

THE ORDINARY PEOPLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmore Preaches a Sermon to Their Benefit.

All Men Cannot be Great, But All Have Duties to Perform—The World Would Not Make Much Progress Without the Masses.

The famous Washington divine in the following sermon calls the roll of faithful men and noble women who are not recognized or rewarded, and assures them that their work is not overlooked by their Heavenly Father.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your domain.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Burmese cannibals.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with martyrs of kitchen and nursery.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year.

Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and when you wind it up, it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or 40, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops.

balance wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose \$100,000, but grace to lose \$10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy who sweeps out the store.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness, of Asia Minor to feed the 7,000 who had come out on a religious picnic.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in 21 days went back again to the plow.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor a cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo.

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Divina Commedia all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her: "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

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The healing profession has had its Abercrombies and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the ordinary medicating, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writ-

ing prescription, or compounding medication, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for 15 years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows all the herbs, and all the cathartics, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world make no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in cries of pain, they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncretus, Philegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done."

Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to strike him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for governor of a state or President of the United States! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I, print! while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central railroad had 9,995 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronted the people all the abuse came down on one man, and the 9,994 escaped. All the world took after Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company. I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while the ordinary escape.

The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hassanna."

Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabins or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. In this country we had two great men, father and son, both presidents of the United States; but from present prospects there will never be in that genealogical line another president for a thousand years.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

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THE STRIKERS ARMED,

According to Sworn Testimony in Sheriff Martin's Defense.

HAD THE PEOPLE TERRORIZED.

Witnesses Declare That a Number of Men Were Forced Into the Ranks of the Marchers Against Their Will. An Octogenarian Stoned.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 23.—When the fourth week of the trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies began Monday last the prosecution had only two more witnesses to hear before closing. They were James Hennahan, of Lattimer, and Mike Damschak. Their testimony added nothing new, though Hennahan identified a number of the deputies.

Mr. George S. Ferris made the opening address for the defense, speaking for over an hour. He presented in detail the facts of the case as the defense hopes to prove them. In the first place it will endeavor to show that there had been rioting throughout the region; that the sheriff was justified in calling out the posse, that he was brutally assaulted by the strikers before the fatal shooting at Lattimer, and that the strikers were armed and fired the first shots.

Mrs. Catherine Weisenborn, the first witness, testified that one of the strikers, Gasperick, on the day of the shooting entered Mike Kiniski's house and threatened to kill him unless he joined the strikers, but Kiniski escaped. The strikers were armed with clubs and stones, and some had revolvers. Mrs. Eliza Grace, Mrs. Rose Gillespie, Mrs. Charles Miller and Mrs. Brennan all declared that the strikers were armed, and that the inhabitants fled to the brush in terror. Mrs. Michael Gallagher swore she was stoned by the strikers.

The first witness yesterday was Mrs. James Edmondson, who lives at Harwood. She said that on the day of the shooting she heard a neighbor shout, "Skin out; the strikers are coming." Continuing, witness said, "I saw the men. They all had clubs. My man and my boarders hid behind the shanty, and I went to protect my sick boy in the house. They found my husband, and tried to get him away. I grabbed him and after a lot of words they let him go. This testimony was corroborated by the witness' husband.

Peter Wolfe, a driver at the Harwood colliery, said: "When the McAdoo men came to Harwood on Tuesday, Sept. 7, one of them said: 'How would you like to be made go to McAdoo?' I said, 'Let me put the mules away first.' He waited, but I did not go. On the Friday the strikers gathered to march to Lattimer I went down to the company store and we locked ourselves in. Afterward, when we thought the strikers had gone, we went out. One man chased me with a big club for a long distance. I saw Joe Muhl that day with a club about four feet long. He was one of the leaders of the strikers."

Mrs. Annie Catherine Draper, aged 82, testified that on Sept. 10 the strikers came through Cranberry. They acted like wild men. One man was armed with a club and another with a revolver. Another man picked up a stone and threw it at her. The stone weighed nearly a pound, and was produced in court. Attorney Lenahan, holding it up before the jurors, said: "This is one of the stones the strikers picked up to strike matches with."

Thomas McNellis gave important testimony. He had charge of six men working on the public road when the strikers came along. They wanted the men on the road to stop work. McNellis expostulated with them. The strikers, however, were threatening, and the men at work on the road, seeing they were outnumbered, agreed to go along with the strikers.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mumie, the next witness, said the strikers ran after the people at Cranberry, and several shots were fired. William Gerlach, breaker boss at Cranberry, testified that the strikers were riotous and drove the men from work at Hazleton No. 1 mine at Cranberry and at No. 1 breaker. The men traveled in bands of from 100 to 200. The strikers went into the houses at Harwood and drove the inmates out. They armed themselves with clubs and scrap iron at the breaker.

Mrs. John Bonner and Margaret Rogouse testified that the strikers were armed and the people terrified. Michael Dogostino, an Italian, declares he was dragged from a building by the strikers, but on pleading illness was released.

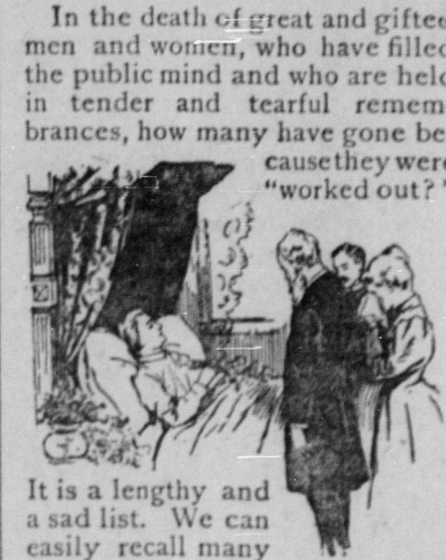
Corroborative evidence was given by Mrs. Stacey, Mrs. Caramonza, Jacob Berger and August Stacey.

William Teller Returns. Wilmington, Del., Feb. 21.—William N. Boggs, the teller of the First National bank of Dover, who is accused of taking \$195,000 from that institution, walked into the office of Marshal Short, in the federal building, Saturday and gave himself up to the United States authorities. After strenuous efforts to secure bail for the accused man he was taken to New Castle jail late in the afternoon. Boggs refuses to say where he has been. Four prominent citizens were arrested for alleged complicity with Boggs. They are Thomas S. Clark, Charles Butler, Ex-Sheriff Cole and Colonel Cooper. They furnished bail and were released. They vigorously assert their innocence.

Negro Postmaster Brutally Murdered. Lake City, S. C., Feb. 23.—About 1 o'clock in the morning Postmaster Baker, a negro, and his child were shot to death and their bodies cremated. Mrs. Baker, who lives in a tenement several hundred yards from Baker's house, where the postoffice is kept, set fire to the building and opened fire with guns upon it. Baker was killed, his two daughters and one son were seriously wounded. The woman had a baby in her arms, and she says that the ball that went through her hand passed through the baby and killed it. All the wounded are maimed for life.

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the nerves and purify and enrich the blood when both become weakened, and to prevent, if taken in time, such relapse of physical force. He succeeded to such an extent that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has gained a world-wide reputation through its wonderful cures and the benefits it has conferred on the thousands who have used it. In his study of this subject he has also become the leading authority on blood and nervous ailments, and so is sought as physician by people everywhere. He charges no fee for his opinion, and can consequently be consulted, free of charge, by letter or in person.



If you are "worked out," if weak, nervous, run down or you feel "out of sorts," or if you want to avoid the ills, weakness and exhaustion, so sure to come, don't delay. Get this grand restorer of health and strength, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, at once, and it will make you well. Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills act in perfect harmony with the Nervura, producing regular, natural and healthy action of the liver and bowels. Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City, who is our most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted without charge in regard to any case, personally or by letter.

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