

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

An Eloquent Dissertation on the Sin of Gambling—An Insidious Vice Which Numbers Its Victims by the Thousands—May be Saved by Grace of God.

Text: "Woe unto them that sin, as it were with a cart rope."—Isaiah v. 18.

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 thoughts 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. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say, "It has no practical bearing upon my 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, and there are about 5500 professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments how many of them 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, you go to the top of 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 "Dante" 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 banquet room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars 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 she sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street or dead into the river.

You go along a little farther 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 "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting that "gig" and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door, "Exchange 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 cart rope 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 that they have of thinking, "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filled and accelerated by skating near a whirlpool, and there are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. 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 \$5000. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffe the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

There are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. 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 luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office or shop. I ought to have a finer apartment. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly favored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can win 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; but man is bound to go on. When a man makes \$1000 a year and spends \$1200, when a young man makes \$1500 and spends \$1700, all the harpies of darkness cry out, "Ha! ha! we have him!" And they have. How to get the extra \$500 or the extra \$200 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 of 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 \$1000."

This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum, and flaunt the flag, and gather their recruits with wild hurra, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much sound as the click of dice. 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 you see a coil ofadders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you to forget it. The most of this evil is unadvertised. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gambling establishments are not fools enough to tell of it. Once in awhile, however, 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 first street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central Railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen \$108,000 for the purpose of carrying on gambling practices, as when a young man in one of the savings banks of Brooklyn many years ago was found to have stolen \$40,000 to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen \$108,000 to carry on his gaming practices. But that is exceptional.

Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gambler's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of business life. It is 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 agitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announced the word "Northwestern" or "Fox" or "Wagon," or "Book Island," or "New York Central," and the rat, tat, tat, of the auctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "nools," and "carrying stock," and a "break" from eighty to seventy, and the excitement of rushing around in carbuncle brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Buyer three!" "Buyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How many?" and the making or losing of \$10,000 by one operation, lifts a man to go home and so he goes up the flight of stairs, amid business offices, to the darkly curtained, wooden-shuttered room, gayly furnished inside, and takes his place at the roulette or the faro table. But I cannot tell all the process by which men get into this evil. A man went to New York. He was a Western merchant. He went into a gaming house on Park place. Before morning he had lost all his money and so he moved around with that dollar in his hand, and after awhile, caught still more powerfully under the internal infatuation, he came up and put down the dollar and cried out until he heard him through the saloon, "One thousand miles from home, and my last dollar on the gaming table."

Many years ago for sermonic purposes 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 flitting eight or ten men in midlife, 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 rattle 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 vice—but 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 intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked 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 if his presence had 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 officer of the law told me, "None gets in here except by police mandate or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost; then feeling on the roulette table and lost; then feeling on his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there, a man lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of that 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 in one of the clubhouses of London. His body was carried into the clubhouse, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he was 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 then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiters' 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 one 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 enterprises 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 Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gossiped in a lottery, and the brain of community raced to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are 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 great multitude that no man can number."

Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and you remember at the close of the 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 men, 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.

I have accomplished my object if I put you on the lookout. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray 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 position? No, 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 rephrasing? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison and try to get out and you fail, 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 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 Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, want 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 out all their sins. They quit trying for earthly honors, 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 outstretched as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a snore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no ironbound shores 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 eternal 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 tally board, and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "out," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the faro bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood stained wagers.

JOHN P. LOVELL DEAD.

Founder of Famous Company Succumbs to Paralysis.

The venerable John P. Lovell, founder of the arms company bearing his name, a company known all over the world, has just died at his summer home, Cottage City, Mass. He suffered a paralytic shock from which it was hoped for a time he would recover, but rigorous constitution was not a match for the encroachments of advancing years. John Prince Lovell was born in East Braintree on July 22, 1820, and was therefore in his 78th year. He was an instance of a rolling stone gathering no moss, for he tried several trades before finally settling down to gunsmithing, at which he became one of the most expert and finished workmen in the world. He apprenticed himself to A. B. Fairbanks, a Boston gunsmith, who in 1840 gave



THE LATE JOHN P. LOVELL.

Mr. Lovell a half interest in the business. Mr. Fairbanks died the following year. Mr. Lovell took another partner, but in 1844 bought out the latter. He later added sporting goods of all descriptions to his stock, and the company has steadily grown to its present mammoth proportions. Mr. Lovell successfully weathered every panic, never failed and never was sued. As his sons became of age to enter business, they were taken into the firm. Mr. Lovell was connected with numerous secret and charitable organizations. He was the first man to buy a ticket on the South Shore (later the Old Colony) railroad when it was built, and had been a continuous ticket holder ever since. He has long been the only survivor of the original ticket holders. Mr. Lovell, at the completion of his 50 years in business, was given a golden business jubilee anniversary which was one of the notable events of East Weymouth there. He has lived for more than half a century. Mr. Lovell leaves a widow and five sons, three of whom are members of the company.

MORE LATITUDE FOR RUCKER.

He Will Be Allowed to Name a Part of His Force at Least.

A Washington special says: Internal Revenue Collector Rucker, of Georgia, will not go home empty handed. He will not leave until next week, and in the meantime the president will issue an order taking from the classified service all outside internal revenue deputies.

At the treasury the commissioner refused to say whether the order would remove all the deputies in the service or not. "The deputies will know soon enough," he said.

MARCHED WITH BRASS BANDS.

Miners Swoop Down Upon DeArmitt Armed with Walking Sticks.

Oak Hill, in the vicinity of Turtle Creek, Plum Creek and Sand Creek, of DeArmitt, was invaded after midnight Wednesday by an army of strikers who were on hand to attend the great mass meeting held near the mines Thursday morning.

It is estimated that by daybreak there were several thousand miners encamped upon the hills surrounding the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company's property. They came from every direction, headed by brass bands, and nearly all of them carried heavy walking sticks, and some were armed.

There were no threats of violence, however, and no indications of drinking. Many were supplied with food enough to last two days. Immediately upon reaching Oak Hill the strikers prepared for camp. In the valley leading up from Turtle Creek to one of the New York and Cleveland mines the company had a powerful searchlight. It was kept shifting about in hopes of flanking any movement of the strikers to creep within reach of the mine unknown to the deputies, who guarded every approach. Long before daylight the strikers were up, and after eating their frugal meal, prepared for the day's work. The intention was to see as many of DeArmitt's men before they got into the pits as possible.

About 4 o'clock 1,500 strikers assembled at Turtle Creek and headed by three brass bands, with flags and banners flying, marched by the houses occupied by DeArmitt's men. The strikers hooted and yelled and then marched to the mines, where they planted themselves before the pit, thus compelling DeArmitt's men to run the gauntlet to get to work.

A short time later, Sheriff Lowry, who had been wired to for assistance, arrived from Pittsburg with fifty deputies, armed with winchesters. The strikers quietly withdrew and the new deputies were placed on guard.

When the meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock Thursday morning there were 3,000 striking miners in attendance, and before it was well under way there were 5,000 people in the vicinity.

The demonstration had no effect upon the men at Plum Creek, and all went to work.

The strikers used all their powers of persuasion upon the diggers, but none were molested and no threats were made.

President Dolan was made chairman of the meeting, and in a short speech he accused DeArmitt of insincerity. He said if DeArmitt's men did not come out, there would be a sympathy strike all over the United States.

M. P. Carrick was next introduced, and he said that workmen all over the United States were interested in this strike, because it will have a tendency to raise wages everywhere.

"If you men of the DeArmitt mines will not come out now, we will march 60,000 men here and compel you to come out, not by force, but by shame."

When Eugene V. Debs was introduced there was great enthusiasm. He said in part:

"I am here not to encourage passion but to appeal to reason. You are in the midst of the greatest contest the world has ever known. Whether you succeed or fail depends upon yourselves. In order to win, you must remain absolutely sober until this contest is over. Whisky clouds the brain, robs you of your money and makes you brutal, and also makes you do just what your enemies want you to do."

After the meeting the Sandy Creek miners returned to work, and the strikers went into camp and had lunch.

PENSION RULES REVISED.

Changes Will Make Many Modifications in Present Practices.

A thorough revision of the rules governing the adjudication of pension claims under the second section of the act of June 27, 1890, has been made by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Webster Davis at Washington, and sweeping modifications in the present practices are the result.

The changes are embodied in instructions to the commissioners of pensions, it is stated that the present rules render the administration of the law difficult and embarrassing.

The new code, it is said, will furnish a safe, speedy and uniform system of adjusting this class of cases.

FIVE YEARS FOR BRIDGES.

Ex-County School Commissioner Convicted of Embezzlement.

The Bridges embezzlement trial which had been in progress at Rome, Ga., for several days was given to the jury late Saturday afternoon.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty and Judge Henry passed sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

Few cases in Floyd county have attracted as much attention or developed as many sensational features as this. It has been in the courts for nearly two years, and it has been of enormous expense to the county and from the present outlook the drain on the county treasury from this source is not likely to stop soon.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

New Industries Established in the South During the Past Week.

Reports received during the past week from correspondents in all sections of the south continue to be encouraging, and an actual increase in the volume of business, an upward tendency in prices and better collections are now to be noted.

Replies to a special inquiry sent to leading manufacturers of the south as to crop prospects and the outlook for fall trade shows that manufacturers generally are now enjoying increased business; that the volume of trade for the first half of this year compares favorably with that of 1896 (in many cases exceeding it); that cotton is well advanced; that the corn crop will be unusually large, while the tobacco and wheat crop will be below the average, but better prices will more than offset the shortage.

The general verdict is that the situation is most encouraging, and that the future holds promise of early and substantial improvement, not only in the volume of trade, but prices realized. In all lines of business preparations are now being made for an active fall trade, and this, in connection with the expansion brought about by splendid crops, is effecting all channels of business and advancing an era of general prosperity.

Among the most important new industries for the past week are the following: The Maston, Hoge & King Construction company, capital \$50,000, Charleston, W. Va.; the Queen City Compress company, capital \$50,000, Columbus, Miss.; and another compress at Jackson, Tenn.; the Dallas City Land company, capital \$15,000, Dallas, Tex.; the Ashpeop Fertilizer company, capital \$100,000, Charleston, S. C.; the Martin Gold Mining and Milling company, capital \$30,000, Gainesville, Ga.; and the Compressed Coal company, maximum capital \$500,000, Norfolk, Va. Telephone supply works will be erected at Knoxville, Tenn.; a \$20,000 oil mill at Pelzer, S. C.; and others at Gadsden, Ala., and Gretna, La.; a bleaching and dye house at Tarboro, N. C.; a tobacco factory at Danville, Va.; and woodworking plants at Alexandria, La.; Charlotte, N. C.; Walterboro, S. C.; and Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tradesman (Chattanooga, Tenn.).

ASK FOR RECONSIDERATION.

Instructors at Brown University Want President Andrews To Remain.

A remonstrance has been issued by the professors at Brown university at Providence, R. I., and sent to the members of the corporation.

It protests against the action of the latter body with reference to President Andrews, and asks for a reconsideration of the whole matter. The document lays stress on the importance of freedom of speech, especially in a university where there should be no such thing as political prejudice.

The fact is emphasized that there has been a remarkable increase in the number of students since Dr. Andrews became president. The remonstrance is signed by a majority of professors.

CONFLAGRATIONS IN OTTAWA.

Fireproof Company and Grain Elevator Destroyed Entailing Heavy Losses.

The Pioneer Fireproof Construction Company's plant, at Ottawa, Ill., the largest of its kind in the world, was partially destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon, entailing a loss of \$100,000. There was only a partial insurance. The fire was of incendiary origin.

The large grain elevator of J. S. Shaler was burned to the ground Sunday morning. Loss, \$6,000; insurance, \$3,000.

It is now thought this building was also set on fire. Had there been any breeze at the time of either fire the city of Ottawa would have been almost wiped out, as both buildings were situated close to the business center.

LIQUOR DEALERS QUIT BUSINESS.

Illinois Town Refuses to Reduce the Saloon License Tax.

Every one of the forty saloons in Danville, Ill., are closed and the thirsty citizens must go to Germantown or to the road houses for a drink.

The Liquor Dealers' Association petitioned the city council recently to lower the license from \$800 to \$600, and threatened to close their places on refusal. The council refused and Monday morning every saloon in the city was found closed.

LOOKS BAD FOR BRIDGES.

Former School Commissioner's Bondsman Surrender Him.

Former School Commissioner Bridges, of Floyd county, Ga., has been placed in jail at Rome as the result of G. J. Briant's withdrawing from his bond. Bridges will make an effort to procure another bondsman.

In the trial of the Bridges case Wednesday the state introduced a receipt for \$2,800 from to J. J. Black, tax collector, for the poll tax for 1894. This amount had never been entered on Bridges' books or accounted for in any way. The receipt was a great surprise to the defense and they seem discouraged. This makes the total shortage over \$7,000.