CHRIST'S LAST HOUR

Rev. Dr. Talmage Finds Lessons of Comfort in a Bad Scene.

The Great Divine Says That Heaven's Brightest Crowns Shall Adorn the Brows of Those Who Bear Life's Burdens With Fortitude.

Washington, March 26.—From the pathetic scene of Christ's last hour of suffering Dr. Talmage in this sermon draws lessons of comfort for people in trouble; text, John xix. 30, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, begging, cursing, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged, as bent over and tied to a low post his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone, and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish, a world of agony is compressed in the two words "I thirst!" Oh sikes of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue! Oh, world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain—but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anaesthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

Life's Weak Spots.

In some lives the sunshine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund, skies flamboyant, days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because one day in an interview Beau Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out, "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrea del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata at Florence and gets for pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sours greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the traits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar.

The Treacherous Friend.

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put special stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He unrecognized your faults. He flung contempt at you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at night. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I command to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our $201 They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of drafts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time, but oh, the headaches, and the side aches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you fling and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land, but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

Christ's Privations.

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet you outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you—but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown beam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped or the coin on which he rode or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity, privation of nutritious food, privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep, privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had palaced chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

The Vacant Chair.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now! You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor, but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his home. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Gates of the Future.

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation, I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea. He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies. He twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air. They whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physlanless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and he gathers up the pillows of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

Carry Sorrows to Jesus.

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and a-raging—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious consolation of a Saviour's mercy, and a Saviour's love. Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines, when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it and what that man will say about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signalled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon and thirsting for comfort and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death struck state while all around the sours is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Divine Sympathy.

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Ihert—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no! There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy, notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the disconsolate of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant gospel!

Down to It.

"I would like to interest you in our compressed air motor."

"Compressed nothing! I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole. I'm an expansionist."—New York World.

He Was Disgusted.

A typical specimen of rugged and unlettered rurality, he had managed to make his way unchallenged to the room where a number of men were engaged in getting up articles of pith and moment for a great publication. One of them, a particularly profound and able writer, observed the intruder. He looked at him questioningly. The visitor beamed on him and exclaimed:

"Don't mind me. Go right ahead as if nothin' was happenin'."

The ability man looked at him disapprovingly and tried to resume his work, but the knowledge that the stranger was standing near and with an expression of eager interest in his face banished inspiration.

"Did you want to see anybody in particular?" he inquired.

"No, I jes' happened along. Don't pay no 'tention to me. I don't get into town very often. These sights is a purty comfortin' change from mountain scenery, an' I thought so long as I'd looked at the outsides of most of the places along this street I'd like to take a squint as the inside. I s'pose these is your busy hours. I would not interrup' you fer nuthin' in the world if you've got work to do."

"Well, there's no doubt about my having work to do," was the slightly testy rejoinder.

"Well, go right ahead. I've been hangin' around you here jes' out o' curiosity to see you work."

"Haven't you seen me working for the last 16 minutes? Haven't you seen me grabbing great thoughts out and hurling them through the world? Haven't you noticed the way the perspiration has gurgled off my brow and my brain shook with Titanic cerebral spasms?"

"No, I hain't noticed."

"Well, you jest watch."

He took his pen and proceeded with his writing.

"Mister," inquired the stranger, as he took his hat from the top of his whip, where he had hung it on entering, "is that what you call work?"

"I should say so."

He turned in silence and walked to the door. Then he cast a look of reproach on the man at the desk.

"Jes' sets there and sticks a pen in the bottle an' drags it over a piece of paper, an' then when the ink runs out sticks it in the bottle agin an' then drags it over the paper some more. An' a full-grown man calls that work! Well, I'll be dogged!"

Seed Thoughts.

If you can't swim, never wade in unknown waters.—Bam's Horn.

It is a safe rule to do your duty first, rather than to insist on others doing theirs.—United Presbyterian.

Where a creature or a man forsaketh and goeth out of himself and his own things, there God entereth in with His own, that is, with Himself.—Theologia Germanica.

Religion, pure and unadulterated, consisting in purity of heart, reverence, faith and obedience, is required to complete the life of every human being. Without it he is a failure and a ruin, sometimes a splendid failure and a magnificent ruin, but a ruin and a failure for all that.—Rev. C. E. Strickland.

What we are, sooner or later shows itself in what we seem. Our character unconsciously but inevitably expresses itself in our actions, our speech, our manner, our looks; and finally it is seen by our fellows as they observe us. In this sense, or in view of this truth, we are what we seem, or we come to seem what we are.—S. S. Times.

He must needs be rich whose poverty and crosses are made riches to him. God never takes away or withholds outward blessings from His children but He makes it up in better, in inward. They gain by all their losses and grow rich by all their wants, for how many are there in the world that had not been so rich in grace if they had had abundance of earthly things.—Richard Sibbs.

Value of Details.

People who do great things are always those who have paid attention to the small ones. There are great societies that would never have been formed, great congregations of women that would never have been brought together, but for the possession by some woman of the habit and faculty in writing and correspondence. These things are not put on, and cannot be acquired all at once; they must be a part of the habit of one's life. Attention to as a duty, they are a most important element in success—indeed, it is doubtful if a genuine success in life can be achieved without attention to little things, for neglect of them gives the impression of unreliability—a reputation fatal to any kind of achievement. "Wans of time" is a modern fiction, glibly employed by those who rarely put any portion of their 16 waking hours to any useful purpose.

The Money They Bring.

Statistics in regard to the amount of money brought to this country by European immigrants show that the German is the richest, with an average of $52.50, while the Englishman is a close second, with $52. The Frenchman has $47.25 and the Belgian $45, while the Irishman brings but $18, the Russian $12.50 and the Italian $10.

Probably the Italian takes more back to his native land, however, than any of the others.—New York Tribune.

Lichens on Fruit Trees.

Heavy, shaggy growths of lichens are often seen on fruit trees. We are often asked if they do the trees any harm. This question has never been satisfactorily answered, though scientists assure us that the lichens are not truly parasitic, and do not feed on the substance of the trees to which they are attached. Still, when they grow as thickly as we often see them, they are sure to harbor insects and spores of fungi, and they always make an orchard look untidy and disagreeable. They can be removed by scraping, or they can be killed or their growth prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture.

DUCK BREEDING.

Extracts From G. H. Pollard's Address at the Rhode Island Poultry School—How He Succeeded.

Let us begin with the location of the plant, and that may be almost anything that you can get. While water is one of the almost necessary points, there are many leading breeders who do not have water running through their yards and do not consider it necessary. In establishing a plant, if you could select just what you wanted I should advise you to choose a place with a good, sizable pond or running stream of water, for in that way you would gain in the fertility of the eggs.

The Pekin duck we advocate altogether because of the deep keel. In the improved type the breast line should be nearly parallel with the back and the breast should be nearly the same length as the back. The old line bird is something the shape of a Bartlett pear. Of course it is possible with the old type of bird to get a heavy weight, but the weight does not come in the right place. It is mostly back of the legs, which is where most of the waste comes, and there is no frame to build on. In selecting birds for breeding I would choose preferably birds that only weigh from six to seven pounds apiece alive, and mate them carefully with medium-sized drakes. We used to mate five ducks to one drake, but now I should like to mate up in single pens one drake with five, six or seven females.

We feed them lightly until about the 1st of November, when we generally mate them. I am trying not to force them this year, thinking that it destroys the vitality of the birds and the fertility of the eggs, and so we are feeding what we call "harmless food"—largely clover, perhaps one part clover and three parts bran and two parts corn meal, and we have not fed any beef scraps yet. It is not the question how many eggs they lay, but what we get out of them. I have

THE PEKIN DUCK.

never kept a very accurate account of the number of eggs, but I do know that they do not lay anything like 140 eggs, such as the records we often see printed in the papers. As a rule we get less than 100 rather than over. I think that 90 is nearer what we really get. Now if we get only 90, it is a great point to get 50 good eggs, rather than so many poor ones. It is not the point to get a large number of eggs, but to get fertile ones. By forcing we destroy the fertility, yet the eggs are quite profitable if it does not take too much out of the breeding stock to get them. I would prefer not to have them begin to lay before some time in February. The first few eggs laid will not be very valuable, they are almost always infertile; perhaps the first two or three eggs from each breeder, and the first machineful do not average more than 40 per cent. fertile. If you hatch 33 per cent. of them it will be doing well. If you try the eggs you will see that 35 or 40 per cent. comes nearer the average. We are starting to hatch with hens and machines you will probably find that you average more with hens than machines, but if you average in either case 50 per cent. you will be doing well, 60 per cent. is very good, and 70 per cent. will be doing fairly well. From the 40 per cent. you will naturally expect to raise 85 to 90 ducklings, and that is all that you can expect, and 75 per cent. will often cover those raised by experts.

We feed the old breeding ducks, before we begin to force them for eggs, about a third clover and sometimes plain hay and the rest bran and meal. The idea is to fill them up with something bulky and when they begin to lay we begin with five per cent. of beef scrap and work up gradually, until in a week or so we will be giving them ten or 12 per cent. We keep water before them all the time. At a season of the year when it is possible we let them have it for swimming.

CAPTURE OF MALABON

Two Days of Severe Fighting in the Philippines.

HEAVY AMERICAN LOSSES.

Forty-Seven Were Killed and 200 Wounded in the Battles With the Desperate Filipinos on Saturday and Sunday—The Filipino Loss Reaches Away Up in the Hundreds.

Killed.

On Saturday:	
Officers	2
Enlisted men	22
On Sunday:	
Officers	2
Enlisted men	18
Total	47

Wounded.

On Saturday:	
Officers	2
Enlisted men	142
On Sunday:	
Enlisted men	56
Total	200

Filipino loss is in the hundreds.

THE TAKING OF MALINTA.

There Was Fierce Fighting Before the Village With the Entrenched Filipinos.

Manila, March 27.—The United States troops, under Brig.-Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, captured the town of Malinta, beyond the Tuliahan River yesterday, after a short fight. Col. Harry C. Egbert of the 22nd Regiment Infantry, was killed. Prince Loewenstein, formerly aide-de-camp on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Miller at Iloilo, somehow got in front of the firing line and was shot in the side, dying almost instantly. A German who accompanied him was founded.

45 Killed, 145 Wounded.

The American casualties yesterday were much lighter than those of Saturday, the total loss thus far reported since the engagement commenced being 45 killed and 145 wounded. Gen. Wheaton entered Malinta, which is a small village of huts, at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The United States gunboat Helena and other gunboats have been shelling Malabon, about a mile northwest of Caloocan, for several hours. The insurgents made a fierce resistance to the American advance up the railroad at Malinta. In addition to the fatal wounding of Col. Egbert, several men in the 22nd Infantry and several of the Oregon and Kansas regiments were killed.

Malabon Was Vacated.

Evidently anticipating a bombardment by the fleet, 1,000 rebels vacated Malabon on Saturday night, leaving a few to burn the town. Gen. Wheaton's brigade, composed of the Second Oregon Regiment and the 22nd and 23rd Infantry, stretched out along the railroad from Caloocan to the Tuliahan River, was powerless to prevent the withdrawal, owing to the natural obstacles and the strong opposition.

Burned the Town.

The flames of the burning rice mills and large buildings could be plainly seen from Caloocan, despite the strong sunlight. By 11 o'clock yesterday morning, the only building of importance not destroyed in the centre of the town was a large stone church, but even at noon fresh fires were started among the native huts in the outskirts of Malabon, although the general exodus took place much earlier. Many of the rebels sought refuge in the suburbs of Navotas and Casaig, or were driven inland by the shells of the Helena, Callao, Ning da Pan and La Guna de Bay. In the meantime Gen. Wheaton's brigade held the railroad to the river, but was unable either to repair the bridge, which had been destroyed by the enemy, or to advance, owing to the strong opposition and the hills on the other side.

GEN. M'ARTHUR MOVES.

The Americans Begin a Fight to the Finish With the Filipinos.

Manila, March 27.—Gen. McArthur began his move on the enemy promptly at daybreak on Saturday. Everything had been made ready the day before to strike the Filipinos a crushing blow. The fresh troops just landed from the transport Sherman joined McArthur then and so did Gen. Wheaton's flying column, which has rendered such good service at Pasig and Taguig.

The advance on the rebels was made with Gen. Otis' brigade in the centre, Wheaton on the left and Hale on the right. The Americans charged the enemy's trenches in their usual fearless style. Several lines of them were captured after fierce fighting.

Filipinos Driven Back.

The Filipinos were driven back, but rallied and attacked the left wing (Wheaton's) with great fury. At noon the battle was still raging fiercely, with the insurgents being slowly but surely driven back.

The Filipinos are fighting desperately, as they apparently realize that another sweeping victory for the Americans will probably drive them from their last ditch and crush the revolt. The rebels are in great force and fresh ones are constantly being hurried up to fill their depleted ranks.

Gen. McArthur's fighting force and reserves number nearly 10,000 men. In an engagement under the direction of Gen. Otis Friday night, or, rather, early Saturday morning, the Americans' loss was 100 killed and wounded. Over 400 Filipinos were left on the field of battle. The rebels received the main line to the north of the city, where they made their stand. The present battle will be more disastrous to both sides than any which has taken place during the war, either with the Filipinos or with Spain. The Filipinos believe that they are to be impressed into slavery if conquered. The battle of San Juan near Santiago de Cuba was a mere skirmish to the conflict going on here.

A Sleepless City.

The battle can readily be seen from the city and is a grand though terrible sight. No one slept in Manila on Friday night. All the heights are covered with people watching the fighting between the forces under Otis and the Filipinos. At about midnight the wounded were brought to the city.

Then there was a lull until Gen. McArthur struck camp and began his advance. At about 9 o'clock the wounded of his division began to come in. At least 250 wounded men are now in the hospitals or on the way. There is a great cheer whenever the Filipinos are seen to give back.

Americans Optimistic.

At this hour (2 p.m. Saturday) there is every indication that the movement will be crowned with success. The advance of the brigades of Generals Otis and Hale was supported by the full battery of the Utah Artillery and two guns of the Sixth San Francisco Battery. Del Monti was the first town captured. This was taken by Gen. Hale's men. Half a dozen other towns followed and fell in quick succession until the brigades of Generals Hale and Otis reached Bagbag, where a turn to the left was made, the intention being to flank the insurgents who were strongly entrenched at Polo. Gen. Hale's men were soon engaging the enemy on the extreme right. Gen. Wheaton's brigade advanced directly from Polo from Caloocan. His troops met with desperate resistance, but carried three lines of trenches which extended to the river, after brilliant fighting.

An Inspiring Example.

Wheaton was opposed by 4,000 of the enemy, who were mostly protected by their trenches. Nothing, however, could stop the Americans and they swept the Filipinos before them. The Oregon Volunteers and the 3rd Artillery suffered the heavy losses. Major-General McArthur, who commanded the entire movement, showed his old-time fearlessness and advanced with the firing line, totally unconscious of danger. His example inspired the Americans and they fought with added vigor and fierceness. Our wounded are being brought into Manila from Caloocan by train. In the first load were 42 men, more or less seriously hurt. Chinese coolies are employed as litter-bearers.

Filipinos' Courage Magnificent.

The enemy, apparently demoralized after their first stand on the right, rallied and are now engaged fiercely with our left. They were mowed down by the hundreds, but the gaps in their ranks are being filled up by fresh men. The Filipinos are fighting in sheer desperation, and their courage in the face of their severe loss is magnificent. Reports from the front say that hundreds of them have fallen. The battle of Polo, so far, is the fiercest of the war.

FILIPINO TACTICS.

Uncle Sam Getting a Taste of What the Unfortunate Spaniards Got in Cuba.

Manila, March 27.—The fighting of Saturday and yesterday furnished a specimen of the difficulties with which the Americans have to contend. The Filipinos never, except opposite Malabon, permitted their opponents to get within several hundred yards of them. They would fire a few volleys from their cover and then scuttle back to another cover, repeating these tactics for miles. Many of the trenches had gullies and connecting paths through the cane and brush, enabling them to retreat unseen. The problem the Americans have to face is to drive or lure the insurgents to fight in force. The trenches seem thinly manned, except in the vicinity of Malabon. The Americans, fighting a hidden foe, suffered greater loss in proportion than the enemy. The loss of the Filipinos had formerly been estimated from the number of bodies found scattered in the swamp and through the brush. A larger percentage of the enemy's wounded died than of the Americans, many of them perishing from neglect, the Americans naturally attending their own men first.

The wounded, after treatment in the field hospitals, were brought to the Manila hospital by train. Several trips were made from Caloocan to the city.

AT THE U. S. CAPITAL.

Twenty-Seven United States Soldiers Killed and 150 Wounded, Says General Otis.

Washington, March 27.—Early yesterday morning the first message from General Otis was received and was soon followed by others.

The following are cablgrams received from Gen. Otis:

Manila, March 26.—(9.30 p. m.)—MacArthur has driven enemy strongly entrenched, in large forces, north of Polo; will continue to press him; insurgents have strong entrenchments from Caloocan to Malolos, which have taken them months to construct. Otis.

Determined Fighting Sunday.

Manila, March 26.—Entire casualties yesterday, two officers and 25 enlisted men killed; eight officers and 142 men wounded. Officers killed, Col. Egbert, 22nd Infantry, and Capt. Stewart, 1st Colorado.

To-day's fighting south and around Polo determined. McArthur, with three brigades united, having artillery and cavalry, engaging enemy. Our loss thus far moderate; enemy's heavy. Army gunboats on coasts and in estuaries west and north of Polo very efficient. Troops in excellent condition and spirits. Otis.

Fought All Day Sunday.

Fighting was continued all day Sunday. The casualties are much lighter than on Saturday. So far 18 are reported killed and 40 or 50 wounded.

The American forces took the town of Malinta by storm, during which fight Col. Egbert and several others were killed.

MALABON ON FIRE.

The Filipinos Have Set Fire to Their Stronghold and Are Fleeing.

Manila, March 27.—(9.10 a.m.)—The Filipinos are burning their stronghold at Malabon, and their forces are fleeing from the city in the direction of Malolos. Gen. McArthur's division is pushing toward Malabon. The insurgents will probably make their last stand at Malolos.

WILL OTIS FAIL?

Spaniards Say He Will Win the Battles and Lose the Campaign.

Madrid, March 27.—Spanish officers acquainted with the Philippine Islands, notwithstanding the American successes, continue to predict the failure of Major-General Otis' campaign. They say that while the Americans will undoubtedly win all the battles, they will lose the campaign itself, owing to the aptitude of the Tagalos to conduct a war of surprises and ambuscades.

Malolos, the capital of the rebel government, they add, will fall into the hands of the Americans, but the Spaniards insist that the war will rage as long as the rebels desire it.

Commissioners Under Fire.

Manila, March 27.—President Schurman and Secretary MacArthur of the Philippine commission were under fire yesterday with General Wheaton's brigade.

Madame Dreyfus Fined.

Paris, March 25.—In the Court of Cassation yesterday, M. Ballot de Beaupre, president of the civil section of the Court of Cassation, read a report recommending the rejection of the application of Mme. Dreyfus for the exclusion from the revision inquiry of three judges, MM. Petit, Crepon and Lepelletier, who, in the early stages of the proceedings, decided unfavorably on a Dreyfus question. The public prosecutor recommended that contrary action be taken, formally supporting granting the application of Mme. Dreyfus. After a long deliberation, the court decided to reject the application and condemned Mme. Dreyfus to pay a fine of 100 francs. The fining of Mme. Dreyfus was a formal matter.

Plains of Abraham.

London, March 25.—The Morning Standard comments editorially yesterday on the imminent danger of losing the historic Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, which a recent cablegram reports are to be mapped out into building lots, and says: "Surely something can be done to save from desecration the graves of the gallant combatants of England and France, and preserve the historic site of Wolfe's great victory from the speculative builder."

A Famous Missionary Dead.

London, March 25.—A despatch from Kimberley, in Griqualand, West South Africa, reports the death of the famous missionary, Rev. John Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie worked in the same sphere as Dr. David Livingston and Dr. Moffatt, the former of whom died in 1885 and the latter ten years later. He preceded Mr. Cecil Rhodes as deputy commissioner of Bechuanaland and fought for the Bechuana tribes against the immigrant Boers.

Germany Means Business.

Tangier, March 25.—The German cruiser Bussard arrived here yesterday to support the German school ships Charlotte and Stoch in enforcing the demands made by the German Government for the payment of an indemnity to the German victims of Moroccan outrages, the Sultan still delaying to act up to the agreements arrived at in the matter. If the claims are not speedily settled, complications are threatened.

Ringing the Changes.

"Your poetry reminds me of Kipling's," said the editor.

"Ah, really!" cried the poet.

"Yes, every line of it is a white man's burden."—Philadelphia North American.

Worry.

"I never saw such a man as Jayson is to borrow trouble."

"What's he doing in that line now?"

"Worrying because his lawn mower will have to be sharpened before it can be used again."—Chicago News.

Love and Marriage.

Ethel—Do you mean to say that you think a man has a perfect right to deceive his wife or sweetheart?

Tom—Certainly. All's fair in love and war, you know.—New York Journal.

Foiled.

Smith—I tried to get even with Brown by buying his little boy a drum.

Jones—How did it work?

Smith—I got the worst of it. Brown moved into the flat below mine.—New York Journal.

St. Jacobs Oil

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CURE, COVERING TENS OF THOUSANDS CURED, MILLIONS OF BOTTLES SOLD. ST. JACOBS OIL CONTINUES AND ALWAYS WILL BE THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. ALWAYS USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

PERSIATIC SHEEP DIP AND ANIMAL WASH

PERSIATIC SHEEP DIP is the most highly concentrated and all round satisfactory Dip in the market for curing Skin Diseases in cattle and for destroying vermin. It is powerful without being harsh, and immediate in effect without any irritating or drastic results. Cures Sores, Bruises, Ringworm, Gangrene, Shear Cuts, Red Lice, Skin Worms and Scab. Can be relied on in the worst cases. Mr. G. A. Brodie, Bethesda, Ont., says: "I used it with great success in castrating lambs, healing the wounds rapidly and keeping the maggots away. I consider it the best preparation of its kind in the market.

At Your Dealers or from the Makers. THE PICKHARDT RENFREW CO. LIMITED Stouffville, Ont.

Practical Classics.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of his having a thoroughly good education, finished up by saying, "And be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language."

"All right," said Mrs. Timkins. "He'll want it. He's goin' to be an undertaker."

A DYSPEPTIC'S RELEASE.

Suffered From this Distressing Malady for Many Months—Found Only One Medicine to Help Him.

The farming community at Port Robinson and many miles around are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 23 years of age, who farms in summer and follows threshing in autumn and winter. While yet so young he has had his share of pain and sickness. Our reporter hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he found the reporter's errand he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words:—"I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am not afraid to say a kind word for Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. In the summer of 1897 I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. I felt as though I had an oppressive weight on my stoma h and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He dosed me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail, and for a year I could find no remedy that could cure me. I felt perfectly worn out, had no strength, appetite or energy. I was prevailed upon by a friend from a distance to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased two boxes in June 1898. Although I thought myself beyond cure, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after using nine boxes I feel as good a man as ever and am in splendid flesh. I can eat, digest and sleep well, while before all food soured on my stomach and caused awful distress. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from untold suffering."

What Drunkenness Will Do.

"Drunkenness," says one writer on the vice, "will make a pauper, an invalid, a lunatic. It will send you an empty purse, an empty wardrobe and an empty shelf. It gives you a taste for swearing, obscenity and impurity. It inclines you to choose begging for a profession rather than independence. It qualifies you to become an undutiful child, an unnatural parent, a cruel husband and a disgusting wife. These are but a little of what drunkenness does."

Mining Notes.

E. Gartly Parker, mining broker, 12 Adelaide Street East, has issued a neat little booklet containing a comprehensive description of the Republic mining camp. The book gives a map of the district showing the location of the different mines. It will prove a very powerful acquisition for people interested in Republic.

Circumstances After Cases.

"My friend," said the clerical-looking passenger to the traveling man in the next seat, "do you ever drink?"

"Is that an invitation or only a question?" asked the wily drummer.

"Merely a question pertaining to your future welfare," replied the c. l. p.

"Then," observed the other, "I never drink, sir, never."

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

The Correct Thing.

"Pa, are you going to have any gilvanized iron on our new house?"

"Any w-h-a-t?"

"Any girlvanized iron?"

"Galvanized, you mean, don't you?"

"Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn's say gal; it's girl."

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Turk's Indifference to His Wife.

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