THE CURSE OF THE NATION

DR. TALMAGE IN HIS SERMON SAYS IT IS DRUNKENNESS.

His Text II Kings x, 10: "Who Slew All These?"—A More Fearful Massacre Is Now Going on, He Says, Than in the Old Days.

HELENA, M. T., Aug. 11.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" II Kings x, 10, he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the king comes out and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain or fifty thousand less men are slain seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes, the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

THE SORROWS AND THE DOOM OF THE DRUNKARD.

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the torment.

Some one says, "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone, but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying, "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

HIS GOOD NAME MELTS AWAY.

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community: "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

HE RESPECTS HIMSELF NO MORE.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After awhile he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said: "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

THE TERRIBLE CRAVING FOR DRINK.

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel he is a captive. He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes; they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now, what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament; when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah! there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all, if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

THEIR HEALTH GOES TOO.

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise." But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them: "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

HIS HOME IS RUINED.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities today little children, bare footed, uncombed and unkempt, want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches today, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

WORST OF ALL HIS SOUL IS LOST.

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents, with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fire will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

A WORD TO THE VICTIMS.

But I want, in conclusion, to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink that, while I declared that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that, while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by his grace can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but, somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God he will help you, by his grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet today, may that decanter flash out upon you, "Beware!" and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, today, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God, that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

The Way to Keep Cool.

"Doctor, give me a suggestion as to the best way to stand this hot weather."

"Well," replied a prominent physician, "there are a few simple things to remember. I'll tell you how I do it. In the first place I get plenty of sleep. I do this by eating a light supper, without coffee and with very little fluid of any sort and but a mouthful of beefsteak. My day's work ends with the day, and after sunset I just sit around without my coat and vest. About 9 o'clock I slip quietly into my bathroom and soak myself ten or fifteen minutes in a bath tub full of cold water. Without drying myself I draw on my sleeping garment and go to bed. My temperature has been reduced and my pulse has slowed up. This condition is preserved by the evaporation which goes on for half an hour or more, during which I go to sleep. Try it.

"Now, for the daytime, I eat a moderate breakfast, with but little hot coffee or tea. I avoid the butter and anything else very greasy. I eat my fill of bread, toast, tomatoes, cold milk, etc., with a small piece of lean, rare steak. I do not smoke or drink anything alcoholic. I occasionally take a glass of some aerated water, like vichy or seltzer. I wear light clothes and but few of them, and I am not ashamed to carry an umbrella. The result is that I suffer as little from the heat as is possible during the sultry weather."—Louisville Post.

The Salvation Army.

The Man About Town chanced, the other day, across a prominent evangelist whose name is known throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and who is beyond a doubt universally regarded as one of the ablest men in his profession. During the conversation which took place the Salvation Army was discussed, and the evangelist gave it as his opinion that while that organization had many disagreeable features, he had grown to look upon it as one of the great powers for good, and that it filled a purpose which nothing else could answer.

"There are certain substrata of society," he said, "which it is almost impossible for us to reach. There are undercurrents of degradation which we cannot fathom, and the only force that seems to reach them is the Salvation Army. With their crude methods they dig down into the depths, as we never could, and do a work which is certainly a grand one in its way."—St. Louis Republic.

Wedding albums are the latest fashion among Transatlantic ladies. A gorgeously bound volume contains the marriage certificate—usually illuminated in most artistic style—and photographs of the bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids and best man, wedding guests in their finery, and the officiating clergy, with the autograph of each under the corresponding portrait. Illuminated inscriptions of date, time and place complete the record.

THE BURLINGTON EXCURSIONS.

Milwaukee, Wis., National Encampment G. A. R.

Round trip tickets at $16.40 will be on sale August 21 to 28, inclusive, good for return until September 30 under certain conditions.

Tickets are good by lake or rail between Chicago and Milwaukee. Pullman sleepers, tourist cars and free reclining chair cars and day coaches will run through to Milwaukee on special train. It is important that early application be made, as the number of Pullman as well as tourist sleepers is limited.

Further information at B. & M. depot or city office, corner O and Tenth streets.

AUGUST 20.

Another harvest excursion. Cheaper and better than ever. Only $30 for round trip, Salt Lake and Ogden, or $35, Hailey, Idaho, and return, good thirty days with stop over privileges. Half rates will also be in effect on above date to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. You cannot afford to miss thses excursions, especially that to Salt Lake, as it includes a visit to the "Bee Hive" and "Lion House," (the residence of the late Brigham Young) the great Mormon temple, tabernacle and assembly hall.

The wonderful scenery of the Black canon, Marshall pass, Royal gorge, Manitou and Garden of the Gods, all of this at a rate hardly exceeding 1 cent a mile. Call at B. & M. depot, or city office for full particulars.

A. C. ZIEMER,
C. P. & T. A.

Don t Miss the Opportunity to Visit Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Hailey, Idaho.

A grand excursion to the above named points will leave August 20th via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and for this occasion the exceedingly low rate of $30 to Ogden and Salt Lake City and return, and $35 to Hailey, Idaho, and return, has been made from Missouri River terminals.

This excursion affords our patrons a magnificent opportunity to visit Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake, the finest bathing resort in the world, and also visit the Hailey Hot Springs, famous for their medicinal properties. Tickets good thirty days. For further particulars address E. E. Lemax, Omaha.

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Mat. McCabe, of New Brunswick, Ill., offers to pay five dollars to any person troubled with bloody flux, who will take Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy according to directions and does not get well in the shortest possible time. One half of a 25 cent bottle of this remedy cured him of bloody flux, after he had tried other medicines and the prescriptions of physicians without benefit. Mr. McCabe is perfectly safe in making this offer, as more than a thousand bottles of this remedy are sold each day and it has never been known to fail in any case of colic, cholera morbus, dysentery, diarrhoea or bloody flux, when the plain printed directions were followed. For sale by O. L. Shrader, druggist.

Harvest Excursion Tickets at half rates will be sold at Lincoln, Aug. 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and Oct. 8th, over the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley R. R. to all points reached via that line in Northern Nebraska, the Black Hills and Central Wyoming. Call on G. N. Foresman, agent, or write J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb. tf

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There was a terrible epidemic of dysentery and bloody flux in Pope county, Illinois, last summer. As many as five deaths occurred in one day. Messrs. Walter Brothers, of Waltersburg, sold over 380 bottles of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during this epidemic and say thay never heard of it's failing in any case when the directions were followed. It was the only medicine used that did cure the worst cases. Many persons were cured by it after the doctors had given them up. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. L. Shrader, druggist.

Send the names of your friends in the East whom you wish to visit you, or who are seeking new locations, to J. R. Buchanan, Gen'l Passenger Agent of the Freemont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb., that he may send them information relative to the "One Fare Harvest Excursions" which occur August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. oct1

Families not already supplied should loose no time in procuring a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is the only remedy that can always be depended upon for bowel complaint in all its forms. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. L. Shrader, druggist.

Will You Endorse Our Work.

Through our representations and assurance of appreciation by our citizens we have secured to them a competitive first class train between Lincoln and Chicago.

As representatives of our line and as your fellow citizens we personally solicit the patronage of all whose necessities or inclinations demand such service and who desire its continuance.

We do not ask you to sacrifice any comfort or pleasure to do us a favor but invite you to accept, all things considered, the best service going at present.

Plainly stated, our train leaves Lincoln daily at 6:30 p. m., makes the run to Chicago in seventeen and one-half hours, carries a through palace sleeper from Lincoln and a dining car from the river. By this train patrons reach Pittsburg in thirty-five and one-half hours, Baltimore and Philadelphia in forty-six and a quarter, Washington, forty-seven; New York, forty-eight and a half; Buffalo thirty-six and Boston in fifty-two, which is several hours less than via other lines. Sleeper accommodations reserved in advance to destination points.

G. N. FORESMAN, Agent Northwestern Line, F., E. & M. V. R. R.

A. S. FIELDING, City Ticket Agent, 115 South Tenth Street

Notice.

To Ephriam E. Meyers, non-resident defendant.

You will take notice that on the 17th day of July, 1889, Fabien S. Potvin, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court, Lancaster County, Nebraska, against you, John K. Barr, J. Frank Barr, Annie Barr, A. C. Barr and William Henry Smith, ——, Barr claiming to be surety for you and said John K. Barr, and to establish his right to a certain assignment of a judgment made to him by the Quincy National Bank of Quincy, Illinois, in an action in the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, wherein the Quincy National Bank was plaintiff and yourself and John K. Barr Fabien S. Potvin were defendants, and to establish his lien of said judgment which he paid as such surety upon and against lots nine, ten and eleven, 9, 10 and 11 in block twenty-nine, 29 and lots five, thirteen, fourteen and seventeen, 5, 13, 14 and 17 in block twenty-six, 26 all in First Addition to West Lincoln, and also lots one, seven, eight and nine, 1, 7, 8 and 9 in block two, 2 in Imhoff's Addition to the city of Lincoln, and also lot three, 3, in block eighty-eight, 88 in the city of Lincoln, and the west half of the south-west quarter of section nine, 9 township eight, 8 range seven, 7 all in Lancaster County, state of Nebraska, to sell said real estate and lots according to law, to pay said judgment, interest and cost, and claim, and right of said Potvin, and to apply the proceeds thereof to the payment of plaintiff's lien, claim and right.

You are required to answer the said petition on or before the 26th day of August, 1889

Lincoln, Neb., July 18, 1889.

FABIEN S. POTVIN.
By POUND & BURR,
his Attorneys.

7-20-4t.
