

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CART-ROPE INIQUITY" SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

From the following Bible Text: Isaiah, Chapter 5, Verse 18: "Woe unto them that say: We will not see a cart-ropo."—Vigilance Advised.



HERE are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected, and honored.

ter. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs 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-ropo. 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 interwoven—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-ropo 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. There are about five thousand five hundred 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 ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up 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 Dore's "Dante's 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 banqueting 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 metre 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 he 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 further 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;" a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges 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-ropo 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 very near an air hole. 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 five hundred dollars. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then 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 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 finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with 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, that man is bound to go on. When a man makes one thousand dollars a year and spends one thousand two hundred dollars; when a young man makes one thousand five hundred dollars, and spends one thousand seven hundred dollars, all the harpies of darkness cry out: "Ha! ha!" we have him," and they have. How to get the extra five hundred dollars or the extra two thousand dollars 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 one hundred dollars on the ace and pick up a thousand."

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, finding eight or ten men in mid-life, 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 revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked 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 had 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 in that presence had he 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 by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None get 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; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, the 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 were 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-ropo," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart-ropo been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprisers 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 fallen 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 gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the 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 enterprisers are carried on in the name of charity; and some of you remember at the close of our Civil War how many gift enterprisers were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did these men who had charge of those gift enterprisers 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 man, 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 look-out. 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 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 reprehending? 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 of the house of David. 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, what 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 of the angels are all strung, and the light of eternity flashed upon the green balize of their billard-saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. 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 outspread as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron-bound shore 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 angels of God keep the tally-board; and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the far-bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers.

Mother's Dying Words.
(By J. F. O'Haver, Harrodsburg, Ind.)
During a round of pastoral visits, I called at a country residence, and before I left read a passage from the Bible and had prayer. Contrary to my custom, I concluded to read the first passage at which my Bible opened, which was the 103d Psalm. As soon as I began to read the lady of the house began to weep, and continued to do so throughout the reading and prayer.
Upon rising from our knees, she burst into tears, and told me the first words of that psalm were the last words of her mother on earth, and that she died in that very room, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. I learned she had not been to church for many years, but I notice she has been regular in attendance since.
Who will say that a mother's saintly life is soon lost, or that the Spirit does not lead His servants?

A Brother's Love.
Little Jennie disobeyed her mother one day, and she made her leave her play and go and sit for an hour in the corner.
Her little brother was very fond of his sister, and he was so sorry for her that he asked his mother to let him sit in Jennie's place and let her go and play.
Their mother allowed him to do so. After a little he said:
"Mamma, am I not like Jesus?"
"Why?" said she.
"Because I am suffering in Jennie's place."
"Yes," said mamma, "and you do it because you love her, don't you?"
Jesus suffered once and for all, for us. But we are always like him when we suffer or deny ourselves for others.
Nothing makes us so much like Jesus as to forget ourselves and live to make somebody else happy.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remember them.

LIFE OF A GREAT WIT

TOM OCHILTREE FAMED ON TWO CONTINENTS.

His Recent Dangerous Illness Reveals Many Incidents in His Life.—"T. Ochiltree & Father, Attorneys," His First Joke.



OM OCHILTREE, who was recently reported at the point of death, became a national character a few years ago when he came to congress as a representative from Texas. He was conspicuous to look upon, and he rarely said anything that was not conspicuous. He made friends, and he was so good natured to his enemies and so quick with his wit that the men who were opposed to him were anxious to get over their tilts. He was pointed out on the floor of the house as the first native congressman from his state. It was also related that his district was wider and longer than many of the states of Europe, reaching over a territory of twenty-seven counties, and running from the Gulf to Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande. This area comprised 37,600 square miles. Ochiltree was practically the king of it. He was the only man in the district when power was in consideration. Ochiltree went to the top of capital favoritism at a single bound. He was a prince of story tellers. The beauty of his humor was that it hit no one so hard as it hit himself. He was a joke to himself. He rarely appeared upon the floor of the Forty-eighth congress that he did not put the house into a furor of laughter. The country members used to declare that he was more fun than the minstrels. His bills and appropriations were jested through—the jest always bearing a strong argument why Texas and Texas harbors should be the especial care of the country. He called himself the "Red-headed Ranger from Texas," and the title was enough to get him a hearing before the business committee. It was his custom to send in word to an important session of a close-mouthed and dignified committee that the "Red-

He always had some outside plan in his head, and while he was still under his majority in years he was editor of a paper and had been sent as a delegate to the conventions in Charleston and Baltimore.

General Longstreet saw that Ochiltree was made a colonel during the war. The reward came in return for exceptional bravery on the field. He fought with the confederates during all the struggle, and returning to Texas, he printed in his paper advice to the southern people "to stop crying and get solace in work." His ability was marked enough to attract the attention of President Grant and Grant made him the marshal for Texas. He and the president became great friends. It is said that Grant delighted in seeing no one more than he did in seeing Tom Ochiltree. This relation made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. This jealous faction once planned an incident whereby it would get even with Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him. Ochiltree bided time, as he has never been known to complain.

Colonel Ochiltree did not go to ship to welcome Grant. He took a stage point in the crowd that fills streets in front of the Tremont. He was behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel to the curb, the station committee—or part of it—standing in the hotel door, and giving the general the gladness Ochiltree watched until the general Mrs. Grant had stepped from the rig and then he bulged through the carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend, and offering his Mrs. Grant, marched proudly into the hotel. The mob of onlookers manded a speech from the general constituting himself a comrade. Colonel Ochiltree appeared in the hotel balcony and saluted Grant as one of his best and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galvesto to snub him as a social functionary. Texas owes as much to Ochiltree. It does to any other man that ever came from the state. He has been untiring in his efforts to keep the state



headed Ranger from Texas" had a few remarks he would like to make covering a few points in a measure the august body had in its pigeon holes. The admission of Ochiltree meant a good laugh—a long series of good laughs—and it is a part of legislative tradition that the colonel's stories have done for him what plain, unvarnished and prosaic logic failed to do for others. Ochiltree proves that men's traits come out in little things and at an early age. He was taken as a partner into his father's office. He was barely out of his teens. The father went away from town one day, and while he was gone the boy had the sign changed. San Antonio awakened the next morning to laugh for years at the strange name of the firm—"Thomas P. Ochiltree and Father, Attorneys." The grown man was no less original than the boy had been, and his wit increased as the years brought the stubby, fat youngster into a rotund, broad-girthed statesman.

Judge William B. Ochiltree, a lawyer of great repute in the south, was determined that young Tom should be brought up in the straight and narrow path. He thought his son would be a quiet man, of gentle habits, and thereupon placed him under the care and tutelage of two Catholic priests. The priests labored in Nacogdoches parish, where the boy was born, and they tried industriously to keep their pupil in lines of thought that might possibly take him into the clergy. The lad stood it for a time, and at the age of 15 suddenly took the matter into his own hands. He wanted to fight Indians. The priests were powerless, and with a great deal of shrewd planning, young Tom made an enlistment as a private in the Texas Rangers, starting west for the scalps of the Apaches and Comanches in 1854. A year knocked all the romance out of his boyish ambition, and as he was willing to come home and back to his books,

before the public. He did so much in this respect with the papers that he edited he was at one time sent to Europe as emigrant inspector for Texas. This gave him opportunity for many trips abroad, and he became as fluent in the continental languages as in English. He actually became a feature in the London papers, and the old journals used to advertise interviews with him as the New York papers now advertise their weekly grist of Sunday matter. The English papers are fond of conventional expressions. It was usually printed that the interviewer found the valiant colonel "engaged in a sumptuous repast," or "about to sit down to an elaborate dinner," or "rising from a table groaning with all the luxuries." The descriptions are probably accurate, as no man in the country has gastronomic art to a higher state of cultivation than he. He would starve to death were he forced to live on the diet which the ancient Lucullus considered the best on earth.

ILLINOIS NEWSLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Miscellaneous Events.



to make more, better, than any other flour. Find it the best and expensivest after his trip to South America and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him. Ochiltree bided time, as he has never been known to complain.

the fresh prepared Cream...

Better and goes farther than milk and cream. Excellent for tea and coffee. Can be diluted and used for berries and sauces. St. Charles Evaporated Cream is prepared by an improved process by which all water is removed by evaporation, and the cream only condensed and retained. The utmost cleanliness is observed in its manufacture. Try one can. It is a superior article.

our line of

Chicago & Quincy railroad presents its report for the month of June, 1897, with comparative figures for the same month in 1896. The six months ending June 30, 1897, are also compared with the same period a year ago: Total expenses, June, 1896, \$2,798,463.82; deficit, \$73,896.04. June, 1897, expenses, \$2,969,772.66; net earnings, \$61,360.54. First half 1896, total expenses, \$15,851,680.64; deficit, \$239,562.82. First half 1897, total expenses, \$16,003,153.63; net earnings, \$938,694.46.

There is a strong probability that the Rockford council, at its meeting Monday evening, will vote to lengthen the hours which saloons may keep open from 10 until 11 o'clock. All of the fourteen members of the council were elected on license platforms, the first time in the history of the city, and it is believed that ten out of the fourteen will vote for the extension of the closing time one hour. Mayor Brown is a no-license man, and it is not known whether he will allow the ordinance to become a law without his signature, or veto it.

The McKenna Steel Working Company, a new industry in Joliet, began regular operations Monday after a series of successful tests. This company re-rolls old rails, making them as good as new, and it is the only concern of its kind in the world. It has erected and equipped a plant here costing \$116,000, and has orders ahead sufficient to last several months. The general offices of the company are in Milwaukee. E. W. McKenna is the president and the superintendent in charge of the Joliet plant is D. H. Lentz. The invention of Mr. McKenna is regarded as the most important advance in the art of making rails which has been made for many years, and means a great saving to railroads. No process of renovating rails has been before discovered, and when a rail was worn out it was useless as a rail thereafter.

Chicago people may now rest assured of the truthfulness of the reports of the rich harvests of gold in Alaska. A Chicago woman has just returned from that cold country of mysteries. The woman is Mrs. Eli Gage, daughter of Fortus B. Wear, of the North American Trading and Transportation Company. In glowing terms Mrs. Gage praises the people who are there, and says that the reports are not in the least exaggerated. Mrs. Gage went to Dawson three months ago to see her husband, who is a son of Secretary of the Treasury Lyman T. Gage, and the representative of Mr. Wear's company at Dawson. She investigated the Klondike region, and comes back to Chicago full of enthusiasm about the territory. During her stay she had every opportunity to see exactly what the situation was, and had it not been for her relatives and her baby, which she could not take with her on account of the intense severity of the climate, she would probably not have returned until next spring. She was happy in the strange land, and withstood the cold wonderfully well.

The Tazewell County Agricultural Fair Association have their new premium lists for their fair out and distributed. They are very neat, and the handwork of Pates. Their nineteenth annual fair will be held at Delavan on August 31, September 1, 2 and 3, and will keep up their well established reputation as the "Model Fair" of Central Illinois. That is saying considerable, but they have the men backing it that will keep up their well earned reputation, and do even better than last year. This is their advertisement, and they will do it.