

THE OUTLOOK INSPIRING.

Dr. Talmage Discusses Religion and Science in the Next Hundred Years.

A Far Look Into the Future-Marvelous Advances Predicted-Virtue Will Take the Place of Vice.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells something of what he expects the next hundred years will achieve, and declares that the outlook is most inspiring; text, "I Samuel xxiii, 4," "A morning without clouds."

"What do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been plying with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something as startling as the telephone and the X-ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of religion I expect more than one Pentecost like that of 1857, when 500,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign, and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year gunpowder will be out of use except for gilding rocks or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before this new century has expired people will be healthily encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky, and it shall be "a morning without clouds."

Every man has pride in the city of his nativity or residence if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or pre-eminence. He boasts of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base heartedness in a man who had no exceptional interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them, and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its superior educational advantages; Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its mint and its Girard College; New York must continue to exult in its matchless harbor, and its vast population, and its institutions of mercy, and its ever widening commerce; Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The pilgrim fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can see in the streets of that city, see its customs, its manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his meeting house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations. So this capital of the nation has a perpetual eulogy upon the Washington who founded it.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and, while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected and many wrongs that ought to be overturned, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to a glorious future. I think we ought—and I take it for granted that you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to be looking at the sun in our faces. We are not fighting in the miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows and there are aches and there are sufferings all around about us, but as in some bitter cold winter day when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come, or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know and we are on the way to morning—more than the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man in earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation is to be saved; of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and all double dealing, all dishonesty and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done and larger fortunes gathered and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this

country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have lured back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed be the name of the Lord! I am not talking an abstraction; I am not making a guess; I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything; city taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons; we have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence; we have to support the municipal governments, which are expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competent child to their children; there will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which money, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them; no mayor and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people, no empanelling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail; better factories; grander architecture; finer equipage; larger fortunes; richer opulence. "A morning without clouds."

In that better time also coming to these cities the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now it is often the case that churches are envied of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not too large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to the sermon warranted to hit no man's sin, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations.

What will you do with those who flee that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing.

God's love will ever bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abomination, crying for mercy, He will be an all-pardoning Redeemer.

The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmoored in the hurricane, the sun will shut its fiery eyelids, the stars will drop like blasted figs, the sea will leave its last groan and lash itself in exploding agony, the continents will drop like anchors in the deep, the world will wrap itself in sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day, but God's love will never die. It shall kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out; it will be a billowing sea after all other oceans have wept themselves away.

It will warm itself by the blaze of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet peals and the air is filled with the crash of breaking sepulchres, and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, comment that love all the cities and the morning without clouds will come!

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

BOILER EXPLODED, TWO MEN KILLED.

John Miller and William McMasters Were on a Locomotive When it Left the Tracks at Newtonburg—Mrs. Leah Beamer and her Daughter Stop a Railroad Operation—Women Notaries Appointed.

Newtonburg, a small lumber town in the southern end of Clearfield county, was the scene of a wreck on a log road that caused the instant death of two men and the fatal injury of a third. The dead men are John Miller, of Dubois, and William McMasters, who resided at Newtonburg. The injured man is Harry Patricks, also a resident of Newtonburg. Mr. Miller was the general superintendent of the large lumber operations of John E. Dubois, the millionaire lumberman of Dubois. He was making a trip over the railroad in the cab of the engine. The engineer lost control of the engine while descending a steep grade and it left the track on a curve. After plowing its way over the ground for several rods the locomotive came to a stop and the boiler exploded. The bodies of the superintendent and engineer were dragged from the debris. Fireman Patricks had both of his legs broken in several places and he is injured internally.

The Wopsononock Railroad Company is building an extension through Fairview into Altoona. Before the road reaches Altoona the officials will be compelled to settle with two angry women for attempted trespass upon their property. Mrs. Leah Beamer owns a plot of ground on Fourth street, and the railroad surveyed the line through her lots after giving a bond to Mrs. Beamer. When a number of laborers began to get ready to run the road through the property, Mrs. Beamer and her daughter repulsed the men and refused to allow them to enter the place. After a heated discussion the laborers withdrew, leaving the two women victors. The women remained out on their property all night, armed, to defend their rights, but they were not molested.

On Christmas David Miller, a prominent West Penn farmer, was the recipient of a cigar about eight inches long, which he supposed was sent by some unknown friend. He was anxious to smoke it, but his wife persuaded him to lay it aside for a while, fearing that the cigar was not all that it appeared to be. While Miller was away from home his wife decided to get rid of the cigar and threw it in the fire. There was a loud explosion shortly afterward, and the upper portion of the stove was demolished. Enough explosive material had been placed in the cigar to have blown Miller's head from his shoulders. There is no clue yet to the perpetrators of the plot.

Columbia County Pomona Grange met at Bloomsburg and adopted resolutions declaring against any road legislation that would increase the taxes of farmers, and favoring the payment by all property of the same mileage for road purposes. Among the other resolutions adopted was the following: Resolved, That we are disgusted at the flimsy excuse made in the Governor's message for the lax enforcement of the anti-oleomargarin law. No amendments will be of any avail until delinquent and incompetent officials are removed.

Shortly before 5 in the morning the mill of the Downingtown Knitting Company was destroyed by a fire of supposed incendiary origin, involving a loss of \$12,000 on machinery, stock and building. The plant was owned and operated by a local stock company for the manufacture of women's knit underwear. It was burned out last May, and has only recently resumed business. There was \$8000 insurance on the stock and machinery and a small amount on the building.

Searchers after antique furniture and interesting old bric-a-brac are pretty thoroughly working Kent county. Some magnificent bits of furniture have been secured at trifling prices, to be carried away, repolished and sold at fancy figures. Garrets, closets and old lumber or rubbish rooms have in many cases given up antique treasures of great beauty. These professional hunters watch public sales, and in some cases have made a house-to-house canvass.

Alexander Buchanan, who disappeared from Centuria a year ago and who was thought to have been murdered, returned home. Buchanan says he had been in the Klondike, where he did not meet with success as a gold hunter. He says he took a sudden resolution to go West and determined to keep everybody in ignorance of his movements, hoping to return some day and surprise his people with a big bag of gold.

H. L. Banzhoff, of the State Agricultural Department, has prosecuted Charles Schlegelmich, of Columbia, and Edward Ransing, of Lancaster, vinegar dealers, for alleged violation of the pure food laws. The accused have given bail for a hearing.

On account of using water from a spring which was near the home of a typhoid fever patient eleven persons at North Bend have contracted the disease and that town is threatened with an epidemic.

Among the several hundred notaries public appointed by Governor Stone and confirmed by the Senate were the following women: Miss E. H. Blatt, Pittsburg; Miss Caroline S. Dobson, Phoenixville; Miss Faith A. Ballard, Wilkes-Barre; Miss Lenette McFarland, Miss Charlotte M. Gillingham, Miss Elizabeth Roth, Philadelphia, and Miss Frances L. King, Franklin.

Charles Elliott, 11 years old, was drowned in the Schuylkill River while skating. He was in a group of five boys who crowded around an old sled. The ice broke and the five boys fell in. All of them except Charles were rescued by David Carney, Walter Beyer and John Wilson.

The chief engineer of the United Traction Company has just completed the topographical survey for the proposed new trolley line that is to connect Hamburg with Reading.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adam's Pepsin Tutti Frutti.

The letter X occurs only once in 1000 letters in the English language. In French it occurs five times as often.

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Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Cures a cough or cold at once. Coughs, croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumptions.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! Gives relief and cures in 10 days' treatment. It is the only medicine that cures dropsy.



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And every Distressing Irritation of the Skin and Scalp Instantly Relieved by a Bath with

Cuticura SOAP.

And a single anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. This treatment, when followed in severe cases by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood, is the most speedy, permanent, and economical cure for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors with loss of hair ever compounded.

Millions of Women

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP AT ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

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