#### THE ESCAPE OF PAUL.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES IT IN HIS MOBILE SERMON.

He Chose as His Subject "Unappreciated Services"-How Great Results Hang on Slender Threads-Many Helpful Influences Never Acknowledged.

MODILE, March 11 .- Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who is now visiting the south, selected as the subject of today's sermon "Unappreciated Services," the text being taken from II Corinthians xi, 33, "Through s window, in a basket, was I let down by

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture—sometimes called "the surrounded by emeralds," at one time dis-tinguished for swords of the best material, salled Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric, called damasks.

A horseman of the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision be-came the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the po-lice lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let flown in baskets.

Detectives prowled around from house to bouse looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as 50 incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination.
"Is that preacher here!" the foaming mob
shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic
here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street he passes incognito through a crowd of clinched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him.

PAUL'S ESCAPE.

They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall.

cony of whose home reaches over the wall.
"Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation
and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers
are at the front door. They break in.
"Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang
his head on the city gate! Where is he?"
The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house.
Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. ly there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds onto the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and eautiously, slowly, but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth, and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels—"Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Observe first on what a slender tenure

Observe first on what a slender tenure great results long. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cap-padocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of res-urrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, un-der flagellation and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 mar-tyrdoms. But the rope holding that basket —how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstan

THE BOAT MOSES LAY IN. Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink. if some of the cattle wading in for a drink if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry 40 guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinal at the lawgiving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance! The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe.

children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy other, and down the human ladder the boy descends. John Wesley, If you would know children. Seven children are out and safe descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peas-ants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasant's shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn is-land, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and high-est style of religion and civilization. For est style of religion and civilization. For 50 years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this casis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a libbe which his mother had placed there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his testh.

small circumstance depended what mighty ple who get him out of the Damascene

Practical inference: There are no inaig-nificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinit-simals. Great things an aggrega-tion of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in adrenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with eventa for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workman-ship. If you fashion a boat, let it be wa-terproof, for you know not who may sail

If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as farreaching as the book which the sailor farreaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries. storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steaded the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the impor-tance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say, "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of our-selves?" No, no: They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison, with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian cornship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat! I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we

held the rope."
"WE HELD THE ROPE."
There are said to be about 60,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,-000, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiste and theological education of

t revival comes, and soul by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more com-fortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall.

And then all alone father and mother

talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it; but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine cycs have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw," says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now! I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD. Oh, men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot seef Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from western prairies, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope.

You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from them! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet to his trunk and took out a lible which his mother had placed there and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hand its down the world services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit ingulation were example; and a church was started, and an entire the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a r tion by one book. It did not seem of muc. importance whether the sail or continued o hold the book in his teeth who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad out the bottom of the houting up and picking out of those who have rendered to God and the world in the breaket in the sail to sail the services of the see or flung the spling to the transformation of a r tion by one book. It did not seem of muc. importance whether the sail to sail the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and aix cliphers on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and on the right side of the figure shall find out who these Damascenes were

Once for 86 hours we expected every mo ment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home.

Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impalled to write a letter of condelence to

when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool.

Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage and the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward. ty, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest,

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not under-stand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Chris-tian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer. Shall there be no reward for such unpre

GOD WILL INTRODUCE US.
We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all-God will intro-

tending yet everlasting service?

and that is better than all—God will intro-duce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impo-liteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehear-sal of old times and recital of stirring rem-In scences.

If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first 24 hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly tem-ple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly throne. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old

The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some ellicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls their wants for 20 years.' have had full reward of all my toil." us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were al-ways on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

mascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safe-ly I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all."

And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the mar-tyrs, and it said, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen—yea, and things which are not—to bring to naught things which are, that no fiesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and, lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

THE STORY OF THE NAIL.

Henceforth think of nothing as insignifiant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted com-pass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the look-out cried, "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and head and tilts back his chair to the table and head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candlefly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England, but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institutions with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks. Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three ciphers placed on the right side of the figure I make a thousand, and six ciphers on the right side of the figure

. A man never Jooks to see if there is a woman under the bed. The estimated death rate of the world is 24 per 1,000 per annum.

ishment for contempt of court.

Crossus' wealth was derived from the placer gold mines of the river Pactolus. Because misfortunes never come singly should be no argument against marriage.

British vessels do nearly all the carry-ing trade of Great Britain and nearly half that of all the rest of Europe. The New Nation, which was started some time ago by Mr. Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," has suspended

A Berlin bird fancier died lately of a peculiar form of consumption contracted in consequence of receiving into his nos-

trils parasites common to canary birds. A university institute of physiology and an institute designed especially for carrying on electrobiological researches have been founded at Brussels by M. Sal-vay, a wealthy Belgian.

A granite fountain is to be erected in front of Cooper Union, New York city, the gift of Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb, the artist, who raised the necessary money by selling one of her works.

The prætor was a magistrate elected for the purpose of administering justice when the consuls were absent from Rome. There were two practors-one for the city, one for places at a distance.

In a Scotch asylum there is a woman one form of whose insanity before she was incarcerated consisted in having her horses' shoes of solid gold, with gold nails, each set of shoes and nails costing £500.

Recent estimates show that about 40,000,000 pounds of candy are sold in this
country during the year, or a fraction over
109,589 pounds a day. At an average of 20
cents a pound, that would be \$12,971.80
paid out every day in the year for candy.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild's colony in Palestine shows such promise of success that he has purchased more land. In accordance with the baron's request the colonists have all abandoned the use of Yiddish and now speak nothing but Hebrew.

Had Her New Shoes Shined.

Two modest young women, quietly dress-ed, crossed Broadway. The young women had very rosy cheeks. They may have been from the country, or they may live in a remote suburb of Brooklyn. One wore gold rimmed eyeglasses. As her toes peeped in and out from under her dress everybody could see that she wore brand new shoes. She could see them through her eyeglasses, and they worried her. They spoiled the effect of her fine dress and coat and bonnet. The shoes were entirely in-nocent of polish. Dull black, they had never been shined.

On the north side of Park place, near might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all a sudden impulse the girl with the eyetheir querulousness and ministered to all glasses jumped into the chair and seated herself. She put her feet-very pretty lit-

When the two young women saw the were attracting attention, they blushed until their cheeks were even redder. Then the girl with the glasses recovered her self possession and stared stonily at those who stared at her. It was noticeable that the bootblack, perhaps from sheer force of habit, turned up the hem of his custom-better persecution I owned a house in Dathe young woman jumped down from the chair, paid him and walked away with her friend, looking at her shoe tips with the greatest satisfaction.—New York World.

Primitive Locomotion.

Professor Stewart's lecture at the Royal institute on the subject of primitive locomotion reminds one that the gift of mobility is not confined only to those that are possessed of legs and wings. Even plants and such primitive organizations as the rudimentary zoophytes, who appear to be all stomach, yield to the imperious dictates of overcrowding and change their local habitations by unseen and mysterious means. Indeed in the struggle for existence the race is not always to the swift, and the slow snail, hampered by the burden of his dwelling house and dependent upon the contraction of his muscles for the sole means of locomotion, may outstay the centiped with its multitude

Overcrowding, as the professor remark-ed, is a strong incentive to movement. Like the Yankee's rabbit who had to climb a tree because the dog "crowded him so," even the most unprovided organism finds legs when its existence is at stake. It is only in the case of civilized humanity that overcrowding does not bring about its own cure.

Man, who has subdued all the forces of nature to be his beast of burden, still clings helplessly to the overfull centers in which he finds himself.—London Graphic.

A Harvester of Death.

Military authorities at Vienna are exremely reticent concerning the mechansm of that harvester of death, the Salvator mitrailleuse, but they have been una-ble to conceal their satisfaction over its wonderful capabilities. The great advan-tage possessed by this weapon over exist-ing rapid fire guns is found in its ability to sustain a moderately heavy discharge of from 30 to 100 rounds per minute, and this can be increased to 300 or more per minute when a dangerous phase has been developed by the attack of an enemy. The mechanism for this purpose is very simmechanism for this purpose is very sim-ple and consists of an oscillating pendu-lum which regulates the speed of firing.— Charleston News and Courier.

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