

Dr. Talmage's Sermon

ROYALTY IN DISGUISE...

Washington, Dec. 13, 1896.—In this sermon from a bible scene never used in sermonic discourse, Dr. Talmage draws some startling lessons, and tears off the masque of deceit. The text is I. Kings 14:6: "Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child, a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince, with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a crust of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great, working in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's axe gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken-hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken-hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in, the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave, the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth, and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

The story of the text impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incumbered with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzzas, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread-tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has furnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever. Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of his palace and he saw that the people were carrying away bundles and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and he saw some of them lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then he heard their lamentation, and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for him to start. The lords of the land came to see him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights he has been sleeping with the hostlers and the camel-drivers, for no one knew there was a king in town. He went among

the doctors of the law, astounding them; for without any doctor's gown he knew more law than the doctors. He fished with the fishermen. He smote with his own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of the Genesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without and medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which he could pour his tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally his divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when he freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when he turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as when he throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part he was in disguise. No one saw the king's jewels in his sandals. No one saw the royal robe in his plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that he who said "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of his own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of his hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on age after age, were, as compared with his lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in mid-heaven was only the shadow of his throne. No one knew that his crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty en masque. Grandeur of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city, the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The event occurs, the death takes place, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one "if." God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event flung out in the ages is the connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, he catches our sorrows, and to the orphan he will be a Father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurly, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelids, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall leave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead.

POSTSCRIPTS.

A rector sixty years old in Annapolis is learning to ride a wheel.
A license is required to sell ginger beer in England after 10 o'clock at night.
Thousands of bushels of tomatoes are rotting on the farms near Dimondale, Mich.
At English dispensaries over \$250,000 worth of medicine is annually distributed gratis.
She—Isn't the rule "When in doubt, play trumps?" He—The usual rule is, "When in doubt, ask what are trumps."—Scottish Nights.
In the British isles during the present century seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.
Ohio's production of coal last year amounted to the great quantity of 13,683,879 tons, an increase of 1,773,600 tons over the preceding year.
"Mr. Whoopley, if you will only say that I can have your daughter, I am willing to wait for her forever." "It's a go, young man. You can have her when the time's up."—Detroit Free Press.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Bright Little Girl—A German Joke—He Was Just Wondering—The Richest Prince—Suggestions About Night Air—In the "Trust" World.

AER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage!

Her walk is far better than dancing;
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing
Like lambskins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city
She's perfect in natural grace;
She's gentle and truthful and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—
And oh! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams, she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make?

A German Joke.

The Germans have an odd character, a certain baron, who is made responsible for many absurd and ludicrous things. Whenever anything particularly striped for whimsical happens it is straightway attributed to the baron. Consequently, many amusing stories are related of the baron, just as in this country all kinds of mistakes have been heaped upon the shoulders of the late Mr. Stetson, the theatrical man. At one time the baron went to Venice, and seeing the pigeons on St. Mark paused in wonder and began to count them. He was getting on nicely with his calculation when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Here, you," said the stern-faced brigand, "are you counting those pigeons?"
"I was," replied the baron humbly.
"Very well, you have to pay me one lira for every pigeon you counted."
"If that is the law, here are forty lire," responded the baron, counting out the money.
The brigand looked over it carefully and took his departure. Then the baron became convulsed with merriment and shook his fists boisterously after the retreating figure.
"Fool! Idiot!" he exclaimed. "I gave you forty lire, and I counted 160 pigeons."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Just Wondering.

A small boy in Alameda found a lovely dead heap in front of his father's house the other morning and he built roads and houses until he was tired of playing in the dry sand. Then he carried a bucket of water and mixed up a beautiful mud puddle. It was a warm day, and the wet sand appeared so cool and soft that he sat down in it.

The boy's mother happened to be brushing her hair at that moment, and, glancing out of the window, observed him cooling himself. She led him around to the woodshed by the car, and found she would have to remove his clothes before she could take him into the house.

"It seems as if Providence had designed it," she mused as she glanced at the half naked boy and the hair brush, so she proceeded to bring the two together in vigorous style. Then she took him in, put a clean pair of trousers on him, and made him sit on a chair. He did not cry, but sat scowling defiantly.

"Now, look here, Frankie," said his mother, "I don't want you to sit there and sulk. I don't like to punish you, but I had to do it."

"Taint that," he replied promptly. "I was just wondering if women that lick their little boys with hair brushes go to heaven."—San Francisco Post.

The Richest Prince.

The richest prince is not always he that reigns over the most extensive and populous empire, with the largest and most prosperous cities, and the best-filled treasure-house.

Back in the middle ages there reigned a prince, called Eberhard the Good, who was a grand old man, just, wise and true, and his little principality was the envied corner of Europe. For though he was only a grand duke, he ruled so justly and well that his subjects were happy and they all loved him as a father.

There was a feast one day at the city of Worms, and all the German princes were drinking wine at the banquet table, when a dispute arose as to which of them was the richest and most prosperous. Prince Ernest of Saxony boasted of broad domains, brimming with gold and silver mines, and his great palace filled with golden treasure. "I am richer than he," said the Elector Frederick of the Rhine. "From my grand castle at Heidelberg I can look over leagues and leagues of hill-

sides covered with vineyards and valleys rich with golden grain fields." King Louis of Bavaria claimed the palm of sovereignty, "because," he said, "prosperous cities and rich old cloisters, filled with works of art, are greater treasures than gold or silver mines, vineyards or ripened grain fields." Then they all looked at the old lord of Wurtemberg, whose hair and beard were white as the snow on Alpine peaks, and whose blue eyes were shining with a smile. "I have little to boast of," he said, meekly. "There are but few cities in Wurtemberg, and no silver mines, no famous vineyards, and no great store of treasure and precious stones. But I own one rare jewel—I can wander anywhere in my domains without fear and lay my old head in peaceful slumber in the cot of my humblest subject." "It is enough," they cried in chorus; "we yield the palm to thee, for there are no richer treasures than a people's love and loyalty." Duke Eberhard was one of the great heroes of the feudal times. His little country of Wurtemberg was one of the most prosperous in Europe, and the proudest kings counted him their equal. When he was laid in his grave the Emperor Maximilian of Germany declared:

"Here lies a prince who has left no equal in the German empire in princely virtues."

Nor has time been able to blot out his fair name, and though half a thousand years have passed away, dividing the living from the dead, it is always pleasant and refreshing when we look back upon those times to find the name of him they called the Richest Prince.

Night Air.

In summer, when the rays of the sun fall almost vertically upon the earth's surface, the gradual fall in the temperature of night comes as a welcome relief from the heat of the day.

During the rest of the year the sun's rays strike the earth more obliquely, and are sufficient to warm only a thin crust at the surface, which loses its heat rapidly after the sun has set and the temperature of the air falls abruptly. Under these conditions night air may become a source of danger. The sudden change in temperature calls for extra protection for the body, and one should never think of setting out on even a short journey without extra wraps. Except in severe weather it is not necessary to care so much for the extremities, as the circulation of the blood is maintained in these parts by their constant motion. But the chest, as the seat of the bulk of the blood and the vitality of the body, should be protected from chill. The so-called chest protectors are useful; but nothing is simpler than to habituate one's self to wearing woolen underclothing, suiting the weight to the season of the year. Wool is a poor conductor of heat, and when worn next the skin absorbs the perspiration and prevents the rapid loss of the body heat. Moreover, when the temperature falls suddenly at night, the moisture present in the air is condensed and falls to the ground in the form of dew. The dampness and chill form an additional source of danger, against which it is necessary to guard, especially in the matter of footwear. Thicker shoes and warm, dry stockings should be worn. The direct rays of the sun kill many of the microbes that are the specific causes of disease. Consequently night is the favorite time for the evil germs of disease to collect their forces and make the plan of attack against mankind. Powerless against the warm, bright rays of the sun, they succumb in the unequal contest; but at night, aided by the slight dampness, they rise from their hiding places and are borne away by the constantly shifting currents of air upon their errands of sickness and death. Though this may seem to be more or less fanciful, the study of the origin and life of the various germs of disease has proved that the idea embodies a truth, and that night air is favorable to their propagation.—Youth's Companion.

His Last Assignment.

"Sirrah!" exclaimed the president of the Match Trust to his trembling agent, "Have you bought all the match factories in England?"

"Yes, sire."
"And all in France and Germany?"
"Yes, sire; as well as those in all the balance of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and North and South America."

"It is well," said the Match Magnate, "you have done your work nobly. But the end is not yet. Prepare to die! John, bring in the electrocutionary chair."

In spite of his struggles the agent was bound in the chair and the dynamo set in motion.

"Wait!" he cried. "One moment! May I know why I am thus sent to my last home?"

It was the president of the Match Trust that answered him.

"You may," he said. "You are a good man. When you die your soul will fly to the happy realms above, and there you will still find work to do for our trust. Until you have done your work there, our monopoly will not be complete, for see—" and here he drew forth a paper, evidently a page from a book of poems—"See, here it is stated that 'matches are made in heaven!' Good bye and good luck! You are expected to secure control of all the match factories across the dark river, no matter what the cost."

With a glad smile the agent arranged himself in the chair and died. "If," said the president of the Match Trust, "if by any chance he should not reach the realms above, he will at least be in a position to negotiate for large quantities of brimstone."—Ellis Parker Butler in Up-to-Date.

The advance in the price of wheat has made Manitoba very prosperous.

Creole Girls' Charming English.
"The creole gentleman will charm your ear with an inimitable accent, but her enunciation will be clear and fine," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "Her English, acquired at the convent of the Ursuline nuns, will have a certain stilted form and a bookish flavor, which you will quickly confess to be an added charm when you get it from her own pretty lips, and in the sonorous voice of the south. And it will have, too, the flavor of delicacy and refinement. Even though she may occasionally give you a literal translation of a French idiom, she will give it to you with a naive and at once so piquant and so dignified, and in so fine a setting of finished English, that you, if you are a man, will be ready to crawl at her feet."

How to Keep Wrinkles Away.
A simple preventive against the appearance of wrinkles is this: Saturate a soft towel in very hot water, wring it and apply it to the face, keeping it there for at least twenty minutes. Then dry the face very gently. This must be done just before going to bed. When traveling, if the skin is very sensitive, do not bathe the face except at night and in the morning, and then throw a few drops of tincture of benzoin into the water, so that it may be made soft and agreeable to the skin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

False Witnesses.
There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants as identical with or possessing properties akin to Hestetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Power of the Camera.

A Manchester photographer relates that he recently took a photograph of a child who was apparently in good health and had a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it appeared. It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait, that were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of small-pox.

Causes of Death.
Prof. Snellison says that not only 900 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 9,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of these two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Disquieting Suggestion.

"Why, sir," said the gold standard man, who was letting the leak in his cellar go at full tilt while he talked finance with the plumber, "it is a most unreasonable proposition. We might just as well take that lead pipe of yours and coin it."

"Hold on, mister," the plumber exclaimed. "Don't say the rest of it. Don't let such an idea get started. The thought of taking anything as valuable as that lead pipe and turning it into plain ordinary money, makes me shiver with horror."—Washington Star.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise sent to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jumping at Conclusions.

The Minister—"Brother Brown, I hear you attended the theatre this week. I cannot tell you how deeply pained I am to hear of it."

Brown—"But I thought you didn't object to the theatre on principle—that you merely condemned the objectionable shows?"

The Minister—"That, alas, is just it! This must have been a particularly reputable performance. Why, I am told that they had the 'Standing Room Only' sign out every night!"

Very Likely.
She—"You may say what you will, I think you will find that women are less wicked than men. I expect that heaven will be inhabited principally by women."

He—"Very likely. The men, of course, will be found in the smoking room below."—Boston Transcript.

SPRAINS AND PAINS

St. Jacobs Oil the foil. Use it and promptly feel the cure. That's all, but that is something sure.

Look TIRED This Morning

WAS it your own baby or your neighbor's that drove sweet sleep away? It's all unnecessary. Cascaret's Candy Cathartic, sweet to the taste, mild but effective, stop sour stomach and colic in babies, and make papa's liver lively, tone his intestines and purify his blood.
EAT CASCARET'S LIKE CANDY
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Hope Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. \$1 Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, cure headache, 25c.



Stupidity Personified.
Old Jackson—What you ride backward for?
Coffee—So I won't have to turn round when I cum back.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

WOMANHOOD in order to teach suffering women how to guard against dangerous surgical operations and quick treatment the American Association of Physicians passed a resolution to distribute a little book on female diseases, "Womanhood" explains all diseases and irregularities peculiar to woman and gives the best methods of home treatment. Sent free for stamp to pay postage. Address: Eleanor Kendall, 816 North 25th St., South Omaha, Neb.

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