

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"KINDNESS FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Is There Yet Any That Is Left of the House of Saul That I May Show Him Kindness for Jonathan's Sake?" — Samuel 9:1.

AS there ever anything more romantic and chivalrous than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up and Jonathan's family is down. As you have

often heard of two soldiers before going into battle making a covenant that if one is shot the survivor will take charge of the body, the watch, the mementoes, and perhaps of the bereft family of the one that dies, so David and Jonathan had made a covenant, and now that Jonathan is dead, David is inquiring about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake. Careful search is made, and a son of Jonathan by the dreadfully homely name of Mephibosheth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankles out of place, and they had never been set. This decrepit, poor man is brought into the palace of King David. David looks upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the deceased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say, "How glad I am to see you, Mephibosheth. How you remind me of your father, my old friend and benefactor. I made a bargain with your father a good many years ago, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you Mephibosheth? I am resolved what to do: I will make you a rich man; I will restore to you the confiscated property of your grandfather Saul, and you shall be a guest of mine as long as you live, and you shall be seated at my table among the princes." It was too much for Mephibosheth, and he cried out against it, calling himself a dead dog. "Be still," says David, "I don't do this on your own account; I do this for your father Jonathan's sake. I can never forget his kindness. I remember when I was hounded from place to place how he befriended me. Can I ever forget how he stripped himself of his courtier apparel and gave it to me instead of my shepherd's coat, and how he took off his own sword and belt and gave them to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him. I feel as if I couldn't do enough for you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." "So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem; for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet."

There is so much Gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth, and David and Jonathan make you think of?

Mephibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled soul. Lord Byron describes sin as a charming recklessness, as a gallantry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as triumphant in many intricate plots; Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocular; but the Bible presents it as a Mephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us, and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians haggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine, and some reject it. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall, that it has scarified, and disabled, and crippled our entire moral nature, until we cannot walk straight, and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition. There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and Paradise with its animals coming before Adam when he patted them as stroked them, and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the cow, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentalists or poets say in regard to sin; in the name of God I declare to you today that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text got a command to come to King David's palace, he trembled. The fact was that the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself, "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling on the tessellated floor of the throne-room. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king, and styles himself a dead dog. In the East, when a man styles himself a dog, he utters the utmost term of self-derogation. It is not a term so strong

in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of; but the mangy curs of the Oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is he going to destroy me? Is he going to wreak his vengeance upon me? There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now, because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace! What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer, and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer, and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said: "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street, and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me; I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." "O soul, that loud knocking at thy gate today is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to his palace? Stop trembling and start right away." "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin, and so lamed by evil habit, I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

Mephibosheth's canine comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is, and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term vehement enough to express his self-condemnation. The dead dog of Mephibosheth's comparison fails to describe the man's utter loathing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted first he prays upright. Then the muscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head. After awhile, by an almost superhuman effort he kneels down to pray. After awhile, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is, if we could see ourselves as God sees us, we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

And again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm to find that poor man, and then bestow upon him a great fortune, and command a farmer by the name Ziba to cultivate the estate and give to this invalid Mephibosheth half the proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "and lang syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this kindness on the part of David to Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, though the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the Senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, and you have refused him; but when you found he was the son or brother of some one who had been your benefactor in former days, and by a glance you saw the resemblance of your old friend in the face of the applicant, you relented, and you said: "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's Palace.

Again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal dining-room. The subjects might have come around the rail of the palace and might have seen the lights kindled, and might have heard the clash of the knives and the rattle of the golden goblets, but not get in. Stout men with stout feet could not get in once in all their lives to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be woefully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake, I hope we will all get in to dine with the King.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished

people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senator." "This is the Governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. Oh, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven, and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say: "This is Joshua." "This is Paul." "This is Moses." "This is John Knox." "This is John Milton." "This is Martin Luther." "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introduction? Yea! We shall be potentates ourselves. Then we shall sit down at the King's table with the sons and daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to us and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" and some one at the table will say, "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last?" and Paul will answer "Forever!" and Joshua will say "Forever!" and John Knox will say "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say "Forever!"

O my soul, what a magnificent gospel! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and empalmed? As when Wilberforce was trying to get the "Emancipation Bill" through the British parliament, and all the British Isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that "Emancipation Bill," when a vessel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people was so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people, long before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they cried it, and they shouted it, and they sang it all through the land, "Free! free!" So today I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God hovering in the air, and watchmen on the battlements, and bell-men in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it: "Free! free!" I come out now as the messenger of the palace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. I am here today to tell you that God has a wealth of kindness to bestow upon you for His Son's sake. The doors of the palace are open to receive you. The cup-bearers have already put the chalices on the table, and the great, loving, tender, sympathetic heart of God bends over you this moment, saying: "Is there any that is yet left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

"If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments" One day there was wood and water to bring home, says Rev. John F. Dempster, and mother was tired and ill, and John said, "I love you, mother,"—and then he put on his cap and ran away to the swing under the tree. And Nell said, "I love you, mother,"—and then teased and sulked till mother was glad when she went out to play. After that Fan said, "I love you, mother; there is no school today, and I shall help you all I can." Then she rocked the baby to sleep, and swept the floor, and tidied the room, and was busy and happy all day. Three children that night were going to bed, and all of them said, while mother tucked them in, "I love you, mother." But now tell me which of them did mother think loved her best? If you love the Savior, you will not forget him. Some of you tell him in your hymns and prayers from morning to night all Sunday that you love him. And then you go out all the week, and never seem to think of him again till the Sunday after. You just live as if there were no Savior at all. We shall meet him some day, by and by, and he is going to say to some of us, "I never knew you. You sung my hymns, but you forgot my commandments."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The wedding presents and trousseau of Princess Henriette of Belgium, which were recently sent to the villa of her husband, the Duc de Vendome, near Neuilly, filled 170 boxes and weighed eleven tons.

Mrs. Cleveland has been putting on flesh rapidly in the past few years, and is now said to weigh nearly 180 pounds. As she neither skates nor plays golf nor tennis, and the president objects to bicycling for married women, she has taken to walking as hard as she can go from 10 to 12 every morning.

Though the Baroness Hirsch is nominally the universal legatee under her late husband's will, Harold Frederic declares that the bulk of Baron Hirsch's fortune, after certain philanthropic bequests are paid, will go to Lucienne, natural daughter of the baron's dead son and a French governess.

Gov. and Mrs. William McKinley, Jr., celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding on the 25th of last January. Mrs. McKinley has been something of an invalid ever since the death of her father, which occurred just before her second daughter was born. Both her children died when very young.

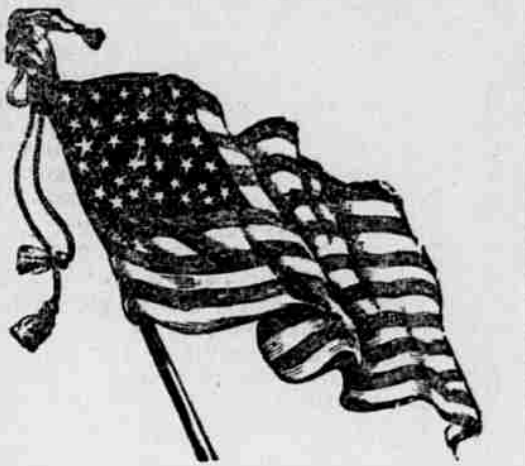
Coria Belle Fellows, whose marriage to Chaska, a Sioux, created a sensation some years ago, has been deserted and left in destitution by her Indian husband. She came of an excellent Washington family, but fell in love with Chaska while teaching school on the reservation near Pierre, S. D., and married him in spite of the opposition of her family.

Milson—Haven't you gone to house-keeping yet? Newly-married man—No; we're waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding presents.

ABOUT ARMOR PLATE.

FACTS REGARDING ITS COST—SOME RECENT CONTRACTS.

The "Invasion of Their Territory" Declared in Europe—New Orders Placed by the Russian Government—American Armor Plate Best in the World.



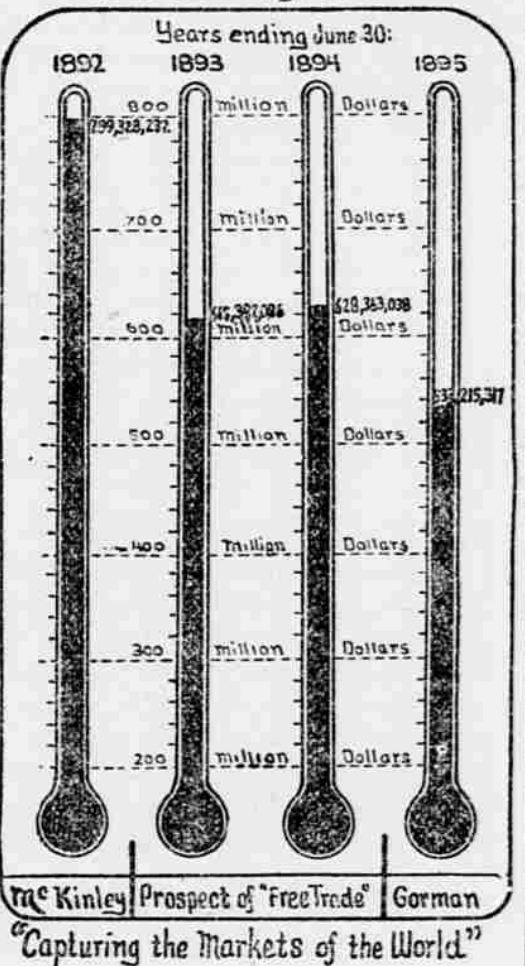
Some Oregon papers have published a few careless errors regarding the cost of armor plate, errors that are the result of insufficient acquaintance with, or inquiry into, the subject. The reflections upon the contracts entered into by the democratic secretary of the navy, Mr. Herbert, are equally as unfounded as those upon the policy of protection, which has alone enabled us to supply armor plate second to none in the world for use in the construction of American vessels. The importance of this American independence has been fully appreciated by democrats and republicans alike. The construction of the plant was expensive, and the administrations of both political parties have deemed it to be the duty of our government to encourage the establishment of industries of such high national importance. From one of the Oregon papers we quote as follows:

The Bethlehem company was the lowest bidder for the "Kentucky," and the Carnegie company for the "Kearsarge" armor. The prices per ton ranged from \$515 to \$628. From this it is apparent that there was collusion in the bidding. The Carnegies got one ship and the Bethlehems works the other. The law that keeps out foreign competition is responsible for this robbery of the people. The Portland Oregonian in mentioning this matter says:

"It was developed by the recent investigation that it costs about \$300 per ton to make armor. Bids for the 'Kearsarge' and 'Kentucky' armor ranged from \$500 to \$600. There are only two companies, and each one got one ship. One of these concerns sells armor to Russia for about \$300 per ton. It might be well for us to invite bids from France, Germany and Great Britain."

This is a distortion of the facts, and evidently for the sole purpose of misleading the public. With a difference of \$113 per ton in the price it is direct proof that there was not "collusion in

Agricultural Products of the United States, Marketed in Foreign Countries.



the bidding." Each company bid lower than the other on certain classes of armor for which its respective shops are better fitted for doing certain classes of work. A close figuring, moreover, between the two plants proves the effect of competition and shows that the government is not paying any exorbitant price for the work.

This armor has been awarded by the honorable secretary of the navy, 3,007 tons to the Carnegie company and 2,655 tons to the Bethlehem company. He did not give the armor for one ship to each company, as stated. The average price of this armor was \$52 per ton below the price of the 1893 contract, and the average price only \$197 per ton, not including the cost for harvesting. Any person who had taken the trouble to analyze the tenders and the award would have seen at a glance that there could not possibly have been any collusion between the two companies.

In regard to the small lot of armor plate sold to the Russian government at about \$300 per ton by the Bethlehem company, it is well known that this was considerably below the cost of production. The sale was made for two purposes. One of these was to keep the American plant busy and afford work to skilled American labor, even at a loss to the employers, as is often done by manufacturers. The other reason was to let Russia and all Europe know that the United States could furnish armor plate of a quality that would compare favorably with the best in the world. This object was certainly achieved, for European manufacturers very strongly resented what

they were pleased to term the "invasion of their territory" by American concerns. To "capture the markets of the world" was supposed to be the main object of the democratic tariff; therefore it is difficult to discern the reason for the carping western criticism.

Ample proof that the sale to Russia, at about \$300 per ton, was far below cost has since been afforded by the evidence before the senate investigating committee. Since then orders have been given by the Russian government to the Bethlehem and Carnegie companies at prices ranging from \$525.58 to \$535.32 per ton. No country in the world demands such severe requirements for armor as the United States government, and, even taking this into consideration, the prices being paid at present for armor by the United States government are no higher than those paid by the admiralties of France, Germany and Great Britain. If the ballistic requirements were also taken into consideration, the price of armor in America is in reality lower than in England and on the European continent.

The "Rebuke."



A vote for Grover Cleveland is a vote against a tariff for bounties and to rebuke the conversion of a surplus into a deficiency.—New York World, November 7, 1892.

That Sugar Bounty Hold Up. At last the democratic administration is forced to execute the laws of the country after months of deliberate and dishonest attempts to cheat the American sugar producers. No such disgraceful effort to tamper with national legislation has ever been witnessed. Evasions, shiftiness, quibbles, humbug and hypocrisy have been the marked characteristics of this piece of democratic financial jugglery which has wrought ruin and hardship, principally, to democrats in a democratic state. With the sole object of attempting to bolster up the depleted treasury, the democratic administration has resorted to unparalleled meanness and subterfuge, but it is at last forced to play the part of honesty by order of the Supreme court. Even when this proper act of justice has been discharged, the recipients of the bounty will be injured far more than the amount of money that they receive. We congratulate the sugar producers upon the success of their long and hard fight against a dishonest democratic administration. A word of praise is due to Senator Manderson for his efforts on their behalf, while odium will ever be attached to the two Louisiana senators who could, nearly two years ago, had they wished, have prevented all this trouble by preventing the enactment of a tariff devised to ruin the American sugar producing interest.

The "Prosperity" Again.

Many cotton mills have stopped, and many more have reduced hours or looms, and yet the market for goods is lifeless, a reduction of indigo blue prints of half a cent to 4 cents, the lowest on record, being the chief feature. Failures for three weeks of May show liabilities of \$9,503,468, against \$7,455,244 last year, and \$7,782,633 in 1891. Manufacturing were \$3,353,599, against \$2,642,609 last year, and \$3,360,812 in 1891.—Dun's Review.

A Chapter on Cheapness.



The Reed Idea. With wages rising in 1892, prices of manufactured goods falling, with lessening hours of labor, what more do you want except more of the same sort?—Hon. Thos. B. Reed.

The Folly of '92. Insure the house of representatives to the democracy by all means.—New York Sun, September 5, 1892. And how the country has suffered in following such fool advice.

Educate Your Daughters. At this season of the year parents have to decide upon and select the educational institution which their daughters are to attend for the coming year. In this connection we desire to call attention to the educational announcement in our advertising columns of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Mo. Their buildings and grounds are attractive, locality healthful, teaching in all branches thorough, and terms reasonable. Parents fortunate to select this school for the education and training of their daughters will, we are sure, be fully satisfied. Terms per session of five months: Payable in advance, \$15; this includes tuition, boarding, washing, courses in French, German or Latin, use of library and physician's fee. Next session will open Sept. 1st, 1893. For further information address Mother Superior, Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, Mo.

Her Sarcasm. "Henry," said Mr. Meekton's wife, who had been overcoming his objections to some household expenses, "you ought to go into politics."

"I'm sure you never gave me any credit for ability in that line before."

"No, but I think now that you have some of the right qualities. I never saw anybody more reluctant to talk about money than you are."—Washington Star.

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