#### TALMAGE'S SERMON,

AMUSEMENTS THE SUPPORT ON LAST SUNDAY.

"Let the Young Men New Arise and Play Before Us" -- Second Samuel, Chapter II. Veres 14-Sports as a Means to an End-The Home Life.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, May 19.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in accord with all innocent hilarities, while it reprehends amusements that belittle or deprave; text, II Samuel ii, 14, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against 12 men, the sport open. But something went adversely. . Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his ire aroused and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the 24 sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now-that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straightjacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work and, feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers and goes into his garret and walks lively round the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God made a great mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing this demand of our nature the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that every thing is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But Paul the apostle commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear, and that winds sigh, but they never did have trouble, and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose and the universe a garland.

#### Find Out for Yourselves. I project certain principles by which

you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right or wrong. I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful resuit or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But. blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pean of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now, it is these exhibarant and sympathetic and warm hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a stout driver, and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your alumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day | ing places and loungers, his nights to his work with his eyes bloodshot, seeking out some gaslight foolery! The yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they man who always has on his sporting are wrong kinds of amusement. They jacket, ready to hunt for game in the are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not his side or the fly bait with which he robes, with cathle because they are not infortated butts of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing If God had intended us to do nothing

for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are in the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up and if they pull us down as to our moral as well as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Live Within Your Means. Still further, those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds of thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the cityit was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide one of these men plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald, but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk-I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me and, with a concentered and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul, but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware, beware, O young man! "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party hasburned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages ladies whose lifetime business it to to "go shopping," large bets on horses, have their counterparts in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church and that send drunkenness staggering acrosss the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's

### Look Out for the Leakage.

Merchant, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack tne whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hardworking men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and and alas if you have to stand over the excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash, The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend. Who are you?"

Passing along the street some night you hear a shiek in a grogshop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grogshop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all be ever did, although he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the agony. Ine great dramatist says, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless

child." Sports a Menna to an End. Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while on their way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up loungmountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray or work or read, is not so well off as the greyhound that runs by whips the stream. A man who does not work does not know how to play.

but laugh he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift and hands with which to work and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts-infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal world!

I go further and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial.

## The Final Scone.

I was summoned to his deathbed. hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full everyday dress on the top of the couch. I put out my hand. He grasped it excitedly and said, "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said: 'Last night I saw my mother, who has been dead twenty years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you. Wife, wish you would take these strings off me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off me." I saw it was delirium. "Oh." replied his wife, "my dear, there nothing there." He went on and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Talmage, my mother sat. She said to me, 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed and put my arms around her and said: 'Mother, I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help me.' No mistake about it, no delusion. I saw her—the cap and the apron and the spectacles, just as she used to look twenty years ago. But I do wish you would take these strings away. They annoy me so! I can hardly talk. Won't you take them away?" I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realiize what I was saying. I got up. said: "Goodby. I hope you will be better soon. He said, "Goodby, goodby."

That night his soul went up to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said: "Don't bring him in the church; he is too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him in. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

## Delight in the Home Life.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off. The mother went off. The child went off. There are today the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out in the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations grave of one who perished from your

Ah, my friends there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth.

# SLAVES' PASSPORT COIN.

#### Copper Pocket Pleces Used in Escaping from Hondage.

Mr. Charles L. Feller, 1646 East Pratt street, has in his possession a copper coin of the kind used by slaves as passports in their travels when running away from their owners during the anti-slavery agitation preceding the Civil War. The coin bears the date 1838, with "Liberty" in a laurel wreath on its face and on the reverse the kneeling figure of a slave woman and the inscription "Am I not a woman and a sister?" The condition of the coin is perfect and came into possession of Mr. Feller several years ago, who obtained it from an oyster dredger. The dredger found it with a lot of other coins in the ruins made by the great flood at Johnstown. Mr. Feller has a large collection of coins, and attached no particular value to this piece antil a few days ago, when he read an account of a lot of these anti-slavery coins being dug up in the Middle West. Considerable interest was attached to the finding of them. According to the Boston Transcript, Mr. H. B. Thatcher of Bangor, Me., who is a noted coin collector, has one of the pieces of the same year as Mr. Feller's. Mr. Thatcher says he remembers that in his youth slaves went to his father's house at night and were taken in. His fa ther would take them out of Bangor in his wagon and would carry them well on their way toward the Canada line. The coins were used by the slaves along their avenues of escape as signals by which they could show they were entitled to assistance without being compelled to speak and tell about themselves. - Baltimera Sun.

# WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Trial of the Hadfield Murder Case at Marion-Work of Mothers' Congress at Charleston-Dates of the County Institutes for Farmers.

### Illinois Farmers' Institutes.

A conference of Farmers' Institute delegates from the counties of the old Twenty-first congressional district, presided over by W. Kinsey, of Tamaroa, who is also president of the State Farmers' Institute, met at Courterville for the purpose of selecting dates and places to hold the various county institutes. The following were elected:

St. Clair County-Belleville, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. Clinton County-Carlyle, Nov. 1 and

Monroe County-Waterloo, Nov. 12

Randolph County-Sparta, Nov. 13 and 14.

Perry County-Pinckneyville, Nov. 14 and 15. Washington County-Nashville, Nov.

19 and 20. Marion County-Salem, Nov. 20, 21

and 22.

The congressional round up will be held in connection with the Marion County institute at Salem. W. E. Broden, of Cutler, was indorsed by the conference for one of the members of the advisory committee of the state university, as provided for by the bill passed at the last session of the Illinois Legislature.

### Work of Mothers' Congress.

The second annual meeting of the Illinois congress of mothers was held at Charleston. Several hundred delegates attended. The board of control was in session. The address of welcome was given by President Lord of the Eastern State Normal school. The response was by Roger B. Mc-Mueller, president of the Illinois congress of mothers. The address of the first evening was by Wilbur S. Jackman of the Chicago Institute, his subject being: "How Parents May Interest Children in the Study of Nature." A discussion followed, led by Mrs. Marian Foster Washburn, vice president of the mothers' congress. The convention was entertained by the local mothers' club and the several reading clubs of the city. The sessions were open to the public and them many wishes for a speedy return the assembly-room of the normal school was filled.

## Trial of Hadfield Begur.

The first day of the Hadfield murder trial at Marion, closed after hearing fourteen witnesses for the people and a few for the defense. X. Davis was the first witness examined, and testified that he saw the prisoner. dressed in the uniform of the Carter-Jordan on the train, with pistol in hand, and saw him shoot Jordan. Dr. Theodore Hudson related the story in much the same way. Officer Green said he saw Hadfield shoot Jordan and within a few minutes arrested him. What the defense will be is unknown. but probably an effort will be made to locate the crime in Jackson county. The train was moving at the time and near the county line, but, owing to the confusion, it may be a difficult matter to tell to a certainty where the shooting took place.

# Cambon's Visit to Chicago.

M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to the United States, was the guest of Chicago for a day and from the time of his arrival over the Pennsylvania road at 9 a. m. until late in the evening, when a banquet was given in his honor at the Union League club was concluded, he was the central figure in a series of receptions and fetes, M. Cambon came to that city to officially recognize in behalf of the republie of France the union of the Alliance Francaise with the University of Chicago. The alliance's purpose is to increase the use and study of the French language in all countries.

# Tenchary Selected at Charleston.

The Charleston Board of Education met and selected teachers as follows: Superintendent, W. J. Sutherland; principal, William Wallis; C. F. Davidson, C. D. Marquis, A. Washburn, Elizabeth King, Jessie Ross, Susan Orvis, May Patton, Orra Neal, Mary Reat, Gay Anderson, Charlotte Davis, Mary McCrory, Ella Miles, Clara Scheytt, Mary Ritchey, Sadie Leitch, Fannie Vail, Myrtle Harding, Ella Guiney, Bessie Shaw, Maggie Daniels, Loia Clark, Grace Kane, Anna Romans, Eva Huffman, Ella Bails, Clara Balter, Myrtle Record, Phebe Robin-

Frateralty Contest at Northwestern. The contest between the fraternity and non-fraternity men at Northwest ern university to secure control of the university weekly, the Northwestern, shows no signs of diminution. At the election, which takes place May 24, an editor in chief and business manager are to be elected.

Not a Vellow Fever Case. Dr. Fagan, secretary of the State Board of Health, dispatched Dr. J. Sullivan and Surgeon General Wyman of the United States Marine Hospital Service, an expert on yellow fever to Gardner, Grundy county where they made a diagnosis of the case of Fred Leland, who recently came there from Jacksonville, Fla., and who was supposed to have yellow fever. They report that Leland is not only not suffering from yellow fever, but that he never had the disease.



A Memorial Surprise Party.

Alma Maynard sat at the window, looking thoughtfully out at the newly budded trees. Poor Alma had been confined to the house all the spring with the scarlet fever which had left her so weak that at first she could hardly lift her head, but now that she was up and her young friends were allowed to visit her, she had been wishing they would come in a party some evening. She did not know that at school that very day her playmates were planning to surprise her on the afternoon of Decoration day, which was the next Wednesday.

The day dawned bright and warm and about 1 o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Nelson said: "Alma, you had better go and lie down awhile."

So Alma lay down and was soon fast asleep. At a signal from Mrs. Nelson the children trooped noiselessly from a neighbor's, where they had gathered, and soon the room adjoining Alma's was filled with gay lads and lassies, all bearing sweet spring flowers which they arranged around the room and then sat down to wait for Alma to awake. At last she opened her eyes, then closed them again, thinking that the flower-filled room with its gay occupants was only a dream.

Then Viva Leland, Alma's most intimate friend, came and took her hand and led her into the room, where the shout of "surprise! surprise! surprise!" met her on all sides. Half dazed, she looked from one to another, then broke joined. The afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly, and at 6 o'clock they were called to the dining room for supper. And such a supper! They were seated in couples around the table, Alma and Ray Thornton, her favorite chum, presiding at the head After supper Alma's father told them stories; and later they returned their homes, leaving the flowers their convalescent playmate, and with later. to health.



#### A Juvenile Story for Memorial Day.

There was a regular houseful of Dawsons in the little, low, red house which stood all by itself on the edge of the village; there were six children who called the little house their home. and six noisier, happier, heartier children were never known. There were the twins, Fred and Frank, who headed the list, and then there were Grace and Nellie and Harry, and last of all came Minnie, the baby, the tiniest and noisiest of them all.

There were great plans afoot today in the curly heads of the merry crowd Tomorrow would be Decoration Day, and were not the four oldest of the young Dawsons to march in the long procession of school children and carry garlands and bouquets of flowers to strew on the graves of our soldier heroes? There were the flowers to hunt in the woods, for the Dawson flower garden showed only two flaming red and yellow tulips and a few fragrant lilacs as its offering to the children. But that fact troubled them not at all; they were only too glad of an excuse for spending a long, delightful day in the woods. There would be the garlands to make and bouquets to arrange and "pieces" to rehearse and a thousand and one other things to do; so it was no wonder that all the little Dawsons were up and flying around as busy as been at an exceedingly early hour. Even the baby was interested, and toddled around tipping over everything she could and getting into everyone's way.

So much hustle and bustle made them a little bit cross, perhaps, and so it turned out that there was a slight disagreement between Grace and Nel-He and the twins early in the morning, and as each side added fuel to the flames, in the shape of sharp words and angry frowns, by the time they were ready to start for the woods the guarrel had grown to be something serious. The boys had been very provoking, and the girls were so angry with them that they decided to take the lunch basket and hurry away when the boys were not looking, and thus take revenge upon them for all the mean things they had said and done that morning. Their plan worked to perfection and they got safely away without being seen by anyone; but, someway, they did not look very happy in their triumph, as they trunged silently along. They walked quite slowly as soon as they once were out of sight of the house, instead of

skipping gaily along, as they always did upon such happy occasions. last Grace stopped suddenly and said:

"Nellie, I don't feel good one bit. guess we'd better go back. I don't care if the boys were mean, we ought not to be mean, too, and 'tis awful mean to run away like this. The lunch is as much theirs as ours, and it's most as bad as stealing for us to take it all. Come on. I'm going back." And away she went on a run, with Nellie following as fast as she could at her heels.

The boys had not missed them yet. and so they knew nothing of the girls' intended treachery. They seemed to have recovered their usual goodhumor; and it was a very merry little party that started a few moments later for the woods. What good times they did have that day! What treasures of woodland wealth they found? How good the lunch did taste, and what fun it was to est it out there under the green trees all alone. Yes, it was a long, glad, beautiful day. They enjoyed every moment of it, and stayed just as long as they dared. But at last they decided that they must start for home, for there were the flowers to are range yet, and there would be but little time to spare if they noped to finish their tasks that night. It was even later than they and thought, they found, when they came to the edge of the woods and saw how low the sun had sung. So they hurried along as fast as they could. When they came to the fallen tree upon which they had into a gay laugh in which they all crossed the noisy little creek in the morning, perhaps they were a little careless, and when it came Nellie's turn she slipped, and, with a little frightened cry, down she went into the water. The creek was high with the spring rains, and the water was over Nellie's nead; so it was no wonder that it was a frightened, as well as a shivering little girl that Frank dragged out upon the bank, a moment

"Oh-oh, dear!" she cried; "I am so wet and cold, and all my flowers are lost," and she pointed a trembling finger at the basket which held all her pretty blossoms and was sailing gaily away with them to some unknown

"Never mind," said Frank, cheerily, "I'll get it for you. I can't get any wetter than I am now," and in he plunged again, and in a twinkling the flowers were rescued, and they were on their way home; but Nellie's wet clothes were very uncomfortable, and her teeth fairly chattered before also had taken many steps.

Suddenly Fred stopped and said: "Here, sis; why didn't I think before? You take my coat, and then Frank and I will take hold of your hands and run, and we'll be home in a jiffy. There, that's right—one, two, three, and away we go."

A few hours later, Neille and Grace, who had returned before the others, were sitting alone, finishing the last of the garionds, when Neille said, suddenly:

'Oh, Grace, how glad I am that we dion't run away from the boys this morning. I am sure I would Jave been drowned, if we had," and sae shivered again at the thought of her ley bath.

"Yes, I am glad, too," returned Grace. "An., Nellie, I was glad all day. I am sure we had a much nices time than we would if we had gone alone, and we would have felt so mean if we had taken the boys' lunch away from them."

"Yes, so we would. And, Grace, do you know, after this when the boys are



ALL MY FLOWERS ARE LOST. cross, I don't mean to take any notice and see what effect that will have

upon their tempers." This plan Grace and Neille carried out and it worked so well that harmony has reigned in the little red house ever since.

Only in a world of sincers men l unity possible, and there, in the long run, it is as good as certain,-Carly

Scholars are freque with who are ignorant of nothing say ing their own ignorance,-A loss of \$2,000 was so the burning of David Ra