

DAWN OF A CENTURY

Dr. Talmage Preaches of the Brightness in Which It Comes.

America To-day the Chosen Nation of God—What the Old Century Leaves Behind It—Christianity is Spreading.

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Washington, Nov. 27.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage is an anticipation of things near at hand and urges preparation for stirring events; text, I Chronicles, 12:32: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Job took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations, and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three-colored flag—topaz, sardine and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was 13 colonies huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as he ever addressed the ancients or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. This voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology, for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6,000 years ago and sent his Son to redeem it near 1,900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreath the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of its heroes and sound the rogues' march of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and de-thronements. I hail it! I bless it! I welcome it! The twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it and how shall we prepare for it are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wrecks of two revolutions and the superstitions of age. Around its cradle stood the armed assassin of old world tyrannies; the "reign of terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram and Badajoz. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty struck people of America sweating under the debt of \$500,000,000, which the revolutionary war had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement, Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after vice president. The government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor founding laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States government had taken only 12 steps on its journey, its constitution having been formed in 1789, and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Capt. Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political

strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms and red with too many slaughters and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by prostration and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa and Indiana and Brooklyn and Texas and Vesuvius and Oregon must be sent back to southern waters or across to the coast of Spain to silence the insolence, as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquendo and Maria Teresa and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong-Kong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have very soon a railroad bridge across Bering strait, those 36 miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia, and India and China and Burma intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyish days is dusty and on the top shelf or amid the rubbish of the garret, and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall and there flamed the fires and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji island cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the evil weeds of present evils to fall upon the sower. We ought somehow to cripple or maim some of these abominations. Alcoholicism is to-day triumphant, and ere we to let the self-adoring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having killed his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about 25 years. How so? While we have been waiting for the law of the land to prohibit intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held 30 years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and damning? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law or such a law will not be passed or if passed will not be executed? God grant that all state and national legislatures may build up an impassable wall, shutting out the alcoholic abomination. But while we wait for that let us, in our homes, in our schools and our churches and on our platforms and in our newspapers, persuade the people to stop taking alcoholic stimulant unless prescribed by physicians, and then persuade physicians not to prescribe it if in all the dominions of therapeutics there may be found some other remedy.

Oh, save the young man of to-day and greet the coming century with a tidal wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of denjohms and beer barrels and rum jugs and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder and abandonment in solution. Aye, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done!" That shows that you will be no use

in the work. "O ye of little faith!" Away back in early times President Davis, of Princeton college, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer. You can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend and hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house. Sit down with me in the study or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied: "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davis which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

What a boon to the world if Russia and Germany and England and the United States could safely disband their standing armies and dismantle their fortresses and spike their guns! What uncounted millions of dollars would be saved, and, more than that, what a complete cessation of human slaughter! What an improvement of the morals of nations! What an adoption of that higher and better manifesto which was set to music and let down from the midnight heavens of Bethlehem ages ago! The world has got to come to this. Why not make it the prerogative of the nineteenth century? Are we going to make a present to the twentieth century of reeking hospitals and dying armies and hemispheric graveyards? Do you want the hoofs of other cavalry horses on the breasts of fallen men? Do you want other harvest fields gullied with wheels of gun carriages? Do you want the sky glaring with conflagration of other homesteads? Ah, this nineteenth century has seen enough of war. Make the determination that no other century shall be blasted with it.

Will it not be grand if on the first day of the twentieth century the last will and testament of the nineteenth century shall be opened and it shall be found to read: "In the name of God, amen. I, the dying century, do make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my heir, the twentieth century, peace of nations; swords, which I direct to be beaten into plowshares, and spears, which must be turned into pruning hooks; armories, to be changed into schoolhouses and fortresses to be rebuilt into churches, and I order that greater honors be put on those who save life than upon those who destroy it. And if amid the universal peace now attained those two nations, Spain and Turkey, do not stop their cruelties, let the other nations, banded together, exterminate a police force to wipe those countries off the map of nations as a wet sponge wipes from a boy's slate at school a hard sign in arithmetic. This last will I sign and seal and deliver on the 31st day of December, in the year of our Lord 1900, all the civilized nations of earth and all the glorified nations of Heaven-witnessing."

But what we do as individuals, as churches, as nations, as continents, we must do very soon, if we want the transition from century to century to be a worthy transition, for I hear the trumpets of the approaching century and the clattering hoofs of the host it leads on. It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch-night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about ten o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers and songs and sermons and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure 12, and then all now in silent prayer, and the scene is mighty impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church or the clock in the tower of the city hall strikes 12, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around.

But what a tremendous watch-night the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at 12 o'clock of the 31st of December of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit or moonlit or dark with tempest! It will be such a sight as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century long ago went to their pillows of dust. Here and there one will see the new century arrive who saw this century, yet they were too infantile to appreciate the arrival. But on the watch-night of which I speak in all neighborhoods and towns and cities and continents audiences will assemble and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike 12 there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as have not been felt for 100 years, and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of a new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with Heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch-night, or if between this and that any of us should be off and away may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer."

GRAPE-LEAF HOPPER.

Several Distinct Varieties of the Pests That Infest the Vineyard.

There are several distinct kinds of leaf-hoppers that work upon grape leaves. All are minute, narrow, yellowish insects about one-eighth inch long, and some have their wings crossed by blood-red bands. Among vineyardists, these insects are known as thrips; properly, however, this name belongs to an entirely different group of insects. The grape leaf-hoppers pass the winter in the adult state, hibernating under dead leaves or other rubbish, the survivors becoming active in spring, when they insert their eggs in punctures in the leaves of the vine. The yellow nymphs are hatched from these eggs during the month of June, and they resemble their parents except in size, and in having no wings. During their growth, they shed their skins (which are nearly white) several times, and although exceedingly delicate and gossamer-like, the empty skins remain for some time attached to the leaves in a very lifelike attitude.

The nymphs feed together on the under sides of the leaves, and are very quick in their movements, hopping briskly about by means of their hind legs, which are especially fitted for this purpose. They have a peculiar habit of running sideways, and when they see that they are observed upon one side of a leaf, they will often dodge quickly around to the other. Each is furnished with a sharp beak or proboscis, with which it punctures the skin of the leaf, and then sucks out the sap; this produces yellowish or brownish spots on the upper surface. At first, these spots are small, and do not attract attention; but as the insects increase in size, the spots often involve the whole leaf, which appears as though scorched, and it often drops from the vine. Occasionally, vines become so far defoliated that the fruit falls to ripen.

With the full growth of its wings, the insect acquires such powers of flight that it readily flies from vine to vine, and thus spreads in all directions. It continues its mischievous work until late in the season, when it seeks shelter for the winter.

The Clinton, Delaware, and other thin-leaved varieties suffer more from the attacks of these leaf-hoppers than do the thick-leaved sorts like the Concord. The insects are sometimes quite abundant in a vineyard one year, and comparatively scarce the next. Their preservation, doubtless, depends much on favorable hibernating conditions. One should not wait until late in the season, when the leaf-hoppers are full-grown and can fly, before beginning active warfare against them. When young, they are only hop about, and are, also, more susceptible to insecticides. As they suck their food from the interior of the leaves, the poisons can have no effect upon them. Kerrosene emulsion or whale-oil soap (one pound dissolved in six to ten gallons of water) thoroughly applied, and aimed at the insects on the under sides of the leaves about July 1, will check these leaf-hoppers. It will require much more than ordinary care in spraying to hit these insects. The nozzle should be arranged on the end of a short tube bent at right angles so as to form what is known as an "underspray nozzle." One or two thorough and intelligent sprayings about July 1 will surely hold the pest in check.

In New Jersey, where the insects are often very serious pests, and especially where the vines are trained on wires, some of the vineyardists report excellent results from the following procedure: Very large palm-leaf fans are covered on both sides with gas tar, and these are then swung about near the vines as one walks along between the rows, and another person walks along on the other side and jars the vines, thus disturbing the insects, and causing them to jump or fly off for a moment. The result is that thousands of the leaf-hoppers are caught on the sticky fans. One authority states that, by repeating this operation two or three times a week for two weeks, practical exemption for the rest of the season can be secured. Much of the success of this method will depend upon how thoroughly the insects are disturbed and made to leave the vines, also upon how actively the fans are operated. In fact, the success of any operation against insects depends largely upon the intelligence and thoroughness one puts into it. There is altogether too much haphazard, guess-work kind of insect warfare carried on by our fruit growers.

Fruit for Food. The use of fruit for food has recently secured very strong advocacy from some of our leading physicians. It is now said that there is no more speedy and ready cure for liver difficulties than to make our breakfasts entirely of apples; or for a few days to eat nothing else. The effect is equally good in curing cases of constipation and other intestinal troubles. It is certain that we have so far overlooked the extraordinary value of fruits as food.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m., at Altoona 1:50 p.m., at Pittsburg 5:10 p.m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m., at Altoona 1:50 p.m., at Pittsburg 5:10 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m., at Williamsport 1:40 p.m., at Harrisburg 3:20 p.m., at Philadelphia 5:20 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m., at Williamsport 1:40 p.m., at Harrisburg 3:20 p.m., at Philadelphia 5:20 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m. arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m., Harrisburg 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia 3:15 p.m., at Harrisburg 4:47 a.m., at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for various routes.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bald Eagle Valley routes.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bellefonte & Snow Shoes Branch routes.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bellefonte Central Railroad routes.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1898.

Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP, listing stations and times for Central Railroad of Pennsylvania routes.

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