

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN'S WORK" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Every Wise Woman Buildeth Her House"—Book of Proverbs, Chapter XIV, Verse 1—Advice to the Young Girls of Today.

Woman, a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them, because Adam was first created, and then Eve. They don't read the whole story, or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to fight alone, act alone, think alone, and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone; and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage religion would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engine-houses and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing, where there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage, manacled to one of these nonentities, needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and, instead of the Wedding March, a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and, instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices, there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

Many an attractive woman, of good sound sense in other things, has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove, noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel, set about to reform it, and said, "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was brought up in the quiet of a dove-cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him," so, one day, after the vulture declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald-headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying, "With all my dominion of earth and sky, I thee endow, and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her fright, saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried, "Stop that! did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but if you don't like my way, you can leave," and with one angry stroke of the beak, and another fierce clutch of the claw, the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past, cried to each other and said, "See there! that comes from a dove marrying a vulture to reform him."

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish, or of bad temper, and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about one million men were sacrificed in our Civil war, and that decreed a million women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war, several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together, have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits, so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if fifty thousand men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the thirty-three years since the war one million six hundred and fifty thousand men slain, and decrees one million six hundred and fifty thousand women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of two million five hundred and fifty thousand men, by war and rum combined, decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and potency and appropriateness that you may never have seen in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house; that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny."

In addressing those women who have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Repulse forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unstimulated temper which you will not have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has

not given you a hard lot, as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and axe and plane sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation. "Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it, go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities, to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front-door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience, or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shop boys at ten years of age. Some kind-hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now gone, says, "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, why do not the female employees of that establishment get as much wages as the male employees? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age, or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware as long as you Pennsylvania avenue.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist; I could render King Lear or Macbeth till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's Ride or Dickens's Pickwick." Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragediennes dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women; but our Civil war came, and the hosts of men went forth from North and South; and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places; and multitudes of women, who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

Now, men of America, be fair, and give the women a chance. Are you afraid that they will do some of your work, and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning, and he knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full he will end the world, and, if need be, start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaping machine, or corn thresher, or any new machine, for the next five hundred years. We want no more wooden hands and iron hands and steel hands and electric hands substituted for men and women, who would otherwise do the work

and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the fact of thousands of women who have won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelia Flisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and, though unrecognized for the short thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the quintillion ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need appeal to Christ, who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart, as he looked into the face of maternal anguish, and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying, "John, I can not take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done, if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under this pressure of unwarded and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "Peace."

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and, in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

"One who has known in storms to sail I have on board; Above the roaring of the gale I hear my Lord.

"He holds me; when the billows smite I shall not fall. If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light; He tempers all."

OWNS A RARE COIN.

One of the Three 1804 Dollars Possessed by a St. Joseph, Mo., Man.

From the Kansas City Journal: L. E. Altwein of St. Joseph, Mo., is now the happy possessor of an "1804" silver dollar. The value of this rare coin, only three of which are known to be in existence, is \$1,000. Mr. Altwein secured it from an Illinois man, with whom he has been negotiating for a long time. It will be a valuable addition to his collection, which is considered one of the best in the United States. The history which attaches to the dollars coined in 1804 is peculiarly interesting. Out of the 7,000 which came out of the United States mint all but a few disappeared in a lump.

In the year 1798 the United States went to war with Algiers. The differences were finally settled by the United States agreeing to pay \$800,000 for the liberation of American seamen who had been imprisoned, and \$23,000 for the promise of Algiers to leave merchantmen alone. In 1801 war broke out between Tripoli and the United States. In 1804, this last war being then still in progress, the United States frigate Philadelphia was seized off the coast of Tripoli. On board this vessel was a sum of money aggregating \$23,000, destined for Algiers, in payment of a portion of the war indemnity. The night after the Philadelphia was seized Commodore Preble and Morris sailed into the harbor, with sixty men on board their vessels, and recaptured the frigate. The \$23,000, which included nearly all of the 7,000 1804 dollars, had, however, been taken from the vessel. The sum was never recovered and the silver is probably still lying in some marbled Moorish castle, carefully guarded among the heirlooms of some semi-civilized oriental potentate.

Donkeys in Persia.

The factiousness of calling Persia the Land of the Lion and the Sun becomes apparent as soon as one enters the country. Persia contains, maybe, 100 lions, while jackasses number not less than 10,000,000. Within the boundaries of the shah's domain cars are tramped every time and the universal music is the donkey's mellifluous bray. Almost every Persian owns a donkey and many of them whole droves. The population of Persia is estimated at 10,000,000 souls. Current opinion at Teheran places the donkey population at about the same number. reckoning each donkey's wealth of ear at two feet, twelve inches each, the aural appendages of the shah's royal tutors would, if laid end to end, reach 4,000 miles.—Exchange.

A speaker at a convention of British Christians said that the churches need more faith, more funds and more fire. God alone can change us. Others can only hold out what is in us.

BIG ICE CRUSHERS.

AMERICAN IDEAS IN USE IN THE CZAR'S REALMS.

A Scheme of Conquest in the Northern Part of Russia—Winter Commerce Will Be the Result—St. Petersburg to the Sea.

A scheme of conquest is about to be put in practice in northern Russia, which may not only accomplish great things for that country, but which may give a very valuable hint to Arctic explorers. It is a matter of common knowledge that all the seaports of northern Russia, on the Baltic sea, are closed to commerce during several months of the year, on account of the intensity of the winter cold in that region, completely covering the sea with thick icefields for several miles from the land toward the open waters. The Russian government has devoted much time and money to tests and experiments designed to relieve or remedy this deplorable condition of things, but up till lately only dismal failures had been reported, except in a few cases where conditions were more favorable, says Detroit Free Press.

Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian navy, has now come forward with a plan, simple, but ingenious, for breaking up the packs in midwinter, by means of large ships specially designed and called ice-breakers. Small boats of this type already exist and do good work in some ports, notably that of Hango, at the southwestern extremity of Finland, where the ice-breakers first came into prominence, nearly twenty years ago. The ice-breaker of Hango is a sturdily built iron steamer, with very powerful engines, and a strong steel ram, with which the "breaker" charges into the ice, cracking and splitting it in every direction. The icepack is soon broken up and is quickly removed by the action of the tides. The work of the breaker, however, is constant, as the surface rapidly becomes frozen over again, and indeed, during the severe winters of 1881, 1886, 1889 and 1893, the ice-breaker's efforts were unavailing.

The results to Hango are astonishing, for while in summer it is only a small village, nowadays a fashionable watering place, completely overshadowed commercially by Helsingfors and other large ports, yet in winter, being the only northern port on the Baltic open to ships, it does an enormous maritime business, thanks to the "ice-breaker." Contrast this picture with that of St. Petersburg in midwinter, and what do we find? The capital of Russia is separated from the

but desires simply to accomplish two things: First, to open up the ice fields separating St. Petersburg from the sea, and secondly, to establish a regular sea route between the capital and the mouth of the river Yenesei in Siberia. To effect these purposes, two ice-breakers are to be built according to his directions, of 10,000 horse-power each and 6,000 tons draft, to act as he lays down, one pushing the other, and it is proposed that these boats shall work from spring to autumn, when not needed at the capital, on the sea route to Yenesei.

A trial trip of two ice-breakers of smaller dimensions, designed according to the admiral's plan, recently succeeded, amid the applause and enthusiasm of assembled thousands, in forcing their way at a rate of ten knots through the ice pack covering the gulf of Finland.

The ice-breakers will have a special form of construction, so that they will be able to fully withstand the shock of contact with the ice in front and the strain which will result when the steamer in the rear comes in contact with the one in front. Heavy steel beams extending longitudinally through the vessels will take care of the constant shocks and strains and prevent any loosening of plates, the displacement of which would cause dangerous leaks. Except for heavier construction, the new steamers will be built much the same as those already in use in Finland.

Americans in the Navy.

One notable and commendable feature about the torpedo fleet now in this harbor is the fact that the crews are made up of Americans. There is scarcely a foreign countenance to be seen, and good, expressive "United States" is the language of the fleet. The men are big, strong, healthy young fellows, with ruddy cheeks and clear eyes. They are the kind of men that a good judge would pick to dangerous work in defense of their country, and there is no doubt that these men—the "men behind the guns," upon whom depends the honor and effectiveness of the craft—would be found equal to the occasion should an emergency arise. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before Assistant Secretary Roosevelt will have the news of the greater ships of the navy "Americanized" up to the standard of the torpedo fleet.

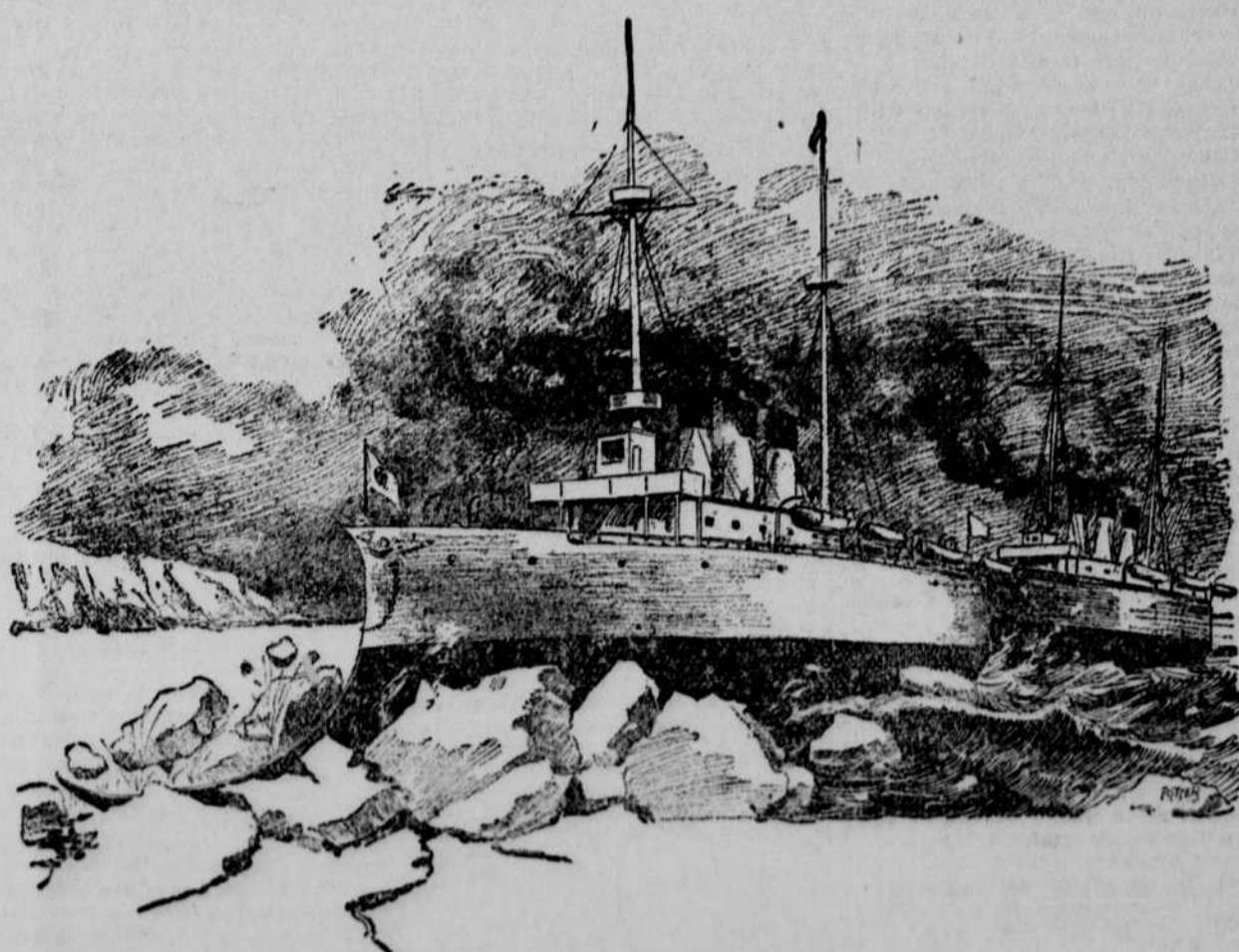
Scare Against Greed.

Windsor bridge across the Thames has just been freed from its 2-penny toll through the greed of the corporation. This had an undoubted right to collect tolls from prescription, as they had been taken since the reign of Hen-

TREASURE-SEEKING IN PARIS.

Human Folly Has Brought About This Feverish Chase.

Some Parisians are actually kept from wandering by conviction that there is hidden treasure behind the walls or beneath the flooring or in the chimney nook or under the roof, says Chambers' Journal. Your are told that during the numberless sieges to which Paris has been subjected and the internal revolutions it has undergone there exists not a cellar or a garret but has become the receptacle of some part of the immense riches accumulated in religious houses and old families. There is, perhaps, nothing irrational in the supposition that in the good old times when convents were made, the depositories, not only of the secrets of the aristocracy, but of the family jewels likewise, instances must have occurred wherein these deposits were buried and remained undiscovered, together with the treasure of the confraternity. But human folly has of late years exalted this rational possibility into dazzling certainty. Every means is now resorted to, and more gold and precious time expended than the most valuable treasure could repay, in order to seize the secret which still resists discovery. "While you of the matter-of-fact, plodding Anglo-Saxon race are toiling and broiling in Australia and California searching for gold, we goldseekers of Paris find it here beneath our feet in the old quarters of the city round Notre Dame and the Hotel de Ville, where gold is teeming in greater plenty than amid the rocky boulders of California or beneath the soil of Ballarat," said Ducasse, the great treasure seeker. As if to mock this feverish and never-ceasing chase, not one of the great traditional treasures—of which four are believed to exist—has been yet brought to light, although now and then some token is vouchsafed of their real existence. From time to time, for instance, the tradition of the famous treasure buried by Napoleon's order on his hurried departure from the Tuilleries before Waterloo is justified by the turning up in all parts of the palace garden of gold pieces and silver crowns. The boles of the elm trees down the middle alley of the garden were all marked with hieroglyphic signs, which, ceasing at certain points, began again on the lime trees of the Terrace of the Feuillans. But the elm trees where these signs began and the lime tree on which they have ended have been uprooted and the soil all about them turned over without avail. Then, during the laying out of the Bois de Boulogne, great interest was excited by the fencing of a portion of the wood close to the Pre Catelan and the ransacking of this small spot



A MAMMOUTH RUSSIAN ICE BREAKER.

open sea by nearly 370 miles of ice fields; its granaries are full of wheat, the exportation of which is delayed for several months, and its commercial importance is absolutely nil during a period depending on the severity of the season. Nor is this city an isolated case, for every other northern port of Russia is similarly crippled, and some are still worse off.

Having studied the question deeply for many years and speaking not as a visionary theorist, but as a practical sailor who understands what he is talking about, Admiral Makaroff declares that, with an ice-breaker of huge dimensions and 52,000 horse-power, it would be easily possible to break up in midwinter the immense ice packs stretching from the Arctic ocean to the north pole. Of course, such a powerful ship is far beyond the limits which have yet been reached in marine engine building, but the whole kernel of the project lies in the device of making two ships of equal size and each half of total required horse-power; one to be armed as an ice-breaker and also fitted with a special arrangement whereby the other can be used to expend its energy in pushing the first against the ice.

Admiral Makaroff, however, has at present no intention of destroying the romance as well as the ice surrounding the Vittima Thule of all explorers,

ry VI. It asked parliament in 1734, and again in 1819, for power to charge additional tolls, and obtained it for a limited number of years. The privilege expired about ten years ago, but the corporation continued to collect the money till a litigious Britain refused to pay, thus bringing the matter to the attention of the courts.

Navies of the World.

The writer of an article in a recent issue of the Marine Ranschau has laid before his readers a carefully thought out estimate of the fighting values of the various fleets expressed in terms of units. After dealing with the fleets of England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, the United States and Japan, the conclusion is arrived at that there is only one sea power of the first rank, namely, England. Expressed in units, the author of the article estimates the English at 1,001, the French at 469, the Russian at 289, the American at 195, and the Japanese at 179.

Burglaried a Beefsteak.

A burglar broke into the house of John Hughes, in Belleville, N. J., cooked a potatoe steak and warmed up some potatoes, which were ready for breakfast. Then he peeped Mrs. Hughes' little girl in the dark and went away.

A Precaution.

A bride and bridegroom who went to New York the other day on a wedding trip from Northampton, Mass., became separated and could not find each other. After a day or two of vain searching they found their way home separately. A bride and bridegroom should always take hold of each other's hands when viewing the sights of New York.—Rochester Union.

Fleeing from Starvation.

News comes from the Klondike that 1,000 men have stampeded from Dawson and are now trying to force their way through the mountains to Dyea. Probably a quarter of them will perish.

Scotch Have the Heaviest Brains.

The average weight of the brain of the Chinaman is greater than that of any other race on the globe except the Scotch.