

# M. E. CHURCH DEDICATION.

Sketch of the Dedication of the Tyrone Church on Sunday, January 20th, 1901.

The half-tone cuts herewith presented show the new Methodist Episcopal church at Tyrone, which was dedicated for public worship, Sunday afternoon, the 20th inst. Tyrone is located on a long stretch of level prairie on the main road between Lebanon and Cambridge and only about two miles north of the Beaver Valley R. R.

This is an old settled portion of Red Willow county, and while it contains no town, has been for years a thickly-settled, progressive farming district, with post-office, school, church, telephone lines, blacksmith shop, and country store. A town-site was surveyed here some years ago. But the new rail-road built about that time up the Beaver valley, missed this place some distance, and the town-site was abandoned.

The history of public worship in this vicinity dates from March, 1880, when Charles W. Moore and family removed

from Mercer county, Illinois, and located here. It was a long distance to the nearest church. So public worship was established in the home, the services being attended at first by a few of the nearest neighbors. Two years later regular preaching services began, and these services in connection with Sabbath-school, have been kept up ever since.

Rev. F. F. Thomas, a brother of R. H. Thomas of Indianapolis, was pastor, and preached and sang for us in the old sod school-house. Next year the conference sent us Rev. C. C. Crandall. A sod church twenty by thirty-two feet was built, in which a wonderful revival was held that winter. This church was dedicated by Rev. P. C. Johnson, D. D., and for twelve years was the only house of worship in this country within a radius of ten miles.

It is an interesting reminiscence to note that as times were too hard to permit of



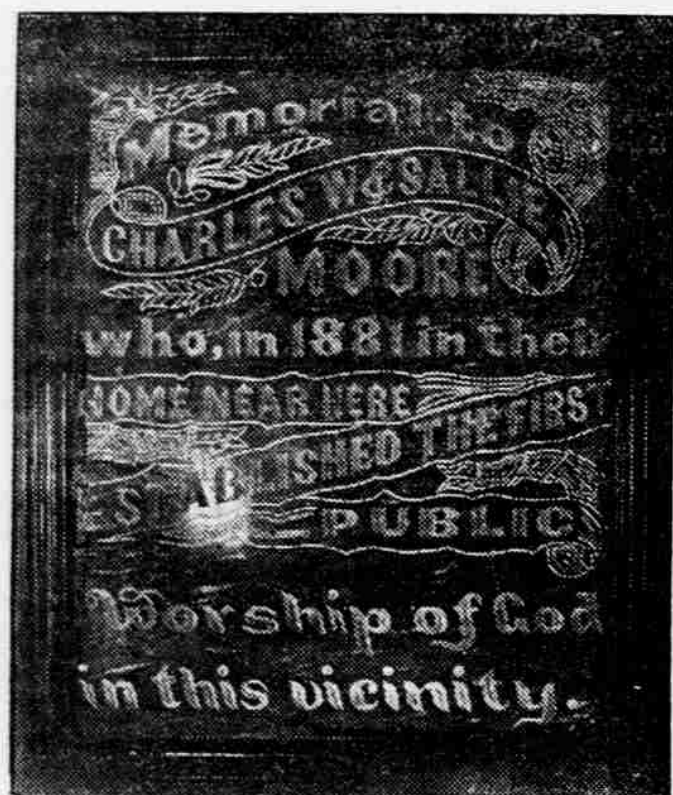
a new stove in those early days, two of the trustees, who were also members of the school board, made use of the school stove all one winter, carrying it in their hands each Sabbath from the school-house to the church and back, a distance of two blocks or more.

A brief review of the church work here during these years would, among other things, include the following, viz: The Sunday-school of which Frank Moore was superintendent most of the time for fifteen years. The good work done by Mrs. Mary Richmond, now of Wilsonville, who for several years resided here and preached for us. Her eloquent sermons and Bible expositions will linger with many of us while life lasts. And the efforts put forth for nearly twenty years in behalf of the young people by Florence Moore, in the Epworth League and

Sunday-school.

Mrs. Sallie Moore, whose name appears on the memorial tablet which adorns the interior of the church, had for years prior to her death desired to see a place of worship erected here, such as we now have. Her husband, whose death preceded hers by some twelve years, had expressed the same desire. They are buried in Tyrone cemetery adjoining this church; and upon their children and neighbors has devolved the task of building the church they had both hoped to live to see, and on ground which they had given in an early day for this purpose.

The corner-stone of the new building was laid November 1, 1899, by Rev. R. D. Robertson. The church is frame twenty-four by thirty-two feet, is neatly painted, and the cost, including donated labor, is



\$1,000. It is insured against loss by fire and tornado. The trustees are J. C. Moore, Frank Moore, and C. S. Blair. These composed a building committee to which was added W. P. Crosby and C. G. Broman. The work was first interrupted by severe winter weather, and again by the drouth. Thanks are due those from a distance who, in this time of need, sent us ample funds to procure the fine pews which grace the church.

The dedication was set for January 20th, and a large congregation was in attendance. There was a fine sermon by

Rev. W. E. Hardaway of Holdrege, followed by the solemn dedicatory services, in which he was assisted by Rev. Mayfield of Lebanon, and by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Hopson. A collection was in a few minutes raised to provide payment for the fine lamps, chairs, carpet, etc. Miss Kate Smith was organist. The singing was assisted by the Wilsonville choir. A solo by D. F. Smith was a pleasing feature.

Taken all in all it is pronounced a grand success, but represents much of toil and struggle and sacrifice. M.

Take Rocky Mountain Tea. See it exterminate poison. Feel it revitalize your blood and nerves and bring back that happy, joyous feeling of boyhood days. 35c. Ask your druggist.

It is an exquisite sense that knows how to grow old gracefully and keep the heart young and fair.

Millions of people are familiar with DeWitt's Little Early Risers and those who use them find them to be famous little liver pills. Never gripe. McConnell & Berry.

Self-respect is the basis of all good.

Like bad dollars, all counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are worthless. The original quickly cures piles, sores and all skin diseases. McConnell & Berry.

He who takes all he can get often gets more than he can take.

Persons who cannot take ordinary pills find it a pleasure to take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are the best little pills ever made. McConnell & Berry.

Waste rarely brings what is needed.

Good deeds and kind words are never lost.

## PASSING OF THE BELL.

No Longer Used to Record the Joys and Sorrows of Humanity.

The solemn and impressive custom of announcing death by the tolling of the church bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory. "The passing bell" has itself passed away, and its slow measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul. The brief notice in the daily paper, while it conveys explicit information, fails to give something that the bell's tolling carried with it. The solemn rhythmic tones awakened a momentary vibration in the breast of each listener and bade each pause for sympathy and meditation. The bell admonished the sinner to repent and warned the thoughtless that time was flying while it spoke clearly and comprehensively and bade all scattered and preoccupied inhabitants attend its story.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has bespoken the joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. Is its voice to die away and have no part in the life of the future? The wedding bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chimes are seldom wafted to our ears. The church bells ring but faintly now and under constant protest. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" only in verse. A sunset gun today gives greater satisfaction. The angelus sounds merely in pictorial form, the fire bells give place to still alarms, the dinner bell is silenced in polite society, and sleigh bells are discarded.

What is the future of the bell—that happy silver tongue that has sung out the joys of all the world, that solemn tone that has mourned for the nation's dead and voiced the nation's woes and summoned to their knees the nation's worshippers?—Atlantic Monthly.

## QUARRIES OF OLD EGYPT.

Where Stone For Pyramids of the Desert Was Procured.

On the way to Philae and the head of the cataract, a short distance south of Assouan, we come upon the ancient quarries which supplied the granite for the columns, statues and obelisks throughout Egypt for many centuries. An obelisk which we saw lies in its native bed. It is 95 feet in length, and three sides have been carefully cut, but for some unknown reason it was never separated entirely from the parent rock. The surface bears the tool marks of the workmen. The grooves in it show that it was to have been reduced at the sides. It was supposed that the stone was split from its bed by drilling holes in the rock and filling them with wooden wedges, which were afterward saturated with water, the swelling wood furnishing the power.

From illustrations in the temples it is clear that these great monuments were floated down the river on flatboats and rafts and then carried inland by artificial canals or dragged overland by thousands of slaves. In one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan is a picture illustrating the process. The great stone is loaded upon a huge sled drawn by a multitude of workmen. One man is engaged in pouring water upon the runners to prevent friction; another stands at the left of the statue and beats time, that the men may work in unison, while overseers, provided with whips, urge the laborers to their task. What king desired to extricate this block from the quarry, why it was left here, what it was to commemorate, we can never know. The riddle of the sphinx is solved, but the riddle of the obelisk in the quarry will no doubt remain with us forever.—Chautauquan.

## To Avoid a Total Loss.

A Pittsburg man tells of a visit he made at a thrifty home in a nearby town. The call was quite a pleasant one and during the evening "Abe," the hopeful son of the family, was sent to the cellar for refreshments for the guests. He could be heard groping his way through the dark, and then came the noise of something falling and the crash of glass. "Abe's" mother was plainly uneasy, but she assumed the unnatural composure which her society duties demanded. Soon "Abe" came up with an armful of bottles.

"What was that noise we heard, 'Abe'?" asked the mother.

"Nothing much," replied "Abe." "I knocked over a bottle of milk and it rolled down the steps and spilled."

"Did you call the cat, 'Abe'?" asked the thrifty woman.—Pittsburg News.

## Frequent Vaccination.

Although almost absolute immunity is secured for a period of six months by vaccination, there is no certainty that its effects will continue beyond that time. In the majority of cases it does, but the interval for which this additional benefit is enjoyed is variable. Hence those who have studied the matter most carefully recommend a fresh operation if more than six months have elapsed since the last one, if a person is liable to be subjected to peril, as in time of an epidemic.—New York Tribune.

## Not Wholly a Misfortune.

The Widow—Yes, Henry's death is a great loss to me, but I am thankful for one thing—he died before he could get his patent perfected.

Sympathizing Friend—Pardon me. The Widow—You don't understand? Why, in that case, you know, all the money he had would have gone sooner or later.—Boston Transcript.

## A Dress Bargain.

Wife—Oh, such a bargain! I reached Bigg, Drive & Co.'s ahead of the crowd this morning, and got enough stuff for a perfectly elegant dress for \$1.90.

Husband—Hoopla! You're an angel! What will it cost to get it made up?

Wife—Bout \$30.—New York Weekly

## THE FIRST GERMAN PAPER.

Ben Franklin in 1732 Printed the First Zeitung in America.

The first newspaper printed in the German language in America was the Philadelphiaische Zeitung, published by Benjamin Franklin in the year 1732. The Pennsylvania Gazette for June 8-15, 1732, contains the following announcement:

"The Gazette will come out on Monday next and continue to be published on Mondays.

"And on the Saturday following will be published Philadelphiaische Zeitung, or Newspaper in High Dutch, which will continue to be published on Saturdays once a fortnight, ready to be delivered at Ten a Clock, to Country Subscribers. Advertisements are taken in by the Printer hereof, or by Mr. Louis Timothee, Language Master, who translates them."

In undertaking this new enterprise Franklin expected to secure a liberal support from the German population of the province, for whom he had been doing considerable printing, but in this he was disappointed, and the publication of the Zeitung was discontinued after a few numbers had been issued.

The Zeitung was a small sheet of four pages, 6½ by 9 inches, the text printed in double columns with Roman type, and at the bottom of the fourth page bore the imprint: "Philadelphia: Gedruckt bey B. Franklin in der Markt-strasse, wo diese Zeitungen vor 5 Schillingen des Jahrs zu bekommen, und Advertisements zu bestellen sind." The first number was issued June 10, 1732, and the second "Sonabend den 24. Juni, 1732." The publication of the Zeitung, therefore, antedates by seven years the Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvaniaische Geschichte-Schreiber, published by Christopher Saur.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA.

This Man Took a Quick Luncheon Sign at Its Word.

He was undoubtedly from the country. His umbrella, a big cotton affair, would have given him away even had he not had one trousers leg tucked into a boot. He wandered into one of the big quick luncheon places in lower Broadway. He was looking for something to eat and was just sitting down at a table when his eye caught a sign which read: "Watch Your Hats! The Management Will Not Be Responsible For Umbrellas and Hats Unless Checked by the Cashier."

"Where's this here cashier?" he asked the woman who came to wait on him.

"Up there in the little cage by the door," said the waitress.

The farmer stalked to the cashier's desk and laid down his umbrella and a big hat that was new five or six years ago. The cashier looked up in amazement.

"Keep your hat," she said. "It will be all right."

The farmer walked back to his table, read the sign again and thought it over. Then he climbed on a chair and took the sign from its hook. He carried it up to the cashier.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

People were beginning to laugh, and the pretty cashier got red in the face. She took the hat and umbrella and wrote out a receipt. It was the first time in her life that she had been asked to check a hat, and she has been a cashier more years than one.—New York Tribune.

## She Was Ahead.

Marjorie had just returned from a visit to the old homestead in Tennessee, where a colored nurse nearly 100 years old was still an inmate. It puzzled her that Chloe should be called "auntie" by her mother and the family, but at last she accepted the fact and did likewise. Her playmates, trooping in to welcome her home, began to enumerate their possessions acquired during her absence.

"I've got a black pony," crowed Charlie exultantly.

"I've got a new baby brother," cried Jessie.

"M'm! That's nothing; I've got two of 'em," retorted Fred.

Marjorie's eyes flashed. "Oh!" she cried. "I've got a heap more'n that: I've got an auntie as old as Methuselah and black as tar."—Leslie's Weekly.

## Aroused Her Curiosity After All.

"Don't want any," said a North Broadway housekeeper from her second story window to a street vendor whose wagon was standing a few steps away and who had just pulled the bell.

"Don't want any what?" gruffly asked the arab, who hadn't had even a chance to tell what his wares were.

"What have you got?" asked the housekeeper, whose curiosity was getting the better of her annoyance.

"Oh, never mind. You don't want any. Git up, Bob!"

"Now, I wonder what that exasperating man is selling, anyhow?" she exclaimed as the wagon disappeared around the corner.—Baltimore Sun.

## When Twelve Is Odd.

One would think that 12 was more entitled to be considered an "even" number than 10, for its half is "even," whereas the half of 10 is "odd." Yet on the Stock Exchange 12 is an "odd" number. The house takes five shares as the basis of dealing, remarks Commerce, and all multiples of five are considered "even" numbers. Any intermediate numbers are "odd," and parcels of shares not divisible by 5 are difficult to sell except at a reduced price.

## That's Another Story.

When a poor young man marries a rich girl, all the women say he is mercenary; but when a rich man marries a rich girl they say such a love is the most beautiful thing in the world.—New York Press.

# Remnant Sale

NOW we are having a clearing sale of Remnants and Odd Lots. One lot of Dress Goods, former price, 30 to 50 cents, we are selling at 19 cents.

We have some bargains in short lengths of Silk.

Call and be convinced that you can buy almost anything that we have left in winter goods, ladies' suits, capes, jackets, etc., etc.

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Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed and a quick recovery is sure to follow. That remedy counteracts any tendency of the grippe to result in pneumonia, which is really the only serious danger. Among the tens of thousands who have used it for the grippe not one case has ever been reported that did not recover. For sale by McConnell & Berry.

The preacher who thinks only of pruning flowers of rhetoric will pluck little of the fruit of righteousness.

Recent experiments show that all classes of foods may be completely digested by a preparation called Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which absolutely digests what you eat. As it is the only combination of all the natural digestants ever devised the demand for it has become enormous. It has never failed to cure the very worst cases of indigestion and it always gives instant relief. McConnell & Berry.

You can never teach a toad to trot.

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