

Whoever Liveth and Believeth in Me Shall Never Die.

THE Resurrection, the greatest object lesson of the ages, is the pivot on which the whole world is turning from darkness to light. No matter what belief anyone may have, his life has been affected in some way by the accounts given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John of the Crucifixion; the placing in the tomb of the body of Jesus and his appearance after a period of seeming death. The clear belief of the disciples, their teachings and reported sayings; even the contentions, strifes and darkness, which lasted for a time, and then the steady advance of the light of Christianity down the centuries, has led to study and thought and achievements which have advanced the civilization of the world. Jesus' resurrection is also our resurrection as it was the resurrection of the disciples, who, after his appearing, knew the things which before they had taken on faith. The world's resurrection is going on. Christianity, with the resurrection as its most vital point, has been the motive power that has swayed empires.

Its study has been the means of advancing the education of the world. Thoughts inspired by it are expressed in art, music, literature; and thoughts inspired by it have opened men's minds to inventions that have revolutionized mortal life. The world's resurrection is going on! It has opened the darkest continents to commerce; has been the cause of the discovery of new countries; and is lifting the whole world to a higher understanding and appreciation of life—from a material sense to the highest spiritual sense.

Each year with the recurrence of Easter men are outgrowing the grave more and more and are understanding more fully the great truth embodied in Christ's promise that "Whoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Jesus had challenged the mortal claim of death three times before he proved conclusively the spiritual supremacy of life by his resurrection from what seemed to be death. First, at the gates of the city of Nain, when the son of a widow was being carried out on a bier, he said to him: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise;" and he whom they thought was dead "sat up, and began to speak."

Then when "all were weeping and bewailing" over the death of the twelve-year-old daughter of Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, Jesus said unto them, "Weep not, for she is not dead, but sleepeth;" and they laughed him to scorn. But he took her by the hand; told her to arise; and "she rose up immediately."

Finally, he called Lazarus from the tomb four days after he had been laid away there as dead. Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, were very dear friends of Jesus. He often visited at their little home to rest after his teachings in the temple and other



HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB.

places. Mary especially was dearly beloved by him. She had "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his words;" and it seems that even Jesus himself thought that she understood the full meaning of his teachings. So when Lazarus was sick his sisters sent word to Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." But when Jesus heard this "he abode two days still in the same place where he was." Then he said to his disciples, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep." Then said Jesus unto them plainly, "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him."

When Jesus and his disciples arrived at Lazarus' home and Mary met him, "she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.'" When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in spirit and said, "Where have ye laid him?" They said unto him, "Lord, come and see."

Jesus wept." He had thought that Mary surely would understand what he meant when he said that "Lazarus sleepeth." That she would understand that Lazarus was not dead; that death had no power over him. He wept because he saw that even Mary did not yet understand the full meaning of his teachings.

Jesus then showed by his own resurrection that death and the grave had no power over him and made clear his statement that "whoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." As the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher, so by Jesus' resurrection, the stone which had kept out hope, faith and knowledge of the Eternal Life is rolled away from the hearts of men. The veil of the temple was torn when Jesus was crucified as a symbol that nothing more was to be hidden, and that the light was to be let in to clear up the mysticisms of old beliefs.

Brighter and brighter the light of love is shining as man becomes more and more at one with God.

As the "resurrection" of man goes on the truth of Paul's statement that "in him we live and move, and have our being" becomes clearer. Men soar in aeroplanes to reach the sky and build skyscrapers hundreds of feet above the street, but they do not now attempt to thus reach heaven or to see the mysteries of God. The old materiality of Babylon is fast disappearing and we are knowing more and more that we must reach God, the Supreme Being, spiritually and not with towers that pierce the sky. Paul,



"HE IS NOT HERE."

who saw the great light and knew the meaning of his love, said that "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

God—Love—is ever present—in the street, in the office, in the homes of rich and poor, in the churches, in the markets. We have but to turn our heads and hearts and look and we shall see and feel his presence and know the full meaning of Jesus' resurrection as the disciples did at that happy breakfast on the shores of the lake in the clear, bright light of the morning after he had risen from seeming death; as they did on the road to Emmaus; and when in their midst he dispelled the doubts of even Thomas, who needed material assurance that Jesus' body was not dead.

Thus the highest spiritual understanding brings the real resurrection undying, forever having dominion over death and the grave into eternal freedom.

As Jesus said to the thief who was crucified with him, when he showed by his words that he believed in him, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise," so every one can be with the risen Lord in Paradise by receiving him into their hearts; by believing in him; and by knowing in the fullest sense that "we are the sons of God," and are therefore his image and likeness. When we know that we are the perfect reflection of God, we shall follow perfectly his commandment to love our neighbors as ourselves and shall then have heaven in our hearts and shall know that we are living in his ever protecting care. We have but to turn to Christ, who is always with us, to receive his fullest blessings. "For in him we live, and move, and have our being."

Religion No Longer Terrible. It is a glorious thing to remember that men are turning more and more to god and to religion because a more humane theology has stripped both God and religion of their former terrors. From a myriad of Christian pulpits the nobler message will go forth that Jesus died and rose again, not to reconcile an angry God to his wandering children, but to reconcile and draw those wayward ones to the Father's love and care. From the thunders of Sinai and the avenging wrath the theology of today is turning to the gospel of the prodigal son, the woman taken in adultery, the lost sheep, the Sermon on the Mount. How passing strange that the Redeemer who was all gentleness and forgiveness should have been made into a monster of tyrannous bigotry from which men and women and children have shrunk in terror for 2,000 years!

Material Things. Men today exchange honor, manhood and respectability with the devil for material things which are only fleeting and have no lasting benefits. —Rev. E. M. Evans, Methodist, Des Moines.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW and the EASTER LILY

BY S. E. KISER.

IT was typhoid fever that brought Henry Colthorpe to the end of his faith. So often faith depends upon material things.

For a year things had been steadily going against Colthorpe. In May his wife had suffered a nervous breakdown. The doctors said at first that a complete rest of a month or two in an institution which they recommended would be sufficient to restore her to health and strength. So she was taken away, and Henry was left in the little flat with the Easter Lily. They called her the Easter Lily because she had been born on Easter day and because her real name was Lillian. The Easter Lily was nine years old.

But the doctors were mistaken, as doctors often are. It was November before Mrs. Colthorpe was well enough to return home. Even then she was pale, thin and so weak that the work in the little flat would have been too much for her if the Easter Lily had not been there to help. All that they had been able to save was gone. The doctors' bills and the charges at the institution had been heavy. Henry Colthorpe was in debt for the first time in his life, but he remained hopeful.

"Never mind. We'll soon be on our feet again. Everything will turn out all right if you'll just keep from worrying and get well as fast as you can."

Mary Colthorpe smiled wearily, but hopefully, and promised to do her best. The Easter Lily, who had been waiting and listening, heard them and rushed down the stairs to meet them. She threw her arms around her mother's neck and said:

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad. Now it will not be long here any more."

A week after Mary's return the Easter Lily came down with scarlet fever. Henry Colthorpe began sometimes, while she was hovering between life and death, to wonder whether there was really an All-Wise Father who watched over people. He tried to do his work faithfully, but his heart was full of trouble and his mind was often clouded. He made mistakes that exasperated his employer. His face became haggard, his shoulders drooped and his feet grew heavy. In a few months he seemed to have become an old man.

Thomas Grimeshaw had never been regarded as a philanthropist or as a man who cared much if other people happened to be in distress. He was what is known as a "hard-headed business man." Such a man is likely to be hard-hearted, as hard-headed as it did not matter to Mr. Grimeshaw how his employes got along. If they did their work well, he paid them and took no interest in their personal affairs.

To him they were no more than automatons, filling their places in his establishment to be cast aside when they were replaced by other automatons. If he had been told that the men who worked for him deserved any credit for the success of his business he would have regarded the statement as preposterous. His idea was that his obligations to his employes ceased when he paid them their wages, which were always as small as he could make them without bringing on trouble.

It never occurred to him that any man in his establishment deserved praise or was worthy of a reward for intelligent effort. He regarded the men as parts of the machinery which he needed to operate the thing which he had built up. When they were worn out he cast them off and got new parts to keep the machine in running order.

He was a "hard-headed business man." Mr. Grimeshaw noticed that Henry Colthorpe lagged at his work. Henry Colthorpe had for years been a faithful and useful employe, but that did not give him an excuse for being slow or for making mistakes now. The Easter Lily had begun to recover and Mary Colthorpe was regaining her spirits and her strength when Christmas came. On St. Valentine's day Henry Colthorpe carried two pretty cards to his wife and daughter. He had gone without his lunch that day, so that he could afford to buy the cards, but neither Mary nor the Easter Lily knew that.

In the evening, when the Easter Lily had said her prayers and kissed her mother good night, she called her father to her bedside. She put her arms around his neck and drew his face down beside her own upon the pillow. "Dear, good papa," she said, "Are you glad that I got well?" "Of course I am, darling," "Would you be very sorry if you had no little girl?" "Yes, very sorry."

"But you would have mother." "I would be glad to have mother, but I could not get along without my little girl."

"Why couldn't you?" "Because a little girl gives one courage."

"Couldn't you have courage without a little girl?" "I'm afraid not. I'm afraid I should not have courage or hope or kindness any more, if I had no little girl. I'm afraid I struggle give up the struggle."

"What struggle?" "A struggle that I have to keep making every day. But I have my little girl and so I am able to keep on, and everything is going to be all right. So go to sleep, and dream happy dreams, and tomorrow—tomorrow—why, tomorrow everything will be lovely."

Henry Colthorpe was so weak the next morning that it was difficult for her to get out of bed, but she wearily put on his clothes, ate a mouthful of breakfast and started away to his work. At noon he was called into Thomas Grimeshaw's office.

"Colthorpe," said the "hard-headed business man," frowning, "I've been noticing for some time that you've been loafing at your work. You've made a number of mistakes that have annoyed me very much. This is Wednesday. We will not need you here after the end of this week."

During the afternoon Henry Colthorpe lost the remnant of faith that had been left in his heart, and when he got home at night his wife put her hand upon his brow and fearfully cried:

"Henry, you are burning up with fever."

The doctor decided that he had for weeks been afflicted with "walking typhoid," and said it was marvelous that he had been able to keep up as he did.

One day when he was able to sit up in bed again the doctor said:

"Well, sir! We'll soon have you well again. You notice 'we.' Your wife deserves more credit than I do for pulling you through. It was her nursing, more than my medicine, that did it."

Sometimes during the days of his convalescence Henry Colthorpe was inclined to be sorry they had not let him die. If it had not been for the Easter Lily he would have had no wish to live.

One day she overheard her mother and father talking about their misfortunes. It was the day before Easter. She listened while Henry explained how he had been discharged by Grimeshaw and for the first time she was able to understand the seriousness of their situation.

She put on the best things she had and went out. Around the corner there was a florist's shop. The window was full of Easter lilies. She stopped to look at them and while she was looking and wishing that some of them could be hers a young man came out. He noticed her pitiful look.

Fortunately the young man was in love. When a young man is in love he is generous and likely to be actuated by kindly impulses.

The young man turned back into the shop and a moment later he came out again, with an Easter lily in his hand. "Here," he said, handing the flower to Lillian. "Tomorrow is Easter. I hope you will be happy."

She took the flower and turned away. When she reached Thomas Grimeshaw's office he was seated alone at his desk.

"I don't want to buy any flowers," he said, looking over his glasses at Lillian. "Who let you in here?" "I—I just came in by myself," she replied. "And I don't want to sell any flowers. I brought this lily to give to you."

Healthy Old Age Is What Dr. Hartman Advocates



See here, young man, I heard you complaining the other day of being nervous, sleepless, brain fagged, and the like. A young man, hardly in the zenith of your life, complaining of such things! And this is very common, too. You are not the only one. Probably three out of four of the young men of today have just such symptoms as you describe. What does it mean?

Look at me. I am eighty-two years old. Sound as a nut. Tough as hickory. Do not know what it is to be tired. While I cannot do as much physical work as I used to when a young man, I can do a great deal. Probably twice as much as the average young man of today.

What has kept me so strong and well? I will tell you. I do not use tobacco. I do not use alcoholic stimulants. I do not use tea or coffee habitually. I go to bed early. I get up early. I am always doing something; something that occupies my body and mind. I love to work.

Take a cold water towel bath every morning, winter and summer. It is these things that have kept me well and strong. You could be just as well and strong as I am if you would do as I do.

You may ask, do I never get sick, have I never had occasion to take medicine at all? Yes, I have got sick. Sometimes I feel a little touch of climatic trouble, like cold, malaria, slight catarrhal symptoms, but my only medicine is Peruna. I always keep a bottle of Peruna in the house. I keep a bottle of Peruna on my desk in my office. Once in a while I take some. I do not take it habitually. Take it only when I feel a little out of sorts. One swallow will perhaps be all that will be necessary, but it is always handy.

It is a sorry sight to see the young men of today begin to peter out physically when they ought to be in the glory of their manhood and the height of their vigor. Eat plain food. Live frugally. Give up all weakening habits. Live as God intended you to live. Take Peruna when you do not feel as well as usual.

If you want me to I will send you a book which will tell you a great many more things about yourself and about matters that may be of great value to you. Enclose a two-cent stamp for postage and the book will be sent in a plain wrapper and you will not be troubled with any following letters or advertisements.

Peruna is for sale at all drug stores.

WORMS. "Worms," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as diphtheria. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad 'em. Don't let 'em get 'em to Spohn's Cure will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPHON'S CURE FOR TEMPER CURS. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

More Money for your Live Stock by shipping to **ALEX. G. BUCHANAN & SON, South Omaha, Nebraska**

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE Write for book saving young chicks. Send us names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Kaisal Kenedy Co., Blackwell, Okla.

Member of the Union. Men who worked under a former city editor on the Washington Post vouch for the truth of this story about him. The telegraph editor, so the story goes, got a "flash" one night that John La Farge, the painter, was dead. He called the news out to the city editor, who, catching only the name and profession, yelled to a reporter: "Willoughby! A painter by the name of La Farge is dead. Rush down to the Central Labor Union and see what you can dig up about him!"

Warning to Women. Very Meek Husband—I just finished writing your speech for the club, Mariah. His Wife (not so meek)—What's the subject? Very Meek Man—"The lady who will strike her husband is no man." Satire.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

No Change. "I saw young Sappley the other day." "Well, did he look like himself?" "Yes; still insignificant."

Expected Result. "What did Mame do when ma told her she must take that dress to pieces?" "I tell you she was ripping mad."

There is one thing a woman never boasts of, and that is how little it costs to have her last year's hat remodeled.

Woman Is As Old As She Looks

No woman wants to look old. Many in their effort to look youthful resort to the "beauty doctor's" prescriptions. Their mistake is that they visit the wrong department in the drug store.

Beauty depends upon health. Worry, sleepless nights, headaches, pains, disorders, irregularities and weaknesses of a distinctly feminine character in a short time bring the dull eye, the "crow's feet," the haggard look, drooping shoulders, and the faltering step.

To retain the appearance of youth you must retain health. Instead of lotions, powders and paints, ask your druggist for **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**

This famous medicine strikes at the very root of these enemies of your youthful appearance. It makes you not only look young, but feel young. Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form; or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. and a trial box will be mailed you.

Nebraska Directory

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A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. In this age of research and experiment, all nature is investigated by the scientist for its comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among these by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Therium, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weakness, piles, skin eruptions, piles, etc. There is no doubt. In fact it seems evident from the big city eruptions amongst specialists, that THERIUM is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell whether or not we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—write a most safe, sure, and reliable cure, should send address, envelope for FREE book to Dr. J. C. Moore, 100, Harvard Street, Boston, London, England and decide for themselves whether the New French Remedy, THERIUM, is worth the price of \$2.00 or \$3.00 is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. Therium is sold by druggists or mail \$1.00. Fougere Co., 70 Beekman St., New York.

Equally as Good. A Sunday school teacher in the middle west asked all of her pupils who wished to go to heaven to hold up their right hands. All did but one little girl. "Why, Mary," said the teacher, "why don't you hold up your hand today, just as you did last Sunday when I asked the same question?" "I know," said Mary, "but papa has just got tickets for Los Angeles."

Wanted to Know. "I don't like to throw bouquets at myself, but I do think I have excellent taste." "Am I to consider that as a proposal?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle in every home.

However, the man who knows just how to manage a woman never tried it.

And platonic friendship frequently makes a noise like a surfing.

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BOUNDS ALL MORAL EQUITY "Golden Rule," Divinely Given, Means Living a Life Without the Odor of Deilement. "And as ye would that men should do to ye, do ye even so to them." There is a principle by which to regulate our relations to our fellow-men, and it is God's rule. Many rules have been the result of human observation, inference and consent, but this one is divinely given. It is God's way of do-

ing, and as such is called "Golden" by comparison with the most precious metal, the medium of highest value among men. It is the foundation of all moral equity, and as men abide by it, life emerges into heaven and disorders cease as when the skillful tuner brings the chords of an instrument into concert pitch. By it men are blessed with a clean conscience and a life without the odor of deilement. However acute the angle of departure from its exact requirements men are miserable.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without riping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.