

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PROPER SPHERE FOR WOMAN—HER OPPORTUNITY.

The Noted Preacher Says That Capacity Is the Guiding Star of Woman's usefulness—The Allurements That Are Dangerous.



T. LOUIS, MO., June 16, 1895.—In his sermon for today (Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has reached this city on his western tour, discusses a subject of universal interest, viz.: "Woman's Opportunity," his text being: "She shall be called woman." Gen. ii., 23. God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple—and Matthew Simpson, the bishop and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever decline the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to emigrate and keep house, he ought to be allowed to emigrate and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question of the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to vote in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity. My chief anxiety is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then carry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, are a long scene of strife and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Under-estimates. Bureaucratic; salesmen exaggerating; tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, fill it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquets and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

Idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—Oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went up all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw your arms around her neck and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not dragons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation. Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give God your heart, give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah! no. Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand and the storm will drop, and another wave of his hand and midnight will break into mid-morn; and another wave of his hand and the chambers of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heaven-gilded, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal peace. Your dominion is home. O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of the world have made in fifteen years ago, when they banded together in many of the towns and cities of that state marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted. Were they opened again? Oh yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance society and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans; but when Deborah appeared upon the scene, Sisera took to his heels and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation" and "Old Hundred," and "Battle Street," and "Edinburg," they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed and in battle array; but oh, what poor success for that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymn-books in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer-meetings was a very poor business! No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the east had as much faith in God as their sisters of the west had, and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grog-shops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets, Burgundy, and Cognac, and Heidsieck, and old Port and Schiedam Schnapps, and lager beer, and you would save your fathers, and your husbands, and your sons, first, from a drunkard's grave, and second, from a drunkard's hell! To this battle for home let all women raise themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When do they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and sweater at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the wayside where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers, and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped their hands and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing, and leap and shout: "Home! home! home!" Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

A SCARCITY IN CAMPHOR. Moths May Benefit by the Chinese War if This Drug Disappears. One hitherto unappreciated effect of the war between China and Japan is that there is bound to be a dearth of camphor in the world for some months, or perhaps even years to come. In England the imports of that odorous drug have fallen off to less than five thousand packages for the first four months of this year, as against 18,000 packages received from Jan. 1 to April 30, 1894. From Japan and China a goodly proportion of the camphor used by the medical world and in domestic economy comes, though the camphor tree, or camphor laurel, is cultivated to some extent in Formosa, Java and the West Indies. The dearth of this popular drug means considerable, as its uses are far-reaching and its importance is great. That skillful chemist of France, Raspil, recommends camphor as one of the chief specifics for the cure of many ailments. For fainting fits, gout and rheumatism, sprains, bruises and chilblains, and as a cure for hysteria and a remedy against epilepsy, hardly anything else can be found as useful. Of all the community moths will be the most benefited. A witty Englishman recently said that these pestiferous insects much prefer costly foreign feathers as a regular article of diet. Without camphor the housewife is likely to have an exceedingly hard time. A substitute for it in moth matters it would be difficult to find. Tar paper has never been especially effective and has never reached a high point of popularity. Two good substances which can take the place of camphor on a pinch it is a good plan to mention, as it is quite likely that later on they will be of value to the housewife. Bitter apples, dried and broken up into small pieces, are even more efficacious than camphor, and they cost less in the long run. Black pepper, well sprinkled over the articles that are to be put away, will render them practically moth proof, provided they are well shaken out first.

A Girl's Story of Lincoln. I thought I would send you an anecdote concerning President Lincoln that I never have seen printed before. Years ago, when my papa was a little boy, and Abraham Lincoln was a poor young man practicing law in Woodford county, during court week at Metamora grandpa brought him home to supper. It was a cold, stormy Monday night, and grandpa hurried around getting supper, and thought she would have something extra, so she opened a jar of preserved peaches. When they sat down to eat grandpa dished the peaches out three to a person. It seemed to take Abraham Lincoln a long time to eat a peach, and he did not finish at either. So as soon as he had finished his supper and gone into another room grandpa went to his dish to see why it was he had given him the little muslin sack with the peach kernels and spice in it instead of a peach. Grandpa hurried into the other room to apologize to Mr. Lincoln, and he said to her: "That's all right, Mrs. Perry, my mother used the same thing, and it was so good that I wanted to get all the juice out of it."—Frankie Perry, in Chicago Tribune.

A Polite Owl. The owl made a bow As I passed where she sat— A very small owl— She bowed this way and that, So I lifted my hat. Did she just bob her head When the sun hurt her eyes? So my grandfather said, But she looked very wise For an owl of her size. Too Lazy to Move. A most curious and sluggish creature is the tawata, a nine-inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the "laziest creature ever created." He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery. It is nature for a woman to think that some ugly man is good looking.

THE SCOTCH PATRI.

EARLIER STRUGGLES OF MME. NELLIE MELBA.

She Made Her First Appearance as a Singer in Australia and Subsequently Went to Paris—Then Followed Six Years of Unequalled Success. ME. MELBA (Mrs. Armstrong), wife of Captain Francis Armstrong, of England, has won, within the last six years, the highest distinction in Paris, Brussels, London, Milan and the chief American cities. She is of Scotch descent and was born in Australia. At a very early age she began the study of the pianoforte with her mother, who was an amateur of ability. Later she continued her studies under professional teachers, taking a course on the organ and also in harmony and composition, thus securing the groundwork of a thorough musical education, which must have proved of inestimable value after she began her career as a singer. When about twelve years old it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of unusual beauty, and after having taken a few vocal lessons in Australia she accepted the advice of friends and went to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of the famous Mme. Marchesi. Notwithstanding the objections interposed by her father, Mr. Mitchell (who was one of the commissioners of the Melbourne exposition), a lyric career became inevitable, and upon the completion of her studies with Mme. Marchesi she made her debut on Oct. 15, 1887, under the name of Melba, as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. So immediate and brilliant was her success that the attendant, who had arranged for a single performance only, engaged her for a term, and she appeared as Lakme, Violetta, Ophelia and Lucia. Subsequently Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her debut in England in "Lucia," with a success well remembered by all opera-going Londoners. Then followed another long engagement in Brussels, after which she returned to Paris, and having studied under the composer the part of the heroine in Ambrose Thomas' "Hamlet," she made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times and enthusiastically praised by the French critics. Mme. Melba next studied in the role of Juliette, with the assistance of Gounod, and appeared in that character in London in June, 1889, with Jean de Reszke in his favorite part of Romeo. In the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang the roles of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelia, Lucia and Gilda. The latest assumption of Mme. Melba have been the parts of Esmeralda in Goring Thomas' opera of that name, Elsa in Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the title role in "Elaine," composed by M. Bemberg expressly for her, to whom, by the way, and to Jean de Reszke, the work is dedicated. Mention should also be made of Mme. Melba's beautiful interpretation of the part of Michaela in "Carmen." Mme. Melba's phenomenal success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in Boston and Chicago during the last two seasons is too well known to require more than a word of mention. Her triumphs on the concert stage have fully equaled those in the opera. Her voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with a very extensive range, the tone being crystalline in its clearness. It is perfectly even throughout the register and her vocalization, in the purest Italian style, is almost unrivaled in fluency and may safely said to be faultless. A Simple Means of Transportation. The ascent of mountains and the carrying of necessary articles up very steep inclines necessitate an enormous amount of labor and time. It is possible to put up wire-rope tramways at a very small expense, and have these so arranged that loads can be brought up at a minimum of the cost and trouble now involved. A sample of this device is a wire tramway recently put up at Gibraltar. It connects the signal at the top of the rock with the town below.

There are two ropes, three hundred and twenty yards long, leading to the mountain. An engine works the ropes, which are able to sustain a weight of seventy tons. The transit from the town to the station occupies scarcely five minutes, where formerly it took a whole day. On the general principle of the carriage line that delivers parcels and change in stores, an effective and rapid means of transit between various points may be secured. The rope-tramway idea is yet in its infancy, but before another ten years have passed this invention will be utilized to connect buildings of all sorts. It would be of untold value could a simple rope and basket be so arranged that one might pass from house to out-buildings regardless of snow, storm or rain, stepping from one sheltered entry at the house to another at the barn without coming in contact with the ground. The time and need are here, and only await the inventive genius who shall put these into practical operation. THOMAS C. PLATT. The Man Who Is Said to Make and Unmake Governors and Presidents. Thomas Collier Platt, New York's famous republican politician, was born in Owego, that state, in 1833. He matriculated at Yale college, but on account of failing health left there before graduation to enter upon a commercial career. He became conspicuous as a successful operator in banking and lumber enterprises. In 1872 and 1873 he was elected to congress from Owego. In 1881 he was chosen to succeed Francis Kernan in the United States senate. His service in the senate was, however, of short duration. He at once fell into the friendship of Roscoe Conkling. When President Garfield saw fit to rebuke Senator Conkling by giving the New York patronage to the anti-Conkling republicans, both New York senators resigned their seats, but not without hope of being re-elected by the legislature then in session. They were disappointed, however, for the legislature chose their successors shortly afterward. Conkling, broken-hearted, retired to private life and four years later died. Not so with Platt. He became president of the United States Express Co., and has managed to cut a wide swath in state politics. He managed the gubernatorial campaign for Levi P. Morton last year and now has charge of the presidential boom of the governor of New York. Train and Health. The latest interesting characteristic of Mark Twain to be made public is his capacity for preserving good health on only four hours' sleep a day. This seems incredible, though his life as a pilot on the Mississippi may have trained him to do with less sleep than ordinary men. Mr. Clemens is said to spend his mornings reading and smoking, and his afternoons writing and smoking again. Of Simple Tastes. Vaszary, the Prince of Hungary, is a man of the most simple tastes, and when he first entered office his task was rendered doubly hard by the fact that hitherto he had been but a poor Benedictine monk. He drove to the Presidential palace at Gran, in a public cab, carrying on his knee a cage containing his pet canary. Kipling's Eyes. Rudyard Kipling is said to have a pair of remarkable blue eyes, which once seen are never forgotten. During a recent visit to Washington he attempted to go about the city incognito, but his eyes, it is averred, rendered his disguise a failure.

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Opera Engagements. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.—Crowded houses and the "Standing room only" sign tell the story of uninterrupted success of the ninth annual season of extravaganzas at the Chicago Opera House. The engagement of Vesta Tilley, the great vaudeville performer, is the sensation of the season, and the gifted little woman has made a complete conquest of the hearts and judgment of Chicago theater-goers. She is the highest salaried vaudeville star ever seen in America, and so great is the competition for her services in London that Mr. Henderson could only secure her for two weeks, and then she returns to England. "Aladdin, Jr.," approaches the end of its long and prosperous run, and is soon to be followed by a gorgeous "Aladdin," the favorite of the season of 1892-93. This brilliant spectacle is to be brought out in response to a general desire, and will appear in finer form than ever before. Frederick Danforth and his corps of assistants are attending to the scenery, and a big force of needwomans is getting the costumes in order. Daily rehearsals of the chorus are held on the opera house stage, while the big ballet is being drilled on a neighboring stage borrowed for the occasion. Everybody is working with might and main to get ready for the big revival, and Mr. Henderson is determined that it shall far outshine all his previous productions. Miss Maud Ulmer, leading prima donna with the Bostonians, has been engaged for the soprano role in "Aladdin," and Ernest McGucking of the Carl Rosa Opera company, and a baritone singer of great repertoire, will also appear. M'VICKER'S THEATER.—"The Cotton King" is doing extremely well at M'Vicker's theater, and will enter on its fifth week June 9. The many sensational features in the play are appreciated by those who love melodrama, and the elevator scene in the fourth act is always loudly applauded. This scene merits commendation, being remarkable for its realism; it is here where the hero rescues his sweetheart from death beneath a rapidly descending elevator. One of the strongest acted scenes in the play is the finale of the third act, where Shillinglaw, a discharged employe, struggles between the good and evil in his nature. A promised bribe would give him money to provide food and nursing for his wife and child, but his conscience says no. It is the most intensely dramatic scene of the play. "The Cotton King" will run indefinitely at M'Vicker's theater. Attractions for the week commencing June 17. GRAND.....A Black Sheep HOOLEY'S.....A Gaiety Girl HOPKINS.....Vaudeville FRANK HALL'S.....Vaudeville OLYMPIC.....Variety SCHILLER.....Little Robinson Crusoe MASONIC TEMPLE..... Roof Garden, Vaudeville SAM T. JACKS.....Variety LINCOLN.....Variety COLUMBIA.....Closed ALHAMBRA.....Closed ACADEMY MUSIC.....Closed HAYMARKET.....Closed Debts of Gratitude. When the nature of gratitude is considered in its proper light, as a debt which we have contracted, and which consequently must be discharged, we see at once that the merit or demerit of the individual to whom we owe this debt has nothing whatever to do with the payment of it. A generous mind would perhaps feel more bound to discharge it to an unworthy object, simply because where respect or love was wanting, grateful feeling would be all that could with propriety be offered. But, as in all such cases, the debt, though just, must still be painful and humiliating. It is of the utmost importance, both to young and old, that they should be careful never to be the willing recipients of obligations from persons whom they neither love nor esteem, and sometimes from their unwillingness to incur obligations, involve themselves in connections and associations highly disadvantageous. It is an excellent plan for young women always to put this question to themselves before they accept an offered kindness: "Is the person who offers it one whom I should like to feel indebted to?" Or, "Am I prepared to make all the return of gratitude to that person which would under similar circumstances, be due to the most praiseworthy and distinguished individual of my acquaintance?" A Shower of Black Ants. The warm, thunderous state of the atmosphere Wednesday evening, presaged a heavy downpour of rain in the city and vicinity, but this expectation was not realized, and the rain passed off with a slight shower. Instead of the rain a shower of another kind resulted, which is one of the most curious visitations in the history of the city. On the sidewalks, in the roads, upon the roofs, and the insides of the houses there were seen, yesterday, numbers of large black ants crawling about. They were found as plentiful in the outskirts of the city as in the main streets, and from the fact that some of these insects have wings while others have dropped or shed them, it is natural to conclude that they have migrated from some district to the south of the province, and have come to stay. They are large, black-bodied specimens, about the size of a wasp, and have the strong snippers of their race. They are not natives of Manitoba, and are something similar to the African ant.—Winnipeg Free Press. Wear of an Ocean Cable. Where the bottom of the ocean is had an ocean cable will frequently last only three or four years, but on good bottom wire taken up after twenty years has been found almost as good as ever. Partial Estimacy. Caller—Are you intimate with Mrs. Firstford. Mrs. Thirdford—Well—our servant girls hang our clothes on the same roof.



MME. MELBA.



THOMAS C. PLATT, of the presidential boom of the governor of New York.