WOES OF DRUNKARDS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Strong Denunciation of the Evils of Intemperance.

Worse Than Any of the Ten Plagues That Befell Egypt--Its Victims Are Countless--It Biteth Like a Serpent--God's Grace the Sure Remedy.

Washington, April 30.—At this time, when the evils of the drink traffic are being widely discussed and the movement for the abolition of the degrading and brutalizing canteen in our military camps is gaining many supporters, this sermon by Dr. Talmage, dealing with the broader aspects of the plague of intemperance, should cheer and inspire the friends of temperance everywhere. His text is Exodus xi, 6, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."

This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one fiend said, "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the grainfields." Another said, "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other goodby with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious! They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch! And while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and, lo, his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the barley and rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread and prosperous husbandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made beneath a great fire—fire lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding and a mashing and a stench, and the people came with their bottles, and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grainfield, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The Fiend of the Dairy.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field full uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess. I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a groggshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshalled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called, and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wineglass in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard and of the grainfield and of the dairy and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high festival because their work had been so well done, and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption as long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the fiends filled their glasses and clinked them and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!"

But, whether by allegory or by appalling statistics this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place, the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for 5, 10, 20, 40 years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men, who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments or by an odor of your breath or by any glare of your eye or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital.

The Loss of Self Respect.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self respect, and when you destroy a man's self respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact is, that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now do stop this. After awhile it will get the mastery of you." "Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop now. I can stop to-morrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that habit. You are going a little further than you can afford to go. You had better stop." "Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop now." He goes on further and further. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down, and he has less self control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

Again, the man suffers from the loss of usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institutions? Do you know they once knelt at the family altar and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacramental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

But he suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that ulcerous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws on every bone and stings within every poison and pulls within every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What spectres assail by his midnight pillow! What grimmas tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut. He suffers them all at once.

The Inebriate's Death.

See those attendants stand back from that varnished in the hospital where the inebriate is now dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and say: "Hush up! Stop making this noise! Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still now." Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "Oh, God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! Oh, God! Help! Take the devils off of me! Oh, God; oh, God!" And they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me. Oh, God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! Oh, God! Help!" They tear out their hair by handfuls, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death scene of you will die unless you stop. I sense it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

But it imperils a man also in the loss of home. I care not how much he loves his wife and children, if he has got the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into overwhelming captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking only in abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets to-day barefooted, unkept, uncombed, want written on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their premature old countenances, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as your child if it were not that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. O, rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were repugnant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst burning upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while make his thirst go away. Where will he get the drink to quench his thirst in eternity where hell the hottest flame comes from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the drink to quench his thirst, no matter how he demands? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the drops that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for those red flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum.

It Bites Like a Serpent.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a groggshop and, having finished the mission in the groggshop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost, and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the tip of the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost world echo with the cry: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah, my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God or holiness or light. It will be the absence of rum. "It not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities I am sometimes indignant and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me, "What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?" I answer, "I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences of Christian reformers and philanthropists! Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the western States banded together, and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the groggshops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer. Ancient 1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging the commission they could in any city shut up all the groggshops.

But I must not dwell on generalities. I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go so far that it is inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I want you also to understand that while the barge man himself of his own strength cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening, our church not yet being open for the autumnal services. I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—15 or 20 men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately fallen because they were doing the whole work in their own strength. "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here to-day to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot only save your soul, but save your body. I look off to-day upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you never have staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate, but God knows, and you know, and by human calculation there is not one chance out of 5,000 that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends to whom I must say that, unless you quit this evil habit, within ten years, as to your body, you will lie down in a drunkard's grave and, as to you immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As to day you open the door of your wine closet let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, in love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, you would go home and sink down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

CREOLE BELLES' SOCIAL DEBUT.

Must Be Introduced to New Orleans Society at the Opera.

"Society goes to the French opera on Saturday night because its great-grandfathers handed the custom down to it," writes Harrydele Hallmark in The Ladies' Home Journal of April. "Society in this custom that no social function is ever prepared for Saturday evening during the season. The family that gives out an invitation for that night is immediately classed as not versed in the usages of society and not worthy to be known. This is so deep-rooted in Creole life that such an invitation would be jeered at as if coming from a barbarian.

"The best singers save their voices for this crowning night, and the house is like a private ballroom, where the guests visit and laugh and chat from the balconies of the boxes as they do from the little box balconies at their own home. If one does not go to the opera on Saturday night through lack of invitation or money one is very careful not to be seen elsewhere giving out the suggestion that lack of means has impelled one's absence. The proud Creoles of the French set, some of them in grinding poverty, ignore all the Mardi Gas festivities, ignore all that costs a playune, in order to save the amount to appear at the opera on Saturday night.

"No debutante of New Orleans enters society in the correct and approved manner unless she make her debut in a box on this particular evening. If the social aspirant has sufficient money and tact to secure the good-will of a leading family to invite her debutante daughter into its box, this daughter has received the most precious hall-mark of society. If a man who owes a social call pays the call to his friends in their box at the opera it is just the same as if he called at their residence. The entire boxes are reserved for the debutantes. There they receive the homage due them; there they are wooed and sometimes won, but certainly there they make or mar their chances for belleship. Some of the debutantes may wear the simplest of muslin gowns, but the simplicity of their costumes never counts against the fact that they are there."

Fleeced Up a Stone Coffin.

At Birkin, near Ferrybridge, England, the other day a plow came into contact with a stone coffin covered with a stone lid and containing human bones. The coffin is seven feet six inches long, three feet wide, and the sides four to five inches thick. It weighs nearly two tons.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

The Usual Way.

Gasleton—Her husband claims to have perfect control over her!

Grimshaw—Yes? Suppose he can make her do anything she chooses.

Billiousness Burdens Life.

—The billious man is never a companionable man because his aliment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Sad Case.

"Emeline has the blues again."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well—she had to pay the 65 cents she had saved towards going abroad."

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

This Lady Suffered Terribly From Rheumatism.

Her Joints Began to Swell and Twist Out of All Shape—Death Would Have Been a Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health.

From the Harriston Tribune.

After long consideration and much hesitancy about having her name made public, Mrs. John A. Copland, wife of the editor and proprietor of the Harriston Tribune, has resolved that the world should know how wonderfully her health was restored by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Our representative interviewed Mr. Copland and the following is his statement of the case:

"Whilst we were living in Toronto at No. 90 McGill street my wife took ill in the autumn of 1894, and had such racking pains that she could hardly stir. One of the best specialists in Toronto was called in and he diagnosed the case one of acute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given and he said that the case was a very severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become misshapen. What this eminent physician predicted came true. At the end of a month my wife was worse than ever, and her wrists and knuckles were twisted greatly out of shape. She was so disheartened that she would weep at the slightest provocation. She was loth to stay in bed, and had to be assisted to arise and dress, every movement giving her intense pain. During all the ensuing winter this state of things continued, she gradually becoming worse in spite of the strong medicines and the lotions that the doctor prescribed for her. We tried in vain the massage treatment and the electrical treatment. My wife would moan nearly all night with the pain. She was unable to hold the baby, and even could not bear to have a person point a finger at her. I feared that the spring would see my wife under the sod, and you may be sure I was terribly affected by it. All this time we continued to give her the doctor's treatment and medicines, until finally my wife strongly refused to take any more of the drugs. From that out she began to improve, and one evening I was astonished to see her coming to meet me when I arrived home from the office. "Why," I said, 'the doctor is doing you good after all.' 'Not at all' she said and smiled. Then she produced a little round wooden box and held it up. 'I have a great secret to tell you,' she laughed. 'Unknown to you I have been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the seventh box. They are rapidly curing me.' Naturally I was overjoyed and almost wept at the thought of how near she came to losing her. She continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before she had finished the eleventh box she was quite well again and to-day her wrists and knuckles are as straight as ever.

"Several of our neighbors in Toronto knew how sick she was and can corroborate every word I have said. Either myself or my wife are willing to swear to the truth of these statements."

Mr. Copland was laughed at for the enthusiasm with which he has sung the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but he believes that anything so valuable to mankind should get all the praise it deserves.

John Hilberg was standing on the platform between the second and third cars when the crash came and was caught between them and very badly crushed to death. His body was removed with great difficulty and sent to the morgue.

A few minutes after the accident occurred railroad men and others were at work rescuing the injured from the wreck. The work of rescue was energetically carried on and as soon as each sufferer was taken out he was sent to the hospital. Ambulances had been quickly summoned from the city, and, although it was a long run, remarkably quick time was made. The ambulances carried extra doctors, so that the wounded were quickly attended to, and the more seriously hurt were removed to the several hospitals.

They Have No Quarrel.

Vancouver, B.C., May 1.—The officers of the steamer Queen, which arrived from the north on Saturday night, report from Porcupine District that at a recent meeting of United States miners indignation was expressed at the rumors spread about of friction between themselves and the Canadian police, and a committee was appointed to write to the press to inform the people that the "utmost harmony prevails in this district between the miners and the Northwest Mounted Police, notwithstanding malicious reports to the contrary."

A New Prayer Wanted.

London, May 1.—The Bishop of London and many other clergymen of standing have been considering an interesting addition to the Church of England prayer book. It is felt that, in view of the very rapid increase of cremation, there ought to be a new form of religious service before committing bodies to the flames. The committee which was appointed to consider the new form of service has completed its labors, but what that form is has not yet transpired.

Another Duke Gone.

London, May 1.—Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, eighth Duke of Beaufort, is dead. He was in his 76th year. The late Duke, who was the patron of 24 livings, was born Feb. 1, 1824, and succeeded his father in the title and family estate in 1853.

Big Match Company.

Trenton, N.J., May 1.—Articles of incorporation of the Union Match Company, with an authorized capital of $10,000,000, were filed with the Secretary of State on Saturday.

THE CARS LEFT THE TRACK.

Rochester Sunday Excursionists Hurled to Death.

Were Going to Lake Ontario to Have a Good Time When the Accident Happened—Train Ran Fast Around a Curve—Three Were Killed Outright, Half Dozen Were Fatally Injured and 50 Severely.

Rochester, N.Y., May 1.—The most disastrous railroad wreck that has ever happened on a Rochester railroad occurred at 2.40 yesterday afternoon on the Rochester & Lake Ontario Railroad, better known as the Bay Railroad, about one-half mile north of the city line, when two cars on an excursion train, filled with passengers, left the track while going round a curve at full speed, and were completely wrecked. Three passengers were killed, a dozen fatally hurt and over 50 injured. The injuries of four of the hurt are so serious that death may come at any moment, while others have simple and compound fractures of the arms and legs.

The Start Was Late.

The train, which was crowded with excursionists bound for different points along the shore of Lake Ontario, left the Bay Depot in this city at 2.41 o'clock in the afternoon, about 15 minutes late. Every seat in the coaches was filled and a large number of people were standing on the platforms. The train was made up of an engine, one closed and two open coaches. There is a grade about 100 yards from the corner of North avenue and Ridge road, and when this grade was reached the speed of the train increased perceptibly. Those standing on the platforms clutched the railing and standards, and the passengers in the open cars clung to their hats and capes.

Swept Round the Curve.

Down the grade swept the train, its speed increasing almost constantly. When the fatal curve was reached the engine rounded it with startling rapidity. Next to the engine was the closed carriage, and when it reached the curve it veered over to the north and rode around the curve on the wheels on the left side. It had neared but a few feet of the bend in the track when it left the rails and shot straight ahead. There was a sudden crash as the couplings between the engine and coach were severed, and then it again veered over and plowed through the earth for several feet before dropping on its side in front of the Ridge road Hotel.

The first coach left the track, the engine shot on ahead of the track and the other coaches were forced off the track. The second coach scraped alongside of the one that left the track, tearing away the platform and otherwise injuring the car. These were impelled by the force that had already received, ran ahead for about 100 feet. The engine whirled on down the track and was not stopped until it had gone nearly a mile.

The Closed Coach Turned Over.

The closed coach, which was overturned, had in it a partition that divided the front part from the rear. The front apartment was a smoking compartment. In it were several men and standing in the entrance were two women and a little girl. These were thrown into a jumbled mass against the roof of the car and were pinioned under the seats and the grab iron in the car, which was torn in splinters.

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TIRED OF WAR.

Gen. Otis So Cables His Government of the Filipinos—Terms Offered and Refused.

Washington, May 1.—The following despatch from General Otis was given out on Saturday:

Manila, April 29.—Adjutant-General, Washington: Conference with insurgent representatives terminated this morning. They request a cessation of hostilities for three weeks to enable them to call their Congress to decide whether to continue the prosecution of war or propose terms of peace. Proposition declined, and full amnesty promised on surrender. Believe insurgents are tired of war, but seek to secure terms of peace through what they denominate their representative Congress. (Signed) Otis.

It is stated at the War Department that the insurgent leaders probably will confer, and then seek another conference with General Otis, and that the General will no doubt grant general amnesty.

The Yorktown's Men.

New York, May 1.—The Herald has a despatch from its correspondent at Manila, which says that the insurgents at Baler state that they have the missing men of the gunboat Yorktown, and are holding them as prisoners.

This refers to Lieut. Gilmore and the 14 marines captured near Baler some time ago.

Are They Marking Time?

Manila, May 1.—Manila is divided between two opinions, the majority believing that the Filipinos desire peace, while others think that they are sparring for time in which to rehabilitate their demoralized army. The latter opinion gained color from the fact that reinforcements have been sent to the south, opposite the American lines.

Col. Argueleses, who is a lawyer, splendidly illustrated the Malay subtlety at words. While he declared with apparent frankness that the Filipino leaders wanted a change to give up the struggle gracefully through the Congress, instead of surrendering ignominiously, he asked for a fortnight's armistice, so that the Congress might be summoned on May 1. He endeavored to commit the Americans to greater concessions, and wanted terms guaranteed by treaty. He was told that recognition of the Filipino Government was impossible, and he was given to understand that a written guarantee of amnesty for all insurgents at the utmost that could be given. Col. Argueleses argued that Spain had given similar guarantees and broken them, and he laid much stress on the Spaniard honor. He persistently declared that the Filipinos must be permitted to retire with honor.

Mr. Schurman's Promises.

In the course of the conference on Saturday Mr. Jacob C. Schurman, chairman of the United States Philippine commission, told Col. Argueleses that if the insurgents would now lay down their arms he and his colleagues of the commission would consult them regarding the plan of government to be submitted to President McKinley. He said he could not promise that all the suggestions would be adopted. He had to assure them that there would be a presumption in favor of their suggestions, adding that the commissioners would be especially desirous of satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the Filipinos.

Fighting on Saturday.

Saturday, before Gen. Otis had issued the order directing Gen. Lawton to return to Angat, the troops of his command encountered the rebels in a circle of hills outside San Rafael, about five miles northwest of Angat, but dislodged them after an hour's fighting. The Americans had three wounded, and shot and armed Filipinos fell back as the Americans advanced.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE BULL.

It Will Be a Farewell Exhortation From His Holiness.

London, May 1.—Enterprising newspaper men in Rome have been making strenuous efforts to obtain an advance copy of the Pope's bull proclaiming a jubilee at the close of the century. It was finished before His Holiness underwent the recent operation. It will be issued simultaneously in all the Catholic churches of the Christian world on Ascension Day. It will be found to be in the nature of a farewell exhortation to be faithful to the Holy Church and strenuous in well doing. The Pope himself regards it as his final announcement to the Catholic world.

Accused of 16 Murders.

Breslau, May 1.—The most sensational murder trial in German annals began in Breslau Thursday. A shoemaker named Hermann Borne, aged 34, living at Reigersdorf, Silesia, stands accused of 16 murders. His alleged victims are his first and second wives, 12 of his children and two of his mistresses. His career of crime extends over many years.

Another Clerk in Trouble.

Montreal, May 1.—The recent arrest of W. H. Hurst and Charles D. Turner on charges of forgery, preferred by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, is to be followed by a third. This is the case of the passing of a forged pay-order by a young clerk named William J. Eaton, who has since escaped to the United States.

Wealth of the Transvaal.

Pretoria, May 1.—In the course of his speech on Saturday at the opening of the Volksraad, President Kruger announced that the Transvaal was now the largest gold-producing country in the world. He said the output in 1898 was £16,240,630, being an increase of £4,586,90 over the output of the previous year.

Fire in the Krupp Dockyard.

Kiel, May 1.—A serious fire broke out yesterday in Krupp's Germania Dockyard, resulting in the destruction of several storehouses and workshops, and doing damage to the value of £100,000. The two German men-of-war that are in process of construction in the yard were saved with the utmost difficulty.

The Foothath.

A foothath is often a source of great relief and comfort to a sick person, and every one who is likely to have charge of the sick at any time should learn how to give this bath in bed with the least tax and worry to the patient.

Here is a good way: Cover over the lower half of the bed with a large piece of oilcloth (and said piece of oilcloth no housewife should allow herself to be found without); then place a foot tub with a small amount of water of medium temperature in the bed. Have the patient lie on the back, and flexing the knees place the feet in the tub. The knees can be supported if necessary by an attendant. Cover the tub and knees with an old blanket, having placed a board over the tub to keep the blanket out of the water.

The patient can now lie there and thoroughly enjoy his bath. The water can be heated from time to time by adding more hot water. At the close of the bath cool the water to 100 degrees; lift the feet out into towels and dry them.—Philadelphia Press.

A GREAT VICTORY

After a Short, But Hot and Decisive Contest.

The Enemy Driven Out—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Victors—Mr. Gillean Tested Them, and They Proved True and Stuffed Friends Lied.

Amherstburg, Ont., April 24.—Jas. R. Gillean, proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, here, is one of the happiest men in town. For some years past he has been in very poor health, and was a great sufferer from Kidney Disease.

In spite of all that medical skill and numerous remedies could do, Mr. Gillean grew gradually worse. His sufferings increased, and there seemed to be no hope of curing the disease.

One day a friend called to see him, and advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, telling him they had cured a number of cases of which he knew, and which were all worse than Mr. Gillean's. The latter procured a box, and so much good did it do him that he bought three more. These cured him completely, and he is now obliged to hold quite a reception every day, so many friends call to congratulate him on his happy recovery.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are astonishing the medical fraternity daily by their marvelous success in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Urinary Troubles, Female Complaints, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Diseases. Many physicians in this district prescribe them in their practice, always with the best results.

Kidney Diseases cannot resist the action of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are the only cure on earth for such diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by the Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Easier to Move Than to Clean Up.

In Formosa the Japs have instituted a sanitary measure that does infinite credit to their nerve and alertness. They simply deport a whole population to another site, for the reason that it is cheaper and easier to build a new town than to clean an old one.

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

A New French Chain.

A Frenchman named Jacquet has constructed a chain, every link of which can be separated and put together at any time and by anybody. The links have buttonhole shaped slits in which little bolts with figure-heads can be put.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

Sure!

"You will forget me, won't you, dear?" she pleaded by way of softening the harshness of her refusal, you think, everyone feels.

"Sure thing!" said he; "you know I'd do anything to please you."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Potato Stalks for Paper.

On account of the scarcity of raw material for the paper mills of Holland they now use the stalks of the potato plant, which can be bought from the farmers for 50 cents a ton.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Necessary Precaution.

Mabel—Why does Kitty always rest her chin on her hands when she tries to think?

Clara—She has to hold her mouth shut in order not to be disturbed in her meditations.

Many persons suffering from rheumatism have been permanently cured by Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

A Thwarted Career.

"What does Adolphus Kicks do?"

"Well, he works for a living like the rest of us."

"I didn't think he would turn out so stupid."

He Was.

"Hello, Swardie! I haven't met you since you came to the city and set up for a doctor. How are you getting along? Are you making your mark?"

"Er—yes, I'm doing considerable vaccinating."—Chicago Tribune.

Berlin Papers Please Copy.

Teacher—John, illustrate the difference between sit and set.

Bright and Patriotic Boy—The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and the rest of the world never sits.—Detroit Journal.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"They say," said the shoe clerk boarder, "that the severe cold has affected the wheat."

"I presume," said the cheerful idiot, "that its ears were frostbitten."—Indianapolis Journal.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

Not So Very Strange.

Mrs. Minks—Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?

Mr. Minks—Well, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear.

Ask the GENDRON

Rider what he thinks of his wheel, and we will abide by what he says. Always reliable, the handsome easy-running Gendron again leads the procession for 1899.

Gendron M'f'g Co., Limited TORONTO, ONT.

Send for a Catalogue Free.

J. J. Vipond & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, MONTREAL.

Correspondence Solicited. Advances Made on Consignments.

E. Gartly Parker

Member of the Standard Mining Exchange.

12 Adelaide St. E., TORONTO.

ALL STANDARD BRITISH COLUMBIA, ONTARIO AND REPUBLIC STOCKS DEALT IN ON COMMISSION.

I am offering some attractive money making stocks just now. It will pay you to keep in touch with me. CODES: Bedford McNeill's, Clough's, Moreing & Neale.

Things Worth Knowing.

The lungs of the average man contain about five quarts of air.

Two thousand species of fish are known to exist in the Amazon.

There is as much real nourishment in one bushel of beans as in five bushels of potatoes.

A teaspoonful of microbes contains over 1,000,000.

Scientific men generally believe that the bed of the Pacific ocean was once above water, and inhabited by men.

Tyndall says 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the small circumference of a pinhead, or visible globule.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

A hundred years ago the Hawaiian islands were said to have had 400,000 native population; now 30,000 is a high estimate. The same fearful diminution has been going on through Polynesia. Dr. Tautain has recently studied the causes in the Marquesas islands (L'Anthropologie). The principal causes are: Leprosy, which leads to impotency and sterility; tuberculosis, which is eminently contagious and destructive; syphilis, which is less marked than might be supposed, and licentiousness.

Sunlight and Health.

Sunlight, says the Lancet, has a well-known effect upon the life of pathogenic organisms. Direct sunlight will kill tubercle bacilli in a few minutes; whereas they will live for days if exposed to a very strong diffused daylight. The exhilarating effect of a burst of sunshine in the spring is probably not due to mere luminosity, but to an increase in actinic action, a chemical action which we cannot very well explain, but which everyone feels. In estimating, therefore, the value of a health resort, the amount of this actinic value in the sunshine ought to be taken into account, no less than the number of days upon which the sun shines during the month or the year.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Elephants are fond of gin, but will not touch champagne.

The eyes of snakes are never closed. Alive or dead, sleeping or