

A POOR INVESTMENT.

YOU HAVE BARGAINED YOUR SOUL AWAY FOR NAUGHT.

Dr. Talmage Shows How the Foolish Sale Is Made and How It May Be Remedied—Christ's Blood Will Buy You Back.

TOPKA, Kan., Aug. 9.—Dr. Talmage reached this city yesterday in the course of his western trip. He was warmly welcomed by the citizens, who came in large numbers to hear the famous Brooklyn divine. The subject of the sermon for this week is, "A Poor Investment," and the text, Isaiah lii, 3, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money."

The Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money."

SOLD FOR NAUGHT. There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to your selves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning, I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold your self for naught."

THE WORLD IS A LIAR. I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the mud of the Jordan, your death were asked to pay three cents for your carriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

NOT TRUE HAPPINESS. History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb: but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Pater-noster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world-renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children

state of confusion which reminded me of a skating rink after the skating craze had played out. Chairs and desks and piles of boards and heaps of carpets and rugs were thrown about topsy turvy. And what do you suppose were upon the top of the desk at which Mr. Reed wielded the gavel with so much vigor last winter? A dozen huge, unsavory cuspidors. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, was in Washington the other day, and, having some business at the Capitol, he wandered into the hall of the house to see what the old place looked like. When he saw those cuspidors he turned away in disgust, and it was surmised that it cured him of his ambition to be speaker. Mr. Mills may or may not be speaker of the next house, but he will always be one of the best and most lovable men in the world. He has a quick temper, and if he doesn't like a man he won't shake hands with him, and if a man has done what Mills considers a mean thing he will walk several blocks out of his way to get a chance to tell him so, but when he makes a mistake or does some one an injustice he can't sleep till he has made a correction or offered an apology. Here is a story in point:

How to Breathe Properly. The breathing should be slow and deep, ten breaths a minute being a safe average. There is a difference of opinion in regard to the relative value of abdominal and chest breathing, and each system has its advantages. One of the best exercises for increasing the capacity of the lungs is to draw in a full breath slowly and through the nose. Keep the lungs inflated as long as possible and then expel the air suddenly through the mouth and repeat the process. The period of holding the breath should not be too long at the start.

How to Make Tomato Catsup. Cut half a bushel of tomatoes in pieces and boil them in their own juice until soft. Strain and press through a hair sieve to separate the skins and seeds. Then boil down to a thick pulp, stirring all the time. Add six ounces salt, six drams allspice, one ounce five and a half drams yellow mustard, three ounces black pepper, six drams clover, three drams mace, two drams cayenne pepper and one gallon of vinegar. The spices must be all ground fine. Let the mixture boil up twice and bottle when cool.

How to Treat Children. Children instinctively shrink from sour or evil tempered people. The old adage, "We must be cruel to be kind," does not hold in the proper training of children. We must only be firm. Kindness and firmness are the two elements necessary in the treatment of the young. If it is desirable to refuse a child's request, do it firmly but kindly. When correction is needed be firm, but show in your punishment that you are grieved for the necessity. Such training will make children love and honor you, and will instill in them the seeds of greatness. If you are cruel and stern, their young natures will resent it and their evil passions be aroused.

How to Make Writing Look Old. Take one drachm of saffron and infuse it into one-half pint of ink. Warm it over a gentle fire, and anything written with it will turn yellow and old looking.

How to Keep Brass Bright. To make brass rails, stair rods, door handles, etc., clean and bright take one ounce of oxalic acid and one pint of soft water; mix well and apply to the brass with a piece of cloth. Wipe dry, and then make a paste of finely powdered rotten stone and turpentine, which can be applied with the hand or a piece of old flannel. Rub dry with a chamois leather and your brass will have lost all stains and look as bright and as new as when it was purchased. A solution of bichromate of potassa, sulphuric acid and water will also brighten brass, but the former is the most reliable method.

How to Prevent Smoking Chimneys. Smoking chimneys are generally caused by the supply of cold air in the chimney being out of proportion to the heated air, and, in consequence, the cold air descends, bringing the smoke along with it. If the chimney is not high enough or surrounded by buildings or hills, the best plan to prevent smoke is to contract the aperture near the stove. This will insure the air being effectually heated and cause it to rise rapidly. If the aperture is too large, the volume of air entering it is not sufficiently warmed by the fire to enable it to rise rapidly enough to carry off the smoke, and the cold air will invariably descend and press the smoke downward. In obstinate cases a revolving cowl is necessary to create sufficient draft.

How to Keep a Gun from Rusting. Clean the barrel occasionally and cover the exposed portions of the metal with a film of linseed oil. For lubricating the lock purified olive or sperm oil is the best. It is also a good plan to give a gun an elevated position in the room where it is kept. This lessens the chance for rusting, as the atmosphere is warmer and dryer at the top of the room.

How to Cure Thirst. Simple thirst is a natural feeling, but immoderate thirst indicates the presence of disease. Vegetable acids of any kind are the most grateful palliatives of thirst. But the best thing to allay excessive thirst is a decoction of sorrel leaves, slightly thickened with gum arabic, sweetened to the taste.

How to Make Horseradish Sauce. No condiment is more appetizing or beneficial as a stomachic than good horseradish sauce. It is peculiarly relishable with roast beef. Grate a couple of ounces of horseradish fine; take two teaspoonsful of cream, one of olive oil, two of powdered mustard and one table-spoonful of good vinegar; add a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, and mix all together, and you have a royal sauce.

How to Purify Air in Sleeping Rooms. An excellent plan is to keep an inch or two of the window open—from the top. But in many cases this is impracticable, and as an alternative it is wise to keep in the sleeping chamber a basin or open vessel of water. Water absorbs all the impurities of the atmosphere and keeps the air pure. Besides acting as a purifier of the atmosphere, it will absorb large quantities of coal or illuminating gas should any escape, and thus render asphyxiation from that source less liable to occur.

How to Clean Glass. It often happens that glass vessels become stained or receive an unsightly deposit or crust which is difficult to remove by rubbing or scouring. The best way to remove such stains is to wash the glasses with a little dilute muriatic acid. This will effectually erase the deposit and brighten the glass.



THEE I THINK OF, MARGARITA. DEIN GEDENK' ICH, MARGARETHA.

English Words by GEO. COOPER. Music by ERICK MEYER-HELMUND.

Musical score for the song 'Thee I Think of, Margarita'. It includes vocal lines and piano accompaniment with lyrics in English and German. The lyrics are: 'Thee I think of, Margarita! Thee I think of, Margarita! Thee I think of, Margarita! Thee I think of, Margarita!'.



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