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DR. TALMAGE CHOOSES THE MAGIC WORD "COME" FOR A TEXT.

It is Found Six Hundred and Seventy-Eight Times in the Bible—It is One of the Most Wonderful Words in the Language.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night, when the Christian Herald service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their souls. Dr. Talmage chose the following text for his sermon: "Come" (Gen. vi. 18): "Come" (Rev. xii. 17).

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting anti-luivians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postilimus into the ark of a Saviour. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empty ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is the herald of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come." You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all sollicitants either for good or bad.

A WORD OF WORDS.

Today I weigh anchor and haul in the planks, and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathomline into this sea and try to measure its depths, and though I am to forget all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coerced, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which were young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come" to a man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

"COME" SOMETIMES WAR.

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier tone. It conquers before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in crime, in gambling, in iniquity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come."

"Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can do at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me in this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay boat through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are back my moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruled, and she took me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a man in a drenching rain, said: "There he is. Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger fangs of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have, of the word "Come."

LET US HARKEN THIS WORD FOR GOOD.

Now we want all the world over to harken this word for good as others have harkened it for evil, and it will draw the five kingdoms and the seas between them, you, God from which it has wandered. It is that word of power and persuasive work that will lead me to give up my sins. Was skepticism ever brought into the world by an ebullition of love to the truth or by a rebellion of the tongue against idolatry? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his tracks by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's No. 1? "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing." "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire." "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and joyous and inspiring." "Come with me to such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others, approach you today. Are you sick? "Come with me to the doctor." "I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." "Come then and have what I made right." Through the Christ who died to save you, come! "Come with me to the doctor." "What is the use in of you are, and the deeper you are down, the further you are from heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crew of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A business man

the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I were dead!" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in the world—the proprietors or the advertisers, the celebrities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envious and jealous are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been helped by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle, or saw, or ax, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shovels, have met a victory. "Come!" is the heaven's reward. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch.

A SULLY FAITH.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said: "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter-in-law home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years ago he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

THE WORLD'S DISMAL CONDEMNATIONS.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility, giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have had lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive today, and in good health, and buoyant in this life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first star started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experience, and say "Come!"

THE WORLD'S DISMAL CONDEMNATIONS.

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to consoled! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their handage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said: "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confound in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peeping through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round; for it is an bewilderment following another bewilderment, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all pervasive invitation.

A Kingly Question.

A domestic belonging to the court of Frederick the Great one day thought to please that monarch by appearing before him in an elaborate flesh-colored coat. Perceiving by the great Frederick's manner that he had made a mistake he hastily withdrew and reappeared with a more fitting garment. The king, apparently not noticing the change, at length turned to him and said: "Tell me, my friend, who was that courtier that appeared at San Soard just now in a flesh-colored coat?" Clothier and Furnisher.

CHICAGO CONTRIBUTED A VICTIM.

One of Her Shrewdest Business Men Taken in by a Gotham Bunco Sharp. "The shrewdest business men we have," remarked a member of the stock exchange on the evening, "are those who are taken in whenever they are concerned in matters outside of their own line of business and their own circle of acquaintances. A grain speculator who is inveigled into a real estate deal loses his homelike character and becomes a lamb at once. If I were a bunco man I would lie in wait for the typical business man every time."

YOU NEED NOT BELIEVE TWO THINGS.

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No, no. You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things." Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your crown? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not reach out and snare the Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

THE WAR WAS OVER.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The czar says peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our king declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding." Everlasting peace!

Force of Sea Waves.

Awful rollers lash themselves into foam on the exposed west coast of Ireland, and in some measured by the Barometer are fifty feet. Two life-saving boats pulled out to sea from Dingle bay to test their qualities in November, 1864, when waves were breaking over the headlands and surmounting a cliff more than one hundred feet high. One remained under the lee of the land; the other, steered by Mr. Kearney, pulled into the seething waters. A tremendous wave swept in from seaward, extending right across the bay, and increasing its height as it reached the shallow water where the boat was. The coxswain headed his boat to meet the wave, the men stealthily strained at the oars, and she flew into the roaring cataract, whose overhanging crest was twenty-five feet above her. Down came the mass of water upon their devoted heads, washing out two of the crew. Crushing the boat bodily under water the wave bore her stern at an awful speed. Each of her crew was bowled down on to the thwart before him. One was stunned, but the others were conscious, their eyes wide open, but in total darkness. They could not determine whether they were still attached to the boat, but felt as though whirled through a railway tunnel. The boat emerged with each man sitting in his place, and the first object which met their view was a buoy close alongside, which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the place where the wave had overwhelmed them. She had retained the vertical position during her submersion.—Chambers' Journal.

Mr. Spurgeon's Love for Happiness.

A good story has just come to light about Mr. Spurgeon, which gives some idea of the love he entertains for happiness playing. Paul McKillop, the old Highlander whose boy was found in the Caledonian canal, Inverness, the other week, and who saw much active service in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, was engaged to play Mr. Spurgeon from Dingwall station, when the late Dr. Kennedy's new church was opened in that town. My own boy, raised to full regimental, and with his pipe in splendid order, impatiently awaited the arrival of the eminent divine from London. No sooner had Mr. Spurgeon stepped from the railway carriage on to the platform than his ears were greeted with a stirring Highland march. Mr. Spurgeon seemed to take in the stalwart pipe at a glance, accented his name (Paul McKillop), and, in a voice heard above the sound of the pipes, exclaimed, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" Paul was quick to perceive that the divine meant no offense, and, giving a pat to his bagpipes, he made for the church.—London Tit-Bits.

Color of Eyes in Hypnotism.

An electrician on Randolph street says: People who have hazel eyes do not hypnotize readily. The lighter the eye the more easily the work is done. People with dark eyes are more nervous than those with light eyes, and it is difficult for the former to concentrate their sight and thoughts.—Chicago Tribune.

In Egypt.

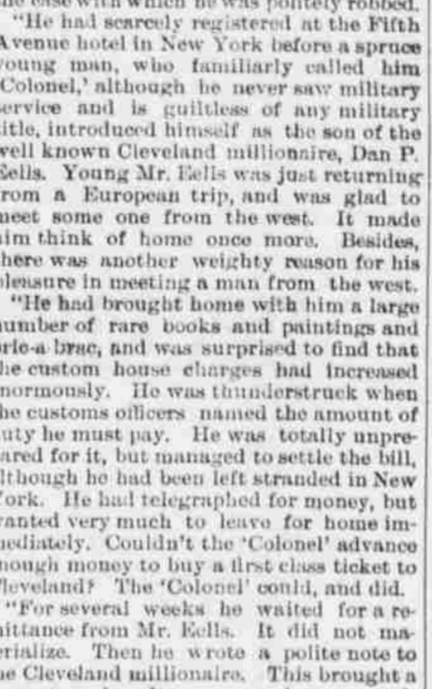
Rode Foreigner (meeting British tourist)—"Ah! I see it is true that no one but a pig and an Englishman can face the hot winds." British Tourist—Evidently, for you and I are the only living things abroad.—Harper's Bazar.

The Great German Naturalist Stern published in the Revue Palladium et Litteraire a very curious and interesting article on speaking fishes. Some varieties, he affirms, can whistle, bark and grunt; while others do very well as songsters, considering the fact that they are scaled instead of being feathered.

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