

WE ARE ALL GLEANERS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE MEETING OF BOAZ AND RUTH.

A Discourse Especially Appropriate to the Season of the Harvest Time—It Includes an Exhortation to All Regarding the Duty of Life.

GLENSWOOD, Colo., Aug. 2.—A sermon, impregnated with the breath of the vast harvest fields of the west, indicates that Dr. Talmage has found in the scenes through which he has been traveling and in his present surroundings, suggestions of Gospel lessons. His text is taken from Ruth ii, 2: "And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

Within a few weeks I have been in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and they are one great harvest field, and no season can be more enchanting in any country than the season of harvest.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the old custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of making it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor might along the way glean it and get their bread. But you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming thence he beholds the awfully sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to tend a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the success and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and journeyed through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning!

I learn in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Hancock the better soldier, and Eliza the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

THE VALUE OF TROUBLE.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prosed. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the firm sweep of the key. Misfortune and trials are great educators.

A young doctor comes into a sickroom where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question, but the years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sickroom, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse, Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountain of the Christian world, and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage tried by the fiend of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foaming sea under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed galliotine and the crackling fire of martyrdom.

It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the pope's bull, and the cardinal's curse, and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Henwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the decimate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim fathers.

When amid the storms they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea, And the sounding plianes of the dim wood Rang to the anthem of the Free.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign despots that have mocked and the tyrannies that have leered and be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates oppression, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of unselfish friendship. I suppose there were

plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity. But of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to frudge off with her toward Judah, when she had so much to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text—One—absolutely one—I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers. But I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun goes down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Us; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Kilphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been had a century in building which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai, who never forgot their friendship. Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Chrysostom such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: save me from death, and do not let me be left alone." FROM DARKNESS TO DAY.

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, she went with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, Paul had such a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They want to live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that paths which started very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh! how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered and devils tormented and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sin. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy, you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry as the voice of God addressed you, saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to edge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have to be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle, but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip of the captured battlement, we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use. But when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clasped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS. Christ, burdened of persecutions, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheathed sword bursting from the spear-chairs at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the throbes of heaven and all the dungeons of hell.

But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, shall sing with their seraphs: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

That song of love, now low and far, The long shall swell from star to star, That light, the breaking day which tips The golden spheres Apocalyptic.

Again, I learn from my subject that even which seems to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more important than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet

all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with the thrill of unpassable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine; events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the current of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy. And as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the use of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

BEAUTY OF FEMALE INDUSTRY.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society of course have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do. I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community, and though there are so many women all around about them in the world they spend their time languishing over a new pattern or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi.

All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these fastidious? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves a habit of indolence, but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite, They're elegantly pained from morn till night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinoza said to Sir Isaac Newton: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinoza, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

THE BOAST OF MADAME DE STAEL. Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all of these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary. I could carry as the voice of God addressed you, saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws and she put them together, and more straws until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down she went and gathered more straws until she had another sheaf, and another and another and another, and then she brought them all together and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

THE STRAY PRIVILEGES COUNT.

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, was a physician in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy that they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which gathered might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. Briefly described, the mode of procedure is as follows: The iron is put in a furnace and heated to the proper temperature when the chemical is put on the upper side and the gear right through it, so that when cool the under side is as hard as the upper side, and when broken the iron is as hard inside as outside.

No trouble is experienced in going through six inches, and the chemical can probably be through any reasonable thickness. In Chicago it is being used for hardening brick dies made of cast iron, whereas heretofore brick dies were necessarily made of steel. This is a great saving, both in material and work. Another use is for shoes on grips of cable cars.—New York Journal.

Hardening Cast Iron.

Some Chicagoans have lately been conducting satisfactory experiments in hardening cast iron by a new chemical process. Briefly described, the mode of procedure is as follows: The iron is put in a furnace and heated to the proper temperature when the chemical is put on the upper side and the gear right through it, so that when cool the under side is as hard as the upper side, and when broken the iron is as hard inside as outside.

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From Travancore comes a quaint plant called the "corbera," which has a milky, poisonous juice. The unripe fruit is used by the natives to destroy dogs, as its action causes their teeth to loosen and fall out.



How to Make Essence of Beef. Chop one pound of lean beef fine and place it with a half pint of water in a bottle, which they will only half fill. Agitate violently for half an hour, then throw on a sieve and receive the liquid in a jug. Boil the undissolved portion in a pint of water for twenty minutes. Strain and mix with the cold infusion. Evaporate the liquid to the consistency of thin sirup, adding spice, salt, etc., to suit the taste, and pour the essence while boiling hot into bottles or jars or tin cans, which must be closed up airtight and kept in a cool place.

How to Make Transfer Paper. Take some thin post or tissue paper, rub the surface well with black lead, vermilion, red chalk or any coloring matter. Wipe the preparation well off with a piece of clean rag and the paper will be ready for use.

How to Estimate Discount by Premium. First fix in your mind that 100 per cent. is all that there is of anything, and therefore nothing can ever decline in value more than 100 per cent., though it can advance any number of thousands. Above 100 the premium is exactly in the same figures as the per cent., but below 100 the corresponding discount is only the difference between 100 and the minor sum to which that per cent. must be added to bring it up to 100. Thus, when gold was at 60 premium, paper was at 37 1/2 discount, because a paper dollar was worth but 62 1/2 cents. That is, it took this 62 1/2 cents worth of paper and 60 per cent. more of 62 1/2 cents—that is, 37 1/2 cents—to buy a gold dollar. If gold were at 1,000 per cent. premium paper would be within a minute fraction of 91 per cent. discount.

How to Take Grease Spots from Carpets. Lay a piece of blotting paper over the spot and set a flatiron just hot enough not to scorch on top. Change paper as often as it becomes greasy. After most of the oil has been extracted apply whitening. Brush off the whitening after a day or two and the spot will be gone.

How to Converge. In conversation it is always well to remember the old saying: "The language of fools oftentimes abounds in wisdom." No matter how wise we are we can learn from the expressed thoughts of others. Therefore it is well not to endeavor to monopolize a conversation. It is still more unmanly to force your own opinion against that of others, especially older people. Offer your opinion respectfully and politely; if it is not accepted, hold your own counsel. Listen to the opinions of others, even though they are less enlightened than you on the subject under discussion. You may learn much from their ideas.

How to Fold an Umbrella. Many umbrellas are broken by the careless manner in which they are folded and put aside after using in the rain. When folding an umbrella the cover should first be shaken out until all the folds lie free from the ribs. Then catch the ends of the ribs near the handle in the right hand, and closing the left hand firmly around the cover near the point, push the entire structure from left to right until all is neatly folded. After using an umbrella in the rain it should be allowed to dry, handle downward.

How to Treat a Beggar. Chateaubriand was once asked, "Would you recommend me to apprentice my son to so and so?" and he replied, "Learn how this merchant treats the poor and then use your own judgment." There was a wisdom in this reply that should sink deep into people's hearts. Our treatment of the poor and unfortunate is the truest indication of our character. All that can be added to this excellent parable is, When one who is in want applies to you for assistance, imagine yourself in his place and "do as you would be done by."

How to Eat Radishes. Everybody knows how to eat radishes raw with salt. But here is a plan by which a delicious breakfast dish can be made of them: Select some young round radishes, boil them for twenty minutes and serve with hot buttered toast.

How to Make Acorn Coffee. "Acorn coffee" is much used in Germany, and preferred by some to the ordinary coffee. Some scientists claim that it is preferable to the coffee of commerce, as it does not possess the same drying properties. It is made in this way: The acorns are dried, shelled, split and roasted. When perfectly roasted a little butter is added, and then the berry is ready for brewing. In the raw state acorns are very astringent, but they lose this property in the process of roasting.

How to Expel Insects. All insects dislike pennyroyal; its odor kills some and drives away others. Make a decoction from the green leaves of the pennyroyal plant, or, if these are unobtainable, procure some of the oil of a druggist's. Steep some pieces of cotton in either liquid and strew them where the pests exist or are suspected to be. Repeat the operation when necessary.

How to Clean Varnished Walls. In cleaning varnished wood, paper or walls it is injudicious to use soap, as it frequently causes dull blotches or streaks to form upon the varnished surface. The best plan is to mix about a quart of vinegar to two gallons of water and wash with the solution, using a soft cloth. This will effectually clean the varnish and renovate the paint or papering.

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