

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's sermon is devoted to the cause of temperance. With the hand of a master he draws in vivid colors the appalling tragedies which this remorseless demon has perpetrated. His text is Gen. xxi: 28: "It is my son's duty to be at his father's side."

Joseph's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation today. A monster such as never ranged African thickets or Hindostan jungles hath tracked this land, and with bloody paw hath striven the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conquerer was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China have groined with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Hally and DeQuincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the bethelut, which has especially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murrow; the Mexicans, the agave; the people at Guarapo, an intoxicating quality taken from sugar cane; while great multitudes that no man can number, are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and they could come up from the dead, what eyes could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction and beastliness? What heart could endure the groan of agony?

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed, severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window shutters of the grog shop! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum trafficker. All other trades must stand aside for them. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing, and hosiery, and hardware, and lumber and coal, take off their hats to the rum seller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But swing out your signs, O ye traffickers in the peace of families, and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly, and the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half-consumed, throat of the inebriate. God does not see! Does He? Judgment will never come! Will it? Oh! the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariff! If every gallon of whisky made—if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed \$1,000, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's fur at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend brandishing his fist, cries, "out! out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embroiled the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desecrated the hearth. Rum changed the paradise into hell!

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant

ant prospects!" All the world open before him, and cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!" Man the second: Lies in the station house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him! Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lid. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum, accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the Gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night? Wednesday night? Tuesday night? Monday night? Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt this power of habit? You think that you could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think, if some of you should try to break away, you would find a chain on the right wrist, and one on the left; one on the right foot, and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten, and strangle, and crush, until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the aged wretch cries, "O God! O God! help! help!" But it is too late; and not even the fires of woe can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

I have shown you the evil beast, The question is, Who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, First, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage and swollen said, "Look, my son. Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son, "Look! that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog-shop let them know that that is the place where men are slain and their wives made paupers and their children slaves. Hold out to you children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after-days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs. A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles and said: "I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

Again: We will war upon this evil by organized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have banded together, annually issue their circulars, raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests, and by grips, pass-words and stratagems set at defiance public morals. Let us comfort them with organizations just as secret and if need be with grips and pass-words and signs maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of all lawful strategy in the carrying out of this conflict. I wish to God we could lay under the wine casks a train which once ignited would shake the earth with the explosion of this monstrous iniquity.

Again: We will try the power of the pledge. There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document. I know it is laughed at, but there are some men who having once promised a thing do it. "Some have broken the pledge." Yes, they are liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such a signature, but I do say that it would be the salvation of many of you. The glorious work of Theobald Mathew can never be estimated. At his hand 4,000,000 of people took the pledge and multitudes in Ireland, England, Scotland and America have kept it till this day. The pledge signed to thousands has been the proclamation of emancipation.

Again: We expect great things from inebriate asylums. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fast-

ened upon a man, sermons won't cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate it; religious tracts will not remove it; the gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the fuming glass were on the other side of perdition he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl and then drank the contents.

Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cup. Clear the track for him. Away with the children; he would tread their life out. Away with the wife; he would dash her to death. Away with the cross; he would run it down. Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds. Away with heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink; give it to me! Though the hands of blood pass up the bowl, and the soul trembles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float on the foam—give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe, my children's rags, to my eternal banishment from God and hope and heaven! Give it to me! the drink!"

Again: We will contend against these evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance, let us look each other in the face on this subject. You have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that, and I will promise three things: First, that you will find unpeakable happiness in having done your duty. Secondly, you will probably save somebody—perhaps your own child. Thirdly, you will not in your last hour have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the general harmony.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. Oh! what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from your anxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It may not call back unkind words uttered, or rough deeds done; for perhaps in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself, and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast going life.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may add, one who may not have quite lost his mind. Let your better nature speak. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down, and say to your companions and friends, "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life; nor will I countenance the habit in others?" Have nothing to do in strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake, get out of that business! If a vow be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day!

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list, but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, bourbon, cognac, brandy, or rum, or beer. God calls it strong drink. When your work is done on earth and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it;" and rattle their chain and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ear, and with hands out of which you once picked the sirrings and the stings they will push you off the verge of great precipices; while rolling up from beneath and breaking among the ruins of death will thunder, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

A Plucky Woman.
There is a little actress now playing modest parts who is not well known and who may never be known to the public. But she is an example of the plucky American girl who has to make her living and persevere in her work. The writer was told of her case by a theatrical manager who was telling of the tough paths a company has often to tread when on the road. It was in a town out west where the company was to play only three nights that three of the actresses fell ill. One of them played the leading part, and while the troupe was on the road there was only one understudy—the one for the leading lady.

The leading lady had been ill for several days, but she hoped to appear that evening as usual. Toward evening however, she sent a message that her physician had insisted on her going to bed. This threw her part to her understudy. The manager was thrown into a panic a few minutes later by getting word that two more of his actresses were severely ill, as this left the three principal parts without those who regularly played them, and there was only one understudy.

But a theatrical manager is accustomed to facing hard tasks at short notice, and he at once set to work to reconstruct for one night his company. A woman who took a minor part in the play hastily rehearsed for the second role in point of importance. She did not make a success of it, but the manager breathed a sigh of relief when he had satisfied himself that she could stumble through her lines in a fairly decent fashion.

"Now," he said, having disposed of this knotty problem, "I must make some arrangement for the third part."

A little woman who was standing on the stage came forward and said firmly: "I would like to play that part."

She was one of those women who are to be found in every play, one who is a lady-in-waiting in one scene, a part of a mob in another, and perhaps one of a garden party in another—one who walks a great deal, changes her gowns many times, but never says anything. When she volunteered to try the part the manager was vexed.

"Why," said he curtly, "you have never had a line, have you?"

"Not many," she answered simply. "You haven't two hours to learn the lines."

"Oh, I know them very well. Won't you rehearse me?"

"Well," said the manager doubtfully, "I suppose I must. We have got to do something. Come, let's try it."

As the quiet little woman with the serious eyes went over the lines a pleased smile spread over the manager's face. He nodded his head approvingly as she continued, and she, encouraged by his friendliness, lost her first shyness and ended with a firm and spirit which called forth from the worried manager a hearty cry of applause.

"Good!" he cried. "You do better than Miss M—, who is going to take the second part. Ah," he added, a shade of disappointment darkening his face, "if you only knew those lines."

"But I do," she said, delightedly. "You do? Then rattle them off just as fast as your tongue can wag."

So they went through those lines, the manager becoming more and more cheerful. Miss M—, glad to be relieved of her responsibility, was rehearsed in the lines of the third part. The curtain was a few minutes late in rising that night, but it was a smiling and grateful manager who watched a little woman, whose name he had not thought to ask, save the company in so graceful a fashion. When the curtain came down on the last scene he asked her how she happened to know the lines.

"I learned them," was the happy reply. "I know all the lines in the play."

"But you rehearse so well?"

"Oh, I used to rehearse myself in my room after the play. I thought I could do it," she said, with a proud smile on her face.

The actress whose place she had assumed did not appear on the next night. She had been sent home seriously ill. When the play opened in the next town there was a new name on the programme—a name which had never before been on any programme, and the little woman whose pluck and intelligence had saved the company played that part for the rest of the season.—New York Tribune

Throw Away Your Curling Irons
If rough use of the comb or brush be deprecated, what shall be said of many of the methods of curling and crimping the hair by the use of hot irons and other appliances, in which the life is roasted out of it, gloss and beauty destroyed, and its growth paralyzed in order to produce a supposedly "charming effect?" "It is the fashions!" is an answer which admits of no argument. But the fact remains that if the real beauty of the hair is prized the hot iron and its kindred accomplices should be pitched out of doors, for the benefit of the first wandering, rag, bag bearing Italian.—Good Housekeeping

Summer colds are the worst of all colds sometimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A tea grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buckskin.

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Married Women's Names.
When a baby girl comes into our homes the wisdom and taste of relatives and friends is consulted and the response to "what shall we call the baby is duly weighed?"
Shall she be named for grandmother and aunt, however ugly the name, that loyalty to family may be observed or shall she have a pretty name in spite of these formidable personages? It seems a pity that everyone is consulted but the diminutive lady herself. But she may take revenge presently and ignore the three or more names selected as a compromise and write Nannie for Nancy or similar pen liberties.
When Nancy Brown arrives at mature years and has passed under the matrimonial yoke she does one of two things. If she is modelled after the old regime she humbly drops the old classification and writes herself Mrs. John Smith. If she has come in under the renaissance of womanhood she joyfully writes Mrs. Nancy Brown Smith. Secretly Mrs. John Smith as much regrets to part with the name that identified her for the first twenty years of her life as does Nancy Brown Smith, but she looks upon it as the unavoidable pressure of the yoke and submits without a visible wince, for it is complimentary to her husband and is expected.
When John Smith sells real estate she is not Mrs. John Smith, but for the moment Nancy Smith. That is another pinch of the yoke.

This "humble individual," by some unaccountable influence, has a glimpse of the new world of individuality and in asserting herself signs Mrs. Nancy Smith and the correspondent returns answer accordingly.
The postal clerk, ignorant that a new creature is emerging from its chrysalis and not suspecting the identity of Nancy Smith and John Smith, mercifully leaves the important letter in the general delivery to be called for or advertise with most exasperating delay. Under such unfavorable conditions the new wings drop useless. To soar is an impossibility. Thereafter when asked her own name she smartly replies John Smith, with the accent on the John. This one experience convinces her that it is flying in the face of the Creator to resist the established order. It is unwomanly.
Mrs. Nancy Brown Smith has fallen on different environments. Some fortunate breeze carried her boat into clear waters. Always being Mrs. Nancy Brown Smith, she is not only an individual in her own estimation, but the community thinks of her as a personality distinct from John Smith, and yet supplementary to that individual. As the individuality of the two is distinctly outlined, even to the indifferent observer, so the sons and daughters unconsciously take on rounded forms, and Nancy Brown Smith has wrought better than she knew.
The future girl will have but one name given her. We will recognize the single woman by the two names, and the married woman by the three names Nancy Brown is unmarried, Nancy Brown Smith is a married woman.
Lucy Stone has made most wonderful departures in the assumptions of married women. Forty years ago, with the vision of the Seer, she took positions on the subject of woman's rights that today are matter of course. The world has almost caught up with her. She declined the offer of marriage made her by Henry B. Blackwell on the grounds that she wished to be free to work for

Y. N. U. YORK, NEB.
the emancipation of women. He won her finally by her voluntarily pledging his hearty cooperation with her in the mission, arguing that together they could do better work than she alone. She declined to be known under any other than her maiden name, to which he gave cordial endorsement. He has always spoken of her as Lucy Stone and she of him as Henry Blackwell. Their daughter, named Lucy Stone Blackwell, assists in their chosen life work. Let no one suppose that Lucy Stone in any way suggests manliness. She wears the old fashioned white lace cap of our grandmothers and looks as if she had just laid her knitting aside and would take you to her heart.
A Woman's Lovely Manners.
The value of a beautiful manner is a topic of never ending charm, just as the beautiful manner itself is in life. A lovely character expresses itself in no more delightful way. One who is always thoughtful of others in a self-forgetting way, who has kindness and calm, has invariably a charm of manner which is helpful and inspiring to all whose it is a lady came to Boston on an important errand a while ago. She had three men to see for signatures in a matter of artistic importance. She gave herself two days to see them, but she went about her business with so much of quiet directness that, although they were strangers whom she must see, the matter was attended to, and she was ready to leave Boston and found herself with time upon her hands, all within twenty-four hours. "That woman ought to achieve what she tries to do," said one of the men whose signature was put to the valuable paper. "She did not stay in my office three minutes, yet she didn't fuss or hurry. She has a lovely calm."—Boston Transcript

What Ladies Talk About.
When two or three or more married ladies are gathered together in a confidential way, they almost invariably talk about servants, babies, and sometimes husbands are discussed; but cooks, chambermaids and waiters are, upon the whole, safer subjects. Says the New York Ledger. Differences of opinion have always existed and always will exist in mixed society as to the merits of infant prodigies and model spouses, but in relation to the shortcomings of domestics the ladies are all but unanimous.
Now, the eyes of the servants may be full of notes, but are those of their employers free from beams? It must be confessed that the majority of ladies do not treat their domestics on the "Do-unto-others-as-you-would-they-should-do-unto-you" principle. If there is any ground for saying that good husbands make good wives, there is certainly equal reason to expect that just and considerate employers will be faithfully served. In the treatment of domestics, the familiarity that breeds contempt, should be carefully avoided, but it is quite possible to make those who do your behests your friends without making them your confidants. Be thoughtful for their comfort and welfare. Do not require too much of them. Fancy yourselves servants now and then, ladies, in order to realize how they feel.

Quite Different.
Somerville Journal: "Is that a love letter?" asked one young lawyer of another, who was poring busily over some closely-written sheets.
"Oh, no," replied the other confusedly. "It is just a writ of attachment."