STOCK MARKETS.

OF FIRST CONSIDERATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

WALL STREET IS THE PULSE

MAINE REPORT TO BE HELD UNTIL MARKETS CLOSE.

As the Crisis Approaches the Fine Italian Handiwork of Unprincipled Stock Gamblers Becomes More and More in Evidence.

Washington, D. C., March 21.—A special telegram to the New York World says:

The president will not send the Maine court of inquiry's report to congress until after the markets have closed, so as to prevent panics.

It is the present intention of the president to send the findings of the court to congress without delay, but in the event that the document should be of a startling character, as is confidently expected, the president desires to send it in such a manner that it will not create undue excitement.

At the navy department it was announced positively that the report would reach here Monday night or early Tuesday morning, and would be the subject of discussion at the cabinet meeting.

Secretary Long was at the executive Mansion to inform the president of the expected arrival and immediately after his departure Judge Day was summoned.

The president explained the situation to him and he advised that in the event the findings were immediately transmitted to congress it be not done until after the closing of the stock markets in order that it would not influence prices.

Both of them agreed that this would be the wiser course, as no matter however carefully the report is guarded there would be many people on the right side of the market, even though by accident, and it would be asserted that they had received information regarding the contents of the report.

It is stated on excellent authority that the president has decided to prevent the publication of the report until after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after which time all markets will have closed.

There is absolutely nothing to indicate that the Maine court of inquiry report is already in the hands of the Washington officials. Secretary Long and Assistant Secretary Day, at the close of office hours, made positive statements that no advices of any character relative to the findings of the board have as yet been received. It is specifically denied that any officer of the Maine, who arrived here this afternoon, was the secret bearer of this most important communication. It is admitted that a special meeting of the cabinet will be called to consider the findings of the court and outline a plan of immediate action. In this way its transmission to congress will be expedited.

Warlike preparations continue with unabated vigor at the war and navy departments, but the main interest of officials centered in the forthcoming report.

There is no doubt that the authorities here are keeping themselves fully advised as to the movement of the Spanish torpedo flotilla, now en route from Spain. Spain's purpose, as made known in Washington, is that the torpedo flotilla will continue its trip to Cuba and Porto Rico. It was stated by one high naval authority that no steps had been taken toward intercepting this flotilla or warning it away.

WHAT THE REPORT SHOWS.

The Blame For the Explosion is Not Positively Fixed.

Key West, Fla., March 22.—The report of the court of inquiry sent to Washington Saturday night was signed by Captain Sampson, the president; Captain Chadwick, and Lieutenant Commander Porter.

Here is an epitome of the main points of the report. The court finds:

First—The explosion that destroyed the Maine was from the exterior on the port side, leaving the ram in almost its original position, driving the bow in the forward structure to the starboard, the after part of the ship swinging slightly to starboard and then sinking.

Second—The explosion was followed by a second one in the interior of the ship, as a result of the exterior blow.

Third—The second explosion was in the reserve magazine. This destroyed the superstructure of the ship.

Fourth—The big magazine forward did not explode. This is demonstrated beyond a doubt.

Fifth—The exterior explosion probably came from a torpedo. Evidence that a mine might have caused the disaster was produced, but it was not sufficient to convince the court.

Sixth—The impact came low under the hull of the Maine, on the port side, blowing one of the bilge plates to the surface, where it is still in sight.

Seventh—The ship is broken in two, and probably cannot be raised.

Eighth—The forward turret was hurled far to starboard, its top being intact.

Ninth—The solitary plate showing above water is a bottom plate, not from along the keel, but on the bottom port side.

Tenth—The bow of the Maine now points nearly east, while the rest of the ship lies along a line nearly at a right angle.

Eleventh—The ram of the Maine lies off to port where the bow lies, nearly on a line parallel with the body of the ship.

Twelfth—No evidence was adduced implicating the Spanish government or officials in knowledge of or preparation for the destruction of the ship.

Aurora, Neb., March 21.—District court has been in session here for the last two weeks, with Judge Bates presiding. The suit of the county of Hamilton to recover an alleged shortage against Peter Farney and his bondsmen during his term as county treasurer for the years 1892-3 occupied the court all of last week and was given to the jury Saturday afternoon. A verdict was returned in favor of the defendants.

George Goen, a conductor on a freight train, just after leaving St. Joseph, met with an accident by which his face and hands were seriously cut and bruised. A jar of the train threw him out of the window of the caboose.

The horses of German cavalry regiments are to be shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

LILIPUTIAN LOVERS MARRY.

There's to be a wedding in Midgettown, and all the Liliputians are shaking their diminutive heads and saying, "I told you so." Franz Ebert, who is a low comedian in height and a star in the legitimate as far as talents are concerned, is to marry Elise Lau, eleven inches taller. Ebert is about two feet in height, and when he lifts up a glass of wine you cannot help but wonder why were glasses ever made so large and heavy.

This engagement did not come as a surprise. Even the public who saw the midgets in the part of lovers on the Chicago stage last week could not help seeing that there was no simulated affection between them.

Franz Ebert was a confirmed bachelor everybody had supposed. You have read about men of the world, who smoke cigars and talk in cold, hard tones when the subject of love is mentioned. Well, that is the kind of man he was once. His associates were bachelors, and some of them were six feet tall. Many is the time that I have seen him sitting in restaurants here drinking Rhine wine out of a glass about as big as his head, and smoking the fattest, blackest, wickedest looking cigars you ever saw.

Marry? Not he! Why, he is thirty years old. When a man gets to thirty, you know, he is such a man of the world, such an altogether experienced person that Cupid stands no chance with him at all. A man must not give his thoughts to the subject of women.

Now, I don't know whether Franz Ebert thought all these things or not. I can only say that he looked them. One of the last times I saw him he was sitting in a well known restaurant in West Thirty-first street surrounded by a company of men of the average height, who were listening with grave attention to the philosophy of life which was proceeding from those midget lips. He seemed then to have the expression of a man who was under conviction. When the hardened man of the world has fallen a victim to the love of woman he becomes outwardly more cynical than ever, and as likely as not he will quote Schopenhauser on marriage. It seemed to me then that Franz Ebert had reached the stage when a man grasps at synicism like a drowning man does at a straw. He might then, for all I known, have been quoting Mr. Schopenhauser's remarks that marriage doubles a man's sorrows and halves his joys.

It was another Franz Ebert whom I saw a few minutes later. He came into a restaurant up in Harlem not far from the theater where the Liliputians were playing. By his side was the smallest and one of the prettiest women whom I have ever seen. There was a proud look in Ebert's face. He seemed as one transformed. He looked up into the eyes of the woman by his side and smiled. They went to a table down in the center of the room.

The waiter started to pull out a chair. Ebert stopped him and solemly drew the chair from the table himself and motioned to his companion to sit down. Then he pulled the chair up again. He sat down opposite the young woman and proceeded to expatiate upon the delicacies on the bill of fare. He delivered his order to the waiter in detail. It was a pleasure to sit there and watch them, although it was probably not the most polite thing in the world for a man to do.

They were under the shadow of a lowering palm. Their heads and shoulders were barely above the table's edge. The waiter had brought several ponderous volumes of German comic weeklies for them to sit on. Ebert waved him aside with an imperious gesture. They were alone, those two. To be sure there were fifty or sixty other diners in the restaurant, but the midgets knew none of them. The young persons were oblivious of all that passed around them. They did not realize that they were being watched.

They were looking across the table, over the assemblage of cruets and sauce bottles, and there was an indefinable something in these glances, of which it is not for you and me to speak. It was their affair. She watched him admiringly as he compounded a wonderful salad dressing. Then came the coffee, and Ebert, that confirmed bachelor, that hardened man of the world, leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigar which many a six-footer would not essay to smoke. Among the wreaths of smoke he sat. She, in her chair opposite, toyed with the sugar tongs, and sometimes when the smoke was thickest cast sidelong glances at him who smoked the large cigar.

They were to go. The waiter, good and officious soul that he was, picked up the little woman's coat and started to assist her to put it on. Ebert in the fraction of a second had the garment in his own hands and held it up while the young woman steadily pushed her arms through the sleeves. No waiter could perform such a service for her while he, Franz Ebert, stood near. Then the waiter helped the comedian into his coat, and the two midgets, looking neither to the right nor the left, went from the room. As the doors were swinging I could see that the little woman's hand was resting lightly upon the midget's arm.

"It's a match," I heard the young woman in the picture hat, who sat at an adjoining table, say to her escort.

"I guess not," said he. "They're only friends."

It is supposed that Mr. Ebert and Miss Lau have been engaged for several months. I doubt not that they were engaged when I saw them the last time in Harlem.

Franz Ebert has been with the Liliputians for sixteen of the thirty years of his life. He was born in Berlin. He is an actor of much ability, and were he of average length he would take even higher rank. His art does not depend upon his smallness. He is a thoroughly competent actor, the dramatic critics unite in saying. The midget has more than the usual actor's thrift. He has saved money and owns two handsome houses in Berlin. Ebert is a shrewd business man and has made profitable investments.

Miss Lau is twenty-three years old. This is her third season with the Liliputians, although she has been on the stage for six years. She came from Hamburg, where her father was a prosperous real estate dealer. She has property left her by her parents. The Eberts will start in their married life with more of earthly pelf than usually falls to the average young couple. Miss Lau has a brother in Chicago who is a wholesale tobacco merchant. He will give the bride away.

Mr. Ebert, when seen in Chicago, said that the wedding would take place in New York. Then they will sail for Germany to spend the honeymoon in Berlin.

There can be no doubt, by the way, that the fact that the diminutive persons played the part of lovers in "The Fair at Midgettown" inspired them more than ever with the ardor of being lovers in real life. The members of the company noticed more of reality come into the acting of the two as time passed. It was unconscious acting which became real life.

Neither of them cared to talk about the affair when seen behind the scenes at McVicker's theater, in Chicago.

Miss Lau said, simply, "Yes, it is so," and hastened away as fast as she could go.

TO FIGHT WITH BENZINE.

A PLAN TO ANNIHILATE HOSTILE SHIPS.

A Novel Yet Plausible Coast Defense—To Charge the Atmosphere with Benzine—A New Method of Warfare.

Washington, D. C., March 22.—Joseph C. Sibley of Erie, Pa., has a proposition for annihilating hostile fleets should they approach one of our harbors. He will submit it to the war and navy departments.

Mr. Sibley, who is in the oil business, says that if benzine is conducted through pipes under the water and released, the subtle fluid will rise to the surface and permeate the atmosphere to a height of twenty feet above the water. With the air thus charged, any hostile fleet afloat would be rent into a thousand pieces, Mr. Sibley says.

He adds that the fumes of the benzine would be certain to penetrate to the fires aboard ship and he believes that no powder magazine is tight enough to exclude this vapor. The benzine, he explains, should be released on the ebb tide, so that it would be carried outward, and he suggests that wooden booms be constructed at the entrance to a harbor to prevent the benzine flowing back on the flood tide.

So volatile and easily evaporated is benzine, says Mr. Sibley, that its work would be accomplished in a very few minutes after the vessel reached the danger spot and that the atmosphere and the water would be cleared of it the moment the explosion occurred. All of the enemy not killed by the explosion, he says, would be stifled by the fumes.

Mr. Sibley cites that accident at Oil Creek, in Pennsylvania, in 1892, when a benzine tank tilted, released a quantity of its contents, and a sea of flame swept through the valley, consuming everything in its path and killing thirty persons.

MARK HANNA'S AGENTS.

Working Like Book Agents in Wall Street.

New York, March 21.—Mark Hanna's personal agents visited every broker of prominence in Wall street Saturday. They had typewritten interviews with them and asked the brokers to permit the use of their names in connection with them.

These interviews deprecate war and affirm that it is ridiculous for the United States to make such a fuss over the destruction of the Maine, which they declare was caused by an explosion on the ship.

These agents of Mark Hanna plan to print the first batch of interviews here today in an afternoon paper that is Wall street's pal.

The agents of Mark Hanna were bold and bulldozing. They announced frankly from whom they came and what they wanted.

One broker resented the impudence of the agent who approached him and used vigorous language.

"All right sir, you will regret your action, because when I return to Washington I shall report to Mr. Hanna what you have said and he will attend to your case in time," was the insulting remark. The broker's reply cannot be printed. It would make even Mr. Hanna's hide creep. The agent shot out of a door in haste. He will not return to that office.

THURSTON RETURNS.

He Left to Take Part in the Cuban Question.

Omaha, March 22.—Senator Thurston returned Monday to Washington to report the result of his observations made as a member of the New York Journal Cuban congressional commission, from which he was so suddenly recalled by the death of his wife.

The senator will, it is believed, not only corroborate whas has already been said by Senator Proctor relative to the frightful conditions existing there under the very patronage of the Spanish authorities, which were inaugurated by General Weyler, but in addition to this Senator Thurston will offer a solution of the vexed question now agitating the minds of the people and will recommend that immediate steps be taken for the freedom of Cuba.

Shot While Hunting.

Young Mynster and Earl Hendricks started for Manawa together to spend the day hunting. Mynster was about 17 years old and Hendricks about the same age. As they left Hendricks' home his mother called and said, "Be sure not to shoot yourselves, boys," and Mynster shouted by the reply, "Of course we won't."

They had been across the lake and had returned to this side. They landed at the wharf of the Council Bluffs Rowing association. Mynster jumped from the boat, seized one of the guns and pulled it muzzle first from the boat. As he did so the weapon was discharged and Mynster fell to the wharf. His companion hastily jumped from the boat and called for help and the wounded boy was carried to the residence of Colonel Beck and a messenger sent to this city for surgical aid.

Upon the arrival of a physician an examination disclosed that the charge had torn away the right wall of the abdomen, a number of shot had penetrated the liver and a large portion of the intestines were protruding. These were replaced, the injury washed and dressed and the wound sewed. It was evident, however, that the injury was fatal. The injured boy sank steadily until death came. He remained conscious to the end and stated to Dr. Cleaver that the accident was due to his own carelessness. He was also able to recognize his father, who was summoned by the messenger.

A post graduate school for ministers has recently been organized in New York York city and is known as the New York Biblical Institute. It has provided a course of lectures on Monday afternoons during the months of February, March, April and May, two being given in one afternoon, one of a theologic, philosophic or scientific character and the other of a practical nature, by an experienced pastor.

In Holland women and persons of either sex under the age of 6 are now forbidden to begin work earlier than 5 a. m. or to continue at work after 7 p. m.; nor may their work exceed eleven hours a day in all.

Connecticut still keeps its standing as a clock-making state, one of its old reliable firms getting the order for the mammoth clock to be placed in the Washington postoffice.

There is talk of establishing a cotton factory at Three Rivers, Quebec, and the city council is taking active steps to secure some such industry for the town.

TALMAGES' SERMON.

Washington, D. C., March 20.—Dr. Talmage preached today from Genesis xxi., 19: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink."

Morning breaks upon Beersheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it.

It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look at the familiar place where she has spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge.

HELP COMES TO HER.

And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands; no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain she sees the bloodshot eye and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beersheba, "We shall die! We shall die!"

Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when she felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst and struggle in distortion, and begs his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle.

She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bowshot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens, and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

EACH HAS A PLACE.

I learn from this oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place and get too proud of their business! Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact that people do not know their places, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me.

Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hillsides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's Bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God raised him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap-boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

BORN ON TOO HIGH PLANE.

On the other hand we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may have better fitter us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a play. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals! The sloop says: "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner or a full-rigged brig or a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be.

Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them, while there is wandering and exile and desolation and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Again, I find in this oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar! There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. Oh, what a change it was!

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is someone who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness—plenty at the table, music in the drawing room, welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by someone who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Cruelties blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set, and the vows given, and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is today, broken hearted, thinking of past joys and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness!

How often is it we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead, as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn-out shoes, I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe-begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of divine sympathy inclose her forever!

DESTINY IN HER HANDS.

Again, I find in this oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies.

You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded—a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts, and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see and pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence.

Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleeding and painstruck? That wound in the foot decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopaedia the world has ever had provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the word of God such as has come from no other man in this century.

WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

I learn one more lesson from this oriental scene, and that is that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying, "Water! water! water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God, that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls. On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let them come to me and drink."

All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid, which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages."

My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee, a picture of despair. As I open the wicket, he starts and I hear his chain clank. The jail keeper says that he has been in there now three times—first for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he, and where is he? This afternoon playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are now hoisting a throne or forging a chain; you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

And that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Ah! here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it."

And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "Oh," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why you are not looking in the right direction at all

LOOK AND BE SAVED.

Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, O soul, if today with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else!" Look! look, as Hagar looked!

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over any audience I notice signs of mourning and woe. Have you found consolation? Oh, man bereft, oh, woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulchre of some buried joy. But sing ye to God; every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well today, and I begin to draw water for you from that well.

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, why, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy with regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him?

CONVERTED HINDOO DYING.

Have you seen the Nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the gospel that I commend to you now, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown. And it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march, or will it be drinking at a fountain?

A converted Hindoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waves his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra it will deliver you from hell." He waved his hand, as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head, as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of him." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no!"

Then they bent down to his pillow and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere, as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus!" Oh, come this hour to the fountain. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

Enormous Sums Spent For Arms.

In July, 1897, the German emperor called together his military attaches at a formal breakfast. After eating and presumably drinking his Imperial Majesty, with one of his sudden bursts of frankness under such circumstances, told his officers that it was no use keeping it a secret any longer; the German army had had its artillery changed without anything being known about it.

No fewer than five corps had at that time been armed with the new gun, a quick-firing weapon made by Krupp, and by the middle of the present year all the field guns will have been replaced by quick-firing guns capable of throwing ten or twelve highly destructive shells a minute to as great a distance as the field guns.

How well the secret was kept may be understood from the fact that Krupp employs 16,000 workmen and that several powers try to spend large sums in Germany to obtain military and naval intelligence. Indeed, there seems no reason to doubt that the secret might have been kept a good deal longer.

That happened which might have been expected upon the emperor's possibly indiscreet avowal. The French military attache of the Berlin embassy at once took train for Paris, and found his government prepared to deal promptly with the question. In fact a model had been determined upon some time before, and orders were immediately placed with the government factories and with a number of private firms.

Only the cost had prevented the French war office from making the change before. The reason for this hesitation will be grasped when it is stated that the extra expenditure involved within a brief period will exceed $50,000,000. The secret has been kept by the French nearly as well as the Germans kept theirs, but it is now known to several Europeans governments.

The weapon now in course of manufacture has a quick-firing gun capable of firing at least ten shots a minute. It has a caliber of three inches, the caliber of the French field gun being 90 millimeters, and of the horse artillery gun 80 millimeters. The latter weapon is silimar to the latest pattern of the Nordenfelt cannon. Its weight fitted with automatic hydraulic or plycerince brakes to check recoil, and with steel shields to reduce the risk from infantry fire, is somewhat greater than that of the 90 millimeter field gun, but the range and the bursting power of the shell are greater. The shell is fitted with a perfect percussion fuse, whose accuracy has been tested in thorough fashion.

As many as 5,000 of these quick-firing guns for the French artillery are being provided at a cost, including 1,000 rounds of ammunition for each, of $10,000 per gun. Up till January 1 this year 800 guns were completed, with their due proportion of projectiles. There will be enough guns before the end of the year to arm all the "corps" artillery and the whole artillery will be rearmed before the end of 1899.

The French have satisfied themselves that for effect two of their guns are equal to a whole six-gun battery of field guns, with a margin to sapre. Nevertheless, the superior council of war has decided that each battery shall, as heretofore, consist of six pieces. Thus the effective power of the French artillery will be tripled by the adoption of the quick-firing guns.

In view of the decision it has been resolved that each gun shall not have not one, but two ammunition wagons, which will not remain in the rear, as in the case of the field batteries, but will come up with the guns in action. This involves an increase of thirty-six horses for each battery.

The problem of supplying ammunition in the field is made immensely more difficult by this new departure.

Hygenic and Graceful Dress.

In studying the hygienic as well as graceful proportions of the bicycle suit there are many points to be considered.

First and above all the suit must be light weight. No woman on earth has the strength to ride in a heavy skirt which drags her down like a load.

There are so many pretty suitings readily formed for this purpose that it is narowed down to a question of the manufacture rather than material

It is absolutely necessary from a point of safety and health that the skirt should be short. There is nothing gained by wearing a long skirt. The wheel catches it, and the display is much more immodest than if a trim, short skirt falling in proper lines made no pretense of hiding the limbs.

The danger of the long skirt catching in the wheel and throwing the rider demonstrates so frequently the danger accruing from this fashion that it should serve as a warning. Some of the worst accidents on record are directly traced to the long skirt.

High boots are going out. They are declared to be unsanitary. Be that as it may, they are very hot and uncomfortable.

The mooted question with women is whether a circular or divided skirt looks the best. It is a matter of opinion, after all, and best left to individual decision.

The new bicycle hat is quite the prettiest that has yet fallen to the wheelwoman. It is made of regular straw in all the new shades, and has a saucy rolling brim. The crown is rather high, with an outward curve. The trimming is usually a twist of chiffon and a bunch of the curled twills.