

TALMAGE ON MARRIAGE.

A SERMON ON MATRIMONY AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

How to Choose a Wife—Wise Men who Made Mistakes in Selecting Helpmates.

"The Marriage Ring" is the title of a series of discourses to be preached on Sunday mornings by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The first was delivered Sunday and its subject was "How to Choose a Wife." In it Dr. Talmage played changes on the entire range of the gamut of human emotion, exciting his congregation to laughter, and then went deeper and moved many of the audience to so sorrowful a condition that they found relief only in tears. The comedy part was the strongest and had the most numerous illustrations. Laughter, therefore, was the more prominent feature in the accompaniments of the sermon.

The text was selected from Judges, xiv., 3—"Is there never a woman among all the daughters of thy brethren or among all my people that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

"Samson, the giant, is here asking the consent of his father and mother," said the Doctor, "to his marriage with a young woman whom they deemed unfit for him. In the text his parents are forbidding the bans. They are in effect saying to him, 'Are there no young women among our own people that you must ask conjugation with this foreign girl? Are there no lilies among the daughters of Israel whom you could wear on your heart, that you must be compelled to wear the Philistine thistle? Do you choose this crabbed apple because there are no pomegranates? These were just upbraids because his parents when speaking of their own people spoke of a race strikingly characterized by female loveliness. The midnight was veiled in their hair and a lake of blue was in their eyes, the buoyancy and freshness of spring was in their gait, and this was only typical of the beauty and the glory of their souls."

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

"I have no words sufficiently eloquent to set forth my admiration of good womanhood. Good and true women were never so numerous as they are to-day. Women are now seventy-five per cent better than they ever were. The women of this country are better educated than the men, and if things go on in the same ratio it will be difficult for the men to find enough ignorance in the opposite sex to make an appropriate contrast." The ladies in the congregation smiled at this and looked at one another complacently. "If I am under a delusion in this I hope to continue in this delusion until I embark on this planet, there are thousands of American pullets, and among them this one, that I have avoided a discussion of a great many practical things, and among these things is the subject I am to discuss in this series of sermons. This is the first time that I have heard of it being discussed."

"There are a vast number of people who ought not to be married. There are 940,000 more women in England than men, and about the same number in this country. The moral of such a fact is that thousands of women should regard it as a duty to take measures so effective that they should be able to take care of themselves. 'Another fact that there are a very large number of men who are not fit to be married, and it is time to say that if a woman who loses her integrity and her honor is not to be married, then it is equally true that a man who is untrue to the best promptings of his moral nature and is impure is not fit to be married. I am, therefore, this morning, as a religious teacher and as one who will have to give an account of his stewardship, about to give you some advice that should be adopted when you choose a wife."

AWFUL EXAMPLES.

"Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet, recommended men to pray and seek divine guidance before they chose a wife. He and all the people who advised the same thing were laughed at when they said this. Many of those who laughed then are laughing now on the other side of the mouth. (Laughter.) Some good and wise men have wrecked their lives by this neglect. Witness the man of this text. Then there was John Wesley—as good a man as ever lived—was chained to a woman who did all she could to destroy his influence, and sat in City Roads Chapel making mouths at him while he preached. Then there are women who are scolds and who look on you like a March nor'easter. (Laughter.) Then there are the opium eating women—400,000 of them in America to-day—who will have their drug although it costs them the greatest treasure of their household. I urge you to ask divine guidance, because society is full of artificiality. After her dressmaker, her hair adjuster, her jeweller, and other mysterious agencies have transformed a woman, how can an unsophisticated man discern the real meaning of these physiological hieroglyphics? (Loud laughter.) Men are by these means swindled; they make a bargain from a sample, and when the goods come to be delivered they find that they are not equal to the sample. (Giggling laughter.) They marry a sweet tempered woman, as they suppose, and she turns out to be a Jezebel; they marry a woman as meek as a lamb, and she turns out to be a Jezebel. (More laughter.) I care not for such women or the richness of their upholstery, for I will tell them they are not as honest as the cyprines on the street, for these latter advertise their infamy, but the former profess heaven when they mean hell. May I not, therefore, ask you to seek divine guidance before you choose a wife? For there is no worse predicament on earth than to be unequally yoked together."

MISTAKES EASILY MADE.

"Adam had not a large number to select a wife from, and, judging from the mistakes he made, I am glad that he was limited to Eve or none. If you take the divine direction you will make no mistake. A great deal has been said about woman being taken from the ribs of Adam. But there are twenty-four ribs and there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will get the wrong rib. (roars of laughter.) John Milton, the poet, who was blind, was told that his wife was a rose, and he replied, 'I am not much of a judge of color, but I think it is very likely so for I feel it thorn.' (Laughter.) Look at Solomon, whose married life was as unhappy as it was multitudinous, and among the wise observations of his experience in this matter is this:—'A continual dropping on a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.' "If in this matter you make no mistake you will have two heavens, one here below and one hereafter; but if you do make a mistake you have two hells, one here and one hereafter."

A War Reminiscence.

Old Washington people will remember Hudson Taylor, who, during the war and for years previous, was first chief clerk and then proprietor of a bookstore in Pennsylvania avenue. During the war he was a bosom friend of Edwin M. Stanton, the then Secretary of War. "I remember," says Mr. Taylor, "that while I was in Washington during the war there was one period when there was some talk of doing away with all the regimental bands in the army. It was said that they cost the Government millions of dollars, and as there was clamoring among some for retrenchment it was seriously proposed that music in the army be dispensed with. A little party of gentlemen, including myself, fearing that such an order would be given, went to the War Office one evening to call upon Mr. Stanton socially, as we often did, and in the course of the little talk we had the matter was broached. Said Mr. Stanton: 'It is urged simply as a matter of economy. We now have hundreds of millions of debt, and it is growing fast.' Said I: 'Mr. Stanton, I have read somewhere that music has been used in all ages, not only as a stimulus to the passion of combat, but also as a dative to the sense of danger, and while embattled hosts are marching with measured tread to the field of death music is the magic that lures them to their doom!' Mr. Stanton rose from his chair, and in an emphatic manner exclaimed: 'By thunder, Taylor, that's a true saying! Where did you get that? The regiments shall keep their bands if all the finances of the United States go to thunder!'"

The Poultry Yard.

One dozen winter eggs will pay a bigger store bill than two dozen summer eggs. Sift the coal ashes in the poultry-house for the fowls to pick at and dust themselves in. Did you ever try feeding a nice, sweet, fine cut clover hay to fowls in winter? It's tip-top feed. Timothy is first-rate, and corn stalks are good. Corn is a good feed for cold weather, but care should be taken not to feed so liberally as to cause the hens to become excessively fat, or they will cease to lay. A sloppy wet floor in a hen-house is an abomination, and invariably brings cramp, colds, and roup. It may be too late now to raise your floor if it is of that description, but you can put boards in and cover them with litter. A hen that sits on the roost, or stands on one leg from morning till night these cold days, will not lay. Exercise is as essential as good feeding, and hens that are expected to lay must be so fed as to compel them to scratch and take exercise.

Plans for the New Cruisers.

Chief Engineer Loring of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department is hard at work on the plans for the new unarmored vessels that the Government is to build. These vessels will mark a new departure in shipbuilding. They will be required to develop a speed of eighteen knots an hour, a thing that no vessel in the British navy can accomplish. The problem the engineers have to deal with is a difficult one. The vessels are small, and yet it is necessary to get into them engines of 8,500 horse power. Mr. Loring is confident that these vessels will eclipse anything that England has ever built. He says that while we have not the room in our navy yards for such work as England has, there is no question but that our workmen can compete successfully with their countrymen in mechanical skill. One disadvantage our vessels have when they are first tried is that they cannot be always officered and commanded by crews who know how to get the best work out of them. In England, when a vessel is tested she is put in charge of a crew of experts, who are kept especially for that work. Thus the very best results are attained on first trial.

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Dr. Talmage concluded by giving a number of illustrations of the beneficence of woman as a Christain, and closed with a pathetic and touching description of the scenes around his mother's deathbed.

A Well Bred Maid.

Richard Grant White used to tell an exquisite story to illustrate the native courtesy of well-bred Americans: "When Gen. Washington was in New England he was entertained at dinner by a country gentleman, who lived comfortably but quietly in his old-fashioned home far from town. When the general rose to go the little daughter of the host, not yet in her teens, opened the door for him. As he passed out in his stately way he bowed and said to the little maid: 'I wish you had a better office, my dear.' 'Yes, sir,' she quickly replied, with a bow; 'to let you in, sir.'"

The Arab's Fatalism.

The wild Arab of the desert is as ferocious as the North American Indian. In place of the Indian's delight in warfare, he has a profound faith in "kismet"—his fate. On two days, as Emerson puts it in one of his poems, it is useless to fear death—the day on which you are appointed to die and the day on which you are not appointed. On the first "neither balm nor physician can save," on the second, no power can send one to the grave.

With this creed for an armor, and the further conviction that if fate decrees his death he will awake in a Mohammedan paradise, the followers of the prophet are formidable enemies.

Mr. J. D. L. Harvey, proprietor of the Palace Market, Chicago, writes that he spent \$2,000 in trying to cure his wife of rheumatism, and that St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all else failed to bring about. He says that it is a greater discovery than electricity.

A duck of a man generally makes a goose of a husband.

The powers of oratory of U. S. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, are universally acknowledged. Where even in Demosthenes could there be words more eloquent than these? "I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief, and then cured me."

An intoxicated man is always rich (in his mind), but a rich man is not always intoxicated.

Prof. Grothe, of the Brooklyn Board of Health, analyzed Red Star Cough Cure and found it absolutely free from poisons and opiates, and safe and sure. Price, 25 cents.

You can't learn too much, but you can half learn too much.

CHILDREN'S AILMENTS, such as "constipation," disordered bowels, worms and many other diseases so prevalent can be successfully treated by the occasional use of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. It is as safe and certain in its action upon children as upon adults. It acts on the liver and cleanses the blood.

He that would sooth sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most deceitful hopes.

It is so EVERYWHERE.—E. B. Ball, druggist at Hattiesville, Kan., has this to write about Allen's Lung Balm: "It is the best selling throat and lung remedy, and gives general satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend it." Price 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Druggists.

Foolishness—Other people's wisdom.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge dramatic cathartics are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard grains, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

A striking picture is never dangerous.

A Small Leak

will sink a great ship, and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumptive, which is a scourge of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. By druggists.

A bad Omen—Getting in debt.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated pamphlet suggesting sure cure. Address, World Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A sound investment—buying a drum.

MEN'S MENSTRUATED BLOOD, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making force, generating and life-sustaining properties; is available for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Had a bilious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took Quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. ASA THOMPSON, Logan, Ohio.

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Good at a pinch—A tight shoe.

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COUGH CURE

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SAFE.

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The value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in colds and coughs, cannot be overestimated.

Domestic "sauces" is kept in family jars.

EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

Proof that that Physician's Terrible Conclusion is True.

Cleveland O., Herald. Yesterday and the day before we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle, a remarkable statement, made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which he had had, and the next day we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the excitement in Rochester, and elsewhere, caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever published which caused greater commotion both among professionals and laymen.

Since the publication of these two articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion, and also to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given, and here it is: G