EV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE HUMAN FACE.

"A Man's Wisdom Maketh His Face to Shine"-The Great Preacher Again Discourses Upon a Unique Subject-A Map of the Mind.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.-In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon "The Human Face" and held his great audience fascinated with the charm of his eloquence as he discoursed on a subject of universal interest. The text was Ecclesiastes viii, 1, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sour-ness of his face shall be sweetened."

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances be-nignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, tenevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly impudent or modest, cours-

geous or cowardly, frank or sneaking.

In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than 13 inches som the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to deek bone, yet in that small com-pass Gcd hath wrought such differences that the 1,000,000,000 of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their fadal appearances. The face is ordi-narily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of char-acter / It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul.

And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or honely, we are by the character we form decding whether our countenances shall be ple sant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most raged and irregular features are attractive cause of the kindness that shines through tiem. Accident or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance, and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward by circumstances being put into intimate association with him you come to like him and trust him. Yet, stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd ex tent there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index and while it may be carried into the fanci ful and necromantic there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits.

Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip, and the spread of the nostril, and the correlation of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's charac ter. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides s thousand things in commercial and financial and social and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to theother there is no science so recognized as that of physi ognomy and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face.

The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the shin-ing "face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Pharonh." the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrectionary staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the

early ages. In vain the English parliament in the time of George II ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiog-nomy. Intelligent people always have stud-ied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua and Job and John and Paul, as well as of Hosmer and Hippoc rates and Galen and Aristotle and Socra tes and Plato and Lavater, have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this theme.

A TRIUMPH OVER DISFIGUREMENT. Now, what practical, religious and eter-nal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not reeponsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be prenetally, as the psalmist declares when he writes, "In my book all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them, yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would list to have been made in ap pearance an Alcibiades, and every woman

would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our use fulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and weman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who do s not care how he looks, all such people lack . Quipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth. Sefore he begins to preach, or Christians with beard untrimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the lair-yea, unkem, t, uncombed, unwash ed, disagrecable men or women-are a hindrance to religion more than a recommen-

Now, my text suggests how we rusy, independent of features, make ourselves agreeable, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their counte-nance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity, or by long years of criel behavior they may have Herodized all the machinery of expression, or by long Years of avarice they may have been shyocked until their face is as bard as the presious metal they are hoarding, but I am in

init.

AT THE TABERNACLE. time to belp multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the presidential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fre in childhood his face had been more pieously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he rose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney general of the United States was needed be entered the presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human

countenance! I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia courtroom cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe, I was a beau-tiful bine eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so. But I was one day playing with my sister when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her re-lief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement."

Hersiam conquering physical disabilities That scholarly, regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression wittess Paul, who photographs himself as in 'bodily presence weak;' and George Whitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus; and Alexander H. Stephens. who sat pale and sick in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers and Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah, who described his face bruised and gashed and scarified, and said of him, "lifs visage was so marred more than any man. So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

REBUKE OF PESSIMISM. And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human counte nance. One of the sharpest and most de structive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the ilp. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostrils as with a malodor. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation, "All men are liars." Everything is going to ruin.

All men and women are bad or going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence and they say he gave that to advertise him-self. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal and state and national. Somehow food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys.

Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of men, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good asso ciations, he would not have written that in terrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features; hence so many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the

One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and fore boding opinion of everything take posses sion of you for 20 years, and you will be s sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed and scowled and lachrymosed and blasted with the same midnight.

THE CHANGE OF HEART. chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approach ing, and the day when beer mug and demi-john and distillery and bombshell and rifle pit and 74 pounders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheek and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. Those are the faces I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennia glory. They are heaven impersonated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are halleluiahs alighted. They are Christ reincarnated.

I do not care what your features are o whether you look like your father or your mother or look like no one under the heav eps-to God and man you are beautiful Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Flor-ence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless i seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked i he could make anything out of it, and if so he was told he could own it. The artist took the marble and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David, with his foot on Go liath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashion ed the marble into another figure that is famous for all time because of its express

A critic came in and was asked by Angel for his criticism, and he said it was beauti ful but the nose of the statue was not o ful, but the nose of the statue was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully im-proved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all."

My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the divine sculptor. But, having changed the heart, it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that change it from glory to glory, and, though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face, Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of him. "Behold the man!"

SHAPING THE COUNTENANCE. Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero and Robespierre and Diocletian and thumbscrews and racks all up and down the fea-tures. Infernal artists, with murderers' daggers, have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition in the revengeful countenance. Disfiguration of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the couptenance, and it is kindness. There

made to correspond with her superb soul. Her engre face from ear to car becomes the canvas upon which all the best artists of begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all affash, and mountains of transfigura-tion and neonday in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever

ouched human countenance. No one could wonder at the unusual geniality in the face of William Windom, secretary of the treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wineglass upside down, saying, "I may by doing this offend some, but by not doing it I might damage many." Be kind to you friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your superiors. Be kind to your sinferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your dog. Be kind to your cat. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the gospel of physiognomy.

ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN. A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the terrace one morning in his invalidism he saw a rider flung from a horse into the river, and without thinking of his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown, leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him in safety to the bank, when glancing into the face of the rescued man he cried: "My God!

I have saved my own son!" All kindness comes back to us in one way or another; if not in any other way, then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him, when by one motion of his paw the monster could have crushed the insignificant disturber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse gnawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you cannot afford to despise a mouse

When Abraham Lincoln pardoned young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of the White House saying: "They have lied about the president's being homely. He is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that president's rugged face was written the kindness which he so well illustrated when he said, "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for sav ing a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face to shine while life lasts, and after death it puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair, that makes me say sometimes at obsequies "She seems too beautiful to bury." SOLEMN HYPOCRITES.

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ, with one terrific stroke in his sermon on the mount, de scribed this character, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy having taken possession of the soul, it immediates ately appears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemu. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are tearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for ness that they disgust young people with

We had one of them in one of my churches. When he exhorted, he always deplored the low state of religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an at-tack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of ohe and ahe that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in that way un til we had to expel him from church for stealing the property intrusted to him as administrator and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from the west saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man cannot have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization.

Here comes another chisel, and that be-longs to the old fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out its sins by the blood of the Lamb and starting heaven right there and then. This done deep down in the heart, religion says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumina tion that no one can mistake. I have made this man happy, and now I will make him look happy. I will draw the corners of his mouth as far up as they were drawn down. I will take the contemptuous curl away from the lip and nostril. I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and heaven. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows plowed for the harvests of joy. I will make what we call the 'crow's feet' around his temples suggestive that the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of a campaign won.

THE MOTHER'S FACE. "Now," says some one, "I know very good people who have no such religion in their faces." My friend, the reason probably is that they were not converted until late in life. Worldliness and sin had been at work with their chisels on that face for 30 or 40 years, and Grace, the divine sculptress, has been busy with her chisel only five or ten years. Do not be surprised that Phidias and Greenough, with their fine chisels, cannot in a short while remove all the marks of the stone mason's crowbar, which has been busy there for a long while. I say to all the young, if you would have sympa-thetic face, hopeful face, courageous face, cheerful face, kind face, at the carliest possible moment, by the grace of God, have planted in your soul sympathy and hope and courage and good cheer and kindness.

No man ever indulged a gracious feeling, or was moved by a righteous indignation, or was stirred by a benevolent impulse, but its effect was more or less indicated in the countenance, while David noticed the physiognomic effect of a had disposition when he said. "A wicked man bardeneth his face," and Jeremiah must have noticed it when he said of the cruel, "They have made their

faces harder than a rock.' Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that though they vanished long ago they still hold you with a Herald.

came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all the children and grandchildren. She would have been 10 years old now or and the command has come forth from the 20 or 30 years." But does not that infant beavens that that woman's face shall be face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? In your dreams do you not see it? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Or it may have been a sister's face. Per haps she was the invalid of the family Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days, and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza, or for a shore ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled! Or was it a father's face? The storms of

life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that i you were an artist you could put it on canvas, and it would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched That face, though long ago veiled from hu man sight, is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rock ing chair by the stove in the old farmhouse

Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a Madonna in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy, and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief, and no tears trickled down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing, and a shadow did not cross it Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses, through which she looked at you, how sacredly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your moth er's face, your mother's smile, your moth er's tears! What an overpowering memory Though you have come on to midlife or old age, how you would like just once more to bury your face in her lap and have a good cry

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic. and more tender, and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. you cannot," says some one. I can, and will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as be was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Fran-cesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it is "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pa-thos and majesty and power and execution; but, although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive. I felt, as we all feel, that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see him as he is.

What a gentle face it must have been to

induce the babes to struggle out of their mothers' arms into his arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the psalmists in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of thine snointed!" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of his garment! What a suffering face it must have been

their breath and have such general doleful horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom and his antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead St. John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

O Christ! Once the Nazarene, but not the celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging bram-ble, but now coroneted with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on us thy pardoning face and forgive us; thy sympat ic face and console us; thy suffering face and have thy atonement avail for us; thy omnipotent face and rescue us.

Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing, and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or archangelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheather splendor like that with which he appeared when he said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come," and to the poor waif of the street "Neither do I condemn thee," and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened."

I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." And now unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and amen!

Liquid Salol.

M. Reynier, a Paris physician, has been successfully using liquid salol, either by itself or in combination with iodoform of aristol, in treating fistulæ and suppurating cavities. Tuberculosis and suppur-ating glands that had not been opened and fistulæ caused by such glands when treated in this way were cured. Fistulæ following resection of the rib for tuberculosis were completely healed. And it is stated that a cavity in a bone caused by a localized tuberculous abscess, when filled with a mixture of salol and iodoform, can be cured without suppuration in a rela

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#### CHURCHES.

CHRISTIAN Church—Services Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m: Sunday school at 12 noon Y P S C E at 6:30 p m and Y P S C E Janiors at CONGREGATIONA'. Church—Services at 10: 30 a m, and 7:30 p m: Sunday school at 11:36 a m, Y P S C E at 6:30 p m and Y P S C E Jun-

METHODIST Church—Service at 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p. m.. Epworth League at 6:30 p m. Sunday School at It:30 p. m. EPISCOPAL Church-Services every two weeks, by appointment. LUTHERAN Church-Every third Sunday

CATHOLIC Church-Services by appointment. BAPTIST Church—No regular services, Sunday school (regular) at noon. BY P U at

CHAPEL-Sunday school at 3 p m every 800

### SOCIETIES.

A O U W-Each alternate Tuesday evening. BEN Adhem Lodge No 186; IO O Fevery Monday night. CALANTHE Lodge No 29, Kuights of Pythia

RFD Cloud Lodge No 608, Modern Woodmen of America, alternate Wednesday syening VALLEY Lodge No 5, Fraternal Order of Pro-tectors, first and third Monday of each

CHARITY Lodge No 53 A F and A M each Friday evening on or before the full moon. RED Cloud Chapter No 19, R A M alternate
Thursday evening. YRENE Commandery No 14 alternate Thurs

CHARITY Chapter Eastern Star No 47 alter GARFIEL Post No 8: G A R Monday even

GARFIELD WRC No 14 meets al es nate sat MARY SEERS MCHENRY Tent No 11 Daught ers of Veterans wonday evening.

H SKALEY Camp No 25, S of V Tuesday evening. SHERMAN Circle No 3, ladies of the G A is first and third Saturday evening.

RED CLOUD Council No 18 Loyal Mystic Leg ing

### Be Sure and Read This.

Our correspondents are doing some excellent work and we hope that they will cellent work and we hope that they will
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ten as possible. We are by your efforts
able to give the news of the entire county,
During the coming year, we propose to

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Legal Notice.

In the district court of Webster county Neb.
William H. Bryant)
and Aaron Aydelott,
Partners doing business under the firm
name of Aydelott and
Bryant, Plaintiffs.

. C. Williamson,

M. C. Williamson,
Defendant.

The above named defendant M. C. Williamson, wil take notice that on the 10th, day of February 1834, the above named plaintiffs filed a petition in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, against the said defendant Williamson, the object and prayer of which are to recover from said defendant the amount of a certain promissory note, for the sum of \$380 dated at Denver Colorado, June the 8th, 1833, due in one day after date payable to the order of said Aydeiott and Bryant, and signed by defendant Williamson, together with interest on said sum at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from June 9th, 1893 there being now due on said note and unp 4d, the said sum of \$350, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from said 9th, day of June 1839.

And the said defendant Williamson, is further notified that an order of strackment was issued in the above entitled cause on said 10th day of February 1894, and was by the the abrill of Webster county, Nebraska, duly levied upon the following described real state situated in said county towit. The north cast quarter and the north 60 acress of the east half of the north-west quarter of section six in township three north of range ten west, in said county and state. And the said defendant is hereby required to answer said petition on or before the 18th and 18th and 1894.

WILLIAM H. BRYANT AND AARON \*YDELLTI, Part-

WILLIAM H. BRYANT AND AARON 'YDEL-TI, PAIL-TOTS, etc.

Plaintiffs. Attorneys for plaintiffs.

Notice of Sale. Adam Morhart, Plaintiff

Dated February 18, 1894.

JOHN M. CHAPVIN
Attorney for Plaintiff and Referees. 305t

Legal Notice.

Legal Notice.

STATE OF NEBRASKA | 58

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In the County court.

In the matter of the estate of Anna Sadileck: notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against Anna Sadileck late of Webster county deceased, that the time fixed for filing claims against said estate is all months from the 2d day of March 1894.

All such persons are required to present their claims with the vonchers to the county judge of said county at his office therein on er before toe 3d day of September 1894, and all claims so filed will be heard before the said Judge on the 4th day of September at two o'clock p. in.

Witness my official signature this 3d day of February 1894.

County Judge