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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "SAY SO" THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE.

The Eminent Divine Believes in Outspoken Religion—Nothing Can Stand Before Prayer—Let the Redeemed Show Their Colors.

**A Practical Sermon.**  
Rev. Dr. Talmage never produced a more practical and suggestive sermon than the one of last Sunday. His subject was "Say So," and the text selected was Psalm cvii, 2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

An overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them, and as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics and are fluent and voluble on the Venezuelan question and bi-metallism and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skillfully watch your chance if you want to put into the active conversation a modest suggestion of your own, but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now if you have been redeemed of the Lord why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Kohinoor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the steamer lifeboat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you. If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils and all worlds, "say so."

#### Personal Salvation.

In these January days thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best ways of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric and worldwide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine, and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting, and, not in a conventional or canting or doubtful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin then and there if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless, and then had a vision and heard voices, and after a certain number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. But after awhile a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage and had always been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said, "That is exhilarating; that was my experience." And so I was strengthened.

#### A Universal Revival.

I have but little interest in what people say about religion as an abstraction, but I have limitless interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was an expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great dependency about his soul and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn:

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!

It was after Abraham Lincoln had been comforted in the loss of Tad, the bright boy of the White House, that he said, "I now see as never before the preciousness of God's love in Jesus Christ and how we are brought near to God as our Father by him."

What a thrill went through the meeting in Portland, Ore., when an ex-attorney general of the United States arose and said: "Last night I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. I feel now perfectly satisfied. The burden is rolled off and all gone, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gellacius, the play actor, in the theater at Hellenopolis. A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In imitation of the ordinance of baptism a tubful, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in a white blouse, draped Gellacius, pronounced over his head the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." But coming from the

burlesque baptism he looked changed and was changed, and he cried out to the audience: "I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances. "I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

#### Efficacy of Prayer.

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out! If all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to application, they got the money to pay the note; if all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop; if all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.  
Samuel Hick, an English Methodist preacher, solicited aid for West India missions from a rich miser and failed. Then the miser dropped on his knees, and the miser said, "I will give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over." But the miser continued to pray, until the miser said, "I will give thee two guineas if thou wilt give over." Then the money was taken to the missionary meeting. Oh, the power of prayer! Melancthon, utterly discouraged, was passing along a place where children were heard praying, and he came back, saying: "Brethren, take courage. The children are praying for us." Nothing can stand before prayer. An infidel came into a Bible class to ask puzzling questions. Many of the neighbors came in to hear the discussion. The infidel arose and said to the leader of the Bible class, "I hear you allow questions asked?" "Oh, yes," said the leader, "but at the start let us kneel down and ask God to guide us!" "Oh, no," said the infidel, "I did not come to pray! I came to discuss." "But," said the leader, "you will of course submit to our rule, and that is always to begin with prayer." The leader knelt in prayer, and then arose and said to the infidel, "Now you pray." The infidel replied: "I cannot pray. I have no God to pray to. Let me go! Let me go!" The spectators, who expected fun, found nothing but overpowering solemnity, and a revival started, and among the first who were brought in was the infidel. That prayer did it. In all our lives there have been times when we felt that prayer was answered. Then let us say so.

#### The Value of Kind Words.

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes, their nervous system used up by the cases, the losses, the disappointments, the worries of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. But those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been to them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate.

Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will soon pass and they will be gone out of your sight, and their ears will not hear, and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf, and epigraphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

#### The Christian Ideal.

My subject takes a wider range. The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined his army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be, or because of a fear that they may not hold out, or because of a spirit of procrastination. They have never publicly professed Christ. They have as much right to the sacraments and as much right to all the privileges of the church as thousands who have for years been enrolled in church membership, and yet they have made no positive utterance by which the world may know they love God and are on the road to heaven. They are redeemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an augmentation it would be if by some divine impulse all those outsiders should become insiders! I tell you what would bring them to their right places, and perhaps nothing else will. Days of persecution! If they were compelled to take sides as between Christ and his enemies, they would take the side of Christ, and the faggots, and the instruments of torture, and the anathemas of all earth and hell would not make them blanch. Martyrs are made out of such stuff as they are. But let them not wait for such days, as I pray to God may never come. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice, and obligation, let them show their colors. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!

This chapter from which I take my text mentions several classes of persons who ought to be outspoken. Among them all those who go on a journey. What an opportunity you have, you who spend so much of your time on rail trains or on shipboard, whether on lake or river or sea! Spread the story of God's goodness and your own redemption wherever you go. You will have many a long ride beside some one whom you will never see again, some one who is waiting for one word of rescue or consolation. Make every rail train and steamer a moving palace of souls. Casual conversations have harvested a great host for God.

There are many Christian workers in pulpits, in mission stations, in Sabbath schools, in houses of prayer who are doing their best for God, and without any recognition. They go and come, and no one knows them. Preachers of the present

they get in harsh criticism or repulse, or their own fatigue. If you have ever heard of any good they have done, let them know about it. If you find some one benefited by their aims, or their prayers, or their cheering word, go and tell them. They may be almost ready to give up their mission. They may be almost in despair because of the seeming lack of results. One word from you may be an ordination that will start them on the chief work of their lifetime. A Christian woman said to her pastor: "My usefulness is done. I do not know why my life is spared any longer, because I can do no good." Then the pastor replied, "You do me great good every Sabbath." She asked, "How do I do you any good?" and he replied, "In the first place you are always in your seat in the church, and that helps me, and in the second place you are always wide awake and alert, looking right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place I often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me." What a good thing he did not wait until she was dead before he said so!

#### Helpfulness of Appreciation.

There are hundreds of ministers who have hard work to make sermons because no one expresses any appreciation. They are afraid of making him vain. The moment the benediction is pronounced they turn on their heels and go out. Perhaps it was a subject on which he had put special pains. He sought for the right text, and then did his best to put the old thought into some new shape. He had prayed that it might go to the hearts of the people. He had added to the argument the most vivid illustrations he could think of. He had delivered all with a power that left him nervously exhausted. Five hundred people may have been blessed by it, and resolved upon a higher life and nobler purposes. Yet all he hears is the clank of the pew door, or the shuffling of feet in the aisle, or some remark about the weather, the last resort of inanity. Why did not that man come up and say frankly, "You have done me good?" Why did not some woman come up and say, "I shall go home to take up the burden of life more cheerfully?" Why did not some professional man come up and say: "Thank you, dominie, for that good advice. I will take it. God bless you." Why did they not tell him so? I have known ministers, in the nervous reaction that comes to some after the delivery of a sermon with no seeming result, to go home and roll on the floor in agony.

But to make up for this lack of outspoken religion there needs to be and will be a great day when, amid the solemnities and grandeur of a listening universe, God will "say so." No statistics can state how many mothers have rocked cradles and hovered over infantile sicknesses and brought up their families to manhood and womanhood and launched them upon useful and successful lives and yet never received one "Thank you!" that amounted to anything. The daughters became queens in social life or were affianced in highest realms of prosperity; the sons took the first honors of the university and became radiant in monetary or professional spheres. Now the secret of all that uplifted maternal influence must come out. Society did not say so, the church did not say so, the world did not say so, but on that day of all other days, the last day, God will say so.

There are men to whom life is a grind and a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be overcome, accidental environments to be endured, appalling opposition to be met and conquered, and they never so much as had a rose pinned to their coat lapel in admiration. They never had a song dedicated to their name. They never had a book presented to them with a complimentary word on the fly leaf. All they have to show for their lifetime battle is scars. But in the last day the story will come out, and that life will be put in holy and transcendent rhythm, and their courage and persistence and faith and victory will not only be announced, but rewarded. "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," God will say so!

#### Last Judgment.

We miss one of the chief ideas of a last judgment. We put into the picture fire, and the smoke, and the earthquake, and the descending angels, and the uprising dead, but we omit to put into the picture that which makes the last judgment a magnificent opportunity. We omit the fact that it is to be a day of glorious explanation and commendation. The first justice that millions of unrewarded and unrecognized and unappreciated men and women get will be on that day when services that never called forth so much as a newspaper line of finest pearl or diamond type, as the printers term it, shall be called up for coronation. That will be the day of enthronement for those whom the world calls "nobodies." Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, needs no last judgment to get justice done him, but those men do need a last judgment who at times, in all armies, under the most violent assault, in obedience to command, themselves stood still. Deborah, who encouraged Barak to bravery in battle against the oppressors of Israel, needs no last judgment to get justice done her, for thousands of years have clapped her applause. But the wives who in all ages have encouraged their husbands in the battles of life, women whose names were hardly known beyond the next street or the next farmhouse, must have God say to them: "You did well! You did gloriously! I saw you down in that dairy, I watched you in the old farmhouse mending those children's clothes. I heard what you said in the way of cheer when the breadwinner of the household was in despair. I remember all the sick cradles you have sung to. I remember the backaches, the headaches, the heartaches. I know the story of your knitting needles as well as I know the story of a queen's scepter. Your castle on the heavenly hill is all ready for you. Go up and take it!" And tens of millions of the surprised multitude of heaven will say, "The did what she could." God will say so.

Christians have in a narrow flower; in the early buds in happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.

## WINTER'S LAST WEAR.

### BUMMER GOODS INTRUDE THEIR CHILLY PERSONALITY.

Enough Cold Weather Left, However, to Make Timely a Chat Upon Furs—Some of the New Hids for Public Favor.

#### Fair Woman's World.

EW summer cottons are appearing in the shop windows, but—pooh! they look so terrifically cold that they are a discouraging topic. Linen color, black and butter color, the last somewhat subdued, are going to be the dominant shades, to judge by the present indications, but the woman that will buy a cotton dress pattern now must have courage and confidence enough to start out to whip England single-handed. Still there's no fun in sewing in summer, and that must be the cause for women's buying July dresses in January, for they really do it, beginning the planning just as soon as the holidays are over and the debts they leave are paid. But there's enough of winter left to make timely the consideration of dresses now worn. Look the fashionables over and there's more for than cotton in sight. Indeed, the swagger woman wears fur collars a lot more than she ought to just because they are so pretty. The trouble is that

when the weather all of a sudden becomes severe she can't make herself warm, no matter how tightly she draws that collar that ought not to have been worn till there was really need for it. This relegating the wearing of fur to such times as it is really needed is severe doctrine, especially for the woman who has put her all into a coat or cape, but it has sense to support it. In such a scarf of Norwegian marten tails as that in the first picture there is not enough warmth to condemn it on warm days, and it makes a very pretty finish for the lace vest, which is lined with white silk. The remainder of the bodice is of blue brocaded silk, and the plain skirt is of tan cloth satined. The muff here is of marten, of course, and is worn without ribbon or chain, which is the usual way of carrying muffs this year, but when the dress is of a somber sort it may be enlivened by using a ribbon and a showy one. Bash ribbon with Dresden figuring in bright colors is then used and is tied in a big many-looped bow at the back of the neck. The effect is much resorted to in skating costumes, and in some cases the bow has streamers that float back as the skater skims the ice, adding much to the picturesqueness of the rig, at small effort or outlay.

All the talk about the modification of sleeves does not seem to affect the stock collar and godet skirt are all of the white silk. It seems odd nowadays to see a dress that fits tightly and smoothly in front, but the dressmakers are constantly experimenting with a view to hitting upon something that will be so well liked as to bring about a general change, and this next dress is a very recent bid. It was intended for a simple house wear, and was in green cloth, plain as to both skirt and bodice. A lace ruff and jabot garnished this model, and its maker pointed out that it was susceptible of adornment by all sorts of lace and ribbon yokes, chiffon fichus, etc. This is quite true, and a plain satin belt would relieve the look of severity at the waist, too.

Small is the effort at plainness made in the bodice of the final picture. It has a small ripple basque, and is embroidered at either side of the plain vest with green silk soutache braid. Emerald green velvet gives the jacket parts, which are short and loose in front and have small tabs falling on the tan cloth basque. The high collar is wired, and a lace jabot with silk stock collar are added. Sleeves and skirt are of the tan cloth, both being perfectly plain.

#### Ornamenting the Smiths.

There is a Smith family in Ohio with peculiar given names. The father is the Rev. Jeremiah Prophet Elijah Smith. His sons are named Most Noble Festus and Sir Walter Scott Bart, and his daughters Juan Fernandez Isl and and Terra Del Fuego.

#### Bicycles for Ice.

Maine wheelmen have been experimenting with bicycling on the ice, and are said to have had very successful and exhilarating sport in most instances.

#### The Mississippi Experiment.

People in Madison County, Ky., who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

#### Experiments made last summer in Europe show that the amount of radiation received from the sun on the surface of the earth is a clear day is greater with a dark-blue than with a light-blue sky. In the latter case there is a higher tension of the water vapor in the air.

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## A BURNING MINE.

### It Has Smoldered for Twenty Years and Refuses to Be Put Out.

It was twenty years ago that some rats carried a bit of oily waste into their hole in No. 6 coal mine in Locust Mountain, Carbon County, Pennsylvania. The waste took fire from spontaneous combustion, and for two decades the coal in that very valuable vein has been burning. The fire has resisted every effort to put it out, the ordinarily successful means utterly failing, and as a result 1,000,000 tons of coal have gone to waste. When I visited what had once been a mine, says a correspondent, the fire had been marked off within a distinct area and probably the final effort was being made to quench the flame that was consuming what remained of the million tons of coal that once filled the space. Through the baked and parched surface there poured into the air great volumes of polluting gases that showed the fierceness of the combustion underneath. The atmosphere was sickening with the weight of sulphur it carried.

Men just quitting work for the day stopped at a little embankment near by. One with his heavy-soled boot kicked away the upper crust and with a stick scraped a little hot pebble in his pipe, and, after a few draws, walked on with his companions, leaving a thin blue trail of tobacco smoke behind.

"Old Jim" Andrews opened the mine thirty odd years ago, but its history only became eventful after 1873. Andrews started on a water level and worked along for some years without encountering any serious accident or producing any considerable quantity of coal. He had turned gangways east and west and opened a small number of breasts, proving that coal was there in abundance. Then the Lehigh Valley and Wilkesbarre Coal and Navigation Company, owners of the land, reclaimed it.

It is not in the length of time this fire has burned that it is unique. At East Pine Knot colliery, near Pottsville, an underground fire has raged for more than thirty years. At Wadeville, in the same neighborhood, a vein has burned for forty years. The latter vein crops out at the surface, and the fire frequently gives it a very volcanic appearance at night. But in neither case, and they are cited only as examples of many, has there been anything like the amount of destruction, nor has the fire shown such a stubborn resistance as this at No. 6. In fact, in these cases the fire was just blocked off and allowed to burn away.

Mine No. 6 was flooded, but the fire still burned. It was "sealed," every possible opening by which air could get in was cemented up, chemicals supposed to be deadly to fire were put in, and other means were employed, but still the fire burns on.

A recent incident illustrates with what violence the pent-up vapor and gas force their way to the surface. Some of the men were sent to the clay bank for material to stop a new main festation. One had an iron drill, which he thrust two or three times into the embankment, when suddenly there was an explosion, a rush of many strong winds that blew the men a dozen yards away and enveloped them in a great cloud of steam and dust. The drill, wrenched from the man's hands, was found fifty yards below.

The contest was waged thus until 1890, when the burning area having been well defined on the surface, deep cuts were dug transversely to the vein on each side of the fire. The strata of rock, clay and slates covering the coal was stripped off, and the uncovered coal was taken out down to the bottom slate.

The coal saved by the stripping in the cuts was run down the mountain side by gravity, prepared for the New York market at the breaker No. 5 colliery and soled to redeem, in part, the money so uselessly spent in this twenty years' war with an unseen, but none the less destructive, fire.

#### Making Death Certain.

In Germany the view obtains that the execution of criminals should be by some means more certain even than the electric chair. Dr. E. Cuhmann, a celebrated chemist, suggests the use of carbolic acid. According to his plan, the criminal would be carried to a cell which can be filled noiselessly with carbolic acid in gaseous form from floor to ceiling. When the gas reaches the delinquent's mouth and nose it causes instant paralysis of the lungs and unconsciousness, and life departs without previous pain.

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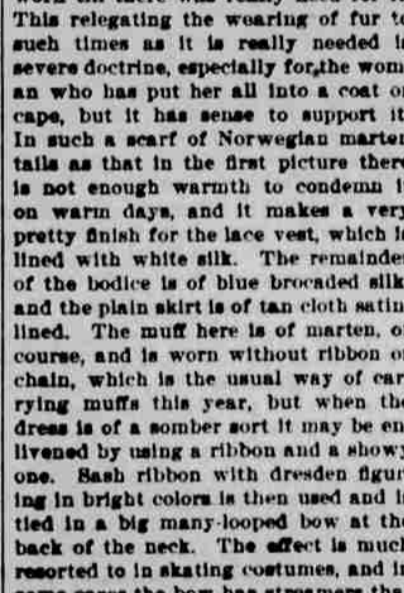
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MADE PRINCESS, BUT WITH JACKET EFFECT.



AN ELABORATE JACKET BODICE.



A WELL-ESTABLISHED TYPE.

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