

HYPOCRISY.

The Reward of Sin Is Death—Lessons From an Old Bible Story.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How Saul Won a Flock and Lost a Kingdom—The Futility of Fraud—The Last Day Will Demonstrate.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage, founded on a strange scene of olden time, shows that fraud will come to exposure, if not in this world then in the next. Text, I Samuel xv, 14. "And Samuel said, What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

The Amalekites thought they had conquered God and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle and left no outrage untried. For 400 years this had been going on, and they say, "God either dare not punish us or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see. Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel and ass. Hark, I hear the tread of 210,000 men, with monstrous Saul at their head, ablaze with armor, his shield dangling at his side, holding in his hand a spear, as the waving of which the great host rumbled or halted. I see smoke curling against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the whole city rising in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow peal on peal, and there is a death hush. Then there is a signal wave, swords cut and back, javelins ring on shields, arms fall from trunks and heads roll into the dust. Gash after gash, the frenzied yell, the gurgling of throttled throats, the cry of pain, the laugh of revenge, the curse hissed between clinched teeth—an army's death groan. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eyes unshut and mouths yet griming vengeance. Huzza for the Israelites! Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Gains and Losses.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites and to slay all the beasts in their possession, but Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and five drove of sheep and a herd of oxen that he cannot bear to kill. Saul drives the sheep and oxen down toward home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will find out that he has saved these sheep and oxen for himself. Samuel comes and asks Saul the news from the battle. Saul puts on a solemn face, for there is no one who can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite, and he says, "I have fulfilled the command of the Lord." Samuel listens, and he hears the drove of sheep a little way off. Saul had no idea that the prophet's ear would be so acute. Samuel says to Saul, "If you have done as God told you and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?" Ah, one would have thought that blazes would have consumed the cheek of Saul. No, no! He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—had saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice, and then they thought it would be too bad anyhow to kill Agag, the Amalekites king. Samuel takes the sword, and he slashes Agag to pieces, and then he takes the skirt of his coat in true oriental style and rends it in twain, as much as to say, "You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire and torn away from your throne." In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep, but lost a kingdom.

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul pretends he has fulfilled the divine commission by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story and practicing the delusion the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, whines when he prays and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the whites of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterward, as though he had committed some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance he prays 20 minutes in public, and when he exhorts he seems to imply that all the race are sinners, with one exception, his modesty forbidding the stating who that one is. There are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Irish Reeps.

The Hypocrite.

When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has the more comfortable he will be, but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on being uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of more damage to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. Oh, we cannot deceive God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before

the curtain. He sees everything inside out. A man may through policy hide his real character, but God will after awhile tear open the whited sepulcher and expose the putrefaction. Sunday faces cannot save him. Long prayers cannot save him. Psalm singing and churchgoing cannot save him. God will expose him just as thoroughly as though he branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, amen." "Stop!" says the martyr. "Don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity. When in synods and conference ministers of the gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being tremendously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. Standing there, you would think they were ready to go right up into glory and that nothing kept them down but the weight of their boots and overcoat, when suddenly the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

Simplicity.

Oh, my dear friends, let us cultivate simplicity of Christian character! Jesus Christ said, "Unless you become as this little child you cannot enter the kingdom of God." We may play hypocrite successfully now, but the Lord God will after awhile expose our true character. You must know the incident mentioned in the history of Ottacus, who was asked to kneel in the presence of Randolphus I, and when before him he refused to do it, but after awhile he agreed to come in private when there was nobody in the king's tent, and then he would kneel down before him and worship, but the servants of the king had arranged it so that by drawing a cord the tent would suddenly drop. Ottacus after awhile came in, and supposing he was in entire privacy knelt before Randolphus. The servants pulled the cord, the tent dropped, and two armies surrounding looked down on Ottacus kneeling before Randolphus. If we are really kneeling to the world while we profess to be lowly subjects of Jesus Christ, the tent has already dropped and all the hosts of heaven are gazing upon our hypocrisy. God's universe is a very public place, and you cannot hide hypocrisy in it.

Going out into a world of delusion and sham, pretend to be no more than you really are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; profess no more than you have. But I want the world to know that where there is one hypocrite in the church there are 500 outside of it, for the reason that the field is larger. There are men in all circles who will bow before you, and who are obsequious in your presence and talk flatteringly, but who all the while in your conversation are digging for bait and angling for imperfections. In your presence they imply that they are everything friendly, but after awhile you find they have the fierceness of a catamount, the slyness of a snake and the spite of a devil. God will expose such. The gun they load will burst in their own hands, the lies they tell will break their own teeth, and at the very moment they think they have been successful in deceiving you and deceiving the world the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

Responsibility.

I learn further from this subject how natural it is to try to put off our sins on other people. Saul was charged with disobeying God. The man says it was not he; he did not save the sheep; the army did it—trying to throw it off on the shoulders of other people. Human nature is the same in all ages. Adam, confronted with his sin, said, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." And the woman charged it upon the serpent, and if the serpent could have spoken it would have charged it upon the devil. I suppose that the real state of the case was that Eve was eating the apple and that Adam saw it and begged and coaxed until he got a piece of it. I suppose that Adam was just as much to blame as Eve was. You cannot throw off the responsibility of any sin upon the shoulders of other people.

Here is a young man who says: "I know I am doing wrong, but I have not had any chance. I had a father who despised God and a mother who was a disciple of godless fashion. I am not to blame for my sins; it is my bringing up." Ah, no; that young man has been out in the world long enough to see what is right and to see what is wrong, and in the great day of eternity he cannot throw his sins upon his father or mother, but will have to stand for himself and answer before God. You have had a conscience, you have had a Bible and the influence of the Holy Spirit. Stand for yourself or fall for yourself.

Here is a business man. He says, "I know I don't do exactly right in trade, but all the dry goods men do it and all the hardware men do this, and I am not responsible." You cannot throw off your sin upon the shoulders of other merchants. God will hold you responsible for what you do and then responsible for what they do. I want to quote one passage of Scripture for you—I think it is in Proverbs—"If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it."

All or None.

I learn further from this subject what God meant by extermination. Saul was told to slay all the Amalekites and the beasts in their possession. He saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and some of the sheep and oxen. God chastises him for it. God likes nothing done by halves. God will not stay in the soul that is half his and half the devil's. There may be more sins in our soul than there were Amalekites. We must kill them. Wee unto us if we spare Agag. Here is

a Christian. He says: "I will drive out all the Amalekites of sin from my heart. Here is jealousy—down goes that Amalekite. Here is backbiting—down goes that Amalekite," and what slaughter he makes among his sins, striking right and left! What is that out yonder, lifting up his head? It is Agag—it is worldliness. It is an old sin he cannot bear to strike down. It is a darling transgression he cannot afford to sacrifice. Oh, my brethren, I appeal for entire consecration. Some of the Presbyterians call it the "higher life." The Methodists, I believe, call it "perfection." I do not care what you call it, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I know men who are living with their soul in perpetual communion with Christ and day by day are walking within sight of heaven. How do I know? They tell me so. I believe them. They would not lie about it. Why cannot we all have this consecration? Why leave some of the sins in our soul and leave others to bleat and bellow for our exposure and condemnation? Christ will not stay in the same house with Agag. You must give up Agag or give up Christ. Jesus says, "All of that heart or none." Saul slew the poorest of the sheep and the meanest of the oxen and kept some of the finest and the fattest, and there are Christians who have slain the most unpopular of their transgressions and saved those which are most respectable. It will not do. Eternal war against all the Amalekites—no mercy for Agag!

I learn further from this subject that it is vain to try to defraud God. Here Saul thought he had cheated God out of those sheep and oxen, but he lost his crown, he lost his empire. You cannot cheat God out of a single cent. Here is a man who has made \$10,000 in fraud. Before he dies every dollar of it will be gone, or it will give him violent unrest. Here is a Christian who has been largely prospered. He has not given to God the proportion that is due in charities and benevolences. God comes to the reckoning, and he takes it all away from you. How often it has been that Christian men have had a large estate and it is gone. The Lord God came into the counting room and said: "I have allowed you to have all this property for 10, 15 or 20 years, and you have not done justice to my poor children. When the beggar called upon you, you bounded him off your steps; when my suffering children appealed to you for help, you had no mercy. I only asked for so much or so much, but you did not give it to me, and now I will take it all."

The Safe Course.

God asks of us one-seventh of our time in the way of Sabbath. Do you suppose we can get an hour of that time successfully away from its true object? No, no. God has demanded one-seventh of your time. If you take one hour of that time that is to be devoted to God's service and instead of keeping his Sabbath use it for the purpose of writing up your accounts or making worldly gains, God will get that hour from you in some unexpected way. God says to Jonah, "You go to Nineveh." He says: "No, I won't. I'll go to Tarshish." He starts for Tarshish. The sea raves, the winds blow and the ship rocks. Come, ye whales, and take this passenger for Tarshish! No man ever gets to Tarshish whom God tells to go to Nineveh. The sea would not carry him; it is God's sea. The winds would not waft him; they are God's winds. Let a man attempt to do that which God forbids him to do or to go into a place where God tells him not to go, the natural world as well as God is against him. The lightnings are ready to strike him, the fires to burn him, the sun to smite him, the waters to drown him, and the earth to swallow him. Those whose princely robes are woven out of heartstrings, those whose fine houses are built out of skulls, those whose springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations, have they successfully cheated God?

The last day will demonstrate. It will be found out on that day that God vindicated not only his goodness and his mercy, but his power to take care of his own rights and the rights of his church and the rights of his oppressed children. Come, ye martyred dead, awake and come up from the dungeons where folded darkness harassed you and the chains like cankers peeled loose the skin and wore off the flesh and rattled on the marrowless bones. Come, ye martyred dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm uplifted for mercy fell into the ashes and the cry of pain was drowned in the snapping of the flame and the howling of the mob; from valleys of Piedmont and Smithfield market and London Tower and the highlands of Scotland. Gather in great procession and together clap your bony hands, and together stamp your moly feet and let the chains that bound you to dungeons all clank at once and gather all the flames that burned you in one uplifted arm of fire and plead for a judgment. Gather all the terrors ye ever went into a lake and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest until the heaven piercing chain clank and the tempest sigh and the thunder groan announce to earth and hell and heaven a judgment. Oh, on that day God will vindicate his own cause and vindicate the cause of the troubled and the oppressed! It will be seen in that day that though we may have robbed our fellows, we never have successfully robbed God.

My Christian friends, as you go out into the world exhibit an open hearted Christian frankness. Do not be hypocritical in anything. You are never safe if you are. At the most inopportune moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen bellow. Drive out the last Amalekite of sin from your soul. Have no mercy on Agag. Down with your sins, down with your pride, down with your worldliness. I know you cannot achieve this work by your own arm, but almighty grace is sufficient—that which saved Joseph in the pit, that which delivered Daniel in the den, that which stilled Shadrach in the fire, that which cheered Paul in the shipwreck.

BARMAIDS IN LONDON

SOME VERY RESPECTABLE GIRLS CHOOSE THIS VOCATION.

One of Them, a Beautiful Irish Lass, Explains Why Many of Them Do So—They Are Looking For Good Matrimonial Catches—Titles Wanted Usually.

Under the title "Feminine Types in London" Jesse Francis Sheppard gives in *Le Nouvelle Revue* an account of the London barmaids.

"They are recruited," he says, "among the bourgeoisie as well as among the lower classes. Some of the most interesting types can be found in the bars or public houses of the west end, close to the fashionable theaters. Among them are very many perfectly respectable girls, who have chosen the career of a barmaid in order to make a living and, especially if they are pretty, to get a chance to catch a rich husband."

"A public house, situated at the angle of one of the principal thoroughfares, is both a gilded palace and a mine of gold. It exercises a strange fascination upon the poor country bumpkins who have just come out of a theater, the country greenhorn, the fashionable snob and the frequenter of the music-halls are always to be found there. It is among these that the barmaids hunt for a husband. If there is one class of London society more stupid than another, it is that one which includes the frequenters of the public house. With a pipe in his mouth and a glass of beer or whisky in front of him the young Englishman, dressed in fashionable style, with a slight and elegant figure and regular features, remains standing for more than an hour paying pretty little compliments to one or several of those ladies."

"The barmaid judges her customers by the cut of their clothes. If you want to attract her attention, you must present yourself with a silk hat and a handsome cane in your hand and a soft cut in the latest fashion. The high hat is de rigueur. Without that there is no possible chance of success."

"It was not without difficulty that I managed to get an interview with one of these young ladies, whose intelligence was equal to her beauty. At first I was astonished at finding so much intelligence in an English girl, but I learned that she was Irish, and that explained the mystery. Her father was dead and her mother was left without resources. So she was determined to come to London and look for a husband by posing behind a bar in Piccadilly."

"I was hardly more than three days here," she said with an amiable and roguish air, "when I understood why it was that so many pretty English girls don't get husbands. When they are beautiful, they are generally stupid. When they are intelligent, they are cold, masculine and ugly. Englishmen travel a great deal and meet in their ramblings through the world very many sprightly women, and they do not care for pretty girls who don't know how to chat with them."

"But in this mixture that comes here to drink and chat," I said, "how do you distinguish the men of the world from the others?"

"I recognize them by three things," she said boldly, "by their figure, by their clothes and by their complexion. For the most part they are tall and thin, dressed in the latest fashion and have a complexion more or less bronzed. This last trait is the surest sign. Seeing that I looked astonished, she added: 'Nothing can be more simple. An English gentleman, if he has a fortune, passes three-fourths of his time hunting and in other open air exercise. The chaps who remain always in London have a paler and more delicate complexion, and, moreover, the expression of their faces is quite different from that of the others.'

"Noticing with what attention I was listening to her, she continued: 'The gentlemen that I refer to have nothing elegant about them except their clothes, for their conversation lacks novelty. How can a man who understands nothing but hunting and cricket interest an intelligent woman? The conversation that goes on here in the name of wit makes me tired, but these gentlemen are the easiest of all to deceive. They are great big children in everything except sport and politics.'

"But you are always engaged," I said, "and it is difficult to get an opportunity to chat with you. You must already have had several offers of marriage?"

"I have been only one month here, and I have already had three. Two were from very rich sportsmen, but riches alone would do for me. What I am after," she added, laughing, "is a title. You know, I must have a title."

"At this moment the play in one of the neighboring theaters was over, and the public house was invaded by a crowd of men, more or less stylish. The beautiful Irish girl kept herself somewhat aloof and only served customers that had the appearance of gentlemen."

"Well, I left London. A few months afterward, on returning there, I wanted to see once more my beautiful Irish barmaid. She was gone. Another lady was in her place, and she told me that Miss Clara had left to marry the second-son of a prominent nobleman."

Addition to Yellowstone Park.

Captain Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National park, says that an effort is being made to secure legislation from congress which would add the Jackson's Hole country to the park. The area which it was proposed to take in is about 50 miles square and contains Jackson's lake and the Three Teton mountain peaks. It is rich in natural scenery and would, in the opinion of the captain, add materially to the park's attractiveness. Senator Carter of Montana has drafted a bill for that purpose, which has the indorsement of the senators from Montana and Idaho, but the Wyoming senators have not yet been won over.—Omaha Bee.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters are the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

NEW PRICES ON COLUMBIA - BICYCLES

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

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 2-c. stamp. A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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