

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Dumb Spirit."

Text: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, charge thee, come out of him."—Mark ix, 25.

There was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless.

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit which made them able to destroy others.

Against this dumb devil of the text, I put you on your guard, do not think that this agent of evil has put his hand upon you by commission of the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred.

What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire. Not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet becoming a wonder at needlework, at the piano, at the sewing machine, and an intelligent student of the Scriptures.

But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in the Seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylography or the finger alphabet, and in our own century we have had John Braiden, and Mrs. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallen, etc., who have given uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to speak on the air by a manual alphabet.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago—an audience of about 600 persons who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had and over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and the other fact, that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward.

There has been apotheosis of silence. Some one has said that it is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph. Keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text.

Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made fun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No.

These Christian people ought in such times as these to get armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions which you could confront any man who attacked Christianity.

friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man; "it is a fine story, and an interesting story as I ever read."

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogatory points. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed.

Do not be so scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States?" What do you think of the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments?

Go at him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest amenity, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go.

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exercised when He said, "Charge thee to come out of him," strikes people by the vocal organs, and they notice how many people never sing at all. They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the times, and yet are silent while the great organs of music vibrate.

The volume of voice that ascends from the least audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about ten times, and the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend, when the evil spirit spoken of in our text—the dumb devil—springs his two wings, and the lips of one-half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed.

During the cotton famine in Lancashire, England, when the suffering was something terrible, when Commodore Lord was cannon rolled in, the starving people unhooked their horses and drew the load themselves, singing, until all Lancashire joined in with triumphant voices, their cheeks sopping with tears, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A British man-of-war, lying off a foreign coast, heard a voice singing that doxology, and immediately guessed, and guessed aright, that there was an Englishman in captivity to the Mohammedans, and in the camp boats the sailors rowed ashore and burst into a guard-house and set the captive free.

That glorious hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus," was suggested by the last words of Dudley Tyng, who was dying from having his right arm torn off in a thrashing machine. That hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," heard through a telephone, converted an obdurate soul.

feeble, and at the end of the school verses it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead.

That hymn, "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said, "I had better keep silent about it."

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred tomfoolery, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle Street, etc.

Do not let us get us lost ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life.

Or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead halt—everything silent as a graveyard at midnight.

This is the way I account for the fact that the sturdiest plagues on earth are some of our meetings. I do not see how a man keeps his religion so strictly when he is in a meeting. They are spiritual refrigerators.

Do not let the world deride the church because of all this. For a dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world as ministers of political parties will soon assemble to build platforms for the presidential candidates to stand on.

There are 15,000 women typewriters between Worth street and the Battery, two-thirds in number of the regular army of the United States. The employment office of one of the machine companies finds places for 250 women a month, and through its various offices for 10,000 women a year.

An intimation upright piano is the latest design for the very popular folding bed. Embossed leather umbrella stands, lined with tin, are the newest.

Yellow as a fashionable color is destined to have as great a run as John Gilpin. There must be some ancestral pride in the family into whose table linen a coat of arms has been woven.

FOR THE LADIES.

HOW TO MAKE A CHINA SILK.

To make a plain black China silk in dressy style, have a yoke and bertha of the new black guipure lace on a round waist with jet belt.

Wool dresses are no longer so eagerly used for calling and similar occasions to the exclusion of silks and more elaborate costumes. Women are quick to see the drift of fashion.

For head garniture in full dress we see visible indications of a return to narrow flower wreaths, sometimes two and three rows of tiny blossoms going round the head, after the fashion of the classic crown worn by ancient Greeks.

The ladies of the court of Louis the Sixteenth wore slippers with heels six inches high. They were, of course, unable to walk upon them still like heels; and when compelled to stand for any length of time were obliged to support themselves by resting one jeweled hand on the back of a tall chair, such as all are familiar with in the drawing room pictures of the days of the Louises.

Albatross bows are here again, and they have come to stay. But such bows as they are; not one of them is the stiff, formal, uncompromising Albatross bow of a few years past.

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ribbon about her neck, something of the style of the Episcopal rector.

Trained skirts for the streets, doubt, be advocated and encouraged. The modistes as long as possible, the style requires new materials.

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A beautiful and striking Felt of black Russian velours with cord of green and with threads of gold copper between. This dress has a sage of black mousseline de soie and a jeweled yoke and belted by black ribbon.

Accordions plaiting is to be used, are told, to an extent never before equalled. It is whispered, that the soft whispere, that the bewitching of the skirt dance has had its effect.

A novelty cape has a yoke of tulle, passementerie, with falls of cascade close accordion plaiting. Other have passementerie yokes, with deep falls of lace, lined with silk.

Young girls are wearing white paper lace polka over their dress, and are heaped up on the shoulders with soft satin ribbons to match the dress.

The scarcity of giraffes is illustrated by the death at London, England, of the logical Gardens of its last specimen.

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Remarkable Vitality in Seeds. Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record giving evidence of the preservation of vitality in seeds for at least 1,700 years is related by Dr. Lindley.

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FAMOUS BANDIT.

OUTS OF A DARING MEXICAN IN CALIFORNIA.

deeds of Garza Recall the More moderate Ones of Joaquin Murietta—His Fate.

Recent exploits of the bandit Garza Mexican border, which have given to the United States troops a deal of annoyance, recall to the mind of the most daring highwayman known. The name of Joaquin Murietta in the gold fever days was all a thing of the Pacific Coast.

Of medium height, and of slender figure, he was extremely athletic, and no less graceful than handsome in person. His flowing hair of glossy black fell over his forehead, and on his upper lip were a pair of silvery mustaches.

Much of his success depended upon his members of the robber band, and a supply of the best horse-shoer blades. The daring of the bandit was amazing.

During a day when Jose Joaquin became involved in a quarrel with a man named Jose, he was arrested and fined \$12.50 in charge of Deputy Sheriff Clark.

Clark had been told by the officer to go with him to see the money. Clark had been told by the officer to go with him to see the money.

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