

TALMAGE IN THE WEST.

HE PREACHES TO A CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

The Martyrs of Everyday Life—The Sword Has Not Slain So Many as the Needle. The Majority of Martyrs Are Women. The Heroes of Christian Charity.

LAKESIDE, O., July 29.—For many years an assembly of the Chautauqua type has been held at this point. The leading professors, scholars and clergymen of this and other lands have addressed the audiences. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is now here.

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick-room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that cannot stand anything.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who are living on \$250 a year, that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter."

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—as you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?"

ards in this country today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assembly she was taken, and full of grace played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitched the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says:

"Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will begin to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in!"

Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! Ye sinner with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No, about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torments. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who are living on \$250 a year, that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter."

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bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! it seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, whom Mr. Atkins, you would die. Have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatist, let you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out if you are going to pray; Richard Cameron, the council and ruler clear of the king, the council and ruler clear of the king," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they, in the last judgment, find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your former man?" "Oh!" she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now." "O, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Heroes and those who had scepters, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Wo! wo! wo!"

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the sorrowful. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these his dear children; and one day the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckle, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not covet any man's robe, or his rest, or his exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O! troubled soul, O! sewing woman, O! man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn. O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Persia is ouliding a railroad from Teheran to the Caspian sea. Instead of beginning the railroad at the sea and building inland, bringing forward the rails and other materials on the road as it progresses, the Persians have had all the rails carried on mules across the desert to Teheran and have begun the building there. The transportation expenses are the biggest item almost in the cost of the road.

He Got a Bad Fiver. "Hat ha! by jove, you know?" he said as he entered the Grand avenue station the other day, "but I've been done up, you know." "How?" asked the sergeant. "I was going along a street up here, by jove! when a chap run into me with such force as to knock me down, you know. He insisted on paying me damages, by jove!" "What damages?" "To my plug hat, by jove! It rolled in the dust, you know. He insisted on paying me a dollar, and rather than hurt his feelings I accepted. He gave me a fiver, and I returned him the change."

A Boy Proof Cherry Tree. An ingenious horticulturist up the river has secured a patent on a safety cherry tree, which is warranted boy proof. It is simple in its construction, and consists in drafting a sprig of cactus in the tree when young. The needles spring out all over the trunk and limbs, thus preventing the predatory youth of the land from stealing the fruit without reaping the reward of the wicked. The most unfortunate feature of the whole matter rests in the action of a smart boy in the town, who has constructed a pair of barbed wire trousers, which enables him to successfully compete with the cactus, but as a barbed wire suit is more expensive than a ton of cherries, its use is not likely to become universal.—Poughkeepsie Enterprise.

FRECKLES TO ORDER.

A Growing Business Which Has Its Secrets—Methods.

"But how do you make freckles?" "There! I told you that I had my trade secrets and that I wouldn't tell you what they were—unless you want to become a pupil—and perhaps eventually a business rival—in which case my terms are \$50 cash down—and the instruction is cheap at that, too, for it involves more bother and requires more patience to impart the knowledge than you could possibly imagine. Now, at one time I operated as a manure, and as the business was profitable one a number of ladies were attracted to me. Well, I opened a class and charged \$25 for a full course, which included twelve lessons. Do you believe it, I was actually overrun with students in less than no time after it became known that I was giving instructions. And just as fast as I graduated, one and gave her a diploma to practice, but an M. A.—that's a manure artist—attached to it, she would straightway open up business and insist on referring, by kind permission, to Mrs. Kauvar. Well, I was making more money giving lessons than in following my profession; but if you will excuse the expression and the seeming egotism, I have a pretty long head, and when I found so many half amateurish persons starting up in opposition to me, and then using my name for reference, I said it was the beginning of the end. Therefore I nudged my brain, brushed up in my chemistry a little, and as the June days came and the desire was uppermost in the female heart to be in the country, or at least create an impression to that effect, I was not long in devising my scheme.

"Now, if you really want to know anything more about the workings of my 'freckle factory,' the only further insight I can possibly give is a little practical illustration on your own face, though where I would get a chance on that rough beard of yours I don't know. Here! Sit in this chair. Now—your head back on this rest—so! Steady, now—where will you have it—not on your nose, surely, for your friends would think it a damn fine nose. Here—on the left cheek—steady now." From a table covered with perfumes and lotions, a long, needle like instrument was taken. Deftly dipping it into a pot containing a purple colored liquid, the fair operator grasped the tip of the reporter's nose with one hand, and paying no heed to his starts of pain, she prodded him on his left cheek half a dozen times. Then a sponge was dipped into a colorless liquid and the wound carefully wiped.

"There, that's all there is to it! Inside of three days you will have a freckle on that spot which will last you the season through, and if you wish to repeat the operation often enough I'll guarantee a crop that will make you the envy of all your acquaintances; and when I have applied a liquid bronza it will put such a healthy look on your face that when you gaze upon it reflected in a looking glass you will imagine that you have been enjoying the comforts of a month's vacation in the country with none of the usual expenses. My charges! Oh, they are reasonable enough—twenty-five cents per freckle, with a liberal discount when taken in dozen lots. Do I have a good trade? Yes, indeed; I am busy all day, though just at this time business is a little bit slack. But I have half a dozen engagements, beginning in five minutes, so that really I must bid you good day. Call again when you aspire after more freckles; and with another pleasant laugh she showed the reporter to the door. On the threshold stood two blushing girls, with a bloom of youth upon their cheeks never acquired by artificial means. The door closed upon them as the reporter made his exit, rubbing his great laid freckle—and which, by the way, still clings closer than a brother to his cheek.—Chicago Tribune.

Locomotive Signals in England. The blasts of a trumpet on railroads as a means of giving signals to engine runners, switchmen and others engaged in switching and drilling operations, are now extensively used in the large yards of the Caledonian railway in and around Glasgow, and are about to be introduced on some of the great railway systems having their termini in London. According to the code of trumpet signals for shunting, in operation at St. Rollox freight yard, Glasgow, the various signals are represented by long blasts, short blasts, and "crows" of the trumpet, the repetition of each varying the directions. For instance, a long blast, the trumpet used, means "move forward," and two long blasts in a signal to "move back." Each shunter, and in some cases the signalman, is furnished with a horn trumpet, which is eleven inches in length, having a reed inside the mouthpiece, the whole being of very light construction. The trumpet is carried by the shunter, slung over his left shoulder with a piece of cord, and hangs across the right hip.

Another ancient and pastoral implement, the shepherd's crook, is also used for facilitating switching operations across the water. Each yardman carries a sort of shepherd's crook, by which he lifts the chain coupling. It is stated on good authority that since this method of coupling, and coupling freight cars, has been adopted on the Caledonian, that not a single man has been injured in coupling cars. This can be readily understood, as the shepherd's crook obviates the necessity of going between the cars.—The Argonaut.

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