

DO NOT BE A CASTAWAY.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE AT PORTLAND, ORE.

"What Sea Captains Say" the Subject of the Discourse—A Great Throng Present in the Foremost City of Oregon to Hear the Eminent Divine.

PORTLAND, ORE., Aug. 28.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who preached here today to a vast audience, took for his text I Corinthians ix, 27: "Let that by any means I myself should be cast away." The preacher said:

In the presence of you who live on the Pacific coast, I who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of religion may help others into heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenter that built Noah's ark did not get into it himself. Gown and surplice, and diploma, and canonicals are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings, and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known, plunged into sin and died; his heart, by a post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively, but literally, broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head and address consecrated assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if having "preached to others I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it.

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find that they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

BREAKERS AHEAD!
You and I live in seacoast cities. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond knot and a spirit sheet sail knot, and though you could not point out the weather crossjack brace, and though you could not man the fore clew garnets, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding towards the shore. You heard the cry: "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock, and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Calfraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staving, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless! Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds! Castaways! Castaways!

WATCH FOR THE TRUE LIGHT.
By talking with some sea captains I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from creating false lights on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago indeed that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them, that they might despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse, and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swaying to the motion of the horse, and a sea captain in the offing saw it and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said, "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel for it has a movable light," and he had no apprehension until he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces, and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined by false lights on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore, shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is, "Heave the main top-sail to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction comes upon them, and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways. Once, on Wolf Crag lighthouse, they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the stars beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the danger to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great headland—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to night, and destroy all the great lighthouses on the dangerous coast—the Barnegat lighthouse, the Patnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherrymore lighthouse, the Longship's lighthouse, the Holyhead lighthouse—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the Gospel, to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruin. Castaways! Castaways!

THE TERRORS OF THE STORM.
By talking with sea captains I have heard, also, that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is: "Way, haul away there!" But before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Castaway! Castaway! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them. If they had time to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate,

they could stand it, but the temptation came so suddenly—an eyerayon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Caribbean. One awful surge of temptation and they perish. And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and, to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my trouble, and the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not deliberate. I did wrong, and having done wrong once I could not stop." O, it is the first step that costs, the second is easier, and the third, and on to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that men are ruined for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter. As vessels lie in Margate Roads, safe from southwest winds; but the wind changing to the northeast, they are driven helpless and go down. O that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, lest they perish, becoming castaways! castaways!

FATAL CARELESSNESS.
By talking with sea captains I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness. There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness. There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing, and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel and blindfold them and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology, drifting in their habits, drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity, but all the time coming nearer and nearer to a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil habits, and they shall burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's harbor; reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from happiness; and what is the worst thing about it, they are taking their families along with them, and the wreck goes the probability it will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers on board the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee and whirled in the last schottische. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin banks, but they went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The peril is so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar. You take no soundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abate, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on to wreck, and it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction. Ready, about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the life boat! Pull, my lads, pull! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed and that without remedy." But some of you are saying within yourselves: "What shall I do? Do! Do! Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble. Lift a distress signal. On the sea there is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress signal. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, save me, I perish." The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The jailer lifted the distress signal when he said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will come to your soul until you lift some signal. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some heaven piercing outcry for help, lifting the distress signal for the church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears: "In me is thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved.

HOPE, BLESSED HOPE!
There was an old sailor thumping about in a small boat in a tempest. The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore and then I bid them good-by alike, and I was about sinking back and giving it up when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." O, sinking soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star of hope.

Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem. When suddenly a stare arose: It was the star of Bethlehem!

If there are any here who consider themselves castaways, let me say God is doing everything to save you. Did you ever hear of Lionel Lucken? He was the inventor of the insubmersible lifeboat. All honor is due to his memory by seafaring men as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention! In after days that invention was improved, and one day there was a perfect life boat, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The lifeboat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the hazards of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of a grander launching, and from the dry docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life boat of the world's redemption was launched. It showed off the golden sands and angelic ho-

anna. The surges of darkness beat against its sides, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight of us this hour. It comes for you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let that boat go past and your opportunity is gone.

SAVED! SAVED!
I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that life boat. In 1831 the Isabella came ashore of Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea trumpet, the crash of the axes and the howling of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first-born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it got to the shore, the landmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets and garments, and promises of help and succor. So there are whole families here who are going to be saved, and saved all together. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All heaven wades in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there; I claim you all. There are some of you who, thirty years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim for you Jesus. There are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you are bringing up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, while they are alive, and you will have to pray sometime, why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple clusters of divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appalling fact shall be announced that notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

The Sources of Beautiful Colors.
The list of choicest colors used in the arts, here given, was formulated by American Druggists:
The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes. The cuttlefish gives the sepia. It is the inkly fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked. Indian yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black. Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with iron potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally. Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and galls. Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp black is soot from certain resinous substances. Turkey red is made from the madder plant which grows in Hindostan. The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in coconut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burnt. India ink is made from burnt camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture. Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago. Bister is the soot of wood ashes. Very little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.

How Fast Can a Locomotive Run?
The question "How fast can a locomotive run?" has been a good deal discussed recently in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above eighty miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago by a Bristol and Exeter tank engine with nine foot driving wheels—a long extinct species—down a steep bank. But it has, apparently, never been beaten. It is, indeed, not a little strange how sharply the line appears to have been drawn at eighty miles an hour. Records of seventy-five miles an hour are as plenty as blackberries. Records of eighty are exceedingly rare. Records of any greater speed have a way of crumbling beneath the lightest touch.—The Railways of England—Acworth.

An Ancient Idea Refuted.
An unusual amount of nonsense under the guise of scientific discovery is inflicted on the public. To begin with, says Popular Science News, the old familiar absurdity of burning water has been resurrected, and a leading technical journal gives considerable space to the description of an invention by which water is to be dissociated into its elementary gases, and these gases to be burned, thus producing an oxyhydrogen flame at a small cost. This ancient idea has been refuted so many times that it would seem almost unnecessary to say that the process is a mathematical impossibility, and that exactly as much heat will be absorbed in dissociating the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen in the water as will be produced by their subsequent combustion.

Cupid Takes a Hand.
We approve the conduct of a street railroad superintendent in Oakland. A young lady was injured on his line by the driver's carelessness, and was about to bring suit for damages. The superintendent, a sprightly single man, called on her to parley the matter, and called again, and finally the young lady found herself sued. Result, a very happy wedding and an action for damages averted.—San Francisco Alta.

Deadly Weapons.
Officer of the S. P. C. A.—Look here, you young ruffian, what did you hit that poor dog for? You've nearly killed him. Lionel Cookson—Didn't mean to hurt him, only hit him with a biscuit. "Well, next time you want to hit a dog you throw a rock at him, or I'll run you in. I know your mother before she was married."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Nervous and Tender Hearted.
"Conductor, what was that?" asked a nervous old lady as the wheels of the coach made a little more jar than usual. "We went over a few frogs just then," he replied. "Most likely squashed the poor things too," she said, with a tremor in her voice.—Detroit Free Press.

Just the Opposite.
Friend to returned vacationist—Well, my boy, have you been off for a rest? Returned Vacationist—No, my boy, I've come home for me.—Boston Courier.

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The Wessel Printing Company have been appointed agents for the new and popular Yost Typewriter for southeastern Nebraska. To many of our readers this new machine is already known, and all who have seen it pronounce it far superior to any of the other machines. As far as utility and speed are concerned it is giving better satisfaction than either the Remington or the Calligraph, besides its points of convenience, improvements and general construction it far exceeds anything in this line ever invented. All who have seen a local assertion, and doubted by those who are using the above machines, but when it is known that Mr. Yost, the inventor, has for years built the Remington and Calligraph, it is reasonable to believe that being constantly in the business he has had opportunity to note where improvements could be made, and accordingly is able to furnish a better typewriter than either of the others. On the Yost no ribbon is used, each letter or figure striking the paper direct, and by a very valuable new patent are in exact and perfect alignment. If preferable either Calligraph or Remington keyboard will be furnished. All who have seen this new machine in Lincoln pronounce it a gem, and we shall be pleased to have all interested call and see it. Office with THE CAPITAL CITY COURIER, 122-124 North Twelfth street, new Burr block.

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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. Foreman, agent, or write J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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 350 bottles of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during this epidemic and say they never heard of it 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 Fremont, 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 30th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th.

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