WORLD GROWS BETTER.

Dr. Talmage Says the Time in Which We Live Is Wonderful for Disaster and Blessings.

The Dead Sea Rolls Today Where Ancient Cities Stood.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel ii, 30, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

Dr. Cumming—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfillment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan the good doctor said to me: "It is just what I had told you about France. People laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there are in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last twenty years eclipse any preceding twenty. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out in the words of the text, "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth—convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of icebergs and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life.

Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them, "For that region it was the last judgment; nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb—1500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1882 in Chile 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation, in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872; California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead! Coming nearer home, on August 31, 1886, the great earthquake which prostrated one-half of Charleston, S. C.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands, the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was, "The waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees! Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw a cyclone on the ocean, and it swept us 800 miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire and then plunged down, down, down until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah, you never want to see a cyclone at sea!

But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin and lifted a rail train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of engineer on the airbrake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. The Ville de Havre, the Schiller, the City of Boston, the Melville, the President, the Cimbria, the Oregon, the Mohegan. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answers, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers? If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of the hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm tree amid the nightshades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth 400 years once.

Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in less than three days. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine knot lights or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them.

If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called up to recite in a class with our boys and girls, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions!

Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents. But there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it—laid by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect.

And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress, that he might learn ship carpentry, by which he could supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house, "What's in that box?" The owner said: "I don't know. That box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We havn't had any curiosity to look at it. I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you £2 for it." "Well, done." The £2 was paid, and the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for $50,000. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incase treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after awhile God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains, but who owns these gigantic natural forces we are constantly reading about? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! I must be at peace with Him.

Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of you who are in midlife may well thank God that you have seen so many wondrous things, but there are people alive to-day who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted.

Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal.

Whether here or departed this life, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said, "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes. I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the masts. I know them all—I have watched them so long."

Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the topgallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt water high upon the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours. They went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all who enter in through the gates into the city."

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



A Royal Road to Learning.

The old proverb that there is no royal road to learning, which was formerly accepted as indisputable, is emphatically denied by Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp, the originator of the Fletcher kindergarten method of musical instruction. That royal road will be found, she says, for the children of the future, and the road is being made smooth for the children of to-day in a way that would once have been thought impossible. In the realm of music, for instance, children now acquire "positive pitch," a thing which used to be regarded as unattainable except by favor of the gods, and as for reading music, it is as easy to teach them to do that as to teach them to read English.

French Waists.

Smart fancy waists are much in demand to wear with the coats and skirts so necessary to one's comfort. For day wear—that is, for morning wear with cloth costumes—there is quite a variety in taffeta waists, the newest taffetas being changeable ones, trimmed with narrow lines of black velvet. There is a curious green-red changeable taffeta of very soft, pliable weave that is very good, and looks well with black velvet and white lace trimmings. The tucked and pleated waists are the favorite ones; the pleats medium-sized box-pleats, no trimming in the back, and in the front a round yoke or pleats with the lines of velvet. These waists, as a rule, are in dark colors, but some of the lighter taffetas are used, and the rather heavier silks with a cord like those formerly known as gros grains. There is a shade of pinkish blue that is very good in this silk; oddly enough, it is trimmed with a very light blue velvet ribbon. There are many regular shirt waists in flannel, silk, corduroy and velveteen, made in the very plainest fashion, but they are not what can be called very smart, and are only possible with rainy-day gowns, or for market.—Harper's Bazar.

A Clever California Woman.

California boasts of a girl who has been the foreman of a thrashing crew and successfully harvested a season of grain. Her name is Ethel Hobson. Her father is a rancher of San Luis Obispo County. He had a thrashing outfit with all modern improvements, and for fifteen years has harvested grain for the country. His daughter has always been his close companion, and when she was but a little girl played about the harvesting machinery in the field. For the last three years since she was sixteen she has been his bookkeeper. In this capacity she has gone with him from ranch to ranch, camping out in a tent at night. This year at the height of the season Mr. Hobson met with an accident, which laid him up for the summer and rendered it impossible for him to fill his contracts. It was then that his daughter proved her ability to carry on the business, which she has done with marked success. She took her father's place as captain of the big machine in the field. Every detail she superintended herself, from the engine to the separator. Twenty-three men worked under her direction. Some were reputed to be hard characters, but one and all obeyed her orders to the letter.

Gowns of Varied Beauty.

It will be remembered that a certain princess in the fairy tales had a gown which she used to carry round in a walnut shell when on her travels. Just such a frock was shown the other day at one of the smart faiseurs'. It could almost have been passed through a ring. It was gathered all round and opened over a petticoat of tulle confined by the newest of satin bows and boasting the most delightful little pointed waistcoat, fashioned of pink silk and silver embroidery and owning the dearest little sleeves of lace, caught up with a ribbon of soft satin. The whole bore a suggestion of the days of Marie Antoinette, and one longed to see it worn by a fair girl whose golden locks would be worn somewhat high over a cushion wreathed with pink roses and one long curl falling on the left shoulder.

Another evening dress was a poppy-red crepe de chine, a lovely glowing creation, the color of which was thrown up by two full-blown roses in white mousseline diamente. There was an idealized Louis Seize frock in blue, painted with violets, and with raised violets in chiffon, and ruffles of lace and diamond buttons on the most becoming little coat.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women Hunters.

Among the hunters who journey yearly to the Adirondacks are many women. When the sportsman now takes a trip to his hunting box his wife accompanies him, and she handles her rifle with an accuracy of aim that commands the admiration of the guides.

That the modern Dianas will continue to participate in this form of sport is beyond question, as the women have in many instances proved themselves to be as fine shots as the men and as able to endure the fatigue of a day's hunting in the wilds.

Women used to enjoy trips in boats at night after deer. This mode of hunting is called jacking, and the favorite method was to paddle quietly along the lake or its inlet in a canoe with just one bright light shining at the bow of the boat.

Deer, especially, possess a vast amount of curiosity, and any startling object that bursts suddenly upon the vision will hold them spellbound for a few moments at least. At night the fascination of the light usually detained the deer long enough to give the hunter a chance to get a shot. Jacking, however, is now prohibited by law in the Adirondacks.

Now the fair hunters are obliged to wait until daylight before starting the hunt. Very often the costume includes a sweater, bloomers and a short, round-necked over-dress of seal brown corduroy, drawn in around the shoulders with elastic, fastened on the left shoulder with one button and belted in with the cartridge belt. High-laced boots and a neat little toboggan cap complete the costume.

As dogs, like the jack lights, are no longer permitted in the Adirondacks the woman hunter must match her skill as a shot against the keen wit of the deer. She starts out to follow the deer runs and to still hunt over the ridges where the acorns and nuts grow, just as the men do.

The hunters now follow an old log road, perhaps, and then plunge at right angles into the thickets to make a short cut for some of the inland bodies of water where the deer drink and disport themselves. The field glass may reveal a deer working his way along the shore of the lake. The deer with his branching antlers moves apparently with little concern, and the woman hunter works along the bank of the lake until a good shot is afforded.

Suddenly the deer is frightened, but before he can turn to escape the crack of the rifle breaks upon the air, and the woman hunter has become the possessor of a deer's head as a proof of her prowess and aim.—New York Sur



Philadelphia has over 1300 women in civic offices.

Police matrons are now an established feature of the best governed cities.

Several women physicians, such as Mary Putnam Jacobi, of New York, and Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, have a national reputation.

New Bedford, Mass., is soon to have a fine library, purchased by the Woman's Club. The women already have collected over $12,000 for this purpose.

A New York woman, Libbie Frieze, has invented a most ingenious rotary massage instrument. It even admits of the application of an electric current.

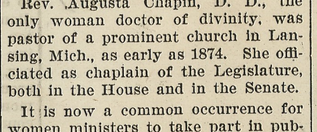
The Queen of Roumania is interesting herself at present in improving the architectural qualities of the theatres in her husband's domain, and also in raising the standard of dramatic performances.

Miss Margaret Howie is now making the struggle for the future women lawyers of Great Britain. She is refused an examination by the "law agents," and is asking the courts to compel them to accept her.

Rev. Augusta Chapin, D. D., the only woman doctor of divinity, was pastor of a prominent church in Lansing, Mich., as early as 1874. She officiated as chaplain of the Legislature, both in the House and in the Senate.

It is now a common occurrence for women ministers to take part in public functions, to deliver annual addresses before various organizations of men, including memorial addresses before the G. A. R., and to conduct the funeral services of prominent men.

We hear so much about surplus women that it is rather refreshing to learn of places where there are so few that they are actually clamored for. It is said that in the Province of Manitoba there is so small a proportion that the colonists complain that homes are impossible for lack of wives.



White velvet painted in floral design is the latest fancy in corsets.

Ox blood felt with violet trimmings represents one of the season's combinations.

Flat buttons and long waisted pouch fronts are the characteristics of the new flannel waists.

Fancy buttons, many of them hand painted, appear on some of the handsomest hats this season.

There is a growing tendency to use two materials in sleeves, and the most ultra sleeves are made of puffs from the shoulder to the hand.

The double English violet is being utilized for entire flower toques and turbans, and also for millinery garniture. The dahlia, however, is the flower of the season.

Sable cloth is quite a new fabric, being made up as winter costumes, partaking much of the nature of zibeline, but richer in its effects of light and shade in the folds. This is to be obtained in many colors, but looks lovely in deep violet with a glow of red in it.

It is as a rule only in the more expensive gloves that buttons can be found, and buttons are considered much smarter and have been for some time than the clasps. This is a Paris idea. However, there are many more of the clasp gloves worn than the buttoned, and there is no objection to them so serious that one need quarrel with them.

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