

ON THE CITY STREETS

The Contrasts of Splendor and Woe Seen Upon Them.

Dr. Talmage Says They Are Unlike the Democratic Gospel of Christ—Their Shams, Pretensions and Temptations.

(Washington, March 16. Copyright, 1899.) In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1:20: "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white-bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety on their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles life it. All this is not because men love to toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you, ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many aspirations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to me a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and turned asid and dashed ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast towses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all-compassionate God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wails of the street, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness, Intellect despises ignorance. Refine-

ment will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloveshate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be. The astronomer must come down from his stary revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets woe sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to Heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid such affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshoot of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliberance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops sipper and fools chuckle and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget that there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked

the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said, in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. Oh, Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear. Though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie. She said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the street I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great through fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toll. A river flows through the city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal. No plumed beams rattle over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands, millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to Heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

HEAD OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY

John Chandler is Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather to 162 Persons.

To be the head of a family of 162 persons is a record seldom falling to the lot of man. But such is the case with John Chandler, who resides in Allen county, Ky. This gentleman is the father of 29 children, 21 of whom are now living and have families. These 21 children have an average of five children to each family, thus making Mr. Chandler the grandfather of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has 35 great-grandchildren. So it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands paterfamilias of 162—an achievement rarely equaled.

Mr. Chandler is a remarkable man in several other respects. Although 75 years of age, and residing in the hills of Allen county, he reads current literature and keeps himself informed on the leading topics of the day. He is an expert rifle shot, and spends a great deal of his time squirrel hunting.

Want May 14 Specially Remembered.

The Floyd Memorial association, with headquarters at Sioux City, Ia., wants May 14 set aside as all the public schools in the Missouri river valley for special services and addresses in honor of Sergt. Charles Floyd, the first United States soldier who died on the "New Louisiana purchase."

FRIENDS WITH MANKIND.

Animals in the Yellowstone Park Now Have No Fear of Man.

The slaughter of birds has almost entirely removed one of the delightful accompaniments of life in the rural east—the music of the feathered songsters. Apropos of this, it may be said that one of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National Park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries.

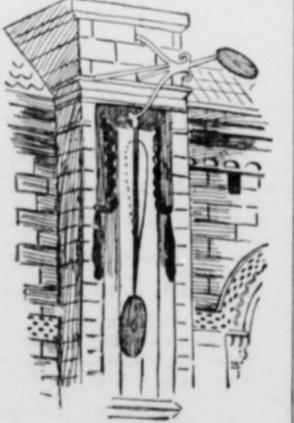
"The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the grass. We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time we perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after-dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They gobbled and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approaching too near did they retire; and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."

Wealth-Making Bananas.

When we see a ragged European—Italian or Greek—selling bananas across a cheap-looking curbstone stand it seems absurd that anyone could make a vast fortune by dealing in the cheap fruit. Owners of banana groves, however, are often the masters of great wealth, all derived from their fruit possessions. This money has not been made exclusively through the sale of bananas. The leaves of the banana tree are used for packing, and so have a ready sale. The juice of the tree is strong in tannin, and makes a fine indelible ink or shoe blacking. A wax found on the under side of the leaves is a valuable article of commerce. Manila hemp is made from the stems, this hemp being used in making mats, plaited work and handkerchiefs of the finest texture. Bananas are also made into a flour, which has ready sale in some parts of the world. All the fruit shipped to America is cut green from the parent palm and is ripened by the dry warmth of gas jets in places of storage where the fruit is prepared for the market. The island of Jamaica produces enormous crops of this valuable fruit.

A Curious Timepiece.

The very ingeniously contrived meridian dial shown here formed part of St. Peter's Cathedral, Geneva, from 1700 till the renovation of the building in 1894, and has since been restored on the initiative of the Society of Arts.



A CURIOUS TIMEPIECE.

The white spot in the centre of the disk's shadow not only indicates accurately solar noon when it is bisected by the central vertical line, but also means solar noon when it is centrally over the line of the figure-of-8 loop, which allows for the equation of time on each particular day.

The Saw Fish.

More energetic than any other sharks are the sawfish, whose snouts are prolonged into a broad blade of cartilage, which is horizontal when the fish is swimming in a normal position, and has both its edges set with slightly curved teeth about an inch apart. The end of this formidable-looking weapon is blunt and comparatively soft, so that it is quite incapable of its feats of popularity attributed to it of piercing whales' bodies, ships' timbers, Ac. It attacks other fish by a swift lateral thrust of the saw beneath them. Then it feeds upon the soft entrails, which are apparently the only food it can eat from the peculiar shape of its mouth. It has an enormous number of small teeth, sometimes as many as fifty rows in one individual, but they are evidently unfit for the rough duties required of their teeth by the garbage-eating members of the family.

Animals That Love Ferrous.

An investigator of the effect of perfumes on animals in Zoological Gardens discovered that most of the lions and leopards were very fond of lavender. They took a piece of cotton saturated with it and held it between their paws with great delight.

Flies' Eggs.

The fly lays four times each summer and eighty eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may number 2,080,320.

Danger Signals!

Do you take cold with every change in the weather? Does your throat feel raw? And do sharp pains dart through your chest?

Don't you know these are danger signals which point to pneumonia, bronchitis, or consumption itself?

If you are ailing and have lost flesh lately, they are certainly danger signals. The question for you to decide is, "Have I the vitality to throw off these diseases?"

Don't wait to try SCOTT'S EMULSION "as a last resort." There is no remedy equal to it for fortifying the system. Prevention is easy.

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prevents consumption and hosts of other diseases which attack the weak and those with poor blood.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the one standard remedy for inflamed throats and lungs, for colds, bronchitis and consumption. It is a food medicine of remarkable power. A food, because it nourishes the body; and a medicine, because it corrects diseased conditions.

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Advertisement for 'DON'T INSURE YOUR FARM BUILDINGS.' It offers fire insurance for farm buildings at a low rate, with a list of agents and locations.

THE PENNA. STATE COLLEGE.

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LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY

- 1. AGRICULTURE and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. 2. BIOLOGY. 3. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE. 4. CHEMISTRY. 5. CIVIL ENGINEERING. 6. ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING. 7. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING. 8. MINING ENGINEERING. 9. HISTORY and POLITICAL SCIENCE. 10. INDUSTRIAL ART and DESIGN. 11. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin, Spanish and Italian, (optional) French (German and English, required).

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Nov. 2, 1898.

Table with columns for 'READ DOWN' and 'READ UP' showing train schedules between stations like Altoona, Tyrone, and Williamsport.

Advertisement for 'Driving Lamp' featuring a lamp illustration and text describing its benefits for night driving.

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 1:00 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Altoona 2:55 p.m.; at Pittsburg 7:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p.m.; at Altoona at 7:40; at Pittsburg at 11:30

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg at 4:20 p.m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—SOUTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:43 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:51 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:50 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30, leave Williamsport, 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:20 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2:43 p.m., Williamsport, 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7:10 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 8:51 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:50 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 a.m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:22 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 7:10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11:15 p.m.

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

Table showing Westward and Eastward schedules for the Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad, listing stations like Montandon, Fair Ground, and Harrisburg.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table showing Westward and Eastward schedules for the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, listing stations like Tyrone, Altoona, and Harrisburg.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Leave Bellefonte 7:00 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoes 9:00 a.m. and 3:15 p.m. Leave Snow Shoes 11:20 a.m. and 3:35 p.m. Arrive at Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. and 5:20 p.m.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

Table showing Westward and Eastward schedules for the Bellefonte Central Railroad, listing stations like Altoona, Tyrone, and Williamsport.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Nov. 2, 1898.

Table with columns for 'READ DOWN' and 'READ UP' showing train schedules between stations like Altoona, Tyrone, and Williamsport.

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AL. S. GARMAN, Proprietor.

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