

GATES WIDE OPEN.

Dr. Talmage Says No Man Is Barred From Receiving God's Grace.

Christ's Sheepfold Contains Flocks of All Denominations—There Is No Monopoly in Religion.

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NEW YORK CITY.—On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Bowery mission, Dr. Talmage preached to a vast audience at the New York Academy of Music. Ministers of all denominations were present. The text was John x, 16, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the stately and the deer and the royal conservatory. No; it is a Father's orchard, and everywhere there are hedges that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood next to the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples owned by a very lame man who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. Some one the day of the school, in the kindness of a nature inherited from our first parents, were ruined by the same temptation, invaded that orchard, but they soon retreated, for the man came after them at orchard, and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples or I will set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under a severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants all to come and take the choicest and the ripest fruit of the promise. "Have you an idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences you therefore have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for we will place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to His people long ago, so He says to you and to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the Scotchman, has thousands of head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty-six sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says McDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. I have 4500 or 5000 in my flock." "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pentecostal fold, the only difference between these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Of all the merciful institutions which bless this city not one more thoroughly enters into the spirit of the text than does the Bowery mission, whose twentieth anniversary we to-day celebrate. During the past year 3000 souls have been saved through its instrumentality, and during its existence it has put its temporal and spiritual beneficence upon hundreds of thousands of the poor and suffering and lost. With the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of eternal life in the other, it is doing a stupendous work, and to all its patrons Christ is saying: "I have no need of you, but you are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

We need, as churches, to go into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hard beset that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I do not like to be crowded in church. Do not put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven, when a great multitude that no man can number assemble there? They will put fifty in your pew. What are the prayers and the ministrations of the churches compared with the mightier ministrations of the world? Some churches are like a hospital, that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or rheumatism, but no broken heads, no crushed ankles or fractured limbs. Being there for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on.

It was as though at a great battle there were left 10,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to a half dozen patients in a barn hospital. The general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the 10,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors standing there fanning their patients, "we have a half dozen important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off."

In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go; I have a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies."

We need, as churches, to stop bombarding the old iron-clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault and take aim in other directions.

Years ago I visited a New England factory village. I went up to the door of a factory, and I saw on the outside the words, "No admittance." Of course I went in, and coming to the second door I saw the words, "No admittance." Getting clear on into the factory I saw they were making pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So I think here is sometimes an exclusiveness among some of the churches. The outside world comes up and looks at the door and there is something which seems to say, "No admittance," and the world comes up to the pew door and sees written over it, "No admittance," and looks at the pulpit and there is something there which seems to say, "No admittance," while we stand inside of the same churches hammering out our little niceties of religious belief, making pins.

Oh, for deeper appreciation of the sentiment of my text, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." I have to remark that the heavenly Shepherd will find many sheep amid the non-churchgoers. There are congregations where there are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skel-ton leaves which by chemical prepara-tion have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing

wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts and saying to every applicant: "Do you want to have the God of the host and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put on your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

I remark again the heavenly Shepherd is going to find great many sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. Some of the mightiest advocates of the gospel were once skeptics. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Charles Finney a skeptic, Charles G. Finney a skeptic, I say, the apostle, once a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they laid hold of the gospel chariot they rolled it on with what momentum I do not know how your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

At the Cambria Hall Mill as Josiah Andrews, a horse roller, was making an impression, his coat was caught in the coupling boxes and he was pulled backward, doubled up and drawn through a space six inches wide five or six times before the machinery could be stopped. Fellow workmen grasped him as he was whirled around the revolving rolls, but were compelled to release him in order to avert a similar fate. Andrews' head and body were crushed and both legs were broken. He died an hour after the accident. Some time ago Aloysius Hillebrand was pulled between the coupling boxes in a similar manner, but he was not doubled up like Andrews. In spite of many broken bones Hillebrand recovered.

A farmers' institute was held at Richboro, which was well attended. Rev. S. O. Lawing, pastor of the Richboro Dutch Reformed church, opened the session with prayer, after which J. D. Nevins discussed the "Care and Management of Poultry on the Farm" and Seth T. Walton read a paper on "The Condition of Farming in Pennsylvania as Compared with Other Occupations." R. S. Seeds spoke on "What Constitutes a Country Home," and Rev. John W. Schom delivered a very interesting lecture on "Our Individual Duty to Our Country and Our Country's Duty to the World."

A bold attempt was made to kidnap Catharine, the pretty little daughter of ex-Police Officer John Ward, near her home, in Chester. While Catharine and her baby brother were returning from a neighbor's two men made a dash for the girl, but she dodged and fled screaming to the house. She ran up the porch, followed by one of the men, but they were foiled by Mrs. Ward, who heard the screams, and suddenly opened the door. The men fled and all effort to find them proved futile.

Michael Snyder was mortally wounded by his brother, Albert, in a quarrel which occurred at their home. Albert, who is 40 years old and married, had been boarding at his brother's home for several years. When Michael went home he was stroked at finding his wife and brother together. He became enraged and seizing a knife was about to attack Albert, when the latter drew a revolver and fired three shots. The erring wife and brother were arrested and Justice May committed them to the county jail at Portville without bail.

Some time before the death of Mrs. J. Holmes Wright, who committed suicide two weeks ago in Allentown, she told her son, Arthur Wright, that in case of her death he should have the mattresses in the house examined as they contained a secret which would be of value to him. The boy is in the Allentown Hospital, but he informed his aunt, Mrs. Wilhelm, of South Easton, who cut open a mattress and found \$1010 packed away.

The jury in the case of Robert W. Taylor, the Mahanoy City druggist, who was charged with attempting to murder his wife by placing arsenic in her drinking water, brought in a verdict of guilty, being out less than an hour. Taylor's counsel filed reasons for a new trial and moved for an arrest of judgment. Taylor will shortly be tried for the murder of Elsie Myers, aged 14 years, his step-daughter, who drank the poisoned water and died.

The general store of John M. Wilson, at Glenside, was entered by robbers, but only a small sum of money and a few valuable papers were secured. The store was thoroughly ransacked and the cash register, which contained twenty-five cents, was carried into the road and broken open. The register was found in the yard adjoining the store, and the cash drawer of the safe was discovered along the railroad.

Wind-blown coal dust settling on the roofs and sitting through the windows of a block of houses owned by Colonel W. J. and H. H. Harvey, of Wilkes-Barre, has resulted in a suit for damages, the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company being the defendant. The Harvey's declare that the coal dust has detracted from the value of the houses and they are unable to rent them.

Treasuring a ring placed on his finger by his sweetheart in Europe, G. Rusken of Chester, locked it in his trunk for safekeeping. During his absence the trunk was looted and the ring stolen. Suspicion fell upon D. Perrine, and he was arrested in Philadelphia by Detective Berry and Constable Shinkle and committed to jail by Alderman Smith in default of bail. The ring was not recovered.

The report which emanated from Pittsburgh to the effect that the American Tinplate Company had purchased the Sharon Tinplate Mill now building at Sharon, was denied by F. H. Bull, president of the company, as being false in every particular. The Sharon plant is the only independent concern outside the trust.

Captain T. F. McCleery, of Esplen, has received a letter in which his boy is threatened with kidnapping unless the father gives \$5000. The money was to have been left in a hollow tree which is a landmark in the neighborhood.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

BLINDED WHILE MILKING A COW.

The Animal Kicked a Lantern Into a Powder Keg and was Killed by an Explosion Which Blew Mrs. Hoskey Through a Barn—Father Warned by Kidnappers—The Burglars Were Outwitted—Other Live News.

Mrs. Mary Hoskey, living on the James Walker farm, while milking her cow, was blown through the side of the barn by the explosion of six kegs of blasting powder which were in the place. The barn and the cow were blown to pieces, but Mrs. Hoskey will probably survive her terrible injuries. She will remain blind. Before daylight Mrs. Hoskey started to milk her cow. She had a coal miner's lamp and put it on a 26-pound keg of powder, six of which were standing in a row. The cow kicked once, the light tipped over and the first keg exploded. Mrs. Hoskey was blown through the barn door, and to this she owes her life. Before she struck the ground outside the remaining five kegs let go. An oil derrick near the barn was blown down, and farm houses half a mile off were shaken and their windows broken.

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THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

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the natural remedy for all stomach, bowel, liver and kidney troubles. By our method of concentration each 6 oz. bottle is equivalent to three gallons of the spring water.

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CRAB ORCHARD WATER CO., Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Cures a cough or cold at once. Coughs, croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumptions.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free.

In the Boston high schools the girls outnumber the boys 1000 or so, but in the primary grades the boys outnumber the girls by 2500.

How's This. We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CROSBY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Crosby for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WELLS & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are also good.

Egypt exported last year 65,000 tons of sugar, 55,300 tons of which went to America.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CARBONATE helps nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CARBONATE Caddy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U. C. G. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

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Save Your Hair with Shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP.

And light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers, to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines, in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz.: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap, the best toilet, best baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of scales and soften the thickened outline; CUTICURA OINTMENT (See 1), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (See 2), to cool and cleanse the blood. A RESOLVENT is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.

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Billions Dollar Grass will probably make you rich. 12 lbs. of hay and 10 lbs. of seed per acre, or 20 lbs. of seed per acre, 100 lbs. per acre, 500 lbs. per acre, 1000 lbs. per acre, 2000 lbs. per acre, 3000 lbs. per acre, 4000 lbs. per acre, 5000 lbs. per acre, 6000 lbs. per acre, 7000 lbs. per acre, 8000 lbs. per acre, 9000 lbs. per acre, 10000 lbs. per acre.

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