

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

The Eleventh of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons is on "The Sin of Despising Others"—Dr. Talmage Preaches on "Traps for the Unwary."

"He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth." Prov. xiv., 21.

There is a great deal of sin in the world which the ordinary conscience neither recognizes nor condemns. With most of us the standard of right and wrong is purely conventional. If we do not break the letter of the Ten Commandments; if we keep clear of acts which public opinion forbids; if we maintain an outwardly correct which society sets no brand, then we feel at peace within ourselves and make sure that we are God's elect.

We do not see what subtle and far-reaching things good and evil are—how they interweave themselves into all our acts, our words and motives, and secret thoughts even; and how they depend, not upon the fashion of the hour or the place, but upon eternal and unchangeable principles. We are frightened at the thought that we would see sin in a thousand things which pass with the majority as indifferent, if not actually praiseworthy. It is not in nice points of religious observance that places our real character above suspicion, but in much as in those weightier matters of justice and mercy and truth which are involved in all the business and intercourse of daily life. Thousands who would tremble to participate in any of the so-called amusements of society and who are as strict and ostentatious as the Pharisees in regard to prayer and other duties, are yet living in such an atmosphere of uncharitableness and wrong that they are actually creating a half kingdom of heaven than the very publicans and harlots. In a terse, direct and emphatic way a form of guilt is pointed out by Solomon which we seldom think of, yet which we are all very prone to fall into, and which is really the worst of all things sins of that large class of men who are disposed to be religious without being good. The chief characteristic of these people is to trust in themselves that they are righteous, and to take such a half which unmistakably declares, "Stand aloof for we are holier than you," and they are so far from thinking such spiritual haughtiness sinful that they regard it as an actual proof of their divine sonship. Such conduct never fails to create a reaction, and to elicit the rebuke, "He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth."

The parable of the Good Samaritan supplies a most beautiful explanation of the word "neighbor." It is enough to bring to mind the fact that every man with whom we come in contact or relation is to be regarded and treated as our "neighbor." The fact that I know of a man's existence, and that I can in any way teach and influence him, is enough to bring me under the obligation of love. The broad Atlantic may roll between us; whole continents and burning deserts and deadly swamps may separate us; but if there is any channel of communication between us—any electric current, or speech, by which sympathy may be created and love may act—that man is as truly my neighbor as if we met in the same market or lived in the same street.

Notice what it is to despise our neighbor. To entertain mean, contemptuous thoughts of our neighbor is obviously to despise him. We should always remember that there is vastly more in common than there is of difference between the highest and more cultured and the lowest and most ignorant. Frequently, however, we forget this, and from mere diversity of outward circumstances we look upon each other with feelings of haughty superiority and contempt. As a consequence the rich and the great seem to despise the poor and the lowly in return hate the rich and the great, and ascribe all their importance solely to their wealth and rank. Surely, in both cases, this is despising their neighbor, forgetting their common humanity, their common dignity and their common origin.

To treat your neighbor with indifference, as if there were no ties binding you together, and no sympathy due from one to the other, is to despise him. The affinities of human nature are such that it is unreasonable to place ourselves in proud isolation from the race to which we naturally belong, and gaze upon the sufferings and helplessness of our kind with stolid indifference. Such conduct is not only reprehensible, it is actually sinful. It is sinful because it is a great wrong done to humanity. It rouses within man bitter, bad, resentful feelings, which sets class against class. Its tendency is to destroy self-respect, and let a man lose that and there is no telling what he may become.

Again, to despise one's neighbor is an offense against social unity. The social organism can only be held together by a true and proper recognition of the usefulness and necessity of each individual to the whole. Society is one body. Its members are manifold, but they are all knit together in the closest bonds. There is no such thing as real independence. And hence for any man to despise his neighbor is just as wrong and foolish as it would be for the head to say to the feet, "I have no need of you;" for his influence, as far as it goes, operates to the detriment of the whole. If you despise him, you are setting up that unity and sympathy upon which the general happiness and well being depend. Despising your neighbor is to sin against your own soul. By such conduct the great forces ever operating for the formation of a more perfect world and the shaping of your own destiny are undervalued. We depend upon each other. This offense is also a sin against God. Humanity is His child—the outcast and the sinner as well as the poor. If you despise his child, He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

W. H. KERSHAW, Pastor First Congregational Church, Park Ridge, N. J.

TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY.

Various Pitfalls Exposed by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

TEXT: "I did not taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."—I Samuel iv., 43.

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects; counter drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and swammerdam, is an enchantment for any of our nature.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three bees have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But you can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee, and part of it the life of the fields.

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Bethanah during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop or eat until the work was done. They obeyed them they were accused. Coming

through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy—a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and reached it at the same time, and he not knowing the military order about abstinence dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as yellow and tempting it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did not taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." But what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive.

Corrupt literature, fascinating but dreadful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there is a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the corruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among the ruinous results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel she is in appalling peril. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders and debris.

Stimulating liquors also come into the category of temptation delicious but deathly. You may not hear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement. Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject it, but because you are not so much attracted by its taste. They are dyspeptic and they like to aid digestion; or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep; or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious; or they feel hungry, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws in the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The shades," a typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. Men and women without number slain of rum, but unburred, and his evil is pecking at their glazed eyes and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what once was gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow," how many have taken no warning. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods at Bethanah.

Furthermore, the gamster's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious but destructive. You who have crossed the ocean many times have noticed that always one of the best rooms has, from morning until late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of men who went on board with enough for an European excursion who landed without money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station.

State Legislatures have again and again sanctioned the mighty evil by passing laws in defense of race tracks, and many young men have lost all their wages at such so-called "meetings." Every man who voted for such infamous bills has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

Stock-gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into the stock market and, depositing a small sum of money, run the chance of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as it is to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip-pocket and said in substance: "I have there the value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Stock-gambling. Gambling is gambling, whether it is stocks or bread-stuffs, or dice, or race horse betting. Exhilaration at the start, but a raving brain, and a shattered nervous system, and a scattered property, and a destroyed soul. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the banquet table of mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. When a man may sit at the King's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the refuse and bones of a hound's kennel? "Sweetest than honey and the honeycomb," says David, is the truth of God. "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the Cross I dip it up for all your souls.

LITTLE BOY SAVES THREE.

Hero of Ten Years Pulls Playmates Out of the Water.

Through the heroism of Jimmie Quick, a lad of ten years, the lives of three little boys, ranging from five to nine years old, were saved from drowning in Underhill Pond, in Hudson, N. Y.

The ice gave way while the lads were riding on hand sleds, and they all fell in the water. Young Quick, who had been skating nearby, heard their cries for help and hurried to the spot. He threw himself upon his breast, and crawling to the edge of the hole, with a "shiny stick," succeeded in pulling the three lads, one after the other, out of the water to a place of safety.

Chester Thornton, age five, had gone down twice, and it was with the greatest exertion and at the risk of his own life that Quick finally pulled him out. An application will be made to the Volunteer Life Saving Corps at Washington to present to young Quick a medal for his brave deed.

A Huge Commercial Fleet. The Hamburg steamship line owns sixty-two steamers at present.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New Picture Bonnets. Bigger and bigger and undoubtedly more beautiful still, grow the Victorian bonnets every week. They seem,



VICTORIAN BONNET.

however, the exclusive property of very young, slender girls, whose skins are fresh enough to need no



STYLISH GOWN OF CASHMERE AND VELVET.

screen of tulle, since veils are never worn with this headgear, and whose hair falls into natural bob curls about the brow.

There was a motion put and almost carried recently with a view of doing away with hat-wearing bridesmaids, but this winter's brides have not been able to resist the blandishments of the Victorian shapes and its picturesque possibilities. One from a wedding group is here given merely to show the most approved method of applying the very extensive trimmings and the size to which these bonnets do grow. Against a shape of violet-colored beaver, long, pale-blue plumes are laid, and with cream lace, pink silk poppies and ivory white satin ribbon this crown of millinery glory is made complete.

Stylish Gown for a Miss.

No two materials, according to May Manton, harmonize more perfectly than do cashmere and velvet. The stylish gown in the double-column illustration is made of the soft wool material in gray, trimmed with the richer stuff in an exquisite shade of tulip-red. The bodice, which is eminently girlish, is made over a fitted lining which includes the usual number of pieces and seams, and closes at the centre-front. The full portion of the waist proper is arranged in gathers at the edge of the yoke and again at the waist line. The yoke and strips of velvet are applied to the lining, and are finished at all their edges of trimming which includes both gray and red. The right edge of the front piece is stitched to the lining, but the left hooks invisibly into place. The sleeves which are in coat shape fit snugly, but are finished with slight puffs at the shoulders which give the effect of additional breadth. Both neck and wrists are finished with bands of velvet edged with the trimming which serves as a frill.

The skirt is seven-gored and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, the fulness being laid in plaits

to form the fan back. It is lined throughout and interfaced with hair-cloth for a depth of five inches, and at the extreme edges is a bias band of the velvet stitched after the latest mode. At the waist is worn a simple straight belt of velvet made over a foundation of tailor's canvas.

To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years, will require one and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material, with one yard of velvet twenty inches wide. To make the skirt will require two and three fourths yards of the same width material.

A Little Girl's Costume of Yale-Blue Cashmere.

Yale-blue cashmere, banded with a darker shade of velvet ribbon and combined with a heavy cream lace yoke over silk, made this attractive and stylish gown, which is well suited to afternoon wear. The blouse waist is made over a fitted lining and closes invisibly at the centre-back, but the outside portion has shoulder and under-arm seams only. The silk and lace are faced onto the lining to yoke depth, where they are met by the full front and backs of cashmere, a strip of the material edged with velvet being placed over the joining. The fulness at the lower portion is also collected in gathers and is stitched to the foundation in a manner to give the youthful and slight blouse effect. The



A GIRL'S HOME COSTUME.

waist is worn a sash of piece velvet bowed at the back. To make this gown for a girl of eight years will require two and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material.

Muzzling Domestic Ducks.

A baggageman on the Santa Fe, who runs into Kansas City from out in the western part of Kansas, had lost lots of sleep. It is doubtful if he can ever catch up with it. He leaves Hutchinson at night and reaches Kansas City in the morning. Nearly every night he brings in his car two or three coops of live domestic ducks. During the night, when he has no baggage to deliver at small stations, it has been his habit and privilege to lie down on an improvised couch and doze. With the advent of the ducks the dozing stopped. The almost constant quacking of their stränge, who could not understand their strange environment, would not permit of sleep.

For many nights, as he lay awake, he planned relief. He thought of strangling the ducks or chloroforming them. But neither expedient seemed good. One night a bright idea came to him. After he had put it into execution the ducks were silent.

The next night he had two coops of unusually vociferous ducks. As soon as it came time for sleep he wrenched a slat from one of the coops, reached in and pulled out a duck. From his pocket he took a small rubber band, which he slipped over the duck's bill just back of the nostrils. The duck tried to quack, but the rubber band, while it stretched a little, would not permit the duck to open its bill far enough to use its tongue. Only a murmur came from it. One by one the ducks were muzzled, and the baggageman rested comfortably.

The commission men were surprised next morning when they received a lot of ducks with rubber bands around their bills, and when the bands were removed the shouts of protest from the ducks were deafening.—Kansas City Star.

A Universal Word.

One of the first words that a baby says is mamma or mother, and it is not strange, therefore, to find it one of the first and simplest words in every language. There is no word easier for a child to say than "ma" unless it be "pa." In Hebrew and Arabic mother is "em" and "am;" it is "mam" in Welsh and "modor" in Anglo-Saxon. In other languages it is slightly different, but near enough like our own word "mother" to make it an almost universal word, so that a child crying in any language could be understood in almost any other language. Here are a few of the names:

- Madr in Persian. Moder in Swedish. Matr in Sanscrit. Moder in Danish. Meter in Greek. Moeder in Dutch. Mater in Latin. Mutter in German. Madre in Italian. Mater in Russian. Mere in French. Mathair in Celtic.

An Afflicted Mother.

A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years, by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. R. train. That griefs and misfortunes may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal trouble has been neuralgia of the stomach which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People).

She supplied herself with a quantity of them and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement



A Constant Sufferer.

in her condition. She continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years. She is now troubled in the least with nervousness as she was during the time of her stomach troubles. She is now well and all because of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a complete cure has been made. If any one would like to hear more of the details of her suffering and relief gained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they may be obtained probably, by writing the lady direct. She is one of our well known residents, Mrs. Ellen A. Oederkirk, Paw Paw, Ill.

The Colonial Society has perfected the organization for sending young German women to Damaraland with the view of marriage.

Florida. Florida literature secured free upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, East N. Pass. Agt. Plant System, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

It is stated that sharks have now penetrated into the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal from the Red Sea.

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