DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE WELL KNOWN TEXT FROM JOB.

It Does Not Matter How Narrow the Escape Is if Only You Find God at Last. An Eloquent Argument for Christianity

BROOKLYN, May 4. - After the Longmeter Dexology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation in the Academy of Music, and prayer had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix, 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my inter-pretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found today with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking com-plaints, Job, I think, has added an exasper ating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flame: advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you-you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pur-sued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say: "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was but straight into the eyes of the minister, into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was

TWO PICTURES.

tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say: "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than

loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion today. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh, thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us today how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

THE HEART'S DOOR. Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the

THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH. a me quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that propeses to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the death bed as the

closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer? Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers

THE BIBLE. Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Pible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. Today I invite you back into the good old fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a

pecimen of an American ship. It is time

hat we draw a line between religion and

the frailties of those who profess it.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer: "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a memimproper to laugh. At seven, he could sit ber of the church; but if you will go down an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking stairs my partner in business will swear at neither to the right hand nor to the left, you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion as though he understood the whole discus- of temper. Now there is no harm in getsion about the eternal decrees. He never ting mad if you only get mad at sin. You upset things nor lost them. He floated need to brille and saddle those hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be Here is another one, who started in life | mad at. There is no harm in getting red mith an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride-no dignation, and not a petulancy that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper I may be preaching to some who have cut in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven-the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten-thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful, this last time than when you took your first misstep.

A HARD STRUGGLE. If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as

with the skin of his teeth." The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious

near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped!—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of discress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board, and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

TIME FOR RELIGION. There are others who in attempting to ome to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning, and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sun-rise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequenty dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room, and gone in, and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are in this house today three hundred men pursued, har-assed, trodden down and scalped, of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogs-heads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather op all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition de manded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart: but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning. CHEATED OUT OF THEIR FAITH.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no orna-mental discourse; but put my hand on your shoulder, and invite you into the peace of the Gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth secoded from his government, and hence all these outrage; and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting hart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

FIND PEACE WITH GOD. This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, repre-presented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto: "All is not worth that." Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward in formed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him: "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, cov ered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its

Anathema Maranatha Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well mgh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy, I shall go home today feeling that some

of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will, start for the good land of the Gospel-at last to look back saying, "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but sayed! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the

A \$3,600 COUNTRY HOUSE.

with the ground sloping from the house in all directions, which, with the broken gables, broad veranda and porch, judicious ar-rangement of the windows, etc., give a very attractive and picturesque appearance to the building-quite in contrast to the old fashloned mansard and hip roofs so common in the rural districts. The plan is a convenient one, and comprises a hall, dining room and large library, separated from the front parlor by sliding doors, which can be kept open and closed at pleasure. At the rear of the house are the kitchen, back stairs, pantry, storefoom, and back porch, with steps leading to the back yard. In front is a broad verands



In the second story there are three good sized chambers, bathroom, small bedroom, staircase halls, attic stairway and a goodly number of closets, which are considered most sential by the accomplished housewife.

The attic contains two bedrooms and a large storeroom and two closets. The cellar

extends under the entire house. The rooms in the attic are hard finished on one coat of brown mortar and well seasoned lath. The side walls and ceilings of all other rooms and closets are hard finished on two coats of brown mortar; neat center pieces are placed in the ball, parlor, dining room and library. The chimneys are of hard



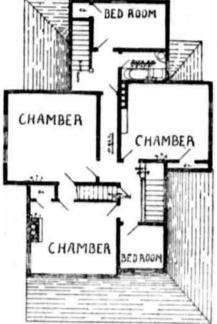
thence in cement mortar. The range opening and facings of brest of chimney are laid in pressed brick neatly penciled; the opening is spanned by a rubbed bluestone lintel. The openings of all other fireplaces are built of hard brick, the openings spanned by 11/4x2 wrought iron bars.

The roofs, gables and portions of the outside walls are shingled over water proof pa-per and ¾ surfaced sheathing boards. The entire side walls of the lower story and por-tions of the second story are clapboarded with 6 inch beveled white pine siding; slashings, linings of gutters, valleys and roofs of verandas are covered with M. F. tin



FIRST STORY PLAN. The floor of atticis of dry 3/4x4 tongued and grooved spruce; the floors of veranda and porch of 1½ white pine; all other floors of ½x3 yellow pine, blind nailed. The kitchen, bathroom and pantry, treads and risers of front and back stairs, of yellow pine. All other inside woodwork of white wood.

The woodwork of kitchen and pantry filled and varnished in natural color of wood. The woodwork of hall and dining room stained to imitate antique oak, finish of parlor and library stained mahogany. The woodwork of bathroom and stairs finished same as kitchen, all other inside woodwork painted two coats. The newels, rails and balusters of stairs filled one coat, and var



nished three coats, rubbed smooth. Hard wood mantels and grates to match woodwork of the rooms where they are placed. Outside blinds to all except cellar windows. The plumbing is of good quality, and in keeping with the finish of the house. The building i heated by a furnace.

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This design is that of a residence built in the suburbs of New York, for a family of means. The building stands on an eminence.

See Them

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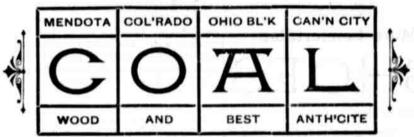
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