REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gates of Carbuncle."

TEXT: "And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy pates of carbuncles,"-Isa. liv., 12.

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and offtimes fatal characteris named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate His ser-mon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the appealyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbune'e.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scariet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

Like to the burning coal whence comes its

Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, sharpens it with precise geometry, and kinales its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the smazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the influite God could ashion a carbuncie as large as your thumbaail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone He ordered it to be set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in ofden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Exercised's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is men-tioned, the brillinneies of the walls and of the tassellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence: "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a preclous stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it in the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its anique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carcuncles." What gates? Gates of the Church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful en-Gates of salvation. Gates of National achievement. Isniah, who wrett this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the famb of the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the wine press alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle? No. He means that is through atonement, through blood-red straggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of peurl, a bright, pollucid, cheer ul srystalization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal proression and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and could be nothing less than pearls, But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as He lifted the gate it leaned against His forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of these gates as gates of carbuncle, What an odd thing it is, think idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world had seen vi-carious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall eche after. Rachael lived only long shall come after. Eachaei fived only long enough after the birth of her son to givehin a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni." which means "son of my pain." and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethei uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachei who died for her boy. But in all ages how means after a subject to the subject and search are being to the subject and face of the subject and the subject and the subject and the subject and and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachei who died for her boy. But in all ages how means after a subject and the subject and search are done and the subject and and stand reverently at the subject and the subject from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Bachel who died for her boy. But in alt ages how many mohers die for their children, and in many cases grown up children, who by re-creancy stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the wold is full of it. "Jump!" and the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains rashed into each other means Atlantic City. train. When this summer the two trains ranched into each other near Atlantic City, affions the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throtite of the loccomotive and the other on the brake. Ayel there are hun-dreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows it is vicarious sacri-the height of this church, five minutes walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sub-limest case of suffering for others that tor-world ever saw or ever will see. Christ the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwheiming interest in the spectacle, To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope women into glorious pardou and high hope and eternal exultation. Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arterie-, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a rel gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of car-the suggestion of Issiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles. buncle. What is true in spirituals is true in tem-porais. There are young uses and older meu who hope, through the settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the ometallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men wiso have it very easy now, went through hardships and self-denials to which most young uses and solder would use the provided and the set of the most part of its bistory passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another was a standard and silver is not ele-vated, confidence will be restored and this Nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflict-ing us. On the other hand we are told that denials to which most young men would never constant. Unless they got it by inheri-tance, you cannot mention twenty-five men who have come to honorable fortune that who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way, inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again al-most destroyed them. For some good rea-tion to be a start to be a st most destroyed them. For some good rea-son God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a sivelihood for themselves and their families is with both bands and all the allied forces of body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbun-cle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsyl-vania avenue and reached the United States Sonate, or waked the other way on Pennsylcle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame obstact?. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsyl-vania avenue and reached the United States Sonate, or waiked the other way on Pennsyl-vania avenue and reached the Wolt House, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much seorn and scoff, and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure be-tween the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massa-chusetis, and the day when a statue in bonor of him tas placed ou the steps of the State House everlooking "The Commons." Bead the biography of Bobart Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, thooragh he had been pronounced a danee a school, lived to thrill the world with his Christian eloquence, and of George Peabody, who never owned a car-riage and denied himself ail luxuries that he might wille living and after death, through last will and testament, de-vote his uncount d millions to the education of the poor people of Eng-bend and merice, and of Bishon Lassa through last will and testament, ce vote his uncount d millions to the education of the poor people of Eng-land and America; and of Bishop Janes, who in his boyhood worked his passage frem Ireland to America, and became the loy of Methodism and a biessing to the race. Go the biograph al sloove in city, State, or Mational library, and flad at least every other book an 'liustration of overcome ob-starle, and of carmine grate that had to be starle, and of carmine grate that had to be thore of people who do not want charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the 'Lord of Sabaoth,'' and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than Ameri-tan polities, relief will never come. Who

gay streamers flying? No. It was in a co.d December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potoma : River. Scalping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only wel-come the Indian war-whoop. Red us an on the beach. Red men in the forest, Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbundle! Acoriginal hostility pushel back, surely

According that nosting phases once, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to fake easy possession of the fatest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so pop-ulous with finny life, the acreage so im-mense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink and be merry. No. The most power-ful Nation, by army and navy, sounded its, protest across three thousand miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monimouth, and Long Island battles, and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, and starva-tion, and widowhood, and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper, and the artist to put upon can vas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American Revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate position that the men and women the women as much as the menof oppopushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice.

it was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbulcle. We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of National National crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that in-stead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say, "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so." Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, teiling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration Day, for the calla lilies on the grave tops soon be come breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust noto that which lies beaeath it. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cometeries by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. Long after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the Psalmist: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of home-sickness! Four years of brotherly sickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Your years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! then; in a long line, the configuration of cities, and see them light up a whole conti-Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxyism! Gather them in one vast assemlage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Golf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Fut the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shricks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the North and South saw nothing ahead but annihila-With such a National debt we tion. could never meet our obligations!

such moral antipathies Northern and South-ern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the Representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the Nas tional capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting Nationality." and it had come true. The Nasigned spirit at the funeral of our American on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead engle on this side. The deep grave During the last six Presidential election I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels railed to do, and I will not criticise him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3J of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stonned against anything

ever is elected to the Presidency, the wheels of Government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may the the hands of any President. Now, though we who live in the District of Columday and night shall be, "Oh God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! hast brought the wheat Thou who and corn of this season to such magni-tade of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hadst not where to lay Thy head. pity the shelterless. Thou who hast brought to perfection the cotton of the South and the fax of the North, clothe the naked. Thou who have filled the mine with coal, give fael to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the Nation."

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out cf empty flour barrels, and cold fire grates, and wora out apparel, and cheerless homes, and word medicated sickness, and ghastliness and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want, A gate of disap-pointment. A red gate, or what Isalah would have called a gate of carjuncles. Now, as I have already suggested, as

there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know anyone to whom it is not a strigle. Louis the Fourteenth thought he had everything fixed just right and fixed to stay, and so he had the great clock at Bordeaux made. The hours of that clock were struck by figures in bronze rep-resenting the kinzs of Europe, and at a cer-tain time of day William the Third of Engand and other kings were made to come out and bow to Louis the Fourteenth. But the clock got out of order one day and just the opposite of what was expected occurred, as Pourteenth was thrown to the feet of Will-iam the Third. And so the clock of destiny brings many surprises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all styles of life there come disappointment and struggl". God has for some good rea-son arranged it so. If it is not poverly it is pickness. If it is not stokness, it is porsecue pickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecu-tion. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is becavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think you: case is psculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the blitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden challes or pawter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. It our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, an i we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be seventy years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be fifty years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the sliver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to caltivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gympasium of obstacle and op-position, and by the help of God. having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

A New York business man received the other day a check drawn on the 13th day of the month for \$13.13, but as he is the thirteenth child in his family he cashed it without a moment's hesitation.

MARKETS.

ONE GUN AGAINST DOZENS.

How Evangelist Mills Became Famous in the Black Hills.

Out at Central City in the Black Hills B. Fay Mills' fame as an evangelist is overshadowed by his reputation as a man of nerve.

Mills went there as a newspaper cor respondent before the Sloux reserva tion was opened to settlers. He took observations of the situation and the "characters" of the place and crystal lized these in some readable articles for an Eastern syndicate. They met the approval of readers in New York they had the touch of novelty and the savor of adventure. Not so with the City. The community did not enjoy

having its little peculiarities brought under the glare of public observation and it resolved to run the perpetrator of such outrages out of town.

The citizens resolved to besiege him In his log castle on the hill and to resolve with the Black Hills pioneers was to do. It was not a half hour after these summary proceedings were suggested before the coming evangelist saw the entire population of Central City filing up the hill; evidently bent upon paying him a visit. He was new to the country, but he had studied the idiosyncrasies of its inhabitants long enough to know what such formalities portended. He barred the door, loaded his repeating rifle and waited. The commander of the visiting forces

called upon him to surrender. The only answer was the appearance of the cold muzzle of a rifle at a knot hole in the door. The crowd fired a few times in sportive manner, but grew tired of wasting its ammunition and it concluded to wait for developments. There were none. The cold muzzle never left

the knot hole. The crowd got tired. This state of slege lasted three days. Then the last man left his post and Mills was a free man as far as his own premises were concerned, but he wisely refrained from making himself visible down town until a couple more days had cooled the excitement. When he did go, he found that his journalistic piracies had been forgotten in a new, all-absorbing topic. Miles away in an almost inaccessible part of the mountain a mine had "caved in." A rescuing party must be sent to the relief of the imprisoned and dying miners. But the way led through a forest that had not even an Indian path as guide. It was bitterly cold and danger was to be apprehended from Indians. Who would lead the rescuing party? The bravest of the denizens of Central City were mute. "I will go," said a quiet voice that has since stirred thousands from the pulpit. The slender young fellow who "had writ them lies" stepped into

the open. They couldn't kill him then His services might prove valuable.

A FRIEND OF THE BISON.

Austin Corbin Had the Finest Herd of Buffaloes in America.

The late Austin Corbin, the railroad magnate who met such a shocking death not long ago, was a warm friend of the American bison. He was a struggling young man in Iowa when the wanton and ruthless destruction of North America's most distinctive benst was at its height, and as a frequent witness on the Western prairies of this cruel and purely reckless slaughter of a magnificent species he had formed a plan, many years before he had acclubs and in Philadelphia boudoirs, for quired the means for carrying it out, to prevent the utter extinction of the buffalo tribe in America. When his flannel-shirted population of Central easy conquest over apparently insuperable difficulties had furnished him with the money he wasted no time in putting the scheme into operation.

Several years ago he commissioned canchinen in all the country from Brit ish Columbia to Southern Colorado. and from Western Nebraska to the Yellowstone, to capture fer him the best specimens of the few remaining buffalo in the West. The result was that in a few years the millionairs Long Island railroad man had the gratification of assembling in the Blue mountain forest of New Hampshire a ollection of thirty-eight noble specimens of the buffalo tribe. The herd has now increased to seventy-four, more than forty having been born in the New Hampshire forest, a few of which died.

This is the finest herd of buffaio in America. Every one of this herd, including those born in a state of comparative captivity, is a superb speci nen, and the tribe is increasing rapid-

Some time before his death Mr. Corbin presented this splendid herd to the city of New York. Quarters will e fitted up for them in Van Cortlandt Park, and they will probably be placed ther this fall.

Desiness Cannot be Cured

To endeavor to forget anyone is the cer-tain way to think of nothing else.

Dobbins' Floating-forag Shap is the only Souther woap that contains Borax Fortals of laundry use it is in oup trable. A perfect map for il nses. Try it once. You'll use it always. Order of your grocer. Hed wrapper.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Con-sumption to sufferers from Asthma. E. D TOWNSEND, FL. Howard Wis., May 4, 94.

The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

Just try a 18s box of Concerets, the finest iver and boxel regulator ever made.

He that lives alone lives in danger; society avoias many dangers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sympf - children ecthing, softens the gums, reduce nfamma-ien, aliays pain, cures wind colic. the a bottle

To make laws complete they should re-ward as well as punish.

FiTS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DB. Krang's GREAT NERVER SETORES. Free \$2 trial bottleand treat-use. Send to Dr. Kine, 331 Arch St., Phila., P.

Manners are the final and perfect flower of

St. Vitus' Dance. One boitle Dr. Fenner's pecific cures. Circuisr, Fredonia, N. Y.

Some bands should march and not play.

if afflicted with some eyes use Dr. issac Thomp son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 250 per bottle Nature is too often called bad habit.

CARCAMETS stimulate liver, & dneys and bowever socien, weaken or gripe. 10c

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to opur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the Ayer's Pills during the half century they have

It never hurts truth any to be lied about A new brown sweepeth cless.

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