

**H. W. BROWN,**  
Dealer in  
**Drugs and Medicines**  
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.  
Books, Stationery, etc.  
127 S. Eleventh st.

**BADGER LUMBER CO.**  
PRICES LOW  
YARD 8<sup>TH</sup> & O

**THE WEST SHORE**  
(ESTABLISHED 1875)  
(PORTLAND-OREGON)

The West Shore is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast, and aside from its excellent literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of its development.

Special illustrated articles appear in each issue; also, several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, Utah, California, British Columbia, and the Pacific Northwest in general, are being illustrated. The subscription price is only \$2.50. It is not only the cheapest illustrated magazine in the United States, but contains articles and engravings of great interest to every resident of this region, which can not be found in any other publication.

Subscribers for 1888 receive a large supplement every month. The first one is a beautiful description of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," printed in nine colors, and each of the others represents some feature of our sublime scenery. The supplements are alone worth more than the price of the magazine. Try it for 1888, and after reading, send it to your friends elsewhere. You will find it both entertaining and instructive.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,  
171-173 Second St., Portland, Oregon.

**Monarch of the Dailies!**

**Omaha Bee!**

Delivered to any part of the city for 20 cents a week, every day in the year. Leave subscriptions at Lincoln bureau, 1027 P street.

**TAKE THE Missouri Pacific Railway**  
The Shortest, Quickest and Best Route to  
Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Boston.

**RECLINING CHAIRS FREE ON ALL TRAINS.**

For further information, folders, etc., call on or address  
H. G. HANNA,  
City Ticket Agent, Cor. O and 12th sts.  
D. BABCOCK, Depot Ticket Agent.

**WONDERFUL SUCCESS.**  
ECONOMY IS WEALTH.  
All the PATTERNS you wish to use during the year, for nothing, (a saving of from \$3.00 to \$4.00), by subscribing for

**THE CAPITOL CITY COURIER**  
AND  
**Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine**  
With Twelve Orders for Cut Paper Patterns of your own selection and of any size.  
**BOTH PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR, \$3.25 (THREE TWENTY-FIVE).**

**DEMAREST'S THE BEST**  
OF all the Magazines.  
CONTAINING STORIES, POEMS, AND OTHER LITERARY ATTRACTIONS, COMBINING ARTISTIC TASTE, AND HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.  
Illustrated with Original Steel Engravings, Photographures, Oil Pictures and Fine Woodcuts, making it the Model Magazine of America.  
Each Magazine contains a coupon order entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern illustrated in the fashion department, in that number, and in any of the sizes manufactured, making patterns during the year of the value of over three dollars.  
DEMAREST'S MONTHLY is justly entitled the World's Model Magazine. The Largest in Form, the Largest in Circulation, and the best TWO Dollar Family Magazine issued. 1888 will be the Twenty-fourth year of its publication, and it stands at the head of Family Periodicals. It contains 72 pages, large quarto, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, elegantly printed and fully illustrated. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York.  
And by Special Agreement Combined with the Capitol City Courier at \$3.25 Per Year.

**MISERABLE COMFORTERS.**

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES AT EAST HAMPTON, L. I.

Why Did God Let Sin Come into the World?—No One Can Tell Until He Gets on the Other Side of the River of Death. Imparting Comfort to the Troubled.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who spends a good part of his summer rest here, took for the subject of his vacation sermon of this date, "Flasters That Will Not Stick." His text was, "Miserable comforters are ye all."—Job xvi. 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathy, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women! God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns! He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All I know is one great fact, and that is, that a few people have come in upon me, some plucking down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The grave yards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands, and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence.

This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your best friends, who wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very noble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for those noble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after a while. Silence! Do you expect with a thin coat plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul? Stop very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says, "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That would will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say, "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan? Tearing off the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed!

Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say, "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way," and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post-mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school he will come and say, "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control," an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No, that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you

would have given anything for a good cry! David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus, and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me whom I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again I remark that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearse through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was fore-ordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splinters for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that sends the angels out against them. They want to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes. If there are men and women here who have old people in the house, or near at hand so that they can easily reach them, I congratulate them. Some of us have had trials in life, and although we have had many friends around about us, some wished that father and mother were still alive that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them; let them lean on your arm—these aged people. If, when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and you have to say it a second time, when you say it the second time do so say it sharply. If you do you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have so much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart.

People who have never had trials themselves cannot give comfort to others. They can talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door and clasped her hands—the old figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no; you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to those who are sorrowful and distressed, and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is, that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me?" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble is in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the hammer? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long stings stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken, it would have said, "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said, "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" Very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you. Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more hammers with which to drill; we have too many hammers. What we really want is keen, sharp, well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot fire furnace,

and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged and say, "I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with anybody who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe, and well strung instruments of music, and tapestried parlor, and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment. It is easy for him to be cheerful. But suppose his fortune goes to pieces, and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer, and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of romping little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that asked so many questions will ask no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says, "God is hard; God is outrageous. He had no business to do this over. My friends, they are obliging to have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have, and how much God has to put up with, and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland, or England, or Ireland, a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after a while writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and after a while the father comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families; they are obliging to have a better land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after a while go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is, heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about; but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—the heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not aloof. The residence in which you live is not so good as the residence in which they stay. You are aloof, you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed, "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and somebody asks how many children you have, do not be so in-fidel as to say three. Say four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought! I expect to see my kindred in heaven; I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home today. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the graveyard back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China; and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and one shall know them better than I ever knew them here. Do your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens and you say, "I have overslept and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was better said Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments, "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more: our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Luther—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall—from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the droop to the "saint's everlasting rest." And what a transition it will be for you—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said, "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he, "We have lighted them; they are lighting up your path upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world, your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the thrones. If ye who are sick now, no medicines to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls, there will be no grave diggers' spades that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odoriferous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies resolute with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters.

There shall I bathe my weary soul in seas of heavenly rest. And not a wave of trouble roll across my peaceful breast.

**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.**

**Wessel & Dobbins, Art Printers,**

New Burr Block, Cor. 12th and O Sts.

Wedding Invitations, Engraved Calling Cards, Box Stationery, Fine Printing of all Kinds.

**Give Us a Trial Order.**

**The Season for Driving**

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



Whips,  
Saddles,  
FANCY DUSTERS  
LAP ROBES  
—AND—  
Ladies : Fine : Saddles

AT THE  
**Grey Horse Harness Emporium,**  
1020 O Street.

**For MAN !** **For BEAST !**

**Mustang Liniment**

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is made from the finest medicinal herbs and is the only preparation that will cure all ailments of the horse, mule, dog, cat, and all other animals.

**Mustang Liniment**

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is made from the finest medicinal herbs and is the only preparation that will cure all ailments of the horse, mule, dog, cat, and all other animals.

**Mustang Liniment**

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is made from the finest medicinal herbs and is the only preparation that will cure all ailments of the horse, mule, dog, cat, and all other animals.

**Mustang Liniment**

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is made from the finest medicinal herbs and is the only preparation that will cure all ailments of the horse, mule, dog, cat, and all other animals.

**Garfield Addition**

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

**GARFIELD PARK.**  
Now on sale. Inquire at Room 34 Richards Block.