

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE RUSTIC IN THE PALACE" OF THE KING.

"Joseph Is Yet Alive; I Will Go and See Him Before I Die." Gen. 45:28—The Strength and Reward of Parental Attachments.

BROOKLYN, July 8.—Rev. Dr. Tallmage, who is now nearing the Antipodes, on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press to-day, "The Rustic in the Palace," the text being taken from Gen. 45:28, "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year mile-stone. 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 years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had out 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 130 years, and the names of eleven persons who lived 150 years.

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

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from 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 his sons caught him and led him to a 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 crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips 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."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready. I warrant you. He got on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged were cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when 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 unfailing thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; 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 on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in his text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on 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 utterance 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 our children departed are ours 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. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those

from whom they have long been separated.

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 mid-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 looked 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 loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angel-hood. 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. O parent, as you think of the darling panting and white from membranous crop, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raiment splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come there with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the white house. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents can not stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand a candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. 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 they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that 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 of the carpet, and at what door sill 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: "Husband, 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 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 Pandanaram and introduce him into this 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.

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 can not 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! Eighty 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 ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! 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 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. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal kindness. "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 embazoned residence; and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be emplaced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne-room and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauletted 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.

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 foot now so feeble, then with the sprightness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed 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 still 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 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, 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.

The Review of Reviews for July finds cause for rejoicing from the reports which it is receiving from all parts of the country concerning the steady diminution in the number of unemployed. It will be remembered that the Review canvassed the situation thoroughly in the early winter, and placed before its readers returns from nearly all the large cities showing the number of men out of work and the measures inaugurated for their relief. Supplementary information has been received which enables the Review to state that almost everywhere such relief work has ceased because the necessity for it has disappeared. The editor comments on this improved condition of affairs and adds some interesting reflections on the passing of Coxeyism. In this connection the status of the populists in congress is discussed.

The railway debt of Italy is nearly five milliards (\$1,000,000,000) and the annual railway deficit is not less than 200,000,000 of lire, (\$40,000,000) or more than the actual cost of the army. The man who is willing to learn one thing at a time will soon know mu

MOBS AGAINST REGULARS.

The Chicago Strikers Overturn Freight Cars.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Fifteen freight cars were overturned on the Lake Shore road near Thirty-ninth and Halstead streets just at the entrance to the Union stock yards at 1:30 p. m., just after a number of cars belonging to the Stock Yards Switching association had been overturned. The mob numbered far up in the thousands. No troops were at the scene of the trouble at the time, the soldiers from Blue Island being nearly half a mile distant.

Ten thousand strikers congregated at Fortieth street and Wentworth avenue and tried to wreck the tower house on the Lake Shore and Rock Island roads. Police Lieutenant Fitzpatrick was dispatched to the scene with a large force of police.

Still another overturned about fifty freight cars on the Fort Wayne road between Thirty-ninth and Root streets, a point not covered by the troops.

At the same time as the other mobs were at work, hundreds of a mob which had surrounded Swift & Co.'s meat train but had been held partly in check by regulars, started down the Fort Wayne railroad tracks bent on lawlessness. First they fired a switch over near Fortieth street, and Stewart avenue. Then they attacked a Fort Wayne dummy train from East Chicago. The engineers and firemen were driven away and the windows of the cars smashed. The conductors and passengers abandoned the train and it was left to the mercy of the strikers, when it seemed permanently abandoned the strikers stopped their attack and continued their march along the tracks and many freight cars were dumped across the tracks. The regulars remained with the meat train.

A train belonging to Morris & Co. was stopped by force by strikers at Thirty-seventh street this afternoon. It was loaded with live cattle, which were said to be choking from thirst.

President Debs this afternoon declared that if it became necessary the chiefs of the various labor organizations in the city would call out every trade in Chicago so that the strikers would win.

The Illinois Central railroad renewed its suburban service to-day and a limited number of trains were running with the usual regularity. The suburban service of the Illinois Central road has been practically suspended since last Saturday and was seriously crippled for some days previous.

TARIFF BILL PASSED.

Bill Votes With the Republicans Against It—The Populists Divide.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—In the midst of intense excitement at 10:45 Tuesday night, after having been debated for three months and one day, the tariff bill, amended to take effect August 1, 1894, passed the senate by a vote of 34 to 29, a strict party vote except Mr. Hill, who voted with the Republicans against the measure. The Populists divided their strength, two, Messrs. Kyle and Allen voting in favor of the bill, and two, Messrs. Peffer and Stewart, against it.

A hard but hopeless fight was made by the Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Sherman to place wool on the dutiable list. Through the instrumentality of Mr. McLaurin, Democrat of Mississippi, the action of the committee of the whole in exempting the wool of the United States from the duties of the United States from the operation of the income tax was reserved in the senate. A very important piece of legislation in the shape of an anti-trust law was placed on the bill as a rider, without even so much as a division. It was designed, as Mr. Voorhees, chairman of the finance committee, said, to insure "integrity in the execution of the law," it being admitted that any tariff system afforded abundant opportunity for the formation of trusts and combines.

The amendment to section 71, repealing the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law, declaring the repeal should not be construed to abrogate reciprocal arrangements now in existence, was agreed to.

Upon the announcement of the vote the galleries cheered. Democrats threw bills high in the air, and amid a scene of jubilation the senate adjourned until Friday.

RIOT IN BUTTE.

Two Men Killed Over A. P. A. Trouble—State Militia Called Out.

HELENA, Mont., July 6.—Ill feeling between A. P. A. and other elements in Butte yesterday resulted in a riot in which two men, one a policeman named Daly, was killed. The militia was called out to preserve the peace.

As becomes a July number of any magazine, the Atlantic for this month has its share of out-of-door papers. They show more than one way of getting a change of scene and air, for besides Mr. Frank Bolles's Nova Scotia paper, "The Home of Gloucester," and Mr. Bradford Torrey's Florida sketch, "On the Beach at Daytona," an unsigned article, "The City on the House-tops," gives a vivid and sympathetic picture of the summer life on the roofs of houses in the most crowded quarters of New York. It is evidently the work of a man who has lived the life himself. Mr. W. R. Thayer has edited for the Atlantic the letters of Sidney Lanier to a Philadelphia friend. They are so appear in two installments, the first of which, in the current number, shows them to be of uncommon literary interest and biographical value. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Station Agent Richards of Nowata, Ind. Ter., killed on the Depot Platform.

NOWATA, Ind. Ter., July 6.—A. L. Richards, station agent of the Missouri Pacific railway, was standing on the depot platform at 10 o'clock last night, waiting for the train from the south, when one of a number of men who had been around the depot suddenly confronted him, revolver in hand, and ordered him to throw up his hands. Richards, who had a revolver in his left hand, raised it. As he did so the robber shot. The ball cut off one of Richards's fingers and, entering his neck, killed him.

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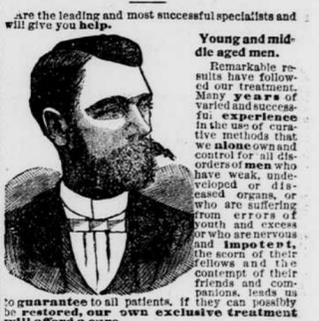
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