

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Health the Grandest Luxury Given to Man. Happiness Not Dependent on Outward Circumstances—"Godliness with Contentment is Great Gain."

BROOKLYN, July 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject today: "In Good Humor with Our Circumstances." His text was Hebrews xiii, 5: "Be content with such things as ye have." The great preacher's discourse was as follows:

If I should ask some one, "Where is Brooklyn today?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York today?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Philadelphia?" "Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga," the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employes, and ferry boatmen, and the police and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you cultivate, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president, and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtue to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. Of the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

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"What have I done?" says the wheatstreak to the farmer, "what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the move upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor, understands why the farmer beat the wheatstreak with the flail. Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation, had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should knock down and pick up one of the fagots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Business be God for the time when I was born to this garment." They who suffer with him on earth shall be glorified with him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness often looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theater.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Athithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated upon his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it. Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I said: 'I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension.'" While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy under the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin's:

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Fate of the Widowers

From Saturday's Ditty. Several interested people will remember the article which appeared in this paper two issues previous to this, giving advice to the grass-widowers of our city and also informing their wives, in hopes that they might all return to their husbands, as an eye over them, of late, was necessary. We notice that the wife of a certain minister has already put in an appearance since the article appeared, and no doubt several more, who are visiting at a greater distance, will also be homeward bound when they read the article which appeared in the HERALD. It was only a sense of duty which prompted the reporter to give the congregation of grass-widowers, who reside among us, away. Several of them have been interviewed since with the object of hearing their expressions on the matter and to get their idea of the weight of the penalty which will be inflicted when the women appear. They were most of them quite brave when spoken to about the matter, and none of them appeared to be at all alarmed, judging from the flow of conversation from each. One would say: "My wife knows me well enough to know that if that peace you had in your paper had any reference to me in the least, that it is not for me. My wife has always trusted me in her absence and is perfectly willing to do so at any time."

Why is it that such men as the above speaker were the first ones to interview the reporter, and with an uplifted chin and knife drawn demand the poor reporter, who knew he was in the right, to falsely deny the statement that the wives might not return. We feel duty-bound to stick to the statement, and we are sure the grass-widowers at a distance will do what is right and sanction the statement. We learned of the arrival of one of the wives already, and also that one of the men who presented a bold front, made an effort to keep on the right side by being in readiness. He took the trouble to have a party and give her a grand reception, and it presented the idea to us that it was for no other reason than we mentioned. However, with all his boldness, when it came to the critical moment, a more excited man never was known. He ordered his cakes, ice cream and other refreshments. By chance the cake arrived at the house all right, the reason is, we suppose, that he carried them himself and did not order them sent. The ice cream, he nor any of his friends know where it turned up. All he knows is that the ice-cream did not show up at the party. It is reported that while his excitement was at the highest pitch he ordered the cream placed in a rig in front of the shop where he ordered. The wagon belonged to "Gid dat" who did not find the can and drove home. This morning it was still in the wagon when the "Gid" gentleman drove down town, he making inquiries after the owners, thinking it might probably be dynamite. We think the man who would do that, would be excited more than a little. We have not heard whether the bald-headed end of a broom has been used yet or not, but so much we know of one of the bold men. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of another wife, and so are the widowers, wondering who the first victim will be. Henry the VIII is liable to be beheaded, and we trust he may remember his failing before it is too late.

Twenty-one Building in Ruins. BENKLEMAN, Neb., July 17.—Benkleman was visited by a cyclone last evening, and the ruins of more than a score of houses testify to its fury. Yesterday afternoon was hot and sultry. Towards evening the sky clouded up very rapidly, and the sweltering citizens looked forward to a refreshing shower. Others expressed some apprehension on account of the peculiar appearance of the clouds and prophesied a wind storm. Neither classes were disappointed. The shower came, but with it came a fiercer storm than any of the weather prophets had bargained for. It was about 7 o'clock when one of those dreadful funnel shaped clouds, which have become so distressingly familiar on these western prairies, was seen to form southwest of the city. Everybody rushed for their cellars and dugouts. They had barely got under shelter when the air was full of flying timbers. The fine Presbyterian church just completed was torn from its foundation as if it had been built of pasteboard. The whirling visitation with a dreadful, roaring sound, swept down through the city destroying every thing in its path. One row of twenty frame houses, was wiped out in a shorter time than it takes to write it, while all the cellars in the business part of town was completely flooded by a cloud burst which followed in the wake of the other messenger of destruction.

As it was, no one was hurt, but had the catastrophe taken place an hour later with the church services in progress, the loss of life would without doubt have been appalling. Large quantities of merchandise were destroyed by the water, while reports from the country say that in some sections the hail destroyed crops completely, and several horses and cattle are reported killed or drowned. The heavy rain benighted all crops, which were almost burned out by dry weather.

Quarantined Against Yellow Fever. WASHINGTON, July 17.—The marine hospital bureau is informed of the arrival at Ship Island, a quarantine station on the Mississippi, of the Norwegian bark Magnolia, from Rio Janeiro. The captain and four of her crew died from yellow fever after leaving Rio Janeiro. The vessel will be detained at the quarantine.

DYNAMITE AND STRIKES. Damaging Testimony Against Defendant Bowles—Tracing the Dynamite. CHICAGO, July 13.—A startling outline of the case against members of the brotherhood of engineers and firemen, accused of complicity in the huge dynamite plot against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, was formerly presented in court today. The statement was made by United States District Attorney Ewing, immediately upon the arrangements of six of the accused, Chief Baerlein and his comrades Goding, Wilson, Bowles, Broderick and Smith. The presentment caused a sensation among the crowd of railroad men, lawyers and reporters that filled every inch of the room in court. The statement of the district attorney was apparently based largely on the confession of one of the six, Alex Smith. The latter sat apart from the other defendants, and notwithstanding the efforts of his brother who was present in court, doggedly declined to be represented by the Brotherhood attorneys, or have anything to do with them. After Commissioner Hoynes had refused the defendant's request for a separate examination for each of them, the district attorney arose and in a matter-of-fact way, without any attempt at declamation, recited the facts that he proposed to prove. He said that his evidence would show that the dynamite cartridge that was placed on the Burlington tracks at Eola, Ill., May 29, was put there by Bowles, Ill., Smith and that all the other explosions was caused by the Brotherhood.

Badly Burned By Powder. FREMONT, Neb., July 16.—Two boys named Herman and Griffin were badly burned here this afternoon. They procured a cigar box full of powder and while playing with it accidentally ignited it. It exploded and set fire to their clothing. The Herman boy will probably die. They were both eight years old. Their Heads Came Together. DAVID CITY, Neb., July 17.—At an evening entertainment given by some young people in this town last week, a young lady and a young gentleman in hurriedly attempting to pick up a handkerchief struck their heads together so violently as to knock the young lady over, and left her in an unconscious condition for some time. She was taken home, and a physician who was called said the lady had sustained a concussion of the brain of such a nature as to make the case serious. This occurred some four days ago, and she is not yet out of danger.

Snuff, Sneez, Wipe. Snuff, brothers, snuff with care! Snuff in the presence of the free tradeaire, A Cleveland snuff for the reformaire, A Thurman snuff for the big bolstaire, A Mills' bill snuff for the interpretaire, Snuff, brothers, snuff with care! Snuff in the presence of the free tradeaire, Sneez, brothers, sneeze with care! Sneez in the presence of the free tradeaire, A longwinded sneeze for the great Grovtaire, A demagogic sneeze for the office seekaire, A third party sneeze for the rum sellaire, Sneez, brothers, sneeze with care! Sneez in the presence of the free tradeaire. Wipe, brothers, wipe with care! Wipe in the presence of the free tradeaire, A Cleveland wipe with the message rare, A Thurman wipe with the bandanaire, A Bill Scott wipe with the big dollaire, Wipe, brothers, wipe with care! Wipe in the presence of the free tradeaire. —Manchester Courier.

Fire Last Night. The fire alarm was sounded last night about 11 o'clock which brought the curious people from all directions in quest. No blaze was visible in any direction, and as no one seemed to be wiser than anyone on the matter, the large crowd stood looking for the blaze. It was discovered that a fire broke out in a tenement house belonging to Chaplain Wright, which was occupied by Mr. Walt Scott and family. The P. E. White hose cart of the second ward was the first upon the scene. Several of the hook and ladder company took charge of the hose cart and when the hose men came they found their cart gone. They then took charge of the hook and ladder wagon and were soon with the other company. Nothing definite is known as to how the fire originated. A thousand opinions were made public in the crowd and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand, (as is generally the case) were too absurd to be listened to for a second. The citizens crowded around the house, each one making himself so officious and spouting off orders so loud and rapid that the chief of the fire department, if he had had a trumpet in his possession that would break every glass in the houses of the city with its blast, it would have been impossible for him to have given an order to the firemen and made himself understood. Where such a crowd interferes with the duties of the chief and firemen when performing their duties, they should turn the nozzle on them for the benefit of the directly interested people. When citizens know it to be the duty of the firemen to fight fires, why will they work their unwelcome frames in among them and give orders. If they had not done this last night, we are sure so much damage would not have been done with the water that was complained of. Mr. Scott and wife had been attending a sociable given at the G. A. R. hall and had just arrived at the house on their return as the fire started. Other damage than blowing the windows out by the water and the burning of some of the wood work under the chimney, is not worth mentioning. The building is located on Hickory street between 5th and 9th. Many suppose the fire was caused by rats which had got hold of some matches, as no fire had been in any stove excepting the gasoline stove for sometime. The house was flooded with water, and when the nozzle was turned to the window, the glass of a window in an adjoining house was broken, which brought a lady to the door exclaiming that there was no fire at her house.

Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow repairing, and general jobbing. We are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of farm and other machinery, as there is a good lathe in my shop. PETER RAUEN, The old Reliable Wagon Maker has taken charge of the wagon shop. He is well known as a NO. 1 WORKMAN. New Wagons and Buggies made SATISFACTION GUARANTY.

Snuff, brothers, snuff with care! Snuff in the presence of the free tradeaire, A Cleveland snuff for the reformaire, A Thurman snuff for the big bolstaire, A Mills' bill snuff for the interpretaire, Snuff, brothers, snuff with care! Snuff in the presence of the free tradeaire, Sneez, brothers, sneeze with care! Sneez in the presence of the free tradeaire, A longwinded sneeze for the great Grovtaire, A demagogic sneeze for the office seekaire, A third party sneeze for the rum sellaire, Sneez, brothers, sneeze with care! Sneez in the presence of the free tradeaire. Wipe, brothers, wipe with care! Wipe in the presence of the free tradeaire, A Cleveland wipe with the message rare, A Thurman wipe with the bandanaire, A Bill Scott wipe with the big dollaire, Wipe, brothers, wipe with care! Wipe in the presence of the free tradeaire. —Manchester Courier.

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5/A Jake says it is hot, but cold weather is coming. He will tell you something new about horse blankets next week, but he says you ought to buy your horse a 5/A sheet, cover, or fly net now.



5/A Lap Dusters Fast Colors, will wash. 5/A Horse Sheets Are made up strong. 5/A Horse Covers Will keep flies off. 5/A Fly Nets, Are the Best and Strongest. For sale by all dealers. Ask to see them before you buy. [Copyrighted 1888, by Wm. AVREX & SONS.]

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