

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"DESTINY OF NATIONS," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"There Fell a Great Star From Heaven Burning as it Were a Lamp, and it Fell Upon the Third Part of the Rivers"—Rev. 8:10-11.



ANY commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and Albert Barnes, agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revelation, was Attilla, king of the Huns.

He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revolution, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man this referred to, Attilla, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attilla. Attilla said that sword must have fallen from the heavens from the grasp of Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attilla should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful, or the good, but Attilla called himself, and demanded that others call him, the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attilla or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attilla's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian Plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field! On and on, until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God!" and all the people took up the cry. "It is the aid of God!" As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attilla, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the siege, and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Stain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins—the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attilla conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic is this reference in Revelation: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of

the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: Is your life a benediction to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of Gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you were young, and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying, "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cackling, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshness? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits, and whacked and cuffed and car-pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharp and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out MODOCS and NANA SAHIBS!

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of Worldly Prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl, and horse, and cow, and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievements in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stock a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town, or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to receive as stars, but they may fall as wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices, coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich, with horses and camels from Togamah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered—answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of the antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting figures of warrior and chariot, the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning con-

querors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until Christ shall come again. But he not deceived! Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, nor cyclone, nor earthquake; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a by-word in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despots of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it," while struggling and oppressed people looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation, "Look yonder! there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

The Countess of Dunraven sings in the village choir.

Taine's only daughter has married M. Dubois, son of the late director of the Beaux Arts. Though brought up as a Protestant, Mlle. Taine was married in a Roman Catholic church.

Mrs. Sarah Frances Dick has been cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind., for fifteen years. She was also chosen a director at the time she succeeded her father as cashier in 1881.

Miss Emma Thursby, the delightful singer, wears a handsome decoration consisting of a splendid turquoise in a quaint gold setting, which was presented to her as a token of admiration by the Czar of all the Russias.

Miss Frances E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset and Mrs. Pearsall Smith will be the central figures at the coming meeting of the British Woman's Temperance association. Miss Willard, who is the guest of Lady Somerset, is receiving pressing invitations to visit numerous English towns.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, is now in Venice. She has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary Association to be one of the speakers at the jubilee of the association in Boston next October. Her subject will be "Educational Equipment for Missionary Service."

DONE BY DEMOCRACY.

RUM AND DESOLATION ALL OVER THE LAND.

Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio Arraigns the Administration for Its Abuse of Power During the Last Three Years—Rushing Into Debt.



And you (the democratic party) have gone on, with the treasury bankrupt. You have borrowed \$262,000,000 upon the bonds of the government. You are attempting to put yourselves in contrast with a republican administration that paid \$250,000,000 of the national debt in four years, that left the treasury solvent and plenteous. You stand here to-day confessedly borrowing \$262,000,000 and trembling as each telegraphic report comes from the markets in New York lest that money you have borrowed under the pretense of upholding the redemption fund shall be again drifting, under democratic administration, across the water into the banks of London, Germany and France. And you stand up here and attempt to criticize the administration of the republican party.—Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, M. C., of Ohio.

Great Opportunity Lost.
The last Congress might have used free wool as a mighty lever to open the markets of the wool-growing countries to the agricultural and manufactured products of the United States. On the

this city, I, of course, have no authority to speak for him. I have had no communication with him for twelve months. If business men of this city will possess their souls in patience for a little more than thirty days, all their doubts will vanish at the deliverance that I believe will be made by the Republican National Convention, and then they may expect a letter from McKinley. He ought not to write one until that time.—Cornelius N. Bliss, in the New York Herald, May 13, 1896.

The "Sound Money" Scheme.

The annual interest charge of \$144,000,000 on the National debt was reduced to \$23,000,000 and the interest-bearing debt was reduced from \$3,000,000,000 to about \$600,000,000. This was done by the Republican party.

In three years Grover Cleveland had created a debt of \$526,000,000, the annual interest charge being over \$100,000,000. He is eager to add \$15,000,000 more of interest annually by issuing five hundred millions of 3 per cent. bonds to cancel the greenbacks and, incidentally, make a gift of the power to coin money to the National banks.

Such is his famous "sound-money" humbug in a nutshell.—N. Y. Press, May 1, 1896.

Senator Mantle Looks West.

The recent enormous advance made in the industrial development of Japan, and which is now spreading to China, has demonstrated to reflecting men who have given the subject thoughtful consideration, that a protective tariff will no longer alone successfully guard our manufacturers and wage earners from the stream of cheap manufactured products which has begun to flow from those countries to our shores, and which is at last exciting the serious alarm of great numbers of our citizens engaged in the manufacturing industries. This is evidenced by the fact that boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and other organizations are appointing committees to investigate the nature, character and extent of this Asiatic industrial invasion.—Hon. Lee Mantle, United States senator, of Montana.

HOW THE "TONIC" HAS ACTED.



Cleveland's nomination will act as a tonic on the Democratic party. It will brace it up and make it the attractive party for young men of intelligence and principle to ally themselves with.—W. Howard Gilder in the N. Y. Times, June 24, 1892.

The Democratic party has "braaced

contrary, the Democratic party not only repealed the reciprocity laws but it conferred upon the wool-growing countries the benefits of free access to the markets of this country for their wool, without exacting a reciprocal benefit of any kind in return. Free wool was a free gift to the foreigners, without gaining from them the benefit of an additional market among them for a single pound of American pork or a bushel of American wheat.

How They "Come Down."



The next President must be a Democrat. The worse than war taxes must come down.—N. Y. World, June 24, 1892.

McKinley's Silence Commended.
Mr. McKinley's nomination seems to be practically assured, said Cornelius N. Bliss, and it is in the highest degree impolitic, as well as discourteous, for Republicans to continue the attacks that have been made upon him, especially in

up" wonderfully. The Democratic papers tell us how Presidential candidates are fighting each other for the honor of representing it. The donkey is quite skittish, and the old Dame is such an "attractive party for young men of intelligence and principle to ally themselves with." They look as if the "tonic" had soured on their stomachs.

More Chinese Wool.

It is safe to say that whatever extension of the woolen industry has occurred in this country in the last year has been in the view of developing the use of fine wools in the place of Turkish, Russian and Chinese wools.—New York Evening Post.

We have not the figures of the imports of Turkish or Russian wools for 1895, but those relating to Chinese wools show that we imported 10,633,509 pounds in 1891 and 13,889,957 pounds in 1892. But under Free Trade in wool, our 1895 imports amounted to 26,089,418 pounds of Chinese wool, more than double the average of the two McKinley Tariff years. Godkin's ability as a Free-Trade liar must be deserting him when he tells such a commonplace lie as that.

What "It" Was in '92.

It (the Democratic party) has become in a true sense the party of the people, the exponent of equal rights and it has planted itself upon a principle which is impregnable.—Edward Atkinson at Boston, June 28, 1892.

About as "impregnable" as the position of a Spanish general before the Cuban republicans. "It" is about "planted" in its grave.

Carter for Fair Play.

We do not credit the rumors that any unfairness will be practiced in seating delegates to the St. Louis convention. Hon. Thomas H. Carter, United States Senator, who is chairman of the Republican National Committee, would not be a party to any such schemes.

Democratic Trade Situation.

The general trade situation throughout the country may be regarded as less satisfactory at the middle of March, 1896, than had been anticipated. Even prices of staples have refused to make and maintain advances.—Bradstreet's.

New Inventions.

Among the inventions who received patents last week were the following: Nebraska: A. H. Edgret and G. Elmen, Lincoln, Improver of bicycle tires and B. F. Smith, Vesperaiso, Nebraska, the latter receiving a patent for an improvement in car couplings.

Among the other noticeable inventions is a candle lamp patented to a Boston inventor; a burglar proof safe in the form of a revolving cylinder; an improved method of making bicycle tubing cloth, patented to a Cleveland, Ohio, inventor; a color screen to enable photographs being taken in colors issued to a Brooklyn inventor; a kitchen implement patented to A. Schlieder of Sioux City, Iowa; a pinless clothes line, the creation of a Texas inventor; a collapsible cooking utensil made in the form of a telescope drinking cup, patented to Miss Estelle J. Jennings of Chicago; a combination neck and ear warmer patented to Mary E. Wiggins of Hartford Connecticut; a soft tread horse-shoe invented by James Freyne of Philadelphia; an elevator mechanism comprising two parallel vertical tracks having elevator cars which pass up one track and are switched over and pass downward on the other track, these combined elevators, being in the form of an endless chain; a new fashion hook and eye for garments patented to James J. Springer, of Philadelphia; a machine for casing and flavoring tobacco patented to a North Carolina inventor.

The most curious invention issued for some time, however, secures a ferment for ripening milk consisting of practically pure culture or flavor producing acid bacteria, the patent being issued to William Storeh, a Dane. Any information relating to patents may be obtained from Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Grand Excursion to Buffalo July 5th and 6th.

The National Educational Association will hold its next annual meeting in Buffalo, and the Michigan Central, the Niagara Falls Route, has made a rate of one fare for the round trip plus \$2.00, association membership fee. Send stamp for "Notes for Teachers," containing valuable information relative to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and 10 cents for a summer note book, fully descriptive and profusely illustrated of the Summer Resorts of the North and East.

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