Uncle Sam Says This is America's Greatest Medicine.

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TOBACCO FROM AUSTRALIA.

Weed Is Being Cultivated by Farmers in the Antipodean Island.

Australia has at last set about making a serious effort to cultivate tobacco. For thirty years or more the weed has been grown in limited areas in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, but it can scarcely be said to have been cultivated. Not at any stage has the industry been backed by scientific knowledge—at least, not until experts were sent over from this country. Victoria secured the services of Mr. Bondurant, a Kentuckian, if we mistake not, and New South Sales those of Mr. Howell, also from the south. The former has been at the antipodes for two or three years, and the latter only a few months. Sufficient, however, has been done by Mr. Bondurant in Victoria to demonstrate that a good marketable article can be grown there, and that in future tobacco will figure much more prominently in the list of Australian exports than was thought likely a few years back. It was the success which attended the efforts of Mr. Bondurant as a practical instructor that induced the government of New South Wales to follow Victoria's lead and also turn to the States for a scientific teacher. And now we learn that the agricultural department of Queensland is assisting its growers by importing the best American seed procurable. The expert, it is presumed, will follow in due course.

There is no doubt whatever that tobacco can be profitably grown in all the Australian colonies. The product may never rival Vuelta Abajo—not even equal that of our New England States, but the fact that the governments have decided to push the enterprise for all that it is worth means that tobacco in large quantities will eventually be produced and placed on the markets of Europe.

The government expert is very well pleased with the results attained at the experimental farm at Edi, where he planted a large number of varieties of plug and cigar leaf tobacco. Mr. Bondurant's chief object has been to determine what varieties of leaf were best adapted to Victorian soil and climate, and this, it is claimed, he has done. Next season a larger crop is to be set out, and should that prove a commercial success the tobacco-raising industry will be fairly launched. In all human probability it will be years before Australia becomes a competitor of ours in this field, but once it has been proved that tobacco is a profitable crop to grow, and the farmers have learned to handle it, then we may have to bestir ourselves.—Tobacco Leaf.

Animals in European Orders.

Attention has recently been drawn to the extraordinary number of animals who figure in the symbols and insignia of the various great orders of chivalry in Europe. Thus Russia and Servia have the Order of the White Eagle, Prussia the Orders of the Black Eagle, the Red Eagle and the Swan; Denmark, like Siam, has the elephant; the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar the White Falcon, the duchy of Anhalt the Bear, while the grand duchy of Baden, the duchy of Brunswick, the grand duchies of Hesse and of Luxemburg, the kingdom of Holland and the Persian empire have all of them the Lion.

Prayers for Columbus.

Prof. Park of Andover figures rather amusingly in the reminiscences of the late Prof. Schaff, just published. In 1842 Schaff, being a privat-docent at Berlin, introduced Park to his German friends, among the rest to Kahnis. He relates that, under the continuous pelting of Park's questions, Kahnis finally exclaimed in despair: "God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!"

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORR, No. 806 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25c

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

A Typical Case.

What is to be done under conditions that obtain in many parts of the country? is the question raised by a member of the League of American Wheelmen. He says:

"We have in this township assessed roughly at $350,000 some sixty miles of road. We cannot spend $10,000, $1000 or even $500 per mile on these roads. There is not enough money in the township, all told, to do it, and the law limits the bonded indebtedness. To select a few miles of the principal highway is not just to the poor fellow who helps pay for it and must drive five or ten miles to reach it.

"Much better work might be done than we are doing, but it remains that many miles must be attended to with few dollars. What most is needed is careful consideration of existing conditions—how best to spend $1200 or $1500 on sixty miles of road, reserving $200 or $300 of that for the winter's snows. Teach us serviceable lessons for communities of this sort, and do not expect asphalt, macadam or steel until the fellows from town help to build them (and they haven't built their own yet).

"No wonder the rustic kicks if the road is to cost more than the entire value of all the farms through which it passes. He appreciates good roads, but must remember his slim pocketbook. He laughs a little, too, at the big saving heavier loads would make for him. Nine out of ten of him at that time of year have little to do for self or team and are not crowded with what they have to market. He would rather make two trips than one, as he and the horses both need the exercise."

The tendency in such cases as this is to underestimate the beneficial effects of hard roads and to assume that they are of value only during the winter. They are of enormous value then, and of equally great value in summer and the busy seasons, when the possibility of hauling big loads is money in the pocket.

In the past, the farmer has been left too much to his own resources in the care of the highways. Now, however, State aid is rapidly being acknowledged as the proper means of promoting the good work, and the States are slowly but surely falling into line in adopting it. Until it is generally in force, there may be time for much good work to be done, and the first steps toward real improvement can be taken by securing careful grading, thorough drainage and the adoption of wide tires.

In this connection the experiences of two southern counties is right to the point. In one, the loads average 2466 pounds and the tax is ten cents a hundred. In the other the loads are but 800 pounds and the tax twenty cents a hundred. Improved methods reduced the road tax one-half, and greatly improved the roads.

This county owns grader, plows, carts, implements and six mules, and a superintendent and five men are kept at work on the roads. The work costs $55.17 a mile and though the roads are only plain "dirt," they are kept in such good condition that three times as much can be hauled as on roads cared for in the old way. Here, surely, is a cheap and easy way to begin.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Inexpensive Road Repair.

A correspondent suggests that the system of continual supervision and repair of road-beds used by the railways would not be practicable on the highways, because the railway section foremen depend for their positions on the thoroughness of their work, have only short distances to care for, and can make themselves thoroughly familiar with them, while highway commissioners frequently know and care nothing about roads, and have long stretches with which they have little time or opportunity to become acquainted.

As long as present conditions obtain, and highway commissioners are chosen for political reasons, and devote little time and attention to the roads, not much in the way of improvement is to be expected. It is the system which must be changed, and it will be when the people realize the importance to the community of having hard and smooth roads on which to travel. It is not necessary to always build expensive roads costing, perhaps, from one to ten thousand dollars a mile, but present roads can be vastly bettered by giving them constant care, together with proper grading and drainage. This work has been successfully undertaken in some quarters and good results obtained, as in the case referred to last week, in which the expense was so small that the road tax had been reduced, while the roads had been improved.

As long as present methods prevail, "D" thinks that the farmers, and those living off the main roads should be interested in some way in looking after the roads that pass their own doors, so that they would remove stones, fill up holes and see that all water ran off quickly, and suggested that they could pay a small part of their road tax in labor in this way, under the control of the road commissioner. The old plan of "working" out road taxes has been a complete failure, but it does not necessarily follow that something of this kind would not work in some districts, especially if the people first become in some measure convinced of the importance of the step.

A Problem in Road Improvement.

The entrance to the beautiful valley of the Ramapo is at Suffern, N. Y. The county in which the town lies has many natural advantages, but is unable to obtain benefit from them because of the roads through which the people "still flounder in the mire." How easy it would be for them, and many other counties similiary situated, to improve their highways is plainly shown by the Suffern Independent.

There are sixty miles of road, and an expenditure of $2500 per mile on them would create an indebtedness of $150,000. Suppose this amount was borrowed on bonds payable in from one to fifteen years at four per cent. By paying the annual interest and six per cent. on the principal, the whole amount could be paid in twelve years and the roads kept in order, without a greater annual expenditure than the $16,000 now required for repairing worthless roads. The assessment of the county "is, in round numbers, $20,000,000 of which $150,000 is three-quarters of one per cent. Now, taking the average assessment of the taxpayer to be $1000, his proportion of the entire debt would be $7.50, and his assessment for each year for this purpose would be seventy-five cents." Figured down this way, there seems nothing wanting to securing better highways but the will to make the start.

An Incomplete Estimate.

In the following estimate of the cost of laying stone roads some important items have been omitted The Indiana Farmer says that "the cost of broken stone for building roads is not so great as many suppose. It can be bought at the crushers for forty cents per solid yard, and the railroad will freight it forty miles or less, at about fifty cents per cubic yard, making a total of ninety cents; but suppose we call it $1. Then if the road-bed is nine feet wide and the stone is piled on a foot deep, a cubic yard will cover three feet linear at a cost of $1, making one mile (1760 yards) cost as many dollars. But as only about nine inches are necessary, one-fourth of this amount, or $440, should be deducted, making the exact amount only $1320, which is cheap enough for a first-class road, the material for which must be brought forty miles by rail."

Substantial roads can be built at a thickness of nine inches, but the stone used is by no means the only item of expense. The labor of handling, placing and rolling it must be considered and, more important still, careful grading and thorough drainage must be secured. Hard roads can be built much more cheaply than formerly, but a "first-class" one cannot yet be laid at such low figures.

Narrow Versus Wide Wagon Tires.

Scientific experiments extending over two years have been made under the auspices of the Studebaker Brothers, the widely-known wagon builders, to determine the relative qualities of wide and narrow-wheel tires. The The results are too extensive to give in full. Every kind of road was used to test the question. It was found that on macadam roads the narrow tires were far inferior to the wide, and they required much greater effort to draw a given load. In a deeply-rutted clay road, the narrow tires running in the ruts and the wide tires on top, the narrow tires were far more efficient. This was also the case with wet mud. But as soon as the mud began to dry the wide tires showed a vast superiority. In general, the only justification for narrow tires proved to be thoroughly bad roads.—Youth's Companion.

The Crusade Against Ruts.

Never allow pools of water to stand on a road. If a road is not properly drained it cannot long remain good.

It requires longer time and more power to haul light loads over bad surfaces than to move twice as much on good roads.

Anything that facilitates intercourse between people tends to civilize them. Nothing helps so much toward this end as perfect highways.

Two buildings were lately destroyed by fire in an outlying ward of Cleveland, Ohio, on account of the depth of the mud, which prevented the engines from reaching them in time.

Common roads may be vastly improved by being properly crowned and thoroughly drained, and the work of making and keeping them good will be simplified if the traffic on them is on wide tires.

The Governor of Massachusetts has recommended a wide-tire law and the subject is being taken up seriously. Such a simple and effective means of improving poor roads and maintaining good ones ought not to be neglected.

Nature is not a road-builder—she never prepares artificial means of living. But she furnishes ample material for every need, and science long since learned to utilize what she offers to meet the necessities of our complex civilization.

The farmers along a road in Central New York have donated twelve hundred tons of stone, picked from around their farms, for road improvement purposes, and a neighboring stone crusher has been rented to properly prepare the material for use.

The ever-increasing tendency to concentrate in big cities can be counteracted by making country life attractive. But country life cannot be permanently attractive to city residents unless good highways afford intercommunication and easy transit.

An Interesting Animal.

Captain Patton-Bethune has just brought home with him from the Malay States a sladang (a Malayan wild bison), which is believed to be the only one of its species that is in captivity in the world. The animal was caught last spring in Ulu Pahang, in the Malay States. Its mother was shot, and the little one, then only about ten days old, ran round and round until secured by some Malays, who tied its feet together with "putties," which were the only things handy at the time. It then had to be carried some sixty miles, and was brought up with a baby's feeding bottle. It came to England in a large horse-box, which had to be covered with tarpaulins and boards to keep out the cold. One of the soldiers on board became so fond of the animal that he used to sleep in her box to see that no harm should come to her, but she proved an excellent sailor. The sladang is now living in a loose box at Captain Patton-Bethune's residence, Clayton Priory, Burgess Hill, and seems none the worse for the change of climate.—London Times.

Improving Ships' Propellers.

A new idea in ship propulsion is to be tested on a small English boat. The propeller is to be placed in a central space a short distance from the bow, and from this space two orifices, inclined downward and outward, are to extend to the bow, and two similar ones to the stern. The inventor's theory is that, as the water enters the orifices at the bow, the upward gradient will tend to reduce the movement of the water in the propeller chamber, and that the screw will be more effective in this still water than in the flowing race past the propeller in ordinary ships.

Cycling the Jeweller's Enemy.

A jeweller, bemoaning the impending ruin of his business, observes that nowadays young men pass his windows without so much as a glance and go off to the bicycle stores to buy their sweethearts presents, and the worst of it is that the silly girls appreciate the stupid things far more than they do pretty valuables in the way of rings and watches. In fact, he states that he quite expects to hear before long that it is fashionable for young people to give away bicycles instead of rings when plighting their troth.—London Mail.

Unique Postoffice.

In Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, an extremely informal postal system is in vogue in the interior of the country. As the little mail steamer reaches a landing-place one of the men goes ashore with the letters, which he places in a little box on the pier. Then the passerby who expects a letter opens the box, which is not locked, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by any one.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

The Subject, "Alleviations of War," Most Pertinent to the Exciting Times Through Which We Are Now Passing—Cheer For Those Whose Hearts Are Sad

TEXT: "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."—Psalms 27, iii.

The ring of battle-axes and the clash of shields, and the tramp of armies are heard all up and down the Old Testament; and you find godly soldiers like Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Gideon, and scoundrelly soldiers like Sennacherib, and Shalmaneser, and Nebuchadnezzar. The High Priest would stand at the head of the army and say: "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies, let not your hearts faint; fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them!" and then the officers would give command to the troops, saying: "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it. And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard and hath not eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man eat of it. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in battle and another man take her." Great armies marched and fought. In the time of Moses and Joshua all the men were soldiers. When Israel came out of Egypt there were 600,000 fighting men. Abijah commanded 400,000. Jeroboam commanded 800,000 men, of whom 500,000 were slain in one battle. Some of these wars God approved, for they were for the rescue of oppressed nations, and some of them He denounced, but in all cases it was a judgment upon both victors and vanquished. David knew just what war was when he wrote in the text, "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

David is here encouraging himself in stormy times, and before approaching battles administers to himself the consolatory. So to-day my theme is the "Alleviations of War." War is organized atrocity. It is the science of assassination. It is the convocation of all horrors. It is butchery wholesale. It is murder glorified. It is death on a throne of human skeletons. It is the coffin in ascendancy. It is diabolism at a game of skulls. And the time is coming when war will be an impossibility. How far in the future I cannot say, but there will be a museum of curiosities in which a father and son will one day be walking, and the son will say, "What is that sharp, curved instrument?" and the father will reply, "That is a sword." And the son will say, "What are those round pieces of iron?" and the father will reply, "Those are bullets and cannon balls and bombshells. Those are the things with which in the Dark Ages people killed each other." Yet the father will have hard work to make the son believe that such things were ever used for the destruction of human life. But that time has not yet arrived, and having on other occasions spoken to you of the "Aggravations of War," now that war is actually here it is time to speak of its alleviations.

First, I find an alleviation in the fact that it has consolidated the North and South after long-continued strained relations. It is thirty-three years since our Civil War closed, and the violences are all gone and the severities have been hushed. But ever and anon, in oration, in sermon, in newspaper editorial, in magazine article, on political stump, and in Congressional hall, the old sectional difference has lifted its head; and for the first time within my memory, or the memory of any one who hears or reads these words, the North and the South are one. It was not a four years' war, but a fifty years' war; war of tongue, war of pen, war of printing press. But by a marvelous providence, the family that led in opposition to our Government thirty years ago, is represented at the front in this present war. Nothing else could have done the work of unification so suddenly or so completely as this conflict. At Tampa, at Chattanooga, at Richmond, and in many other places the regiments are forming, and it will be side by side, Massachusetts and Alabama, New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Maine and South Carolina. Northern and Southern men will together unlimber the guns and rush upon the fortification and charge upon the enemy and shout the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnson and Joseph Hooker will give the command on the same side. The old sectional grudges forever dead. The name of Grant on the Northern side and of Lee on the Southern side will be exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee on the same side. The veterans in Northern and Southern homes and asylums are stretching their rheumatic limbs to see whether they can again keep step in a march, and arresting their eyesight to find whether they can again look along the gun-barrel to successfully take aim and fire. The old war cry of "On to Richmond!" and "On to Washington!" has become the war cry of "On to Havana!" "On to Porto Rico!" "On to the Philippine Islands!" The two old rusty swords that in other days clashed at Murfreesboro and South Mountain and Atlanta, are now lifted to strike down Hispanic abominations.

Another alleviation of the war is the fact that it is the most unselfish war of the ages. While the commercial rights of our wronged citizens will be vindicated, that is not the chief idea of this war. It is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of people from starvation and multiform maltreatment. A friend who went out under the flag of the Red Cross two years ago to assuage suffering in Armenia, and who has been on the same mission, under the same flag, in Cuba, says that the sufferings in Armenia were a comedy and a farce compared with the greater sufferings of Cuba. At least two hundred thousand graves are calling to us to come on and remember by what process their occupants died. It is the twentieth century crying out to the nineteenth: "Do you mean to pass down to us the curse with which you have been blasted? Or will you let me begin under new auspices and turn the island of desolation into an island Edenic?"

It is a war inspired by mercy, which is an attribute in man imitative of the same attribute of God. In no other age of the world could such a war have been waged. The gospel of kindness needed to be recognized throughout Christendom in order to make such a war possible. The chief reason why most of the European nations are not now banded together against us is because they dare not take the part of that behemoth of cruelty, the Spanish Government, against the crusade of mercy which our nation has started. Had it been on our part a war of conquest, a war of annexation, a war of aggrandizement, there would have been by this time enough flying squadrons coming to this country across the Atlantic to throw into panic every city on our American seaboard.

The wars of the Crusaders were only to regain an empty sepulchre; the Napoleonic wars, with their six million slaughtered men, were projected and carried out to appease the ambition of one man; of the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, and of the sixty million slain in the wars under Julius Cæsar; of the one hundred and eighty million slain in wars with Turks and Saracens; of the fifty million slain in wars with Xerxes; of the twenty million slain in wars of Justinian; and the thirty-two million slain in the wars of Genghis Kahn, not one man was sacrificed for mercy; but in this Hispanic-American war every drummer boy, or picket, or gunner, or standard-bearer, or skirmisher, or sharpshooter, or cavalryman, or artilleryman, or engineer who falls, falls in the cause of mercy, and becomes a martyr for God and his country.

Another alleviation of this war is that it is for the advancement of the sublime principle of liberty, which will yet encircle the earth. Not only will this war free Cuba, but finally will free Spain. By what right does a dynasty like that stand, and a corrupt court dominate a people for centuries, taxing them to death, riding in gilded chariot over the necks of a beggared population?

Another alleviation is that the war opens with a great victory for the United States. In the most jubilant manner let the victory of our navy be celebrated. With the story of the destroyed battleship fresh in the minds of the world it would require no ordinary courage to sail into the harbor of Manila and attack the Spanish shipping. That harbor, crowded with sunken weaponry of death, to enter it was running a risk enough to make all nations shiver. But Manila is ours, and the blow has shaken to the foundation the palaces of Madrid, and for poor Cuba's sake the doubtful nations are on our side. For Commodore Dewey and all who followed him let the whole nation utter its most resounding huzza; and more than that, let us thank the Lord of hosts for his guiding and protected power. "Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

Another alleviation is the fact that in this war the might is on the side of the right. Again and again have liberty and justice and suffering humanity had the odds against them. It was so when Benhadad's Syrian hosts, who, were in the wrong, at Aphek, came upon the small regiments of Israel, who were in the right, the Bible putting it in one of those graphic sentences for which the book is remarkable—"The children of Israel pitched before them like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the whole country." It was so in the awful defeat of the Lord's people at Gilboa and Megiddo. It was so recently when gallant and glorious Greece was in conflict with gigantic Mohammedanism, and the navies of Europe hovering about the Bosphorus were in practical protection of the Turkish government, fresh from the slaughter of one hundred thousand Armenians. It was so when, in 1776, the thirteen colonies, with little war shipping and a few undrilled and poorly-clad soldiers, were brought into a contest with the mightiest navy of all the earth and an army that commanded the admiration of nations. It was so when Hungary went under. It has been so during all the struggles heretofore for Cuban independence. But now it is our powerful navy with enough guns to send the opposing fleet as completely under as when the Red Sea submerged Pharaoh's army.

Another alleviation is the fact that we have a God to go to in behalf of all those of our countrymen who may be in especial exposure at the front, for we must admit the perils. It is no trifling thing for 100,000 young men to be put outside of home restraints and sometimes into evil companionship. Many of the brave of the earth are not the good of the earth. To be in the same tent with those who have no regard for God or home; to hear their holy religion sometimes slurred at; to be placed under influences calculated to make one reckless; to have no Sabbath, except such Sabbath as in most encampments amounts to no Sabbath at all; to be out from homes where all sanitary laws are observed into surroundings where questions of health are never discussed; to invade climes where pestilence holds possession; to make long marches under blistering skies; to stand on deck and in the fields under fire, at the mercy of shot and shell—we must admit that those thus exposed need especial care, and to the Omnipresent God we have a right to commend them, and will commend them. Postal communication may be interrupted, and letters started from camps or homes may not arrive at the right destination, but however far away our loved ones may be from us, and however wide and deep the seas that separate us, we may hold communication with them via the throne of God.

A shipwrecked sailor was found floating on a raft, near the coast of California. While in the hospital he told his experience, and said that he had a companion on the same raft for some time. While that companion was dying of thirst he said to him: "George, where are you going?" and the dying sailor said: "I hope I am going to God." "If you do," said the rescued sailor, "will you ask Him to send some water?" After the death of his companion, the survivor said, the rain came in torrents, and slaked his thirst and kept him alive until he was taken to safety. The survivor always thought it was in answer to the message he had sent to heaven asking for water. Thank God we may have direct and instantaneous communication with the Lord Almighty through Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, and in that faith we may secure the rescue of our imperiled kindred. Is not that a mighty alleviation?

Morning, noon and night let us commend this beloved land to the care of a gracious God. That He answers prayer is so certain that your religion is an hallucination if He does not answer it. Pray that in reply to such supplication the farmers' boys may get home again in time to reap the harvest of next July; that our business men may return in time to prepare for a fall trade such as has never yet filled the stores and factories with customers, and that all the homes in this country now saddened by the departure of father or brother or son may months before the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays be full of joy at the arrival of those who will for the rest of their lives have stories to tell of double-quick march, and narrow escape, and charges up the parapets, and night set on fire with bombardment, and our flag hauled up to places from which other flags were hauled down.

At Plymouth, England, on the 19th of July, the prominent officers of the navy were in a bowling alley, bowling with great glee—Lord Howard, the High Admiral; Sir Martin Frobisher, the daring explorer, and Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator of the world—when word came to them that the Spanish Armada was advancing. The officers continued at the game of the bowling alley until the game was finished, and then went out to investigate the tidings, and, sure enough, that mighty fleet, which was considered invincible, and which was to bombard and overthrow England, was approaching, but the invading navy was destroyed, for the Lord Almighty appeared in the fight.

A storm such as had never swept the coast of England or aroused the ocean swooped upon the Spanish Armada. Most of the ships soon went down under the sea, while others were driven helplessly along to be splintered on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Norway. Another Spanish Armada is crossing the Atlantic, and we are ready to meet them. The same God who destroyed the Armada in 1588 reigns in 1898. May He in His might, either through human arm or dumb element, defeat their squadron, and give victory to the old flag.

Yet what the world most wants is Christ, who is coming to take possession of all hearts, all homes, all Nations; but the world blocks the wheels of His chariot. I would like to see this century, which is now limping toward its close, find its peroration in some mighty overthrow of tyrannies and a mighty building up of liberty and justice. Almost all the centuries have ended with some stupendous event that transformed Nations and changed the map of the world. It was so at the close of the fourteenth century; it was so at the close of the fifteenth century; it was so at the close of the sixteenth century; it was so at the close of the seventeenth century; it was so at the close of the eighteenth century. May it be more gloriously so at the close of the nineteenth century! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory." Amen and amen.

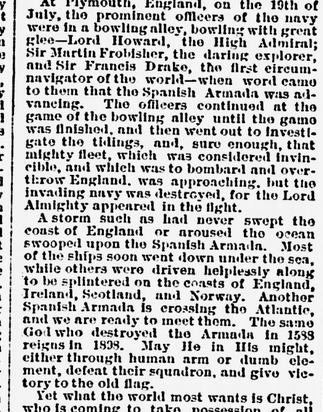
DEPUTY SHERIFF FERGUSON

She Is an Accomplished and Charming Young Lady of Utah.

Miss Claire H. Ferguson, daughter of Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson, one of the distinguished women of Utah, is a deputy sheriff in Salt Lake City. Miss Ferguson was born in Utah and educated at the State university.

"I have served as deputy sheriff since last June," said Miss Ferguson, "although I was not legally qualified until last month, when I attained my majority. I am under $1,500 bonds. I have charge of the civil work."

Miss Ferguson says she cannot remember the time when she was not interested in politics and in law. When her term expires as deputy sheriff she will apply herself seriously to the study of law, and some years hence we may hear of "Judge Ferguson," with another name, doubtless, added.



DEPUTY SHERIFF FERGUSON.

The young lady is extremely prepossessing in appearance and is considered one of the belles of Salt Lake City society. She is musical, fond of athletics and rides, drives and cycles. Her father was a successful physician in Utah, and on his side she is related to the family of the late Gen. U. S. Grant.

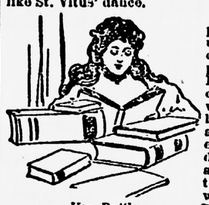
For many years the scientists of all lands have known that gold and silver could be extracted from sea water. Now some men up in Maine have set to work at the task, and present, as indubitable proofs of the success, several hard, cold, but pleasing cones of these precious metals. They don't tell us, though, how much the cones cost them, and until that is done the Klondike will hold its own.

A School Girl's Battle.

From The Mail, Milford, Ind.

Miss Emma Rybolt, a prepossessing school girl of Milford, Ind., is of more than usual intelligence, and is ambitious to rise in the literary world.

"In the fall of 1893," said Mrs. Rybolt, "Emma was taken ill. She was a close student and her work began to tell on her. She grew weak, pale and nervous, and complained of pains in her back, chest and limbs. A few weeks passed and she grew worse. The doctor said she was a victim of nervous prostration, and should have been taken from school weeks earlier. She gradually grew worse, her nerves were so tense that the least noise irritated her and she had a fever and a continual twitching in her muscles. The symptoms were much like St. Vitus' dance.



Her Battle.

"A year passed, and, under a change of physicians, Emma became somewhat better but soon was as bad as ever. One day I read of a case similar to hers which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I decided to try them.

"Emma had no faith in proprietary medicines but tried the pills, and after taking a dozen doses, she began to improve. It was about the first of April when she began and by the middle of May, after taking about eight boxes, she was entirely cured.

"While ill, she lost twenty-eight pounds, but now weighs more than ever before. Her nerves are strong and she is in perfect health. We are all confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured her, and I cheerfully recommend them in all similar cases. MRS. E. A. RYBOLT."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this third day of September, 1897.

CALVIN BAKER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, will build up a run down system and are a specific for paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases long regarded as incurable.

OIL SHIP BURNED AT SEA.

Flames Prove Unquenchable and the Vessel Is Sunk.

The Newcastle steamer Edenmoor has been burned and sunk. She was on a passage from Batoum to Kurrachee with a cargo of petroleum in tin cases, of which she had about 112,000 on board. Capt. Laurenson, who was in command, has been in the employ of the owners for some time. The story of the loss of the ship, as unfolded in Capt. Laurenson's letter to his owners, shows that on Nov. 24, at 9:30 a. m., while proceeding down the Red Sea and being six miles south by southeast of Jeb el Teir Island, the engineer noticed that a fire had broken out in the engine room. The captain called all hands to couple the hose and stop the ship. The chief engineer then informed the captain that he could not get at the pumps, as the whole of the engine room was on fire. The captain went aft, and on looking through the aft port into the engine room he saw the "whole place was in flames." It was apparent that nothing could be done to put the fire out and the captain ordered the starboard lifeboat and jolly boat to be ready and swung in case of an explosion. He then signaled to her Majesty's ship Edgar, which was near, "I am on fire and require assistance." The Edgar immediately bore down, lowered a cutter and sent it alongside in charge of a lieutenant. When the lieutenant saw how far the fire had got hold of the ship and that smoke was rushing through No. 2 ventilator he signaled to the Edgar that unless they could come alongside immediately with their fire hose there could be no possible chance of saving the Edenmoor. There was a rough sea running and the Edgar could not come alongside. The admiral signaled back for the crew to abandon the ship, and followed that up with a signal gun that they might immediately carry out the order, as he feared an explosion.

The Edgar remained near till 2:40 p. m., when she proceeded to take the burning vessel in tow, and at 5:20 p. m. succeeded in doing so, allowing no one to remain on board the Edenmoor. The admiral's object was to tow her either to Aden or Perim. The Edgar towed all night till 6:40 a. m., when the hawser parted. The Edgar was then stopped with the object of recommencing the tow. At 10:30 a. m. Admiral Fitzgerald sent for the captain, officers and engineers of the Edenmoor and pointed out the hopelessness of saving their ship, as she was on fire right alongside the starboard side of the bridge deck and the flames were half way up the funnel. The after part of No. 2 hold had caught fire as well and smoke was issuing through the ventilators. The admiral asked Capt. Laurenson if anything could be done to save the ship, to which the latter reluctantly replied that nothing could be done. The Edgar's deck was then cleared, she commenced firing and after a number of rounds of shot and shell had been fired the Edenmoor capsized and sank stern first. It is explained that although the oil was in tin cans, the heat would rapidly melt the solder and liberate the inflammable contents of the cases.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

MAORIS BECOMING EXTINCT.

New Zealand Colored Race Is Fast Succumbing Before the Whites.

The Maoris of New Zealand seem to be doomed to extinction in spite of the fact that all the conditions surrounding them appear to be favorable to their survival. The quarrel between the races is ended, and large tracts of land are reserved for them. The young men are educated, 90 per cent. of them being able to read and write. Their chiefs in many cases derive large incomes from rents of land, and are represented in the legislature. A great Maori college stands at Te Auti, Hawke's Bay, and not a few of the cleverer Maori youths have passed through the classes of the New Zealand university. And yet the Maoris, under that mysterious law which makes a colored race vanish before the breath of the all-conquering whites, are passing away.

A conference of educated Maoris was held a short time ago, and papers were read on the condition and prospects of the race. These are now published in pamphlet form, and make a very melancholy bit of literature. It is declared that 90 per cent. of educated Maoris go back from their schools to mere savagery. The race, these representative Maoris declare, is lower both in morals and in vitality than it has ever yet been, and threatens to perish. Yet physically and intellectually the Maori is—or was—the finest colored race in the southern hemisphere.—New York Evening Post.

Poetry of motion is synonymous with the motion of poetry when the editor tosses it into the waste basket.

He Preferred He Playing.

From Brooklyn Life comes the report of a sharp encounter between a man and a woman, one rude, the other witty.

Mrs. M., a well-known Bostonian, who talks very wittily and plays very well, once asked Prof. Blackenstein what made him so thoughtful.

"Madam," he replied, "I am wondering how it is you can make the piano talk so divinely and yourself so foolishly."

"Ah, well," retorted Mrs. M., "you see the piano knows it has me to listen to it, whereas I know I have only you to listen to me, which makes the difference."

"I pray you," said the professor, "play again. I like your playing best."

New-Fangled Medical Methods.

Aunt Becky—I don't believe in that young doctor, anyway.

Niece—Why not, auntie?

Aunt Becky—Well, the medicine he gives don't taste bad enough to do any good.—New York Journal.

A Beautiful Skin

is one of the chief requisites of an attractive appearance. Rough, dry, scaly patches, little blistery eruptions, red and unsightly ringworms—these would spoil the beauty of a veritable Venus. They are completely and quickly cured by Tetterine. 50 cents a box at drug stores or for 50 cents in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The beauty of holiness is not marred by time.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Franco gathers a window tax on more than nine million houses.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

Veneer cutting has reached such perfection that a single elephant's tusk, thirty inches long, is now cut into a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and 20 inches wide.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

In the great volcano district of Iceland there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. A beautiful grotto penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists

Gloves made of frogskin are the latest novelty.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Fidelity to principle is the highest expediency.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

The lover of truth is a hater of persecution.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Heart wisdom is ahead of book learning.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

All beggars in Italy must be duly licensed.

Sent free, Klondike Map

From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Persia has only women carpet weavers.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1891.

Thunder can be heard nine miles away.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Cand