

# SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Man Overboard."

Text: "The shipmaster came to him and said unto him: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.'"—Jonah 1, 6.

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping and says to the men lying around the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Tonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think if you hurry you may get on board her."—Jonah steps on-board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is all exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "snaking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, and a hurricane is brewing. The passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "This is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel is far "behind the wind." There is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better get praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at St. Lawrence, led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung a leak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights on questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and get to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they throw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over the guards and let him drop with a loud splash into the sea. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in the city. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing hard and heavy upon him until they weigh him down. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire. One hundred dollars for wine suppers. One hundred dollars for cigars. One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless.

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation! Instead of being in Tarshish now he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man tired of the faith of his father who resolves to launch out into what is called freethinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for \$12, Renan's "Life of Christ" for \$1.50, Andrew Johnson Davis's works for \$20. Goes to hear a lecture at the clubs and to see spiritualists at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but all in all as good as himself. The result of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it?" Some day he gets his feet wet. He finds himself all right chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; bathes his feet with mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man has a bad case of congestion of the lungs. Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet.

You are used to the minister. But no. He does not believe in ministers. He says, "The Bible is my book. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: 'In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament. It is certain that the sick man's body will be in less than a week.' It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into 'the great to be,' or 'the everlasting now,' or 'the infinite what is it?' His soul is deep waters, and the wind is 'blowing great guns.' Death cries, 'Overboard with the unbeliever!' A splash. He goes to the bottom. He paid \$5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the ticket books. He landed in perdition.

Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent, or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never see it.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their usual work for the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was trying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep? What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang a leak? What if the clumsy oriental craft should capsize? What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils that in almost every place, I suppose,

the Mediterranean which he counted, that no line is long enough to follow the ungodly beneath every important man. Phineas a thousand helms down, you see, for from around him Rocks close by and whirlpools and hot-breathed Levanters. Yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surge of warning break over the hurricane deck, the sort of warning surges through the cabin, the bell rings. "A wake!" cry a hundred voices. Yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by Jobbergs and crew, and he found to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the portholes a man at a stand, as though he were looking at a book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook, frozen to death. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the icebergs and hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel craft to-day I decree voyagers for eternity. I cry, "Ain't about" and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh, that my Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of the wheel and steer the craft down into the warm gulf stream of His mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scorned the idea, and he would have gone home. So now men in strange ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his barnyard, an ox come up and licks his hand, and he says: 'There it is now.' The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib," but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtful-ness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers in uncle's house. Why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwellers.

By strange ways and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Erving, the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Haroak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the last day, and the judgment, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis. John Haroak called out to the Lord, "Lord, I have a thousand ways of waking up Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rooking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God!'"

Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being hurled overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more time left. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die," he says, "yet not ready. I must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare." He hurries to the deck. The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days and months and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late. Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side. The winds howl. The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow him. And while the canvas cracked, and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing with open diapason of midnight storm. "Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and ye have despised; but ye have said: 'I will not counsel and would none of my reproach. I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh.'"

Now, last of you should make this mistake, I think, in the words of the man, a little weak in some respects, but all in all as good as himself. The result of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it?" Some day he gets his feet wet. He finds himself all right chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; bathes his feet with mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man has a bad case of congestion of the lungs. Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet.

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## AN OUTLAW'S SURRENDER.

Frank James, Outlaw of the West, Surrendered.

While Thomas T. Crittenden, Consul General to Mexico, was in Kansas City recently some new details were related of the great event of his term as Governor, the death of Jesse James, the outlaw, and the disruption of the gang. Finis C. Farr, who was Governor Crittenden's private secretary, and is now an attorney in Kansas City, was present when Frank James surrendered, and it was in connection with the surrender that one story was told. Governor Crittenden has always been very proud of the fact that he was the means of ridding the State of the James gang. After he had arranged for the surrender of Frank he invited several gentlemen to be present to witness the scene.

Negotiations for the surrender of the outlaw had been made by Col. John Edwards, who was at that time editor of the Kansas City Times. The guests assembled at the appointed time in the reception room of the Governor's mansion. Promptly at the hour designated Col. Edwards appeared with Frank James. The two walked arm in arm, and Col. Edwards advanced and introduced the Governor to James. With the guests standing about him, James acknowledged the introduction and said that he had come in to surrender and become once more a citizen who observed the laws of the State. In token of his surrender he unbuckled his belt, on which swung two large revolvers, and laid the weapons on the table in front of Governor Crittenden, remarking that as a citizen he would have no further need of them.

The surrender was acknowledged by the Governor in a few words pleasantly spoken, and then the guests and the outlaw were all introduced and seated. Conversation did not proceed very briskly, for constraint was felt on both sides. James was seated in front of the door, and sat with his eyes at all times directed toward it. Every noise in the hall attracted his attention and caused him to watch the door more closely. He was evidently uneasy without the pistols that had so long been his constant companions.

Finally, after some time had passed in that manner, one of the guests made bold to say to the outlaw that for years it had been common report that no man in the country could draw a gun and get ready for defense so quickly as Frank James. Then he asked James to show how quickly such work could be done. Evidently the proposition pleased James, for he smiled and said he would do so if the gentlemen wished it.

"James sat about six feet from the table on which lay the weapons he had put aside," said Mr. Farr in telling the story. "While all were watching his actions he suddenly arose, sprang toward the table, seized the belt and swung it around his waist, as he brushed his long coat aside, and in the shortest time imaginable he snapped the fastening, his hands crossed on his body, and then from the belt he drew forth two pistols and stood with them presented. All this was done in a second, it seemed to me. I was watching him as closely as possible, and it surely did not seem to be more than a second from the moment he rose from his chair until he stood with two pistols presented, ready for war or defense. It was so marvelous an exhibition that the gentlemen present were all astonished and congratulated the man on his skill and dexterity.

"The compliments appeared to please him greatly, for he smiled as he heard them, and bowed his acknowledgments to the men who were talking. He soon changed the conversation to another subject, and the matter was not mentioned again."

## A Wedding in India.

The newspapers are commenting on the \$1,000,000 wedding of a granddaughter of William H. Vanderbilt, recently held in Connecticut, as an example of costly wedding ceremonies. In fact, it was an unusually costly affair for enlightened America. But imagine, if you can, a contrast between that and a recent one in India told of in a letter written to the Franklinville (N. Y.) Chronicle by Mrs. Clara Swain, a cousin of William Smith of that village, who is now residing in Rajputana, one of the States in Northern India.

The bride was a twelve-year-old daughter of the King, or rather the Governor of that State, the capital city being Khetri. Her bridal party consisted of 2500 persons, 800 camels, nine elephants, 500 horses and fifty pairs of bullocks as teams. The father of the bride invited a few of his immediate friends, who came to the number of 7000.

The groom was nineteen years of age. He was accompanied to the ceremony by a party comprising 1071 horses, 1894 camels, twelve elephants and twenty-eight teams of bullocks, and many innumerable attendants. All of these people and animals were kept for more than a week at the expense of the State.

## WHY THEY BUILT THE

the Red Man's Ceremony.

"Why do Indians 'faces'?" I have asked the hundreds of Red Men I received but one answer. "I have visited has a legend accounting hideous decorations that seen on the faces of Indians all ceremonial circumstances." "I was sitting at a camp village of Jacarilla a night listening to the legends that were being I pronounced the old question hardly expecting even the impression of ignorance of many of the thoughts of To my surprise, however, the answer that I least says a writer in the St. L. Democrat. "An old fellow sat all the evening listening without changing granted and straightened heard the question. Proceed all due solemnity, he told ing legend: "Long ago, when men and animals were big and chief of the Red Men these mountains went out deer, for his people were After walking all day he and shot at it, but he turned aside and would not lion which was also deer. When the lion fell of the arrow he jumped bounded after the man, his life. He was almost when he felt his strength he fell to the ground, called big bear, who, you know Grandfather of men, to The big bear heard the call to save the man he ran quickly, so he scratched sprinkled his blood over "Now, you know, no eat of the bear or taste of So when the lion reached he smelled the blood away, but as he did scaped the face of the marks of his claws on face. When the man was uninjured he was that he left the blood to face and never washed it left it until it peeled the claws of the lion so there were marks that in the sun, and where stayed on it was lighter. all men paint their faces with blood and scrape it off when they hunt or go to

## New Treatment for Burns.

A Paris medical man of resources and alternatives had in hand a case of severe and extensive burning, caused by boiling water. So deep was the injury that the healing process was greatly delayed. The patient's family objected to skin grafting, which seemed to be the only way of accelerating the process of recovery, and the doctor, as an experiment, applied the internal membrane of the hen's egg—the white film with which everybody is familiar. The injury must have progressed beyond the suppurative stage, and shown signs of healthy healing. A freshly laid egg is broken and the membrane immediately cut into narrow strips and laid carefully across the raw surface, then antiseptic dressings are applied with carbolic solutions, and the whole is covered by tin foil. In a number of cases this procedure has been eminently satisfactory.

## A Big Gun.

The Krupp steel 180-ton gun has a range of fifteen miles, and can fire two shots a minute. The shot weighs 2,600 pounds; 700 pounds of powder are required for a charge. The cost of a single round from this gun is \$1,500.

## Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are always below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

## Pure and Wholesome Quality.

Comments to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

As a general thing, the hands and feet of Indian men are small and well proportioned.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

Many dictionaries of the Indian tongue were made by the early French and Spanish monks.

He afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25 cents per bottle.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 8, 1894.

There are few instances of full blooded Indians entering the learned professions.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Transvaal has 40,000 gold miners.

Do You Know Its Cause? Indigestion. Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tablets. One gives relief.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Etc., a bottle

## I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite and tone up the system, and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier profeminently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

It does not harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Etc.

SITUATIONS WANTED QUALIFIED—Young man to learn Photography, Station and Express Agent. D. W. WHITMAN, Chatham, N. Y.

## DAVIS OIL SEPARATORS

Combined Separator, Fuel Cleaner, and Steam Power. Practical, Effective, Durable. Cleans and purifies kerosene, lamp and stove oil, and all grades of kerosene. Cleans and purifies kerosene, lamp and stove oil, and all grades of kerosene. Cleans and purifies kerosene, lamp and stove oil, and all grades of kerosene.

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"Why do Indians 'faces'?" I have asked the hundreds of Red Men I received but one answer. "I have visited has a legend accounting hideous decorations that seen on the faces of Indians all ceremonial circumstances." "I was sitting at a camp village of Jacarilla a night listening to the legends that were being I pronounced the old question hardly expecting even the impression of ignorance of many of the thoughts of To my surprise, however, the answer that I least says a writer in the St. L. Democrat. "An old fellow sat all the evening listening without changing granted and straightened heard the question. Proceed all due solemnity, he told ing legend: "Long ago, when men and animals were big and chief of the Red Men these mountains went out deer, for his people were After walking all day he and shot at it, but he turned aside and would not lion which was also deer. When the lion fell of the arrow he jumped bounded after the man, his life. He was almost when he felt his strength he fell to the ground, called big bear, who, you know Grandfather of men, to The big bear heard the call to save the man he ran quickly, so he scratched sprinkled his blood over "Now, you know, no eat of the bear or taste of So when the lion reached he smelled the blood away, but as he did scaped the face of the marks of his claws on face. When the man was uninjured he was that he left the blood to face and never washed it left it until it peeled the claws of the lion so there were marks that in the sun, and where stayed on it was lighter. all men paint their faces with blood and scrape it off when they hunt or go to

## New Treatment for Burns.

A Paris medical man of resources and alternatives had in hand a case of severe and extensive burning, caused by boiling water. So deep was the injury that the healing process was greatly delayed. The patient's family objected to skin grafting, which seemed to be the only way of accelerating the process of recovery, and the doctor, as an experiment, applied the internal membrane of the hen's egg—the white film with which everybody is familiar. The injury must have progressed beyond the suppurative stage, and shown signs of healthy healing. A freshly laid egg is broken and the membrane immediately cut into narrow strips and laid carefully across the raw surface, then antiseptic dressings are applied with carbolic solutions, and the whole is covered by tin foil. In a number of cases this procedure has been eminently satisfactory.

## A Big Gun.

The Krupp steel 180-ton gun has a range of fifteen miles, and can fire two shots a minute. The shot weighs 2,600 pounds; 700 pounds of powder are required for a charge. The cost of a single round from this gun is \$1,500.

## Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are always below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

## Pure and Wholesome Quality.

Comments to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

As a general thing, the hands and feet of Indian men are small and well proportioned.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

Many dictionaries of the Indian tongue were made by the early French and Spanish monks.

He afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25 cents per bottle.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 8, 1894.

There are few instances of full blooded Indians entering the learned professions.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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