BROOKLYN, Jan. 1 .- At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage, D. D., announced that next Satbath he will begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men, the following subjects among others:

"The Women Who Have to Fight the Battle of Life Alone," "Marriage for Worldly Success, without Reference to Moral Character;" "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage?" "Women Who Are Already Uncongenially Married," "Influences Abroad for the Destruction of Women," "Wifely Ambition Right and Wrong," "What Kind of Men Women Should Avoid," Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation," "Reformation in Dress," "Plain Women," "The Female Skeptic" and "Christian Housewifery."

This morning Dr. Talmage's subject was: "The Coming Glory;" his text, I Corinthians, ii, 9; "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that loves him."

Eighteen eighty-eight! How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead, but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past centuries will be present at the obsequies. Only the Twentieth century will see the Nine-teenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my test tells us that eye bath not seen, nor ear heard, anything like the advancing splendors. The city of Corinth has been called the

Paris of antiquity, Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder today. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities.

Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture: while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead-vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured the edge of the city a hill arose, with its towers, and temples (1,000 slaves waitthoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar | not seen it, ear hath not heard it." is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence

Corinth stood and defied the world. Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul ut-tered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best were to see him. What will be our cabins, until the whole continent lifts the best music that had come from the best heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and no tower in which it had not and we say: "How you have changed!" had not adorned. Ah, it was all cares gone from the face, all marks a hold thing for Paul to stand of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the a bold thing for Paul to stand of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the there amid all that, and say: "All this joy of that blessed land, methinks we the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing into the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These Farewells floating in the air. We hear it statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not at the rail car window and at the steamhis burden at that brazen gate, You conthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all city; sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eve hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," You see my text sets forth the idea

that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate, that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul-a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" nor arithmetics

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a don't cry;" and, the next day, they

price the Lord. You thought that you know that it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The more elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life long invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses-health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete-for ever young again. That night when the needle woman fainted away in the garret a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says: "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John wa see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again, and we see thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and

it is thrones! thrones! thrones! John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, portices, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God beholder. There were white marble most high;" and some, "Hosanna to the son of David;" and some, "Worthy is his head from the pillow; and that widow the Lamb that was slain"—till all excla-mations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of

"Amen! amen! and amen!" "Eve hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities and they would not make a stepthem for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From meal is a banquet. Every stroke from magnificent burden of columns, and the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and ing at one shrine), and a citadel so every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, instruments in all the world; they had joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the beat time in the music. Away then sun those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and the people sit silent when Jesus we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, glittered, and no gateway that it But oh, when we stand before the throne, is nothing. These sounds that come from | will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine: "How you exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus | boat wharf-goodby. Children lisp it and old age answers it. Sometimes we banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby. goodby. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions -but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle-little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It is graves here, and coffins and hearses here. A little child's mother had died and they comforted her. They said:

went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here-it is darkness here-but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus.' "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy, "But if Jesus went down to hell-what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said: "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh! to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh! to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross-to go around amid the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters. None! none! Unbelief says. "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now-that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! We cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Oh, what a place of explanation it will

I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiriting to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are sung by brothers and sisters gone nowby voices that were aged and broken in When I hear those old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting doxology and the scepters of eternity with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars. don't we cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hall the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join itchoirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn today we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens today to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven, it might meet half

way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them; and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we may all get there.

AT CHICKAMAUGA.

THEANKA, DATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1888

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE WHICH TWO MEN WILL REMEMBER.

What Happened to a Federal Artilleryman-Making Friends with a Wounded Confederate - Robbed by Ghouls - A Close Call-In the Swamp.

Miles P. Cook, of Flint, Mich., went to the front during the rebellion in the Twentieth Ohio Battery, and had an experience at the battle of Chickamauga which he will ever remember. He says: "On the first day of the fight our battery

was charged time after time, but we repulsed the Confederates each time until about midafternoon. A raw regiment was then brought up to act as support for the battery, and at the very first charge they fled in wild disorder. We were left stark alone on open ground, and though we gave them double charges of canister the Confederate lines swept right up to our guns and over us. I was shot in the arm and leg, and was left lying on the ground with scores of others when the guns were drawn off.

"As soon as I could look around me I ing regiments-and his name was A. R. Car ter. There were other Federal and Confedwas covered with dead men and horses. I dressed Carter's wounds and he dressed mine, and with the roar of battle around us we became the best of friends. None of the wounded were removed that night, and early next day the ghouls becaute are

a number of Confederates robbing the dead. and wounded, and by and by a member of Hood's Texan rangers approached us. I had on a pair of new boots of fancy make, and as he came up he ordered me to pull them off. I replied that I was wounded and could not do it. He remarked that he would have them off in a jiffy, and he seized my foot and drew the boot off in a rough manner. The other leg was the wounded one, and as he grabbed my foot I cried out with the pain. I was then braced up against a bank of earth in a sitting position, and the wound had become very painful. Carter reproved the ranger for his want of feeling, and with an oath he dropped my foot and picked up a mesket with a bayonet attached.

thrust at me the bayonet passed through my right hip and entered the earth, pinning me fast. The merciless Ranger then picked up my foot, braced one of his feet against my body. and pulled off the boot. Everything turned dark to me, although I did not lose consciousness. He was going away with the boots under his arm when Carter reached over and possessed himself of a revolver from a cavalryman's holster, and taking careful aim across my legs, he sent a bullet into the Ranger's back and dropped him dead in his tracks. I expected we would both be murdered for this, but the fellow's own comrades came up and agreed that it served him right. They raised me up, cleaned the bayonet of all dirt, and then pulled it out as carefully as

possible. "Just below us was a bit of swamp, and Carter, myself and several others managed to crawl down to it. There was a bed of soft, wet muck into which we burrowed clear up to our chins, and we were there another twenty-four hours before the Federals came to take us off the field. The mud bath was doubtless the means of saving on lives, as it kept the flies away, stopped the loss of blood, and acted as a dressing. When they came to wash me off in hospital the flesh about my wounds was as white as chicken meat, and the soreness had nearly all disappeared. Carter was taken to the same hospital, but I never saw him afterward. But for him I should certainly have been murdered by the ranger, and it was he who revenged me. He may yet be living, and if so I would give more to receive word from him than I would to be appointed a member of the president's cabinet, -Detroit Free Press.

Not a Glove Wearing People.

Pleasant promenade days always exhibit the peculiarities of the glove wearing American. He invariably covers his hands with all sparkling with the morning dew of a dogskins on a cold day; but when the air is thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were | warm enough he discards them altogether, or carries them half the time in his cane hand. There'll have to be another generation of the music-voices none the less sweet fashion in the United States before it be-because they did tremble and break. comes a man's second nature to glove himself before leaving home. The society writers invariably make their heroes come to the notch on the glove question, and the fashion articles earnestly insist on its importance But careless men, men with fine hands and white, tapering fingers, men with big rings, their hands often, won't wear gloves if they can help it. Yet they recognize it as a sign manual of the mode.

Roscoe Conkling is rarely seen on the street without gloves, John W. Mackey and Bob Ingersoll rarely with them. The late Algernon S. Sullivan never left home without covering his hands as carefully as his head. The young Vanderbilts are often seen with light street gloves carried in the left hand. William L. Scott often wears light kids, a nobby Derby and a slender cane as jauntily as if he were under his thirties. Benjamin H. Bristow doesn't wear gloves often. Postmaster Pearson is fond of keeping his fingers well clothed. Mme. de Barrios imports her own gloves,--New York Sun.

Frozen to Death.

In the Sandy Creek Valley, Dak., a family lived ten miles from the nearest neighbor, After one of the winter storms had ceased, the family not having been heard from in six weeks, two Indians undertook to reach the

They found that the cabin had been completely covered in with snow. After considerable work they made an entrance. On the bed lay the wife, with a new-born babe at her breast. By the bed stood the husband, half reclining against the post, as if in the act of waiting upon his wife. In a trundle bed, | in the corner of the room, were two boys and one girl, clinging closely together, as if trying to keep warm.

The scene was lifelike and realistic, but on touch they were all found to be dead-frozen stiff. Not one had survived to tell the story of their sufferings.

The cattle stood around like statues outside, and as the snow was shoveled aside their bodies were brought to view much as the relies of Pompeii were rescued from their beds of lava. This is but a sample of the terrible suffering endured in that region, --Youth's Companion,

A Titled Crowd.

He (at a Chicago restaurant)-finere are a number of prominent people present, Mrs. Wabash. There is an ex-governor and an exjudge and an ex-president of a railroad and

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CHEAP found that the man on my right, who was wounded in the hand, shoulder and thigh, was a Confederate. He was a member of the Ninth Alabama infantry—one of the charg-

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She—Yes, and the gentleman talking to the ex-judge is an ex-husband of mine.—New York Sun.