LIFE'S BITTERNESS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Draws a Contrast Between Selfishness and Kindness.

We Should Strive to Make This World a Pleasant Place—Those Who Scatter Wormwood Are Likened to Attila the Hun.

Washington, March 12.—The contrast between a life of selfishness and a life of kindness is set forth by Dr. Talmage in the discourse upon the baleful character of a conqueror of olden time; text, Revelation viii. 10, 11, "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Speech and Growth, Thomas Scott, Hallowell, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem and the Morning Star of Revelation and the Star of Peace, but never before called us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the King of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping into his camp, and he had it killed and dressed for his supper. But when he came back from the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, lo, there was no hoof, no horn, no head, no neck, no shoulder, no side of the ox, although it had dropped from the heavens, and had been cut. The herdsman pulled up the sword, and pushed it into Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens, from the grasp of the God of Battles, and he being given to him to conquer the world, should conquer and govern the whole world. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called "Alexander, the Merciful," or "Charles, the Good," or "Richard, the Lion-hearted," but this man delighted in being called "The Scourge of God."

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He made Constantinople bend its ruinous walls to the earth, and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine ladies, in the ruinous towns, shaved their heads and painted their faces to look like the faces of men, that they might escape the violation of the Huns. When a city surrendered, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, were immediately enlisted under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives for the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

Scourge of Hell.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle the ancient world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, then a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the wrath of God," and all the people took up the cry, "It is the rod of God." As the cloud of dust was blown under the banners of approaching armies marched to do battle against Attila, "the Scourge of God." Who, most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, when his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspirited with the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his decided color could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed.

The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the Scourge of God" he was the scourge of hell.

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Baleful Influences.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children overlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and to the laughter which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and exclamation, as in bluewather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milldam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do you be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from the silent voice or one step from the still foot. You will not say of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are whacked and cuffed and ear pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharply, and suppressed, until it is wonder that under such process they do not all turn out Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city at your residence? Twill surprise you that you are a star of wit! What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to tinkle it? Bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. Only black and skillful punsters, all repartees, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise to with unusual juxtaposition of words, Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the solid beverage of life the effervescing bubbles which make the cup of earthly bitterness fizz with innocuous hiss, effervesce and disappear. They pluck antidotes. They foster longevity. They slay follies and idiosyncrasies which all the sermons of all the ages have failed to reach. But what are you making of your wit? Is it lacerated with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement of physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Do you employ it in mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of pestilence-invested fire? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at others' misfortune? Is it at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Armenia absinthium into a draft already disastrously poisonous? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the wit of a fiend trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

Ways of Doing Good.

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievements in the orchard. You can advance arboriculture and arrest the doubtful destruction of the American forests. You can put a piece of scripture into the niche of that public academy, you can endow a college, you can stocking 1,000 bare feet from the winter frost, you can build a church, you can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore, you can help to ransom a world. Which man with his hears right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose, that because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila because you are the star Wormwood, and you have embittered one third if not three-thirds of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and depositors and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them. You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity, the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it is Attila sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the tree of life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Scattering Wormwood.

Hundred gated Thebes, for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnak and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her feet, and her streets were crossed with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and trophies? Yet the mighty Thebes lies in the dust. Let the owls hoot and coiled up to shiver in the desolation and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built our gates, our temples to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar for Queen Amyitis, a Median, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon. These hanging gardens, built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On she flaunted a king worthy of his queen. Among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes and palaces stretched and tributary, crying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

What battering ram smote the walls? What plowshare uptorn the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon. I hear the wild waves saying, "Babylon was proud, Babylon was impure, Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

The Lord's Goodness.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of nations that have perished; that our cup of blessing turn not to wormwood and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennial era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and besmirched the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities; it forgot God; it hated justice; it hugged its crimes; it smiled on its high march; it reeled under the blow of calamity; it fell, and as it was going down all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Aha! So would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

Use for Liquefied Air.

It is reported that a use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to The Mining Reporter, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practicable to use liquefied air in underground work, such as mining, driving tunnels and sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the liberation of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills under ground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquid air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous and tedious.

A New Use for Spiders.

In the professional school at Chalis-Meudon, The Industrie Textile states that spiders have now to spin for the benefit of the balloons which are used for scientific and military researches. The spiders are grouped in dozens before a tree which withdraws the delicate threads. One spider can give a thread from 20 to 40 yards in length, after which performance it is released. The threads are of pinkish hue, and are washed to remove the sticky outer layer. Spiders have to be combined. The resulting texture is much lighter than ordinary silk of the same bulk, and strong cords for military balloons can no doubt be obtained in this way.

Fish With an Elastic Stomach.

The good old rule that a receptacle must be larger than its contents finds apparent refutation in the case of the chisel-mouth, a fish, popularly known as "the black swallower." It is noted for its voracity and for the enormous distensibility of its stomach, which permits it to swallow fishes larger than itself.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S STAND.

Relates a Scene He Witnessed as the Reason Why He Became a Prohibitionist.

Rudyard Kipling says that one evening in a concert hall, he saw two young men ply two girls with liquor until they were drunk. They then led them, staggering, down a dark street. The rest of the story he gives in Mr. Kipling's own words: "I, he says, then became a prohibitionist. Before that I was a moderate man, holding opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Before it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow mindedness of the majority? Better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to let the temperance liquor slip out of young souls and on the road? I did not understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately,' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and it has been a fool in writing to the contrary."

This is important testimony. Rudyard Kipling is no unknown person. No one can accuse him of intolerance or fanaticism. No one can taunt him with ignorance of life.

Proof Positive.

"Do you believe in hypnotism?"

"Yes. Did you notice that young woman who just passed out of the office? Well, she got me to subscribe for a $4 book that I shall never want and that she knew I'd never want."—Chicago News.

Jottings of Temperance.

At the demand of the ministers of Denver, Col., the chief of police says he will enforce the law against wine rooms in connection with saloons.

Faith in God and hard work will not only strangle the liquor fiend, but it will ultimately drive the devil out of the world.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Presbyterian Synod of Illinois, in session at Bloomington, passed a resolution pledging the Presbyterian church to prohibition as the most effective plan for dealing with intemperance.

Iowa druggists are being assessed the regular saloon license tax of $50 per month in some towns. Sioux City insists on this rule, because the saloons of that place sell less whisky than the drug stores.

While an ax, no matter how sharp it is, cannot chop of itself, a strong man can make the ax chop. So while a prohibitory law of itself may not prohibit, a prohibitory party can make prohibition prohibit.

Edison Is Queer.

"Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions?" was asked of Edison.

"No. I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. When I fully decide that a result is worth getting, I go ahead and make trial after trial until it comes."

"What inspires you to this constant tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it. I don't know any other reason. Anything I have begun is on my mind, and I am not easy until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?"

"Yes, when it is all done and a success, I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used the telephone in years, and I would go out of my way to miss an incandescent light."

FARM AND FIELD AND GARDEN

EARLY TOMATOES.

Preparation of the Soil—Setting the Plants in the Field.

While the tomato is adapted to many soils it must be remembered when the aim is early maturity that a too fertile soil or one in which the fertility is widely distributed and which is desirable where a general crop is grown is to be avoided, since such soils tend to produce a too rapid and too large growth of vine, thus partially defeating the purpose in view—namely, a quick growth of plant and a rapid development of fruit. The active fertilizing matter should be concentrated within the immediate reach of the roots. A soil not naturally very poor, in which the added fertility may be provided, both as to place and time, is will best serve the purpose, is most desirable. A light, sandy loam, high and well drained, is perhaps the ideal for early tomatoes, provided the proper nourishment is given from artificial sources.

The previous treatment of the soil should be such as to free it from weeds and to leave it in a thoroughly friable condition. A crop of corn, potatoes, sweet potatoes or melons is better to precede tomatoes than a hay crop. A clover or timothy sod or a green crop, such as rye, may, however, precede, provided it is plowed either in fall or very early in spring, in time to permit of a thorough mellowing by cultivation before the plants are set. After this preparation the usual practice is to open furrows 4½ feet each way, throwing the dirt both ways and leaving a furrow at least 8 inches deep and 10 inches wide at the bottom.

The setting in the field should not begin until the weather is settled. A warm, bright day should be selected and the work pushed as rapidly as possible. If set on a cold, dark day, the beginning of the season and her early settings are liable to be blasted. The plants should be thoroughly watered, in order to obviate as far as possible any bad effect from immediate drought or hot weather. If the plants have been grown in hives, the operation of planting may be carried on as follows:

For carrying to the field, a low wheel-wagon, lengthened to 16 feet, on which a plank is placed which will carry about 225 plants, is very convenient. When in the field boys carry the boxes and set them by the hills. Two men follow, take the boxes in hand and turn out the block of earth with the plant. If manure has been used in the hill, this is divided and the plant placed in it and surrounded by the manure. Another man follows with a hoe and draws the loose soil from both sides of the furrow around the plant and presses it firmly with his feet.

Professor E. B. Voorhees recommends in farmers' bulletin No. 76 the treatment of the field and the manner of setting plants here described, and says that plants thus set rarely wilt or feel the effects of the setting, and start at once into new life and vigor of growth. If the conditions are favorable, new roots will be formed in 48 hours.

Forcing Asparagus in the Field.

A method of forcing asparagus in the field recently reported by the Missouri station is: Trenches are made by running a plow twice in a place between the rows so as to throw the soil on to them. The trenches are then made uniform by means of a spade. When finished, they are three or four inches lower than the crown of the plants. They are covered with 12 inch boards resting on four inch blocks on either side of the trenches, thus forming tunnels between the rows. The boards are covered with two or three inches of soil, and over the whole but five or six inches of horse manure is placed. Steam from the boiler is carried to the end of the central tunnel by a steam pipe, and from there forced into the various tunnels through a steam hose. The steam comes into direct contact with the soil penetrates it readily, and thereby warms the whole bed uniformly to the desired temperature, keeps the soil moist, and maintains a continuous fermentation of the manure mulch. About five minutes at a time was as long as steam could be forced into the tunnels without danger of injuring the plants. This method was first tested at the station in the winter of 1896.

Grain Crops of 1899.

The final estimates of the acreage, production and value of wheat, corn and oats in the United States as given in the crop report of the department of agriculture are: Wheat, 44,055,276 acres, 675,148,706 bushels; corn, 77,731,781 acres, 1,924,184,660 bushels; oats, 22,777,110 acres, 730,905,643 bushels.

The acreage of winter wheat for the present season is estimated at 29,953,639, which is 2,311,968 acres greater than the area sown in the fall of 1897 and 4,208,809 acres in excess of the winter wheat area actually harvested in 1898. The acreage of winter rye is estimated at 2,7 per cent less than that of last year.

KAISER AND RHODES.

South African Magnate Talks to Kruger's Good Friend.

THE BRITISH PAPERS JUBILANT.

Belief Expressed That Reconciliation Between Britain and Germany Is Now Complete—Emperor Listens to the Story of Cape-to-Cairo Railway—The Queen at Nice—Cable News.

Berlin, March 13.—The Reichstag on Saturday adopted the colonial estimates, including those for the administration of New Guinea, which, in pursuance of a recent agreement arrived at with the New Guinea Company, becomes a German protectorate.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was among those who listened to the debate, during which the question of his presence in Berlin was raised.

Dr. von Bockha, director of the Colonial Department, said the negotiations relative to the Bechuanaland Railway concerning German East Africa had not reached definite results, but, he added, permission would be granted under the fullest guarantee for German interests. Several members, including Herr Lieber, the Centrist leader, commented upon the "painful emotions" aroused by the presence in Berlin of the prime mover in an undertaking unfriendly to Germany.

Later Received Rhodes.

Emperor William received Mr. Cecil Rhodes in audience at one o'clock on Saturday evening.

English Papers Jubilant.

London, March 13.—The English papers are jubilant at the prospects of the success of Cecil Rhodes' visit to Berlin and his audience with Emperor William, which, it is said, promises well for the Cape-to-Cairo railroad.

Complete Reconciliation.

Emperor William, it is announced this morning, will arrive at Cowes, July 20 for a yachting week. The Daily Graphic, in commenting upon the announcement, says: "Coming immediately after the Emperor's reception of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, it marks the complete reconciliation of Great Britain and Germany."

Emperor Showed Great Interest.

The Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail says: I am informed that Emperor William displayed great interest in the conference with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, asking many questions as to the railway's science, which, he said, he had studied closely, revealing his own views. He also expressed the hope to see Mr. Rhodes again before he leaves Berlin."

RUSSIA AND FRANCE DENIED.

To English Capitalists Are Seeking Concessions Against Extensions in China.

London, March 13.—A dispatch from Shanghai says that the Russian consul has joined with the French consul in a protest addressed to the English, American and German consuls against the extensive English settlement at Pekin, which, it is said, is for the claims of Russian and French subjects. Similar extensions shall have been satisfied.

The French and Russian ministers at Pekin on Saturday protested to the Tsung Li Yamen against extensions of land in Shanghai to American, English or other foreign "protégés," which, it is not made clear, do not include Chinese, or French and Russian interests. The French Government maintained, it is claim that the ground occupied by English and American traders is outside the limits of the old concessions.

Italy Is Persistent.

Pekin, March 13.—The Italian minister here, Signor Martino, has addressed a note to the Foreign Office making a request to take back the Italian dispatch asking for a concession in Sanmun bay, the Foreign Office to accept it as a demand, adding that he was willing to enter into friendly negotiations as to the details, but insisting upon an answer within four days. This note was couched in courteous terms, but the Chinese regard it in the minority of an ultimatum, to which they will probably yield.

Marchand Helped Kitchener.

Paris, March 13.—The Eclair published details supplied by the Due de Castries concerning the Marchand mission, upon Major Marchand's mission at Fashoda, declaring that Marchand's fighting greatly assisted General Kitchener's advance to Omdurman. The reappearance of the Khalifa, the paper adds, proves that the Sirdar's reported victory was a gigantic bluff.

Mail advices from Abyssinia confirm the reported arrival of Major Marchand at a point 20 days' journey from Addis-Ababa, where he was received with great enthusiasm.

THE POPE'S LATEST.

Rome, March 13.—Pope Leo XIII., just before his illness, wrote some beautiful hexameters in Latin addressed to Rome, which, translated, read as follows:

The Italian Centurion.

Lo! Christ is nigh and His delight it is
To greet you as His spouses—sweetest name—
Who to a holy pact to Him are pledged,
For ever, in the manner, His gives you.
Within the peaceful precincts of your cells
Ye lead a blameless life. You blossom there
Like fragrant lilies in a garden close;
Let Satan spread his nets and baleful arts
And with his crowd, the chief mark to crave,
Jesus, Who ever guards, shall fly to aid
And make the weakest powerful in the fray.
Then shall He make your love more ardent glow
And shield you from the stormy heat;
Your souls will wend your sweetness guiding
And when at length your happy course is run
And to you faithful ones Death shows himself,
All trembling and with visage mild and kind,
Our Lord shall give you His supremest gift,
From your dread side He shall lead you then
To the celestial choirs and bid you there
Be ever blessed with Him.

A Danish Prince Born.

Copenhagen, March 13.—Princess Alexandrine, wife of Prince Christian, heir to the throne of Denmark, gave birth to a son on Saturday.

A Solemn Te Deum.

Rome, March 13.—A solemn Te Deum was celebrated at St. Peter's Cathedral yesterday to commemorate the Pope's recovery and his coronation in the Sistine Chapel on March 3, 1878. Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, officiated in the presence of an immense congregation. Last evening the Piazza di San Pietro was illuminated.

HER MAJESTY STARTS.

The Sea Was Calm—Several of the Royal Family Also Left for Paris—Reception at Boulogne.

London, March 13.—Queen Victoria started for the Continent on Saturday. The sea was calm.

The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark also left England, by way of Paris, where they will spend two days. They will then go to Marseilles and embark on the royal yacht Osborne for a Mediterranean cruise.

Reception at Boulogne.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 13.—Immense crowds awaited the arrival in the harbor of the special steamer bearing the Queen, while the town and all the vessels in the port were decorated with bunting and the route from the quay to the railway station was lined with troops. A brilliant gathering of military and naval officers and prominent civil officials boarded the steamer and were introduced to the Queen, who, speaking in French, cordially thanked them for the welcome extended to her. Several superb baskets of flowers and a number of engravings representing the last visit of Her Majesty to Boulogne in 1853 were presented to the royal visitor. As the Queen's special train drew out of the station an artillery salute was fired.

Arrival at Nice.

Nice, March 13.—Queen Victoria arrived by special train from Boulogne-sur-Mer yesterday afternoon. When passing through Toulon Her Majesty summoned the sub-prefect and expressed to him her sympathy with the families of the victims of the explosion of the papal power magazine at La Gaubran last Sunday morning, promising to send a donation to the fund of the unfortunate.

All the customary honors were paid to Her Majesty on her arrival. The streets were thronged with people cheering heartily, and the municipal authorities presented a magnificent bouquet, tribute form of a gold casket, which, it is said, was surmounted with two vases and other

DRIVING OUT FILIPINOS.

After Extensive Preparations the Americans Began a General Advance on Insurgents.

Manila, March 13.—Extensive preparations are being made for a general advance of the American forces. At daylight on Saturday the rebels were caught napping in an enfilading trench at Caloocan, which was shelled.

Desultory firing also took place at San Pedro Macati.

The last batch of Spanish soldiers, numbering about 1,000, sailed for Spain, and in the hospitals, were embarked on board the transport Buenos Ayres on Saturday.

No Place for Women and Children.

Washington, March 13.—The War Department on Saturday issued the following cablegram from General Otis at Manila:

"Manila not safe place for officers' families. Great difficulty in caring for them now here, and their safety once at the chief seat of extreme. Difficult families should remain in the United States."

Under such conditions, the Secretary of War says that no more families of officers of the United States will be permitted to accompany troops.

Driving Out the Filipinos.

Manila, March 13.—(10.50 a.m.)—Gen. Wheaton's newly-formed brigade advanced at 7 o'clock this morning. It is now moving on Pasig, meeting with slight resistance. Other rebels are in full retreat. A gunboat is clearing the jungle along the river banks, which have been carried as far as Guadalupe. The purpose of the movement is to clear the country to La Guna De Bay.

To Certificate Shoddy Goods.

New York, March 13.—Developments from Tokio recently in this city concerning being the startling intelligence that the Japanese Government is considering a plan to compile Christianity into the religion of the Empire. That such a move would really be startling may be appreciated with the distance of 8,000 miles.

There are 44,000,000 people in Japan. Only 300,000 of them are professing Christians. In other words, one native out of every 220 calls himself a Christian. The remaining 43,800,000 are divided between Buddhism and a cheerful agnosticism, which accords well with the Oriental temperament.

Two Fighting Monsters Launched.

Liverpool, March 13.—The British battleship Glory, 12,000 tons, was launched from Laird's shipyards at Birkenhead on Saturday morning. The Glory is designed to develop a speed of 18 knots.

The battleship Implacable was also successfully launched at Davenport in the presence of the Crown Prince of Siam and a large gathering of distinguished Britons. The Implacable is of 15,000 tons and 13,000 indicated horse-power, and will carry 16 guns.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Soft gray czarina, much like French camel's hair in effect comes in all the varied tones so popular at this time of years.

Bajadere effects will reappear this spring, and there is enough diversity shown in these cross stripes to render them suitable for either tall or short figures.

The new choices for tailor costumes are very attractive and stylish. The colors are mixed, as usual, but most of the very desirable patterns are quiet and unobtrusive.

Four-in-hand scarfs, with very long ends that reach the belt, will, this spring be worn with smart tailor made shirt waists of fancy silk, faille, silk dotted French moiré, etc.

Tight three or five piece sheath skirt, with short jacket and vest tastefully braided or trimmed with soutache in applique designs, is still a very popular style for general uses this spring.

Some of the new English walking jackets for next season are curled back in gracefully shaped revers to the waist line. Others are worn closed straight down from the neck fastened diagonally from the left shoulder.

A dainty fluffiness about the neck, produced by plaitings of white lace or chiffon interwingled with outstanding loops of very narrow black velvet ribbon, is decidedly becoming to women with slender throats and faces.

Besides the new, very smart, little jackets, military coats, separate jacket bodices, tailor made boleros, stylish English cutaways and many shaped "Louis," there will appear with both Lenten and Easter models very handsome costumes made with wraps en suite.

Black silk braids and black woven chenille in patterns like soutache trimmings are woven and twisted into various fanciful and conventional designs for skirt, bodice and jacket trimmings, yokes, curving collars and flaring cuffs, guimpes, vest fronts and corset covers, and their favor for the spring and summer is already assured.—New York Post.

WEALTHY STAGE LIGHTS.

Probably no actor now on the stage is richer than William H. Crane. He is said to be worth $250,000, and it is all safely invested.

Joe Jefferson is supposed to be worth about $200,000. Henry Dixey ought to have a lot of money, but after he made $60,000 in "Adonis," he lost it.

The lowest figure put on Francis Wilson's wealth is $100,000. He put $60,000 in "Erminie," and most of his other ventures have paid well. He has invested in real estate.

Della Fox has about $30,000 in jewels. Edna Wallace Hopper is supposed to have $60,000, or $70,000 and a short time ago made $15,000 in a stock speculation. Her interest in "El Capitan" made her $20,000 two years ago.

Nat Goodwin has $80,000 and would have not more had he not persisted in picking so closely his ideal of art. Richard Mansfield is said to be rich. He got $40,000 one year out of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He owns property and has a fine home.

Lillian Russell always works on guarantees and is sure of $3,000 a week. She does not speculate and has made good investments. May Irwin owns a whole island up in the St. Lawrence. Ada Rehan has put about $60,000, and Mme. Modjeska is comfortably supplied with money.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Grub out all worthless trees.

Plan out the orchard in winter.

Do not prune the peach until spring.

Tobacco smake will kill the greenfly.

As a rule it is safer and better to plant young trees than to graft old ones.

House plants often fail to do well on account of lack of light in the rooms.

Severe pruning is necessary on a vigorous grapevine to prevent its overbearing.

Slight in pear trees may often be effected by cutting out the unripened sprouts that have been winter killed.

Most fruit trees bear fruit on short spurs of last year's growth. This is the case with the apple, pear, plum and cherry.

Fruit trees, grapevines and bushes should have no place in the garden. They draw nourishment needed by the garden plants.

Sometimes a judicious pruning of the fruit trees will induce fruiting, for the restriction of bloom often tends to setting of fruit.

It is a mistake to suppose that any old worn out soil is good enough for the orchard without fertilization. Good soil is essential to good fruit.—Exchange.

THE PEACE SHOW.

While the czar is calling on the nations to lay down their arms England responds by laying down a couple of new battleships.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reformer Tolstoi told the czar that he would believe in disarmament when Russia begins. The question of precedence in this matter is the ticklish point.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

While waiting for the curtain to go up on the peace conference performance Great Britain is passing away the time building 600 more 14,000 ton battleships at a cost of $9,000,000.—Indianapolis News.

The czar seem's to think that a good way to begin his disarmament programme is to make his peace with Count Tolstoi. There is no doubt of the wisdom of disarming possible enemies first.—Chicago Journal.

Whatever the motive of the young czar—and charity "thinketh no evil"—the burden of such military establishments as those of Europe is too great for any proposition to reduce the load to be dismissed lightly.—Troy Times.

THE CYNIC.

A young man would rather be funny than wise.

Some people never really enjoy themselves except at a funeral.

They Stop Work, Cost Money, Give Pain.

Sprains and Bruises

It costs little to cure them right away with

ST. JACOBS OIL

It saves time, money, misery.

AFRICAN DWARFS.

Return of an English Traveller Who Visited the Central Pigmies and Cannibals in Peke.

Probably there has been no such interest circling among African travellers and geographers since the time of Henry M. Stanley's expedition as has been caused by the arrival from Central Africa the other week of Albert Bushnill Lloyd, a young and hitherto unknown English man, after a journey of three months from the heart of Africa to London, travelling over Stanley's route down the Congo to the west coast.

This journey was in one more remarkable than Stanley's. Inasmuch as Mr. Lloyd travelled quite alone so far as Europeans were concerned, and was only accompanied by two native servants and a small number of carriers. Moreover although he marched three weeks in the pygmy forest and then traversed the whole length of the Aruwimi River, the banks of which are lined with warlike cannibals, he never once fired a shot in self defense. On the contrary, he was on cordial terms with both pygmies and cannibals.

Mr. Lloyd's journey along the almost untrodden path from Uganda was most hazardous. His own friends tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, and on his arrival as the Congo the Belgians could scarcely believe that he had made the trip.

On entering the great primeval forest Mr. Lloyd went west for five days without the sight of a pygmy. Suddenly he became aware of the presence, by mysterious movements among the trees, which he first attributed to the monkeys. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pygmies.

"They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, that, unknown to me, they had been watching for five days, peering through the grove of trees. They were very much alarmed, and even when speaking moved their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snapshot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pygmies would not stand still.

"I tried to measure them and found not one over four feet three inches. All were slender. They just huddle together in a bunch, shoulder to shoulder. All were of their sturdiness. The men have long beards, reaching half way down the chest. They wear plaited grass skirts, which are tightened at the waist, their buckles eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. I had a long talk with a chief, who conversed intelligently about their customs, in the forest and the number of the tribesmen.

"Both men and women, except for a tiny strip of bark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomadic and never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddle together in roughly thrown up huts. Memories of a white traveller—Mr. Stanley, of course—who crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them."

Mr. Lloyd then proceeded south, the cannibal countries to the coast. He found the cannibals warlike and fierce, but open and straightforward, and had no difficulty with them. At one place he put together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibals—men, women and children—turning, out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

"A FLEET IN BEING."

Rudyard Kipling's Eulogy of the Beauty of Steam.

Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war, photographed in severe profile is not engaging, but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no ruck of figurehead, bow timbers or bowsprit fitting to distract the eye from its outline or the beautiful curves that mark its melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the swell, down and down till the surprised sea spits off in foam about the hawser holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curves after new curve unfold, humping and purging long the water, which, and recovered from the step the long sucking hollow of her own wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see more. In harbor she still water line, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dances the big sea dance she is as different from her Portsmouth sister as a well-groomed yeoman of the marines is from the same lady as a ball. Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly sure for the work in hand, and in every line of her rejoicing that she is doing in the shows, to these eyes at least, a measure of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved and modified as the sea chooses to have them. Where the bow-spontoned, grenhanging, treble-turreted ships of some other navies hammer and batter into an element they do not understand, she, clean, cool, and self-contained, goes about her business. The new navy offers to the sea precisely as much as take hold of as the trim, level headed woman with generations of inherited experience offers to society.

DISEASE OF THE SPINE.

A Malady That Makes Life Almost Unbearable—A Nova Scotia Lady Tells How to Cure It.

Mrs. Frank Minard, of Milton, N.S., is a lady who possesses the confidence of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Minard has been a sufferer from spinal disease and attendant complications, and to a reporter she recently gave the particulars of her new cure. "At a month or two," she said, "I suffered terribly. At times the pain would be confined to my back, and at other times it seemed to affect every nerve in my body, from the top of my head to my toes. As a result, I was reduced greatly in strength and was unable to stand upon my feet long enough to attend to my household work. When doing any kind of work which required a standing position I had to provide myself with a high chair as a means of support. The medicine which the doctor prescribed for me did not seem to afford me more than temporary relief from the pain, and I was grad