#### THE IDLER.

Dr. Talmage Bids Young Mer Shun His Company.

Gambling One of the Great Curses to Mankind-Its Blighting Influence Ruins All Who Gratify the Passion -Some Good Advice.

In his latest discourse Dr. Talmage especially warns the young people against the many pitfalls that are laid to ensuare the innocent, and points out the danger of associating with vicious persons. His remarks were based on the following text: "Walk not thou in the way with them."-Prov. 1: 15.

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin He always takes someone else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had anything to say before the sentence of death was passed upon him -"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise, I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yes unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through

bad company." This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule, There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper, if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men; but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people, is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah, whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt.

Go with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere he wishes to go-if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champaign settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says: "I have forgotten my pocketbook." In 48 hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly, and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in;" and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God, I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such a one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look, until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of Heavens in His own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men, and say: "Beware of evil companions."

I warn you to shun the skeptic-the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion, and turns over to some mystery of the Bible, and says: "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says: "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it, too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion, such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she

lay a-dying. Alas! a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of Death, as he stands over the couch, waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow; and the dying man will say, "I cannot die | -I cannot die." Death standing ready

beside the couch, says: "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away-your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings, and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "What do I care for pictures!your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says, "Don't breathe that cold air in my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God!" "Hush," says Death, "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the exiring infidel. "Too late to pray" says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off-one two-three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died single; but the young infidel only said, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the

Again, I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office, and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely: "What do you do for a living?" If he says: "Nothing, I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand, and very faultless apparel, and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it you will in his presence be ashamed of your workdress. Business will become to you a drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters, and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory, or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theater when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying: "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, He is an idle right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

A young man came to a man of 90 years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?' We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business is to play ball, skate, or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well-struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it; and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

Again, avoid as you would avoid the death of your body, mind, and soul anyone who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble, will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the under-ground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or, in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks at the unsuspecting traveler-providing free drinks all around-but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surround-

This sin works ruin first, by unhealthful stimulants. Excitement is the blossoms of Paradise, and in whose pleasurable. Under every sky and in cheek is the flush of celestial summer. every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium; the Persian by chewing hashish; the trapper in a buffalo-hunt; the sailor in a squall; the inebriate in the bottle, and the avaricious at the gaming table We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is

inspiring. It is a desire God-given.

But anything that first gratifies this

appetite and hurls it back in a terrifie

reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breake down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side ecstasy, enthusiasm, romance-the frenzy of joy; on the other side, fierceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamester schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking, and obese; but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezy, tremulous, and exhausted. The whole world is robbed! What is

most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business God pities and society commiserates; but where, in the Bible or society, is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of His children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back, put up his horses and carriage, and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started for home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas; he went back to the saloon and before a great while had won £20,000. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one! Furthermore, this sin is a source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of cards! The opponent's hand is ofttimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that 99 out of 100 who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, but somehow he has raked together a miserable, haggard wretches, that shilling or two to get into the top gal- would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gaming house in San Francisco, a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace and won \$22,000. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard, until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols and the uproar is silenced, and the bank has won \$95,000. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughters's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit's signature, emptied the banker's money vault, and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns, Have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on large scale or

small scale. Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied: "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt-civility.' Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say "no" as if you meant it. Have it understood in store, and shop, and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the sceptic, the idler, the pleasure-seeker, the

Rather than enter the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of Heaven, are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters, and command the harps, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are Her name is Religion.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all her paths are peace.

The human skin can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 800 degrees for several

#### ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 27.—Fire burned the mule barn at the Greenwood breaker, together with thirty-six of the mules stabled therein. The breaker was saved with much difficulty. The loss is \$15,000.

TAMAQUA, Pa., May 25 .- Frank Jelly, an engineer in the employ of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company, fell into a cage pit in No. 4 mine and was drowned. The body was found after the pit had been dragged several hours.

HONESDALE, Pa., May 26,-The dwelling of Thomas Grady, at Hawley, was destroyed by fire Sunday night through the explo sion of a lamp. Mrs. Grady and a young grandchild were so badly burned that they died yesterday. Mr. Grady and another grandchild were slightly burned.

OXFORD, Pa., May 25 .- Andrew Weaver, the 7-year-old son of Constable Weaver, of Lower Oxford, was accidentally shot and killed by Fred Cope yesterday. Cope was shooting at a target when the boy jumped up suddenly on a line with the mark, and received the bullet in his head.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., May 25 .- "Jncko" Thomas, the colored man who shot and killed Frank Ross, at Berwyn, on Christmas eve, was on Saturday sentenced by President Judge Waddell to six years in the Eastern penitentiary, dating from the 5th inst., upon which date he was convicted of manslaughter.

PITTSBURG, May 23 .- Augusta Domagalika, aged 78 years, entered suit yesterday against her son-in-law, Ludwig Sinder, aged 49 years, for breach of promise. The plaintiff alleges that her daughter, Mrs. Sinder, died last year, and a month later the defendant proposed marriage and was accepted. He now repudiates her, and is about to marry another woman. She asks for \$10,000 damages. Sinder is a machinist, and quite wealthy.

HARRISBURG, May 25 .- Henry D. Thomp son, who was shot in Lancaster by Bertha McConnell, of Coatesville, it is said, will become totally blind. Since his return to his wife and family here he has consulted surgeons with a view to locating the ball in his head, but they were afraid to probe, because of the proximity of the wound to the optic nerve. It is feared that the ball will not be encysted, but will gradually work its way in the direction of the optic nerve and destroy his sight.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., May 25.-John Fryer, aged 18 years, of this place, was, it is be-lieved, fatally injured by his brother, William Fryer. The two Fryers, with others, had just finished a game of ball, when William became involved in a quarrel with one of the opposing team and struck violently at him with a baseball bat. The blow missed its mark, but fell with powerful force on the head of his brother, who was in the act of parting the combatants. He was removed to the hospital.

PITTSBURG, Mry 23 .- By an overwhelming vote the so called Marion peace resolution has been adoped by the Window Glass Workers' association, and the end of the faction fight is in sight. The Marion resolution, which was presented by the Marion (Ind.) workers, gives the president and executive council supreme power, and takes the control of the organization out of the hands of the seven preceptories of Pittsburg. It is regarded as a victory for President Burns and the preceptories outside of this city.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25 .- Three men were drowned in the Delaware river off Petty's Island yesterday by the capsizing of their rowboat. They were John Fox. aged 23 years; John Goldman, aged 24, and Theodore Clinket, aged 29. With thre companions they had gone on an excursion, when, becoming hilarious, the boat was upset. The others were picked up by a passing boat, but Fox, Goldman and Clinket sank and did not rise to the surface. Their bodies were recovered. The drowned men were unmarried.

NOREISTOWN, Pa., May 25 .- John Pastorius, the last of the once notorious Cooles gang of desperadoes, is in the county iams, of Fair Chance, while trying to reach his home under cover of darkness. Some time ago Pastorius committed a bold daylight robbery in Fair Chance and escaped in spite of the fact that a posse of men made a determined effort to arrest him. He had a pair of revolvers and kept the posse at bay until he reached the moun tains. Since that time he had eluded the

CHESTER, Pa., May 25.-Elizabeth Culp. 21/2 years of age, was crushed to death by cruel trolley car wheels. The tot was playing in front of her home, and started across the street just as the car came along. was knocked down on the track and both N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law .wheels passed over her body, crushing and mangling it in a shocking manner. Mrs. Culp a moment before had left the child and gone into the house. When she returned to the front door the woman was horrified by seeing her baby lying dead on the track. Motorman Michael Sullivan says he did not see the child.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., May 25.-Michael G. Brennan was stabbed seven times and probably fatally injured by Edward Ryan, Jr., between Minersville and Glen Carbon. Edward Ryan and his son, Edward, Jr. reside at Mackeysburg. They met Michael Brennan, of Glen Domer, who had just come up from Philadelphia. They had a pleasant time together, and toward evening started to walk home. After they left Minersville the father and son quarreled over politics. Brennan made an effort to quiet them, whereupon Edward Ryan, Jr., drew a pocket knife and stabbed Brennan in seven different places.

PITTSBURG, May 23.—Senator Quay ar rived at his home in Beaver, Pa., from Canton, O., last evening. An effort was made to induce him to talk, but he refused to say anything further than that his conference with Major McKinley was satisfac-To the query as to whether ho believed McKinley would be nominated, be replied, "I have nothing to say whatever." The Senator broke his resolution not to talk the next moment, however, and to a WM. J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law.-Dissolicitious question as to whether he was still to be considered a candidate, emphatically replied: "Oh, yes. I am still a candidate for the presidential nomination and shall be voted for at the St. Louis conven-

PITTSBURG, May 28.—The seventy-third annual session of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Pennsylvania, closed yesterday afternoon after installing the new officers. The resolution offered on Thursday regarding the saloonkeepers and gamblers occupied a greater part of the closing session. It seems that this body does not want to draw the line too tightly, and does not draw the line too tightly, and does not think that saloonkeepers should be put on an equal footing with professional gam-blers. A substitute resolution offered by Past Grand Master Nell, requesting repre-sentatives to the Sovereign Grand Lodge to prepare two resolutions, one for the re-peal and one against the same, was adopted. The next session will be held in Reading.

# <del>ବିଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ</del>-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ-ଷ shall we whip

a poorly nourished horse & when he is thoroughly tired? He may go faster for a few rods, but his o condition is soon the worse for it. Better stop and feed him. Food gives force. If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; easily exhausted; why further weaken the body by using tonics? Begin on a more permanent basis. Take something which will build up the & tissues and supply force to the muscular, digestive and nervous systems

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, meets The every demand. cod-liver oil is a food. It produces force without the whip. Every gain is a substantial one. The hypophosphites give strength to the nervous system. An improved appetite, richer blood and better flesh come to stay.

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April 97x

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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trict attorney. Office in court house.

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law.-Office in Woodring building, opposite the court house. Consultations in German and English.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-law.—Of-fice in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all

JOHN M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace. Office in Opera House block, opposite the

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, attorneyat-law-office, High street, near Court House. Practices in all the

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