

THE TABERNACLE SERMON.

"THE MEN WHO FIGHT THE BATTLES OF LIFE ALONE."

Woman is an Independent Creation and is Able to Be Her Own Supervisor and Achieve Her Own Destiny—The Story of the Dove and the Vulture.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 8.—The Rev. T. Do Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning the first of a series of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men. The subject of this discourse was "The Women Who Fight the Battles of Life Alone," and the text was from Proverbs xiv, 1: "Every wise woman buildeth her house." Dr. Talmage said:

Woman a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and applied by some men. This is evident to them: Woman's insignificance as compared to man is evident to them, because Adam was first created and then Eve. They don't read the whole story or they would find that the poppise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument drawn from the priority of creation might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. Not woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to walk alone, to act alone, think alone, and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone, and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousand fold better off if they were lone. God makes no mistake, and the fact that there is such a large majority of women in this land proves that he intended that multitudes of them should go lone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engine houses and theatre doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing even when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage managed to do one of these men into a household. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms, might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and instead of the Wedding March a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom, which are outside fair and inside ashes.

Many an attractive woman of good sound sense in other things has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel set about to reform it and said: "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was brought up in the quiet of a dove cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him." So one day, after the vulture had declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen the twin were married, a bald headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying: "With all my dominion of cards and dice, and of robbing lying just excited to each other and said: 'See there! that comes from a dove's marrying a vulture to reform him.'"

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young libertine offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish or of bad temper and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about 1,000,000 men were sacrificed in our civil war, and that deced 1,000,000 women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together have fallen under maled liquor and distilled spirits so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if 50,000 men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the twenty-three years since the war 1,150,000 men slain, and deced 1,150,000 women to celibacy. Take then the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriages, and the fact that the slaughter of 2,150,000 men by war and run combined deced that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a promise and appropriateness that I never saw in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house," that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing those who will have to fight the battle of life alone I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the precautions you avoid, of the risk of unassisted temper which you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibility of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculin companionship is not a neces-

sity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and ax and plane sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self support. The difficulty is that many a family go sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends of the family come in and hold consultation.

"Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, it is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front door steps of the city. Beside that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce, and who began as shopboys at 10 years of age. Some kind hearted good man having known the father, now gone, says: "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employees of that establishment get as much wages as the male employees? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters: "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age or death should end my career?" "Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware from here to the East river and across the bridge.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist. I could render 'King Lear' or 'Macbeth' till your hair would rise on end, or give you 'Sheridan's Ride' or 'Dickens' 'Pickwick.'" Yes, that is a beautiful art; but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragedians dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and the women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begin soon enough, and that man have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women, but our civil war came and the hosts of men went forth from north and south, and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of women who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place, favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all the others she will enter: Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings.

Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to tell there for a woman founded the first savings bank, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield? Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship, and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing.

There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and stationers and bookkeepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy, and Wood engraving, in which the Cooper institute has turned out so many qualified, and

Telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices would testify.

Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work.

As workers in ivory and gutta percha and gum elastic and tortoise shell and gilding and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in embroidery.

As postmistresses, and the president is giving them appointments all over the land.

As keepers of lighthouses many of them, if they had the chance, ready to do as brave a thing with our can and boat as did Ida Lewis and Grace Darling.

As proofreaders, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draughtswomen, as filigraphers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher

of every child, by divine arrangement, being a woman.

As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately or delicately do.

On the lecturing platform, for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Lathrop.

As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrible.

As preachers of the Gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

O, young women of America! many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster, and your father is dead and all the resources of your family have been scattered; but now, while in a good house and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expand the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy notions to the manufacturing of important things.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek, and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things, of course, but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches, take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else. Buy Virginia Penny's book entitled, "The Employments of Women," and learn there are five hundred ways in which a woman may earn a living.

"No, No!" says some young woman. "I will not undertake anything so unromantic and commonplace as that. An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn the printer's trade if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and how many, according to the account of the authoress, do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist business and printing business? Not one! One young woman said she would be willing to try the printing business for six months, but by that time her older sister would be married, and then her mother would want her at home. My sisters, it will be skilled womanly labor that will finally triumph.

"But," you ask, "what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such unseemly work?" Throw the whole responsibility upon the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who is constantly hearing of young women in all these cities who, unacquainted by their previous luxurious surroundings for the awful struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurled, seemed to have nothing left them but a choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street at 7 o'clock in the wintry mornings, through the drizzle and storm to the place where they shall earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the parental delusion that it was not hallowed for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women, take this affair in your own hands and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families in Brooklyn and New York and Christendom on the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defense and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fall them.

I have seen two sad sights—the one a woman in all the glory of her young life stricken by disease, and in a week lifeless in a home of which she had been the pride. As her hands were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber, and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends, I thought that was a sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her days amid wealthy surroundings by the visit of death and bankruptcy to the household, turned out on a cold world without one lesson about how to get food or shelter, and into the awful whirlpool of city life where strong clings have gone down, and for twenty years not one word has been heard from her. Vessels last week went out on the Atlantic ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken on the sea a few weeks ago with the idea of bringing it into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace and hope and heaven that lost womanly immortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help! O Christ, rescue!

My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with when hard times come, but connect your skill with the indispensable of life. The world will always want something to wear and something to eat and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind, and religion for the soul. And all these things will continue to be the necessities, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related the world will be unable to do without you. Remember that in proportion as you are skillful in anything your rivalries become

less. For unskilled toil, women by the million. But you may rise to where there are only a thousand, and still higher until there are only a hundred, and still higher till there are only ten, and still higher in some particular department till there is only a unit and that yourself. For a while you may keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathies of an employer, but you will eventually get no more compensation than you can make yourself worth.

Let me say to all women who have already entered upon the battle of life, that the time is coming when woman shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment women will have higher salary and more wages for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this justice will come to woman not through any sentiment of gallantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man and therefore ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner and quicker perception and more delicate touch and more educated address she will in certain callings be to her employer worth 10 per cent. more, or 20 per cent. more, than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be her's by lawful conquest.

Now, men of America, be fair and give the women a chance! Are you afraid that they will do some of your work and hence learn your prosperity? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning and he knows how many people this year will win the game, and when it goes too far to win the game and if need be start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaping machine, or corn thresher, or any other new machine for the next 500 years. We want no more wooden hands, and iron hands, and steel hands, and electric hands substituted for men and women who would otherwise do the work and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the fact that thousands of women have in that way won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke female seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelity Pick, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Tukurzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women of whose history and self sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and though unrecognized for the most thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the quittance ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is "peace." My sister, you need not await a thy Christ who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart as he looked into the face of maternal anguish and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying: "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If under the pressure of unrequited and unappreciated work your hair is white and your eyes are dim, rejoice that you are hearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "peace." The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heavens is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me; when the billows snite
I shall not fall.
If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

The Barber's Sign.
In the recent national convention of barbers at Buffalo the question of substituting some other sign for the red and white striped barber pole was discussed, and it has been engaging the attention of gentlemen of the tonorial profession ever since. It is said that in early times barbers served the public in the capacity of surgeons also, and that the pole symbolized an arm wound with ribbon previous to the laying of blood. It was George II, of England, who deced that henceforth the use of the barber should be "foreign to and independent of the practice of surgery." Despite the fact that the striped pole is the symbol of blood letting, it seems to be the opinion of conservative barbers generally that no other sign would be so effective.—New York Sun.

Crows Versus Sparrows.
A flock of about 100 crows passing over Cumminsville, O., were attacked the other afternoon by thrice their number of English sparrows, who completely routed the life birds. Several crows were disabled, and one was found with both eyes pecked out.—New York Sun.

An effort is being made to reach the Finns, of whom there are about 2,000,000, who are said to be in a state of dense spiritual darkness.

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