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J, as I sprang up, rubbing my eyes. The devil on the black horse with 9,000 demons at his back." And then it along our front there was a momentary line of leaping fire which moved our scurrying men confusedly trying to get into fighting order. To our great surprise there came no response to our volley, nor could we hear any movement outside our own lines. Though we hearkened with ears that would have heard the stealthy tread of the panther.

"The enemy has run," said some one, doubtingly. "Our fire has given him feet to make off." And just then, as if in answer to this boast, there was the vicious ping of flying lead in the air, and some of our men dropped screaming to the earth. We delivered another volley blindly into the darkness; then waited for the return fire, but it did not come.

Savage at the double disgrace of being fooled and taken unawares, Abou Kuram ordered a sortie, but the party had gone 20 yards when another shower of bullets fell upon us from the opposite direction. The foe was running round us, peppering us at his will. A second sortie party was instantly sent out like the first, it came back without making any discovery. Only they said they had seen a terrible apparition on a black horse of gigantic size, and that steed and rider breathed flame. So the army stood nervously handling its matchlocks and supplicating the protection of the prophet. The prophet was evidently gracious, for there were no more of those ugly surprises that night. The foe, content with a modest amount of fun, had gone off to gloat over his success and get up courage for a big fight.

Abou Kuram knew it was coming. He too, that night, would be excessively glad to deal with, and the knowledge increased him afresh against his ally for being so dilatory. But intelligence came at hand. Just as the morning was fading out of sight Koor All and his little band were at last spled

Koor All and his little band were at last spied emerging from a defile.

emerging from a defile in the mountains. Abou Kuram watched them never a word, but his face was and in his heart were the elements fearful explosion.

As Koor All approached we saw that he was accompanied by a stranger of whom we judged to be an emissary from Amood Sinn. At sight of Abou Kuram became sterner than

"Behold, now we shall have a feast words," he said to me, "and we be talking idly when we ought driving Yumen Yusel to destruction."

Then at length the company drew and received their scanty coldly, and fed, with a mixture of scorn and thirsty impatience, to the horrid which the Envoy hastened to The many expressions of good-will with which the orator was interlarded he acknowledged indeed the responses were so willingly made, one with half an could have said he would be far engaged in him to draw his and fall furiously on this man smiling face and fine words than to sit and listen. Koor All, perceiving temper of his chief, and well knowing what it meant, advanced, with the intent of curbing his report, and cut short the palavering. But he had uttered a dozen words when Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam (such was the stranger's imposing name) interrupted him:

"Peradventure, I may be permitted to say my lord's brother," said the Envoy, bearing upon Abou Kuram a feline softness and craftiness of expression, "that as to the delay which hath occurred the good and gallant Koor All and his followers, who have shown the courage of lions in coming as they do, are in no wise to blame."

"My lord ought not to trouble himself with such small matters," returned Abou Kuram, with the slightest of sneers and the faintest of smiles. "They are not his rank. Besides, he is weary, and needeth rest."

"I am indeed weary," responded Eldad, with unruffled urbanity, "and it is because of that I would ask in behalf of Koor All, for may never have the holy joy of sitting at the prophet's presence if he hath driven us as if we were things of iron and steel, and not men of simple flesh and blood."

"It is not proper that my lord should add to his weariness," interrupted Abou Kuram. "Let him withdraw to his tent and have his feet washed by the servant's slaves, and food set before him and take the rest of which he is so much in need. Koor All will tell his story," and with an imperative manner that was not to be resisted he led Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam to the retirement of the tent; a minute he was back again.

"Now," he said to Koor All, drawing himself up with soldierly sternness, "we will hear what thou hast to say. Wherefore didst thou tarry so long, and what tidings hast thou brought?"

Koor All gave his story briefly and clearly. To begin with, he said, they had not found Amood Sinn at the place appointed, an excursion of the man on the black horse and his marauders had driven him deeper into the mountains. This change of situation involved an arduous search of forty-eight hours, and when at last Amood Sinn was found he was skulking among the rocks as if he were a fox, with his army scattered he knew not whither.

His heart was as the dust under his feet," pursued Koor All, "and he rallied upon the evil spirit on the black horse who had come to destroy him. I asked him if he intended to let Yumen Yusel hatry his kingdom and carry away his horses, his camels, his wives and his little ones, and he answered, 'If it is the will of God.' 'Nay,' I replied, 'that is but the voice of a craven fear. We are come hither to help thee with a great host, and we are to go back because thou liest among the rocks afraid to come forth and face the enemy battle?' Whereupon there were shame and confusion on his countenance, and he arose and said that of a surety they would fight.

'But how shall I prevail on my men,' he asked, 'for they think these are evil spirits leagued against them?' 'Gather them unto one place,' said I unto him, and he sent out messengers and gathered them into one place—a great hollow in the midst of the mountains. 'Speak unto them,' I said. 'Nay, it will be better if thou speak unto them,' he answered, 'for they no longer heed my words.'

"Whereupon I stood on a rock and spoke to them, and told them how my lord had come to help them, and hearing this they took heart and shouted with a mighty voice that they yearned for vengeance, and were ready to do battle with Yumen Yusel and the man on the black horse. And I, thinking it well to take them while the spirit was strong upon them, bade them come down to join my lord, whereat Amood Sinn, trembling greatly, said, 'Nay, it is better for us to remain here until all things are ready.' 'Thou art more afraid than thy men,' I said. 'They are but common soldiers,' he answered. 'The enemy seeketh not their life, but mine. Peradventure if we go down with thee he will fall upon us by the way and slay me.' Whereupon I, answering, said that forasmuch as no battle could be fought among rocks and gorges, they must come down to the plain. If they did not, then would my lord return to Marabel, and Amood Sinn's possessions would go from him and his posterity forever. And he, again sore ashamed, he consented to come down, and now lieth yonder close by the foot of the mountain awaiting my lord's behest."

"Thou hast done the part of a brave man, Koor All," said Abou Kuram, when the recital was at an end. "I was wroth at the delay, and now my anger is kindled against Amood Sinn. Thou hast done right well in taking the cowardly dog by the ear and dragging him to the foot of the mountain. We have been surprised here, and a battle is at hand. Get thou things ready, Koor All. We will move to meet Amood Sinn. And now I must go to Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam. He lieth ill at ease in my tent, full of excuses for his brave master and peradventure for himself."

"Yes, it is likely," returned Koor All. "My opinion is that he cometh to spy my lord's strength. He will return, and let him report to Amood Sinn, and if my lord's army be not enough in their eyes they will betake themselves to the rocks again."

"Two can play at every game," said Abou Kuram, significantly, pointing toward his tent.

The warning which Koor All had given was well timed, for sure enough, when Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam had wassed and eaten, and rested and paid Abou Kuram the regulation number of compliments, he proposed that he should get an escort and precede the troops in order that Amood Sinn might be prepared to receive their illustrious general in a fashion becoming his rank. But Abou Kuram had not studied diplomacy for nothing.

"My lord troubleth himself too much," he replied, with an insinuating grace that was wonderful to behold. "We are soldiers, and will be satisfied with a soldier's welcome. We are not come hither for feasting and ceremonies, but to destroy Yumen Yusel and his evil ally on the black horse, of whom we have heard so much."

Mohammed ben Eldad turned his eyes to heaven at this, mentally invoking its protection. "Thickest thou steel or can evil avail against him?" he asked. "'Tis hard to kill Satan."

"If he come in our way, we can but try our weapons upon him," answered Abou Kuram.

"Thou speakest like the valiant man thou art," said the Envoy, sweetly. "Wherefore I would again crave my lord's permission to return in advance of the troops. My royal master will be sore displeased if he be denied the opportunity of preparing for my lord's reception."

"The good Amood Sinn knoweth we are coming," said Abou Kuram, suavely, "and thou needest not fear for his princely behalf. We do not look for ceremonies with the foe in sight. Besides, see the troops are even now ready to march. It were folly for thee, therefore, to hurry away."

After that Mohammed ben Eldad could not further persist, but his disappointment and chagrin were evident to all. He and his master were committed to the chances of another battle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMOOD SINN'S BRAVERY.

When early in the afternoon the two armies effected a juncture, the aspect of the allies was such as might well have made Abou Kuram rejoice. Joining them in battle against so formidable an opponent as Yumen Yusel. The rest had given our men back their spirits. The kills of the desert were forgotten and every heart beat eagerly for the chance of spoil and glory that was at hand. Amood Sinn's troops, on the contrary, though they made a great show of valour and enthusiasm at our approach, were as miserably dragged and downcast as if they had just crept out of the mire after a trampling by the enemy, and all their shouting and brandishing of arms could not hide the deadly fear that was upon them. To put trust in the integrity of such deplorable losels was like relying on the valour of a company of scarecrows.

Amood Sinn himself rode out to meet us, gallantly mounted on a richly-caparisoned charger, and attended by a suite in magnificent draperies and a blaze of variegated colours. Nature had given him a soldierly figure, and being very gorgeously and imposingly dressed he would, in looks at least, have been the beau ideal of a military leader, but for the irresolution of the restless eye and a general air of despondency that pomp appeared powerless to lift.

The meeting of the two princes, however, was extremely cordial, both dismounting and embracing in the presence of the assembled host. But when the preliminary civilities were over, and Abou Kuram showed a disposition to come to business, Amood hesitated, made excuses, and then, all at once became excited and hysterical. Launching into a distracted tale of the supernatural, which any old wife in Scotland would have been ashamed of, he declared he had had the ocular proof that the man on the black horse was none other than Satan himself.

"As for Yumen Yusel," he cried, flourishing his sword, "he is but a child in war! Were he here now I would shear off his cowardly head as a swift reaper taketh the ripe barley. But can man prevail against the devil?" And he cast a doubtful look at Abou Kuram as if to say, "It's really useless, you know, risking our lives."

"Peradventure he is not Satan himself, but a little devil," replied Abou Kuram, who, while not without his touch of superstition, held Amood's fancies in contempt. "I long to see eyes on him; if he be Satan, that I may know his looks; if he be aught else, that I make his body a sheath for this sword."

(To be continued.)

52 BOILS

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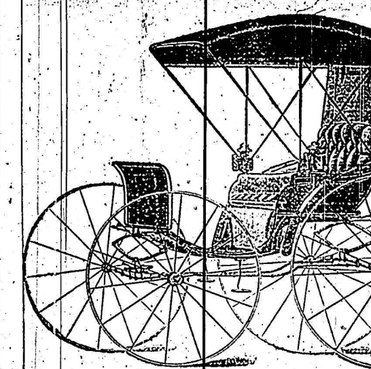

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Dr. Talmage Encourages Those People Who What We Are Taught by the Triumph of Jonathan Over the Philistines—Inspiration in Persecution and New Life in Adversity.

Are in Sore Affliction.

Washington, Aug. 14.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of encouragement for those who know not which way to turn because of accumulated misfortunes; text, 1 Samuel xiv 4, "There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

The great army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man equipped by his bodyguard to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a few pebbles and that 300 Gideonites scattered 100,000 Amalekites by the clash of broken crockery, but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his bodyguard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez, on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, and sharp Bozez between these two precipices Jonathan must make his ascent. The day ranges for the scaling of the height. Jonathan on his hands and feet begins the ascent. With strain and slip and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan and then goes his bodyguard. Bozez on the one side, Seneh on the other. After a sharp tug and push and clinging to the hand of Jonathan above he leads the mountain, and there is a hedge, and a fight, and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his bodyguard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks and open a campaign which demolishes the enemies of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did one halt or discourage Jonathan or his bodyguard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Sharp Rocks of Trouble.

My friends, you have been or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meets one trouble, he can go through with it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them on one point and in the strength of God or by his own moral determination goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone, by upright enduring it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overhanging misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. Get pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fall him at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to 5 years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles, and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a good man is who risks all his property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden gale.

When the calamity does come, it is awful. The man goes home in despair, and he tells his family. "We'll have to go to the poorhouse." He takes a dollar's view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes, and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all. I have my family left."

Blessing of a Family.

But as the Lord turned Adam out of paradise he gave him Eve so that when he was in paradise he could stand it. Permit no man who has never read but a few novels in all his life, and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say that if when a man's fortune fails he has a good wife—a good Christian wife—he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate to the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around, and he finds his family left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble—conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez, yet he soon rose and began like Jonathan to climb. But how often it is that a financial affliction comes with financial embarrassment! When the fortune failed, it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered. His brain was stunned. I can show you hundreds of them in our cities whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the staff. Their hand trembled with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are im-

patient and peculiar and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles, either one of which they could have met successfully. If when the health went the fortune had been retained, it would not have been so bad. The man could have bought the very best medical advice, and he could have had the very best attendance and long lines of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on the one side and sickness on the other are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows and drop them upon the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Secret of God's Favor.

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God, I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did—climb; climb up into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches and show you men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion, and steady nerves, and clear eyesight, and good hearing and plenty of friends are necessary to make a man happy, you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble the harder and the faster to get up and out into the sunlight, and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of its glorious promises.

It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has $10,000 in the bank, and $50,000 in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' when my pantry is full and the canals from the west are crowded with breadstuffs destined for my storehouses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless him that, in this world "there was a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Ways of the World.

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his brain and brain but it favors him. The world takes the horse it wants to drive. But let a man get in his day to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horses and ready to thrust at him. They will bite him. They will lacerate him. They will call his generosity self aggrandizement and his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will sometimes come upon him from those who profess to be Christians. John Milton—great and good John Milton—so far forgot himself as to pray in so many words that his enemies might be eternally broken down into the darkest and deep scruff of hell, and in the undermost and most dejected and the lowest down was also of perdition. And Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say in regard to his theological opponents, "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted or fried or baked or stewed or boiled or hashed, they are nothing but asses." Ah, my friends, if John Milton or Martin Luther could come down to such scurrility, what may you not expect from less elevated opponents? Now, sometimes the world takes after them, the newspapers take after them, public opinion takes after them, and the unfortunate man is hooted about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good and pure and honest, set upon by the world and insulted by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him, as though Lord Jeffreys should write an essay on gentleness or Henry VIII. talk about purity or King Herod take to blessing little children.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's dormant energies, stirs his blood for magnificent battle and makes him 50 times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said, "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied, "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and inspiration but too much of it, and too long continued, becomes the rock Bozez throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then? Go home, you say. Good advice, that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home. Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes! But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home when he has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation there are many matches made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone make a couple. The Lord Almighty must join them in hands. There are many homes in which there is no sympathy and no happiness and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the wedding march, and all the odor of the orange blossoms, and the benediction of the officiating parson, there has been no marriage. Sometimes man have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution and on the other side of them the rock of domestic infidelity. What shall such a man do? Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get up the heights of God's consolation, from which you may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed by the devil, as I suppose she was, never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her. I have not dismissed her. I will not recall her." Planting one foot upon outside persecution and the other foot on home trouble, John Wesley climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and, after preaching 40,000 sermons and traveling 270,000 miles reached the heights of heaven, though in this world he had it hard enough—"a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other."

Despairing Women.

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text who has bereavement and a struggle for a livelihood at the same time. Without mentioning names, I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living, even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband or the father is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank, and, wan and wasted with weeping and watching, she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a pall—behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open I shudder at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages, but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give woman free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit! Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a widow's hut for shelter for many years rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life for bread! And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side and the rock of destitution on the other! Bozez and Seneh interlocking their shadows and dropping them upon her miserable way. There is a sharp rock on the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

What are such to do? Somehow let them climb up into the heights of the glorious promise: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Or, get up into the heights of that other glorious promise, "The Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." O ye sewing women on starving wages! O ye widows turned out from the once beautiful home! O ye female teachers kept on miserably stipend! O ye despairing women reeling in vain for work, wandering along the docks and thinking to throw yourselves into the river last night! O ye women of weak nerves, and aching sides, and short breath, and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy. You need the sympathy of God. Climb up into His arms. He knows it all, and He loves you more than father or mother or husband ever could or ever did, and instead of sitting down wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

The sharpest of All Rocks.

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side and an unthought-of eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultivated deliberation and self poise, if he gets into that position all his self possession is gone. Come are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong deeds, all the wrong words, strata above strata, granite underneath, over shadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the consequences of the future, the thoughts of the eternal ages, angry when he looks forward. That rock I call Seneh. Between these two rocks 10,000 times more have perished.

O man immortal, man redeemed by blood bought, climb up out of the shadows! Climb up by the way of the cross. Have your wasted life forgiven. Have your eternal life secured. Do not just take one look at what it has been, but look up to the future and see what it is to be. You can afford to be poor in this world, you can afford to lose your good name, but you cannot afford to lose your soul. Be bright, gleaming, glorious for the eternal possession. Work early and late in the day when the night is on and the heavens lurk.

You see from my sermon that when a man gets into the safety of the gospel he does not demand that there is nothing in religion but gloominess or panmanitic ecstasy. Christ only gives you a little more than did—climb. Get up the heights of God's favor. To be saved means not to go meanly down but to go gloriously up—up through the clouds, up into the sunlight, up into the understanding of God, up into the companionship of angels. He is ever upward.

Oh, then accept the salvation which I may offer you, "ye people." Come up from your vaudeville and theatrical resorts. Come up from the pleasures and amusements and your dancing from between a world of sin and illumined eternity. Come up with all your faculties and powers down to wring your hair and in the direction of the one side and a sharp rock on the other side."

Living Sweetness.

Many of us have lived in the full of pain. The world treats us roughly. We suffer very much. Other people's disappointments are our tender spots. Our misfortune, real and imaginary, we cannot avoid it. We do not allow the bad treatment of our sensibilities to make us sour. The true people know our hearts are sweetest in the hardest conditions. And when you remove the new from the late winter, when the flowers growing out of the drifts, when the sun melts the snowy blankets, so should we be sensitive because of the blasts, and cheerful in our suffering, and [illegible] treatment. That [illegible] Being.

Wisdom Beyond His Years.

His mother found him [illegible] and reprimanded him. A [illegible] caught him teasing [illegible] and reprimanded him again.

"I don't see what [illegible] you, Willie," she said, [illegible] good little boy. You [illegible] all kinds of nice things.

"I'm tired of [illegible] with juvenile [illegible].

"Tired of being good?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, brother Bob [illegible] the time, and you are always [illegible] things to get him to [illegible] I'll be naughty for a change [illegible] don't get something too."

Sometimes a youngster seems to have wisdom beyond his years.

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A DAY OF THE WAR

[illegible] reported this day [illegible] Admiral Cervera's entire fleet [illegible] the Vizcaya, Oquendo, Colon, Oquendo, Maria Teresa, Pinta and Furor, in an effort to leave Santiago harbor. Gen. [illegible] later reported that he had demanded the surrender of Santiago, which had been refused.

July 4—[illegible] fleet entered the Suez Canal [illegible] troopers have [illegible] back to Spain.

July 6—The [illegible] of Hawaii. The [illegible] matter of the [illegible] Hobson and [illegible] The Texas [illegible] rides in Santiago. The rebels in Cuba [illegible] Alfonso XIII. [illegible] escape from [illegible] from Suez.

July 7—[illegible] Hawaiian and [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] repeated the [illegible] Marti, Castro, and the [illegible] had proclaimed [illegible] Philippine [illegible]

July 8—[illegible] thousands of [illegible] was over [illegible] Santiago was evacuated [illegible] sent the Red [illegible] Spitzer [illegible] German [illegible] and pe[illegible] attacking the [illegible] left [illegible] rendezvous.

July 9—[illegible] thousands of [illegible]

July 10—[illegible] was over.

July 11—[illegible] Yaquez [illegible] Yaquez [illegible] Santiago.

July 12—[illegible] Hobson [illegible] Bank.

July 13—[illegible] Aug. 1—[illegible] Aug. 2—[illegible] Aug. 3—[illegible] Aug. 4—[illegible] Aug. 5—[illegible] Aug. 6—[illegible] Aug. 7—[illegible] war, and [illegible] tions thrown [illegible]

Aug. 8—[illegible] U. S. troops [illegible] fire their decks [illegible]

THE SUNDAY [illegible]

LESSON IX. [illegible] NATIONAL [illegible]

Text of the Lesson, [illegible] Memory Verses, [illegible] Sayings, [illegible] Commentaries, [illegible]

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