## ALL MEN MAY BE GREAT

THE WORLD WILL NOT KNOW IT. BUT ALMIGHTY GOD WILL

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage Tells of Things a Human Soul for Heaven and the

watering place. This year the attractions of its observance have been enhanced by the presence of Dr. Talmage, who preached this afternoon in the Auditorium. Every seat was filled and every inch of standing room in the assles was occupied, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. It is esti-mated that fully fifteen thousand persons were able to hear the doctor, and many others were deprived of that privilege. Ris text was Daniel xi, 32, "The people that do know their God shall be strong and

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, same down three times with his army to solate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, ewinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavairy troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman embassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

ALL HAVE THREE OPPORTUNITIES. An exploit I would define to be an heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement.
"Well," you say, "I admire such things,
but there is no chance for me; mine is a
sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do
exploits." You are right, so far as great
wars are concerned. There will probably
be no opportunity to distinguish yourself
in battle. The most of the brigadier genin battle. The most of the brigadier gen-erals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninetynine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington sever yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical What then? Can you robability that you will be the one out of or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three oppor-tunities open that are grand, thrilling, far reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or During the course of his life almost

every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two milistones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exi-gency. You sometimes see it in courtrooms. A young man has got into bad mpany and he has offended the law, and be is arraigned. All blushing and confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced and he is almost desperate.

Let the district attorney overhaul him

as though he were an old offender; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window glass or blow up a safe or play the high-wayman so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the gaze of the world.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED. Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young way is presented in the courtroom, and man is presented in the courtroom, and he has no friends present, and the judge says, "Who is your counsel?" And he an-swers, "I have none." And the judge says, "Who will take this young man's And there is a dead halt, and no one

offers, and after awhile the judge turns to some attorney, who never had a good case in all his life and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, where there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy conscious-ness that would make his own life brighter, and his own dying pillow sweeter, and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man!

DESTRUCTION IS BEFORE HIM. So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say, "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual

clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some oversanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will sever be salable again, except at

prices ruinously reduced. The young merchant with a somewhat Which Men and Women May Do-Save limited capital is in a predicament. What CCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 23.—This is comp meeting Sunday at Ocean Grove. Its celebration is always regarded as the great event of the year at this famous religious no business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these outof-fashion spring overcoats and spring hats or fall clothing out of date? What do I bear in the way of a bid?" "Four dol-lars." "Absurd: I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that all? Five dollars do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five

dollars," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and | all else failed him, had a wife to re-enforce sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I disturb. started has bought out all that clothing. and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals and his prospects for two sea correspond with the heights of the worlds-this and the next. And devils mountains I have to tell you that a good make a banquet of fire and fill their cups womanhood is not higher up than bad of gall, and drink deep to the health of the womanhood is deep down. The grander old merchant who swallowed up the young the palace the more awful the conflagramerchant who got stuck on spring goods tion that destroys it. The grander the and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it.

SAVE HIM IN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a out of the seven.

An old merchant comes in and says: cool weather has put many in the dol-drums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started | divine sympathy. in business I once got into the same scrape. those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something self and for time as if there were no eterabout them. I will help you to some goods nity, strive to bring her into the kingdom that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale bouses and tell them that I know you and conversion of the daughter of a man of dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and my

self. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the married would you not go to see me young man goes behind his desk, and the married?" And he said, "Oh, yes." tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first "Well," said she, "this is of more importance than that." st everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his ful Sabbath school teacher not only saved spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty a woman, but saved a man. There may be in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store havior toward womanhood has been per-and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this fidious. Repent! Stand up, thou mastermorning thinking over what you did for piece of sin and death, that I may charge me three years ago. You helped me out of you! As far as possible make reparation. an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!'

In a short time after, the old merchant, who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending, and the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man, "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man."

THE WORLD AGAINST A WOMAN. There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook, containing thirty-seven dol-lars and thirty-three cents, had been tolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter in a strange city, and no work. And although he was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamppost on our corner without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, and the case was proved genuine.

Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I with my own shoulders in any kind of never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similiar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities. dreds and thousands in all our large cities. Young women without money and with-out home and without work in the great out home and without work in the great something of a value of a child. Its possi-bilities are tremendous. What will those maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way. We have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway. They are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this per-

son out of the door." Or do you compliment her personal ap-pearance and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who adver-tise for female hands in factories and for governesses in families have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman ap-plied for work, and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name, and tell them I sent

fence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed young man in this awful crisis? Rubthelr at, and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and beaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! Nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

A CONTRAST.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and scciety and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who in some great crisis of life, when him with a faith in God that nothing could

Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is. But as geographers tell us that the depths of the steamer Oregon the more terrible her going down just off the coast.

Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be is standing behind the counter, feeling done by good advice, or by financial help, very blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks stance, you find a woman in financial disat them, and thinking how his young wife tress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, dothird rate boarding house, where they have ing that very important and honorable tough liver and sour bread five mornings work—but which is little appreciated keeping a boarding house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season or propose, without paying any board at for young merchants, and this prolonged all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons, and tell her of

Yea, if you see a woman favored of for-Now, if there is anything I can do to help tune and with all kindly surroundings you out I will gladly do it. Better just put finding in the hollow flatteries of the will back you up, and if you want a few immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said, "Father, I am going to join the church, and I want you to come." "Oh, no," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going

So he went and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithin this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose be-Do not boast that you have her in your When that fine collar and cravat, and that elegant suit of clothes comes off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you save that woman.

YOU MAY SAVE A CHILD. There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My, what lots of chil-dren! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying.

Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that be-reaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough she would call in all her investments and put down all her mortgages and bonds, and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of

hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never dying soul betake itself? Shali those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting

that among the great exploits? But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked.

There is another question quite as perti-ment, and that is, What are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they

tect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

RNOW GOD AND BE STRONG.
How shall we get ready for one or all
of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or womap or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equip-ment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." We must know him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation, and then we shall have his help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are net dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people

By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat," "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I prother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days.'

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out, "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!

### A Wonderful Voice.

The worthy clerk of a country church which the writer once frequently attended was the happy possessor of a tremendous bass voice—not musical. His resonant "Amen!" made the windows rattle—so the folks said. Certainly it awed every play fully inclined youngster into rigid atten-tion. The distance the villagers said it could be heard, if "writ" down, would provoke derision. In course of time the vicar died, and a stranger took his place-a nerv ous gentleman.

When that tremendous "Ah-h-h-men!" reverberated down the aisle he shivered and shrank as if a blow had been struck him. Unable to suffer in silence, he one day remonstrated with the too audible clerk. Said he: "Mr. G..., I should be glad if you would speak the responses in a more gentle voice. Your 'Amen' particularly gives me a shock."

-a-shock, sir!" stammered the astonished offender, in a voice that appeared to proceed from his boots. "Why-why-I've been parish clerk here for thirty years and—and"— He could not finish the sen-tence. The idea that his "grand amen": should be shocking to anybody prevented utterance.

"Are you so attached to that unmusical bull's organ of yours that you are unwilling to moderate its roar?" the vicar asked

"That's it, sir," was the deep reply. "I couldn't do it. Gives you a shock? I think it's something to be proud of. The old vicar was very proud of it." In brief, the worthy fellow offered to surrender his office. So long as he occupied the lowest lowed to roar. The vicar gave in, for his power and that she cannot help herself. | parishioners were almost as proud of the clerk's "Amen?" as that worthy himself .-London Tit-Bits.

# A Brave Priest.

L'Abbe Mouly, the only priest who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of July 14, will certainly not be grudged the distinction conferred upon him even by the most hard-ened enemy of the church. He is, in fact, one of those heroic, self sacrificing workers who in every nation and every clime earn the unbounded admiration and re spect of their fellow creatures. L'Abbe Mouly, who is now in his fifty-fourth year, served for a long period as military chaplain in various French possessions. The worthy priest was acting in this capacity at Guadeloupe during the Mexican cam-paign, and all the French transports touched there on their way home from the seat of war.

A terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out among the garrison of 800 men, as many as twenty-five and thirty deaths occurring daily. All the doctors and the Sisters of Mercy were carried off by the pestilence, and for three weeks the heroic priest was alone in ministering to the sick In consequence of his meritorious conduct the abbe was recommended for the Legion of Honor, but his nomination was pre-vented by the events of 1870. While a Guadeloupe he also distinguished himself by building on the He des Saintes, assisted only by a few convicts, a chapel surmounted by a lighthouse, which enables vessels pass through a dangerous rocky channel in perfect safety.

The abbe, who has waited so long for the well merited recognition of his services, has for ten years past occupied the post of chaplain to the National Lunatic asylum of Charenton.-London Telegraph.

### Washed His Greenbacks. Speaking of money reminds me to ask

f you have ever washed any filthy lucre. never heard of such a thing until recently, when I happened to be making a social call at the home of a physician. Pausing a moment at the open door of his office, I noticed a row of "greenbacks" hanging on a string stretched from the washstand to the chimney piece.

"I am just washing some money," he said. "I do it because I get money from all kinds of people, and it is often so horribly dirty that I know it is a breeding place for microbes. I wash every grimy and ragged bill that comes to me. Give me one of yours and I will show you.'
With some misgivings I handed him a di lapidated five dollar bill.

The physician lathered its face generously with soap, and began a vigorous rub-bing. Then rinsing it off in cold water, he squeezed it dry, and, smoothing it out again, hung it in the bright sunshine. To my surprise, in a few moments it became a clean, crisp and self respecting product of the United States treasury instead of The embarrassed and humiliated woman will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neg-

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