

THE NORTHWESTERN.

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The latest Swiss mountain railway project is to connect the Engadine with the Italian lake by a road over the Bernia range.

The man who stole the \$100 microscope from the University of Chicago might have had a curiosity to see what a 100-pound chunk of ice looked like.

Owing to American sanitary work, there was not a single case of yellow fever in Havana at the beginning of April. This had not happened before in the city's history. The Cubans may not like the American government, but it is at least increasing the number of Cubans who have an opportunity to dislike it.

Mrs. F. M. Smith of Oakland, Cal., wife of the "borax king," is going to adopt 100 girls and rear them as her own children. Mrs. Smith's 100 daughters will live in ten houses, ten girls to each house, on a 35-acre tract of land near Arbor Villa. Mrs. Smith's home is in Oakland. The first of the ten houses is already being built, and work on the others will begin at once.

An adjustable wall is made with an ordinary eightpenny nail, with hole in the head, through which passes a curved galvanized wire. The nail is driven into the studding, and the curved wire laid flat on the brick, and covered with mortar. Being perfectly adjustable, if the building sags or the sheeting shrinks, the bond will not be broken, but remain solid and intact between the brick in the wall.

John Pondir, once a power in Wall street and for years one of the "ghosts of the street," died recently in great poverty. Pondir launched the Sutro tunnel scheme, and was a great deal in Pacific Mail and Panama railroad stock. At the time of Adolph Sutro's death Pondir had a suit for \$1,000,000 against him. In the days of Gould and Fisk he was a well known figure at all the theaters and in old Delmonico's.

King Edward is understood to hold broad views respecting colonial titles and there has been a suggestion that in the process of unifying the British empire the creation of peerages with such titles attached as "Duke of Quebec," "Earl of Montreal," or "Marquis of Toronto," might be useful. The Toronto Globe meets the intimation by saying "Might we, in the most loyal and dutiful way, beseech his majesty to spare us? We are doing so nicely as it is, most gracious sovereign!"

Clarence Bush went to Harvard university without a dollar, lodged in an attic at a dollar a week, and lived on gruel, milk and water. But he had the material in him of which millionaires are made, and, after a year's starvation, saw his opportunity. He managed to get hold of a cow and a churn, and began to peddle butter of his own make on the streets of Cambridge. While he was studying mathematics, astronomy and chemistry, he was also learning the business of butter-making, and now he is graduated with a salary of \$5,000 from a great New York creamery company awaiting him.

The launch of the steamer Celtic at Belfast, Ireland, the other day, still further emphasizes the tendency to increase the dimensions of ocean-going craft. The Celtic is the largest vessel ever built, not only surpassing the Oceanic and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, but having a displacement 19,800 tons greater than the Great Eastern. Her dimensions are: Length, 681 feet; beam, 75 feet; depth, 44 feet; gross tonnage, 20,880; net, 13,650; displacement, 33,000. The Celtic is not designed for speed but as an emigrant carrier, her capacity being 2,859 passengers, besides a crew of 335. Although the Celtic is too slow to be conspicuous as an "ocean greyhound," her enormous size will make her an object of keen interest, at least until the advent of a greater.

The new Bishop of London has already given his diocese a glimpse of his sterling democracy. Speaking to an audience of working men at a neighborhood settlement house in Whitechapel, he said that he had often noticed in coffee-houses the sign, "A good pull-up for cabmen." He intended to make the settlement house a "good pull-up for bishops." His office, he found, required that he keep a carriage; but if any of his hearers saw him driving alone he hoped they would give him a lift. Bishop Ingram has been a most sympathetic and successful worker among the poor and unfortunate of East London, to whom he is a familiar figure and a trusted friend. The king has recently placed the stamp of royal approval on his work by appointing him dean of the royal chapels.

A witness to ocean solitude recently reached Liverpool. A four-masted vessel, which sailed seven months before from San Francisco, entered the Mersey. Since leaving the Golden Gate she has not been spoken. Absolute silence concerning her through more than half a year, and then she appears as answer to all inquiries and speculations. So far as human knowledge goes, it was as if vessel and crew had sailed out of life, and been swallowed up in mystery for those days and months. The ocean as yet, does not suffer from overcrowding.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"He Was a Mighty Hunter Before the Lord"—Text, Genesis X, Verse 9—The Archers of Olden Times—Awkward Christian Work.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfers, N. Y.) Washington, May 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good falls through lack of adroitness; text, Genesis x, 9, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot redbirds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun browned face, and arm bunched with muscle, "a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody pay and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study gospel archery of whom it may after awhile be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

Awkward Christian Work.
How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunders who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With the left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

How to Be Effectual.
In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate it has brought down 400,000,000 of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whir was heard through the Corinthian theaters and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out:

"Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strikes a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strikes him in the heel it will turn his step; if it strikes him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Gallican, thou hast conquered!"

Spiritual Archery.
If you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun cleans the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that. It is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and the most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar. Yonder they are up in that garret—far away from the door of any church. The gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing on some street or road expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come.

What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans and put them in the stirrups. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddles and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is it that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a lion cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort?

Must Have Courage.
I remark further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery, you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shivering shoulder, with fear, instead of his taking the catamount the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if when out hunting for the bear he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chailu and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within 20 paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has snarled for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table? There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it. Millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine and the logwood and the tartaric acid and the nux vomica that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogheads. Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

The Great Monster.
Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for cracked brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There

were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the stroke of the saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the millions of membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

Bring Them to Church.
I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only bring down game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a bow down in the Roman amphitheater with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

I am sure there are some men who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction. And you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Schreun lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track today, O impenitent man! Not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! Here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin today. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop! There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons, mercy that heals, everlasting mercy. The 12 gates of God's love stand wide open. Enter and be forever safe.

NEED A GOOD APPETITE.
Sometimes We Need a Change of Food and of Scene.

How frequently we hear the remark made, when a person's indisposition is spoken of, "Oh, he can't have much the matter with him. He eats well and therefore he must be all right." As a matter of fact, although a good appetite is sometimes considered as a test of the state of the health, it is not an invariable test, for often those who are seriously ill have good appetites. This is the case with many consumptives and others, but a person with a bad appetite is not in good health—there is something wrong with him. Appetite and hunger are generally used synonymously, but hunger is more than appetite; it is imperative, but is allayed after eating. What is the best thing to do when the appetite wanes? The usual remedy is a tonic, sometimes it takes the shape of too frequent "nips" of gin and bitters, sherry and bitters, or some other compound. For a want of appetite the real remedies needed are often rest and sleep, together with fresh air. Overwork when feeble is a cause of loss of appetite. A change of food is a good remedy; sometimes the regimen has not been varied enough, and the system becomes overburdened with one kind of material, and another kind is deficient. An entire change of food may work wonders. A change of scene, of thought, and of environment are some of the best means to restore a jaded appetite for food. Outdoor exercise, work, sea-bathing—all these have a good effect, and promote those changes in the body which make a demand for food imperative. These remedies are all natural ones, and if rightly used can do no harm. Of course it requires judgment to decide which remedies are needed in each case, but if the normal instincts are heeded they will often tell what to do—it is generally best to trust to them.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him.

GUITEAU WAS BROKE

ASSASSIN BORROWED MONEY HE NEVER REPAID.

A Chicago lawyer tells a peculiar story of his first and only meeting with Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield. "One afternoon in 1878 or 1879," he says, "I was sitting in my office, rather busy, as I remember, when I walked an odd-looking, brisk little man, who asked for a few moments' interview in private. He was decently dressed in black, but there was something about him, I don't know what, that immediately excited my curiosity. I led him to the back room and, without wasting any time, he immediately came to the point. 'I am a lawyer,' he said, as nearly as I can remember his exact words, 'and my home is in Buffalo, N. Y. Bad health broke up my practice and forced me to go to California last year, but I have run out of money and find myself stranded here in Chicago. Will you lend me enough to buy a ticket on a cheap excursion train that leaves for Buffalo this evening? The amount will be returned,' he added, 'before the close of the week.' I was astonished, very naturally, not only by his request, but by the matter-of-fact manner in which he preferred it. 'But why in the world do you apply to me?' I asked. 'I never saw you before and have no earthly interest in your affairs.' 'Well, sir, I am a religious man,' he replied, 'and I believe in special Providence. It is absolutely necessary for me to secure this assistance from somebody, and in passing your door a few moments ago something told me that I would find it here. The statement I made to you regarding my predicament may seem meager,' he went on, 'but it would be childish to waste your time on details when I have no means at hand for confirming them. I gave you the essential facts and now ask you to lend me the money on faith purely.' He said all this in a simple, straightforward fashion that impressed me with its truth," continued the lawyer, "and, acting on one of those fantastic impulses that occasionally seize the most level-headed of us, I stuck my hand in my pocket and gave him the sum he wanted. He thanked me quietly, took a memorandum of my name and address and was about to write his own when I stopped him and remarked that, as long as it was a purely faith transaction, any data of that kind would be highly superfluous. 'If you don't send me the money,' said I, 'I shall certainly make no effort to collect it.' He smiled blandly and walked out, and

that was the last I ever saw or heard of him, but he left a souvenir in the shape of a small work of reference called Blair's Synonyms, which I found next day on the table. I remembered seeing the book in his hand when he came in, and he forgot it, no doubt, in his eagerness to decamp after he secured the cash. I threw it on the top shelf in the library, so it wouldn't remind me of the episode, for by that time I had come to my senses and realized what a first-class donkey I had made of myself. Of course, the money was never returned, and the story as it stands is a rather commonplace instance of cunning and credulity, but it happens to have a curious little second chapter. In 1885 I changed the location of my office, and when the books were being moved, Blair's Synonyms, forgotten and covered with dust, fell out of one of the cases. I picked it up, opened it at random, and for the first time noticed the name of the owner scrawled at the bottom of the back flyleaf. The name was Charles J. Guiteau."—Utica Globe.

Cuba's Mixed Population.
Cuba has a population of about 1,500,000, of whom 910,000 are native whites, 142,000 foreign whites, 234,000 pure-blood negroes, 286,000 mulattoes or half-breeds and 14,000 Chinese. More than 60 per cent are unable to read or write, and having always been subject to tyranny, do not possess the slightest comprehension of the principles of self-government.

One Murder Every 48 Minutes.
There are thirty murders a day in the United States year in and year out, or considerably more than one to the hour. It may be said without exaggeration that among Americans the assassin's pistol or knife is never idle. Every moment of the day some one of our citizens is meditating or committing murder.

Uniform Prices on Books.
American publishers have decided that after May 1 of the present year they will settle upon a net price at which books will be disposed of for sale by the retail stores. English publishers announce that a similar step to enforce a uniform price on the middlemen in that country will be attempted.

HOW MEN DIE

Nature Never so Kind as When Severing Earthly Ties.

If there is such a thing as being an authority on death, Dr. Thomas H. Andrews of Philadelphia, should rank high as an expert. He has seen over 2,000 persons die. In giving the result of his observations recently, he said: "Nature is never so kind to man as when she is severing the ties that bind him to this earthly life. She removes all fear, ameliorates every harsh surrounding, softens every sound and smooths the narrow pathway to the grave with kindly hands. The easiest thing in life is to die. In severe sickness death comes as a welcome visitor. On the battlefield or as the result of accident or sudden shock, when it comes to a man swiftly, who but a moment before was in perfect health and half an hour later will be dead, a fortitude which I cannot describe and have never been able to analyze sustains the victim. "The scientist, the man or woman of keen intelligence and trained faculties, unless their lives have been conspicuous for an exhibition of faith in religion and its teachings, are slower to accept the ministrations of geymsmen and others. The man of low intelligence yields at the first approach and calls for religious consolation. The reason for this, I think that the vast majority of professional men, outside of the clergy, and particularly the doctors and scientists generally, are not inclined to believe or accept what they cannot demonstrate as a scientific fact. And yet, as a rule, these men and women willingly accept religious ministrations when death is only a matter of hours. "I recall an instance during the war. One of the most distinguished men in the confederacy was brought to me for treatment. I saw at once that his death was a matter of hours only. He

was one of the most brilliant and charming men I ever met. I told him that he could not live and asked him if he desired to talk with a clergyman. He replied in a rather careless way that he did not feel disposed to change his views—that death, as he believed, ended all, and there was no use dragging religion in at the last hour. That was in the morning. He then felt strong and clear-headed. When I saw him in the afternoon he was weaker, and referring to our earlier conversation told me that he had been raised in the Methodist faith and that its teachings had left an impress on his mind. He asked me to send for a Methodist clergyman, which I did. When I saw him just before he died he told me what comfort the talk with the minister had given him and that he would now face death with a braver heart than he could have done before.

"I merely cite this instance," said Dr. Andrews, "to show that there is nothing which influences a man so much in later life, and even in the death hour, as the environment and teaching of his boyhood days. 'Jimmy' Logue, the notorious burglar and criminal, told me here in my office that that he did not kneel down and say his prayers.

"I have found," continued Dr. Andrews, "that persons of clean life, of honorable, upright, religious character, not only do not display an indifference to the approach of death, as those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a relief from care and toil. There is something about the approach of death that reconciles a man to it. The senses are dulled, the perceptive faculties blunted, and the end comes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep."

Keeping out of debt is a first-class life policy.

The Watch Dial Numerals

If you were told to correctly write the numerals which appear on the face of your watch without consulting your timepiece, you would not consider the task difficult. You look upon the dial of your ticker a dozen or more times a day, yet the chances are that not one of 100 people would write the numerals correctly. If they were in the Roman form you would write I, II, III, IV, etc. Here you would be wrong. The four on your watch is expressed IIII. If in the Arabic, you would write from 1 to 12. Wrong again, for on nearly all watches which have a second hand there is no six. Such little catches show that our faculty of observation is not always fully developed.

first fish, which seemed to be quite a large one. I reeled him where I could see him and found it was a large pike, 25 or 30 inches long. I pulled him up to my boat, but when I lifted him from the water he was as light as feather. I measured him and found he was just 30 inches long, and should have weighed eight or nine pounds, while he only weighed two. He had just skin and bones. I killed him, took my knife and cut him open, and found a live lizard, five inches long, in his stomach. The reptile was as black as coal and very lively, living 24 hours after I took him from his prison.—Field and Stream.

A Fish-and-Lizard Story.
One afternoon I thought I would go down the river and troll. I had on my hook a live minnow, and in a little while had a strike and I hooked my

My recipe for self-preservation is exercise. I am a very temperate man and have always been so. I have taken care of myself; and, as I have a good constitution, I suppose that is the reason I am so well.—David Dudley Field.