

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

REV. THOMAS DIXON THINKS A GREAT CRISIS IS AT HAND.

Discontent Among the Masses Is Increasing, and the Power of Earth-Gone to Work Evil or Good Is Increasing Water Still Christian Men Must Prepare at Once.

ALBION, Mich., Jan. 8.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., accompanied by Mrs. Dixon, is on a lecture tour of two weeks in the west. He lectured in Albion last night and preached this evening to a great congregation for the Rev. E. F. Moorhead, pastor of the First Baptist church, who had arranged a union service with the other denominations for the occasion. The subject of the sermon was, "The Signs of the Times."

TEXT.—Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh, and also the night.—Isaiah xlii, 11, 12.

I know there are those who say that there are always calamity howlers; that in every age there are Jeremiahs. There are those who, in an attempt to account for this phenomenon, say it is a peculiarity of a certain cast of mind—that is all—but that normal man is not given to such hallucinations of dangers and approaching crises. Is this a fact? Is it an explanation? Or is it true that before the great epochs in the history of the world, when God has wrought some tremendous development, he has preceded it with prophetic voices that have spoken his word and message?

I know there was a Jeremiah of old, and that Isaiah's voice often was filled with tears, but every prediction, when he told Israel of approaching danger, was fulfilled in the fact. And I can open the pages of history and show you that every supreme moment in the history of the race has been preceded by a subtle and conscious danger, and that to mountain peaks men have climbed and shouted down to the people, "Make ready; it is the day of the Lord." Before every crash of empire in the past there has been a period when the great heart of the people was conscious—just as clearly so as you are conscious today in the beauty of the sunlight that there is a storm moving somewhere on the horizon.

SAVONAROLA.

The Reformation did not burst on the world without its prophets. If you will read the history of the Renaissance, you will find there were men inside the church of Rome who said to the pope in his imperial power, "Unless things are changed the unity of Christendom must be a thing of the past." Yes, there rose that lonely figure in Florence clad in its weird robe, with its curious order and customs—that wild, weird personality that rose in that Florentine pulpit and poured forth the wonderful sermons that shook the earth—and when at last they deemed him mad they led him away to the stake and burned him alive. But Savonarola was the first gun of the Reformation. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness before the days when Luther should nail to the church door his theses and should hurl his defiance at the Church of Rome.

Before every great movement there are prophecies of what is to come. It may be the farthest day in the history of the world. But the valley of Clamouni a short time ago lay in all its beauty and sunlight, symbol of peace and quiet, crowded with health seekers from all parts of the world, and suddenly there was a roar that shook the earth, and down from that mountain came the crashing, roaring avalanche that buried 200 people, and that fair valley in all its beauty was transformed in a moment into a sea of wild despair.

THE COMING CRISIS.

It behoves the church and the wise and great man who has interest in his fellow man to ask each day what are the opportunities of the day, the signs of the times, the indications of the hour. If there is one word supreme to the Christian, it should be opportunity. If there is one thought that Jesus impressed on his disciples, it is this: The day is ripe, the time is now, the opportunity is at hand, and the blow must be struck.

What is the message of today to the church of Christ? What are the signs of our times to the Christian world? It seems to me that

The signs of the times indicate the approach of a supreme hour of crisis in our civilization.

Open your history and find if it be not true:

First—The measure of life is becoming each day more and more intense.

(a) Men are becoming poorer, and the poor are becoming poorer, and they are. The poverty of the poor is something awful. I wish some of you people who sit here this morning dressed so well could know just what I know every week in the year. I tell you it would make your souls sick. It would give to your heart a subnote of tragedy that would sometimes, in the brightest day, make the light seem even as the darkness. The poverty of the poor—I could not describe to you the actual facts and make you realize them such as I have seen and do see them from week to week, from day to day, from month to month.

(b) It is true also that we are intensifying in another direction. The rich are getting richer—each day more powerfully, irresistibly rich. There is a family in New York whose wealth is estimated at \$300,000,000, but from sources I deem far more reliable than an outside estimate I have not the slightest doubt that the wealth of that family is \$500,000,000. What it really is in its real power no mortal man can know, and it accumulates with a rapidity that is simply incalculable. The rich each day are becoming richer and richer and richer.

EDITED BRIMSTONE.

(c) And then the evil ones are becoming more and more evil, more and more daring in crime, more and more desperate and devilish in that daring.

There never was a time when there were such mean newspapers—a public press in some quarters without a single particle of principle in its columns, from the top where you find the address of

the publication down to the bottom, yet edited with supreme genius and with all the powers of matchless scholarship and all the experience of years, with hell packed into its columns until it literally sets the world on fire at its touch, each day getting meaner and meaner and becoming mightier and mightier for evil and crime.

Then the wrongs of the ages are piling up. We are suffering for what our ancestors did, and it grows more and more aggravated year by year. It amazes me as I go around and see those who are thus shut up and whose lives are thus destroyed because they have come to an inheritance of toil and oppression through the wrongs of the centuries—an inheritance which has been handed down to them and which they cannot escape.

(d) On the other hand, the good are becoming better. With all the desperate wickedness of the great city there never was a time when there were truer Christians in it than today, when men were as ready to lay down their lives and die for their fellow men as now. Whether it be into the cholera hospital—there to suffer for the sake of humanity—or to a leprosy colony in the wilds of some southern sea, Christianity has its divinest disciples in this world today.

SWIFTESS OF PHYSICAL PROGRESS.

Second—Then there is another reason why we feel that this crisis is approaching—because the swiftness of physical progress is such that the wheels will either take fire or we will get there soon. We must either reach the goal or there must be a wreck on the track somewhere. The velocity with which civilization is being at present rushed is something incalculable, unless a man has given serious study to the subject. Speed is the cry of the hour. People are not satisfied with a 2,000 speed in a horse. They want it to fly with muscles of steel. Thank God, there are some men in this world like Robert Bonner, who know that a horse's speed is not to be used for spinning around a track for things, cut throats and harlots. And I hope some one will take hold of Nancy Hanks and put her to a better use than a gambling show.

The cry of the world today is for more speed. We are not satisfied with horses in the army. In the next war we have are going to have bicycle cavalry. We are not satisfied if a train makes forty or fifty miles an hour, but want fifty-five and sixty miles an hour, and are crying for a hundred, and each railroad that cannot come up to the standard must be left out of the great race. When I go anywhere now I want to go on the fastest train. I would much rather ride sixty miles an hour than forty. The fact is, it is safer to go fast than slow. Those that go slow get run over. The man that goes fast runs over somebody else.

The steamer must have more speed. The Cunard company is building a steamship that is as magnificent in proportions physical as the old Great Eastern, with new powers and engines, multiplying its great muscles of steel, demanding more speed.

We are going to abolish the postoffice delivery of clerks. Arrangements have been made in Washington for pneumatic tubes through which to shoot the mail. The world is positively full of the great thought of rushing on physically. And if it keeps on at the present rate, what are the possibilities?

THE ELECTRIC AGE.

It is an electric age, and therefore one of boundless powers. I passed Menlo Park yesterday and thought of the wizard that sits back there, and of the world that sits waiting for the next announcement from his brain, that shall fill our hearts with gladness because it makes the world brighter and more beautiful.

The march of science is a history of miracles. The scientist now can lift the skull of an idiot and make him into a wise man. Drunkards are transformed into sober men and women. I do not care what they say about that Keeley cure—I know some men down in North Carolina who are sober and clothed in their right minds now. The cure that affects miracles is the cure for me.

In the science of medicine and hygiene marvelous progress has been made. We had a cholera scare in the city some time ago and an unmeaning panic, and yet it was nothing compared with what the old cholera scare used to be before they found out what the cholera was. They used to go out and sound the drums and play the life—used to march in processions to keep off the mysterious visitor from dropping down from the skies on the city. New science has drawn the mask from this dreaded visitor, and we have been taught the secrets of its method of work.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL.

Material science has rediscovered God; that God even is in matter, in the body, and that there is a spiritual entity even in that which we thought could be dissolved into its elements. The question now is not whether a man has got one soul, but how many has he got? In France there have been experiments in psychology that give us most marvelous results and furnish a basis for materialistic philosophy. A recent experiment showed there were two personalities in a man. A subject was taken and put to sleep. Before putting him to sleep the doctor said to him, "When I wake you up, if I thrust a needle into your body and it hurts, raise your hand; if not, lower your hand in answer to my question."

He was then put to sleep, and the doctor waked him up and thrust a needle into his limb, asking him if it hurt. With his lips he replied no, but his right hand went up. As many times as he thrust the needle into his limb that right hand went up, indicating that there were two conscious feelings in the man, one of which must have been talked. A few years ago, if a man talked like that, people would have said he was crazy. We have gone so close to matter and are going so close that materialistic science is becoming an impossibility, and even men who have denied the possibility of spirit are abandoning their premises as utterly untenable.

Third—There is a profound popular

conviction that we are thus being pressed toward a crisis. The great masses of the people believe it, feel there is a movement divine of the race, and that they are being swept onward by that movement. If you test it in Europe it is the same; if you come to America it is the same. The watchword of the people is reform, organization, federation, with the consciousness that something by and by is coming in the history of the world—and it is coming.

Our nations are arming themselves as never before. What do you reckon is going to be done with those big guns? Are we just going to keep them and let them rust? Think you it is possible for this world to go on building such forts as those and nothing happen? That it is possible for Europe to go on building such navies and nothing happen? Possible for every nation on this earth to be changing its arms every five years and getting smokeless powder, learning the uses of electricity and learning to navigate the air, and nothing happen? The possibility of war is being pushed each day, simply from the conscious fact that when two armies come together now 300,000 men may be killed in one hour.

It is coming, and when it does, O God, the results that may come to nations and kings that sit now with thrones so secure and the crowns on their heads! Wait, wait till this great, dark, restless crowd feel the power of those guns, and when dynamite is used instead of lead and powder. When those great, restless, surging organizations of the common people find out what can be done with those things the history of the world will be made over again, and the face of the earth will be changed. By and by some fool of a king will throw a match in a powder magazine, and there will be an explosion that will shake this world from center to circumference, and hereafter the great masses will use their own guns and govern themselves and make and unmake the history of the world in the future. But look, watch! That means a tremendous opportunity of some sort for some one.

BATTLE OF DRY BONES.

Fourth—Then there is another thing of interest, and that is the throb of new life in the religious world. There is throughout the world today this growing consciousness, becoming more and more intense, that something must be done. It is a new life divine throbbing in the heart of the church of Jesus Christ. Books are being issued from the press about religion with greater rapidity. The novels that succeed today are those that have a religious theme. The world today is thinking on theology, is ransacking old principles to find out the truth.

The press today must discuss religion. The meanest newspaper in New York is bound to write an editorial on religion, because all the world that read newspapers are thus demanding that they shall know the subject that most interests the world's heart and life. The church militant is moving on a greater scale than ever before. There is not a church in New York—the wickedest city in the Union perhaps—in which there is not a movement divine of a newer and diviner life in the church of Jesus Christ.

In practical life there is this movement of a divine life. You will find it in every city. In the great dry goods establishments of Jordan, Marsh & Co., in Boston, where I used to live, they have a new department of medicine and surgery. They see that their employees have thus medical attention without any cost or expense to them, that they shall not suffer because their wages are limited. So in their great dry goods store there is a corps of three physicians—the finest physicians in the great city of Boston. Thus is Christianity becoming more and more crystallized and centralized in its practicality in the world, reaching out thus with a new throb of divine life.

SLEEPING ON A VOLCANO.

I find in every city of this great nation a new throb of life being felt in the church of Jesus Christ. What does this mean? It simply means that our civilization is approaching rapidly an hour of supreme crisis. Oh, that means supreme opportunity for darkness or for light, for weal or woe. Shall it be evolution or revolution—one or the other? The work of the Lord will be done with the quietness of the dew or the fury of the storm. It will be done with peace and sunlight, or with God's great engine of reform, and through the souls and lives of your civilization will be drawn God's great saw and ax, and that which is found wanting will be heaved down.

I have a letter here I want to read to you from a millionaire in a distant city, who gives every day of his income to the salvation of his fellow man. I wish we had more such.

"What are our business men of professed Christianity thinking about? They are sleeping on a volcano. We have already the mutterings of civil eruption, and unless such prophetic voices as are now heard are heeded their riches will vanish in the convulsion that must inevitably follow. Money freely given to bring the Gospel to the workingman may save us from disaster; no other agency is so needed today."

How any man can be worth his thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions and not lay them down in the face of the tremendous opportunities that face the church of Jesus Christ I cannot see.

WHERE THE FASHIONS COME FROM.

We are going to have a great war by and by, and when the smoke is cleared away there will be fewer nations; the boundary lines will be rubbed out and the nations knit together. Every state will then be netted with great steel rails, with their lightning expresses dashing across them from end to end of the earth. Our oceans will be brought together with great monsters that will rush through the deep.

When that day comes, when every nation shall be at each other's door, all their sins and wickednesses will be knit in one fraternal bond of evil or good. When that day comes it will mean unity for darkness or light, weal or woe. Our great cities are now bound together. Men who travel all over say you see the same things in New York as in London,

Berlin, Vienna or St. Petersburg. Their sins and evils often become international before their virtues.

Where do you get your fashions from? Why, the harlots of France give the fashions for the polite world. Your daughter's next year's ball costume is going through the process of evolution in the demimonde of Paris. This coming together of the world means hell or heaven, darkness or light, good or evil, weal or woe. And as you act, as Christians, as you seize your opportunities, so will that civilization be, so will that crisis be met, so will the race be saved. Or will it be set back for generations for newer and better men to complete the work divine?

The Old Man Spoke.

An interesting tale has been reported from New Hampshire to the Chicago Folklore society. It seems that New Hampshire is the native state of our distinguished townsman, Colonel John W. Elia, and the colonel has been spending a few months among the hills of the so-called Granite State. Upon the summit of one of these lovely mountains is a singular formation of solid rock—the profile of a human face set in bold relief against the sky. This remarkable formation, venerable and picturesque, is poetically called the Old Man of the Mountain—presumably many of you who read these lines have seen and admired that fanciful creation of nature. This famous locality was visited by Colonel Elia, who, approaching as near as he could, stood for a long time gazing pensively upon the sphinxlike face turned toward the yonder horizon. Strange emotions thrilled the bosom of the distinguished citizen; his philosophic nature was stirred to its very depths.

"How wonderful and how inscrutable," he cried, "are the operations of nature! Here in this rocky fastness, far from the haunts of humanity, this figure stands out in silhouette, defying the processes of time. How incomprehensible is this Old Man of the Mountain! How wonderful and inscrutable, I repeat, are the operations of nature!"

Then for the first time in ages the Old Man of the Mountain spoke. His granite features relaxed and his grim lips moved.

"Wonderful indeed," said the Old Man of the Mountain, "wonderful indeed, but not inscrutable. Just fancy how embarrassing it might be if instead of being what I am I were the Old Woman of the Mountain alone in this deserted spot with a Chicago man!"—Chicago News-Record.

They Want No Drunkards.

The East Tennessee Railway company has issued an order requiring abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks on the part of their employees, also that they shall while in the company's service keep away from places where intoxicants are sold and lend their influence to keep others away.

PARTITION SALE.

F. M. Portson et al. vs. Mattie Portson et al. No. 148, in the 1st District Court Caddo parish, La. By virtue of a commission and writ of sale for the purpose of effecting a partition dated December 16, 1892, issued and directed to me by the Hon. Judge of the 1st District Court of Caddo parish, La., in the above entitled and numbered suit, I will sell according to law, at public auction, within the legal hours for sale, at the courthouse door fronting Texas street, in Caddo parish, La., on

SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1893, the following described property, viz: The east half of section 15 and northeast quarter and west half of southeast quarter of section 22, all in township 16 north, range 16 west; also the north half of southwest quarter of section 14 of same township and range, less 16 acres sold to Mrs. Elizabeth Dear, described as follows: Beginning at the corner of E. S. Fortson and Vaidley Jones, running west 32 rods on line between said Fortson and Jones to stake, thence east 32 rods to a stake, thence east 32 rods on the marked line between F. S. Fortson and Mrs. E. Dear, thence south on the marked line to the place of beginning. Also a certain promissory note for \$200 signed by J. L. Fortson, payable to E. S. Fortson, of date February 19th, 1887, due at 12 months, credited by \$5 September 15, 1887.

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If sold within the next 25 days, I will offer the following sacrifices in Shreveport property, for cash only:

2½ Lots on Jordan street, near Fairfield avenue. Front 140 feet on Jordan street and run back 150 feet to an alley; a beautiful building site. Price, \$2,000.

6 beautiful Lots corner Sprague and Lawrence streets. Have on them three small tenements which bring a rental of \$20 per month. These are built on only two lots, leaving four lots unoccupied. Price, \$1,500.

3 Lots on Donovan street, on Belt line. 1 lot has two small tenements which rent for \$6 per month. Price, \$550.

14 Lots in rear of Judge A. W. O. Hicks' residence. Price, \$800.

2 Lots on Davis street. On 1 lot is a small tenement which rents for \$6 per month. Price, \$175.

2 Lots on Murphy street, near Texas avenue. On 1 lot is a tenement which rents for \$7 per month. Price, \$650.

1 Small lot and tenement in rear of Gannon's old store, on Sprague street. Rents for \$1 per month. Price, \$125.

That beautiful plot of ground opposite Izard's store, fronting 185 feet on Texas avenue by a depth of 208 feet on Murphy street. Price, \$500.

This is dirt cheap, and a fancy I bargain for the buyer in every offer that I have made.

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Truck Farm and Orchard
FOR SALE.

A RARE BARGAIN IN THIS

I have for sale one of the most desirable places for truck farming and fruit growing in North Louisiana. It is situated one-half mile below Shreveport, on Red river, in Bossier parish, about thirty-five acres of land, dwelling, barn, tool room and pigeon loft about twenty-five acres in orchard, comprising 900 peach trees, two-thirds just come into bearing; 400 figs, 200 pears, besides apples, apricots, cherries, plums, peaches and grapes in smaller quantities. The very best of lands adjacent. If purchaser should want to cultivate additional lands in cotton, for rent. The place is admirably situated for trucking, which, run in connection with a small cannery and preserving establishment on the place, will yield handsome returns from now on. To anyone with the health and energy to attend to it, this is an opportunity not met with often.

The place is owned by Mr. F. A. Daughtery and must be sold on account of his continued ill health to recuperate which he is urged by his physician that he must leave. For this reason I will sell this valuable piece of property for the

SACRIFICIAL PRICE OF \$3,500.

On the extremely easy terms of \$1,500 cash and the balance in one and two years with vendors lien, returned and notes bearing 8 per cent per annum from date. The title to this property is in SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1893, and second dispute. Call and see me early for the bargain.

C. D. HICKS,

35 Milan Street, Shreveport, La.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Lewis E. Carter vs. Gideon E. Blackburn — No. 338, in 1st District Court, Caddo parish, La.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed and issued December 16, 1892, in the above entitled and numbered suit by the Hon. Judge of the 1st District Court of Caddo parish, La., I have seized and will sell at public auction, with the benefit of appraisal and recognition of plaintiffs privilege as attaching creditor, within the legal hours for sale at the door of the courthouse fronting Texas street, Caddo parish, La., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893,

the following described real estate with all improvements thereon, viz: Lots 7, 11, 12, 13 and 22, block 1, ten acre lot 10, and lots 5, 21, 25 and 26 in block 2, ten acre lot 10, all in Blackburn's subdivision of the city of Shreveport, La.; also lot 5 and ten feet off lot 6, block 54; eighty feet by 150 feet, in section 21, township 14, range 13; lots 2, and 3, block 45; lot 45 in 10 acre lot 20; lots 15, 31, 32, 57, 58, 59 and 60, in ten acre lot 15; lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, block C, ten acre lots 8 and 9 and southwest quarter of block 43; all in the city of Shreveport, parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana.

JOHN S. YOUNG, Sheriff.

The Progress, December 24.

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Constable Sale.

No. 65. Justice L. E. Carter's docket. — Frank D. Armand vs. Joe Plessance.

For sale by the above entitled and numbered suit by Hon. C. D. Hicks, Justice of the peace in and for the 4th ward of Caddo parish, La., I have seized and will sell at public auction at the Texas street front door of the courthouse of Caddo parish, La., between the legal hours of sale on

SATURDAY, January 14, 1893,

the following described property to wit: The rear half (½) of lot 26 of ten acre lot 19 with all buildings and improvements thereon.

Terms of sale, cash, subject to appraisal by C. W. KELLEY, Constable.

The Progress, December 19, 1892.

MACK WELLMAN,

PAINTER.

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