TALMAGE IN THE WEST. struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending

HE PREACHES TO A CHAUTAU-QUA ASSEMBLY.

The Martyrs of Everyday Life-The Sword Has Not Slain So Many as the Needle. The Majority of Martyrs Are Women. The Heroes of Christian Charity.

LARESIDE, O., July 29 .- For many years an assembly of the Chantauqua type has been held at this point. The leading professors, scholars and clergymen of this and other lands have addressed the audiences. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brook-iyn, is now here. He lectured yesterday (Saturday) and preached today, to throngs innumerable. The subject of his sermon to-day was: "The Martyrs of Everyday Life." He took for his text: "Thou, therefore, en-dure hardness."--II Timothy ii, 8. Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of hero s that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and scraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every lay life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxnriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter. To have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily dis-treases that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was feebler than the "good night" before-yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile Those who suffered on the battle field amid shot and shell were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure, No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesicknessyet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal com-plaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign for ever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal

anthem: "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that. In this roll I also find the heroes of toil,

over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's bome, promised love, and kindness, and proto tion, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say:

"Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Ohl ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put t on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband

will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral-one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash and the opening of a celestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come inf" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dol lars to good objects.

But am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others-of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the ple, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. Yon and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher sent in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows thent. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the smali room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the appixase of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose abbey. suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed-you may set it down to had taste-but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey-the tombstone placed by Walter

"Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have bad enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aimt Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head-gather ing them up for burial-Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now. O what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his herces and hercines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had scepters, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woel woel woel

But there is great excitement in heaven, Why those long processions! Why the booming of that great bell in the tower! It is the coronation day in heaven.

Who are those rising on the thrones with rowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world re-nowned people. No. They taught in a rag-ged school. Taught in a ragged school? Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. 'That all! That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these his dear children; and one day the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get their bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and and you will find it is the beak of a raven. and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat-do you think God will let you starve! Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging breadf Get up out of your discouragement, O, troubled soul! O, sewing woman! O, man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

A Crazy Waste of Time.

It is said that a gentleman in Philadelphia has collected 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. It took five years, eight months and two days to do it, and his only object was to occupy his spare time. It will doubtiess occur

Origin of Buffale Wallows.

It has been my experience, as it has been of hundreds of others, that frequently in a field-usually on the margin of what was once a slough, affording water in all but very dry seasons, or on the edge of a pond mmon to the prairie country-we come cross patches of land of from three to ten ods square, where the soll was quite differnt in color and texture from that on all des. Though, when first broken, the praiie sod over these patches was not observed to bear a different kind of vegetation, still when cultivated they refused to yield a crop of either corn, small grain or vegetables. However, when heavily manured, they have een brought up to the average fertility of the soft surrounding. I now recognize that these barren spots were originally buffalo wallows-the fact having been revealed to me within a week, after pusating over it for a generation. Before 1806-when the phenomenal snow storm of December of that year nearly annihilated them-buffalo, elk, lec, and antelope fairly swarmed in May and June over this, the middle portion of the Grand prairie of Illinois.

The spots chosen for wallows were no doubt originally licks or springs, the waters of which were more or less charged with salts of soda, iron and sulphur. In such spots the buffa'o drank to satisfy his thirst both for water and mineral tonics; and here he rolled to cool off in the heat of summer and at the same time to protect himself with mud enough to save his hide from the lances of the green head flics that were as thick as bees in the tall grass. These wallows were no doubt returned to every summer, and in course of time-centuries more or less-the repeated wallowing so changed the nature of the soil, so mixed and mingled it with the blue clay subsoil, so impregnated it with the salts of sulphur and iron, that the elements of plant food were eliminated and substances injurious to vegetation took their place. These barren spots in the prairies have been known to farmers and cultivators ever since the settlement of the country, but the secret of their origin seems never to have been discovered, or if told, never repeated so as to become common property.-Cor. Country Gentleman.

New Motive Power.

The steady progress which is being made in mechanical science has received another illustration by a novel method of propelling ships which has just been submitted to the naval profession. The representative of this new type of vessel is the Zephyr, the second of its kind, which has been constructed from the designs of Mr. A. F. Yarrow of Messrs Yarrow & Co., the well known firm of torpedo boat builders, of Poplar, London, and which was brought under the notice of the Institution of Naval Architects at its recent meeting. The construction of the vessel dif fers very little from steam launches, except that the machinery is placed right at her stern, while the fuel is carried in a tank in her bows, the intervening space being re-

served for passengers, cargo, etc. It is in connection with the propulsion of the boat that a new departure has been taken, the fuel used being a highly volatile hydrocarbon, one of the early products in the distillation of petroleum, having a specific gravity of from 0.725 to 0.73. This liquid is an article of commerce in the United States, and can be purchased there at the rate of five pence per gallon. The novelty of its application is that the vapor of this hydro-carbon is made to serve at the same time as the fuel and propelling agent. As to the Zephyr, this vessel is thirty-six feet in length by six feet beam, and is bailt of steel. The bull weighs fourteen hundredweight and the machinery six hundredweight, making a weight of one ton. There is nothing in the construction of the hull which calls for special remark, nor is the propelling machinery-an ordinary direct acting inverted engine, provided with the usual link motion, feed pumps, etc.-of an exceptional type.-Chambers Journal.

Reason Why Men Whistle, Whistling was invented to give a man a

hance to add a noise to the other noises in

LEAP YEAR BALL - PROGRAMS. AND INVITATIONS

With Illumination designs appropriate for the occasion, Printed in finest style of the art at

COURIER : OFFICE. -ALSO-

LEAP YEAR RECEPTION CARDS.

GRAND BANKRUPT SALE! THE BEE HIVE STOCK

s now on sale for what it will bring. It comprises one of the FINEST LINES OF DRY GOODS ever brought to the city, and must be closed out at once.

5000 PAIRS of SHOES

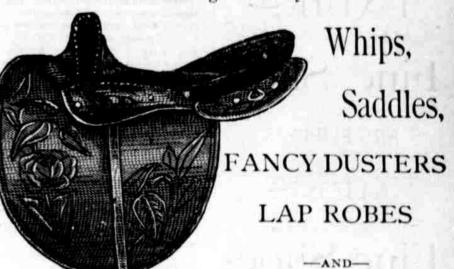
For Ladies, Gents and Misses.

Call in and see for yourself. The goods must be sold, so come and get them.

BEE HIVE. 915 and 917 O St

The Season for Driving

Has opened and we have just received a fine line of Turf Goods and a great variety of



who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into served him for many years in his house-the battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is compara-tively easy to address an audience when in the gleatning eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be do done over again; to build a wall and there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injus-There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfragal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he en-ter the days until he comes out of it. The matical, lest you should catch cold anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. exasperations of business life aug-mented by the exasperations of domastic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into ap-palling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society today is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of a fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the prople. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this! Those men soon became uncon-scious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swellen brow the blood

Scott over the grave of an old man who had inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes-the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for ust God grant it.

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument-Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouled in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?' She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry; don't cry; this isn't a thumb-screw; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins,

pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditions style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" and Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to better meeting in heaven, and for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature-may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me dief" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord

to a good many people that this Philadelphian must have been woefully destitute of resources if he could find nothing better to do with his spare time than to collect 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. It will be readily admitted that Philadelphia, in its material aspects, is not encouraging or stimulating to the man with spare time on his hands, but even there one can find problems of philanthropy to solve and good work to do, and can learn to do it.

Somehow the man who kills time by collecting canceled stamps, like the man who can write ever so many hundred words on the side of a coin and the man who can eat 100 oysters in 100 hours, seems to be on an intellectual level with the lunatic who adorns his cell with an endless, unclassifiable and meaningless collection of rubbish. More asylums should be provided for the time killers who throw away themselves and their opportunities on such trifles while the world is asking a whole catechism of big questions that are yet unanswered, but which may be solved by patient and intelligent work, and which, when solved, will make the globe blossom like a rosy Eden.-New York Press.

An Echo from Many Firesides.

The wise man now in my house thinks | am wrong to urge you to strive after sensible conversation on your piazzas this summer. He believes, as I do, in rest, and fears that you will fatigue your brains in the endeavor to elevate the tone of seaside and mountain prattle. I agree with him wholly. "Long live nonsense!" we cry, above all in vaca-tions. So I take it all back. Yet I sort of wish the nonsense could be about sky and wave, humming birds in the honeysuckle, quails calling "Bob White!" or even kittens, rather than such whispers as there: "She said she thought so, really and truly, and I said I supposed he just said that because she said so;" or, "I saw her going down to the beach, and, of course, it is to have him come after her;" or, "Forty, if she is a day, though she dresses for 17."-Susan Hale in Boston Globe.

Manner and Character.

The two are not invariably synonymous yet to a very great degree manner is an expression of character and is its direct result. Fineness of perception, delicacy of feeling has its correspondence in shades and inflections of manner. As civilization advances into the finer social enlightenment, manner becomes a factor only less important than morals. Punctiliousness in those trifles whose aggregate, after all, makes up the sum of life is one of the attributes of character and is indispensable to polished manner. The prompt reply to letters and notes; the due acknowl edgment of invitations, of gifts, of favors, are a part of the grammar of social life. Rudeness is justly considered as a social

erime. The ill bred person has no place in the social fabric, and he should be as much excluded from polite life as should the crimi-nal from the business transactions of honest men. Beautiful manners are the fine inflorescence of all forms of art. Noble sculpture beautiful paintings, the harmony of music the charm of intellectual gifts, all find their highest and most potent expression in man ner.-Boston Traveler.

creation. The other noises in nature are all attuned to the character of the article that produces them. The breeze makes its gentle sigh, the brook has its peculiar sound, the storm has its crash and its roar. Everything made a noise in the world except man when he was alone. A man can't talk to himself; it is idiotic, although it is astonishing how many people do it. A cough is not a very en joyable sound, and it irritates the lungs to produce it. A sneeze always goes with a cold in the head. True, a num can sing; that is,

he can try to sing, but if it is at all agreeable it seems somehow to be wasted if somebody has not paid an admission fee to hear it. That's why women have such a terrible reputation for talking. They can't whistle, and they have nothing to relieve the restraint when they are alone; so when they get hold of anybody they make up for it.

But whistling was invented to conceal music. You don't need to have music in your soul to whistle. It is simply the noise of a vacant mind. The loud laugh of Oliver Goldsmith that bespeaks the vacant mind ap-plies to a crowd. The whistle shows the vacant mind in its solitary state. When you hear a man whistle who palpably does not know a tune, he is either a very good fellow or a very bad fellow. Did you ever notice that Jews don't whistle much / They haven't got much vacant mind. When it isn't needed in their own business they rent it to other businesses. But of all whistlers the young gentleman going home about 1 o'clock in the morning, who whistles "Il Trovatore" with all the band parts, takes the bakery .-- San Francisco Chronicle.

Devoted to African News,

There are now three periodicals in Europe which are wholly devoted to African news and comments upon the various enterprises developing there, while three-fourths of the space in another journal is given solely to affairs in the Congo state. One of these periodicals has a circulation of 6,000 copies L'Afrique, which is published in Geneva, and The African Times, of London, have been in the field for several years, and now comes The Afrika Post, issued in Hamburg, which will be chiefly devoted to Germany's commercial interests in her new African olonies -New York Sun.

A Broken Oil Pipe.

One of the pipes of the Standard Oil com pany, that brings oil from the petroleum re-gions of Pennsylvania to New York, a distance of 400 miles, recently burst in Vernon township, Sussex county, N. J. Before the mischief was discovered the soil in the vi cinity of the broken pipe became saturated and poisoned with crude oil, and ruined for the present. A large quantity of oil flowed into the neighboring streams, and the fisher died by thousands.-Scientific American.

Girls from Foreign Land.

It is estimated that during the next five years 600,000 girls will land at Castle Garden, and that according to past statistics one in every ten of these will be led astray after she arrives in New York. The establishment of a protectory and industrial school is suggested as a means of putting the girls in the way of earning a livelihood -New York

Ladies : Fine : Saddles.

Grey Horse Harness Emporium, 1020 O Street.

GarfieldAddition

O Seventeenth street car line of Lincoln Street Railway, lots fronting on

GARFIELD PARK.

. ow on sale.

Inquire at Room 34 Richards Block.

Wessel & Dobbins.

Ort Printers.

New BurriBlock, Cor. 12th and O Sts.

Wedding Invitations, Engraved Calling Cards, Box Station-

ery, Fine Printing of all Kinds.

Give Us a Trial Order.