

# THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.  
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The Belgian pigeon which won the great race from Burgos, in Spain, to Brussels, did the 700 miles in fourteen hours.

Timber is seasoned by the evaporation of the water, the extraction of the vegetable juices and the solidification of the woody tissue.

The King of Siam has a bodyguard of 400 female warriors. They are chosen from the handsomest and most robust women in his kingdom.

Almost exactly half the coal exported from Great Britain in the last six months went to the four countries, France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

King Edward VIII., that may be, has completed his seventh year and received as a birthday present from his grandfather, King Edward VII., a bicycle.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways on the globe, if not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass each other and yet be out of sight.

The municipal council of St. Petersburg is to send an electrical expert to the United States in order that he may study the telephone system of this country with a view to reorganizing the one in use in St. Petersburg.

Recent discovery in Jerusalem proves that the ancient aqueduct which brought water from Bethlehem through the Hinnah valley, thought to be the work of Herod, was built by the Emperor Severus, 195 A. D. Inscriptions to that effect have been found.

Mrs. Lucinda Washington, who is said to be 124 years old, fell down stairs at the poor house at Kokomo, Ind., and suffered a broken arm, but she will recover. She was born a slave in South Carolina in 1779, and remained in one family until her emancipation in 1863.

In a few weeks the women of Norway will be ready to take part in elections as full-fledged voters. A bill conferring the municipal franchise upon women has passed both houses of the Norwegian parliament (Storting) and will become a law at the end of the present session.

The Japanese Emperor has an allowance of \$2,000,000 a year to maintain the dignity of his office and have a good time. This is equal to \$5,479 a day. At the close of the Chinese-Japanese war Parliament awarded him 20,000,000 yen (\$10,000,000) in gratitude for the able manner in which he directed military and naval operations.

A few years ago Phoenix, Ariz., the center of the Salt River Valley, was a sagebrush desert. It now has 25,000 inhabitants, with an assessed property valuation of \$10,000,000, says the New York Tribune. All this is due to the introduction of water, which, brought in canals from distant streams, has turned the desert into a fertile valley, covered with ranches and dotted with small towns.

Captain E. H. Smeed, of East Providence, R. I., had just received a government medal which was awarded him seventeen years ago for heroism in helping to rescue the crew of a shipwrecked schooner in the harbor of New Haven. The medal was mislaid in a secret drawer in a desk in the collector's office at the Custom House of New Haven, and was found only a few days ago.

There is a new patient at Bellevue Hospital, New York, the only patient of its kind ever treated there. On the card appears the name of "Bum," a kitten, suffering from dislocation of the spine. A little girl pleaded so hard with one of the doctors to cure her kitty that it was finally taken charge of. Now the doctors are interested in the case, and will do all in their power to save "Bum's" life.

The apportionment of lot of thirteen thousand homestead claims in the Klaw-Comanche reservation last month was a vast improvement in good sense, order and fairness over the methods by which government land has usually been opened to settlement. Of course there were many disappointed home-seekers—there must be when one hundred and seventy thousand applications are filed for thirteen thousand claims—but there was no wild rush for choice sections, no trampling on the rights of the weak by the strong, no fighting and no disputes over priority. The distribution was conducted rapidly and in good order, through several days, until the lots were apportioned; and through it all a crowd of twenty thousand people cheered and congratulated every winner as heartily as if each member of the throng had been himself the winner he hoped to be.

In England the automobile comes into favor less rapidly than on the continent. A London writer calls it "a fad, and an extremely dirty, dusty, uncomfortable fad," and a nuisance on the public ways. He thinks it will be many years before "these crude, impracticable machines" displace in the Englishman's affections "a fine trotting horse and a smart trap." No doubt the horse is here to stay, and no doubt the automobile is still in its clumsy beginning; but just wait a little, till the problem of a light and cheap storage-battery has been solved.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK FULL OF THE SUMMER SPIRIT.

"Go Forth Unto the Mount and Fetch Olive Branches and Pine Branches and Myrtle Branches and Palm Branches \* \* \* to Make Booths."—Neh. 5:15.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.]  
Washington, Sept. 1.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the breath of the hills and fields and is a summer sermon; text, Nehemiah viii, 15, "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths."

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem and on the house tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festival time. It is the feast of tabernacles, and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest. And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths.

**We Need Olive Branches.**  
Now, if we are today going to succeed in building this gospel arbor we must go into the mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as an angry chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sin there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

There is a great lawsuit going on now, and it is a lawsuit which man is bringing against his Maker. That lawsuit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine, it is iniquity versus the immaculate, it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it. God did not begin the lawsuit. We began it. We assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle, in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent—the sooner we end it the better. Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary, that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill, but I persist in calling it the mount of God's divine mercy and love far grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or the Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it, and I have noticed in every sect where the cross of Christ is set forth it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get rid of this war between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to get back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing and pluck these olive branches and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ!

**Health for Mind and Soul.**  
But my text goes further. It says, "Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches." Now, what is suggested by the pine branch? The pine tree is healthy, it is aromatic, it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines. That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to go to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion. It is full of health—health for all, health for the mind, health for the soul. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive. He lived on a beverage of hosiannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the King. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion—healthy for the eye, healthy for the hands, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipage. Oh, that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now! I mean it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick, but if a man takes a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this evergreen of my text also suggests the simple fact that religion is evergreen. What does the pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter cannot freeze it out. This evergreen tree branch is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion. In the sharpest, coldest winter of misfortune and disaster it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now, that is a practical truth. For suppose if I should go up and down these aisles I would not find in this house fifty people who had had no trouble. But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh, how many bereavements, how many poverties, how many persecutions, how many misrepresentations! And now, my brother, you have tried everything else, why do you not try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the day of prosperity. It is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like Muckle Backie, the fisherman, who was chided one day because he kept on working, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him and said, "It is indecent for you to be mending that boat when this afternoon you buried your child." And the fisherman looked up and said, "Sir, it is very easy for you gentlemen to stay in the house with your handkerchief to your eyes in grief; but, sir, ought I to let the other five children starve because one of them is drowned? No, sir. We maun work, we maun work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

**The Significance of the Palm.**  
But my text takes a step further, and it says, Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and palm branches. Now, the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had 360 different uses. The fruit was conserved, the sap was a beverage, the stems were ground up for food for camels. The base of the leaves was turned into hats and mats and baskets, and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew 85 feet in height sometimes, and it spread leaves four and five feet long. It meant usefulness, and it meant victory—usefulness for what it produced and victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians do not amount to anything. You have to shove them off the track to let the Lord's chariots come along.

I know the old plan was, the plan now is, in regard to worldly investments—you hear it, merchants tell you—do not put everything into one thing, do not put all your eggs into one basket. But I have to tell you in this matter of religion you had better give your all to God and then get in yourself. Oh, says some one, "My business is to sell silks and cloths." Well, then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to raise corn and carrots." Then, my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to manufacture horseshoe nails." Then manufacture horseshoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

**The Victory Over Satan.**  
But the palm branch also meant victory. You all know that. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. But word comes from our Father that if we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong our Father will help us, and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, "Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered."

Some one says "How about the future?" What, says the man, I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life. You are going to be more than conqueror. But, says the man, I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life. You are going to be more than conqueror. I, who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror? Yes, unless you are so self conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? "Oh no," you say, "I want God to be my leader." Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body, your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the dust anywhere, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh, you are going to be more than conqueror.

**Finishing the Arbor.**  
My text brings us one step further. It says, "Go forth into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches and myrtle branches and palm branches and branches of thick trees." Now, you know very well—I make this remark under the head of branches of thick trees—that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So then the booth or

arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth, and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine; not only love, but justice; not only invitation but warning; it is a mighty gospel; it is an omnipotent gospel. These are the stout branches of thick trees.

I remember what Mr. Finney said in a schoolhouse. The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village, and he was called Lot, and Mr. Finney was preaching in the school house, and he described the destruction of Sodom, how the city was going to be destroyed unless they repented and that there would be rain from heaven of sorrow and destruction unless they, too, repented. And the people in the school house sat and ground their teeth in anger and clinched their fists in anger, but before he got through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh, it is a mighty gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning, an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees.

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one or two points not because I forgot to present them, but because I have not time to present them. I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. Come into the booth. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pigeons, and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after awhile they dropped into the net, and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth. I look out. I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

## NOTED WOMAN SUFFRAGIST.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay's Daughter Has Done Much for Her Sex in Kentucky.

Within the past twelve years Miss Laura Clay, woman suffragist and daughter of the famous old Whitehall general, Cassius M. Clay, has revolutionized the position of women in Kentucky. She is the president and founder of the Equal Rights Association of Kentucky and under her leadership wonders have been accomplished. She is a mild-mannered, blue-eyed, round-faced little woman of pleasing address, but in pertinacity and vigorous intellect she is her noted father's daughter. From girlhood she has been a staunch advocate of the idea that commercially, legally, professionally and politically, woman is and should be recognized as the equal of man. In 1858 she began the serious battle for this idea. She was chosen president of the State Equal Rights Association in that year and appeared in Frankfort with certain bills which the association wished to have passed. At first politicians laughed the matter away, but ere long they found occasion to review their opinion of the equal rights propaganda. They passed some of the bills and thought that ended the matter, but the next session found the women lobbying as actively as ever. Bills were passed going a step further, and now the committee from the Equal Rights Association is one of the fixtures at Frankfort.

## SAW THE POINT.

Director of a Railroad the Victim of an Employee's Sarcasm.

A railway director, who can take a joke as well as he can give one, is the good-natured subject of the following story: One of the employees of the road made application to him for a pass, in order that he might go home to visit his family. "You are in our employ?" asked the director. "Yes, sir." "And you receive your pay regularly?" "I do." "Well, let us suppose that you were working for a farmer. Would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and drive you home?" "No, sir," answered the man, without a moment's hesitation. "I should hardly expect him to do that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should think he was a pretty mean man if he refused to give me a lift."

And the more the director thought of it, the more it seemed to him that his question had been very satisfactorily answered. The man got the pass.

## A Twinish Family.

Mrs. James Little, who lives near Atchison, Kan., who was herself a twin and the son of a twin, has given birth to her second pair of twins, the first pair being about 18 months old when the second pair made its appearance.

The acme of perfection would soon be reached if people would only follow the advice they give to others.

White girls in the South find great difficulty in obtaining places of domestic service. While it is admitted that the vocation is highly honorable, it is claimed that the colored servants are better trained and more competent.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, SEPT. 15: GENESIS 32: 1-32.

Golden Text—Men Ought Always to Pray and Not to Faint—Luke 18: 1—Jacob a Prince with God—The Trickster-Tricked.

Time.—B. C. 1739 or 1740. It is difficult to learn from the account of Jacob's service with Laban just how long it lasted. Some commentators figure it 21 years; others reckon it 40 years, understanding the "twenty years," twice mentioned in Gen. 31: 38, 41, to be two periods of 20 years each. Jacob was about 57 years old when he went to Haran.

I. The Trickster Tricked.—Gen. 29, 30, 31. Setting out briskly after his vision at Bethel, Jacob completed his journey of about 500 miles, and came to the land beyond the Euphrates. As he drew near his uncle's abode, out in the fields he saw herds, waiting till all should be gathered. In that arid land, every guarantee of fair division must be thrown about the water supply. While Jacob was talking with the shepherds, Rachel, his cousin, came and still are used in that country as shepherdesses. If Jacob had not gallantly interfered, and with a mighty tug pulled up the well cover, she would have had to wait till the boorish men had watered their flocks.

II. The Avenger Near.—Gen. 32: 1-23. Then a new peril confronted Jacob, and he was overwhelmed in spirit, quite forgetting a second vision of angels vouchsafed him at Mahanaim. He had sent messengers ahead, announcing his coming to Esau. They had returned, bringing the disquieting news that the wronged brother was advancing with four hundred men. Jacob's uneasy conscience saw retribution approaching, and he made swift and shrewd arrangements. He parted his people and animals into two bands, that one at least might be spared. He made up a great present for Esau, five generous droves, each of a different kind of animal, and sent them ahead at intervals, to be presented one by one. He betook himself to praying, and offered up one of the noblest prayers recorded in the Bible (vs. 26). All this carried him well into the night.

III. The Heavenly Antagonist.—Vs. 24-28. "24. And Jacob was left alone." Before him was the ford of the Jabbok, over which his goods and retinue had been transported during these anxious hours preceding. Its name means a turbulent stream—a most appropriate word, used again in the word translated "wrestled" in this verse. It tumbles down through rocky ravines to the Jordan. Left alone. That is one of the terrible results of guilt—the isolation of the sinner. Solitary confinement, the most fearful of modern punishments, is one of the most logical of them all, though it is inhuman. Goodness attracts, draws men together; wickedness repels, holds them asunder. "And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." At first Jacob might have thought that Esau, his wronged brother, had sent some assassin to slay him; but he soon discovered his error.

IV. Jacob Becomes Israel.—Vs. 27-32. "27. And he said unto him, What is thy name?" Ask yourself that question. "What is my real name, the name God knows me by? Is it Simon the Pharisee, or Peter the Rock? Is it Willing, or Disobedient? Bold, or Coward? Faithless, or Believer? We are promised 'a new name' for heaven, and doubtless they will have new names in hell—names getting ready for them here on the earth. "What is your name?" we once drew a series of pictures showing how names might be stamped on foreheads or shirt fronts, or worn as badges, in order to avoid the social dilemmas that arise from the forgetting of names. Suppose the idea transferred to things of the spirit, might that a name descriptive of your real nature should shine out upon your face, would you want to hide it, as Jacob, the Supplianter, must have wanted to hide his?

V. The Reconciliation.—Gen. 33.—Though his fear was gone, and great peace had taken its place, Jacob continued his preparations to meet Esau. He placed his family in order, putting in the rear, according to Eastern custom, those whom he most honored and loved, Rachel and Joseph, and went forward himself. Seven times he bowed to the ground, and Esau, but the impetuous brother ran to meet him, and in an eager embrace all enmity was buried and the ugly past forgotten. Esau would even return Jacob's present, but at last was prevailed upon to keep it. He urged Jacob to accept an escort, but this was firmly refused, possibly in the spirit which Ezra showed when Artaxerxes would guard his return (Ezra 8: 22). Jacob persuaded his brother to return in advance of his slowly moving caravan. "I will lead on softly," he said, "until I come unto my Lord unto Seir." That was much like Jacob, for so softly did he lead on that he never fulfilled his promise. He speedily found a good place for winter quarters, made him a house and shelters for his flocks and herds, and established himself in peace. God's Bethel promise was fulfilled, "I will bring thee again into this land."

"The moral of the lives of the two brothers lies on the surface. In the elder we see how the finest disposition, if unsupported by steady habits and fixed religious principle, is no safeguard against moral degeneracy and utter failure in all the nobler purposes of existence. In the younger, the refining and dignifying influence of solid worth, even when it has the struggle against the weaknesses and temptation of a meaner nature, as shown no less clearly. The one shines before us in his youth only to darken and lose his glory ere he dies; the other rises amidst clouds and mists, but breaks through them after a time, till, at his setting, the very clouds that darkened round him at first heighten his glory as he disappears."—Geikie.

## Tolstoy's Toil as Historian.

It took Count Tolstoy five years to gather the historical material for "War and Peace." The preliminary writings from which the book sprang are now in the Rumjanzoff Museum, Moscow. Some years ago, when Countess Tolstoy was ill, a careless servant took the manuscripts and threw them into a disused canal in the park near the house. They were discovered after several weeks and rescued.

## Crime in Hot Weather.

The police authorities always look for an epidemic of crime as soon as hot weather sets in. Statistics prove that the taking of human life, either by murder or suicide, is nearly 50 per cent higher in summer than in winter.

## Runaway Horse Takes a Ride.

A runaway horse in Denver the other day finished a flight by landing in the interior of a rapidly moving trolley car, where he rode for nearly a block before the vehicle could be stopped.

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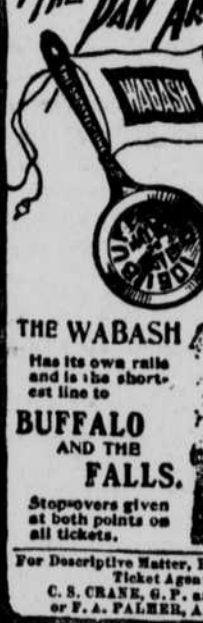


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