DOBLEY IN SERIOUS MOOD.

HE DISCUSSES THE NEW SCHOOL OF PULPIT INSTRUCTION.

Makes Predictions Regarding the Twentieth Century Sermon and the Probable Trend of Religious Entertainment — No More Harsh Criticism—The Collection Methods.

Mrs. Dobley had prevailed upon Mr. Dobley to accompany her to church and as they walked home together she commented on the beauty of the day, the warmth of the spring sunshine and the general advantages of a visit to church on Sunday morning in preference to a home service with the papers as a text.

"It's the sermon that makes you feel like that," said Dobley. "The tendency of the modern sermon is to produce a feeling of thorough satisfaction with one's self, the world in general and things as they exist. Sometimes I find myself fancying what the Twentieth Century sermon will be like. I can imagine that the church will become more popular than the theatre within the next ten years!"

"What a dreadful thing to say!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley, "you have peculiar ideas!"

"You cannot deny," said Dobley, "the radical difference that exists between the up-to-date sermon and the old style address in which congregations were transfixed with a realization of their unworthiness and general no-account conduct. Individuals imagined that they were singled out for a target and fairly sizzled with embarrassment as a foretaste of what they might expect."

"Are you describing your own experiences?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "Perhaps other persons whose consciences were not burdened with a sense of their shortcomings felt differently."

"The style has changed," said Dobley, ignoring this last suggestion. "Sin was attacked boldly; weakness was held up for reproach; there was only one line drawn between right and wrong; future punishment was dilated upon to an extent that used to shrivel up the consciences of sinners."

"Oh well, it wouldn't do to preach like that to a modern congregation," said Mrs. Dobley, "or they would go to sleep just as they used during the long old fashioned sermons."

"What alarms me, said Dobley, "is to what extent will clergymen carry the other extreme? For instance, the interlude that followed the sermon to-day was played in rag time. Did you notice it?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Dobley. "You simply imagined it because you are so addicted to that sort of melody yourself."

"The entire musical programme in a fashionable church," went on Dobley, "is growing more operatic and dramatic. There are overtures, arias, waltzes even, played during a service. There is an æsthetic intent in the decorations that appeals to the senses as well as to the soul. By the time the sermon is begun the audience—that is, the congregation is in a comfortable, happy state of mind. They have confidence in their pastor. They know he will not say anything rude that might hurt their feelings but that he will smooth them down gently with epigrammatic polished phrases. The modern sermon, instead of raking up the mind and harrowing the soul acts as a balm that makes the listener feel that the ordinary negative sort of good behavior, which the average human being adopts as a standard is all that can be expected so long as actual wrong doing is avoided. Sin is no longer spelled with a capital letter. It is a common noun."

"There was a good deal of rant about the old-style sermon, just the same," said Mrs. Dobley, "and I think it was more objectionable than the common-sense way of looking at a congregation as composed of ordinary human beings. It was all force and fury. People are educated up to the point beyond that kind of appeal."

"The change in the style of sermons has been gradual, as changes in every other form of art," said Dobley, "but it has been getting nearer to the dramatic all the time. First, there was the period when clergymen gave imitations to illustrate various figurative parts of sermons. I have seen vivid imitations of boats nearing the rapids, trains travelling on narrow trestles with chasms on either side, travellers climbing mountains, and even the swift descent of a soul admirably illustrated by a swift slide down a pulpit balustrade."

"How perfectly ridiculous!" said Mrs. Dobley; "I shouldn't think such sermons would have any good effect!"

"But they did, nevertheless," said Dobley, "especially at revival services. These imitations won people who could only be reached by such methods. This stage of the sermon required considerable athletic ability and training. It interested and carried away people that would listen to mere words with only dull, half appreciation of what was being said."

"I am glad that sort of sermon is done away with," said Mrs. Dobley. "I shouldn't appreciate it at all."

"But the common sermon is far more subtle," said Dobley. "It pats us on the back and makes our faults seem the next best thing to virtues. It does not deal too much with the spiritual, but rather with actualities. It cites instances and individuals. It is marvellously polished, keen and interesting as an address. It fascinates with flights of rhetoric, glimpses of wit, snatches of anecdote and touches of worldliness. It is repressed, refined, thoroughly artistic. Instead of picking out our pet foibles, it dexterously brings our good points before us so that we are forced to admit that with all our failings we might be worse. It sends us home pleased as a child with a new toy."

"The results are just as important and as great, if not more than they were to the sermons of the old school," said Mrs. Dobley. "And it is the results that count. The world is better than it used to be, and people are doing more good individually than they used to. Think how little fashionable women and girls used to do for charity. Nowadays charity is a fad—no woman can be in the social swim without taking up any number of charities, and not the 'red-flannel-shirts-for-Hottentots' kind, but the real kind of good work—among the slums, among the children of the poor and the criminal. The end of this century is an era of the most beautiful charities. Why, I heard the other day of a society that has a corps of trained housekeepers and cooks who go among the wives of laborers in the tenement districts and teach them to sweep and sew and cook substantial, nutritious, economical meals for their families. If the new school of sermons is responsible for this, it must be better than the other kind."

"But can you imagine what the twentieth century sermon will be? Fancy the horror of one of the old school of divines who might walk into a fashionable church some Sabbath morning and listen to a modern discourse? He wouldn't know what to make of it."

"He would have to admit that it was more interesting than the other kind," said Mrs. Dobley, "and more easy to live up to. Old fashioned sermons made us feel as though we were hopeless."

"But the up-to-date sermon makes you realize that you are a pretty decent sort," said Dobley.

"That is the best way in which to encourage a desire for improvement," said Mrs. Dobley, as they entered the Dobley domicile and repaired to the library.

"Then the twentieth century will, as I said before, witness the decline of the popularity of the theatre and the 'Standing Room Only' sign at the churches. I can just see dimly the sort of a programme that will be offered. There will be a full orchestra and high-priced opera artists for the singing and the instrumental music. It will be possible to hear the greatest violinists, harpists, cornetists and singers—not at the Metropolitan Opera House but at church.

"Then the incidental music will be varied and entertaining. There will be low rippling accompaniments and Wagnerian thunderings, light waltz movements and martial measures, all indicated on a printed programme with the names of the artists and the composers.

"The sermon will begin with a general summary of events the world over. Foreign wars and complications will be touched upon entertainingly and deductions drawn from their occurrence usually to the effect that we as a nation manage our affairs much better than the other fellows. The question of the right and wrong sides of these disputes will only be hinted at, for a decided stand will cause difference of opinion. The twentieth century sermon will allow each individual his own opinion—it will be on both sides of the fence, impartial and sweeping only in the general view that such an occurrence could not have happened under our better regulated rulings and more humane and charitable laws. This would be pat on the back number one.

"The second part would bring in politics, adapting the position dextrously to the opinions of the majority. Vividly clever pen pictures will be drawn of party leaders and their ambitions and achievements will be entertainingly dwelt upon. The relation of the church to politics will throw a stained glass light on even the most confirmed grabbers of railroads and contracts and offices. Everything will be put on a nice pleasant footing so that no one will feel any offense or will be allowed a vestige of ground upon which to disagree with the speaker.

"Then society will come in for a share of the talk. Events of current interest will be pleasantly touched upon. Fashionable divorces will be alluded to as unpleasantly necessary occurrences, to be regretted, but nevertheless inevitable. The extent to which this society part of a sermon may be carried on is practically without limit. I suppose a little slow musical accompaniment might be effective through this portion of the talk."

"When would the sermon begin?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"The sermon, practically, would never begin," said Dobley. "It would be a running fire of comment on matters strictly in the scope of the listener's comprehension. Bouquets would be thrown generously at the congregation en masse. Their charities would receive commendation and the women of the congregation would come in especially for high praise.

"It is getting to be quite a fad in the modern sermon to allude to Satan as an interesting character in fiction. I foresee that in the twentieth century he will have become a humorous character or else sentiment will have veered about to his side and the universal charity of the age will admit him like all sinners to the possibility that his fall was the result of his over-humanity. His side of the case, which, as Mark Twain says, has never been heard, will come up for discussion. I think that the twentieth century will see us going more deeply into this idea that he is only one individual against many generations of popular prejudice. The fact of his undoubted good standing formerly will have its share of weight. I can see Satan getting very popular with a broad minded twentieth century congregation. As to his abode, it will gradually resolve itself into a habitation no more uncomfortable than the average steam heated flat."

"But the lesson—the text?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "Where will they come in?"

"There will be no time for them," said Mr. Dobley. "Sermons are getting shorter and shorter, and in the new century they will become ten to twenty minute talks, to a musical accompaniment, with an overture and instrumental variations. There will be no encores."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Oh I don't know about that," said Dobley. "The Twentieth Century Sermon, I predict, will be so short and so popular that there will be a general wish for more. This will be a different state of things to the times when we thought firstly, secondly and thirdly to the conclusion while the speaker wandered and led us through a maze of scholastical theological lore that not one of us really understood."

"The only thing that will be left of the old-time service will be the collection," said Mrs. Dobley. "Will you have slow music for that too?"

"That is a question," said Dobley. "The twentieth century collection will be accomplished most probably by some less ostentatious and more labor saving plan than the present. Some of the numerous slot devices will be utilized with a registering machine which in the course of a year will indicate the amount that has been contributed. And this source of revenue, by the way, will increase materially under the new system. Congregations will feel in such thorough harmony and sympathy with themselves that they will give liberally."

"But will they get better—will they advance spiritually?"

"The world," said Mr. Dobley, "and the people that live in it are getting better all the time. But we've become sort of used to it now and we don't talk so much about it."

FROM THE SCAFFOLD TO THE BENCH.

Wirt W. Saunders of Spokane Narrowly Escaped Hanging and Became a Judge.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 21.—In Western cities, especially those which partake of the character of a mining camp, there are many citizens with pasts. Among that rather numerous class here Judge Wirt W. Saunders's life story is admitted to be the most remarkable.

The last act of Gov. Pennoyer of Oregon was to pardon Mr Saunders, and the Governor's message came near being too late, for the Sheriff and Saunders had ascended the scaffold before the pardon came. That happened only seven years ago, just across the State line in Oregon. Five years afterward Mr. Saunders was Police Judge of Spokane and he is now one of the leading attorneys of the city. The only incident for which any members of the bar have criticised him took place in the police court during his early struggles here. He was defending a man accused of vagrancy. At that stage of his career every case won counted. Saunders said to the Police Judge in the course of his plea:

"I know this client of mine. I know that for three months he performed the hardest kind of manual labor. The testimony of the police that he will not work is quite untrue."

It was an unusual appeal and the Magistrate said: "Your testimony is sufficient to acquit him and it is all that is in his favor. By the way, Mr. Saunders, where did you know him?"

"He was my cell-mate in the Oregon penitentiary, your Honor," replied Saunders.

The silence that followed the answer was uncomfortable until the Court apologized for the question. Saunders's answer was the first intimation the general public of Spokane had concerning his past. Shortly after this Saunders made public a review of the case in which he was the defendant, and notwithstanding the rivalry that always exists in municipal elections, the story of his life in Oregon was not referred to by his opponents when he was conducting the campaign that made him Police Judge. Judge Saunders is a Texan by birth. He is dignified and affects the typical Southern apparel. His most intimate acquaintance would not take the liberty of asking him anything about his narrow escape from the scaffold, and he is said to be averse to discussing it, just as one is loath to recall some horrible dream. From time to time, however, to prevent rumor from being accepted as truth, he has found it necessary to make fragmentary statements.

Testimony was introduced at the first of Saunders's Oregon trials to show that he killed a man in Texas. However that may be, he went to eastern Oregon when a young man and opened a law office. His social gifts were highly appreciated by the isolated community where he resided, and within a short time he became an aspirant for the hand of the belle of the town. He had a rival, and one morning this rival was found dead in a mountain path, where it was said Saunders had been seen walking on the night previous. It was a plain case of murder. Circumstantial evidence accumulated against Saunders almost as rapidly as his friends deserted him. Within a few hours he was under arrest, charged with the murder. At the trial, the Judge admitted testimony tending to show that Saunders had killed a man in Texas. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to the Oregon penitentiary for life. Saunders obtained a new trial upon the ground that the testimony as to the Texas homicide had undue influence upon the jury. It was excluded at the second trial, but he was sentenced to hang.

During all this trouble the young woman was so confident of his innocence that she promised to remain true to him a lifetime if need be. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor to issue a pardon, but the dead man had many influential friends, who presented counter petitions. Just what motive influenced Gov. Pennoyer at the eleventh hour will probably never be known, but there was great rejoicing in the bunch grass town when the telegram forbidding the Sheriff to go on with the execution was received. There were also outcries that justice had been thwarted, but sentiment has changed since then and nearly every one in that community, except the relatives of the murdered man, believes in Saunders's innocence.

The young couple lost no time in changing the preparations for a funeral into arrangements for a marriage. Saunders and his young wife came to Spokane. Although they took no pains to conceal the ordeal through which they had been, in some way or other it did not become generally known. When the story became public it did not change the attitude of the public toward the couple, and at this time there is probably not a man in Spokane who does not look upon Judge Wirt W. Saunders as one who came near being a victim of circumstantial evidence. He has amassed a competence through his legal practice and lucky mining deals.

TOLD OF A PHILIPPINE DRINK.

A Returned Soldier's Terrible Indictment of a Native Beverage Called "Beno."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 22.—"Beno" is the stuff which is knocking the American boys out in the Philippines. So says George Hobart, a regular, who has just returned to his home in this city from Manila.

"It is not heat that is driving them crazy. It's just simply 'beno.'" Hobart says absinthe is not in the same class. "It looks like water and tastes like licorice," he says, "and when the boys can't get beer or whiskey they buy 'beno' from the natives. It takes a pint of it to make a drinking man drunk. The third or fourth consecutive drunk makes a blooming idiot out of the victim. The soldiers crave it after they have once tasted it. Out on the lines the boys never get beer or whiskey, and when the natives sneak this 'beno' into camp the fellows buy it.

"In the southern islands, where the demand is not so great, the natives sell it for three cents a canteenfull, but around Manila the demand is so great that the price has been raised to 50 cents. After a man drinks about a pint of the stuff he begins to get silly, but he recovers in a day or two. Then he will want more of it, and if he can't get it he will go mad. Then the officers have to shackle him, and he is sent to the Hospital for the Insane at Washington. They tell me that the poor fellows who have been taken there will never get well."

Hobart reports that in the southern isles of the Philippine group "beno" is known as "tuba," and it is made out of cocoanut palm sap. The cocoanut tree is tapped near the top and the natives put an empty cocoanut shell near the hole to catch the drippings. Hobart says: "Not long before I left Manila my company was sent to the firing line. One of the boys saw a cocoanut shell full of the sap in the top of a near-by tree and he made a dash for it. Before any one could stop him he was in the top of that tree and had emptied the shell. The liquid took effect on his brain before he was ready to climb down and we had a great time trying to get him out of the tree without letting him fall."

Hobart reports that the natives drink it only in moderation, and as a rule let it alone. He also says that when the Government discovered the nature of the drink its sale was prohibited, and thereafter the soldiers were compelled to buy it secretly, as it was subject to confiscation.

YANKEE TARS SEE THE POPE.

CHEERED LEO XIII. AND WAVED GLORY IN HIS HONOR.

A Reception Unlike Any Other in the Sistine Chapel—Notable Visit to Rome of Blue-jackets From the Dixie—Other Greetings to the Holy Father—His Appearance.

ROME, April 18.—About a hundred jackies from the crew of the United States ship Dixie had a special audience with Pope Leo XIII. yesterday morning. It would be hard to say who enjoyed it more, the Pope or the sailor boys. The boys made more noise, but the Holy Father looked quite as pleased as they did. The Sistine Chapel has been the scene of a good many interesting audiences since the beginning of the jubilee year, but yesterday's reception of the American tars was different from anything else those famous old walls have ever seen or heard.

The Dixie has been at Naples on her way home from the Philippines, and the boys came up to Rome by train. The audience was fixed for 11:30 A. M., and at about 11 the tars went into the Vatican with a good-sized American flag at their head. About six hundred tickets had been issued to other persons, but the boys had one section set apart for their special occupancy. Everybody who has been in the Sistine Chapel will remember that there is a marble bench running along the sides. It was a rare sight to see a dado of American sailors above the bench, for the boys who were nearest the wall promptly climbed up there, while the man with the flag stationed himself at the end nearest the altar, where his Holiness couldn't fail to have a good view of the Stars and Stripes. When the Pope came in, the man actually waved the flag in the air and Old Glory looked its best in its novel surroundings.

The tickets which are issued for these semi-public audiences state that if possible women must wear black gowns, with a black veil or scarf in place of a hat, while men are requested to wear evening clothes. Naturally this did not apply to the jackies, who looked as trim and sailor-like as if they were dressing ship to receive the President. The rest of the crowd was much more motley. Nearest to the altar were two groups of chairs, one on each side of the aisle. These were for the more distinguished visitors; women in handsome black gowns with a dozen rosaries dangling from their belts—rosaries brought to receive the Holy Father's blessing; men with a half dozen decorations blazing on their effulgent breasts. When they came in they were escorted to the chairs at the left of the aisle facing the altar.

The rest of the chapel was crowded with men and women of all nationalities and of all classes of society—pilgrims from Moravia, in their picturesque national costumes; students in the Catholic colleges which different nationalities support here in Rome; Italian women in black, with becoming black mantillas under which they look strangely pale; men in ill-fitting dress suits, evidently hired for the occasion; and a good many tourists who had not observed the official instructions in regard to raiment. Of course everybody was not only on time, but ahead of time—everybody except the Pope, who did not appear until after 12. In the meantime a number of women fainted and were carried out. There were no seats, except chairs for privileged persons, and the crowd made the place hot and oppressive. The different sections were enclosed by a stout board balustrade covered with green cloth. At all the openings into the enclosure were the picturesque Swiss guards, in the piebald costume designed by Michael Angelo when something was the matter with him. A delegation of carabinieri was also present as a reenforcement. The guards and the carabinieri took a deep interest in the sailors, who returned the compliment.

After more than three-quarters of an hour of standing on one foot and then on the other the small doors at the entrance to the Sistine were opened and then the great doors were thrown wide and the Pope was carried in surrounded by his suite. He was looking well. An American physician, who regarded him with a critical, professional eye, said that the Holy Father was looking better by far than he had expected to find him. The Pope has long been remarkable for the waxen color of his face, but yesterday this was not noticeable. He did not seem bloodless, but, on the contrary, had a good color, and later, when he chanted a part of the service, his voice was remarkably clear and strong.

The Pope's chair was carried by four men in scarlet knee breeches and coats, the latter of an ecclesiastical cut buttoning snugly to the neck. On either side and in front and behind walked Swiss guards. There were in addition, quite a retinue of priests of various degrees and in varied costumes, so that the procession, dominated as it was by the figure of the Pope in his white robes, was exceedingly interesting as well as beautiful. As the chair was carried into the chapel the people burst into vivas! acclaiming the Pope as king, waving their handkerchiefs and crying aloud. Many of the women looked up at him with faces streaming with tears while they murmured incoherent prayers, apparently not knowing what they were saying or doing. The Pope bent to right and left, blessing with his uplifted fingers, the crowd that knelt and acclaimed him.

Then the enthusiasm mounted also to the heads of the Dixie boys. They did not shed tears nor faint, because they are not built that way. And they did not cry *vive le Pape roi!* because they didn't know how to say it—even if they wanted to. But one of them called for three cheers and right there in the Sistine Chapel, below the frescoes of Michael Angelo, there went up a mighty

"Hip, hip, hooray! hooray! hoora-a-y!"

"Hip, hip, hooray! hooray! hoora-a-y!" and then

"Ti-ger-r-r!"

The attendants in red did not drop the Pope, because they are trained to hold steady even if a bomb should go off behind them. But the bomb wouldn't have surprised them any more than those three Dixie cheers.

When the Holy Father was set down in front of the altar, he went up the steps with no apparent feebleness, at least not with the feebleness he might be expected to show. He repeated a short service, then took his place in a chair placed on a platform in front of the altar. Here he gave a special audience to the distinguished persons who were presented to him one by one and with whom he exchanged a few sentences. After the presentations the persons passed to the other side and occupied the other group of chairs. The audience was over at about a quarter of one. The Pope was then carried to the entrance of the chapel where his chair was set down in order that he might walk down the few steps which there lead to the Sala Regia. His Holiness evidently feels surer of his own feet when it comes to going down stairs.

When the chair was set down and as the Holy Father stepped out at the side, he came close to the barricade shutting in the people. An old woman reached over and caught his hand which she covered with kisses, hanging on to it as persistently as if she would literally devour it. As soon as those around her saw her kissing the Pope's hand they struggled to secure the same privilege and it was an American who exclaimed impatiently:

"Oh, come! Give some of the rest of us a chance!"

The guards interfered promptly, but not before several of the faithful had succeeded in kissing the ring of the Holy Father. As he went out he was followed by the murmurs and prayers and acclamations of the people, and again the jackies showed their enthusiasm after their own particular fashion. They gave the ship yell, a complicated arrangement of "Ha! ha! ha! Dix-ie!" Nothing like it had ever been heard in the Sistine before. Possibly the frescoes were not damaged. They have been through several wars. The Pope has not been interviewed on the subject of the audience, but he looked very well pleased, and, turning especially to the boys, smiled benevolently on them and seemed to give them the Papal benediction with a little added personal touch to it. As for the boys, their ways of expressing their sentiments toward the Holy Father are quite as original as the way they showed their enthusiasm in the Sistine. But they are unanimous in their admiration, especially as their chaplain, who was presented to the Pope by Mgr. O'Connell of the American College, carried off with him a chalice which the Holy Father gave to the ship.

LAW HAS DECREASED DRINKING.

Fewer Saloons Now, but Liquor Pays More to the State Than Ever Before.

The number of liquor saloons in New York State eight years ago, saloons of all kinds, barrooms, taverns, concert gardens, road houses and restaurants was 40,259, the ratio of places where liquor was sold to the population being at that time in New York 1 to 150, as against 1 to 420 in Pennsylvania, 1 to 430 in Massachusetts, 1 to 860 in Georgia and 1 to 1,200 in Alabama. Four years later the present Liquor Tax law of the State was adopted, and on Oct. 1, 1899, the time of the last enumeration, the number of saloons of all kinds then in operation was 27,739, a reduction of 13,000, or nearly one-third of the whole number in eight years, although the population of the State has been increasing steadily meanwhile and is now estimated as 600,000 greater than it was at that time.

The decrease in the number of liquor saloons, one of the great benefits sought by the adoption of the present law, which yields so large a revenue to the State, has not been uniform, some counties showing a large diminution, and others very little or even a slight gain. In the territory included in the Greater New York, the decrease during the three years' operation of the Liquor Tax law has been very general. In New York county the falling off has been 1,474; in Kings county, 815; in Richmond, 91; while in Queens county, one of the few of which this is the case, there are 87 more saloons under the present law and with the increased tax than there were under the old law.

In all, the number of saloons of all kinds in the Greater New York is 13,064, a reduction of nearly 2,200 in three years. In Albany county the decrease has been 386, in Erie, including Buffalo, 789; in Monroe, including Rochester, 138; in Onondago, including Syracuse, 253; in Oneida, including Utica, 241, and in Rensselaer, including Troy, 355. In Yates the number of licenses is precisely the same as under the old law. In Allegany county, long known as a stronghold of Prohibitionists, there is a larger number of saloons under the present law than under the former one, and in Westchester county, which was specially favored under the provisions of the Liquor Tax law as to the rates charged, the increase has been from 882 to 950. In St. Lawrence county, the largest in the State territorially, there has been a small decrease; in Suffolk there has been a substantial increase.

Briefly, with the exception of the two strong temperance counties of Allegany and Chautauqua, the two Long Island counties of Queens and Suffolk, the two Vermont border counties of Essex and Washington and Westchester, for purely local reasons, the only two counties which show any increase are Sullivan and Fulton, in neither case a change large enough to be noticed. The general effect of the liquor law has been to reduce the number of saloons everywhere, partly by establishing restrictions upon them, but to a greater extent by increasing the sum payable by saloonkeepers. This amounts collectively to about $12,500,000 a year, and the State's net revenue from it, which is $4,200,000, is an important item toward the reduction of taxation, the appropriations for the Excise Department salaries, rent and other outlays, amounting to $600,000 this year. That the smaller the number of saloons the less drinking there is, is an axiom which experience has show to be irrefutable.

SIBERIAN GOLD.

Some Information to American Gold Seekers Who Are Now Looking Across Behring Straits.

The following report from Consul-General Holloway at St. Petersburg on the subject of gold in Siberia, concerning which all sorts of stories, except true ones, are current among all classes in the United States interested in gold mining or prospecting, will set at rest a great many questions:

This Consulate is in receipt of a number of letters by each American mail, from all parts of the United States, inclosing newspaper articles which say that a Russian engineer has recently made a report to his Government, stating that the same gold belt which has proved so rich at Cape Nome, Alaska, extends across the Behring Sea into Siberia, and that there are enormously rich quartz lodes in gold mines all over Russia, which are easy to work at a great profit, are owned by the Government, and will be sold to the highest bidder. It is also stated that the Emperor has issued an ukase permitting Americans to prospect for gold on the west coast of Siberia, and that preference is given to American miners and capital to explore the mineral wealth.

These letters inquire as to the truth of these statements, for copies of Russian mining laws, and permits to prospect for gold in Russia, as numerous parties are organizing to take immediate advantage of this opportunity.

I called on N. A. Denissoff, the director of the mining department, stated the substance of the articles, and he replied that, although the Government was taking steps to ascertain the conditions on the west coast of Siberia, the Emperor had not issued an ukase on that subject, nor was it probable that he would do so. He said that petitions might be made to the Emperor for permission to prospect for minerals in any part of Russia, which should be accompanied by recommendations as to the character of the applicant, his experience as a mining engineer, capital to be employed, &c., and it would be considered; but the best informed people here do not believe permits could be obtained to prospect for gold on the east coast of Siberia until after the Russian Government has fully investigated its conditions. Were it ready to consider such applications, the probabilities are that it would require from two to three years before the same would be finally decided. Russian officials place no value on time, and it requires from two to twelve weeks to receive an answer to an official communication from the various departments, according to the work involved in the reply.

The value of Russian gold mines has been greatly exaggerated. Several experienced American mining engineers, who are admitted to be the best in the world, have visited Siberia in the interests of English as well as American capitalists during the past three years and made extensive examinations of the conditions, and I have not heard of a single company being organized as a result of their reports. The mining is almost all placer, there being but two small quartz mines in the Ural Mountains, which are owned by French capitalists and are said to be losing money.

There is very little foreign capital in Siberia. No advantages are offered to or discriminations made in favor of Americans engaging in any kind of business in Russia.

TAMALES AND BUZZARDS.

How, According to Belief, the One Protects the Mexican From the Other.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"Down in my section of the United States there is much to interest an observing man," said Alfred J. Smith of Nogales, Ariz., "but there are two things which you don't have here which play an important part in the every day life of a portion of the inhabitants, and for the sake of a brief description I will designate them as buzzards and tamales.

"The Mexicans are inordinately fond of red peppers. They grow to enormous size, compared to those you see here, and in the houses and to the eaves of the porches of every Mexican habitation, be it ever so humble, in Mexico, Arizona and California, one will observe strings of this brilliant red condiment hanging with the ends of the stalk twisted into braids.

"In San Francisco one may find a restaurant or two where Mexican cooking is served exclusively. I know of no similar places in any of the other cities which I have visited. Americans do not appreciate Mexican cooking—that is, the very few who have enjoyed repasts prepared à la Mexicano. The tamale is the nearest approach to it, and when you get through with the tomale, if you eat it all, you make a requisition on the hydrant and your pocket handkerchief to cool your burning throat and wipe the tears from your eyes. Yet American-made tamales are mild compared with the real Mexican cornmeal, chicken (supposed) and red peppers, wrapped in corn husk, served hot.

"The Mexican mixes the red peppers with his food with a lavishness indicating his extreme fondness for its hot, burning flavor, and in a manner that is unacceptable to the American palate. It enters into the composition of all his dishes.

"Now for the buzzards. These justly named scavengers of the air are very numerous in the section I have named. They are the personification of grace on the wing and the embodiment of awkwardness on the ground. When they alight, after describing gradually diminishing circles, they often fall over and always land with an awkwardness and clumsy hopping and tumbling which is most amusing. At close view they are a repulsive looking bird; in the air they sail for miles, as far as the eye can follow, without the movement of a wing beyond elevating or depressing at the proper angle their pinions as they describe the great circles in which they always fly. I have known the horizon to be perfectly clear of buzzards and within a short while, after the carcass of a sheep had been left by the roadside, they have appeared first as mere specks in the sky, then increasing in size as they approached their food with that marvellous swiftness for which birds of prey are famous, though buzzards feed exclusively upon carrion, and are improperly classed otherwise.

"The association between Mexicans and buzzards lies in this: The former's flesh is so saturated with red peppers that when he is overtaken by death on the plains or desert buzzards will not eat the body. At least, this is the common understanding in the section I hail from."

When the green gets back in the trees,
An' bees is a-comin' around agen,
In that sort of a lazy go-as-you-please
Old way they bum 'round in.
When the ground's all bald where the
hay-rick stood
An' the crick's riz, an' the breeze
Coaxes the bloom from the old dogwood
When the green gets back in the trees.

JAS. WHITCOMB RILEY.

SPRING FEVER.

That is the one fever which no human being is exempt from. When the sap begins to rise, and "the green gets back in the trees," when the warm wind blows across the field laden with spring odors, there comes the attack of spring fever. The housewife feels it and goes about her spring cleaning languidly. The farmer feels it and goes wearily a-field to stumble with heavy feet behind the plow. Everybody knows the symptoms of spring fever; the languor, heaviness, and lack of energy, the variable appetite and unrestful sleep. There seems to be no ambition. Molehills of work look as big as mountains. And perhaps to all other discomforts is added the breaking out of boils or eruptions on the body's surface.

What is the cause of this outbreak of fever?

The condition of the blood. Winter is the time of leisure on the farm and the farmer takes far less exercise than in other seasons. He eats heartily of heavy foods. He sits at evening by the hot stove, and not seldom breathes a vitiated atmosphere. Thus with hearty living and diminished exercise the body accumulates waste substances which should be thrown off, and these substances corrupt the blood and cause the heaviness of body and dullness of brain so commonly associated with spring fever. Health demands that these impurities shall be purged from the blood, for they are not only the cause of present discomfort but they offer a prepared breeding ground for disease germs. It's of no ultimate value to resort to stimulants or use the alcoholic preparations sold as spring medicine. They brace up but they don't build up. They make you "feel good" for the time being, but that is all.

There is a non-alcoholic and non-narcotic medicine which is unrivalled for its blood purifying powers. This medicine is known throughout the land as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cleanses the blood from the impurities which clog and corrupt it. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, so that the supply of pure, healthy blood is increased, and the whole body built up with the good, sound flesh, which only pure blood can make.

A Texas Farmer.

"I am a farmer and work the farm for a living," writes Mr. Eli Ashford, Raney, Hunt Co., Texas. "In the spring of 1891 I was so weak I could hardly get about, and began to spit up blood. My neighbors said I would not live to see the next Christmas, but after reading your Memorandum book I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I used fourteen bottles, and am happy to say that I am now well, and can do as much work as anybody."

It quite often happens that diseases which have long lain dormant manifest themselves in the spring season. Some common form of diseases which is looked upon as trivial, seems to send out rootlets which strike in the very vital organs of the body. Then comes a period of misery and suffering, with nothing to show for all the medicines taken except heavy doctor's bills. It is in just such cases as this that "Golden Medical Discovery" proves its wonderful efficacy as a blood purifying medicine. The most hopeless conditions yield to it, and it is a common thing to receive testimony of a restoration to perfect health after physicians had given up all hope of a cure.

Blood all out of Order.

"I believe that your medicines are the best in the world, and I honestly believe that I would have been in my grave to-day had it not been for your medicine, and the mercy of the good Lord," writes Mrs. James R. Moss, of New London, Stanly Co., N. C. "In the fall of 1892 I took a hard cold, which seemed to settle in my head, terminating in catarrh of the head. It bothered me all of the time, but I did not think it was serious until *the spring of 1893, when my health became so much impaired. My blood was all out of order*, and I had to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine which helped me for a short time. In the winter of 1895 I got worse than I had ever been. My tonsils were enlarged and my neck swollen all out of shape; my throat was sore and I could not cure it. My husband went for the doctor, but he gave me no encouragement. He helped me a little, but it did not last long, and so he attended me for twelve months, when I heard of a lady that was taking your medicine and was getting well. My husband went to see what kind of medicine she was taking, and she was very happy indeed to tell him, and sent some of your pamphlets. So I secured some of the medicine and bagan taking it. In one week I was able to do my cooking. When I began taking the medicine I could sit up only a few minutes at a time, and I could rest or sleep only a little while at a time. My throat was so sore at times I could not even swallow sweet milk, and my tonsils were full of little eating sores. My left side was swollen out of shape and so sore I could not bear my clothes fastened, as I could hardly get my breath. My victuals would sour on my stomach before I could leave the table. It seemed as though I was out of fix all over. My folks and friends had about given me up. The doctor said I would not get well. My father said I would not live a month, but three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, three bottles of his 'Pellets,' three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy did the work and cured me."

MANY REMARKABLE CURES.

The cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are so many and so remarkable that an explanation of the theory of these cures seems almost necessary. To understand the action of the "Discovery" we must go beyond the blood. If we follow the scarlet clue of vein or artery it leads us at last to the stomach.

"The blood is the life?" True. But what is blood made from? Blood is made chiefly from what we eat and drink. It is the food, which, after being properly digested and assimilated, nourishes the body in the form of blood. But when the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased there cannot be a perfect digestion and assimilation of food. Hence, in what is called "weak" stomach the nutrition of the body is reduced, and the various organs which depend on this blood made from food are put on short rations. Like soldiers in a siege they will hold out on this reduced ration as long as they can. But it is only a question of time when collapse comes, and "weak" stomach is followed by "weak heart," weak lungs, "weak" kidneys or weakness of some other principal organ. The conclusion is obvious. To help the blood you must cure the stomach. The great success of "Golden Medical Discovery" is in chief due to the fact that it begins with the stomach. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and with these it cures diseases which seem remote from the stomach but which have their origin in the disease of that organ.

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is no other blood purifying medicine which is "just as good."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Cure Constipation

RIVAL POPULATION ESTIMATES.

Those Based on the Work of Enumerators and of Health Authorities Vary Greatly.

In most European countries the method of arriving at the population of a district or territory is not through the ordinary form of an enumeration of the inhabitants, such as there is to be in this country in June, but by the collation of the health reports. Every birth and every death is recorded, and every transfer of residence either by those moving in or out of the jurisdiction of the local authorities is kept track of, with the result that at any given date the population may be declared with practical exactness. In England and the United States however, no such rule prevails, and enumerations are depended upon for all information required. One reason for this is found in the imperfect character of birth reports in both countries, and another is the repugnance of Americans and Englishmen, whose migratory tendencies have served greatly in the development of the two countries, to subject themselves to the espionage involved in official records of their occasional transfers of residence from one place to another.

In New York the Health Board record of deaths has been practically perfect for years and upon the death rate figures it has been customary to predicate the statement of the population made each year. But these figures are not always exact, and important divergencies are sometimes shown. Thus in 1892 the Health Board estimate of the city of New York was 1,708,000. By the State census figures, taken in the same year, it was shown to be 1,800,000—a difference of 92,000 inhabitants. In 1895 the Health Board estimate of the city population was 1,879,000 and by the police census of the same year it was 1,868,000, a very small difference, but with the preponderance on the other side.

Just now this matter is of interest because a Federal census is presently to be taken and differences of estimate are seen to exist in many cities between the figures of the Boards of Health and those likely to be shown by the Government enumerators. The most recent health reports give the population of Boston at 550,000; Baltimore, 541,000; St. Louis, 623,000; Minneapolis, 225,000; St. Paul, 200,000; Cleveland, 395,000; Philadelphia, 1,266,800; Pittsburg, 320,000; Albany, 100,000; Rochester, 180,000, and Buffalo, 370,000. The local estimates of the population of these places vary considerably in most cases. In Boston, where the heath records are kept most diligently and are more exact, probably, than in any other city except New York, the local figures are the same as the health figures. Baltimore, however, claims 60,000 more population than the health authorities accord it; St. Louis, 10,000; Cleveland, 10,000; Philadelphia, 250,000; Pittsburg, 10,000, and Buffalo, 25,000.

No city concedes that it has less population than is claimed for it by the health authorities, and, in the case of Chicago, no serious effort is made to reconcile the facts with the claims made, for the latter are usually extravagant and always unsubstantial where population is concerned. The last local census of Chicago made the city population at that time 1,850,000 and, if no greater now than that, Chicago's position as the second largest city of the country is as clearly fixed as New York's as the first city, or Philadelphia's as the third.

The Federal census of June will settle, no doubt, many questions now in dispute as to the population of American cities and States, but as to the population of the whole country there is practically little dispute of the estimates of the Treasury Department made concerning it during a long period of years. It will not be above 78,000,000 and will not be below 76,000,000 and will probably be nearer the former than the latter figure, judging from the Treasury estimate of June 1, 1898, which was 74,389,000 at that time. The allowance for increase since is about 1,750,000, bringing up the total to a little in excess of 76,000,000. The Treasury authorities do not consider Health Department reports in making estimates.

A DEMOUNTABLE CANNON.

One of the Weapons Adopted by the Congo Free State in the Wilds of Africa.

The great steel works of the Belgian Cockerill Society at Seraing have recently supplied the Congo State with a new, light type of cannon which may easily be transported either by men or animals. It is so light that it may be carried on a wagon or in a small boat. A single man can haul it and two men at the rope can keep up with a column of infantry.

Wheel vehicles cannot be used in many parts of the Congo State owing to the absence of roads, but the cannon may be taken on the backs of men along the narrow path, three porters carrying the gun, two the wheels and four others the remaining parts and equipment. Thus nine men may carry the gun and its carriage; as for the ammunition, the shells with which the cannon is supplied are boxed up by tens in aluminum cases, each case being a load for a man. The three porters who carry the gun have a big leather case to put it in and the other parts are inclosed in tarred cloth.

When it is desired to carry the gun on the backs of horses or mules, three animals are necessary, the first to carry the cannon, the second the gun carriage without the wheels and the third the wheels and the boxed munitions. Three or four minutes are all the time needed to mount or unmount the cannon and prepare it for transportation.

The cannon has a caliber of about two inches and is made of one piece of steel, while every part of the gun carriage is of forged or cast steel. The cartridges are ordinary shells and the black powder or cordite may be used. A considerable number of these weapons are to be supplied to the Congo State Army. The gun is regarded as a very substantial, light and simple weapon. The tests have been most satisfactory and it is thought the gun may have a great future, not only in countries where roads and transport animals do not exist, but even in the mountainous regions of Europe.

SOAPING GEYSERS.

Remarkable Results of Tossing Soap Into the Hot Fountains of the Yellowstone.

A lecturer on the Yellowstone Park, this season, is showing a picture of one of the hot springs in the park which has a perfectly placid surface. The next photograph is of the same water surface taken a minute after soap is thrown into the pool, which then resembles a basin filled with violently boiling soapsuds. All tourists in the Yellowstone region are familiar with the remarkable results of throwing soap into the hot springs or geysers. In the early days of touring in that wonderland the visitors got into the habit of soaping the geysers to make them spout, and the park authorities finally forbade the practice because some of them seemed to have been permanently injured by such treatment.

The lecturer also shows a picture of the hot spring where the remarkable effect of soap was first discovered. There is still displayed at this spring the sign of the Chinese laundryman in the upper Geyser Basin who in the summer of 1885 astonished himself and the rest of the world with this unexpected phenomenon. Here he had established his laundry, using the hot water from the spring that was ready to his hand. One day he poured a lot of water he had used, in which was a liberal admixture of laundry soap, back into the spring, when there was suddenly an eruption of the waters that not only astonished but also injured him, for he was thoroughly drenched by the hot water thrown out on the bank.

A little later one of our geologists, Mr. Arnold Hague, investigated this strange phenomenon. By a series of experiments he found that some of the geysers and hot springs were much more susceptible than others to the soap treatment. Many of the springs and geysers were quiet even when the surface temperature of the water was above the boiling point. Any disturbance, therefore, was likely to cause the ebullition to begin, as the water was in a state of unstable equilibrium. If soap or concentrated lye were added, a viscous fluid was produced which seemed to cause the retention of steam, and in the case of superheated waters explosive liberation must follow.

In 1891 Mr. Henry M. Cadell, an English geologist, visited the Yellowstone Park and gave some attention to the soaping of geysers. He reported that the famous Old Faithful geyser seemed to be proof against such undignified treatment, but some of its more fitful and fickle brethren, whose eruptions occurred at uncertain intervals, pay more heed to the artful dodge to set them in action. Among these is the Bee Hive, which has no fixed period, but is susceptible to the action of soap.

In a paper read by Mr. Hague, a few years ago, he said that geyser eruptions produced by soap or alkali appear to demand two conditions: First, the surface reservoir should hold but a small amount of water, exposing only a limited area to the atmosphere; second, the water must stand at, or about the boiling point of water.