### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE TELLS THE PEOPLE OF ORE-GON ABOUT THE DANGER OF BEING CAST AWAY.

Ministers May Show Others the Way to Falvation and Yet be Lost Themselves.

TEXT: "Lest that by any means I myself hould be cast away,"—Cor. ix., 27. In the presence of you who live on the Pacific coast, i who live on the Atlantic coast may appropriately speak on this marine allusion of the text, for all who know about the sea know about the castaway. The text implies that ministers of re-ligion may help others into heaven and yet miss it themselves. The carpenters that built Noah's ark did not get into it themselves. Gown and surplice, and diplomas, and canonicals are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings, and having entertained foreign ambassadors Hampton Court, died in darkness, of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known, plunged into sin and died; his heart, by post-mortem examination, found to have been, not figuratively but literally, to have been, not figuratively but literally, broken. We may have hands of ordination on the head, and address consecrated assemblages, but that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial. The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. There have been cases of shipwreck where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if, having "preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it.

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word.

to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own soto the meaning. So I shall make my own so lection, and take it in a nautical and senfaring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

You and I live in scaboard cities. You

have all stood upon the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea captain, and there is another, and vonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a bark, and between a diamond knot and a sprit sheet sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather cross jack brace, and though you could not man the fore cleve garnets, now you are as familiar wih a ship as you are with your right hand and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is a dark night in your memory of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable saw it was scudding toward the shore. "Breakers ahead w!" The vessel You heard the cry: "Bi Land on the lee bow!" struck the rock and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staying, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men, who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpkes! Driven re the gale! Wrecked for two worlds Castaways! Castaways!

By talking with some sea captains, I have found out that there are three or four causes for such a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it comes sometimes from creating false lights on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them, that they may despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night, on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse, and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swinging to the motion of the horse, and a sea captain in the offing saw it, and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said: "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel, for it has a movable light," and he had no apprehension till he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces and the villians on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined by false lights on the beach. In the dark night of man's danger, false religion goes up and down the shore, shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring ick as the signal of safety, and the cry is "Heave the main topsall to the mast! All is well!" when sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach -philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal lighthouse of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming casta-ways. Once, on Wolf Crag light-house, they tried to build a cop-per figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the dangers to mariners that might be coming anyv near the coast. Of course it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great head-lands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night, and de-stroy all the great light-houses on the dan-gerous coasts—the Barnegat lighthouse, the

great ocean lamp—the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash into ruin. Castaways! Casta-By talking with sea captains I have heard also that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the sudden swoop of a tempest. For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and re are swift feet on the rathines, and the "Way, haul away there!" but before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside it rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Castaway! Castaway! And so I have to tell you that there are thoulands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them. If they had time to ex-amine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberats, they could stand it; but the tempta-tion came so suddenly—an euroclyden on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Carib-bean. One awful surge of temptation and perish. And so we often

Pastnet Rock lighthouse, the Sherryvore lighthouse, the Longships lighthouse, the Longships lighthouse, the Longships lighthouse the lighthouse of the light

Hollyhead lighthouse-than to put out God's

hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were very glad to meet. He said I must drink and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and to the outraging of God and my own tout, I fell." Or the story is: "I had hard work to support my family. I thought that by one false outry, by one deception, by one subsezziement, I might spring out free from all my trouble; and the temptation came apon me so fiercely I could not deliberate, I did wrong and having done wrong once, I could not stop." O, it is the first step that costs; the

once, I could not stop, O, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier, and the third; and on to the last. Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted transls. How often it is that men strands. How often it is that men are round, for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter. As vessels lie is Margate Rouds, safe from southwest winds but the wind changing to the

northeast they are driven helpless and go down. O that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, lest they perish, becoming castaways! castaways!

By talking with sea captains, I have found out also that some vessels come to this calamity through sheer recklessness. There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks, it the stoker, the man on the lookout, become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks, it is found that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men are morally shipwrecked through sheer recklessness. There are thousands who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know which way they are sailing and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel and blindfold them and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all their future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer to a dangerous coast. Some of them are on fire with evil nabit, and they shall burn on the sea, charred bulk tossed up on the barren beach. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's narber; reckiess as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further

from early religious influences, further from piness; and what is the worst thing about they are taking their families along with them, and the way one goes, the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers aboard the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social po-sition, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last levee, and whirled in the last schottishe. They do not deliberately choose to beruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin banks, but there it went to pieces. I wish I could wake you up. The perils are so augmented, you will die just as certainly as you sit there unless you bestir yourself. Are you willing to become a castaway? You throw out no oar. You take no surroundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction. Ready about! Down helm! Hard down! Man the life boat! Pull, my lads, pull! "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed and that without remedy." But some of you are saying within your-selves: "What shall I do?" Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble. Lift a distress signal. On the sea there is a flash and a boom listen and you look. A vessel is rouble. The distress gun is sounded. in trouble, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a dis-tress signal. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, save me, I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The jailer lifted the distress signal when he said: "What must I distress signal when he said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift some signal. must make some demonstration, give some

such a signal, too proud to be saved.

There was an old sailor thumping a small boat in a tempest. The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die, The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore and then I bid them good-by like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up, when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and

sign, make some heaven-piercing outcry for

Too proud to raise

help, lifting the distress signal for church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord now sounds in your ears:

"In Me is thy help."

there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold on me: and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star seemed to help me and seemed to lift me O, sinking soul, see you not the glimmer be-tween the rifts of the storm cloud? That is the star of hope.

Deathstruck, I ceased the tie, to stem, When suddenly a star arose, It was the star of Bethlehem!

If there are any here who consider themselves castaways, let me say God is doing everything to save you. Did you ever hear of Lionel Luken? He was the inventor of the insubmergible life boat. All honor is due to his memory by seafaring men, as well as by landsmen. How many lives he saved by his invention. In after days that invention was improved, and one day there was a perfect life boat, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The life boat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gun-whale on one side to see if the boat would it was impossible to Then amid the huzzas of upset; cited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you now of a grander launching, and from the dry docks of heaven. Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life boat of the world's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosannas. The surges of dark-ness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight of us this hour. It comes for you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let get into it. Make one leap for heaven. Let the boat go past and your opportunity is

I am expecting that there will be whole families here who will get into that life boat. In 1833, the Isabella came ashore off Hast-England. The air was filled with sounds-the hourse sea trumpet, the crash of the axes, and the bellowing of the tornado. A boat from the shore came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women

and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat and said: "Now give us the children." A father said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first born and threw him to the beat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but be-fore it got to the shore the landsmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf with blankets and garments, and promises of and succor. So there are whole families who are going to be saved, and saved alto-gether. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in. All heaven wades in to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there. I claim you all. man here nor one man there; I claim you all.
There are some of you who, thirty years ago,
were consecrated to Christ by your parents
in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping
over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus. Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I been seeking God for a good while, and am I her engal not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away, and you drink, and you swear, and you bring up your familles without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And I claim you, my brother: I claim all of you. You will have to pray sometime; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple cluster of county.

divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and the appailing fact shall be announced that notwithstanding all your magnificent opportunities, you have become a castaway.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Single-Handed a Desperado Hoids

Up a stage Coach. Black Bart's most daring deeds in the mountain passes of California and Colorado were out done by a lone highwayman who held up and robbed the stage that runs between Gogebic, on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad, just over the line in Michigan, and Gogebic Lake, a summer resort, where people from the large cities spend dog days. As the stage was running along at a lively gait through a dense forest, when about two miles from the station a man jumped out in front of it, and, pointing two big navy revolvers at the driver, commanded him in good old Western style to throw up his hands, at the same time extending the same order to the four passengers inside the coach, with the further provision that they "shell out" all

further provision that they shell out all love valuables and currency.

O se of the passengers went down in his pocket, but instead of b inging up his pock-book he clinched a pistol in his hand and began firing at the robber. The desperado immediately returned the fire, and although the driver whipped the horses into a mad gallop, his aim was true, D. Mackerchar, a bookk eper in the First National Bank of Minneapolis, receiving the first bullett in his cheek, while a second went crashing through his leg. Anothes passenger, named A. G. Fleeschbain, of Belleville, ill., was mortally wounded. He raised up in the seat as the hors s were whipped away just in time to receive a bullet in the bip. He fell forward receive a bullet in the bip. He fell forward and pitched over the side of the coach into the roadway. The horses continued on a run, and the wounded man was left to take his chances with the robber. That villa n threatened at first to kill him, but finally desisted, after securing \$37 and his victim's watch and chain. The wounded mau lay bleeding in the road for three hours before anyone courageous enough to go to his suc-cor was secured. He was taken to the hospital at Bessemer, but the loss of blood was

so great as to blight all hope of recovery. There were two other passengers on the coach, but neither of them were molested. They were William Padden, of Chicago, and Robert Rinlout, of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago. The party was out on a fishing trip, and was composed of wealthy men. A description of the robber tallies to the letter, with that of the daring freebooter who went through a Northwestern train near Ellis Junction some time ago.

#### LONDON'S GREAT STRIKE.

Over One Hundred Thousand Workingmen Now Idle.

The strike situation at London is unchanged. Ships are being unloaded at Chatam and Southampton without interference. The Lord Mayor has refused to become arbitrator of the differences between the men and their employers, fearing lest it might conflict with his judicial duties.

The strikers now number 130,000. The coal porters at important centers are joining the strikers. Two hundred and fifty steamers are lying in the docks awaiting cargoes. Riverside factories, employing thousands of bands, are closing for lack of coal.

Meetings of employers and workmen con-tinue to be held, but without result. The directors of the Commercial Dock Company have declined an off or of the services of 3,000 Belgian laborers at  $4)_2$ d. per hour. The printers employed by the firms of Eyre & Spottiswoode, Cassell & Co. and Waterloo

& Son have struck. One hundred thousand striking dock laborers marched in procession. They were orderly.

The drivers of the government mail carts

emanded an advance of wages, which the postoffice authorities granted. The London Chamber of Commerce urges the dock managers to agree to arbitration. Seven members of the House of Commons, in an interview with the dock directors, appealed to them to concede the men's demands. The directors promised to consider the mat-

There are a few vessels unloading in the Medway, to which the strike has not yet extended. The Salvation Army, the London Cottage Mission and similar bodies are ma-terinily assisting the strikers with cheap or gratuitous meals and lodgings. The coat porters have rejected an offer from the London Dock Company of a shilling an hour, dinner and beer, and protection from the strikers.

A keynote showing the importance of the movement was struck by Mr. Burns at a meeting. He pronounced the strike the stepstone to a greater and nobler movement of workingmen throughout the country. The present struggle would teach a lesson of When concluded, be would commence his work in the East End.

### WRONGLY NUMBERED DEAD.

A Man's Search For H s Wife's Body in a Johnstown Cemetery.

Through the carelessness of some of the employees the graves of flood victims in Grand View Cemetery do not correspond to the numbers on the morgue record. This was painfully illustrated, when James W. Shumaker, a merchant of the town, identitied some jewelry as belonging to his wife, and when the grave corresponding to the number was opened the body was found to be that of a man. The bodies here were buried in trenches, and Mr. Shumaker had over thirty bodies in one trench lifted, hopthat he might find his wife. At the Pros-pect Hill Cemetery much more care was taken, and every grave corresponds to the description on the morgue books.

All the Chinamen in town visited the cemetery and deposited rice, cooked sweet po-tatoes, bananas and tea on the graves of their two fellow countrymen who were drowned. There is still much sickness and many deaths in the valley, the physicians in the place all being kept cusy. The free branch dispen-sary of Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia here treated two hundred and forty cases last week.

An enthusiastic meeting was held by the business men, at which it was determined to bring suit against the South Fork Fishing Ciub. Speeches were made by a number of business men, all strongly urging united action in the matter. One thousand dollars was raised by subscription, and it was agreed that John Linton and W. Horace Rose should be appointed to investigate the

#### STARVED AND DRIVEN INSANE

A Story of Atrocious Cruelty of Parents Toward Their Daughter.

A horrible case of parental brutality is reported from Mason City, W. Va. Miss Minnie Offenheimer was a beautiful young woman of 18 and the daughter of a prominent and wealthy min. A few months ago she met Edward Shoemaker, a well-known river operator, at a picnic, and the two loved at once. Shoemaker pressed his suit and was accepted. The parents of the young woman were furious when they learned of her engagement to Shoemaker. Miss Offenheimer refused to give him up, and she subjected to horrible cruelties. Neighbors declare that she was locked in her room, half starved and beaten for weeks. Finally the

neighbors interfered.

The young woman was rescued, but her reason had been dethroned. The case has excited great indignation throughout the

Gloves of Human Skin.

"Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said a Philadelphia physician recently. "The skin on the breast is soft and pliable, and may be used in the making of gioves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shop-keeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus you see a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it."

Then the doctor drew from a drawer brand-new pair of black gloves. "There," he said, "is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes.

"The skin on a man's back makes good sole leather," said the doctor. Nature has protected man's spine by a skin which is much heavier than that on other parts of the body. Here is a piece of well-tanned skin from the calf of a man's leg." And the doctor displayed a bit of white leather, strong and thick.

In a museum in Belgium are the bodies of six members of one family. They were all buried in a tan vard. and when they were exhumed, years afterward, the skin, flesh, and even the bones were well preserved, so thoroughly tanned were all the parts. These specimens are in a better state of preservation than are the Egyptian mummies.

A few years ago the tanning of human skin in Massachusetts was effectually checked, and since that time the business has ceased. The few samples of tanned human skin now obtainable were made by scientists as an experiment.

#### School Teacher's Experiences.

School teachers have many funny experiences in the mountain districts of Tennessee and Kentucky. One teacher relates that one of his pupils was taken out of school because he endeavored to persuade him that the earth was round. His father would not have him taught such nonsense, and was so certain that the earth was flat that he challenged the teacher to a public debate. It lasted a week before crowded houses, and the jury disagreed. The man admitted that there were too many hills and mountains for the earth to be exactly flat, and finally went so far as to say that the earth "might be round this 'ere way" east and west) 'cause the people might fall off; but it is not round that 'ere way" (meaning north and south). What confusing reasoning he had in his head the teacher could not divine, but it convinced at least half the audience.

It is remarkable how moral courage will almost always overcome brute force. When Gen. Clarke was subduing hostile Indians, he once had before him a chief whose record was one of bloodshed and pillage, and who made it a boast that he feared no man. Clarke treated him with the utmost contempt, accused him of being a squaw who would never fight, and finally had all his insignia of rank stripped off him. The savage, who had always been accustomed to having people cringe before him, was completely awed and humbled by this treatment, and begged for peace and pardon. He never gave the whites any further trouble.

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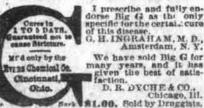
### Out of Sorts

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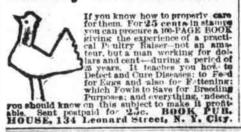
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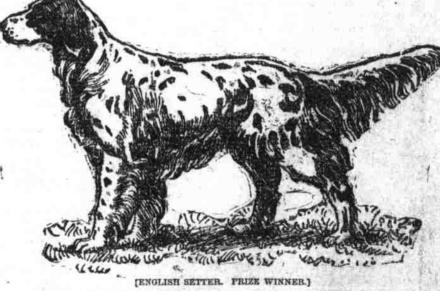
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