

THE NORTHWESTERN.

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Football is nothing more than guerrilla warfare, but it appears to be of the South African brand.

Just as the football season ends Congress convenes, to the delight of those who love the life strenuous.

The football teams ought to be thankful the season is over, and that the fatalities have been so few.

An American artist is to paint the coronation scenes for King Edward. At last the old masters are coming our way.

Another of the Vanderbilt boys is about to marry an heiress. Thrift seems to run all the way through that family.

A Baltimore company has been organized to make whisky from watermelons. Yet we are trying to uplift the colored race!

France's cabinet has just passed another crisis. It has to have a crisis every few minutes in order to whet its appetite for office.

Emperor William's American cook stove will be set up and ready for business by Christmas time. The emperor is just beginning to live.

Some of the escaped convicts from Leavenworth who have reached the Indian Territory are being held up for the valuable horses they stole in Kansas.

A New York man claims that the angels taught him how to use a typewriter. It would be interesting to inspect his celestial spelling and punctuation.

One-seventh of the people of this country are engaged in the railroad business. The others are busy wondering how to get free transportation in the future.

Farmers living along the line of the proposed Paris-Vienna automobile race are already safeguarding against flying wheels, linchpins and fragments of humanity.

The Supreme Court decision will not surprise Aguinaldo, who has had a distinct suspicion that the Philippines belonged to America ever since he met Gen. Funston.

The Georgia people have a great deal of respect for the Union. They used to send watermelons to Mr. Cleveland, and are keeping Mr. Roosevelt supplied with persimmons.

The census report showing a total capital of \$27,123,364 invested in the 157 salt establishments reported can be taken without a grain of the product under consideration.

The theory that disease develops genius should be investigated by the book publishers. It seems to explain the responsibility for some of those historical romances.

The daughters of cabinet officers when their approaching marriages are announced get rather more prominence before the public than do their distinguished papas.

It has been judicially decided that it is against the law to open a theater in New Jersey on Sunday. And yet you can get a charter in New Jersey to do almost anything.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Brown university professor has succeeded in extracting light from beefsteak. Average mankind will fall down and worship him if he will show how to extract credit beefsteak from the butcher.

Among one day's records of suicides we find that one man took his life because he shot another; one dropped out because he had too much luxury, and another because he was poor. Evidently the cause for suicide is of small moment.

We are told that 3,000 Americans attended the opening of the bull fight season in Mexico. Unfortunately, this prevents us saying a few warm things which we usually keep on tap for such cruel exhibitions. Consistency forces silence.

Somehow, the discussion as to the effect of a college education on a young woman's social development will not down. Here is the dean of Barnard suggesting that between the second and third years of the college course the girl student should be sent home for a little round of social experience. The chances are that this suggestion will meet the views of the girl students.

Astronomers to the contrary notwithstanding, Chicago saw something recently and she knows she saw it. If she were a little more superstitious, she would be disposed to regard it as some awful portent, presaging, for instance, a serious drop in the price of pork or lard.

There is always room at the top when you climb with a knife in your teeth; sometimes when you climb with a flower in your button-hole; but never when you stop to apologize for treading on the other fellow's knuckles.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WONDERS IN THE HEAVENS AND IN THE EARTH."

Text from the Second Chapter of Joel.—The World Constantly Advancing in the Right Direction—The Triumph of Christianity Over Infidelity.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfisch, N. Y.) Washington, Dec. 8.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel ii., 30, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

There were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last 20 years eclipse any preceding 20. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time we must cry out, in the words of the text, "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth—convulsion after convulsion; frost pounding it with sledge hammer of icebergs and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great bulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1775, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, Europe and America feeling the throb—1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1882 in Chile 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation, in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1873, California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rod of death, Java of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead!

But look at the disasters cyclonic. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic! Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? It is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers. If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin

sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of the hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead sea rolls today where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic. Alas for Galveston and other cities almost drowned!

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the night shades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of intelligence! If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called up to recite in a class with our boys and girls, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and circles of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information! Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table and through the newspaper at the tea table.

Blessings of gospel proclamation! While infidelity is dwindling the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. A few years ago in six weeks more than 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament purchased—not given away, but purchased—because the world will have it. The most popular book today is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations and more honored than any is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice! All for Christ! Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime and sound all the organs in one diapason and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one "Gloria In Excelsis." Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty Chautauques! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist church! Mighty associations of the Baptist church! Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church! There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be believing if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for his last triumphal flight in this day's sunset or if tomorrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet to proclaim universal dominion.

All dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of light and love and peace! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate.

These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break and in girths that cannot slip and are driven by reins they must answer.

So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents. But there is the tracks laid so long ago no one remembers it—laid by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress that he might learn ship carpentry, by which he could supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house. "What's in that box?" the owner said: "I don't know. That box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it. I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you £2 for it." "Well, done," the £2 was paid, and the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for \$50,000. In it the lathing machine of

Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incase treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after awhile God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titans play quoits, they pitch mountains, but who owns these gigantic natural forces we are constantly reading about? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! I must be at peace with him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ, this God is mine and he is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on one side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of you who are in midlife may well thank God that you have seen so many wondrous things, but there are people alive today who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world uplifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courier of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal. Whether here or departed this life, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint, the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said, "We are expecting the Arizona tonight." I said, "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said, "Yes, I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the masts. I know them all—I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent ones! So today we take our stand in the watch-tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top gallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt water high upon the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours. They went out for our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf, and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the plank. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city."

No Chicken. Trust a messenger boy to be up on expressive slang. The particular one who had a message to deliver yesterday morning at the office of the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad was as tough a looking specimen as you could find in a day's journey. His cap was placed at a perilous angle on his frowny head, tobacco stains lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he was puffing a cigarette stump. The dignified clerk who took the message scowled. "Sign dat," demanded the boy, holding out his slip, and expectorating copiously on the floor. "I'll have you put out of here if you don't know how to behave," said the clerk severely. A look of scorn passed over the boy's grimly features. "Aw, don't git ity wid me, or I'll slide all over youse!" he exclaimed. Then he sauntered out whistling, "Go Away Back and Sit Down."—Philadelphia Record.

Forgotten Directions. As the steamer pitched and rolled in the waves the traveler heard, through the thin partition, a wailing voice in the next stateroom exclaim: "Oh, mamma, it's coming on again, worse than ever!" Then he heard a sleepy voice in reply: "Marie, why don't you follow the directions you told me about before we came on board?" "Because I've forgotten whether I ought to breathe in as the vessel rises, and let the breath go out as it moves downward, or whether it ought to be the other way, and oh! oh! I wish I was dead."—Epworth Herald.

The Chinaman carries a fan, even if he is a soldier on active service, or if he is going to his execution.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII. DEC. 22: EX. 14: 13-27.

The Starting of the Israelites on Their Journey from Egypt to the Promised Land, a Land Destined to Be the Native Country of the Savior.

I. In our last lesson we left the Israelites celebrating the first Passover feast. They were strengthened by the food. They were dressed for the march. They had packed up all the things they could take with them. They had engaged in worship. Their courage and faith had been stimulated. And now the hour had come. While they were still engaged in celebrating their first Passover feast, at midnight the Lord smote all the firstborn of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat upon the throne to the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon (12:29). The last and greatest stroke had fallen. The whole land of Egypt was now in intense excitement. There was a great cry, for there was not a house where there was not one dead. There was no longer a refusal of Moses' request. On the contrary, Pharaoh could not wait till morning before he sent to Moses, and bade him be gone with all the people.

II. The first journey of the Israelites was from Rameses to Succoth (12:37). These are not towns, but districts. Rameses was "the land of Rameses," which is spoken of as identical with Goshen, or at least with the western portion of it. It lay along the Wady Tumulat, the line of the present Sweet-water Canal, and was shaped like a cornucopia with its broader end toward the Nile. From all portions of this land the people assembled at Succoth, as their place of rendezvous.

III. The Israelites first moved toward the northern or the Philistia route. This seemed the nearest and safest way, and it was natural that they should choose it in their haste to get away from Egypt. Either the pillar of cloud and of fire did not lead them at first, or it was seen that the only way was to let the people see for themselves the difficulties in the way, as the best way to satisfy and to train them.

IV. Vs. 13-18. The Israelites marched southerly to reach the gates through the great wall which opened into the Red Sea Road to Palestine. This was near the head of the Red Sea. They had, of course, permission to go through it when they reached the place they found everything changed. They were unexpectedly caught in a trap. Pharaoh had changed his mind. The garrisoned gates through the wall were closed. The wall coming down to the water prevented them from going around the head of the sea. On two sides were high mountains. In front of them the wide expanse of the sea. The only open way was that by which they came, and lo, they see.

V. Vs. 19-25. The night came on. The first part was moonless, for it was at least three or four days after the full moon of the Passover. The Israelites in the light went forward toward the sea. The Egyptians followed them in the darkness slowly, but feeling sure of their footing in the morning. But the flaming fire that led the Israelites also made known to the Egyptians where the fugitives were. Hence "15, the angel of God." That is the real presence of God, manifested in the pillar of cloud and fire, but God's angel in them, a living power that guided the nation by this outward manifestation. The real presence removed, and with that "the pillar of the cloud" removed.

VI. Vs. 26, 27. "Stretch out thine hand." Showing that the power was from God. But as the pathway was made by the wind, so doubtless now there were employed a wind channel to west and the returning tide, 27. "Overthrow the Egyptians." It is nowhere said that Pharaoh himself was drowned in the sea. He was overthrown in his army. According to the monuments, Menephtah was not much of a warrior, but preferring to send his generals to war for him than go himself. "The sea returned to his strength." Better, as in margin of R. V., "to its wonted flow."

VII. No notice of the Exodus is found upon the monuments of Egypt. Nor should we expect any. Looking down upon the magnificent structure of the tomb of Napoleon I in the Hotel des Invalides, of Paris, we could see on the walls surrounding the sarcophagus a mosaic representing the laurel wreaths of victory; and enwreathed in these were the names of some of the most splendid battles fought by the great warrior—Austerlitz, Marengo, etc., but Waterloo was not mentioned there, though it is the best-known battle the world has ever known. It is the same for him. For the same reason the defeat at the Red Sea and the escape of the Israelites would not be mentioned in the tombs of the Pharaohs.

VIII. Several different theories have been propounded. Dr. Trumbull, in his "Kadesh" Barnes, strongly confirms the traditional place at the northern end of the Gulf of Suez. "The Israelites crossed near the town of Suez, on extensive shoals which run toward the southeast, in the direction of Ayun Musa the Wells of Moses; the distance is about three miles at high tide." The Egyptians, in the darkness, probably did not know that they were on the bed of the sea, and counted it safe to go where the fugitives in the light were ready to go. The Red Sea extended farther north than now and joined the Bitter Lakes, which were therefore a part of the Red Sea; and that the crossing was somewhere over a part of this chain of lakes. Principal Dawson thinks the crossing was through the southern part of the Bitter Lakes, between station Fayid, on the railway, and station Genefeh. See Map at beginning of the lesson.

Christmas Lessons from Exodus. 1. Like the Israelites, the world was under the bitter bondage of sin. 2. Jesus Christ came into the world as the great Deliverer. His coming was the great era of the world, that changed all its future existence. 3. One of the great difficulties in the way was that many of the people did not realize their need deeply enough to make them willing to throw off their bonds. 4. Jesus, like Moses, wrought great miracles to show them the goodness and the power of God, who called them from the bondage of sin to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. This helped them to believe. He pictured before them the promised land, to awaken hope.

Distribution of the Jews. Of the 11,000,000 Jews in the world, 6,000,000 live in Russia, 2,100,000 in Austria-Hungary, 600,000 in the German, and 235,000 in the British Empire. Of the last, 140,000 belong to London.

Spanish Queen's Musical Taste. The Queen of Spain likes good music, and during her residence at San Sebastian, in summer, never fails to invite Sarasate to her palace for some private soirees.

THREE CHICAGO DOCTORS.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in an awful state for nearly three years with a complication of female troubles which three physicians called by different names, but the pains were all the same. I dreaded the time of my



MABELLE L. LAMONTE.

monthly periods for it meant a couple of days in bed in awful agony. I finally made up my mind that the good doctors were guessing; and hearing from different friends such good reports of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I tried that. I bless the day I did for it was the beginning of a new life for me. I used five bottles before I was cured, but when they were taken I was a well woman once more. Your Compound is certainly wonderful. Several of my friends have used it since, and nothing but the best do I ever hear from its use."—Yours, MABELLE L. LAMONTE, 222 E. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 Forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

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