## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Different Modes of Measuring the Flight of Time"-Life Should Not Be Wholly a Span of Years-The Curse of Wealth-The True Gauge.

TEXT: "How old art thou?"-Genesis

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and fron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world and some of the most brilliant chariots, and from all the earth that which could best please the eye and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures, their eyes and beaks and pinlons glittering with precious stones; there were marble columns blooming into white flower beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously uphoistered palanquins, carried by servants in scarpalanquins, carried by servants in scar-let or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow-white horses, golden-bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run. On soors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, em-bossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched iton in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of pards. There were sofas footed with claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefniness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old country man at ease and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face and says to the aged man,

"How old art thou?" On New Year's night the gate of eternity opened to let in amid the great throng of departed centuries the soul of the dying year. Under the tweafth stroke of the bruzen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation, but I simply want way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morning with the stupendous question of the text and ask, "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a Happy New Year, he said, "It will bave to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments you do not go back to the time when you were an infant in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when on the cold, sharp winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot out over the resounding ice of the pond? Have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? Were you never a girl? Patween those times and this how many mercies the Lord has be-stowed upon you! How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers and shone down to you from the stars and chanted to you with the voice of soaring bird and tumbling cascade and booming sea and thunders that with bavonets of fire charged down the mountain side! Joy! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease of everything in the promise, "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a ban-quet, with intoxication and roistering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending and how fast are you getting on

Again, I remark that there are many who Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the plow-share hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must bave its shadows and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eveglorious John Milton was losing his eye-sight he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane theater, London, his enemy sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men his wife took his lexicon managing the result of a long life of any left. uscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost everyone! Pope, applauded of all the world,
has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys
him so much that he has a tunnel dug, so
that he may go unobserved from garden to
grotto and from grotto to garden. Cane that he may go unobserved from garden to grotto and from grotto to garden. Cane, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him because it is such a poor specimen of sculpture, and so, sometimes through taste, and sometimes through learned menace, and sometimes through physical distresses—aye in 10,000 ways—roubles come to harass and annoy.

Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated.

amount of money they have accumulated.
They say, "The year 1866 or 1870 or 1898 was wasted." Why? "Made no money."
Now, it is all cant and incincerity to talk against money, as though it had no value.
It may represent refinement and education

and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to decent sepulcher, and the putting up of the slab on which is chiseled that story of your Christian hone. It is

the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall against money.

But while all this is so, he who uses money or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end, will find out his mistake when the gilttering treasures all out. take when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. "They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him that he should not see corruption."

But I remark, there are many—I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development.

It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say, "I know more about military tactics than I used to before I took a musket in my hand and learned to 'present arms' and was a pest to the drill officer."
It is not base egotism for a sailor to say,"I know better how to clew down the mizzen topsall than I used to before I had ever seen a ship." And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battles of the Lord, or if you will have it, voyaging toward a haven of eternal rest, says, "I know more about spiritual tactics and voyaging toward heaven than I used

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are. I do not know what your tact or talent is. I do not know what your tact or taient is. I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them, but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to cultivate, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these—neither wealth nor eloence nor learning-you at any rate have quence nor learning—you at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast injustice, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh." you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of d-ath. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments said, "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malesherbes raid in his last moments to the confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask to-day
when I look into your faces and say, as
Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How proprieties of the sick room and said, "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument.

Compare the stilly and horrible depar-ture of such men with the scraphic glow this morning to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and a wrong way and a wrong with Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god. will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen and the monuments have crumbled and the world has perished they shall ban-quet with the conquerors of earth and the

biorarchs of beaver new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year to Media some years ago and retired to prihas gone. The new year shas come. For wate life, He has always lived an abstemble you and I have been launched up. what you and I have been launched up-on it God only knows. Now let me ask you all, have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother. Have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson River in indignation fore up the Hudson River in indignation fore up the tract which was handed to him and just one word landed on his coat sleeve, the rest of the tract being pitched into the river, that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word so long, so broad, so high, so deep—"Eternity." A dying woman, in her last moments, said, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back." Ob, it cannot be called back. We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose fortunes and call them back; we might lose health, and perhaps recover it; 'we might lose our good name and get that back, but time gone is gone forever.

Now, when one can sooner get to the cen-ter of things is he not to be congratulated? Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cricks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our en-tranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world wondering if this is good for rheumatism and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant neversays, I am sick!

What fools we all are to prefer the cir-cumference to the center! What a dreadcumference to the center! What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly usbered from this wintry world into
the May time orchards of heaven, and if
our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be
suddenly broken up by a presentation of
an emperor's castle surrounded by parks
with springing fountains and paths, up
and down which angels of God walk two

and two!

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a periect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance the city trembled and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence when the trumpets shall sound and the last day has come. At the signal given the belis of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Various Parts.

CITY TREASURER SLAIN.

Son's Terrible Discovery-Missing His Parent He Searched and Found Him In the Agonies of Death-Awful Struggle For Life-Wm. Loush Suffers Terrible Injuries at Lebamon and Will Die.

Lying face downward in a pool of blood and bleeding from ten ugly wounds, City Treasurer John Blevins, of New Castle, was found in the last agonies of death late Saturday night. He fell at the hand of an assassin against whose murderous frenzy he had battled until the villainous death blow laid him low. The discovery of the crime was made by the victim's own son, William Bievins, who was almost paralyzed by the horrible sight. The flendish crime was among the worst the county has ever experfenced. The footed safe showed plainly that the motive was robbery. No one saw the murderer deal the fatal blow. John Blevins attended to his duties as usual in the City Treasurer's office Saturday. Among the last who did business with him on Saturday evening before he went home to supper was Adolph Stadler, a plumber. The banks had been closed, and Mr. Stadler, desiring some cash, went to the City Treasurer and had a check cashed. Shortly after this Mr. Blevins locked up the office and went home to supper. After his evening meal he again came down the street, and it is said spent a short time in the office. He locked it up before 9 o'clock and went down to John Bower's tailor shop, where he was having some work done on an overcost which had been presented to him Christmas by the firemen and the members of the police force. At the tailoring establishment he was told that the coat would not be done until about 9.30 o'clock. Mr. Blevins concluded that he would not wait at the shop, but would go out and return later. From the tailoring establishment he went to the store of his son, William Blevins, on Washington street. He remained here a short while and went out ostensibly to go to his office, as he started in that direction. This was about 9 o'clock. It is supposed that he passed a number of people on the street, but none have yet been found who saw him alive after this time. William Blevins looked up the store about 11 o'clock and went home. On arriving there he found his sister considerably alarmed, because father had not come home, because it was seldom that he stayed down town so late at night. William Blevins concluded to go down and look for him. He went directly to the office. This was about 11.30. A light was burning fiside. Upon opening the door he was horrified to see the inanimate form of his father lying face downward in a pool of blood under the edge of a table. Bievins called to his father, but received no response, and then turning he ran to the Second Ward Fire Department, where be notified Firemen Frank Vandergrift and Frank Connery of his discovery. He then ran across the street for Dr. J. K. Pollock. and together they hastened to the treasurer's office, Mesers. Vandergrift and Conturned Mr. Bievins partly over and raised his head on a chair which they had laid down. Just as Dr. Pollock reached his side Mr. Blevins breathed once and died without giving the faintest ciue to the identity of the villians who had robbed him of his life.

Almost 100 Years Old.

John Bennington, of Media, who is in the 99th year of his age, and is probably the oldest man in Delaware county, is seriously This is a good day in which to begin a ill with pneumonia at his home on Second street. He has been sick very little during ous life, and never used tobacco in any form nor indulged in intexicants. Until this last attack of sickness he was able to go out on the street alone, and about the house employed his time in fixing up the yard and caring for the flowers and greens.

> Fell Into a Flywheel. William Loush, an employee of the North Letanon Furnaces, while at work, slipped and fell backward into the flywheel of a large blowing engine. A companion caught him by the feet as they flew into the air and dragged the body out; not, however, before the head had been horribly bruised and the body badly lacerated. Loush was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital, but will probably die.

> > Used Dynamite on a House.

A double frame building at Brownsville, owned by Solomon Hawk, was totally destroyed by dynamite. Edward Eberman and Harry Moyer and their families, who lived there, were eating their dinner in the kitchen, which adjoins the building, and thus escaped injury. The Brownsville school building stood but fifty feet away, and all the windows were shattered, causing a panic among the children. Thomas Mc-Andrew, aged 14 years, and Howard Westerfelt, aged 12 years, were struck by flying debris and badly injured. There is no clue to the affair.

Last Soldier Patient Gone.

John McCauley, a private of the Two Hundred and Second New York Volunteer Infantry, who was admitted to the Pottsville Hospital more than two months ago, suffering with typhoid fever, was discharged and left for home. He was the last soldier patient at the local hospital, which had sighty-four soldier patients in all, all having been brought from Camp Meade. But three of these died.

Cigar Factory Burnt Down The cigar manufacturing establishment of Joseph D. Hersh was entirely destroyed by fire. He had insurance to the amount of \$1000, which covers the loss. The building, owned by L. H. Mertz, was damaged to the extent of \$800, also insured. On August 6 last, Mr. Hersh suffered considerable through fire.

Killed by Electricity. Superintendent Frank L. Kelly, of the Westmoreland Telephone Company and the Hempfield Electric Street Railroad Company, was instantly killed by a shock of electricity. He was connecting the wires on an are light, when 3000 volts passed through his body. Kelly was 25 years old

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Who Are Kept Indoors. Mothers often sigh for something wherewith to occupy the restless fingers of their little girls on rainy days. Why not set them to rugmaking? The materials needed are knitting cotton and two knitting needles. The cotton is to be cut into uniform lengths of about three inches. To cut it an excellent plan is to wind the cotton upon a round ruler, then with a sharp pair of scissors to cut the thread along the whole length of the ruler. To begin the knitting an uneven number of stitches is cast on and four or five rows knitted plainly, then on the second stitch of the row to be fringed one of the lengths of cut cotton is knitted in. nery had arrived there before them and had | The length is simply doubled, and being placed end to end the loop so formed in the center is taken along with the stitch in knitting. All the even stitches take a piece of cotton fringe on this row. The next row is knitted plainly; then comes another fringed row. Thus the rows continue. one fringed, one plain, until the strip is long enough. If this strip is knitted in white cotton the next strip may be in red cotton, the colors alternating until the requisite number of strips are knitted, when they are sewed together to make a handsome striped cotton

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Most of the railroad stations in Bussia are about two miles from the towns which they respectively serve. This is a precaution against fire, as many of the Russian dwell-ings are thatched with straw.

To Cure A Com in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Oninine Tablets. All Druggists refund men-virit fails to cure. 25c.

The volume of business handled by the savings bank department of the London postoffice has grown to enormous proportions, and at present the staff of the Central Savings Bank numbers more than 2,500 persons.

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DRINKING IN FRANCE.

Growing Consumption of Strong Spirits on the Increase.

The income received by the state last year in France from wine, beer, cider and spirits shows the amount consumed and indicates the drinking habits of different parts of the country, says the London St. James' Gazette. While the total consumption has increased, beer seems to be gaining on wine, and spirits on beer. The southern departments and the wine-growing districts still favor the national drink. In Herault 277 liters of wine are drunk by each inhabitant every year. The Gironda comes next, with 210 liters. In some of the northern departments, on the other hand, wine is at a discount. In the Nord the annual consumption of beer is 252 liters a head, and the neighboring departments follow some way behind. In ten southern departments beer is a quantite negligeable. Generally speaking the beer-drinking departments in the north are also at the top of the list for spirits. Each Parisian drinks 202 liters of wine and seven liters of spirits annually. Cider drinking is going out of fashion. The average consumption per head for the whole population is: Wine, eightynine liters; beer, twenty-four liters; cider, fourteen liters, and spirits, four liters. Spirits bring most revenue-5 shillings 8 pence per head, as compared with 3 shillings 2 pence per head for wine, 6 pence per head for beer, and 3 pence per head for cider. The growing consumption of strong spirits and the drunkenness which follows have led the government to lower the octroi duty on wine and increase the charge on alcoholic liquors.

Persian Colors.

Persian colors are obtained to a great extent in the softer shades. Whole gowns are made of the material with the shawl effect, and one with a pale blue ground, the figures in soft tones which blend with it, is lovely. A blouse of a delicate shade of silk, with a narrow front of some soft white material, has long lapels and standing collar of silk in Persian colors, with a charming effect.

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Clean blood means a clean-skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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# BETTER

Butterine is. That is, it is better than very nearly all butter. The best butter that can be produced is as good as Butterine. It isn't better. It can't be. And the butter is as good only at the moment it comes from the churn. It doesn't stay so. Butter and Butterine remain on a parity only for a few moments. The butter begins to deteriorate immediately. The Butterine doesn't.

Why go you not buy Butterine?
It's because you are prejudiced. You have been told that Butterine is artificial. What does artificial mean? It means a variety of things according to circumstances. Butterine is artificial. So is butter. Butterine is manufactured by a process. One is just as artificial as the other. The elements of both are produced by nature. Both come from the same animal.

produced by nature. Both come from the same animal.

And these elements are practically indentical. That's why butter can't be better than Butterine. Fure Klondike gold can't be any better than pure Cripple Creer gold. Gold is gold. Certain elements are the same whether in butter or Butterine—whether in the milk or the fat of a cow.

The difference between Butterine and the best butter is mostly in the process of making. The Butterine process is superior and is a guarantee of murity.

Butterine process is unjerter and a purity.

And with all its merits Butterine costs less than butter—only 15c, per pound. And at this low price we will send it to you express prepaid.

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