoke a manly voice, and Jack Newton appeared at the outer door.

Cecy, turning, came out from her brown study.

"I was thinking of the picnic tomorrow, Jr. I. No one has asked me to go, and I wondered if I must stay at home, after all. That momentous question so occupied my thoughts that I had forgotten my evening duties."

"Will you go with me, Cecile? It is on mother's account that I have not asked you before. But as I was strolling past, half inclined to give it all up, I saw you, and that settled my doubts as to what to do."

There was a tender light in the young man's eyes as he spoke, and the pretty pink color flushed into Cecile's cheeks.

"Of course I will go, Jack! Why allow her dislike to spoil our pleasure? She will forgive me someday."

"So it is settled? You will come with me?"

"Yes, Jack."

Well pleased, the young man went on his way.

The cause of Mrs. Newton's dislike to Cecile was a trivial one. When she was a little child Cecile's father had given her the deed of a picturesque bit of land, called the west pasture, which lay between the Newton farm and that of Mr. Grey. Two years before our story opens, Mrs. Newton had made Cecile an offer for the land; it would just complete her east pasture, she said, and fill in the corner, thus making her acres form almost a square. She had set her heart on having the pasture, but Cecile loved the place and would not sell it. Mrs. Newton tried by coaxing and liberal offers to gain her point, but the girl was determined. At last, flying into a passion, the elder lady rated the younger soundly for a conceited minx who thought herself too good for her place, and who would never get her Jack, for whom she had set her cap. And having thus relieved her mind she went home.

For two years she had not entered the Grey farmhouse unless she knew the only daughter was absent. Good, motherly Mrs. Grey overlooked the feud, welcomed Jack cordially whenever he called, paid little neighborly visits to Mrs. Newton, and in every way tried to mend the breach which Jack's mother kept fresh by daily repetitions.

Cecile, when Jack had gone, went about her duties with a light step and a lighter heart. When at last everything was done she sought her pretty room, which was tastefully adorned by her own hands, and sitting by the window, looked out over the hills and wondered if the morrow would bring the fair weather she night promised.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Newton, her face red with anger, stood listening to Jack, who, with his bedroom lamp in his hand, had turned as he reached the door and said:

"I must be up early in the morning, mother, for I am going to the picnic. Cecile has promised to accompany me. I intend to ask her to be my wife," he went on in some confusion. "She will make you a good daughter, mother; you know you have always longed for one."

"But not such a one as you want to give me," exclaimed Mrs. Newton. "No, Jack, I will never welcome her to this house! If it had been any one else—but Cecile Grey—never!"

"Mother," said Jack, firmly, "why cannot you overcome this foolish prejudice? I shall marry Cecile if she will have me; better accept the inevitable." And he left the room.

Mrs. Newton was taken by surprise. After a while she cooled down a little.

"After all," she thought, "if he does marry her, that west pasture will come to us. But I will not give in, not even for that. Jack shall lose the farm if he marries Cecile Grey."

That night Cecile, in her pretty white bed, dreamed of Jack. At first her dreams were peaceful, but as the night wore on they became disturbed, and at last she awoke with the strange feeling that her lover was in danger.

Mechanically she arose, and having donned wrapper and slippers, went to the window. As she threw up the cash and leaned out across the sill,

she saw that a cloudy sky had taken the place of the starry one she had gazed at earlier in the night. The wind had risen and blew in fitful gusts around the corners of the house.

A troubled thought of the pleasure she had anticipated came to Cecile, and then all at once, as a stronger gust of wind came to her, she smelled a faint odor of musk. Looking quickly at the barn and other buildings, she could see nothing unusual. She raised her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction of Jack's house. What was that red glow spreading above the treetops? she wondered; a fire then she realized that the Newton farmhouse was on fire.

Running downstairs she roused her father; then out of the door and away through the darkness she sped in the direction of the burning building.

All was quiet when she reached the gate, which was locked. What should she do? She looked up at the high pickets with their cruelly sharp points, and then began to climb resolutely up; balancing herself on the top, she dropped to the ground. Her skirts caught on the sharp points, but she managed to wrench them free, and never noticing how her hands were bleeding, made her way to the house.

The flames shot upward; the smoke rolled in huge columns toward the darkening sky, but still no sound came from the inmates of the burning building. Could she save them? Would her father never come?

Looking anxiously around she saw an open window; she sprang through it, and found that she was in the thickest of the smoke. What she did must be done quickly. She snatched a woolen scarf she had thrown over her head, and binding it around her mouth, prepared to fight her way to the foot of the stairs. Inch by inch she pressed forward, till, blinded by the smoke, she struck her foot against the lowest step. With a little scream of joy she flew up the stairs and along the wide hall to Jack's room.

Jack was just awaking from a troubled sleep. Hearing Cecile's voice he instantly sprang up, comprehending the danger almost before she could tell him of it.

"Mother sleeps downstairs in the little room on the right," he said in answer to her question. "Wait, Cecile!"

He frantically searched for his clothing but Cecile was away again, battling with the smoke, which almost overpowered her. The flames were licking their way toward Mrs. Newton's room. Cecile saw this and breathed a prayer for help. She fairly flew down the stairs and reached the door just as one cruel tongue of fire darted across the top of it.

She found Mrs. Newton in a heavy stupor, and all her efforts to rouse her were in vain. She could not wait for Jack, so she wrapped the heavy form in a blanket, and how she knew not, managed to drag her into the hall. There Jack joined her. He promptly relieved her of her burden, and in an instant had led the way to safety.

Mr. Grey and his men, having but just reached the scene, were preparing to fight the fire, and after taking in this fact, Cecile's courage and strength gave way, and she slipped down at Jack's feet.

Mrs. Grey now came hurrying up, and together she and Jack half dragged, half carried the two helpless ones to her home. A doctor was sent for, and the simple application of restoratives aroused Mrs. Newton, who listened with tears to the story of Cecile's heroism. Turning to Jack she said simply and humbly:

"I misjudged her. Forgive me." Jack's face brightened, but he continued his restless walk before the door of the room where Cecile lay.

Just as the morning dawned she opened her eyes and asked: "Is Jack safe?" Then she fell asleep with a happy smile on her lips. She had burned her hands and arms; her beautiful hair was singed badly, and her strength had been terribly taxed; but in a month she had recovered sufficiently to take a short drive, and Jack took her to see the ruins.

Every building on the place had been burned to the ground.

"I am glad of it said Jack. 'I intend to build a new house to which I shall be proud to take my wife. Will you come, Cecile?'"

"What will your mother say?" she asked with a touch of playfulness, while her eyes gave the answer he craved.

"She is more than anxious to welcome you as a daughter."

So it was settled; and Mrs. Newton, as she looks at her daughter Cecile's hands says: "They are the most beautiful hands in the world to me, if they are scarred and blackened," and the feud of the west pasture is at an end.

Jack and his wife are very happy. They are talking of another picnic to take the place of the one planned a year ago, and it is to be held in the west pasture.

Pleasure in Peanuts.

A man who has a generous quantity of gray in his hair, but none at all in his heart, says that he finds occasionally great satisfaction in eating a pint of peanuts. He does this after dark, buying them at a street stand and having them not put up in a paper bag, but emptied right into his pocket. He knows of no pleasanter reminder of youth than peanuts.

He Recognized His Intensity.

Sometimes insane people are conscious of their own condition. At an entertainment lately given in an asylum one of the patients said to another: "Let's stay here by the door and watch the crazy people come in." "Why, we're the crazy people," replied the other.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also came out of the ear caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

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There will be three different kinds of tickets:
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