

REV. DR. TALMAGE.
THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Leggers and Bibles—There is No War between Religion and Business—Righteousness is a Re-enforcement and Not a Hindrance in Life's Affairs.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage argues that religion may be taken into all the affairs of life and instead of being a hindrance, as many think, is a re-enforcement. The text is Romans xii: 11: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."
Industry, devoutness and Christian service—all commendable in that short text. What is possible that they shall be conjoined? Oh, yes! There is no war between religion and business, between leggers and Bibles, between counting houses and counting houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the cities of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers and traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn iron into food and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the emperor of France fell on the Zulu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping but he falling under the lance of the savages, a great many people blamed the emperor for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for not sending the emperor a better horse. Some of the savages, a great many people blamed the emperor for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for not sending the emperor a better horse. Some of the savages, a great many people blamed the emperor for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for not sending the emperor a better horse.

We are under the impression that the mool and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, out of which unequal strife where another man goes forth to contend. I shall show you this morning that business life is intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped, I shall want to say I shall bring some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking of an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men.

In my first parish at Bellevue, N. J., ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of immense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia and lived long among the merchants of that city, and when there was no better school on earth, and for twenty-five years I stood in my Brooklyn pulpit, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences the majority of whom were business men, I learned a great deal. It is not an abstraction of which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life is intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be resined, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of everyday life alone can effect. Energy is needed in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummet or ladder. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no obstacle it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it that you might be yardstick to measure cloth or steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to cipher and higgler? No, God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelvemonth. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mandelbrot joined you and I can afford to tell in. Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my wealth. After a while this fortune came to me and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'I shall now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?' He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the church windows. Would that the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God. Would that a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Again, I remark that business life is a school of patience. In your everyday life how many things to annoy and to disquiet? Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overrunning great stocks of goods and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts in the ledger. More counterfeited bills in the drawer. More notes to pay for other people. More meanness on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoy-

ance, vexation after vexation and loss after loss.
How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully: "In all the sales I have ever made I have never oversteated the value of goods, in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric, of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first piece of rice or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, and they come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a sharp judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illicitly without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of dishonesty, they never sold a bad article, they never sold the chink of dishonest dollars. Can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on the soul they sold their souls for a few dollars? They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned.

What a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantages, if you have ever been in some embarrassment and said: "Now I will step a little aside from the right path, and no one will know it, and I will come all right again." It is only once. The only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a £5 Bank of England note, and holding it toward the light, he saw some interlarding of red ink. He finally deciphered the letters and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers saying in substance, "Whoever gets this bank note please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed Government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank note. After a while the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, and he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or rich minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford, there are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires or having their necks under sharper axes. When it behooves us to banish all frailties from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complain grievously but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisement is sometimes very grievous, but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were despised and out of everything but their coat. They were used, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold under the sheriff, they had to complete the work of their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were snatched by the sharp ringing of the door bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudently that man should dare to die before he paid the last half dollar.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had no business capacity and was of the best of morals, but he was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His misfortune was to have a plague. When he heard he was dead, I said, "Good, got rid of the sheriff!" Who are those illustrious souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels stand on the sea of glass and respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton street prayer meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no money to pay it, and I was in a state of despair. I had no help, and I had no matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am glad to see you! Walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we couldn't send it. We are very glad you have come!' And the man standing in Fulton street prayer meeting said, "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are believing. God answered that man's prayer.

Oh, you want business grace! Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some of you that you have known have consented to forgo, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder, while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come to me that man's story and they say, "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show window. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer and you see written on the card of that window, "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has shed his last tear, and he is gone. He will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example, which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Fast French Trains.
Records for high speed in express train service have been made on French railroads lately, showing an average of 54.5 miles per hour, including stops. Special compound locomotives of the four-cylinder type, designed for this service, are employed on these trains.

SAVED FROM INSECT PEST.

Timely Discovery of a Fruit Destroyer in a Box of Cucumbers.
A big service to the State of California and perhaps to the whole United States was done Thursday by Alexander Craw, quarantine officer of the State Board of Horticulture, when he seized and destroyed a box of Japanese cucumbers, containing an insect pest, which destroyed in the Hawaiian Islands seventy-five per cent. of the melons, summer squashes and cucumbers. Had the insect been overlooked it could easily have gained a foothold on the coast and have done for many years serious injury to the melon-growers of California.

The cucumbers were brought from Japan, via Victoria, by a Japanese passenger on the Umatilla. The native habitat of the pest has never been known, but now Mr. Craw is confident that its original home is in Japan. Three years ago it was introduced into the Hawaiian Islands, and there it has spread until it has almost placed a prohibition on the raising of members of the melon family. Like all imported injurious insects this one spread rapidly, until it is known in almost all the cultivated portions of the islands. The reason for the rapid spread of an imported insect is that the insect enemies of the pest are not brought along with it.

The insects found in the cucumbers by Mr. Craw were small maggots, the young of a fly. As determined by him the fly is what is known by scientists as the ducas curcurbitae. It belongs to a family of flies which contains many injurious species, one of which attacks the gooseberry in the North and another the oranges in the South.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ancient Horrors of Smallpox.

In the sixteenth century smallpox fell upon Mexico, and in a few years 3,000,000 of the population yielded up their lives to it, leaving in some places scarcely enough people alive to bury the dead. Brazil in 1863 was invaded by smallpox, and in some instances whole races of men were carried to their graves by it.

The province of Quito in a few years lost 100,000 of her Indian population by this disease. In 1767 smallpox invaded Iceland and caused the death of 18,000 out of a total population of 50,000. One-sixth part of the inhabitants of Ceylon died of smallpox during one epidemic. Whole tribes of our Indian population were swept out of existence by this disease. In 1734 nearly two-thirds of the population of Greenland was swept away by this disease. Europe, in the century preceding the discovery of vaccination, lost in deaths from smallpox 50,000,000 of her population. All of this has been changed through the practice of vaccination.

Prince of the Frost State.

Prince Danilo of Montenegro is heir to the throne of the frost State in the world. The brave little mountain nation has no police and no customs. It is probably the poorest and happiest of nations. Cetinje, the capital, is a village of 1,300 inhabitants, and contains four houses of more than one story in height—namely, the palace, the Crown Prince's palace, the barracks and the hotel. The Crown Prince's palace lies on the outskirts of the village, and wolves are said to come into Prince Danilo's garden in the winter. His pretty sister Helena was married to the Crown Prince of Italy in the autumn of 1896. She will one day be Queen, unless a revolution turns Italy into a republic before that day arrives.

Prince Danilo himself was one of the most picturesque princes at the time of the diamond jubilee celebration, riding in his brilliant native costume. He is a dead shot, and one of the most accomplished swordsmen in Europe.

Cromwell's Watch.

A relic especially interesting to Free Churchmen is at present in England, in the shape of Oliver Cromwell's watch. It is the shape and size of a small hen's egg, with an engraving of Worcester on the dial. The watch was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where it attracted great attention, being referred to in the Times and all the leading papers. It is at present the property of an old lady in New Zealand, and is about to be offered for sale. The watch and chain of Cromwell's son-in-law, General Ireton, are in the possession of a London Congregational minister, the Rev. Fleming Williams.

Matriolated.

Scene: Beautiful stream with shelving banks, overhanging trees, swift current, cows wading short distance below. Large building, evidently lunatic asylum, in background. Tourist sitting on bank, fishing. Boy, apparently inmate of asylum, but harmless, looking out through enclosure, watching fisherman.
Boy—Caught anything?
Tourist—No.
Boy—How long have you been fishing?
Tourist—Seven hours.
Boy—Come in!—Chicago Tribune.

His Recommend.

Mr. Wholesale—Your former employer tells me you were the quickest book-keeper in the place.
Applicant (dubiously)—He does?
Mr. Wholesale—Yes—he says you could chuck the books in the safe, lock up, and get ready to go home in just one minute and ten seconds!—Puck.

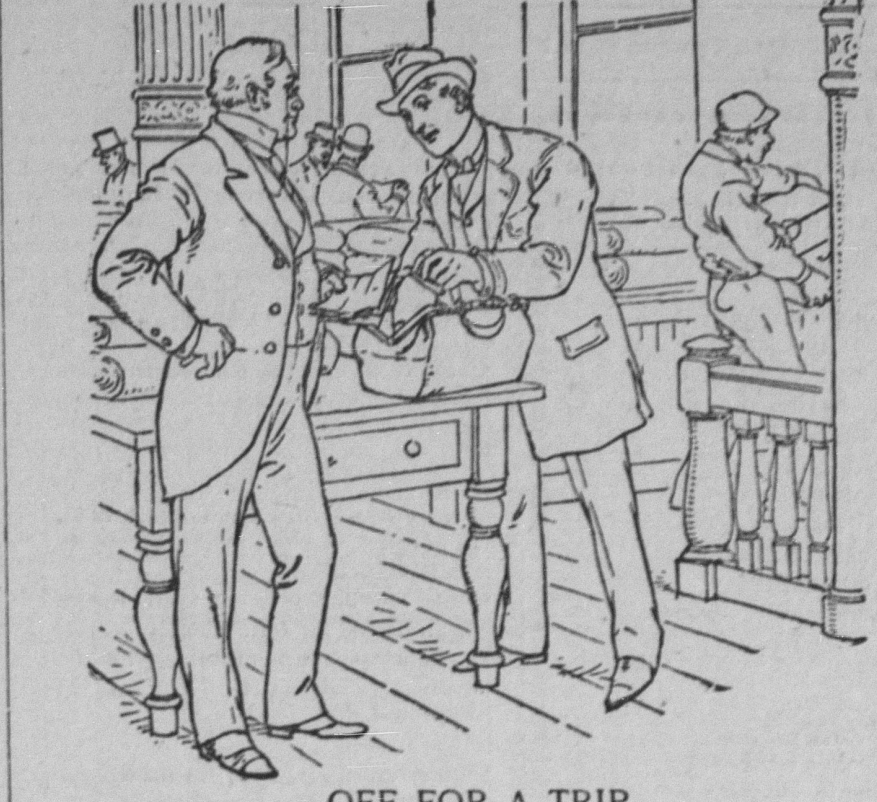
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LEARNED TO RIDE

A Bicycle Within the Sacred Precincts of the White House.

Washington correspondence Chicago Tribune: To an usher of the white house belongs the distinction of being the only person who has mastered the silent steed with the east room of the executive mansion as the riding academy. For obvious reasons his name is withheld from publication. Like all learners he needed assistance in balancing, and another usher was called in to render the service. The learner mounted the wheel in an awkward manner, and was trundled toward the south end of the big parlor, when his teacher let go with the usual result. The force of the fall broke the huge crystal chandeliers, and the bump could be heard plainly in the president's office. This misfortune did not deter the student, and he bravely mounted the wheel, started off again, and after wobbling along a few feet came down on the heavy carpet. This performance was repeated several times, and then the first lesson ended. The next day a second lesson was taken with little better result. But the usher persevered, and every afternoon for a week after the house was closed to visitors, he took a lesson until he had fairly good command of the unruly wheel. Then he began to "speed." The record he made was creditable to a beginner, and the novelty of riding a bicycle in the white house was thoroughly enjoyed. The usher is now one of the best riders in the city, but neither the president nor the chief usher knew what caused the house to shake as if a small earthquake had visited the city during the week in question.



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Doctor Plates (one year later)—Really, my dear, this is an outrage. Four hundred and sixty-eight dollars in three weeks for dresses! Mrs. Young Plates—But, my dear, only one short year ago your most ardent desire was to "fill" the bill. I expected gold, of course. 'Tis thus a man's attempts at witicism are sometimes thrown into his teeth.—Cleveland Leader.

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JOHN T. VINYARD.

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