#### THE SIN OF GAMBLING.

It Has the Strength of a Cart-Rope.

Little Threads Compose the Rope, But Once Made It is Strong Enough to Hold a Ship—How the Game Ends.

Dr. Talmage draws some vivid pictures of the gambling dens of our large cities and shows how the evil habit grows if allowed to take root. His text was Isaiah 5: 18: "Woe unto them that sin as it were with a cart-rope."

There are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work the man still stands upright, respected, and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart-rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound-then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox, or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart-rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers, and brothers, and sons, be interested in such a discussion, but that wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted Noman, no woman can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing uponmy life," for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds-earth, Heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about 5,500 professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the antechamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments.

You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge you may and the plate, and viands and wines, and nigars sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the

You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "borse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "sad-" and mounting that "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door-"Exchange;" a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace, and Heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cartrope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is, in many, a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling they have of thinking. "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filliped and accelerated by skating very near an air hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a ridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are \$500. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win \$5,000. Whichever way it turns, I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again-just to gratify this desire for

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblera. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice and for that they watch as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: 'Well, my salary is not enough to allow this laxury. I don't get enough from my

store, office or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, Heaven or hell. Who cares?" When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, the man is bound to go

When a man makes \$1,000 a year and spends \$1,200 dollars; when a young man makes \$1,500, and spends \$1,700, all the harpies of darkness cry out: "Ha! ha! we have him," and they have. How to get the extra \$500 or the extra \$2,000 is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled' up hundreds and thousands of dollars. If he got it, why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting house; this pulling down a hundred yards of goods and selling a remnant; this always waiting upon somebody else, when I could put \$100 on the ace and pick up a thou-

This sin works very insiduously. Other sins sound the drum and flaunt the flag, and gather their recruits with wild huzzs, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in stlence and when they drop into the grave there is not so much sound as the click of a die. Oh how many have gone down under it. Look at those men who were once highly prospered. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go out. In their souls are plunged the beaks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and see a coil of adders wriggling in indescribable horor until you turn away and bide your face and ask God to help you to forget it. The most of this evil is unadvertised. The community does not bear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tall of it. Once in a while, bowever, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens, from the first merchants on State street to the low Ann street gamler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen one hundred and three thousand dollars for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young man in one of the savings banks of Brooklyn, many years ago, was found to have stolen forty thousand dollars to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen one hundred and eighty thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. But that is exceptional.

Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gamester's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of bustness life. Is it not a significant fact that the majority of the day gambling houses in New York are in proximity to Wall street? Men go into the excitement of stock gambling, and from that they plunge into the gambling houses, as, when men are intoxicated, they go into a liquor saloon to get more drink. The egitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announces the word "Northwestern," or "Fort Wayne," or "Book Island," or "New York Central," and the rat! tat! tat! of the suctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "pools," and "carrying stock," and a "treasis" from 80 to 70, and the excitement of rushing around in curbstone brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Raper two!" "Boyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How meny?" and the making or losing of \$10,000 by one operation unfits a man to go home, and so he goes up the flight of stairs, amid business offices, to the darkly-curtained, wooden-shuttered room, gaily furnished inside, and takes his place at the roulette or the

Many years ago for sermonic pur poses, and in company with the chief of police of New York, I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night, and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men in mid-life, well dressed-all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were shipwrecked bankers and brokers and money dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vicebut all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh! there was something awfully solemn in the silence-the fntense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one locked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officers of the law told me: "None get in here except by police mandate, or by same letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in put his money down on the

sone, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out.

While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of the gaming house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead at one of the club houses of London; his body was carried into the club house, and the men began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming houses of our cities men have their property wrung away from them, and they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day, and night by night "That cart-rope," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart-rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enter-

prises of our cities, which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul, and a robbery of the community. Yet how we are appalled, to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnatior New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent

Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pic-tures on their walls gotten in a lottery. and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart-rope, and when a young man consents to these practices he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed a multitude that no man can number." Sometimes, these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and some of you remember at the close of our civil war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things be honest or die.

putyon on the look-out. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begtn to go setray from the path of duty, they are apt to say: "There's no use of my trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability: I can't return;" and they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends. that God this moment, by His Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature, so that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want-what is it? More salary? Higher social posi-tion? Not no. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it. It is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison, and try to get out, and fall; and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates, and blood on your soul You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in

O prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return; and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harps of Heaven are all strung and the feet free. There are converted gamblers in Heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for Heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from Heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clenched as if to smite, but outspread, as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron-bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eter-nal victory. But alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace, while the angels of God keep the tallyboard; and after kings and queens, and knaves and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the fare bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wal-let all the blood-stained wagers.

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#### LINCOLN'S FRIEND.

STORIES OF THE EARLY LIFE OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Philip Clark of Mattoon Told Some Things About Abe That Other Historians Overlooked — Additional Testimony to the Big Heart of Lincoln.

The late Philip Clark of Mattoen, Ills., was a lifelong friend of Abraham Lincoln. A short time before his death Uncle Philip said in conversation with a correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald:

"I do not believe the tailor ever lived who was skillful enough to make clothes to fit Lincoln. He was the roughest and most irregular man in outline I ever saw. But no child was afraid of him, and no woman would declare him to be ugly. Yet any description of his appearance you would write down would warrant the conclusion that he was anything but good looking. Why, I must tell you, the very skin of the man did not fit, for it appeared to be loose on his features, and I knew him from youth to aga. After the Black Hawk war Lincoln was seized with political aspirations, but failed to get the coveted position of representative. He met with an obstacle in my friend Peter Cartwright, a good man, whom I also knew as well as a brother in those dreary days. After 1832 I saw Lincoln quite often in Springfield, where he then lived. I had met with some reverses, and after compounding medicines, the nature of which I had learned from the Indians, which medi-cines were sold by Drs. Robinson and Shields, I took my money and went into partnership with the merchants Garrett and Douglas, and we bought hogs and fattened them on the most and what corn we could buy in the fields

"The crop was poor that year, and we bought a great deal of ground at \$3 per acre and needed the service of a man to measure the ground. I did this part of the business and hit upon Abe Lincoln as that man. He had a sort of surveying outfit. I hired Lincoln to do this work for us and gave him the rather remarkable wages of \$1 a day for hisservices Abe-I always called him by his name-Chanked me gratefully for this because he knew and I knew we could have got the work done for 50 cents a day. But I was a friend of Abe, and my fortunes had turned for the brighter. So Lincoln remained in our service a few days as a sort of accountant for

What did the men who had charge of hose gift enterprises care for the orthans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death pon their stepa. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping aw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only harpen your appetite for games of hance. Do one of two things be honst or die.

I have accomplished my object if I network on the look-out. It is a great the community weighed 900 hoxs for us.

"We turned our hogs in the fields, driving them in droves to the same. When weighing time came, Abe assisted us again. I can see him now standing by the old steelyards. They are nearly all gone now. We would tie the hog's legs together and swing him up, and then he weight, take a pair of scissors and cut a bunch of bristles off the neck to show the animal had been weighed. Hogs in those days had longer bristles than the breads of today, and the clipping could be seen by any drover. On one of these days he weighed 900 hoxs for us.

"Lincoln was a friend of temperance also. We were together one night in a country neighborhood when some one proposed that we all go to the church close by to hear the Rev. John Berry preach a sermon on temperance. After listening attentively Abe remarked to me that that subject would some time be one of the greatest in this country.

"Lincoln loved debate and could tell an anecdote with great effect. In one of his early roces for congress I heard him debate with Peter Cartwright, who was the terror of every local orator, as his opponent. He asked Cartwright if General Jackson did right in the removal-I believe it was-of the bank deposits. Cartwright evaded the question and gave a very indefinite answer. Lincoln remarked that Cartwright reminded him of a hunter be once knew who recognized the fact that in summer the deer were red and in the winter gray, and at one season, therefore, a deer might resemble a calf. The hunter had brought down one at long range, when it was hard to see the difference, and boasting of his own marksmanship had said, 'I shot at it so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if a calf.' This convulsed the andience and carried them

"Gratitude was a religion with him. Lincoln was a poor financier. He was not a manager and soldom had any money ahead. When he came to Springfield from Salem, he had been boarding for a year with a man named Nelson Ally at \$1.50 per week and was in debt to him \$70. Misfortune overtook Ally long after that, and he became an immate of the Knox county poorhouse. Lincoln went in person and had him taken from the county house and given another home. He then asked Judge Davis to see that Ally should be cared for in case be (Lincoln) should die first. I beard this contract between Lincoln and Davis. Ally survived Lincoln two years. I knew him well

"The last time I saw Limcoln was in September, 1863. I went to Washin to settle some business in regard to a large tract of swamp lands I owned, and while at my hotel I met Ward Lamon, whom I knew well. He told toe that he knew Mr. Lincoln would be very glad to see me and insisted on my calling the next day, which I accordingly did, and that occasion I will never forget. I was ushered into the room where he was conversing with a number of generals in great glitter and show of uniform. He cordially received me and introduced me to a number of these gentlemen and related to them a part of our early flatboating experiences Dur. ments. ing this conversation you could hear a pin fall, such close attention did they all give us, which was to my embarrassment at the time. I never saw him again until I gazed upon his remains after the awful tragedy of his assassina-

## DOCTORS MYSTIFIED.

### Why So Many Regular Physicians Fail to Cure Female Ills.

Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family

Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to he family physician. It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the wo-

men of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago, a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

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