REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." (Preached at Helena, Montana.)

TEXT: *"Who slew all these?"*—II Kings, x., 10.

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain Princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred Princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out with a ringing emphasis: "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of Princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood their are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out: "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to torment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying: "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his mother's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy out of the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and find that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said: "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparation of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy!"

I go further and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh, God! oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" and then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handsful, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die, I know it. I see it coming.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou destroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw-dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of loveliness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you, by His grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you. Beware! and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let them be spelled out to your soul: "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Tanned Walrus Hide.

A busy shop of the lower part of the town displays hanging from its door post a full walrus hide. It is tanned to a color of a light dirt brown and in the inequalities and furrows of its surface somewhat resembles alligator skin. To an inquiry or two a young gentleman responded:

"That walrus hide is hanging there waiting to be cut up into pieces. Jewelry manufacturers use it for polishing. You know the scheme of an emery wheel? Well, the hide is cut into circular shapes and used in just the same way. These circles are cut of every size as the manufacturing people order. The wheels, as completed, are often of three or four thicknesses of material. But that, of course, depends on the thickness of the hide itself, which runs from an eighth to a third of an inch. The hide is sold by weight. That piece hanging outside is worth $75, the price being $2.50 a pound. Is the walrus hide wheel always used for the polishing of jewelry, do you say? Well, yes, if the manufacturer knows when he is well off. But not for the finest work or the final polishing. The felt wheel comes in then. For the ordinary polishing, however, walrus hide is certainly the best. The objection to it is the expense. The manufacturer can use leather which will cost him one-tenth as much. But the leather will wear out much quicker, it won't do such good work, the workman must spend a great deal longer time in polishing to produce anything like the same results. So in the long run walrus hide is nearly as cheap after all.—*New York Mail and Express.*

An Arkansas Hermit.

There lives in a wilderness section of Columbia County, Ark., a hermit. He has wielded a destructive knife and revolver in half a score of tragedies, and is constantly on the alert, expecting to be assassinated. This man, who has thus forfeited the companionship of mankind, is guarded by animals that are well trained watchmen. He has a magic control of the brute creation, and owns six large goats and an equal number of dogs.

His lonely cabin stands in the middle of a fifteen acre field. When he goes plowing three of the dogs are placed at each side of the field at his row's end. These dogs are trained to patrol the adjacent forest, and no human being can approach without being exposed by these vigilant sentries. At night the dogs and goats lie about the cabin—the goats without the yard enclosure and the dogs within. When any human being approaches these goats set up an unearthly series of bleating.

The dogs within understand the signal and rush furiously at the intruder. Armed to the teeth the proprietor hails the visitor. If found to be a friend one word from the hermit silences both goats and dogs and the guest is invited in.

Thus guarded this desperate men says he sleeps more securely than the Czar, because unlike the imperial cohorts of the latter, his faithful sentinels cannot be bribed or otherwise rendered unsafe by collusion with their owner's enemies.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Finding Pearls in Wisconsin.

Great excitement prevails in Albany, Wis., on the Sugar River, over the finding of pearls. They are found in clam shells, between the membrane and shell, and are of all sizes, from a pin's head to a large-sized pea, and are of all hues.

Some have been sold for as high as $75, and $100 has been refused for others. A shipment estimated to be worth $1500 was made to Chicago. The excitement was so great that men, women and children were raking and dragging the river in search of clams.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Lynchers Spare a Praying Burglar.

There were a number of burglaries at Tulare City, Cal., and Tom Egan was arrested and imprisoned, charged with housebreaking. The next night the door of the jail was opened and he was told to come out. He did so and was confronted by twelve masked men, who took him to a grove, put a rope around his neck and told him to pray before he died if he wanted to. Egan fell on his knees and prayed so fervently that the would-be lynchers relented, took him back to the jail and locked him in again.

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Heirs Wanted.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Johanna Wilson, daughter of Mark Sweeney, wife of Thomas Wilson, born in Limerick Co., Ireland. She is, if living, heir to an estate. If dead, her children or next of kin are wanted. Address, W. J. COVIL, Webster City, Iowa.

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—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "UANITA."

An Editor's Experience.

Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes April 18th, 1889: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S. S. S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health.

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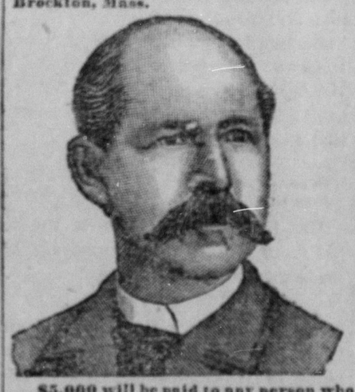
CAUTION W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against **high prices and inferior goods.** If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, he offers you shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory, for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody, therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on the bottom and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. In ordering by mail state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe, and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in a great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

Is a fine seamless calf shoe, with Dongola tops and Oak Leather bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button and Lace on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11, including half sizes and in all widths. If you have been paying from $5 to $6 for shoes of this quality do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.

Our claims for this shoe over all other $3 shoes advertised are:
1st. It contains better material.
2d. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable.
3d. It gives better general satisfaction.
4th. It costs more money to make.
5th. It saves more money for the consumer.
6th. It is sold by more dealers throughout the U. S.
7th. Its great success is due to merit.
8th. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
9th. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.

$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

The Following Lines will be found to be of the same quality of excellence:

$5.00 SHOE	GENUINE HAND-SEWED, which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from $7 to $9.
$4.00 SHOE	THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT $4 SHOE. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.
$3.50 SHOE	FOR POLICEMEN, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet
$2.50 SHOE	IS UNEXCELLED FOR HEAVY WEAR. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
$2.25 SHOE	WORKINGMAN'S. Is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.
$2.00 SHOE	IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM $3 TO $3.50. One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.
$2.00 SHOE	FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.
$1.75 SHOE	YOUTH'S SCHOOL, gives the small boy a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 AND $2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.

STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES.

"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also French Opera in Front Laces, on $3 Shoe only.

Consumers should remember that W. L. DOUGLAS is the largest and only Shoe Manufacturer in the world supplying shoes direct from factory, thus giving all the middle-men's profits to the wearer.

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