

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY THE ABLE DIVINE.

Subject: "Architects of Fate"—Young Men Are the Molders of Their Own Destiny, and They Are Admonished to Build on the Right Foundation.

TEXT: "Run, speak to this young man."—Zechariah II, 4.

There was no snow on the beard of the prophet of my text and no crow's feet had left their mark near his eyes. Zechariah was a young man, and in a day dream he saw and heard two angels talking about the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. One of these angels desires that young Zechariah should be well informed about the rebuilding of that city, its circumference and the height of its walls, its circumference and the height of its walls, and he says to the other angel, "Run, speak to this young man." Do not walk, but run, for the message is urgent and imminent. So every young man needs to have immediate advice about the dimensions, the height and the circumference of that which, under God, He is to build—namely, His own character and destiny. No slow or laggard pace will do. A little further on, and counsel will be of no advantage. Swift footed must be the practical and important suggestions, or they might as well never be made at all. Run at the pace of five miles the hour, and speak to that young man. Run, before this year of 1898 is ended. Run, before this century is closed. Run, before his character is inexorably decided for two worlds, this world and the next. How many of us have found out by long and bitter experience things that we ought to have been told before we were twenty-five years of age. Now I propose to tell you some things which, if you will seriously and prayerfully observe, will make you master of the situation in which you are now placed and master of every situation in which you ever will be placed. And in order that my subject may be characteristic, begin on the outside edge of that advice, which will be more and more important as the subject unfolds.

Now, if you would be master of the situation, do not expend money before you get it. How many young men irrevocably mortgage their future because of resources that are quite sure to be theirs. Have the money either in your hand, or in a safety deposit, or in a bank, or in a United States bond before you make purchases, or go into expensive enterprises, or hitch a spanking team to a glittering turnout, or contract for the building of a mansion on the Potomac or the Hudson. Do not depend on an inheritance from your father or uncle. The old man may live on a good deal longer than you expect, and the day of your enforced payment may come before the day of his decease. You cannot depend upon rheumatism or heart failure or senility to do its work. Longevity is so wonderfully improved that you cannot depend upon people dying when you think they ought to. They live to be septuagenarians, or octogenarians, or nonagenarians, or even centenarians, and meanwhile their heirs go into bankruptcy, or are tempted to forgery, or misappropriation of trust funds, or watering of railroad or mining stock, go into the penitentiary. Neither had you better spread yourself out because of the fifteen or twenty per cent. you expect from an investment. Most of the fifteen or twenty per cent. investments are apt to pay nothing save the privilege of being assessed to meet the obligations of the company in the affairs of which you get involved. Better get 3 1/2 per cent. from a government bond than be promised fifteen per cent. from a dividend which will never be declared, or paid only once or twice, so as to tempt you deeper in before the grand smash up, and you receive, instead of a payment of dividends, a letter from the president and secretary of the company saying that they are very sorry.

Do not say you have no chance, but remember Isaac Newton, the greatest astronomer of his day, once peddling cabbages in the street, and Martin Luther slinging on the public square for any pennies that he might pick up, and John Bunyan mending kettles, and the late Judge Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, who was the son of a charcoal burner, and Turner, the painter, who was the son of a barber, and Lord Clive, who saved India to England, shipped by his father to Madras as a useless boy whom he wanted to get rid of, and Fridesaux, the world renowned scholar and theologian, scouring pots and pans to work his way through college, and the mother of the late William E. Dodge, the philanthropist and magnificent man, keeping a thread and needle store, and Peter Cooper, who worked on small wages in a glue factory, living to give \$500,000 for the founding of an institute that has already educated thousands of the poor sons and daughters of America, and Bowditch, the scientist, beginning his useful learning and affluent career by reading the books that had been driven ashore from a shipwreck at Salem. There is, young man, a great financial or literary or moral or religious success awaiting you if you only know how to go up and take it. Then take it or get ready to take it. The mightier the opposition the grander the triumph when you have conquered.

Again, if you would master the situation, when angry do not utter a word or write a letter, but before you speak a word or write a word sing a verse of some hymn in a tune arranged in minor key and having no staccato passages. If very angry, sing two verses. If in a positive rage, sing three verses. First of all, the unhealthiest thing on earth is to get mad. It jangles the nerves, enlarges the spleen and sets the heart into a wild thumping. Many a man and many a woman has in times of such mental and physical agitation dropped dead. Not only that, but it makes enemies out of friends, and makes enemies more virulent, and anger is partial or consummate suicide. Great attorneys, understanding this, have often won their cause by willfully throwing the opposing counsel into a rage. There is one man you must manage or one woman you must control in order to please God and make life a success, and that is yourself.

The hardest realm that you will ever have to govern is the realm between your scalp and heel. The most dangerous cargo a ship can carry is dynamite, and the most dangerous thing in one's nature is an explosive temper. If your nature is hopelessly irascible and tempestuous, then dramatize placidity. If the ship is on fire and you cannot extinguish the flames, at any rate keep down the hatches. When at some injustice inflicted upon you or some insult offered or some wrong done, the best thing for you to say is to say nothing, and the best thing for you to write is to write nothing. If the meanness done you is unbearable or you must express yourself or else, then I commend a plan that I have used or twice successfully adopted. Take a sheet of paper. Date it at your home or office. Then put the wrong-doer's name at the head of the letter page, without any prefix of "Colonel" or the suffix of "D. D." and begin with no term of courtesy, but a bold and abrupt "Sir." Then follow it with a statement of the wrong he has done you and of the in-

ignation you have felt. Put into it the strongest terms of execration you can employ without being profane. Sign your name to the red hot epistle. Fold it. Envelop it. Direct it plainly to the man who has done you wrong. Carry the letter a week, or two weeks if need be, and then destroy it. In God's name destroy it. I like what Abraham Lincoln said to one of his cabinet officers. That cabinet officer had been belied and misrepresented until in a fury he wrote a letter of arraignment to his enemy, and in tersest possible phraseology told him what he thought of him. The cabinet officer read it to Mr. Lincoln and asked him how he liked it. Mr. Lincoln replied: "It is splendid for sarcasm and scorn. I never heard anything more complete in that direction. But do you think you can afford to send it?" That calm and wise and Christian interrogation of the president stopped the letter, and it was never sent. Young man, before you get for on in life unless you are an exception among men, you will be wronged, you will be misinterpreted, you will be outraged. All your sense of justice will be in conflagration. Let me know how you meet that first great offense, and I will tell you whether your life is to be a triumph or a failure. You see, equipoise at such a time means so many things. It means self control. It means a capacity to foresee results. It means a confidence in your own integrity. It means a faith in the Lord God that He will see you through.

Again, if you would be master of the situation put the best interpretation on the character and behavior of others. Do not be looking for hypocrites in churches, or thieves among domestic servants, or swindlers among business men, or malfeasance in office. There is much in life to make men suspicious of others, and when that characteristic of suspicion becomes dominant a man has secured his own unhappiness, and he has become an offense in all circles, religious, commercial and political. The man who moves for a committee of investigation is generally a moral derelict. The man who goes with his nostrils inflated trying to discover something malodorous is not a man, but a sleuth-hound! The world is full of more people, generous people, people who are doing their best—good husbands, good wives, good fathers, good mothers, good officers of the law; good judges, good governors, good State and national legislators, good rulers. Does some man growl out, "That has not been my experience, and I think just the opposite." Well, my brother, I am sorry for your afflictive circumstances, and that you had an unfortunate ancestry, and that you have kept such bad company and had such discouraging environment. I notice that after a man has been making a violent tirade against his fellow men he is on his way down, and if he live long enough he will be asking you for a quarter of a dollar to get a drink or a night's lodging. Behave yourself well, oh, young man, and you will find life a pleasant thing to live and the world full of friends and God's benediction everywhere about you.

Again, if you would be master of the situation, expect nothing from good luck, or haphazard, or gaming adventures. In this time, when it is estimated that gambling exchanges money to the amount of \$80,000,000 a day, this remark may be useful. There come times in many a man's life when he does not give an equivalent, and there are fifty kinds of gambling. Stand aloof from all of them. Understand that the gambling spirit is a disease, and the more successful you are the more certain you are to go right on to your own ruin. Having made his thousands, why does not the gambler stop and make a safe investment of what he has gained and spend the rest of his life in quiet or less hazardous style of occupation? The reason is he cannot stop. Nothing but death ever cures a confirmed gambler.

Dr. Keeley's gold cure rescues the drunkard, and there are antitobacco preparations that will arrest the victim of nicotine, and religion can save any one except a gambler. The fact is he is irresponsible. Having got the habit in him he is no more responsible for keeping on than a man falling from the roof of a four-story house can stop at the window of the second story. Here and there you may find an instance where a gambler has been reported or reports himself as being converted, but in that case the man was not fully under the heel of the passion. The real gambler is a through passenger to death and perdition. The only use in referring to him is in the way of prevention. He began by taking chances on a bookcase or a sewing machine at a church fair and ended by getting a few pennies for his last valuable in a pawnbroker's shop. The only man who gambles successfully is the man who loses so fearfully at the start that he is disgusted and quits. Let him win at the start and win again, and it means farewell to home and heaven. Most merciful of all habits! Horace Walpole says: that a man dropped down at the door of a clubhouse in London and was carried in, and the gamblers began to bet whether he was dead or not, and when it was proposed to bleed him for his recovery the gamblers objected that it would affect the fairness of the bet. What noble men they must have been! But more and more ladies are becoming gamblers. They bet at the races and have prizes in social groups which are nothing but the stakes of gambling. A good way for a lady to get into the gambler's habit is by beginning with "progressive euchre." That opens the door in a fashionable way. In one of our great cities invitations were sent out for such a meeting at the card tables. The guests entered and sat down and began. After awhile the excitement ran high, and the lady who was the hostess fainted and fell under the table. The guests arose, but some one said: "Don't touch the bell! Let us finish the game. She would have done so herself and would wish us if she spoke." The game went on for thirty minutes longer, and then a physician was called. After examination of the case it was found that the lady had been dead twenty minutes. As the guests lift their hands in surprise I exclaim in regard to them, What delicate and refined and angelic womanhood!

Young man, seek only elevating and improving companionship. Do not let the last scion of a noble family, a fellow with a big name, but bad habits, for he drinks and swears and is dissolute, take your arm to walk down the street or spend an evening with you, either at your room or his room. Remember that sin is the most expensive thing in God's universe. I have read that Sir Basil, the knight, tired out with the chase, had a falcon on his wrist, as they did in days of falconry, when with hawks or falcons they went forth to bring down partridges or grouse or pigeons, and being very thirsty came to a stream struggling from a rock, and, releasing the falcon from his wrist, he took the bugle which he carried, and, stopping the mouthpiece of his bugle with a tuft of moss, he put this extemporized cup under the water which came down drop by drop from the rock until the cup was full, and then lifted it to drink, when the falcon he had released with sudden swoop dashed the cup from his hand. By the same process he filled the cup again and was about to drink when the falcon by another swoop dashed down the cup. Enraged at this insolence and violence of the bird, he cried, "I will wring thy neck if thou loest that again." But, having filled the cup a third time and trying to drink a third time, the falcon dashed it down. Then Sir Basil with his fist struck the bird, which fluttered and looked lovingly and reproachfully at him and dropped dead. Then Sir Basil, looking up to the top of the rock whence dripped the water, saw a great green serpent coiled fold above fold, the venom from his mouth dropping into that from which Sir Basil had filled his cup. Then exclaimed the knight, "What a kind thing it was for the falcon to dash down that poisoned cup, and what a sad thing that I killed him, and what a narrow escape I had!" So now there are no more certain waters that refresh than waters that poison. This moment there are thousands of young men, unwittingly and not knowing what they do, taking into their bugle cup of earthly joy that which is deadly because it drips from the jaws of that old serpent, the devil, and the dove of God's spirit in kindly warning dashes down the cup, but again it is filled and again dashed down and again filled and again dashed down. Why not turn away and slake your thirst at the clear, bright, perennial fountain that breaks from the Rock of Ages, a fountain so wide and so deep that all the inhabitants of earth and all the armies of heaven may stoop down and fill their canteens?

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COSTLY MONSTER MISSILES.

Steel Tempered with as Much Care as a Razor Blade.

The invention of the modern high-power guns have brought into use projectiles that are the finest product of ingenuity and improved machinery, calling forth the best efforts of skilled artisans. Instead of cast iron globes that could be turned out by any foundry twenty years ago, use is now made of the grades of steel, tempered with as much care as a razor blade, and ground and polished with as much exactitude as a surgical instrument. The complete story of the manufacture of armor-piercing projectiles by the steel works in Reading is a secret so carefully guarded that it has always been hard to obtain, but at present, when the big plant is running on a war footing, it is still more difficult, as only employes and government inspectors are permitted to enter the company's immense machine shops. Shells 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 13 inches in diameter are being made for the navy, and 8, 9 and 12 inch sizes for the army. Here is the history of the making of a 10-inch shell, and as the projectiles of all sizes are made in the same manner it gives some idea of the vast amount of labor required to equip a fleet. In the casting shop molten steel is cast into a solid piece twelve and a half inches in diameter. It is then taken to the forge room, where, after being reheated, it is hammered down to ten and three-quarter inches, and considerably elongated during the process. Next it is conveyed to the machine room and placed upon a specially constructed lathe and turned and pointed. The only parts of the shell that bear against the rifled surface of the gun are the conical end and the copper ring that encircles the base. This ring is soft, so as not to injure the rifling. After the finishing cut has been given to the projectile the diameter of the largest part of the cone is 10.5 inches, and that of the body of the shell is 9.90 inches. Then the "extracting score" is cut. There is a V-shaped groove, in which a tool can be fastened when it is desired to withdraw the shell from the gun. The next move is the boring of a five-inch hole in the base of the projectile to a depth of fourteen inches. Tempering follows. In this process the shell is suspended, point downward, into a receptacle filled with molten lead, and is allowed to settle until the metal rises above the cone base. At first the temperature of the lead is but 500 degrees, but it is increased gradually to 1,300 degrees. The work of heating continues for many hours, when the shell is withdrawn and sprayed with water, to give it a hard exterior. Next follows a bath in a vat filled with secret ingredients, after which the shell is cooled with a jet of water. Once more the shell goes back to the machine shop, where the hole in the base is widened half an inch and the depth increased two inches. The hole is then threaded and a screw plug inserted. The grinding room is next. Here the extreme diameter of the cone is ground down to ten inches exactly. The workmen now apply the "band score," which is a groove for the reception of the soft copper band. After the soft steep cap has been fitted to the tip of the projectile, on the theory that when the shell strikes the armored side of a battle ship the point will be protected without any interference with its penetrating power, the work is finished so far as the steel company is concerned. It is then boxed up and shipped to some United States arsenal, where it is filled with an explosive compound and made ready for its work of destruction.—Philadelphia Record.

Popularizing the Spanish Language.

The opening of the new school year was marked in many of our public schools and colleges by the introduction of Spanish in the list of regular studies. Within a few years the study of this language has met with much favor among progressive educators. During the past summer our sailors and soldiers have provided us with business, new in the way of having never been worked with the skill, push and highly developed methods, of the American man of business, whether financier, commercial factor, farmer or mechanic of any kind.

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