...ONE OF THE DAY.

...Subject of the Coming Century"—What the New Cycle Will Take Its Rise Out of the New Age—The End of the Century Watch Nights.

TEXT: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."—Chronicles xii., 32.

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar! When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from steller 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 whether they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a tribe 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 incumbents of our day, who are trying to guide 1896 by the theories of 1832. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was thirteen 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 when the 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. The 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 farreaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6000 years ago and set His Son to redeem it near 1900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but wounded 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, some thing that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will winnow the mangled harvest of millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banner of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of the heroes and sound the rogues' march of its cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but this procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and dethronements. 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. In families, human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindliness 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 century as the parents treated the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wreck of revolutions and the supersitions of ages. Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of Old World tyrannies, the "reign of terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting its diabolism; the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacres; 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 $200,000,000, which the Revolutionary War had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the young nation in bereavement, Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after the 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 foundling laid at night on the door step 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 twelve steps of its journey, its Constitution having been formed in 1788, 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 Captain 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 partisan 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 sinful 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 it 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 procrastination 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 so decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquando 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 missionaries to be repeated.

On that map must be put the Isthmian canal, begun it not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive land carriage across the Isthmus. Let the Nicaragua canal be completed, or the Tehuantepec ship railway be completed, or some other way be found for the passage of ships from one ocean to the other. Let the Monroe doctrine be so emphasized that the nations of Europe will have facilities for the work that no one contest can possibly possess. As near as I can tell by the trying on of the garment of God Almighty, this continent was fashioned for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are equally tolerated. Here the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we resent to the Chinese Government the treatment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt at all in selecting the religion of mercy and kindness and good will and temporal and eternal rescue. Hail America! Hail this world for God!

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 thirty-six miles of water not deep, and they are dotted 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 Burmah interseeted 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 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 this continent and there stood the Chinese wall and there flared the fires of the fire temples and there stood the Moslem cruelties and Fiji Islands cannibals have given way, and the tide of war of all the centuries is swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christian entrance. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instantaneous in the time that the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the chapels, with the telegraph will utter 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 startling!

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 of our curse the world. I would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or mitigate the power of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all devouring monster that has christened this nineteenth century spare the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about twenty-five years. How not? 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 palaces and hovels of a whole generation. Where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held thirty years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and deadly? Where are the meetings to learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law, or, at the least, that no law is passed or if passed will not be executed?

Seven or eight years ago on the anniversary of the National Temperance Society in New York I deplored the fact that we had left politics to the evil, which moral suasion only could do and said on that occasion, "If some poor drunkard wandering along Third avenue tonight should see the lights kindled by this brilliant assemblage and should come in, and finding the meeting of temperance, should ask for a temperance pledge, that he might sign it and begin a new career, I do not believe there is in all this house a temperance pledge, and you would have to take out a torn letter envelope or a loose scrap of paper for the inebriate's signature." I found out afterward that there was one such temperance pledge in the audience, but only one that I could hear of. Do not leave the politics that which can do done now in 10,000 reformatory meetings all over the country.

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Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and, though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all next day, the second night he had twenty guests, and drank to the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it to show his endurance; but, as he dashed the last drop from the cup of Hercules the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Europe and Africa and Palestine and conquered Asia and conquered the world, could not conquer himself, and there is a threatening peril that this blood land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever come into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of infamy, strong drink. Do not let the sacrifices of a whole generation, where are the public and enthusiastic meetings that used to be held thirty years ago for the one purpose of persuading the young and middle aged and old that strong drink is poisonous and deadly? Where are the meetings to learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law, or, at the least, that no law is passed or if passed will not be executed?

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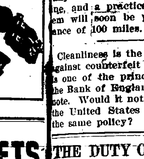

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Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Tablets cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Pastilles cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Syrup cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Cigarettes cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Powder cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Liquid cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Ointment cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Plaster cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Soap cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Tablets cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Pastilles cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Syrup cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Cigarettes cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Powder cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Liquid cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Ointment cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Plaster cost 25 cents a package. Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer Soap cost 25 cents a package.

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INVENTION Wanted. Unpatented. Five claims. Exists 11 P'ways, N. Z.

WANTED—One of best health fruit D·I·P·A·N·S of will not lose. Send 5 cents for 10 D·I·P·A·N·S. NEW YORK, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adults. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

Decorated Dogs.

To the casual and unsuspecting observer of dogs the canines of Frankford present a very fantastic and bizarre appearance. In this suburban section there are roaming at large dogs whose hairy coats are tinted with the colors of the rainbow, and which, without effort, put the most daring of poster creations to shame. The attention of that locality were to be drawn to any such dog it would be found that the canine had undergone a process of artistic adornment.

A Pygmaeless Bird.

In the island of Minora, one of the Philippines, the humming birds are pygmaeless little creatures. Thousands of them frequently attack hunters, and, without the slightest provocation, often inflicting wounds on the face and neck that sometimes turn out serious.

Cheap Fuel.

One gunny bag will do away with at least 6,000 lbs. a day.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful, as a cough or cold in treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster protects the lungs from colds.

Help at Hand.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor to whom you will receive a prompt reply.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

FOR CLOSING THE DRESS SKIRT.

Fashionable mediates are showing many of their dress skirts in the back, or else they place the placket on the left side of the front breadth under a trimmed tab, a passementerie device, or other decoration that conceals the means of egress and ingress. If the form is large, the effect is not satisfactory where the skirt is cut in sheath shape; but on smaller, slender figures the new fastening of the skirt is certainly an improvement and a relief, as the belt at the back of the waist can be permanently sewed to the skirt, thus doing away with the unhandy coupling of the two with belt-pins, clasps, hooks, buttons, and dress-stays, besides extra every time the dress is donned.

LADIES' SKIRT.

(Hints by Clara Lloyd.)

Among the many new modifications of the flounce skirt this is one of the most graceful and popular. The front gore includes the flounce, there being a side gore and a back gore to the bottom of which the flounce is attached. This skirt hangs with the flare at the bottom, which is the popular form of the skirt this season. The perfect effect about the hips is accomplished by darts in the side gore. The illustration shows the fulness in the center back to be arranged by gathers drawn close to the center, it may be also arranged in one or two backward turning plaits at the center back. A band finishes the skirt at the waist and closes at the center back where the placket is. This skirt is developed in a green wool goods having alternating narrow and wide bayadere stripes formed of raised loops in the twill of the cloth. The sweep of this skirt is 4 1-4 yards in the 36-inch material are required to make this skirt for a lady of medium size.

No. 412 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

A FIGHT AGAINST SILK SKIRTS.

It is whispered in women's club circles in Georgia that at the next meeting of the State Federation a move will be made to discourage the wearing of silk skirts by the club members, especially the officers. It is said the sharp rustle and swish of these garments has interrupted the proceedings of some of the clubs, and that members who are not so fortunate as to own silk skirts have decided that radical action is necessary. The charge is made that the moment a club woman is elected to a high office she begins to dress as never before, and thus arouses envy of her sisters, all of which has a tendency to create ill feeling.—Chicago Times-Herald.

COLLARETTES AND BOAS.

The array of novel collarettes and boas now to be seen in leading city stores is unusually attractive. Some of the newest conceits in boas and collarettes are made of coarse net and mousseline de sole, thickly dotted with chenille pompons. These styles are full and fluffy, and have long, well-rounded tabs, which can be caught in gracefully at the waist or allowed to fall free, at the wearer's will. While inexpensive, the effect of these dainty muffers is very pleasing, particularly where worn by a slender, willowy woman, but there are other collarettes—thousands of them. Many are pretty, and a few otherwise. Every taste can be satisfied, and it is not necessary to empty the pocketbook in order to possess oneself of a dainty and artistic throat protector.—Philadelphia Times.

WOMEN INSURED FOR BIG AMOUNTS.

Life insurance for women is comparatively new. But everything has to have a beginning, they say, and it will not be long till the number of insured women reaches into the hundreds of thousands, instead of only into the tens of thousands, as it now does. The movement has grown more rapidly in the East than in the West, but in some portions of the West women are fully as well insured as men. Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, is a policy holder in a Boston company, and Mrs. Mary Hitchcock, the president of the Woman's Club, of Lincoln, Neb., is insured for $10,000. Mrs. Mary Lee Dickinson, of Chicago, is insured for $100,000, and Mrs. Ellen Gates Starr, of Chicago, for $50,000. Above a policy of parrot velvet is a corset of satin. Two inches in each lady have the top silverly set, with narrow chinchilla stripe down their backs, trim the tops. The tops are fastened straight in the centre of the puffing, which simulates a bribe with a small Louis Quinze bow of baby blue velvet. They are just long enough to reach from the front to the back of the toque, one on each side.

Hats of sable and sealskin are trimmed, not with little animals' heads and tails as they used to be, but with pheasants' feathers and the speckled breasts of the recently fashionable guinea hen. They are also adorned with fluffy rosettes of mousseline de sole, and gleam here and there with jeweled ornaments.

An effective sealskin hat shaped like a toque, though rather broad toque, is trimmed merely with two rosettes of turquoise mousseline de sole, with amethyst centres and a steel dagger studded with amethysts, which is caught at the side.—New York Journal.

THE SAILOR FRIEND'S SILVER WEDDING.

Few women of the Anglo-Saxon race have won, in modern times, so splendid a title as that of the "Sailors' Friend." Miss Agnes Weston, who achieved this cognomen years ago, and who is well nigh as popular with American as with British sailors, has reached a period in her admirable work that specially deserves mention. She has been celebrating what she pleasantly terms her "silver wedding" with her friend and partner, Miss Whitty, and takes the opportunity to review her work during the last quarter of a century and to appeal for a sum of money that is needed to complete the enlargement of her "Sailors' Rest" in Portsmouth. The sum is but £5,000, and were it far more than that Miss Weston would readily obtain it from her admirers in the royal navy and elsewhere.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since Miss Weston and Miss Kintz conceived the excellent project of "mothering" the sailors of the royal navy. They began, in modest fashion, by hiring a small back kitchen in Plymouth. Here meals were provided for the seamen and the first principles of the temperance movement were explained to British sailors. The back kitchen grew into a house building near the dockyard that has cost $500,000 to erect and furnish, and this was followed, as money rolled in, by a similar "Sailors' Rest" at Portsmouth. Last year, as Miss Weston tells us, more than $75,000 was spent in these temperance homes by seamen of the navy, while 178,527 men slept under her roof. It speaks volumes for the rare tact and kindness of Miss Weston that so large a proportion of seamen lodging houses of a seaport town.

The men of the navy have benefited enormously by her "mothering" process, for she has won all hearts by her kindness, her purity of life and her constant devotion to the great service upon which the honor of Britain depends. Thousands of British seamen have been taught by her unpretentious kindness to value temperance and purity of life, and no words of ours can describe the benefits that sailors' wives and daughters have reaped at the hands of the "Sailors' Friend."—New York Herald.

GLEANINGS FROM THE SHOPS.

Imported gowns with velvet applique and chenille trimmings.

Flannel petticoats with a torchon lace flounce run with satin ribbon.

Jewelled belt clasps with an enamel background in bright colors.

Fancy black silks in new moire, striped, dotted, damas and barre effects.

Collar of accordion-plaited taffeta, vandyked and in three shades of a color.

Lace insertions in wavy or scalloped shape that set especially well on a skirt.

Plain and dark plaid cloths for golf skirts, rugs and capes with bright plaid lining.

Dress trimmings of appliques in silk or cloth scrolls and leaves of beads, gilt, spangles, etc.

Plain taffeta petticoats having a deep flounce of chenille-dotted silk of the same color.

Evening nets embroidered in chenille as a border and upright designs mingled with spangles.

Hair ornaments of satin ribbon wired bowknots, net and spangled wings and bowknots of spangled.

Tucked, corded, applique and cut-out effects in silk and satin