

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.  
LOUP CITY, NEB.

Non-union painters painted the state fair buildings at Syracuse. The unions threaten to boycott the fair, and offer as their only plan of settlement that the painting be done over again by union painters.

A new spelling book will be used in Cincinnati in which there are some changes in the spelling of words. Among them are "thru" for "through," "altho" for "although," and "catalog" for "catalogue."

Competent authorities assert that South America has greater undeveloped resources than any other portion of the world. Any crop grown elsewhere can be duplicated there, and the country abounds in mines of coal, silver and gold, most of which have been only slightly developed.

Some idea of the magnitude of the electric lighting machinery in this country may be obtained from the statement that the public lighting stations of New York city alone supply incandescent lamps each year to the number of 2,125,000. This is independent of those furnished by private plants.

Literary Paris is greatly agitated over the difficulty of deciding which is the genuine copy of "L'Ami du Peuple," which was stained with the blood of Marat when the revolutionist met his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday. So far seven copies have turned up, all solemnly accredited and all bearing the blood stain.

The will of M. Alphonse Milne Edwards bequeaths his valuable scientific library to the Jardin des Plantes. In Paris, the proceeds of the sale to increase the stipend of the chair of zoology, which was filled by him. He gives 20,000 francs to the Geographical Society for an annual prize to explorers, and 10,000 francs to the Society of the Friends of Science.

Dr. Henry J. Costello, a Philadelphia physician committed suicide while of unsound mind. Knowing that he was becoming insane, Dr. Costello kept a journal, in which are to be found most minute details as to the progress of his mental derangement. He was an enthusiast in his profession and worked himself into a condition of mental and physical decrepitude.

Margaret Vatelina, a little girl of Geneva, N. Y., has been frightened nearly to death by a lot of bats. The room was nearly full of them and they were very large. Twenty-seven were killed and a nest containing nineteen had just moved into the house, which had been unoccupied for two years. The doctors think the child may lose her reason. There have been many bats killed in the east this year and the reason for their visitation is not known.

The Chamber of Commerce of San Diego, Cal., is making an effort to establish the production of raw silk in the agricultural districts about that city. Steps have been taken to secure a large number of silk worms, and five thousand mulberry trees will soon be planted. The climate of southern California is deemed even preferable for this industry to that of France, the home of silk culture. The consumption of raw silk in this country is enormous, and the entire supply comes from foreign countries, principally from Japan, China and Italy. In 1899 the total imports of this raw material were valued at \$43,546,872.

At Boulder, Col., a curious accident occurred. The brake on a tank car loaded with sulphuric acid refused to work, and the car went down a grade. Whistles were blown and the switchman saw the train in time to shunt it onto a sidetrack. The tank car struck a box car loaded with household goods; the tank car, which contained about 4,500 gallons of the acid, slid off the platform car and was telescoped into the box car. The acid began to escape and ruined the furniture, and made a great pool in the yard, temporarily preventing the passing of teams to obtain freight. The loss amounted to several thousand dollars.

The naphtha launch of L. A. Scott of Philadelphia came suddenly to a stop recently in a swarm of myriads of green flies along the lower Jersey coast. The engine refused to run. The force was turned off and an investigation instituted forthwith, which resulted in the finding of about two gallons of "green headers" tightly packed into one of their air chambers which fed the flame with oxygen. The flies had been drawn in by the suction until they were as solidly packed as powder and shot in a gun barrel. It required an hour of patient work to remove the mass of dead flies from the hot cylinder and get the boat in working order again.

Lady Gwendolin Cecil, the unmarried daughter who now presides over the household of Lord Salisbury, the British premier, is esteemed as one of the foremost of English mathematicians. A singularly gifted family are the Cecils. The marquis himself is a most accomplished electrician and chemist and, besides, has worked for an income as a sub-editor. Lord Cecil, one of his sons, is counted among the best-read political writers and workers in the islands. And there are others, not forgetting the accomplished and literary nephew, Arthur Balfour.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SPEAKS ON GLORIOUS HERITAGE OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Thoughts Suggested by His Contact With the Imperial Splendors of European Capitals—Christians Members of the Royal House of Jesus.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.)  
In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii., 18, "Each one resembled the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance. "Each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they have loaned Russia \$12,000,000, Naples \$25,000,000, Austria \$40,000,000, and England \$200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war, they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain, are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by tramping them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages, but I hear the strike of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Luster from Star and Spear.  
Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him and the spear that pierced him and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany, The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Occultist at Bethesda. The Savior of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his feet. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth swing out the coat of arms. Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion or a dragon or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing against it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit and clung to the Cross and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. \* \* \*

The Royal House of Jesus.  
You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Savior's nativity. For us they will wheel into line and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all their days were

made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As the tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in his words of the Canticles, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away." And once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors of heaven.

The Family Homestead.  
Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doornail. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park nine miles in circumference and its conservatory that astonishes the world, its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or flying over the heath, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire and the lowest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are abloom with the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba bathed in its halls, and Esther and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntington and Cecil and Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton and the widow who gave two mites and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

The Family Reunion.  
A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married and went off to St. Louis or Chicago or Charleston. But perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relics and rummage the garret and open old scrapbooks and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen. Yet soon it is goodbye at the car window and goodbye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion in heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the luster of heaven and their cheek rosy with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embraces! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say, "What, child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say, "Oh, blessed day, speed on! Toward thee I press with blister-

ed feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the river gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Take all the shot torn flags of earthly conquest and intertwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp and Gabriel with his trumpet and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine.

## FAMOUS BRIGAND

Of Italy Killed by a Peasant Whom He Threatened.

Rome correspondent New York Times: News has come to Rome of the death of the famous brigand, Fioravanti, who for so many years has eluded every attempt on the part of the Italian authorities to capture him. His body was found last Saturday in a wood near Grassetto, in the Tuscan Maremma. It seems that the celebrated bandit was shot by a peasant, whom he had threatened with death because of his refusal to take a letter of Fioravanti to a certain well to do person, demanding the immediate payment of a sum of 5,000 francs. Luciano Fioravanti may well be said to have been the last of the old race of brigands which once infested the Maremma and the neighborhood of Rome. For a long space of time he was the companion of the terrible Tiburzi, who was shot by the gendarmier, near Sapalbio, in the Merema mountains, some three or four years ago. Since the death of his friend and companion in arms Fioravanti had led a comparatively quiet life in the Cimbrin Forest and the neighborhood of Viterbo, eluding every effort made by the police and guards to capture him. Late in the day he returned to his old haunts, near Grassetto, where in an unguarded moment he met his end at last. For some years a reward of 4,000 francs had been hanging above his head for his capture or death. The news of his shooting has caused a deep sensation throughout the country, and the South Tuscan Maremma and the country between Lake Bolsena and Rome is now virtually free of all really desperate disturbers of the public peace.

## SANDGLASSES

Still Used to Measure Varying Periods of Time.

Strange to say, the sandglass is still used to measure varying periods of time. The size depends upon the purposes to which they are to be put. The hour glass is still in use in the sick room and in the music room, in both places affording a sure and silent indication of the progress of time. Half-hour glasses are used in schools, and fifteen-minute glasses are used for medical purposes, and the sandglass also goes into the kitchen as an aid to exact cooking. There are also ten-minute glasses, five-minute and three-minute glasses, the two latter being used to time the boiling period of eggs. The three-minute sandglass is called an "egg boiler." Sand-glasses are also used for scientific purposes and on shipboard. The sand is carefully prepared by a thorough cleaning, including boiling. It is then baked dry, and then ground into the requisite fineness and uniformity, as sharp sand would be likely to become wedged in the opening between the two sections of the glass. The sand is then introduced into the glass through an opening left for that purpose in the end of one bulb, the opening then being sealed, the right quantity in each sand glass is gauged by actually timing the flow from one part of the glass to the other, and every glass is individually treated like a good thermometer. The glasses are usually mounted in cylindrical frames or holders, so that the twin bulbs can be seen at all times.

## Why We Are Like the Crow.

Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow. He is so much like ourselves, said the late Henry Ward Beecher. He is lazy, and that is human. He is cunning, and that is human. He thinks his own color is best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and this is like man. Take off their wings and put them in breeches, and crows would make fair average men, give men wings and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

If a man is industrious and frugal, he can acquire a good deal of money without knowing much else.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI. SEPT. 9—LUKE 10: 25-37.

Golden Text—Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself—Lev. 19: 18—The Good Samaritan—The Way to Eternal Life—The Lawyer as a Tempter.

25. "And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' The lawyer, without doubt, had his own opinions on the matter. He was self-assured. He did not expect to learn, for he knew already. He also knew something of the reports of Jesus' teaching. The two did not agree, and there seemed to be an opportunity for showing that Jesus was wrong."

26. "And he said unto him, 'What is written in the law? how readest thou?' It was the lawyer's business to know the answer given in the Scriptures. Jesus did not express any opinion, but referred him to the Scriptures, which both believed, and thus avoided the trap of legalism, and all opportunity for fault-finding with his teaching."

27. "And he answering said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.' This love is the principle in the heart from which flows the Golden Rule in practice, and the perfect keeping of all the commandments which refer to our duties to our fellow-men."

28. "And he said unto him, 'Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.'"

29. "But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, 'And who is my neighbor?' For the degree in which he had kept the law of love would depend on the answer to this question. If his neighbor meant his personal friends, Jew, Gentile, or he may have kept the law in some measure, or, at least, had come much nearer it than if 'neighbor' included a wider circle. Doubtless this was a disputed question among the Jews."

30. "And Jesus, answering said, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.' This 'road' was so notorious for robberies and murders that a portion of it was called 'the red or bloody way,' and was protected by a fort and a Roman garrison.—M. R. Vincent. Even now the consuls at Jerusalem have an agreement with the chiefs of the local Arabs to protect travelers on this road. One of these escorts told Rev. William Ewing that recently the Arabs had wounded a traveler in the neighborhood of Jericho, stripped him, and taken away his beast and all his goods."

31. "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. These men were under solemn obligations to assist an injured brother; but it is an indication of the spirit of the ruling classes to find that there were limits to these obligations, marked by the rank of the sufferer. In passing by they were not bound to rescue one who followed the humble calling of 'keeper of sheep,' even if he should belong to the house of Israel."

32. "And likewise a Levite." The Levites performed the humble service of the temple, such as cleaning, carrying fuel, and acting as chorists. Levites were also writers, teachers, preachers and literati. "Came and looked on him." He did a little more than the priest, but resisted the humble impulse.

33. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion." He journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion. He did a little more than the priest, but resisted the humble impulse.

34. "And went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and took care of him. His care of the wounded man must have consumed considerable time; but this was the greatest magnanimity, and much more than common kindness required. Real love does not ask how little, but how much it may do.—Jacobus. 'To an inn.' More like our hotel than the common inn. 'And took care of him.' Gave him his personal attention, which is more costly and more blessed than all our money."

35. "And on the morrow . . . he took out two pence" (denarii) from his girdle. Shilling is a more exact translation of "denarius" than penny. It is worth about seventeen cents. But two such pence would be equivalent to three dollars in our day. "Whatever thou spendest more," etc. He did all he could consistently with his other duties.

36. "Which now of these three . . . doest thou think loved his neighbor?" The Lord's question has been admirably put as, "Which now of these three understood best what thou desirest to know?"—Sadler.

37. "He that shewed mercy on him." There was no other answer possible to the question as Jesus put it. For the Samaritan certainly acted in a neighborly manner, although technically the lawyer might have acknowledged that he was a neighbor. "Go, and do thou likewise." Then you will know that you have eternal life. He would see that many of the Jewish teachings and practices were contrary to the conditions of entering into eternal life. The question with him now was no longer one of understanding the law, but of obeying it, not, Who is my neighbor, but, Do I love him?

## Becoming an Outdoor People.

Americans are becoming an out-of-door people. There has been, perhaps, no more striking changes in the habits of Americans during the last 25 years than the immense extension of their out-of-door interests and activities. A generation ago the number of men engaged in business life who took any form of recreation was so small that it was hardly calculable. Men of fortune were comparatively few, and the country was given over to steady-going, persistent, hard work. A generation ago a business man took his vacation, if he took it at all, with reluctance, regarding it as a kind of unlawful pleasure; today he takes it not only as a pleasure, but as a business duty. In many cases he takes a day out of each week during the season which permits him to be out of doors. As a result he is a stronger man than his father was, he bears heavier responsibilities and does more work.

## A Spirit.

When Jesus Christ said "God is a spirit," he struck a note to which all great souls before him responded. God is a spirit. Not only do we know what is a spirit, but we know what we are spirits ourselves. Man is not a mere handful of clay. He is a spirit. When I talk to you it is a spirit that addresses your spirits. We become one in spirit if we speak the truth, and that is as is right.—Rev. P. C. Monmouth, Theist, of India, now in New York.

# ELEPHANT TRAGEDY.

Big Mammal Makes Short Work of His Tormentors.

Last Sunday afternoon, while a concert was being held at the Crystal Palace, an elephant belonging to a circus which had been performing there broke from its fastenings and killed its keeper. It then brushed through various partitions of wood and glass, and appeared in the main building, where a great number of persons were listening to the music. It did not attempt to hurt any of the crowd, though it broke off with its trunk the uplifted arm of a statue, probably under the idea that this represented a man about to strike. After some time it allowed itself to be secured by another elephant. It was then decided to kill the animal, and after a dose of poison had failed, a London gunmaker was sent for as executioner, and shot the animal dead. On the following Wednesday an inquest was held on the body of the man. The evidence in favor of the elephant could not have been more clearly put. Mr. Sanger, its owner, admitted that the animal had once before killed a former keeper; and he gave the facts which led to the death of the second. The first man had been discharged by Mr. Sanger fifteen months previously for gross brutality to the animals. He came back and asked to be employed again. This was granted, and he was taken on, not as a keeper, but as a laborer. The very first time he went into the stable the elephant, though it was quite dark at the time, instantly recognized the man's voice, and at once crushed him to death against the stall. The creature had acted only in a panic of horror at the reappearance of a tormentor so well established at the previous inquest that it was retained in the menagerie. It was exceptionally docile, and was taken through towns and villages all over England. Why, then, did he kill the second keeper? Because this man, after his Sunday dinner, declared that he would "pay out" the elephant for striking him with his trunk. He actually took a lace, one of those taken from the Arabs in the Sudan. (Those who have seen the trophies taken from the Mahdi's followers will realize what a horrible weapon it was.) Followed by another keeper, also armed with a lance, he proceeded to "prod"—i. e., pierce the chained elephant savagely. And his death was the elephant's revenge.

## SYMPATHY WITH BOERS.

Many Ways in Which It Finds Expression in Europe.

In Brussels, in Amsterdam, in Paris, in Berlin, one hears the music of the Transvaal hymn everywhere, says a writer. The Anglo-Boer war has roused a tremendous sentiment in Europe. In every school of Belgium, Holland, Germany, the children have made up collections for the families of the dead Boers. Millions of marks, guildens, francs have thus been sent to the sufferers of the veldt. In churches, in cafes, in concert hall, at social gatherings, the most popular form of benevolence this winter has been the Boer subscriptions. If a few friends in Cologne or The Hague gathered for a game of whist they sent the money played for to the Boers, who never play cards. If a dinner was given at a fashionable hotel the guests remembered the farmers of the veldt, who hardly ever saw a hotel. At one restaurant in Brussels, 1,800 francs were collected in an evening. Every city and town that has a newspaper has had a subscription fund. A German rural paper lifted 50,000 marks. Sentiment in Holland, Belgium, and Germany is practically a unit pro-Boer, while in France at least 95 per cent lean the same way. One quite pathetic form of Boer sympathy in Europe was the "Haus-Sammlung," or house collection. This was a subscription taken in little boxes by children who called from house to house.

## School Maps in Mindanao.

While comparatively new maps of Singapore, Hongkong, Tokyo and other oriental cities, showing in detail the streets and public works, are hung upon the walls, the youthful scholar in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, has to depend upon a large map of the western hemisphere for his information as to the United States. While in many respects the maps are excellent, they utterly fail to convey the slightest intelligence respecting the country whose people are now so closely related to them. No state lines are shown on the maps at all, and the following cities comprise all of the points given: Boston, New York, Washington, Charleston, Montgomery, (Ala.), New Orleans, Jackson, (Miss.), and San Francisco.

Of the whole sisterhood of states but two are represented—Florida and Michigan. Chicago does not appear of record, nor do Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, or any of the larger towns have place. In the face of this fact it is peculiar that Jackson and Montgomery should be shown.—George Thomson Fry in Chicago Record.

## New Orleans' Proposed Dispensary.

New Orleans received in 1864 as a bequest from Simon V. Sickles, a druggist, a fund of \$16,844 for the establishment of a dispensary to furnish drugs and medical advice free to the poor of the city. Until 1877 the income was used for this purpose, but the city council, finding that the expense much exceeded the receipts, voted to stop the disbursements until the time when the fund should have so increased that the city could equip a free dispensary and thus carry out the testator's desire to the letter. The amount of the fund is now \$32,053.81. When it has reached \$100,000 the plan will be carried out.