

THE LAWYERS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon to Them.

They, Too, Will Need an Advocate at the High Court of Heaven—Pardon Can Be Secured if They Earnestly Seek It.

Dr. Talmage's latest sermon was especially devoted to those who are engaged in the legal profession, and contains some good advice to all who intend to adopt that calling. His text was, Titus 3: 13: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

The profession of the law is here introduced, and within two days in the capital city 308 joined it, and at this season and in various parts of the land other hundreds are taking their diplomas for the illustrious profession, and is it not appropriate that I address such young men from a moral and religious standpoint, as upon them are now rolling the responsibilities of that calling represented in the text by Zenas the lawyer.

We all admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn ship while the jack tares of the Mediterranean are covering in the cyclone, as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his 13 cruel lecturers; as when we find him earning his livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair cloth; and preaching the gospel in the intervals; as when we find him able to take the 39 lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work; as when we find him regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court room. Perhaps, sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to Zenas, the lawyer. At any rate he had a warm attachment for his comfortable escort and entertainment. But it is as he writes to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

This man of your text belonged to a profession in which are many ardent supporters of Christ and the gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator of English law; and Wilberforce, the emancipator; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, attorney general of New York; and the late Charles Chauncy, the leader of the Philadelphia bar; and Chief Justices Marshall, and Taney; and Campbell, and Sir Thomas Moore, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty; my neck is very short; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister, have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the supreme court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as "low, ribald and vulgar dæmon and infidelity;" as when Samuel J. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton college commencement, advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster hall, by saying: "I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the house of commons, whose national character he has dishonored; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings."

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God, and the church, and the gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generations, among many people an absurd and wicked prejudice against it. So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell, it was decided that lawyers might not enter the Parliament House as members, and they were called "Sons of Zeruiah." The learned Dr. Johnson wrote an epitaph for one of them in these words:

God works wonders now and then, Here lies a lawyer, an honest man! Two hundred years ago, a treatise was issued with the title: "Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession, these words: "There is a society of men among us bred up from youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white. For example: If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, her horns long or short, or the like. After that they adjourn the cause from time to time, and in 20 years they come to an issue. This society likewise has a peculiar cant or jargon of their own, in which they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take 12 years to decide whether the field led to me by my

ancestors for six generations belongs to me or to one 300 miles off."

I say these things to show you that there has been a prejudice going on down, against that profession, from generation to generation. I account for it on the ground that they compel me to pay debts that they do not want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime; and as long as that is so, and it will always be so, just so long there will be classes of men who will affect, at any rate, to despise the legal profession. I know not how it is in other countries; but I have had long and wide acquaintance with men of that profession—I have found them in all my parishes—I tarried in one of their offices for three years, where there came real estate lawyers, insurance lawyers, criminal lawyers, marine lawyers, and I have yet to find a class of men more genial or more straightforward. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man; but if I were on trial for my integrity or my life, and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of 12 lawyers than to a jury of 12 clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, have less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

There is, however, no man who has more temptations or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources, is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have in that profession made eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay in the sentence: "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meanness. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George Mackenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying:

Bloody Mackenzie, come out if you dur, Lift the sneek, and draw the bar.

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I address you now in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

But how is an attorney to decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brougham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time.

What a scene is the office of a busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from their solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for a destroyed house which they have burned down with their own hands. Or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape payment of their honest debts. Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement, when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing to dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know through a prolonged lawsuit you could get from him whatever you asked.

It requires no small heroism to do as I once heard an attorney do in an office in a western city. I overheard the conversation, when he said: "John, you can go on with this lawsuit, and I will see you through as well as I can; but I want to tell you before you start that a lawsuit is equal to a fire." Under the tremendous temptations that come upon the legal profession there are scores of men who have gone down, and some of them from being the pride of the highest tribunal of the state, have become a disgrace to the Tombs court room. Every attorney, in addition to the innate sense of right, wants the sustaining power of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subject. The first of all is skepticism. Controversy is the life-time business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, although not contrary to it, has but little chance with some of you. A brilliant orator wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest God is the noblest work of man!"

Skepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all sollicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs,

of Massachusetts, who stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then on his way home from the convention, on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders of a thinly-clad missionary, saying: "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me!" or, like Judge John McLean, who can step from the supreme court room of the United States on to the anniversary platform of the American Sunday-School union, its most powerful orator—deserves congratulation and encomium. O men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story, and Kent, and Mansfield became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, O man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God, and Christ, and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe. "Bring Zenas the lawyer."

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is Sabbath breaking. The trial has been going on for 10 or 15 days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until 10 o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counselor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before 12 o'clock Saturday night or after 12 o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the 24 hours of Sabbath rest to give you that electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day.

Chief Justice Hale says: "When I do not properly keep the Lord's day all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote to-day from the highest statute book in the universe: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for a while to be advantaged, but in the long run the men who observe this law of God will have larger retainers, vaster influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars and bank bills.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to shut out thoughts of the great future. You know very well that you who have so often tried others, will after awhile be put on trial yourselves. Death will serve on you a writ of ejection, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No certiorari from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the house of commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovat; the days when Charles I. and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhassett was brought into the court room because he had tried to overthrow the United States government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear, summoned before the Judge of quick and dead.

There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitations;" no "turning state's evidence," trying to get off ourselves, while others suffer; no "moving for a non-suit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him? The Lord Chancellor of the universe. If any man sin, we have an Advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready." Lord Ashburton and Mr. Wallace were leading barristers in their day. They died about the same time. A few months before their decease they happened to be in the same hotel in a village, the one counsel going to Devonshire, the other going to London. They had both been seized upon by a disease which they knew would be fatal, and they requested that they be carried in the same room and laid down on sofas, side by side, that they might talk over old times and talk over the future. So they were carried in, and lying there on opposite sofas, they talked over their old contests at the bar, and then they talked about the future world upon which they must enter soon.

It was said to have been a very affecting and solemn interview between Mr. Wallace and Lord Ashburton. My subject to-day puts you side by side with those men in your profession who have departed this life, some of them skeptical and rebellious, some of them penitent, child-like and Christian. Those were wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever, while these other went up from the court room of earth to the throne of eternal dominion. Through Christ, the Advocate, these got glorious acquittal. In the other case it was a hopeless lawsuit. An unpardonable sinner versus the Lord God Almighty. Oh, what disastrous litigation. Behold, he comes! The Judge! The Judge! the clouds of Heaven, the judicial ermine. The great white throne, the judicial bench. The archangel's voice that shall awake the dead; the crier: "Come, ye blessed—depart, ye cursed," the acquittal or the condemnation. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

SCHUBERT'S SAD LIFE.

"I Shall Have to Sneak From Door to Door to Beg My Bread."

One of the bitterest disappointments in Schubert's life was Goethe's indifference. In 1816 he sent a selection of his compositions to the poet's songs to Weimar. What precious pearls of music were among the collection—the songs of "Mignon" and "The Harpist," those from "Faust," the sad melodies "Longing," "Nightsong," "The Wanderer's Nightsong," "The Earl King," "Halderslein," "The Fisherman," "The Bard," "The King of Thule" and the music to "Claudine of Villa Bella." Goethe, who had an ear only for the stiff compositions of Zelter and Reinhardt, then in fashion in Weimar, took no notice of Schubert's music and left his letter unanswered. Not until 1850—after Schubert's death—did Goethe learn to appreciate the extraordinary value of the compositions that lay neglected in his drawer. It was then that Wilhelmine Schroder Devrient sang "The Earl King" to him.

It was Schubert's greatest delight to make some little excursion with his friends to the picturesquely situated villages in the Wiltnerwald or on the Kahlenberg, and it was in the arbors of the small inns, with a glass of pure country wine before him, that inspiration came most easily. But even these modest delights were embittered by the malice that pictured him as a drunkard who composed his songs when he was full of wine. It is an absolute fact that he did not lose the faculty of artistic work even under the saddest circumstances. He composed the greater part of the "Miller Songs" while he was lying ill in hospital in 1828. He was quite right when he wrote to his friend Kuppelwieser in March, 1824, "Those of my compositions which have been inspired by pain seem to please people best." And in a letter to Baernfeld he complained: "What will become of poor me? Like Goethe's harp player, I shall have to sneak from door to door and beg my bread." The only ray of light that fell into his dark life was when, through the kindness of Count Johann Esterhazy's manager, Unger, the father of the famous prima donna, Unger-Sabatier, he was appointed music master in the count's household in Zelecz, where he spent some happy summers, the happiest of his life. It was in Castle Zelecz that he is supposed to have fallen in love with Caroline, his patron's beautiful daughter, who was his pupil, and who probably never learned the secret of the musician's heart, though it is strange that one so gifted and so beautiful should not have married before she was well into the thirties. Bitter disappointment followed this short spell of a life free of care.—London Telegraph.

"Salting" Mines. "Prospectors ought to be taught," said Professor B. Sadtler, "that in opening up a new camp absolute honesty in regard to values is essential. A well defined lead may not have values at the surface and yet be a good property, while all the lying and other dishonest actions possible will not make a mine out of a barren lead, and such things being sure to be detected often have the effect of setting back a district which is really possessed of merit. A short time since I went up the Platte to examine some prospects near Pine Grove. I went through the territory carefully and selected my samples and was packing them when a man who has a number of claims in the vicinity came up and threw a piece of rock on the pile, with the remark that he had just picked it up and it looked as if it might run well. I knew at once that the rock had not come from any of the prospects that I had examined and said nothing. "When I had the assays made, I had this piece assayed separately. It ran several ounces in gold, and the rest of the samples ran about \$1 in gold. It was one of the cheapest cases of an attempt to salt that I ever experienced. On another occasion the same man worked a number of Denver people in a scheme having for its base an alleged tin deposit. He simply soaked a piece of ore in chloride of tin. He didn't even know how to salt the ore in such a manner that it could not be detected by the first assayer who saw it, for every one who was at all familiar with ore saw at a glance that it was tin ore."—Denver Republican.

Crossing the Atlantic. "The best time to cross the Atlantic," says a woman traveler, "is in winter. The passenger list is large enough then for company and small enough for comfort. Everybody gets acquainted with everybody else, and though the voyage is apt to be prolonged no one complains. I went over in a mob last summer and was miserable. The contrast with my return voyage was very pronounced. Another suggestion is to take one of the slow boats. The few crack speeders are fitted, usually, with the rich society set who cross to the other side. They consider the trip a bore and all the persons on board not on their visiting list detrimental, whom to notice would be a crime. The atmosphere on the less fashionable boats, for the smart set affects its ocean liners as it does its other fads and fashions, is much more agreeable. There is sure to be a genial, delighted company, to which one is made welcome, and of which one holds ever afterward delightful memories."—St. Louis Republic.

The French Press. The French press is probably the highest in literary excellence and the lowest in morality and commercial honor of any of the great civilized nations of the world. In this respect it reflects the character of the people—artistic, but lacking in depth, caring more for the form than for the substance. Naturally color printing has been carried to a higher degree of perfection in Paris than any other city, the reproductions of her famous paintings and the colored engravings in the art supplements of leading newspapers, such as Le Figaro, being unrivaled.—Chautauquan.

MRS. LYNNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls. Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feeling, pains at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptoms, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations. Build up the female organs! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lynness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improve until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—Mrs. THOS. LYNNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.



NEW PRICES

COLUMBIA - BICYCLES

Table listing bicycle models and prices: 1897 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to \$75), 1896 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to 60), 1897 HARTFORDS (Reduced to 50), HARTFORDS Pattern 2 (Reduced to 45), HARTFORDS Pattern 1 (Reduced to 40), HARTFORDS Patterns 5 and 6 (Reduced to 30).

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

POPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN. Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2c. stamp. A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED! Money to Invest

IN FIRST MORTGAGES on city or country real estate worth at least double the amount of loan. Interest at six per cent. payable quarterly or semi-annually. Borrowers pay all expenses and attorneys' fees. Can secure plenty of first-class investments at all times for any one who has money to lend. No risks to run. No uncertain speculation.

Write me for further information and I will get you safe investments. E. H. FAULKENDER, Attorney-at-Law, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

R.I.P.A.N.S. Packed Without Glass. Ten For Five Cents.

This special form of Ripans Tablets is prepared from the original prescription, but more economical, ready put up for the purpose of meeting the universal modern demand for a low price. DIRECTIONS.—Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water. They cure all stomach troubles, banish pain, relieve sleep, prolong life. An irrefragable fact. Best Spring Medicine. No matter what the matter, one will do you good. One great relief-cure will result if directions are followed. The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so; but in any case a single carton, containing ten tablets, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps. Forwarded by the Ripans Company, Inc., No. 15 Spruce St., N. Y. City. (All the goods are thoroughly refereed to the trade, agents and peddlers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz., 15 down one cent for 40 cents—by mail 41 cents. 15 down one cent for 60 cents—by mail 61 cents. 15 down one cent for 100 cents—by mail 101 cents. All goods shipped with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.)

GAIRMAN FIGURE. High Street, opposite the Court House. Entirely new. New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. A. S. & C. M. GARMAN, Proprietors.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their free list of two hundred inventions wanted.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.