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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE THROUGH THE PRESS.

He Chooses "The Rattle in the Palace" as His Subject—Joseph and His Relations—A Good Word for Calvary—A Glimpse of Heaven.

From Youth to Age.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the antipodes on his round the world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press this week "The Rattle in the Palace," the text being taken from Genesis xiv, 28, "I will go and see his before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries afterward persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to 140 years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event 150 before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth and died at 140 years. Joseph Crele of Pennsylvania lived 140 years. In 1857, a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived 140 years and the names of eleven persons who lived 140 years.

Some Grand Old People.

Among the grand old people whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had had a lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception, but he had been given that he was dead. As sometimes in a house you will find kept at a table vacant chair, a plate, a knife, fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. The old man, the flock of 140 years in their flight having alighted, he was enough to carve the marks of the claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down on his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the living, and his children shook their oriental shawl with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a rattle rumbly to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long beard comes down. Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph, instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to lounge and put cold water on his face and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you—my dear son, who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him and the news was confirmed the tears begin their winding way down the cheeks of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

Parental Attachment.

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man, and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text, "I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and untiring thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the earth; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped. Stars rose and set. Years of plenty and years of famine had passed, but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a chord that is not shaped; though pulled by many decades. Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day. In spite of the passage of a half century, Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at 17 years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents, "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means that our child—our departed one is yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. "This is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it

is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

A Thrilling Visit.

I am often asked as pastor, and every pastor is asked the question, "Will my children be children in Heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him. Between the boy 17 years of age and the man in middle life, his forehead developed with the great business of state, but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of Heaven, whether the departed one shall come a cherub or in full grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health.

The Aged Parents.

Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than what ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the lumbazine pocket of one and the absence of the other! Blessed is the home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure on the carpet, and at what doorill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father, Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over these mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions, but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into the polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection and brought him up to the palace and introduced him to the Emperor and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living. And when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents!

A Plea for Filial Affection.

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs, but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man! They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear, "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on: Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store, and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay. I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs, "The eye that mocketh at its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingratitude ought to have a flock of crows for pallbearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that, though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses, and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past, and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him, and when life had passed the neighbor came out and expressed all honor possible, and carried him to the village mosque and set him down be-

side the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your success with the old people. The probability is that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune.

A Good Word for Unmarried Women.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remain unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self sacrificing ones peculiar or angular, but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had Xantippo would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children, than of one childish old man. Among the best women are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were sound asleep they were soaking the old man's feet or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillion they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism, and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septuagenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there has been some queen of self-sacrifice to whom jeweled hand after jeweled hand was offered in marriage, but who stood on the old place because of the sense of filial obligation until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and Heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood 6,000 years, this is the first apothecary of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some special mission are the names of Anna Rosa and Margaret Breckinridge and Mary Shelton and Anna Etheridge and Georgiana Willits, the angels of the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain and Chancellorsville, and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were celibates.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne furnished for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in Heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to father," the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother."

"Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prosperous sons, but I thank God I may find in my text "Over the hills to the palace."

Father and Son.

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the 1,100 shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Aeneas from burning Troy, on his shoulder Anchises, his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Beth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence, burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said, "O God, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of execution provided for his old mother. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit of mine iniquity! Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance. I was denied material kindness." Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that emblazoned residence, and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ you, too, will be emancipated.

Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in Heaven and find you amid the abastar pillars of the throne-room and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the spangled guard of the palace rushes in and says, "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

A Glowing Picture.

But, oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their feet now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you, "A spirit possess this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world, but

you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here. And as we used to visit you on earth before we died now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "the saints' everlasting rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury plains amid the flocks on the hills of Heaven. That is the famine struck Padanaram turned into the rich pasture fields of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

BETTER THAN A BANK ACCOUNT

A Mexican Don's Silver Mine, Which He Taps Whenever He Needs Cash.

For the past twelve years Will Walker, formerly of Independence, Mo., has been a resident of Mexico. Recently he related the following story to another Missourian, who, in turn, told it to a writer for the Kansas City Journal:

"A Mexican grandee, whose name is Don Alcazar de Chilicolow, owns a famous mine of inexhaustible riches in the State of Chihuahua. It contains a high grade silver ore, and is so rich that wh never the don or his senora run short of money they simply direct the head peon to gather together his delegation of twelve or thirteen serfs and their equally patient and uncomplaining fowl serfs, the burros. Then the don mounts the head burro and the procession takes the trail for the family mine, as it is called. The mine has been in the possession of the don and his ancestors for the past four centuries. It is nothing but a rude tunnel in the mountain side. The entrance to the tunnel is securely barricaded with heavy timber doors, which are securely locked with three old Spanish locks, the keys to which are always in the possession of the don. When the mine is reached the don unlocks the doors. He then directs his body servant to swing his hammock beneath the branches of a massive tree standing at the entrance to the mine, which was a well grown sapling when the first don of the family discovered the mine 400 years ago.

The peons are then set to work getting out the rich silver ore, which they put into baskets slung upon the backs of the burros. It is but the work of five or six hours to get out ore that will be worth several thousands of dollars. The ore is free milling ore and it is no trouble to work it. While the ore is being taken out of the mine and put into the baskets the don is lying in his hammock leisurely smoking cigarettes. When the baskets are full the con manages to pull himself together long enough to lock up the mine and seal the entrances and the cavalcade then starts back and goes straight to Chihuahua, twenty miles away. As soon as they arrive there the don sells the contents of the baskets, for which he receives from \$12,000 to \$15,000 in cash in Mexican money. He gives his peons a liberal tip besides their meager wages; which they divide, like the conscientious peons they are, between the church and the pulque merchant and reserve a small medium to keep themselves and their families partly clothed and fed until the don holds his next grand rally, which occurs four or five times a year. The don owns a magnificent hacienda, has a lovely wife and two beautiful daughters, who have all the pride of the true Castilliana. The hacienda contains over 6,000 acres and is one of the principal highways leading out of Chihuahua, upon which, like most of the land owners of the country, he pays little or no taxes."

His Explanation.

The recent confinement of the Rev. Dr. Patton in a Pittsburgh sanitarium recalls sadly the time when his nimble intellect could leap gracefully over the most difficult theological stile. It is well known that he had a great many wealthy men in his congregation. A friend once asked him to expound the doctrine that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "I have always regarded that as a poetic exaggeration of the insensuity of the camel."—New York Advertiser.

A "Hoodoo" Rabbit.

A swamp rabbit, killed near Palestine, Texas, the other day, had three horns on its head each two inches long. Two of the horns came up from the sides of the head. The other was in the middle. Water all over the under jaw gave the creature a horrible appearance, and the natives think they are an apt and old of the bushes of the victims.