

**TALMAGE'S SERMON.**

**SPEAKS ENCOURAGING WORDS TO WOMEN.**

Ye, Ecclesiastes iv, 1, "Behold the Tears of Such as Were Oppressed, and They Had no Comforter"—Faith and Trust in God.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)  
Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden times. Alexander the Great stood in his place showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the emperor would not wear any garment except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The needle has slain more than the sword. When the sewing machine was invented, some thought that invention would alleviate woman's toil and put an end to the despotism of the needle. But no; while the sewing machine has been a great blessing to well to do families in many cases, it has added to the stab of the needle the crush of the wheel, and multitudes of women, notwithstanding the re-enforcement of the sewing machine, can only make, work hard as they will, between \$2 and \$3 a week.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve in their perfect state might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden with no weeds in it demanded, but as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Of the 1,000 prosperous and honorable men that you know 999 had to work vigorously at the beginning. But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities today are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning, who once have risen and breakfasted lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the bed and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep and having passed an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their cardcase and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

No Happiness in Idleness.  
There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fifteenth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves and that, too, after having through the false notions of their parents wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood having given them no facility for earning their livelihood.

Mrs. de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations in any one of which I could make a livelihood." You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman! Have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night, or some officials in our churches may get up a mining company and induce your orphans to put their money into a hole in Colorado and if by the most skillful machinery the sunken money can be brought up again prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it and that it went in the most orthodox and heavenly style. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in until God puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and strips it clear down to the bottom! You have no right because you are well off to conclude that your children are going to be well off. A man died leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia groshop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush, ye! He is dead!" "Oh, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!" Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, infanticide.

There are women toiling in our cities for \$2 or \$3 a week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones would now be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That woman,

out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the \$12 gaiter in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Pennsylvania avenue and Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners.

No Disgrace to Work.  
Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel that it is a disgrace for them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

So far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work, I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may with a delicate brush beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Orionville" or "Old Hundredth." Do nothing practical if you would, in the eyes of refined society, preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you a woman, no more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle and every day you live and breathe forty hogheads of good, pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was 1,000,000 of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds before our race came upon it. In one sense we were invaders. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us. If we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it, and the Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says, "If he will not work, neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!" Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything that she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the stary ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

The Rights of Woman.  
It is said if woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say if she have more skill and adaptiveness in any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have. But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battleax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me and I will show you a woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on her table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected. Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of our salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about women as though we had resigned to her all the light work and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle. Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman

have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

The Source of Strength.  
Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. Many of you will go single handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, irresponsible nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you a humble, active, earnest Christian. What will become of that womanly disciple of the world? She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her apparel than in her redemption. The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life, and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life at death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever asked to give her hand in marriage. She lived single, that, untrammelled, she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam. Just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered her coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

**PRINCESS AND SMUGGLER.**

"Whisker Bill's" Life Brightened by the Gentle Princess of Wales.  
"Whisker Bill" is dead. He was the last notorious smuggler of the Isle of Wight, and for many years earned a living by fishing when contraband running had ceased. Yet, in the days of decadence he became the recipient of alms while lying by the wayside at Alum Bay. Says Pearson's Weekly in telling the story: "When in the prime of life there was no finer or more fearless man around our coasts than stalwart smuggler Bill, but the ban which in his escapades once grasped the oar with a grip of iron became palsied and the erect figure as bent as a bow. Times were rough indeed with Whisker Bill, as the old desperado was familiarly called at Freshwater, until, on that occasion of a royal visit, the Princess of Wales, learning of the former smuggler's career, addressed him with many words of kindly cheer and, graciously taking the poor old man's hand, did not release it until she had dropped a sovereign into the wretched palm. So delighted was the veteran that, finding new life to his limbs, he hobbled away to the village painter, and, with a part of the money given him by the Princess, paid for the incident to be recorded on a board for future exhibition. Nor were his hopes in vain, for visitors who read of so gracious an example and interest in the aged suppliant also gave a little of their store. Want was never again known by Whisker Bill after the fair Princess, daughter of the sea kings, had so graciously recognized the decrepit old fellow, who, upon the waters, had so oft evaded the Queen's revenue, thus proving that royal sympathy counts not the frailties of those who have fallen in life's battle. To the day of his death the once notorious smuggler declared that the dark hours of his life had been brightened by 'the gentle Princess of Wales.'"

**Ceram's Big Earthquake.**

The earthquake which has occurred on the island of Ceram must, if the accounts of it be correct, have been one of the most terrible of which we have any record, since no fewer than 4,000 people are said to have been destroyed. Ceram lies a little to the northeast of Java, and is, therefore, presumably well within the sphere of that volcanic activity which showed itself in the amazing eruption of Krakatoa—the greatest known in history—in 1883. It is to be hoped that the earthquake which has desolated the island is not the precursor of a new outbreak on the part of that tremendous volcano. It will be remembered that the great eruption was preceded by just such a shock—Tit-Bits.

**THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.**

**Puerto Rico Tariff Bill in the Senate.**

**GOLD BILL IS NOW A LAW.**

**Puerto Rico Bill Engage Attention in Both House—Hanson and Allen Com- mune to Press Anti-British Enquiries in the Senate.**

In the senate a notable speech on the Philippine question was made by Mr. Lodge, in which he favored the bill introduced by Mr. Spooner, vesting in the president authority to govern the Philippines until congress should otherwise provide by legislation.

In the house announcement was made of the death of Mr. Harmer, appropriate resolutions were adopted, and adjournment taken as a further mark of respect.

Thursday, March 8.  
The senate heard Mr. Foraker speak in support of the pending Puerto Rican tariff bill and Messrs. Pettus, Tillman and Hoar against it. Mr. Mason made his motion to discharge the committee on foreign relations from further consideration of his resolution expressing sympathy for the Boers, and it went over for one day under the rules.

The house unseated G. A. Robbins, a democrat, from the Fourth Alabama district, and seated in his stead William F. Aldrich, a republican, who has been three times a contestant from the same district, on the ground of fraud, and who is now given his seat for the third time by a republican house. The vote was a strict party one. A new rule was brought in to set aside the day sessions on the second and fourth Fridays of each month for pension legislation. The rule limits debate on each bill to ten minutes on a side, but this provision was withdrawn upon the assurance of Mr. Richardson, the minority leader, that his side of the house would not indulge in filibustering. Mr. Overstreet (Ind.), in charge of the conference report upon the financial bill, gave notice that he would call up the report next Tuesday. By unanimous consent it was agreed that the vote on the report should be taken at 4:30 Tuesday afternoon.

Friday, March 9.  
In the senate a speech in opposition to the Puerto Rican tariff bill was made by Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Mason's resolution expressing sympathy for the Boers was discussed in executive session, the question being the discharge of the committee from consideration. Mr. Allison reported from the committee on appropriations of customs dues exacted from the island of Puerto Rico from Oct. 18, 1898, to Jan. 1, 1900, amounting to \$2,095,455, and gave notice that he would call up the measure Saturday. At a night session reading of the Alaska code bill was resumed.

In the house the first day pension session provided for under the new rule proved a great success. There was comparatively little friction, and ninety-seven bills were favorably acted upon in committee of the whole and subsequently passed. The only incident of the session was a brisk exchange between Mr. Loud of California

and Mr. Sulloway of New Hampshire upon the general policy of special pension legislation, in which the former attacked and the latter defended the system.

Saturday, March 10.  
The senate passed the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, after defeating an amendment to give former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii \$30,000 and an annuity of \$10,000. The house agreed to take up the bill providing a government for Hawaii on April 3, the final vote to be taken on April 5 at 4 p. m. Consideration of the Wise-Young election contest was resumed. Speeches were made by Mr. Weeks (rep., Mich.), Mr. Burke (dem., Texas), Mr. Hull (rep., Iowa) and Mr. Linney (rep., N. C.).

Sunday, March 11.  
In the senate Mr. Rawlins occupied the most of the day in a discussion of the Philippine question. He went deeply into the constitutional phases of the question. His argument was largely legal and technical. He is opposed to the holding of the Philippines. Eighty-six private pension bills were passed.

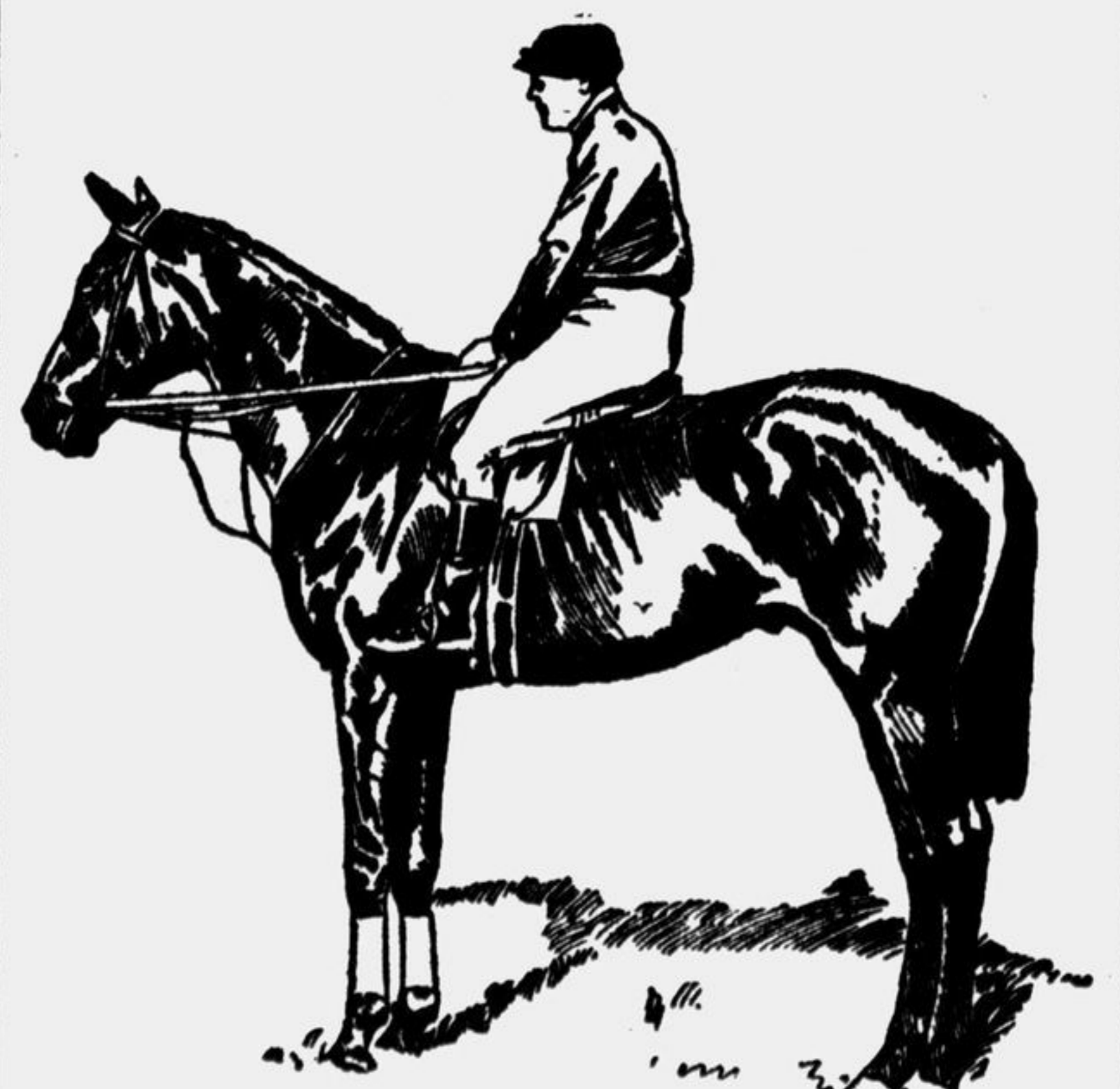
The house, by a majority of seven, voted to unseat W. A. Young (dem., Second Virginia district, and seat R. A. Wise. Passed an urgent deficiency bill carrying \$1,439,580.  
Charles S. Mace a Suicide.  
Charles S. Mace, secretary of the Olney (Ill.) Loan and Building association, committed suicide Tuesday by shooting himself in the heart. The deed was committed in an orchard near the Mace residence, in this city, but the body was not found until 5 o'clock Wednesday evening, although a vigorous search had been made all day. The deceased left no letter of explanation, but the prevailing opinion is that he was fearful of the outcome of an examination of his books, now being made by State Examiner E. N. Dunlap. Mr. Dunlap has been engaged in examining the books for three weeks and has not finished yet. It is stated by one of the directors of the association that a shortage of \$2,000 had been found up to Jan. 1. Examiner Dunlap refuses to make any statement.

Secrets Imposed by Will.  
The will of John I. Blair, the famous old railroader of Blairtown, N. J., was filed at Eldora, Iowa, Friday by H. C. Stuart, a representative of Mr. Blair's interests. The first clause of the will prohibits the making public by the executors of a schedule of assets. Several million dollars are left in trust for the grandchildren, who receive about \$3,000,000 apiece. The greater part of the remainder of the estate goes to an only son, D. C. Blair of 33 Wall street, New York.

England's Trade Increased.  
The February trade returns show that the imports for the month increased \$2,065,699. Of this increase over \$1,500,000 was in textiles. The exports for the month increased \$8,827,443, of which over \$1,200,000 was in metals and over \$1,000,000 in raw materials.

Lieut. Gilmore in San Francisco.  
Lieutenant Commander J. C. Gilmore and four of the men who suffered eight months' captivity with him arrived at San Francisco Friday on the steamer Solace.

**ENORMOUS SUM OF \$196,875 FOR A HORSE.**



The Duke of Westminster's famous horse, Flying Fox, the winner of the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, and many other races, has been sold to M. Edmond Blanc. The price paid was 37,500 guineas, or \$196,875. The price paid for Flying Fox is the largest sum of money ever realized on a horse sold at public auction. The

late Charles Reed bid \$105,000 for St. Blaise, which, like Flying Fox, was trained for his racing engagements by John Porter, but the price paid for the great 4-year-old that won the English Derby last year leaves all former bids for thoroughbreds far in the shade. Ormonde, the grand sire of Flying Fox, was sold for \$150,000 to McDonough.

**Big Fire at Philadelphia.**

Shoneman Bros.' big department store, Nos. 116, 118, 120 and 122 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, and extending from Arch street to Cherry in T-shape, was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning. The Health building, Nos. 816, 818 and 820 Cherry street, adjoining Shoneman's on the west, is also in ruins. Marks Bros.' warehouse, a four-story structure on Appletree street, proved a prey to the flames. The loss is estimated at a figure approaching close to \$1,000,000.

**Root Arrives at Havana.**

The transport Sedgewick, with Secretary of War Root and Gen. Ludlow on board, arrived at Havana Wednesday morning. A salute was fired from the forts as she passed in. Gov.-Gen. Wood and staff and the staff of Gen. Ludlow boarded the transport and greeted the two officials. Secretary Root drove straight to the palace, where he will stop during his stay in Havana, which will be brief. Afterward he will make a tour of the ports of the island.

**GATE.**

**HOW THE HILLY BAR LOST.**

Five Englishmen to inspect the bar on the Para River—The bar was from the United States passenger steamer.

By studying on a map of Brazil one can see that the Para river winds almost due west, south of the mouth of Marajo, to a network of streams, known as the Fozes, which connect the Para with the Amazon. These numerous channels are from 150 yards in width, and some of them are navigable for vessels of 10 to 20 feet draught. These passages are interesting enough to those traversing them in small craft, but to the owners and sailors of such steamers as the United States ship Wilmington they are treble so. At night there is little to arrest the attention other than the weird, dark shapes of the banks, which ever seem close aboard. The land being low and flat, the river near the water's edge, it seems as if the ship has forsaken her natural element and is running overhead on invisible wheels. When daylight comes in a sudden burst of light like the heralded flash of the theater's illumination, there is revealed on each side of the narrow channel the forest's solid wall, exposing to view a panorama of overhanging vines, of creepers and foliage and branches brilliant with the multitudinous hues of tropical vegetation. There is a strange chattering of animal life and a whir of winged insects. The discordant cries of myriad parrots echo from the trees. There is human life, too. Here and there embowered in the jungle can be seen little wooden huts, with thatched roofs and sides open to the cooling winds. These are the homes of the rubber gatherers, who labor day in and day out collecting the milky sap of the Hevea brasiliensis. This rubber gathering is interesting, and the Wilmington's crew watch curiously the groups of natives at work along the edge of the stream. Those on board who have read the descriptions tell others of the manner in which the half-naked Indians labor, of how each family works what is called an "estrada," or street, a path through the forest, which embraces as many rubber trees as can be conveniently tended, of how these trees are slit with a machete and a cup fitted in the cut to catch the sap, and of the manner in which the owner makes his daily round and brings to his hut the collected jule. There is also interest in the description of its next stage, when the sap is dipped up by a stick and revolved over a smoky fire. The smoke causes each layer to coagulate on the stick, and when the desired amount is formed it is removed and made ready for shipment. These bits of crude rubber usually weigh in the neighborhood of twenty-five pounds, and are of a dark, lustrous hue. It was a novel experience, this visit of the Wilmington's crew to the home of the rubber gatherers, and the closest attention was paid to the ever-changing scenery as the white cruiser steamed slowly along through the Fozes.—Ainslee's Magazine.

**Heating Capabilities of Wood.**

From time immemorial soft wood has been regarded as comparatively valueless for heating purposes. Hard wood has brought high prices and has been in much greater demand than soft, on account of this generally prevailing notion. Experiments with woods of various sorts have demonstrated that the linden, which is one of the softest of woods, gives the greatest amount of heat. The value of other woods in their order, as ascertained, is as follows: Fir with 0.99 heating power; next follow the elm and poplar with 0.98; willow, chestnut and birch with 0.97; maple, spruce and fir with 0.96; black poplar with 0.95; alder and white birch with 0.94 only; then comes the hard oak with 0.92; the locust and the white beech with 0.91, and the red beech with 0.90. Hence hard wood heats the least. It is one of the remarkable facts of the day that so many theories that have been held for many years are fast giving way before the critical analysis of science.

**Stinging Spiders.**

A naturalist who has given many years of study to some of the smaller forms of insect life has discovered that certain sorts of spiders are possessed of organs for which there seems to be no use save to create sound. They are mostly used when the little creatures are alarmed, although the opinion is held by some that this is their means of calling to their mates. The alarm idea, however, has some support in the case of the rattlesnake, which is provided with the means of making its presence known whenever an enemy approaches. Whether the possession of organs for creating sound is designed merely as a protection or warning to a point to which naturalists are giving careful and enthusiastic attention.

**A Dog at the Window.**

City Sportsman—Any game around here? Farmer—Yes; the woods are full of it. City Sportsman—I would like to have it. City Sportsman—I would like to have it. Farmer—Oh, no. No one else hunts around here but you city fellows.—Chicago News.

**An Inherited Opinion.**

Mrs. Gay—Well, suppose I was a quiet! There's no great harm in a girl flirting a little before she is married. The Colonel—Do you mean your daughter that? Mrs. Gay—Yes, it isn't necessary.—Punch.