

SOUR EXPERIENCES.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE PREACHES IN BROOKLYN

In Some Lives the Saccharine Seems to Predominate—A Gravel in Almost Every Shoe—The Omnipotent Sympathy of Jesus Christ.

BROOKLYN, July 8.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage returned home last week from a tour of the Chautauqua in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. He was obliged to cancel very important engagements, which he deeply regretted. His subject today was "Sour Experiences," and his text: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."—John, xix, 30.

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersected with pieces of lead and bone—now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O scribes of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue. O world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink. If there be any pity in earth, or heaven, or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anesthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, the wine was vinegar to irritate. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalcids out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the corpse hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head, and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still." Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the stings, and the shells were left amid the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless ploysara bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes, he knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited—whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame to draw us up the steps of heaven; but I suppose you will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after many agonizing and weary and painful and weary glories have vanished from our vision—we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love. But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None; absolutely none. So I look over this audience today—the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits—and yet I realize that in a short time, all of you will be gone—gone from earth, and gone forever. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stances the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the existences of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens; for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat, and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying and earth was mocking and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on

hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours, certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve, or muscle, or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destination about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Clear of Wakefield" for a few pounds in order to keep the lullaby out of the door; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things smug for smooth sailings, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed, and you are thrown ahead end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house, he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he have in his pocket. He had to eat of the bread of privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalcids out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but O, the headache, and the sideaches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through your life. You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unmoved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that you never had any disease worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his

edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way; and you wonder what this man will say about it, and what that man will say about it; and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that, for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain of the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the fire of their thirst. So I hail you today, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. O, dip your buckets, and drink, and live forever. Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.

Yet my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will refuse this divine sympathy; and they will try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. O, I wish I could today gather up in mine arms all the woes of men and women—all their heart-aches—all their disappointments—all their chagrin—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of the jungles so full of malaria that no mortal could live there. He carried with him, also, a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that today there are some that will fall back from this subject into that gloomy, killing jungle of sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation. But no. There are some, I fear, in this audience who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy; notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trod the long way, and suffered the lawless thong, and bowed in his face the expectations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel.

Paper Pulp from Cotton Stalks. For several weeks there have been on exhibition in the office of the clerk of the superior court samples of pulp made of the hulls and stalks of the cotton plant. The pulp is as white as snow, and can be converted into the finest writing paper. It is regarded as valuable, and is the product of parts of the cotton plant hitherto deemed worthless. The process by which it is made is new. It is a process by which the ligneous substances of the hulls and seed are dissolved. By this process over 50 per cent. of the fiber is extracted from the hulls, which have been regarded as fit only for fuel in the mills or for feed and fertilizing purposes, and which were sold for \$4 a ton. These, converted into pulp, will be worth about \$40 a ton. From the stalks usually left to rot in the fields, this new process utilizes about 88 per cent. of fiber at a very small expense. It has been settled that there are fertilizing properties in the oil of the cotton seed, and it is asserted that the fiber will not decompose for six years and cannot be used as a fertilizer. This is why the woody matter eliminated from the stalk and hull is much more valuable as a decomposing fertilizer than the entire seed. By the same process the ramie plant and its troublesome cousin, the bagasse stalk, is met and overcome. By the decorticating process the fiber was crushed and torn out by a slow and expensive process. In the new process the lignine is simply dissolved out, and the snowy films of the ramie and the tannin strands of the sugar cane are coated out as easily as the infantile kitten to its milk.—Atlanta Constitution.

She Sent Her Baby Home. Mr. Brent Good, president of the Lyceum Theatre company, told at a dinner party the other evening this story of a lady who was determined to witness the play of "The Wife." "I was at the Lyceum the other night, standing alongside our treasurer, when two well dressed ladies entered and handed their tickets to the doorman. One of them had a baby in her arms. I firmly but, I trust, politely told the mother that no babies were allowed in the house. She expostulated, but I asked her how she, if alone, would like to have a noisy baby in an adjacent seat. The argument prevailed, but she said that her money must be returned. It was promptly given her and she went and stood outside with her babe in her arms as if reflecting. Then she returned and requested that a district messenger be called. A rather small boy responded to the summons, and the lady handed him the baby and requested him to take it to her home somewhere in Harlem. The little boy looked greivous, but he undertook the task, and I presume performed it safely. When he had gone the determined woman returned, purchased a ticket, and saw the show."—New York Evening Sun.

Cautions for Talkers. Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed, they would do something toward making a perfect man. Before thou openest thy mouth, think. 1. What thou shalt speak. 2. Why thou shouldst speak it. 3. To whom thou art about to speak. 4. Concerning whom or what, thou art about to speak. 5. What will result therefrom. 6. What benefit it can produce. 7. Who may be listening.—Youth's Companion.

SONS OF ADAM.

Newspaper Comment Concerning Men of Note—Personal Mention.

Mr. Walker Besant is a small, animated, bright eyed and black haired man, fond of the theatre, claret and a pipe. Riaz Pasha, the new prime minister of Egypt, is a Mohammedan. His predecessor, Nubar Pasha, was an Armenian Christian. Longfellow, the poet, was once a member of the old "Portland Rifles," and paraded in a brilliant green uniform. But he soon found that his natural vocation was to sing rather than fight.

The father of Mr. Blackburne, the great chess player, is a professional phrenologist, and predicted of his son, when the latter was a child, that he would become exceedingly proficient in chess.

Paul Rajon, the celebrated etcher, died in his country seat at Anvers-sur-Oise several weeks ago. He had just returned from a very successful trip in America, where he had etched many portraits, including that of Mrs. Cleveland.

Last fall a bug flew into the ear of Henry Bolton, of Frederick township, Montgomery county, Pa., rendering him entirely deaf on that side. A few days ago the bug dropped out, and his hearing almost immediately returned.

King Kalakaua, the versatile monarch of the Sandwich Islands, has written a learned treatise on the Diametrical Physiognomy of the Earth. The article is based on observations of the volcanic phenomena for which the Hawaiian group is noted.

Uncle Elias Harper, of Blakely, Ga., is 94 years old, but still quite hale and active. He is a veteran of the war of 1812 and preserves as a keepsake a Spanish dollar, minted in 1777, the first money he received for his services.

Mayor Fitter, of Philadelphia, is a rope-maker, and he sometimes exhibits to his friends a curious rope cable that he keeps in his office. It is made of hangmen's ropes, each strand having been taken from a rope by which some poor criminal's neck was broken.

Count Maurice Esterhazy has been put under guardianship to check his mad extravagance. He owns, free and clear of incumbrances, more than 220,000 acres of land in Hungary, and can travel in a straight line more than fifty miles without quitting his estate.

Seaborn Storke, an eccentric old cobbler in Jefferson, Ga., who still keeps at his trade, although 89 years old, is a veteran of three wars. He beat a drum in Jackson's army at the battle of New Orleans, fought in the Mexican war and served with credit through the war of the rebellion. Despite his advanced age he makes as good a shoe as any shoemaker in the state.

While the emperor of Brazil was ill in Milan his estimated expenses were 400,000 francs. The regular hotel bill was 1,600 francs a day, but on account of his illness other guests had to leave, and for thirty-five days the cost was 65,000 francs. A physician from Paris made two trips to Milan for 40,000 francs, two Italian doctors were paid 1,200 francs a day, and he had to give a lot of fees.

For some time past Mr. W. D. Howells has abandoned pen and pencil in his literary compositions, using the type writer instead. Mr. Howells sits back leisurely in his chair, thinks out his train of thought, carefully fashions his sentence and as each is completed transmits it to paper, striking the keys with one hand. Many other authors are following Mr. Howells' example, but for a long time there was a prejudice among literary people against the type writer. They imagined that work done with it was stiff and formal. This opinion has since been abandoned by many writers.

A curious story about the Japanese emperor's opinion of dancing is told by The Tokio Dispatch. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his modesty expressed the opinion that the prevalence of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The state minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dispense with the dancing saloon in the new building, which was already completed.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray has started on an exploring and hunting expedition in the most secluded and least visited regions of the Rockies, north of the Canadian line. He will be gone about six months and intends to cover about 2,000 miles in the saddle, visiting regions as yet unexplored. The Canadian government has granted him the protection and assistance of the mounted police and the Hudson Bay company has given his expedition its support. An experienced artist will go with him for the purpose of procuring illustrations to accompany his letters to the press and his magazine articles. A great part of his explorations will be in the valley of the Peace river, of which even the Canadian government knows almost nothing. This region has about 6 degs. north of the Canadian line and east of the Selkirk.

A Cowboys' Ball in Mexico. The salon de ball, a room 35x10, with its hard mud floor, is irrigated to prevent dust and cleared of everything but a few benches. Ladies are stuck along and on the wall, the women huddle together at one end of the room and the men stand and squat about at the other, everybody rolling and smoking cigarettes. The band of four pieces turns itself loose and joy is unconfined. Men and women are supplied with a judicious amount of mescal; very rarely is anything served to eat till daylight. The Mexicans are born dancers, and many of their graceful, stately figures might well be copied by our American masters. Dancing is interspersed by volunteer singing, accompanied by the guitar when the songs are by women. The songs of the men are of such a character that they cannot have nor need any accompaniment, every line ending with a chorus, in which everybody joins, and at times fine harmony is rendered. At 2 o'clock a m. everybody is feeling jolly; at 3 in a fighting mood; at 4 o'clock only the sober ones are dancing, especially the lovers; at 5, as the first glimmer of dawn comes creeping over the mountains, the band winds up with the lovers' "danza." The last sweet words are whispered in the seniorita's ear, and the company disperse for an hour's sleep.

Six o'clock sees a reunion of the sownpunchers, heavy eyed and a bit sulky. A non-showing up at that hour is carefully noted, and at the next dance the delinquent is sent on duty night berding. Not much work is done that day. The men who ride the lines are out, but invisible—sleep probably in some canyon.—Chihuahua Cor. New York World.

A Huge Machine. In a work on meteorology Camille Flammarion declares the atmosphere to be a huge machine, on which every living thing is dependent. There are in this machine neither wheel work, pistons nor cogs, nevertheless it does the work of several millions of horses, and this work has for its end and effect the preservation of life.—Arkansas Traveler, 14

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