Life in the Capital-Moying an Az tec Idol-Famous Popocatapeti With Its Almost Inaccessible Peak of Snow.

Morning in Mexico is a season of delight. The weather is usually so pleasant and unchangeable that our North American salutation "it's a fine day," is unknown to the Mexican. If such a remark is made he seems surprised and will answer, "one day is like another here, and all days are fine." Even in the rain season I was told the showers fall at night and the days are clear and unclouded. But the morning has the most enchanting atmosphere; there is a buoyant freshness in the air, the skies are blue, the sunshine delicious, as tempering the chill which is inseparable from night and shade, in the high altitudes of the capi-

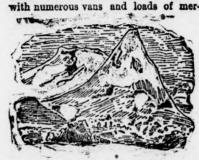
Being within the tropics the sun rises and sets at nearly the same hours every day in the year. After sunset it soon be comes dark. The people go to bed early. The pulque shops are closed early by law, and about the only loitering places are the restaurants. There is a prejudice against the night air, and few persons are in the streets after dark, though the city is well lighted by electricity.

The work of street sweeping, which our people are accustomed to do at night, Mexicans postpone until the fresh and early hours of the morning. It is volcanic rock, cut in large squares and laid diagonally across the carriage way, form the pavement. The same kind of pavement is to be seen in Rome, Naples and in ancient Pompeii. The size of the blocks suggest to the Northern eye danger from breakage, but as the vehicular traffic of the city, though great in volume, is not heavy in weight, the stones remain unimpaired.



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MEXICAN STREET MERCHANT. For several days during my sojourn in the city workmen were engaged in mov-ing from the Vera Cruz Railroad station to the national museum a great basaltic porphyry idol-the "Goddess of Water." An Aztec idol of uncouth appearance, strangely and intricately carved, it came from the region south of Tlaxcala, where Cortes found his first resistance and afterward his most approved and courageous allies. Its weight, by the railway scales, was twenty tons. Boilers, monoliths and ponderous machinery of great weight are moved on trucks by the use of horses without much ado in our Northern cities. In Mexico it was slung as it rested on iron rails from under the axles of a vehicle with wheels ten feet in diameter, and moved slowly by horses and capstans over a rail-road track laid down upon the pavement. A guard of soldiers, almost as numerous as the gang of workmen, were observant of the work. The idol advanced about a block a day, and was a fortnight in getting into position. Undoubtedly it is the heaviest object transported through the streets of Mexico since the days before the conquest, when relays of Aztecs, thousands in number, laboriously brought the great calcadar or sacrificial stone to the teocalli where Montezuma, and the priests who preceded him, performed the death-dealing rites of their gloomy religion. There are few, very few, manufactories-the bustling, steam propelled, coal-consuming, iron-requiring factories of modern times -in Mexico. There are few of the great wholesale and distributing houses of our commercial cities to fill the streets



MOUNT POPOCATAPETL chandise. Neither is the disintegrating element of frost known in the climate: consequently the pavements of Mexico

wear well, are smooth and clean. Mexico is 7350 feet above the level the sea. The descend--"bajada"-from the city, as the railroad time-tables put it, that is, to go down toward the coast, either toward the Atlantic on the east, or the Pacific on the west, the circle of volcanic mountains which surround the Valley of Mexico must first be climbed. It is the most remarkable range of volcances in the world, forming a rampart on a parallel sixteen miles south of the

city.

They are not all in sight from the capital, because Popocatapetl, the highest mountain in Mexico, and Iztaccihnatl, its companion and neighbor, shut out the view. The traveler need not journey far to the eastward before Orizaba, the most symmetrical snow-shrouded cone in the list of mountains, with its crater shining like a star in the night, will be seen towering up in the sky. If he goes westward soon the peak of the volcano of Toluca will present itself, which is united by a chain of smaller volcanoes cosure. It is the strangest sight, this circle of volcanoes, and one that has arrested the attention of physicists and geographers, both before and since the time of Humboldt. Old Vesuvius dominates the horizon of Naples: his drifts over the beautiful bay and citya landmark visible from a great distance. People go from all parts of the world to see it. The volcanoes within sight of Mexico are more numerous and more remarkable. If they were to go into eruption at one time they would encircle the

city with mountains of fire.
On the great plaza of Mexico, between grapher. On this monument is inscribed the latitude and longitude of the spot and various other measurements, including the very important one which shows there is a band of snow about the giant's cone that is fully a mile wide. A Mexican gentlemen tells me that it is 500 feet deep in the barrances and hardly less;

nearest the city. Standing beside this monument I at once saw that should the lake submerge the city. lake submerge the city, of which there is danger, the water would be two or three inches above my head. the snow. The lowest of these clouds is

The lake is smooth and salty. Bul-rushes border its banks and the mountnins are reflected on its surface. The top. The snow is more permanently train left Mexico early in the morning, white than the clouds with a tinge of interesting to run down to the tropical region, pass the best portion of the day there and return at night. The railroad people had provided lunch, din-

street scene in Mexico.
ing cars being as yet not introduced into
Mexico. Everything was at hand except
coffee, and this was to be seryed at
Ayotla, a station fifteen inities out. A band of music was on board, consisting of six violins, four guitars, four clari-onets, two bass viols and six brass herns. done with hand brooms by a large force of peons—so thoroughly done that nothing better in the way of clean pavements is to be wished for. Blocks of grayish welcanic rook out in large square and the snowy peak of Popocatapetl in the immediate background the shader up the snowy peak of Popocatapetl in the immediate background, the shadows being quite deep upon its western side. The other volcano, Iztaccibuatl, is connected with the greater one, the ridge which unites them being two or three

miles long.

Iztaccibuatl is an Indian word, meaning "the white lady." At sunrise in the morning the long ridge of the mountain, covered with snow, bears a resemblance to the form of a woman, shrouded in white. The feet are nearest to Popocatapetl, the head farthest away. The resemblance is not so apparent as the sun mounts higher and the shadows fall in other directions, but the figure of a woman is much more plainly to be made out at all times than is Antony's Nose on the Hudson, or the man's head on Mt.

While drinking the coffee and looking t the wonderful mountain scenery, the band begins its concert. A peon acts as ing eight recesses for restaurants, managemusic stand. He holds a sheet in his ment rooms, etc. Over the recesses, and hands for the clarionet, and has planed horns. He guards his face from the air necessary baths and other accommodation. of the clarionet by holding the music as a shield, but he cannot protect himself could offer would be the advantages of a shield, but he cannot protect himself from the brass horns which assail him from the rear. Nevertheless he stands perfectly still in the centre of this wind paralyzed him.

than Mt. Blane, which Byron "crowned serving-rooms attached to the restaurants. monarch of mountains." It has not been in eruption since 1540, twenty years after the conquest by Cortez. A variable column of smoke ascends from it. The mined from the crater, and also from the charcoal which is burned from the wood that grows upon the mountain side, below the snow line. The ascent is not often made. It is



THE CHURCH OF AMECAMECA.

sary to start the day before and stop ove below the snow line. The discomforts of a night here are something that few care to endure, and the climb through the snow up the icy crater next morning is very trying. The atmosphere is thin on account of the enormous elevation, and as a few incline to such hardships, on the top of Popocatapetl since the day that Diego de Ordaz, under the command of Cortez, made the first ascent in the year 1519. The Emperor, Charles V., allowed Ordaz to use a flaming volcand on his escutcheon. As Cortez says no one could reach the top of the mountain on account of the vast accumulation of snow at that time, it is probable that Ordez boasted of something he did not perform. In that case the brothers Fredrick and William Glennie, who climbed it in 1827, are the first who should be credited with having reached the sum-

All who undertake to go up mountain first get a permit from the miners to render assistance. Then they go by railroad to Amecameca, twenty-five iles or so from Mexico, and there equip themselves with extra clothing, ponies, etc., and begin the wearisome ascent. At this beautiful village at the foot of the mountain there is a lofty rock or hill, sacred by ancient tradition, on whose top is a church. Many people make pilgrimages to this church at Ame-

We do not stop there except to take more coffee and look at the mountains from a new and nearer point of view In the fields, rich with a dark, volcanic soil, the bare legged peons are plowing. The plow is a stick set into a heavy land. It has a strange look. The fields are full of peons cultivating the ground, and the vegetation might very well be Egyptian. The peons are good work-men. They lose no time in soldiering; their motions are quick, and their indus-

try keeps them in ceaseless activity. The sunshine burns us, and yet a little way above us is the land which touches the great cathedral and the national palace, is a monument to Enrico Martinez, the illustrious Mexican cosmolis covered with snow. That is to say,

the snow. The lowest of these clouds is more than two miles below its crest; occasionally a light one ascends near to the stronger .- Detroit Free Press.

It Will Eclipse the Eiffel Tower. London is to have a tower higher than the one at the Paris exposition that attracted so much attention and to rival which has been one of the ambitions of Americans who are especially interested in the Columbian exposition. The London tower, which is to be erected by the Watkin Tower Company a mile or two horth of St. John's Wood, is to be 1200 feet in height, and to be constructed of steel. Four lifts and two staircuses are provided, situated in the legs of the tower, which rise to the principal stage at a height of 200 feet above the ground.



benefit of visitors a large area consisting of a great central hall, which under able management would prove one of the special attractions of the tower. The hall would be of an octagonal form, 20,000 feet area and sixty feet high, the spaces between the eight legs of the tower at the angles of the octagon forming eight recesses for restaurants, manageclustered found the central hall, the o his back, or to the red serape on his authors suggest the construction of a back, two other sheets for the brass | hotel, of ninety bed-rooms, with all pure air, sun-light and open prospects, the whole of the bed-rooms have been placed on the external faces of the tower. blast. The music has either charmed or The restaurants on the main platform would provide dining accommodation, Popocatapetl—an Aztec word meaning one being especially set apart for the use the mountain that smokes—has an eleva- of residents, and the kitchens would be tion of 17,720 feet, or 1945 feet higher arranged on the mezzanines over the

Once Niagara Ran Dry.

-Chicago News.

It seems almost incredible, says a writer man who resides in the City of Mexico. In Golden Days, that at one time in He derives a revenue from the sulphur its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran Nevertheless it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29. 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls. To thoroughly appreciate this astonishing phenomenon it should be remembered that the estimated average amount of water passing over these falls is 502,500 tons per minute. The winter of that year been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of an unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and bringing it down to the nouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall. So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most night at the sulphur miner's cabin, just extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, below the snow line. The discomforts tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river and only strong men can stand it. The being lined with people during the whole sulphur odors have also to be endured, day. At last there came a break in the ice; it was released from its restraint, the not more than a score of men have stood | wall of pent-up waters rushed forward, and Niagara was itself again.

> Pathetle Story of a Neglected Poet. It is pathetic to read of the posthumous fame of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet. Twenty years have passed since, reduced to dire pecuniary straits, he shot himself on Brighton Beach, near Melbourne, Australia. Now we are informed, on the authority of the irculating libraries, that his poetical works are "extremely popular" in the wealthy city where he starved when alive. The Australian publishers have made a fortune out of the fresh and vigorous poems that brought their author little, if ny, recompense.

Here is an instance of the contempwous indifference with which Gordon's remarkable gift of open-air song was treated during his lifetime. One of the eading Australian dailies thus noticed his "Bush Ballads" on their first publication; "We have received a volume of poems entitled 'Bush Ballads,' by A. L. Gordon. The book is highly creditable to the printer, the papermaker and the binder." The same journal published within the past few years, without a blush or an apology of any sort, two columns of a glowing eulogy of the Lon-don edition of Gordon's poems. It is the old story of the stoning of the prophets, of Keats and the Quarterly, of the marble honors that are reserved for a man's shes, and the tribute that comes just a lifetime too late .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

Flowers in London's Heart. In the very heart of the City of London the Bank of England boasts within its sacred precincts as fine a show of rhododendrons as may be seen anywhere in the London radius. The garden is tastefully laid out in a rectangular style around a central fountain. The young Stock Exchange men slip in en route to business and get a buttonhole from this superabundant supply.—New York Jour-

Antwerp is on the decline. Haraburg and Rotterdam are drawing off its commerce by lower port charges.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKBYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Summer Vacation,"

TEXT: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." - Mark vi., 31. Here Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that

vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and Ho advises that they get out into the country. I am glad that for longer or shorter time multitudes of our people will have summer vacation. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the sea shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence.

The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystaline surface of Winnipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antiers of Adironlack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snaps at the book of a broit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Already the botton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baize billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance and the clattering hoofs of the race courses attest that the season for the great American watering-places is fairly inaugurated. Music—flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echees of the mountains.

Glad I am that fagged out American life

of the mountains.

Glad I am that fazged out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the patient the physician, or the church its nastor a senson of inoccupation. church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a note of warning—plain, earnest an l unmistak-able.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You wilt send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well care! for somewhere

canary bird to be well care I for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the biluds down and the deor bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of picty at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions. excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of relig-

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse pickel out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in out of the circusons of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know they are not half so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed featur s. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worsquall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce' is ended. The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in these of four works in such a place. who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalis. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they denounce you as a bigote! Puritan. Standoff from these institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of olden time Eaden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

heaven.

Another temptation around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing tusiness. We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets amon; the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called treation. You ages the non has over carried the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The century of olden times, northerse and part man, seems. olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a least. But we do not think that the speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian peo-ple, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names, and it is

ailed a "summer meeting," almost sugges called a "summer meeting," almost sugges-tive of positive religious exercives. An lit is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting, the same drunkenness and same vagabond-age, and the same abominations that were to be found under the old horse racing sys-

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team, and put on their sporting cap, and light their cigar, and take the reins, and dash down the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga and Long Branch and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering places, is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, nearly every kind of equipage is taken up at an analyse respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bar tender stirs up the brandy smash. The

foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bar tender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around long before arranged who shall beat.

Leaning from the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pick-pockets, who carry off the pocketbooks and portmonnaies. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring, out there is many a man on that shad whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white name, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and

are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and with rulu—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom.

Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer. Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and light cavalry horse. They found the turf depreciates the stock, and it is yet worse for men. Thomas Hughes, the Member of Parliament and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being

started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its high head, to this behauded institution of the British turf."

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering places, and this is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was meant to recuperate the physical health, and yet how many come from the watering places, their health absolutely destroyed! New York and Brooklyn idiots beasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bad at 10 o'clock at night gossiping until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice creams and lemons and lobster salads and cocoanuts until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men chassesing themselves into vartigo and catalepsy: Thousands of mad and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations

women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations iaid for ailments that will last them all their ife long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truta.

In the summer you say to your good health: "Good by; I am going to have a good time for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office or shop or counting room, Good Health will conie and say, "Good by; I am going." You say, "Where are you going." "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation! It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will loave you choleric and spienetic and can hausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering place, "Do thyself up harm."

Another temptation hovering affound the

"Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation bovering around the watering place is to the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic inclusives of this country than all the statements. watering places. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all the other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. Those who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing 5f long trail can make up for strong common sense. You may as well go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet! The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw if you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly.

made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that excites the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed fop who, perfu nei until the air is actually sick, spen is his summer in taking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieus and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition, two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flauing cravat, his conversation made up of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "He-hee's." It would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calves-foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place, her conversation made up of French moonshine, what she has on her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless cert since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the River of Life for all eternity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartheast and the late of the late of the confidence of the late of the fair faces an egraceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fan-tastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make life long cov-

Another temptation that will hover over the watering place is that of baneful litera-ture. Almost every one starting off for the ture. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the book stan 1, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more postiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was.

Would it not be an awful thing for you to

Would it not be an awful thing for you to Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper covered romances—the here a Parisian roue, the heorine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of one hundred dollars a line! Throw out that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of

good books that are easy to read—books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry ringing with merry canto, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is the intoxicating beverage. I am told that it is becoming more fashionable for women to drink. I care not Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that.

When a man goes down to destruction find a man who will be such a fool as that.

When a man goes down to destruction
Satan brings him to a plain. It is almost
a level. The depression is so slight that
you can hardly see it. That man does not
actually know that he is on the down
grade, and it tips only a little toward
darkness—just a little. And the first mile
it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry,
and the third mile it is punch, and the
fourth mile it is al, and the fifth mile it is
porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and
then it gets steeper and steeper, an I the man porter, and the sixth milo it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says, "Oh, let me get off," "No," says the conductor, "this is an express train and it does not stop until it gets to the order of the central depot of Shashupton.

Ah, "look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

My friends, whether you tarry at homewhich will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm

as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourselves against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanliness; wells of salvation; streams from Lebanon; a flood struck out of the rock by Moses; fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar; water to drink and water to bathe in; the river of God, which is full of water; water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; wells of water in the Valley of Baca; living fountains of water; a pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of Gol.

These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price," No long and dirty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California in five rainutes I walked around and saw ten fountains, all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes

and saw ten fountains, all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fitty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life.

A chemist will go to one of these summer watering places and take the water and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering place!

Crowd around this Bethesda to-day! Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying —crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it! Oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it! Some of you'are too weak to take a step in that, direction. Then we take you up in the affins of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blothed and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

now well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put glassiness on her eyes she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a \$2500 carriage and have diamonds enough to confound Tiffanys—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of a great institute and the daughter of

-she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of a great institute and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhiberated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and ninety-four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas. Thirty-five of them are between sixty and seventy years of age, and six are over seventy.

dainty. It is colored by the addition of cherocal and the juice of Turkish prune.

TEMPERANCE.

FOR EVERYONE. For Everyone.

Here is a little verse, which, though not intended its a puzzle, has a moral so good that we have copied it for your benefit. It was quoted by a great speaker when making an address on the subject whether or not it would be possible to close the public drinking-saloons. He said, "This is a difficult question, truly, my friends, but will we not do well to remember that

"There is a little public-house

"There is a little public-house Which every one may close;
It is the little public-house
Just underneath your nose."

L'outh's Banner.

WHAT AN SLD BARTENDER SATS.

"De you know," said an old bartender, recently, "that every time I self d man a drink I feel like a criminal? I have been doing it for twenty years, and I have never known the taste of liquor in my life. But I have seen men drink it to their ruin and never one to his good. It actually makes me angry to see men stand up to the bar and drink liquor. I have often been thought surly, but it was not surliness, it was anger that made me seem so. You cannot get brutes to touch the stuff, and they show they are a good deal smarter than men. I am not a Prohibitionist and would not vote that ticket under any circumstances, because I know enough about the business to know that an attempt to enforce such a law simply means that you make liars and sneaks cut of all drinking men. But I know that drinking does no man good, and the man is a foo! who says that a drink when he is feeling badly is just what he wants. I've seen those men turn drunkards. You may think that mine are peculiar views for a barkeeper. No doubt they are; but I have had long experience, and I tell you the opium eater bas stronger arguments in favor of his drug than the whisky-drinker has for his whisky. Why don't I get out of the business? I got into it, and I know it, I don't know any other, and I am too old now to learn." WHAT AN OLD BARTENDER SATS.

HOW TO ESCAPE INTEMPERANCE

In a recent number of an American magazine, Mr. Jefferson tells a pathetic story of meeting in the wilds of Australia a shepherd who had once been a man of rank and position in London. He had become a drunkard, and after trying every means of refornt had at last fled to Australia and buried himself in the bush, alone but for a dog that bore him company, he would flot tempt him to drink. For years he had fit mained there solitary, not seeing the face of a human being for months at a time. But he had conquered the habit which was making a beast of him.

Perhaps among the readers of this story, there is some young man upon whom the love of liquor has taken hold. He is ashamed, terrified, anxious to shake it off, but he feels its grasp in the weakness of his will to resist. What shall he do?

In the first place, recognize the fact that this is a practical, physical evil, and calmly bring practical, physical evil, and calmly bring practical, physical remedies to bear on it. First seek help from a higher than human source, and then use the rational remedies which He has provided for this disease of the body and soul. If alcoholism is hereditary in his family or if his immediate ancestors were moderate drinkers his danger is greater, and the need of prompt action more imminent. He should put himself in the care of an intelligeut physician who will be able somewhat to appease the intense craving for stimulant.

But he must himself counteract the cause

But he must himself counteract the cause which drove him to drink. If it was a desire for "fur" and excitement let him find some amusements different from those in which he has been indulging which will drive it from his mind.

his mind.

If he began to tipple in secret, let him shun solitude and find cheerful, entertaining society. If on the other hand he drinks only when with certain associates, let him give them up at once and wholly.

Occupation, healthy and absorbing for mind and body, is the surest safeguard for him. For after all, "the way to stop drinking is to stop drinking," and whatever strengthens the weakened will and helps him to refuse to taste even a drop is the most rational remedy.—Youth's Companion.

DRINKING AND APOPLEXT. The Irish World presents to its readers the following wholesome lesson concerning alcohol and apoplexy:

"It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol to send the blood there faster than common glass of whe or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common. Hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain and it works faster, and so does the tongue, but as the blood goes faster than common to the brain, it returns faster, and no immediate harm may be done. But suppose a man keeps on drinking; the blood is sent to the brain so fast in large quantities that in order to make room for it the arteries have to charge themselves. They increase in size, and, in doing so, they press against the more yielding, flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and diminish the size of the pores—the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual. Hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is being literally dead drunk."

T)RACE GREELEY'S OPINION. In 1 17 Horace Greeley said in the New In 1 if Horace Greeley said in the New York Iribune:

For our own part we are opposed to legalizing the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors for medical, mechanical or any other purpose. There is no need of it and great harm in it. That alcohol may be used in various contingencies, we do not dispute; for arsenic, opium and other poisons are so, and it is not probable that this single member of the family should have no good end whatever. Let alcohol—pure undiluted alcohol—be manufatured and sold without license. Let doctors and others use it as they shall see fit, but this undisguised poison no one would drink; and we protest against all tampering with, coddling it up and disguising it so that the ignorant, the simple, the victims of depraved appetite shall be tempted to imbibe it when they would reject the naked poison. All such weaving of snares for the feet of the unweavy is undefengis to demoniac, and ought to be prohibited by law.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. The Lord's side is not the whisky side. During the past eighteen months Boston has sent 1,250,000 gallons of rum to Africa. Francis Murphy, during five months' work n Iowa has secured 27,000 signatures to the

Every American woman in the mining town of Bisbee, Arizona, wears the white In New South Wales, within the last de-

cade, there has been a decrease in the con-sumption of alcoholics of 20.6 per cent. The Connecticut W. C. T. U. has begun tritation to secure a better enforcement of the scientific temperance instruction law of

Cardinal Manning, in a recent address, says: "The chief but to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink." A New York physician is quoted as saying that a glass of hot milk, sipped slowly, will afford as much real strength to the weary partaker as a barrel of best. Many mothers have sown the seeds of in-

tomperance in their sons by feeding them to ldy for every childish allmont, or by drinking it themselves while they are nurs-ing their children. Mayor Kretsinger, of Beatrice, Neb., in his recent official message to the City Council, says: "I certainly am not mistaken when I say that for the \$10,033 yearly obtained from saloon licenses the city loses annually \$75,030."

Miss Jennie Casseday, National Snperintendent of the W. C. T. U. flower mission work, and for twenty years a bed ridden invalid, is the delighted recipient of the handsomest music box ever made—the gift of the National W. C. T. U. in honor of her fiftieth

The British Museum received one day recently a Chinese bank note issue i from the Imperial mint 300 years before the first use of paper money in England.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

To Itself 100 Doses

Is Peculiar

A New Collar Bone.

A boy of eighteen years was admitted to the Mount Sinal Hospital, suffering from a welling over the region of the collar bone. It was evident that the bone was deeply affected, and the only recourse was an operation, which was made: The entire bone was found dead, destroyed by inflammatory action, necessitating its removal; but in doing so the membrane immediately mext to it and which nourishes the bone, was care fully incised, stripped from the bone and replaced in the wound as nearly as possible in its original position, the object being to form new bone matter throughout its length and thus reproduce an entire collar bone. The wound having been dressed the arm was subsequently kept in the same position that a fracture of the collar bone would have required, the result being that ten weeks after the operation the patient was discharged with a brand-new collar bone, completely reproduced with new joints at either end, and the perfect use of his arm .-New York World.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says 'The effect of Hall's Cataurh Cure 's wonderful.' Write him about it. Sold by Druggie Tie. Druggis 75c.

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catarth in the head. He's been told that it can't be cured. Don't

you believe it. It can be, and is

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tarrh Remedy. Other so-called remedies may palliate for a tree this cures for all time. By its mile.

soothing, cleaning and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. Its makers offer, in good

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of catarrh which they cannot cure.

They are able to pay it. Are you

The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, dis-

charges falling into throat, some-

times profuse, watery, and acrid, at

others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offer-sive; eyes weak, ringing in ear, deafness; offensive breath; smell

and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at

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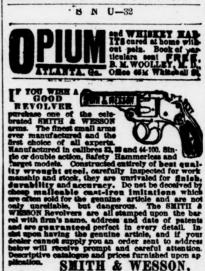
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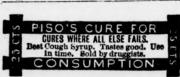
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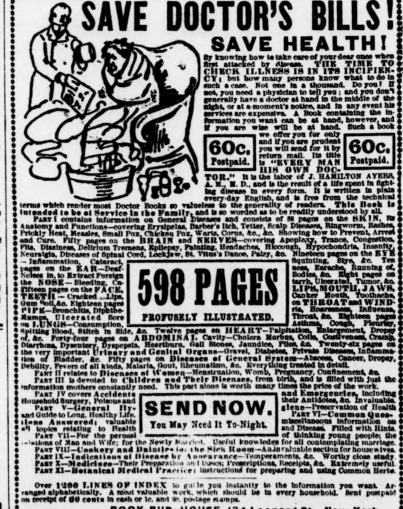
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