

YOUNG MEN IN CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES REGARDING TEMPTATIONS TO BE MET.

A Typical Case Quoted and Commented on at Length.

Snare Which Encircles the Lonesome Youth in the Great Centers—Resistance Becoming Feebler Until the Fall is Complete.

Success Crowns Integrity—Examples of all Kinds to Be Found—Christ's Wounds the Only Guide.

Special to the Kansas City Times.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 25.—The opening hymn at the Brooklyn tabernacle to-day begins:

Amazing grace—how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

After expounding a passage of the scriptures the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Proverbs iv., 26: "Ponder the path of thy feet," and preached the following sermon on the subject: "Two Young Men Who Came To Live in the City?"

It was Monday, September 20, at a country depot. Two young men are to take the cars for the city. Father brought them in a wagon with two trunks. The evening before at the old home was rather a sad time. The neighbors had gathered in to say good-by. Indeed, all the Sunday afternoon there had been a strolling that way from adjoining farms, for it was generally known that the two boys were going to the city to live, and the whole neighborhood was interested, some hoping they would do well and others, without saying anything, hoping for them a city failure.

LEAVING FOR A CITY LIFE. Sitting on the fence talking over the matter the neighbors would interlard their conversation about the wheat crop of last summer, and the apple crop yet to be gathered, with remarks about city prospects of Edward and Nicholas, for those were the names of the two young men—Edward 17 and Nicholas 19; but Edward, although two years younger, being a little quicker to learn, knew as much as Nicholas. They were both brown-faced and hearty, and had gone through all the curriculum of hearty sports by which muscle is developed and the chest filled out.

Father and mother on Monday morning had both resolved to go to the depot with the boys, but the mother at the last moment backed out, and she said that somehow she felt quite weak that morning, and had no appetite for a day or two, and so concluded to say good-by at the front door of the old place. Where she went and what she did after the wagon left I leave other mothers to guess. The breakfast things stood almost till noon before they were cleared away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming around the curve the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles and one of the joints stiffened years ago by a wound from a scythe—and said: "Good-by, Edward; good-by, Nicholas! Take good care of yourselves and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."

THE ARRIVAL IN COTNAM. Landed in the city they sought out with considerable inquiry of policemen on street corners and in questioning of employes of commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far apart that they rarely saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially when the streets are different. Practically a hundred miles from Bowling Green to Canal street, or from Atlantic avenue to Fulton.

Edward, being the youngest, we must look for him first. He never was in so large a store in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitations of real men and women to display goods on, such agility of cash boys, such immense stocks of goods, and a whole community of employes. His head is confused as he seemed drooped like a pebble in the great ocean of business life.

"Have you seen that greenhorn from the country?" whispered young man to young man. "He is in such a state of confusion. We will have to break him in some night." Edward stands at his new place all day so home-sick that any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a few faces are dashed off as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by according to whether he lives or dies. The center of a desert, a month's journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary.

LED OFF INTO TEMPTATION. But that evening as he thought of closing his door there came three young men who sidle up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements, as he had just arrived, but says that after awhile he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding house room, walking up and down, looking at the bare wall or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prices advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour toying with the match box and a few and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire—and it seems that 10 o'clock at night or even 9 o'clock will never come—he resolves to accept the chaperoning of his new friends at the store.

The following night they are all out together. Although his salary is not large, he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving by for some time. He can not be mean and these friends are doing all for his pleasure and so he pays the bills. At the door of places of entertainment his companions can not find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or this say they will make it all right and will therefore pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life, or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt inquiry Edward would have immediate response, but sin accompanied by bewitching orchestra, sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery, sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize the table fare considering the price charged—the criticism severe in proportion as the fault finder pays little or is resolved to leave unceremoniously and pay nothing at all.

RESISTING THE FIRST IMPULSES. But after a few nights being very late out, he says: "I must stop. My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this." Indeed, one of the business firm one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play, in which attitudes and pirouettes occurred which if taken or uttered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from this high priced box sees in a cheaper place the new stars of the theatre, and he is led to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped a while and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall and counting the matches in the match box, or goes down into the boarding house prior to hear the gossip about the other boarders or a discourse on the insufficiency of the table fare considering the price charged—the criticism severe in proportion as the fault finder pays little or is resolved to leave unceremoniously and pay nothing at all.

"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I can not stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young man and others of a now larger acquaintance use ready excuses for him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants to go the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who know the way.

RESULTS OF RECKLESS LIVING. But after awhile Edward's money is all gone. He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there, and he shall be do now. Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling tables men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not sell to reconstruct his finances, he takes his hand and wins; is so pleased he takes another hand and wins; is in a frenzy of delight and takes another hand—and loses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now Sunday is a day of carnival. He is so full of intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day he staggers into one of the licensed rum holes of the city.

Some morning Edward, his breath stentchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless, or silly, or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says: "The firm desire to see you in their private office."

The gentleman in the private office says: "Edward, we will not need you any more. We want you a little money for services since we said you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I can not understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended!"

ON THE ROAD TO PERDITION. "Out of employment?" What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work.

"Out of employment?" What does that mean to a young man? It means a high-paying express train on a down grade on the grand trunk to perdition. Al Borak was a winged horse on which Mahomet pretended to have ridden by night from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to the seventh heaven, with such speed that each step was as far as the eye could reach. A young man out of employment through his dissipations is seated on an Al Borak, riding as fast in the opposite direction.

It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel of his wardrobe and goes to the city to find out.

"O, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The father goes hunting him from place to place and comes suddenly upon him that night in a place of abandonment. The father says: "Nicholas, and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries: "Who's there?"

"It is me," says the old man. "Why, father, is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened and the son says: "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"O, Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I suspected."

"Yes," says Nicholas. "I had not the heart to write about it. I have tried my best with him and all in vain. But it is after 2 o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

"Hurt! Is he badly hurt?" "Yes; very badly hurt!" "Is the wound mortal?" "Yes; it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you, he is dead."

"Dead!" cries Nicholas. And by this time the whole family are in the hallway. The father says: "Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. O my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the last we can do for him."

O, what obstacles! The next door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the disconsolate brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh things said. On a bank of camellias is spelled out the word "Brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life and honorable death he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brothers who left the country death he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brothers who left the country death he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead.

What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. The one depended on himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same home, had the same opportunities of education, arrived in the city on the same day, and if there was any difference, Edward and the advanced, for he was brighter and quicker, and all the neighbors prophesied greater success for him than for Nicholas. But behold and wonder at the tremendous secret. Voices come up out of this audience and say: "I knew them well. 'Did you know their parents?' 'Yes; intimately.' What was the city, what the street, what the last names of these young men? You have excited curiosity; now tell us the truth."

EXAMPLES FOR EVERYWHERE. I will. Nothing in these characters is fictitious except the names. They are in every city, and in every street of every city, and in every corner of the earth. One day I saw a man in the visible and invisible audience there are many who have not fully made up their minds which road to take. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of righteousness. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of sin.

SURRENDERING TO SIN. Now, the trouble is that many make disgraceful surrender. As we all know, there is honorable and dishonorable surrender, as when a small force yields to superior numbers. It is no humiliation for a thousand men to yield to ten thousand. It is better than to keep on when there can be no result except that of massacre. But those who surrender to sin make a surrender as on their side they have enough reserve forces to rout all the armies of perdition, whether led on by what a demagogue calls Belial, or Beelzebub, or Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Ariel. The disgraceful thing about the surrender to Satan was that the French handed over 419 field guns and mitrailleurs, 6,000 horses and 83,000 armed men. And it is base for that man to surrender to sin when all the armaments of Almighty God are at his disposal, and he is prepared to fight his battle if he had waved one earnest signal. But, no! He surrendered body, mind, soul, reputation, home, pedigree, time and eternity, while yet all the prayers of his Christian ancestors were on his side, and all the prayers of his battle if he had waved one earnest signal.

PLEADING FOR YOUNG STRANGERS. Why this sermon? I have made up my mind that our city life is destroying many young men. There comes in every September and October a large influx of those between 16 and 24 years of age and New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year. They are shovelled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What with the wine cup and the gamblers' dice, and the scarlet emerald, no young man without the grace of God is safe from sin.

There is much discussion about which is the worst city of the continent. Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. While I have not the space to make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. Not rice mills or cotton mills, but mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the evil propensities, licensed and unlicensed. Such are all the gambling saloons. Such are all the houses of infamy. And we do the work according to law, and we turn out a great many more of these things than we can handle with the blood of victims. We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages: "Send us more supply," and to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York: "Send us more men, but put more of their wheels." Give us full chance and we could grind up in the municipal mill 500 a day.

LEO BY CHRIST'S WOUNDS. We have enough machinery; we have enough men to run them. Give us more hearts to crush! Give us more paternal hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the ward-robbers and the family robbers and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with earthquakes of an increased God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as the mud of the year 73 Vesuvius volcanoed Herculaneum.

O, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day, when the hushed shadows are in the presence of the people, start from the foot of the cross for usefulness and heaven. Plutarch tells us that after Caesar was slain and his twenty-three wounds had been displayed to the people, arousing an uncontrollable excitement, and the body of the dead conqueror, according to ancient custom, had been put upon the funeral pile and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches, with which they ran through the city, crying the glory of the assassinated ruler and the shame of his assassins. On this sacramental day, when the five bleeding wounds of Christ, your king, are shown to you, and the fires of his earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start heavenward—a torch with light for yourself and light for others; for the race that starts at the cross ends at the throne. Will the twenty-three wounds of Christ arouse nothing but the consternation of the people, from the five wounds of our Conqueror there flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who will accept it forever happy and forever free.

He Didn't Guarantee its Safety. Stranger—"I left my umbrella here last night. Where is it?" "Shopkeeper—"I don't know." "Why, you said I could leave it here." "Yes, but I didn't say you'd find it here when you came back."—Philadelphia Call.

The Galatea is like old Mother Hubbard. When she put there the cup-board was bare.—London Courier.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

CENTENNIAL HOTEL BAR. E. MILLER, Proprietor. Having fitted up the Centennial Hotel Bar-room, and removed my stock of Wines, Liquors & Cigars to that place, I am better prepared than ever to entertain and regale my customers.

I keep none but the best of Eastern Liquors, Milwaukee, Walla Walla, and Union Beer. Also, the Finest Brands of Cigars. —COMMERCIAL— Livery and Feed Stable. OPPOSITE CENTENNIAL HOTEL. JOHN S. ELLIOTT, PROPRIETOR.

GOVE TANNERY. ADAM CROSSMAN, PROPRIETOR. Has now on hand and for sale the best of HAINNESS, LADIGO, UPPER and LACE LEATHER, SHEEP SKINS, ETC. PORTLAND PRICES Paid for Hides and Pelts.

HOT LAKE! Situated four miles west of Union depot on south side of the O. R. & N. Co.'s railroad. WARM MINERAL BATHS. In Comfortable Rooms. Health for the Sick, and Rest for the Weary. Especially adapted for the Relief of Women. Is under the supervision of one who has had thirty years' experience. S. F. NEWHARD, Proprietor.

SMOKE OUR "PUNCH" Best Havana Filled 5 Five Cent Cigar. 5 Jones Bros., agents, Union. E. GOLLINSKY & CO. A Positive Cure. MEN, young, middle-aged and old, single or married, and all who suffer with LOST MANHOOD.

Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay, Failing Memory, Weak Eyes, stunted development, lack of energy, impoverished blood, pimples, impediments to marriage, also blood and skin diseases, syphilis, eruptions, hair falling, bone pains, swellings, sore throat, ulcers, effects of mercury, kidney and bladder troubles, weak back, burning urine, incontinence, gonorrhoea, gleet, stricture, receive searching treatment, prompt relief and cure for life. BORN SEXES consult confidentially. If in trouble, call or write. Delays are dangerous. Call at once; 25 years experience. Terms Cash. Office hours 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. DR. VAN MON. ISCAR, 132-134 Third St., Portland, Oregon

SPRING BLOSSOM CURES BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES And Eruptions of the Skin, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and all KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. EDGENE CROSSMAN, BUFFALO, WISCONSIN, has used Spring Blossom for 25 years, and has cured many cases of Boils, Pimples, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin, and all KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. Price, 50c; Trial Size, 10c. Sold by all Druggists

MITCHELL & LEWIS CO., (LIMITED.) Factory, Racine, Wis. Branch, Portland, Oregon. Manufacturers of and Dealers in

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS Buckboards, Road Carts, Spring Wagons, Etc. MITCHELL FARM AND SPRING WAGONS. CANTON CLIPPER PLOWS, HARROWS, ETC. GALE CHILLED PLOWS, AND IDEAL FEED MILLS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST, FREE. MITCHELL & LEWIS CO., Limited. 192-194 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

KIMBALL E. M. FURMAN, Agent. Having furnished this old and popular hostelry with ample room, plenty of food, good hostlers and new buggies, is better prepared than ever to accommodate customers. My terms are reasonable.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. HOWLAND & WILSON, Manufacturers of FURNITURE Main Street, Union, Oregon. Keep constantly on hand a large supply of Parlor and Bed Room Sets, Bedding, Desks, Office Furniture, etc. Upholstering Done in the Best Style. Lounges, Mattresses, and all Kinds of Furniture made to order. Your patronage solicited.

JONES BROS., Dealers in Groceries, Tobaccos and Cigars. Variety and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Musical Instruments, Picture Frames, Bird Cages, Baby Carriages, Etc. Candies, Nuts and Fruits, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Novels, Etc., of Every description. Orders from all parts of the country promptly attended to.

PHOTOGRAPH - GALLERY. Jones Bros., Artists. All Kinds of Photographic Work Done in a Superior Manner. New Scenery and Accessories Just Received. All Work Warranted to Give Satisfaction. VIEWS OF RESIDENCES TAKEN ON APPLICATION.