

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"BRILLIANT FAULTS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"The Same Hour Was the Thing Fulfilled on Nebuchadnezzar and He Was Driven From His and Did Not Crown as Omen"—Dan. IV: 32.

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y. Washington, July 21.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that there is a tendency to excuse brilliant faults because they are brilliant, when the same law of right and wrong ought to be applied to high places and low; text, Daniel iv, 32. "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did not eat grass as oxen."

Here is the mightiest of the Babylonian kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueduct, palace, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up today from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Merodach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the red hot furnace or be crushed by lion or lioness. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he committed the sin in high places or because the transgressor was wide resounding. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high places just as he would measure the humblest captive.

But in our time you know as well as I that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous place and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. Ever and anon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a state or city and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery or an absconding bank cashier or president or the wasting of trust fund or swindling mortgages. I propose in carrying out the suggestion of my text as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong whether in high place or low place and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impaled Nebuchadnezzar.

Needs to Be Presented.

A missionary in the island of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods, which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him, "Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yesterday, the God of heaven and earth, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us distribute them among their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States today rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty and the sermons were blessed of God and arrangements could be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man should be put in the city halls of the country there is not a city hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the gospel; that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the gospel we must just as certainly proclaim.

Now look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around different styles of crime. The question that every man and woman has been asked has been, Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have the penitentiary for the man who steals an overcoat from a hatter and all Canada for a man to range in if he have robbed the public of millions?

The Way to Get Money.

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble appearance: "What, you only get \$1,800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin money. I spend \$5,000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises—all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board and has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion and deny himself all luxuries. After while he gets tired of his plodding and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, and, although he is almost all the time idle now and has resigned his position in the bank or the factory or the store, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little farther over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles and he will get political jobs and will have something to do

with harbors and pavements and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriff and constables would only leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now, I always thank God when I find an estate like that to go to smash. It is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out and mortgages would rip and parchments would read and gold would shoot and beggars would get on horseback and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

The Temptations to Dishonesty.

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices and in the falsifying of false labels and in the fleecing of customers of rival houses and in the making and breaking of contracts! Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

A young man stood behind a counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated, "I see there is a flaw in that silk." The lady recognized it, and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man, living in the country, saying: "Dear sir, come and take your boy. He will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his son had done. He came into the store, and the merchant said to him, "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day and spoiled the sale and we will never have that lady probably again for a customer, and your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence, John, get your hat and coat; let us start." There are hundreds of young men under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands of young men have gone down under the pressure; other thousands have maintained their integrity. God help you! Let me say to you, my young friend, that you never can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Besides that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to do right, but it is never safe to do wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you. If she is worthy of you. She will say: "My son, come out from there. God has taken care of us all these years, and he will take care of us now. Come out of that."

Misuse of Trust Funds.

Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about the use of trust funds. It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There are many who are practicing that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered, perhaps, for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands; or he is in a commercial establishment and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities; or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money for the suffering goes through his hands; or he has some office in city or state or nation, and taxes and subsidies and supplies and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money, the money of others, and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, so is guilty of theft, falsehood and perjury and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families today—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank default, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time; it is a story long as eternity.

Dangers of Libertinism.

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pur-

sues it, smites it, incarcenates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a state prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its villainous on pillars and temple wall and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether he will do it by fire or hurricane or earthquake; but a holy God I do not think will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which he has uttered himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

The Sacredness of Life.

Then look at the factations thrown around assassination. There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law, and they go scot free. You say they had their provocations. God gave life, and he alone has a right to take it, and he may take it by visitation of providence or by an executioner of the law, who is his messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime.

Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garrotting, for all beating out of life by a club or an ax or a slingshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke, but you know that when men get affluent and high position and they average their wrongs by taking the lives of others, great sympathy is excited, lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halts, jury is bribed and the man goes free. If the verdict happens to be against him, a new trial is called on through some technicality and they adjourn for witnesses that never come, and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right, I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of gallows, no aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife and the strongest arm and the quickest step and the stealthiest revenge. He who willfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer, I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic courtroom, he may be sent by the government of the United States as minister to some foreign court, or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism; but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Some Plain Questions.

There are hundreds of young men who have good blood. Shall I ask three or four plain questions? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? Have you a pool ticket in your pocket? Have you a fraudulent document? Have you been experimenting to see how accurate an imitation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blood. Remember your father's prayers. Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been going astray? Come back. Have you ventured out too far?

As I stand in pulpits looking over audiences sometimes my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so many who have sacrificed their integrity, so many far away from God. Why, my brother, there have been too many prayers offered for you to have you go overboard. And there are those venturing down into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you have seen men go down into the surf to bathe, and they waded out farther and farther, and you got anxious about them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" And you then stood and shouted: "Come back! Come back! You will be drowned!" They waded their hand back, saying, "No danger." They kept on wading deeper down farther out from shore, until after awhile a great wave with a strong undertow took them out, their corpses the next washed on the beach. So I see men wading down into sin farther and farther, and I call to them: "Come back! Come back! You will be lost! You will be lost!" They wave their hand back, saying, "No danger; no danger." Deeper down and deeper down, until after awhile a wave sweeps them out and sweeps them off forever. Oh, come back! The one farthest away may come.

Mrs. Winfield Taylor Durbin, wife of the governor of Indiana, is an admirer of good pictures and has a splendid collection of paintings which she gathered during several trips abroad.

A WEEK IN ILLINOIS.

RECORD OF HAPPENINGS FOR SEVEN DAYS.

Five Hundred Determined Watch Factory Girls at Elgin Bring a Railroad Company to Time—Colored Pythians' Election—Peoria Man's Job.

As the result of an unfavorable report by Mayor C. B. Fry, W. B. Hinds, editor of the Star, and Supervisor I. V. Linder, the Mattoon executive committee has written to the National Good Roads association asking that the two days' convention to be held in Mattoon July 30 and 31 be canceled and action in raising a fund for the construction of a sample mile of road-way at Mattoon has been suspended. The Good Roads train has stopped at leading cities along the Illinois Central between New Orleans and Chicago. At each place sample roads were constructed under the inspection of several government experts and conventions held to explain the process. Messrs. Hinds and Linder were sent to Cairo and reported that the sample road constructed there was in no wise superior to those now in use about Mattoon. The report occasioned surprise and Mayor Fry made a personal trip to Cairo, confirming the delegates' findings.

No Fall Dress for Governor.

Governor Yates took compassion on the members of the Second Regiment, who were sweltering in the heat at Camp Lincoln on the occasion of his visit. Instead of having the men out in full dress uniform they appeared in campaign dress, without their blouses, and wearing campaign hats. The officers were in fatigue uniform. Governor Yates arrived in camp later than usual, in order that the review should not be held during the warmest part of the day, and there was little ceremony attending his appearance. He was escorted from the mansion to the grounds, where he was met by the Second Battalion, and as the party crossed the parade grounds the salute of seventeen guns to the Commander-in-Chief was fired.

Girls Get An Open Car.

Half a hundred girls of the Elgin National Watch company, dissatisfied with the closed car furnished to take them to their homes in the suburb of Clintonville, announced a boycott on the line. A delegation visited Superintendent S. A. Ballou of the Elgin, Aurora and Southern Traction company and threatened to make martyrs of themselves unless other accommodations were provided. They were promised an open car for the future. Threats of Mayor Price and resolutions of the city council have for years been unavailing to secure in all parts of the city the reform which the girls accomplished.

Illness Crops Are Here.

The rain has not yet become sufficiently beneficial to greatly improve the present poor condition of crops throughout the state. Showers here and there are constantly falling, and in some places storms bordering closely on a deluge have visited the fields. Nevertheless farmers report that the general impression seems to be that half a yield will exceed all expectations. The corn in places has at last succumbed to the intense rays of the sun and the stalk is turning yellow. Many of the farmers who had hoped for half their usual yield now admit that even this is not likely.

Colored Pythians Elect Officers.

The Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and the Independent Court of Colanthe (colored), in state convention at Joliet, finished its work. Danville was chosen as the convention city in 1902. Both conventions elected officers. The principal ones were: Grand Lodge—Grand chancellor, E. G. Green, Chicago; grand keeper records and seals, I. C. Harper, Peoria. Court of Colanthe—Grand counselor, Mrs. Anna Hubbard, Chicago, and keeper records and seals, Mrs. Irene L. Andrews, Chicago.

Colonel Fred H. Smith Appointed.

Gov. Yates has announced the appointment of Colonel Fred H. Smith of Peoria, to be chairman of the Charleston exposition commission, to succeed Martin B. Madden of Chicago, who declined to accept the place. Colonel Smith is a member of the governor's military staff and has long been active on Peoria county politics.

Rockefeller to Aid Negroes.

John D. Rockefeller has promised \$15,000 toward raising the \$23,000 debt on the Olivet Baptist (colored) church. Twenty-seventh and Dearborn streets, Chicago, provided the congregation secured the other \$8,000. This announcement was made at the African Methodist congress. The Rev. J. F. Thomas is pastor of Olivet church.

Old Plunger Reported Dead.

A telegram was received in Chicago saying that P. Fred Harding, known as "The Ghost," was dead in Freeport. During the World's Fair Harding became conspicuous as a plunger in the gambling-rooms and at the racetracks. He was lucky at faro, but was a bad judge of horse flesh and seldom picked a winner, but on a number of occasions, when he had big sums down on the long shots, he gave the bookmakers a bad hour cashing his tickets.

A TICKET'S LIMITATIONS.

Unique Feature of Danish Railways Are Fortnightly Tickets.

Denmark was absolutely the pioneer in cheap railway fares. The fares were reduced all round, so that the longer the distance the greater the reduction, but, at the same time, the return ticket system was abolished for journeys within Denmark. One of the greatest boons to business men and holiday makers is the so-called fortnightly ticket. For third-class it costs 22s 3d and for second class £ 15s 6d. Such a ticket entitles the holder to travel all over Denmark for a term of fourteen days. He can go wherever he cares to go, and as many times over the same route as he may wish within the time paid for—namely, fourteen days. A holiday maker may visit every place of interest in Denmark during that time and, if he found any pleasure in traveling from town to town night and day for the period he could do so. He pays the price of £ 12 2s 3d, with a deposit of 5s 6d for the ticket, on which a photograph of the holder is pasted, and at the expiration of the fourteen days he returns the ticket and gets the 5s 6d deposit back. He can also buy a ticket for a month, and the longer the time the greater the reduction. While a fortnightly ticket costs 22s 3d, a 12-month ticket costs £ 10. If the passenger had to pay for a twelve-month ticket at the rate of 2s 3d per fortnight it would cost him £ 26 15s. Thus the reduction is over 150 per cent. If instead of paying for a fortnightly ticket a traveler went from Esbjerg to Copenhagen and back as often as he could within fourteen days, and this amount would be doubled in a fortnight if he went sightseeing from one place to another, traveling all over Denmark in easy stages. Season tickets can also be had for journeys between two towns. In this case the price for one month is 5s, 7s 6d for two months and £ 1 10s for a whole year. Young people under the age of eighteen travel for half price.—London Express.

THE VERSATILE KAISER.

The Extent and Variety of His Interests Is Surprising.

Beyond any question the most modern of the world's monarchs is William II, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The other day he cabied to Baron von Holleben, the German ambassador at Washington, to "transmit to the brotherhood of Young Men's Christian Associations of America, assembled for their jubilee convention, my hearty congratulations." He added that he was glad to see the German associations "active in the same endeavor, take part fraternally in this solemn gathering."

Here, as on many other occasions in the past few years, the German emperor shows that he keeps himself informed of the doings of the world. He is a close reader of the newspapers. Everything of any particular importance to any country which is going on William II hears about and expresses an interest in it. He has a far greater knowledge, apparently, of the affairs of the day everywhere than is possessed by any other head of a European state, monarchial or republican. The amount and exactness of his information about the affairs of England, France, the United States, Mexico, Spain, and other nations, as imparted by him to representatives of those countries, respectively, has often caused them to marvel. He has always been a close student of the politics of the world's principal states; he has quick intelligence, a retentive memory, active sympathies and a democratic disregard for the traditions which declare that a king has no business to evince or to express any interest in the ordinary affairs of life, inside or outside of his own country. So long as crowned heads remain extant anywhere, it is well to have them of democratic sympathies and tendencies. Foreigners who know him and his country intimately have said that if Germany were to be transformed into a republic today, William II would be chosen president of it by an overwhelming majority.

Short-Lived Insects.

The life of a perfect insect is usually very brief. Of all the myriads of butterflies and moths, bees and wasps, flies and beetles, which make up one of the most marked features of the summer, the vast majority will die before the season is over. A mere handful will survive into next year, while few, indeed, are those that will live to see a second summer. The duration of the larval stage is much longer. The dragon-fly nymph, as it is called, lives 11 months in the water. The perfect insect that emerges from it has only a few weeks, at most, of sunshine and the upper air. There are flies which live only for a single day, taking in that time no food, having, indeed, no mouths by which to take it.

Stretching An Injunction.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "my client has reason to believe that the police are about to interfere arbitrarily with his business, and he would like to have an injunction restraining them from looking at him while he is at work or touching the tools of his profession." "I do not see," said the learned judge, "why we should go so far as to restrain the police from looking at your client." "He is of a very nervous temperament, your honor, and to be watched while at work seriously disturbs him." "In that case," the judge admitted, "the demand seems reasonable. What is your client's business?" "He is a burglar, your honor."

CUPID AMONG MINES.

WIVES AT 600 PRICE BRUSH FROM OVER THE SEA.

The Men Are Strong and the Girls Are Plump and Rosy-Cheeked—Immigrant Girls on Their Wedding Journeys—Matrimonial Agencies.

In the immigrant trains which roll from Jersey City in the early morning westward to the coal region of western Pennsylvania nearly all the passengers are young and most of them are single. They are the youth and strength of the overstocked labor markets of Austro-Hungary, Russia, Italy and a score of minor European principalities come to dig out fortunes in the land where the cobblestones are gold and folks eat meat at every meal, and everybody in those countries well knows. The men are strong and bronzed and the girls are plump and rosy cheeked. If these are the off-scourings of Europe, as some people say, then Europe at a casual glance should be exceedingly healthy, and her off-scourings, developed in a freer air and under changed social conditions, should produce astonishing results in the competition between the old world and the new. In every trainload there are a few women, and nearly all the women are young. One woman to every five men seems to be the usual proportion. They sit by themselves, looking out half frightened and wholly curious upon the new wonders which every turn of the railroad reveals, their crimson, blue and orange-colored hoods the only bright spot in the dingy immigrant car; and each rosy-cheeked little romance of her own, for she is on her wedding journey to meet a bridegroom whom she has never seen, but who, she has been assured, is rich, strong and handsome, ardent and kind, and, best of all, able to provide for her as only the richest girls in the village she left behind could expect there, and willing perhaps in the distant future to take her back home rich to queen it over the more timorous and less fortunate friends she has left behind. In the coal region there flourishes a marriage bureau and these girls are the merchandise it deals in. It is a money-making business and some of its agents are making thousands of dollars a year; yet nobody finds the least fault with it, least of all the men who through its agency purchase wives and with them found above the coal mines homes in which are brought into the world children who will become American citizens of the next generation. In turn these children will send their children to American schools and this second generation grow up with only a trace of sympathy with the Russia or Hungary their grandmothers are leaving behind as fifty-dollar brides now. Fifty dollars is the usual price for a wife. Times have been good in the last few years in the soft coal region in western Pennsylvania. There are 50,000 foreigners there, most of them single, and now brides are going out there by the dozen every week. Prosperity is too good for the unmarried immigrant to enjoy himself and the first thing he thinks of is a wife. The matrimonial agent encourages him. He is a keen business man, this agent. He knows every Hun and Polek and Slav in the mining regions for miles around the place he has settled in; knows the size of his savings bank account and his weekly wages; knows whether he is married, in love or fancy free, thinking of a girl in the old country or of bringing over other members of his family. Usually the agent is banker, steamship agent, railroad agent and matrimonial agent as well, and the business of all these agencies goes hand in hand. As soon as the agent knows that an unmarried miner has a hundred or two hundred dollars saved he begins to talk matrimony to him. Life is good in the coal country, but not a bachelor's life. It is best to get away from the company's boarding house into a home of his own, with a strong, black-eyed girl at the head of the table and by and by with little children to climb on the knee. It is true, that there aren't such girls in the coal country to be had for the asking, but that's nothing. The agent can see to that. Back in the old country there are plenty of them, ready and willing to marry the man who will pay their way out to the new country and treat them right. It's simply a matter of putting up the money, \$25 for a steamship ticket and say \$25 more for incidental expenses and the agent's trouble, and a fine girl will come out to lonely John or Anton and make him a good wife. Pay the money and she'll be delivered in a month or six weeks at most.—New York Sun.

Woman Collector of Customs.

The only woman collector of customs in the United States—probably in the world—is Mrs. A. J. Harris, who acts in the capacity named at Fairport, Ohio. She recently succeeded her husband when the latter became ill and was taken to a Cleveland hospital. During her husband's incumbency Mrs. Harris assisted him with his work. When he was obliged to give up his position it was impossible to find one more conversant with the duties than Mrs. Harris, and she was named to succeed him. In addition to being collector of customs Mrs. Harris is manager of the Postal Telegraph company, manager of the telephone exchange, a freight agent, and a writer. She makes a three-mile trip to the Freeport elevator daily, where she checks over all bonded freight. She has never missed a day since she was appointed, and is said to be giving complete satisfaction as collector. A little hair may hold much strength.