

H. S. BELLE, Pres. and Manager.

H. R. LEABO, Secretary

THE PALACE. STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, Laces, Lace Curtains, Ribbons, Hosiery, Ladies' Underwear, Etc.

Sole Agents for Laird, Schoder & Mitchell, FINE FOOTWEAR. Pattern sheets free every month by mail. Send your name and get one.



AT THE TABERNAACLE.

DR. TALMAGE THINKS THE GOLDEN CALF IS STILL WORSHIPPED.

The Mad Folly of the Israelites and the Rage of Moses—As the People Then Were Punished So Are All Who Worship the Golden Calf in These Latter Days.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 13.—The subject of discourse chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage for his first sermon after the national election was one peculiarly appropriate to the money-making spirit of the times.

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were manes as well as female decorations.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down to the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson, and the East river, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It stands the American at war and under God stopped it, and it decided the Russo-Turkish contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindus, and all the other cathedrals put together.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an open insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old-fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central park, whether at Brooklyn bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shorehitch, London, or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable.

What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar, what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting, "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half; take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else.

ITS DREADFUL SACRIFICE. The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again.

THE RAGE FOR SPECULATION. The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earnings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of tinkling silver and tinkling gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned.

THE CRAZE FOR GOLD. Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock exchange. They are indeed, it is a something that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What enspelling of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!"

THE ROOT OF EVIL IS BE ROOTED OUT. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central park, whether at Brooklyn bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shorehitch, London, or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

A Strange Looking Monkey. One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the proboscis monkey. A traveler who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This proboscis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to subside.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London, with one cut of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of confederation! The earth will wrap itself 'round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it?

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. "Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand.

THE RAGE FOR SPECULATION. The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earnings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays.

Wires Along a Trolley Line. A great many people wonder why there are so many overhead wires along an electric road, and which of them are alive or dangerous. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred know nothing whatever about it. You have noticed that alongside the pavement on both sides of the street is strung a large, well-insulated wire, almost large enough to be a cable.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH SNOW. "Talking about snow," remarked Archibald Lennox at the Laclede, "reminds me of an experience I had with the beautiful 'up' in Vermont. I went up into the Green mountains to spend the holidays with a gentleman who had the distinguished honor to command my regiment during the war.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

A Strange Looking Monkey. One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the proboscis monkey. A traveler who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This proboscis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to subside.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

Oh, what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can pat your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the widows of heaven will be led to the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace, both worshipping the golden calf, and bowing before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

THE RAGE FOR SPECULATION. The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earnings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

A Strange Looking Monkey. One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the proboscis monkey. A traveler who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This proboscis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to subside.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE. I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never break. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

A Historic Locomotive Wrecked.

A famous locomotive was wrecked the other day just above the city. It was No. 1,149, the engine that on the memorable day of the Johnstown flood went rushing down the Pennsylvania railroad tracks from Conemaugh to Johnstown with its shrieking whistle giving the alarm of the oncoming deluge of water.

After the flood No. 1,149 was found, bottom upward, buried under the great bank of sand near where the engineer had abandoned it to flee for his life from the flood. Releasers cleared away the sand, and proceeded to dismantle everything they could secure. The bell and all the brass fixtures were carried away, and even the big wooden bumper was hauled into splinters.

No. 1,149 was standing on the track. Just below it was a heavy coal train, stationary, with all brakes set. Engineer W. D. Thomas happened to look back over the track and saw another coal train, without an engine, come tearing down the steep grade. The switch had not been turned to allow it to drop down on the next track, as was intended. Thomas jumped just before the crash and escaped, but No. 1,149 was demolished between the two heavy coal trains.—Albion Gazette.

THE VANITY OF MEN AND WOMEN. One of those learned discussions on subjects of grave import with which English newspapers and their readers concern themselves is at present raging in the columns of a London newspaper on the momentous question as to whether ugly men or ugly women are the more vain.

That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. This is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE cures all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, St. Vitus, Dance, Fits and Hysteria.

The Tariff. Has not raised the price on Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. There are many other brands, each represented by some interested person to be "just as good as the BULL DURHAM."

SALEM SOAP and CHEMICAL WORKS. This space is reserved for the

Is Life Worth Living? That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone.

The Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Offer the greatest protection and safety to those seeking Life Insurance. Every Policy in the Massachusetts Mutual guarantees Cash Paid up Values every year. Send for SAMPLE POLICY.

CLEAN! If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.

E. M. Waite Printing Co. Largest establishment in the city. OVER BUSH'S BANK, SALEM, OREGON. E. K. HALL, Paper Hanger and Decorator. White's No. 60, SALEM'S FINEST TRUCK.

THE EVENING JOURNAL. 50 Cents a Month; contains all the news.