

Providential

A T SUNSET in a little town in Queensland the proprietor of the best hotel in the place could boast of a surprise, not to say a flatter, to see a gentleman, well dressed as to his attire, and evidently rich and influential, alight from the coach with all the appearance of one who was going to stay at least a week in the place. He was distinctly American, with a twinkling gray eye, a long aquiline nose, a clean shaven upper lip and a small goatee which he smoothed meticulously as he stood like a lion-legged Colossus of Rhodes, in front of a very broad check pattern, surveying the pride of the proprietor's heartily.

"I guess it's not unlike my stables in Connecticut," he said presently, as the proprietor came down to meet him. "You must have fine stables, then," was the reply offered gently in the hope of turning away not the great man himself, but only his wrath. "We have, sir, our stables are considerable. And I say it in praise of your shanty that it reminds me of my stables in Connecticut, I suppose you can give us a loose box for a week or two."

The landlord recognized the face and easy American with plenty of money—the kind of a man who was never slow to give offense because he was master of the situation by reason of the almighty dollar. He recognized the "cavalier" and "general," the man who travels as he lists the wide world over, and gets ready respect and deference from everybody.

"Certainly," he replied, "for a week or as much longer as you like." "Well, I guess I only want to stay a week. You see I arranged to wait here for Viscount Thurston, who is going to join me next Thursday, and then we're going along to the new diggings just to look things up a bit to see whether the place is worth working on a large scale as we do it in America. But I say, boss, this place is real dull after Brisbane; isn't there any theater or place of amusement? I reckon I shall die of dullness right here."

The landlord, already under the distinguished patronage of Viscount Thurston, became only almost groggy in his manner. He explained that there was no theater at the present and that the only excitement was the trial of a man who was supposed to be concerned in a daring coach robbery committed some little time before in the neighborhood.

"Ah, that would be interesting," said the stranger. "I should like to see that. Stuck up the coach, did he?" "Well, they say he did, but he himself swears that he is innocent, and that he was in Brisbane at the time the coach was stopped. If you would care to hear the trial, sir, I can get you a seat there."

"I guess I'll take you up," returned the stranger, and it was agreed that the proprietor should escort the great man to the court house on the morrow, and by his influence secure him a good seat, just to enable him to while away the time until Viscount Thurston came along.

As it happened, however, that when they arrived the body of the court was full, so that the distinguished looking American was accommodated with a seat on the bench, where he not only had a good view of the proceedings, but was seen and known to every one in the crowd of Viscount Thurston, and a wealthy American who was going to buy up the new diggings in that neighborhood, for the distinguished American decamped without paying his hotel bill; moreover, Viscount Thurston never arrived, and a rat was subsequently smelt and social floating with his eyes cast down listening in despair to the conclusive evidence against him. Presently he raised his eyes at some direct question from the judge, and was about to speak when his eyes fell upon the stranger sitting on the bench. He paused and staggered, then retired to the air and fell senseless in the dock.

When at last he was brought round he stood up and, pointing at the stranger, gasped for breath and tried to speak. "What is it, my man?" said the judge. "Steady yourself, I ask again, have you anything to say in your own defense?" "Oh, Your Honor," said the prisoner at last, "I am saved—saved at the last moment. I have already said that I was in Brisbane at the time of the robbery, and there is the man who can prove it."

All eyes followed the direction of his finger and rested upon the stranger, who started, looked confused, then irritated, and finally bewildered, as if he feared the prisoner must be mad.

"If that gentleman will answer my question," resumed the prisoner, "I think I shall be able to prove to every one that I was in Brisbane at the time I said."

The stranger shifted in his seat nervously, and at last said in tones of annoyance and exasperation: "Your Honor, I've never to my knowledge set eyes on the prisoner before, and I don't see how I can sit up his innocent face. I guess I didn't come here to be questioned by every son of a gun that holds up a small coach—I beg your pardon, your honor, but you'll allow the annoyance is considerable anyhow."

"The honor admitted it was, but straightway appealed to the stranger's better feelings on behalf of the prisoner until he was somewhat mollified, and remarked: 'Waal, if he thinks it's straight work, he can start in, and I'll answer his questions long as your hat in the street in Brisbane, and bringing it back to you on the pavement.'"

"I can't say that I do," replied the stranger, after a little thought; "no, I can't say that I do." "Do you not remember his saying that he was out of work and his three children were starving? And then can you not recall giving him a sovereign and saying, 'Here's a shilling for you?'"

The stranger was silent, as if he wished to remember the occurrence, but presently he shook his head and said: "No; it's no use—you must be mistaking me for someone else."

"Stay," cried the prisoner again in a voice of terrible tension, for it was his last chance. "Do you remember, before giving the sovereign, that the man told you he had fought in the Crimean war and could show wounds—that he had helped his country, but his country wouldn't help him? Yes, you must remember his showing you his scars—one at the back of the head, another on his right breast—"

The stranger interrupted him with a sudden exclamation. "I do, I do! The man you speak of is a long one, a sabre-cut, your honor. I remember meeting this man! I must apologize; his life was in my hands, and I nearly let him fall through. He is the man I saw in Brisbane."

There was a profound sensation in court as the prisoner stood himself and wiped the cold moisture from his brow.

"Can you remember the date on which this happened?" asked the prosecuting attorney, almost groggy in his manner.

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't," the stranger returned, "but I know this—it was three days after the Carlsberg Castle arrived at Sydney, if it's possible to find out what date that was."

The newspapers of the first week in July were then consulted, and it was found that the Carlsberg Castle arrived at Sydney on June 30, so that three days afterward brought it to the exact date required.

Again there was applause in court as the prisoner was formally acquitted. Finally, turning toward the stranger, the judge remarked: "In the interests of justice I thank you, sir; your presence here today is one of those remarkable dispensations of Providence which are seldom met with."

That night the acquitted prisoner, the American gentleman and his servant rode through the bush in a jovial frame of mind. For reasons best known to themselves they wished to put as great a distance as possible between the township and themselves as early morning; and as they went they planned how they should hold up the mail a second time at no very distant date. It was the last time this trick was played successfully in that neighborhood, for the distinguished American decamped without paying his hotel bill; moreover, Viscount Thurston never arrived, and a rat was subsequently smelt and social floating with his eyes cast down listening in despair to the conclusive evidence against him.

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THE DYING CENTURY PASSED IN REVIEW

WAR AS A FACTOR IN ITS HISTORY. Innumerable Changes of the Nineteenth Century as Influenced by Battle—Growth of Republicanism in the Western Hemisphere and of Liberty in Europe.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. Upon the map of the world for this nineteenth century no one agency has been more fruitful of possibilities to civilization than has war. Perhaps no century in the world's history has been so deeply marked by the sword. Yet with the ringing in of the century Napoleon stood upon the heights of stupendous militarism, sick of war. His overtures of peace, made to the king of England and to the emperor of Austria in 1806, stand to this day as monuments to the unwillingness of the nearly fifteen years of struggle, which afterward shook Europe, ending for him at Waterloo and in death at St. Helena. After him came a hundred military leaders, decaying war, but fighting still, until the century is ending as it began—with the waging wars that promise man changes to the glory of a higher civilization.

NO NAPOLEON'S MAGIC WORK. No military movements of the century have exceeded those of Napoleon, through which western Europe was brought to the feet of France. Marooned, Austria, Prussia and Russia are indelible on the face of history as standing for all that is possible in military successes, just as the peace of Schombrunn stands for all that was dreamed of for the Napoleonic empire. Yet three years later, in 1812, Napoleon fell back from burning Moscow, dragging after him his mighty army of 600,000 men. A united Europe rose against him, and the virtual end of his career at Leipzig on Oct. 18, 1813, Waterloo, almost a year later, was the last, dying struggle. Then came the parceling of the war-worn empire and the adjustment of European boundaries.

ARMING IN TIMES OF PEACE. In the comparative peace that followed Europe was only ripening for a revolution. The principles of absolutism, and of representation in government, were introduced and tested in France in 1848, followed by uprisings in Hungary, Germany and Italy. Hungary, especially, made war with its Austrian oppressors in a way to startle the world, and for nearly two years the contest raged, and in 1849 the Russian beast of all the European states had been affected by this revolution, which may have led it in 1854 to attempt the subjugation of Turkey. France and England declared war against the emperor of Russia, and the memorable war in the Crimea followed, ending in 1856 with the peace of Paris.

MARKS OF GLADSTONE'S TIME. Through the period of disestablishment in Ireland, passing the Irish land bill and generally affecting the reform in Ireland the Gladstone and Disraeli ministries played at seesaw. Gladstone's third reform bill, passed in the house in 1854, but rejected by the lords, was revived by Disraeli and again with British denunciations of the hereditary lawmakers and brought out Morley, Bright and Chamberlain in echo of the sentiments. Gladstone preserved his equilibrium, brought the bill again before the house and pressed it through the opposition of the lords. A. 1854. Through it 2,000,000 citizens of Great Britain were enfranchised. Egyptian war and the fate of Gordon overturned Gladstone in 1855. Salisbury succeeded him, but his resignation in 1858 was followed by Gladstone to the ministry and the heights of his fame as the "Grand Old Man," the greatest liberal in English history.

DREAM OF GERMAN UNITY. German unity was a dream of Pichte's in the first years of the century, and his addresses on that subject in 1808 stirred the national spirit profoundly. Little was done, however, until William I came to the throne in 1861, with Bismarck as chancellor. War with Denmark gave to Austria and Prussia the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg to squabble over, and in 1866 these two nations went to war over the spoils. In the same year, came after seven weeks a plan of confederation was formed which excluded Austria. But on Dec. 19, 1871, the German confederacy was effected. Bismarck's dream was realized, and William I was crowned emperor on March 18, 1871. William died on March 1, 1888, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick III, who died soon afterward. The present William II succeeded to the throne and in 1890 forced the resignation of Bismarck and appointed Von Caprivi to the ministry. In 1891, however, William made a peace offering to the "Iron Chancellor," and at his death mourned him as one of the greatest figures in German history.

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was at his feet. On Feb. 18, 1861, the first national parliament met at Turin and the kingdom of Italy was proclaimed under Victor Emmanuel. Of these statesmen Mazzini, in his "Reconstruction of Europe," says: "Mazzini belongs the credit of keeping alive the spirit of patriotism; Garibaldi is entitled to the admiration of the world as the pure patriot who fired men's souls, but Cavour was greater than either, and Mazzini and Garibaldi were but humble instruments in his magnificent plan of Italian regeneration."

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Skin-Tortured Babies And Worn-out Worried Mothers Find Comfort in CUTICURA.

SOME MONTHS AGO OUR BABY'S HEAD GOT SORE. We took him to the doctor, who pronounced it poison and gave us some medicine which did no good. His head got so bad he would cry all night, and my wife could sleep none, and began to look gloomy. His head got so sore that we put a night cap on him, and folded a white cloth four thicknesses inside of it, and just through the night a kind of matter would ooze out from his head, soaked through the cloth and cap and on to the pillow. The top and back of his head was almost a solid sore, and looked so badly that words would not describe it. Almost in despair I told my wife I had seen CUTICURA REMEDIES advertised and recommended very highly and I was going to try them. I bought the CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA OINTMENT, CUTICURA RESOLVEY, CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA OINTMENT. We gave him half of the Resolvey, used part of the ointment, and before we had used the second box of CUTICURA Ointment he commenced to get better, and is now as well and hearty as anybody's boy. He is as merry as a lark, sleeps soundly all night, and his hair looks glossy, thick, and soft, while my wife looks like a different woman, I look at him and think I owe it to you and to suffering mankind to write and tell you of this almost wonderful cure.



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ish empire since the century began, and in that country Spain has lost more square miles of territory perhaps than anywhere else on the map. Venezuela led in revolt in 1811 and established an independent government, which later was divided into three states. The Argentine Republic was born soon after, and gradually almost the whole continent has been absorbed by self-governing states. As an indication of the country's progress, Brazil's abolition of slavery by a system of gradual emancipation stands as one of the most significant incidents of the century. Looking over the results of war on the world's map, one must recognize its agency for civilization. Everywhere it has left republics in its tracks. Everywhere it has saved peoples which only war's dynamic agencies could grapple. Switzerland, standing for the oldest in self-government, drew new life from the campaigns of Napoleon.

INFLUENCE UPON MONARCHIES. A score of monarchs encircled broader limits to individualism by reason of the same military successes. In this century of broadest liberty for all men, that liberty has been based not on the sword but on the ballot, and wherever the soil has drunk such vintage the spirit of liberty is still calling from the grand. War and the spirit of revolution have given new meanings to the word "monarchy" in Europe. Nowhere is this fact more significant than in the peace congress of Europe assembling at the call of Czar Nicholas of Russia. Napoleon suggested peace when he was drunk with blood; Nicholas, out of such a peace as seldom has come to Europe, rose from his impregnable capital and sought the perpetuation of that peace—a fact that may mark history more deeply than it has tracked the surface of the times. For twenty-five years a great European war has been a prophecy for momentary fulfillment. If it is to come, it may mark a new century.