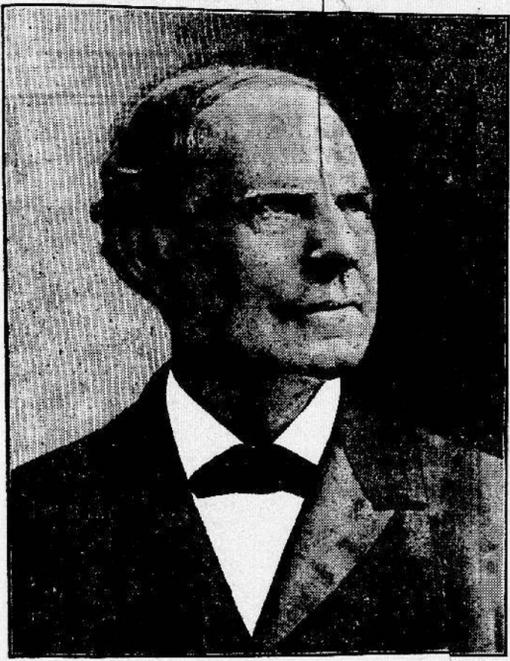


# Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage

His Active Life. His Sermons for Many Years Published Weekly in Hundreds of Papers in This and Other Countries.



REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

One of the world's greatest preachers has passed away. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, having devoted his life and wonderful talents to the pointing of others to the way of eternal life, has at last himself stepped over into the larger, fuller life of God's eternal day. The tenement house of clay has been given up for the one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The glories of the future home of the soul, which has been so often eloquently and graphically portrayed by Dr. Talmage in his sermons, has burst upon his vision as he sees face to face and realizes the force of the Scripture which his lips have spoken so many times: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Death has been swallowed up in victory. As he fell asleep in Jesus and awoke in His likeness, this valiant soldier of the Lord, Jesus Christ could exclaim in ringing tones of triumph: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And as he passed on into the presence of his King and Saviour, the minor strain of the words: "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law" have been lost in the mighty chorus of the redeemed with which his voice has mingled as they sing: "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Dr. Talmage was a firm believer in the Bible as the Word of God. The higher criticism could never shake his faith in the realities of all the Bible set forth. He frequently declared that he believed in the covers of the book, and in the words of it as it stands. And it was because of this that his preaching was so vivid and forcible. He believed what he spoke. Did he speak of hell, he painted it as a reality and made his hearers believe that when the Bible talked about hell it meant exactly what it said. Did he undertake to set forth the realities of heaven, his graphic portrayal of Scriptural passages on the subject carried his hearers up to the very gates until they could almost see the white-robed throngs passing through the golden streets. The pictures which he drew at times were startling, and his illustrations striking and forcible. Bible characters as he talked about them became living realities and that vagueness which generally surrounds sacred history in the minds of people was lifted, and Moses and Elijah, Daniel and David, and the others in the long list of Bible heroes stood out with a vividness that held the wrapt attention of his hearers and the readers of his sermons.

He was dramatic and sensational in his manner in the pulpit, but always with the purpose of emphasizing the message he was delivering. On one occasion, when it was time for him to begin his sermon, he went to the edge of the platform, buttoned his coat, raised his arms and wheeling suddenly about dashed in running jumps across the platform, his arms waving like the sails of a windmill, his coat-tails flying behind him, and his trousers working above his shoe tops.

He had not spoken a word, and some of his congregation were ready to shriek, not knowing what to make of it, when Mr. Talmage stopped short, turned and walked back to the center of the platform and exclaimed, as the beginning of his sermon: "Young man, you're rushing me to destruction!" And amidst the profound impression he had created he preached powerfully of the dangers of city life to young men who yielded to temptation, and made them realize that they stood on the very brink of hell.

Dr. Talmage did not belong to a class. He was a type by himself. His sermons were unique. His comment on his style of preaching was: "My positive mode of preaching seems to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell." In telling the story of his life he once said:

"Feeling called upon 15 years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with

me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the ailments that engaged our young men. There at upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost every body but myself. That indignation put into my church 30 or 40 newspaper correspondents, from the south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been heard. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on amusements, and a false report of what I day roused a violence that threatened, with poison and dirk and pistol, other forms of extinguishment, of the chief of the Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with 24 policemen to see that no harm was done."

Dr. Talmage is said to have read a far greater number of people with his sermons than any other preacher. The sermons he delivered to a congregation on Sunday appear stretched a continuous chain of verities in this and other countries. Some of them are big pretentious and through these channels it is smoothed, decked out in flags of all nations that they reached 50,000,000 and otherwise lavishly festooned, readers. He also made his influence felt as editor of the Christian Herald provided stands rigged from the and as a constant contributor to a number of country wagons and push numerous periodicals, and was a voluminous writer of books. He edited the Christian at Work from 1873 to 1876; the Advance of Chicago in 1877 and 1878 and more recently Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

Among his writings were the following: "Crumbs Swept Up," 1870; four volumes of sermons, 1872-1875; "Abominations of Modern Society," 1872; "Old Wells Dug Out," 1874; "Sports that Kill," 1875; "Night Sides of City Life," 1878; "The Brooklyn Tabernacle, a Collection of 104 Sermons," 1884; "The Marriage Ring," 1886.

Among his lectures the more prominent were the ones on the Holy Land and Athens, the material for which he gathered on his travels. The University of New York conferred on him the degree of D. D. in 1882, and he received that of D. D. from the University of Tennessee in 1884.

This busy, helpful, noble life of service was begun at Bound Brook, N. J., in 1832. He was the youngest of 12 children, five girls and seven boys. His father, David T. Talmage, was a farmer and well known for his decision of character and good humor, while his mother coupled keen wit with marked amiability, traits which found a happy combination in the boy who was destined to fill the world with the sound of his powerful preaching.

When he was 18 years of age Dr. Talmage entered the University of New York city, but did not complete the course there, taking up instead the study of law. Not long after this he determined to enter the ministry, a calling which two of his uncles, a brother-in-law and three brothers were following, and in later years Dr. Talmage was gratified to see his own son Frank enter the ministry, and he is at the present time filling a successful pastorate at Chicago. Mr. Talmage completed his theological training at the New Brunswick theological seminary in 1856.

He became pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Belleville, N. J. Later he went to Syracuse, and while holding a pastorate there he married his first wife, Miss Avery, of Brooklyn. Soon after he went to Philadelphia as pastor of the Second Reformed Dutch church, where he remained seven years. While in Philadelphia Dr. Talmage received three calls at once, to Chicago, San Francisco and Brooklyn. His fame as a pulpit orator had spread wide, and power to attract worshippers to his church brought demands for his services from many places. It was in 1869 that he accepted the call to the Central Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

closed half an acre. It was burned in 1872, after standing two years, during which time the 3,400 seats proving inadequate the capacity of the building was increased 500 more. Work was at once begun on a new tabernacle, which was dedicated February 22, 1874, with seats for 5,000 persons. It was then the largest Protestant church in America. After the church edifice had burned for the third time, in 1889, Dr. Talmage resigned his pastorate of 25 years, not asking his congregation to build a fourth time. In 1894 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church in Washington, D. C., and made his home in that city up to the time of his death.

Dr. Talmage's first wife was drowned in the Schuylkill river during his Philadelphia pastorate, and two years later he married again, his wife being Miss Susan C. Whittemore, of Brooklyn, by whom he had several children. Two children, a boy and girl, were born to him of his first marriage. With the impressive funeral services in the Church of the Covenant at Washington and the interment of the remains in the family plot at Brooklyn, passes from the activities of the earth the life of one of the greatest factors in the religious forces of the past century, but his words and customs live on. Like the ripples spreading out in ever-widening circles, the influence on the lives of the thousands who heard and read his sermons will continue and Talmage, the great preacher, though dead, will continue to speak.

WILLIS S. EDSON.

## HAM FAIR IN PARIS.

Peculiar Feature of Holy Week That Has Been a French Institution for Centuries.

"Ham Fair" in Paris, is a peculiar local institution that has existed for centuries. It is always held at the close of Holy Week, and had its origin in the custom, more or less universal in many European countries, for the peasants to terminate the long fasts of Lent by repasts in which ham figured as the chief food. From the country the custom was introduced into the cities, and everywhere throughout France, as, indeed, generally throughout Europe, the Easter morning breakfast consists largely of fried ham, says a London paper.

The "Ham Fair" is one of the few old relics of a past age that exist practically unaltered among the customs of the Paris of today. Pretty much the same sights are to be seen hereabouts these days as characterized the fairs of hundreds of years ago. One of the chief thoroughfares in the St. Antoine quarter of the city, the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir, is the place where the "Ham Fair" has been held for many years. It is a wide street, admirably suited for such a purpose, for there is ample room in the roadway for the multitude of booths and stalls of the vendors without blocking the ordinary traffic. It is in a section of the city renowned as the scene of many desperate historical episodes, particularly during the reign of terror, and which novelists have rendered familiar to American readers by their description of it as the hot-bed of the most dangerous classes of the French capital. The Bastille stood right in the heart of the quarter St. Antoine.

From end to end of the long avenue congregation on Sunday appear stretched a continuous chain of verities in this and other countries. Some of them are big pretentious and through these channels it is smoothed, decked out in flags of all nations that they reached 50,000,000 and otherwise lavishly festooned, readers. He also made his influence felt as editor of the Christian Herald provided stands rigged from the and as a constant contributor to a number of country wagons and push numerous periodicals, and was a voluminous writer of books. He edited the Christian at Work from 1873 to 1876; the Advance of Chicago in 1877 and 1878 and more recently Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

Among his writings were the following: "Crumbs Swept Up," 1870; four volumes of sermons, 1872-1875; "Abominations of Modern Society," 1872; "Old Wells Dug Out," 1874; "Sports that Kill," 1875; "Night Sides of City Life," 1878; "The Brooklyn Tabernacle, a Collection of 104 Sermons," 1884; "The Marriage Ring," 1886.

Among his lectures the more prominent were the ones on the Holy Land and Athens, the material for which he gathered on his travels. The University of New York conferred on him the degree of D. D. in 1882, and he received that of D. D. from the University of Tennessee in 1884.

This busy, helpful, noble life of service was begun at Bound Brook, N. J., in 1832. He was the youngest of 12 children, five girls and seven boys. His father, David T. Talmage, was a farmer and well known for his decision of character and good humor, while his mother coupled keen wit with marked amiability, traits which found a happy combination in the boy who was destined to fill the world with the sound of his powerful preaching.

When he was 18 years of age Dr. Talmage entered the University of New York city, but did not complete the course there, taking up instead the study of law. Not long after this he determined to enter the ministry, a calling which two of his uncles, a brother-in-law and three brothers were following, and in later years Dr. Talmage was gratified to see his own son Frank enter the ministry, and he is at the present time filling a successful pastorate at Chicago. Mr. Talmage completed his theological training at the New Brunswick theological seminary in 1856.

He became pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Belleville, N. J. Later he went to Syracuse, and while holding a pastorate there he married his first wife, Miss Avery, of Brooklyn. Soon after he went to Philadelphia as pastor of the Second Reformed Dutch church, where he remained seven years. While in Philadelphia Dr. Talmage received three calls at once, to Chicago, San Francisco and Brooklyn. His fame as a pulpit orator had spread wide, and power to attract worshippers to his church brought demands for his services from many places. It was in 1869 that he accepted the call to the Central Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

## THE ISLE OF PINES.

It May Become a Possession of the United States.

Rich in Natural Resources and Excelled in Scenic Beauty—An Ideal Winter Resort for Invalids.

(Special Correspondence.) ACCORDING to President Roosevelt's proclamation the new constitutional government of Cuba will be inaugurated May 20. Immediately thereafter the subject of treaties with the island government will be taken up and, among other things, the determination of the status of the Isle of Pines. It will be remembered that this island was omitted from the constitutional boundaries of Cuba, fixed by the army bill of March 2, 1901, the title to it being left to future adjustment by treaty. In well-informed circles it is taken for granted that the United States will formally annex the island, which is of immense strategic value, besides being one of the most beautiful strips of country in the world.

The division of insular affairs at Washington has just prepared an interesting pamphlet on the island, from which it appears that it lies in a deep bight off the southern coast of western Cuba, about 35 miles from the nearest point of the mainland. It is 65 miles S. S. W. of Batabano, the Cuban end of the steamer line, and is in communication with the United States via Batabano (65 miles water), and Havana (25 miles rail) to Miami, Fla., 238 miles (total distance, water and rail); 350 miles to Tampa, Fla.; 810 miles to New Orleans, La., and 713 miles to Pensacola, Fla.

Owing to the numerous keys which surround the island on the Caribbean side, its defense can be accomplished at very little expense by means of mines.

The Isle of Pines is 986 square miles in area, or very nearly the size of the state of Rhode Island. It has a population of 3,199.

In its physical features it is very picturesque. In general, the surface is a plateau of 50 to 100 feet above the sea level,



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN ISLE OF PINES.

broken by ridges, the most remarkable summits being the Sierra de la Canada, 1,600 feet; Daguna, 1,500 (from the summit of which may be had a view of the entire island); Sierra de los Caballos, 1,074 feet; Mount Casas, composed of beautiful marbles of various colors, and Mount Cristales of various heights, its sides being covered with green-rock crystals.

The southern part, comprising about one-third of the entire area, is an impassable clematis or salt bayon and lagoon, interspersed by islets and rocky ledges and occupied by fishermen.

The island has a number of rivers of excellent water, the most important of which are the Nuevas, five to ten feet deep, and navigable four or five miles; the Sierra de Casas, near the mouth of which is situated Nueva Gerona, and accessible by vessels drawing five feet.

The Isle of Pines is connected with a labyrinth of reefs and islets, of which the best known are the Jardines, so named from verdure-clad islets strewn like "gardens" amid blue waters, and from which fresh water bubbles up from the deep, flowing prob-



MAP OF ISLE OF PINES.

ably in subterranean galleries from the mainland. The mineral springs, for which the island has a world-wide reputation, are remarkable especially in pulmonary, rheumatic and throat affections. A chemical analysis shows the waters to be impregnated with oxygen and carbonic acid gases, chloride of sodium, sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, iron, magnesia, chloride of calcium, nitrate of lime, silicic and extraneous organic matter. Temperature of water, 82 degrees Fahrenheit.

The climate is described as "delicious, the air pure, and healthy, and, notwithstanding the island being surrounded by water, is considered dry. The winds coming from the sea and passing over the pine forests are gentle and invigorating." The year is divided into two seasons. The wet (Hiviosa) or summer, June until October. The hottest hours from ten to 12 a. m. About 2:30 p. m. the breeze (la virazon) blowing in from the sea moderates the temperature.

The dry season (seca), or winter, extends from October to June, with occasional visitations from November to February of low mists. The annual rainfall ranges from 50 to 63 inches, or less than on the Gulf coast of the states. The average rainy days is ten in the month, and the average humidity for the year, 75 per cent.

The mean annual temperature is 75 degrees. The prevailing winds are the northeast trades, which blow but little variation throughout the year, rendering the nights cool both in winter and summer.

The range of temperature between summer and winter rarely exceeds a mean of 11 degrees.

Hurricanes are less frequent than in Cuba.

The inhabitants of the island are Spanish and colored, and exhibit in their intercourse with strangers a dignified and kindly spirit. The language is Spanish.

The island has two towns and one port. Nueva Gerona (New Gerona), the capital and second town in size, is on the left bank of the Sierra de las Casas river, two miles above its mouth on the north coast. It is advantageously situated on a picturesque plateau, between the Caballos and Casas mountains at the base of the latter, about 30 feet above the sea. It is well drained, and, exposed to the constant breezes from the sea, free from malarial influence. Its water comes from a magnesian spring, said to be very beneficial in cases of stomach trouble, and baths have been built into which water from the same spring is conducted. Population, 1,000. Invalids arriving at this town proceed to Santa Fe, about the center of the island, 15 miles in a southeasterly direction, over an American-built road. It is also an American post office.

Santa Fe is situated on the left bank of the river of the same name, 15 miles south-southeast of Nueva Gerona, and has an American post office. The port of the town, Jucaro, is about seven miles distant. Santa Fe is a place of 1,050 inhabitants, and has thermal baths and medicinal springs of magnesia and iron, favorably known and patronized from Havana in the summer.

Jucaro, the port of Santa Fe, at a distance of seven miles, is connected by a fine road. A steamer touches here once a week. The means of communication with Santa Fe is by the volante or ox cart. There is also a telephone to Santa Fe projected.

In addition to these three important centers are 26 villages and haciendas scattered throughout the island. Of the land lying north of the Cienaga, the swamp and low ground with mangroves is estimated at 23

## SOON TO FIND OUT.



The Spring Poet—Now, what rhymes with "mill"?

## MODERN FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

Machine Guns and Extinguishing Powder Take the Place of Steam Engines and Water.

Rapid firing machine guns instead of steam engines, and extinguishing powder in place of water, may soon mark the advance of the fire departments of the world in their methods of fighting fires. Before the century is a year older, modern adapted and applied artillery may have begun to supersede the steam fire engine and its appurtenances in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities of this country and Europe. Human ingenuity has virtually already worked out this new problem of converting the engines of warfare to this novel and more peaceful function of battling with flames. It is said to be feasible, practical, and its realization is almost at hand, says the Chicago Tribune.

More than half the problem has already been worked out by a New York man, who is now manufacturing, under government patent, a chemical extinguishing powder by a secret formula. He has also worked out the principle of molding this powder into balls of any size and of constructing them in a way that will make them explode when shot into contact with a burning building. This much accomplished, he, together with others in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, has employed some of the most eminent mechanical engineers and gun-makers in the country to fashion a machine gun for throwing the balls in question on and into buildings as high as 30 stories. In fact, several inventions to accomplish this purpose have already been made and patented, but the promoters are not yet quite satisfied with the result obtained. That a modern adjusted and practical gun will be evolved for the fire fighting, however, there is not the slightest question.

Behind the enterprise is more than enough capital to exploit it successfully. It is being worked out quietly, though a year has already been spent, chiefly in experimenting on the artillery phase of the project. So far but the merest outlines of the great purpose of the promoters have leaked out to the public. They are guarding their secret, and will continue to do so until everything is perfected and in readiness to spring upon the world. It is only recently that one of the most eminent expert mechanical engineers of Chicago was asked and agreed to take up the work of perfecting a suitable and practical machine gun to supersede the fire engine in the function of doing battle with fires.

Instead of the roaring and spluttering fire engines stationed about a big fire, throwing thousands of gallons of water a minute in many streams to a height of 200 feet or more, instead of the thousands of feet of hose strewn and tangled along the streets, like huge snakes, blocking traffic of all kinds and congesting the thoroughfares for squares, instead of a hundred and one familiar scenes incident to the burning of a large building in a big city—there will come with the new methods scenes more novel and interesting at first.

Contemplate the modern fire department of artillery bombarding a burning structure in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia from every vantage ground. Twenty or more rapid firing machine guns, propelled and operated by electricity, and a detail of 15 gunners are shooting extinguishing chemical powder balls into the windows and on top of the building. The balls explode on contact, disseminate over the blaze zone, and drop like a sheet over the flames, smothering and snuffing them out like a breath directed against a candle light. There will be little chance for the fire to gain headway, so effectively will this pulverized powder accomplish its purpose. The noise from the detonating guns will have been reduced to a minimum less than that incident to the firing of an ordinary pistol of small caliber.

The powder which is now being used in a small measure for the same purpose as it is proposed to use it on a greater scale is made of chemical with a charcoal, as harmless to breathe as the impurities that now pervade the atmosphere. In fact, those who have experimented with it and tested it say that its effect upon the air is to purify it, as charcoal does water drained through it. The modern fire machine gun will be mounted upon pneumatic tired wheels, supporting a carriage, and instead of the lumbering noise of the fire engine and the like over cobblestone pavements and car tracks, which is familiar to the average citizen, fire runs will be made with

such noiseless ease that one will hardly know that there is a fire in his neighborhood save by the clanging bells of the rushing artillery apparatus.

In point of economy the modern appliances will, it is claimed, cut the expense of a fire department in a big city to a third or more less than they are at present. It is claimed that the use of the chemical extinguishing powder will work a vast saving to property owners in salvage, to say nothing of the economy in expense to a city. It is a fact that the greatest loss from fire is caused by water. Such damage will be obviated by the new methods proposed. It is certain that fewer firemen and horses will be necessary under the new regime. Nor will the expense of maintaining equipment for fire engines and the like—hose wagons and reels and hose, for instance—be half so great, according to the best estimates.

## INSULT FROM WILD TURKEY.

The Mortifying Experience of a Southern Sportsman with One of the Woodland Wits.

"The wild turkey, called by Choctaws and Cherokeses in different tongues the "twit of the woods," is supposed by old hunters to have intelligence above that of other birds. In general it has. Yet sometimes it nods like Homer, and sometimes it displays the indeliberate recklessness of a cross between D'Artagnan and dear old "Oudias" hero, Bertie Cecil, says the New York Sun.

C. S. Stribling lives near the lower part of the San Antonio river, a few miles above its debouchment into the Gulf of Mexico. Wild turkeys are plentiful in the region and he kills a good many of them.

In winter it is never more than three miles from his house to a roost. When he wants turkey meat he saddles his pony before daylight, rides within a quarter of a mile of the roost, dismounts, waits stealthily to the burdened trees, waits until he can see a round black form between him and the sky, knocks one over and goes home.

Mr. Stribling does not pretend to be a sportsman in the finer sense of the term, in fact he raises cotton as a means of keeping in debt, but he likes turkey, especially when it is self-flavored with nuts and wild pepper.

The river runs by his home and is 30 yards wide. Directly across from his front yard grows a solitary cypress that is probably 150 feet high.

One forenoon, while sitting on his front gallery and enjoying a cob-pipe he had been blackened for five years, Stribling glanced toward the cypress and saw perched upon its top a wild gobbler whose burnished feathers shone in the sun. It stood calmly with head erect enjoying the air and the placid river beneath.

Stribling laid down the pipe carefully, walked into his bedroom, picked up his rifle of .44 caliber, and went back to the gallery. He knew that he would be forced to go a half-mile downstream to the nearest ford, cross, come back upstream, go back downstream and come back upstream in order to retrieve, but did not propose to be insulted.

He shoots well. He leaned firmly against the end post of the gallery, got the tip of the front sight on the base of the black beard which hung from the gobbler's breast, held it there for a moment, smiled as it occurred to him that the thing was too easy, and pressed the trigger firmly and steadily.

There was the usual sharp crack, which sounded doubly loud in the stillness of morning, but the turkey was unmoved. It evaded no curiosity.

Stribling tried it again, a little more carefully, and with less confidence; same result. He said: "It may be getting old and wrinkled in the face, but I'll bet the farm and all it costs me that I can make it move." Same result.

That was all the cartridges he had. He walked to the bank of the river and yelled at the bird. It looked down at him and sailed away.

## Tenant Farming.

One of the striking things shown by the last census is the remarkable increase of tenant farming. The percentage of farms operated by tenants showed a considerable increase by the census of 1890. For the whole country, this percentage has increased in the last ten years nearly twice as fast as the percentage of population of the nation, four times that of the purely agricultural population, and twice that of the farms operated by their owners.—Pittsburg Dispatch.