ONE LIFE IS ENOUGH.

A SECOND JOURNEY WOULD SURELY BE A FAILURE.

Dr. Talmage Shows the Importance of Present Opportunities—Lessons Drawn From Different Kinds of Lives—Buoys to Mark the Right Channel.

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WASHINGTON, July 17.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage extols our present opportunities so that more opportunities than we enjoy in this life do not seem desirable; the text, Job ii, 4, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is, "So went satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils." And satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the satanic remark, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned, many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake until the most of the train was saved while he went down to death through the open drawbridge, many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousands of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

But satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of drafts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. An admiral of the British navy was court martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him, but when his time came to be heard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around and admit that it was damaged, but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it. They would like to try it over again. They would like to go back from 70 to 60, from 60 to 50, from 50 to 40, from 40 to 30 and from 30 to 20. I propose for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others and others have again and again asked of us, Would you like to live your life over again?

What Is Success?

The fact is that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life. However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, "Success is $1,000,000." Another will say, "Success is worldwide publicity." "Another will say, "Success is gaining that which you started for." But as it is a free country I give my own definition and say, "Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution or invent a new style of wheelbarrow or take care of a sick child." Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave $1,000,000 at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes 15 pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But, whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life.

We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not to have been said and done so many things that ought not to have been done that we can suggest at least 95 per cent of improvement. Now, would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will by a word turn your hair to black or brown or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple or cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint, and the rheumatic twinge from the foot, and you shall be 21 years of age and just what you were when you reached that point before." If the proposition were made, I think many thousands would accept it.

That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called the fountain of youth, the waters of which, taken, would turn the hair of the octogenarian into the curly locks of a boy, and, however old a person who drank at that fountain, he would be young again. The island was said to belong to the group of Bahamas, but lay far out in the ocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, fellow voyager of Columbus, I have no doubt felt that if he could discover that fountain of youth he would do as much as his friend had done in discovering America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were, and its waters were bottled up and sent abroad at $1,000 a bottle, the demand would be greater than the supply, and many a man who has come through a life of uselessness and perhaps sin to old age would be shaking up the potent liquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful would take a glassful.

Generations Back.

But some of you would have to go back further than to 21 years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected—yea, to the grandfather and grandmother and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started 100 years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of midlife or old age, were with your present feelings and large attainments put back into the thirties or the twenties or in the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition or gave you pleasurable surprise or led you into happy interrogation would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be blase at 30, and a misanthrope at 40, and unendurable at 50. The most inane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life. It is amusing to hear people say, "I would like to live my life over again if I could take my present experience and knowledge of things back with me and begin under those improved auspices." Why, what an uninteresting boy you would be with your present attainments in a child's mind! No one would want such a boy around the house—a philosopher at 20, a scientist at 15, an archæologist at 10 and a domestic nuisance all the time. An oak crowded into an acorn. A Rocky mountain eagle thrust back into the eggshell from which it was hatched.

Life's Sadnesses.

Besides that, if you took life over again you would have to take its deep sadnesses over again. Would you want to try again the griefs, and the heartbreaks, and the bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process of losing your father again, or your mother again, or your companion in life again, or your child again? If you were permitted to stop at the sixtieth milestone, or the fiftieth milestone, or the fortieth milestone and retrace your steps to the twentieth, your experience would be something like mine one November day in Italy. I walked through a great city with a friend and two guides, and there were in all the city only four persons, and they were those of our own group. We went up and down the streets. We entered the houses, the museums, the temples, the theaters. We examined the wonderful pictures on the walls and the most exquisite mosaic on the floor. In the streets were the deep worn ruts of wagons, but not a wagon in the city. On the front steps of mansions the word "Welcome" in Latin, but no human being to greet us. The only bodies of any of the citizens that we saw were petrified and in the museum at the gates. Of the 35,000 people who once lived in those homes and worshiped in those temples and clapped in those theaters not one left! For 1,800 years that city of Pompeii had been buried before modern exploration scooped out of it the lava of Vesuvius. Well, he who should be permitted to return on the pathway of his earthly life and live it over again would find as lonely and sad a pilgrimage. It would be an exploration of the dead past. The old schoolhouse, the old church, the old home, the old playground, either gone or occupied by others, and for you more depressing than was our Pompeiian visit that November day.

Besides that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that, though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unconsecrated, you have got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has been far from being as consecrated to God as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would do worse.

Why, just look at the temptations we have all passed through and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under! Just call over the roll of your schoolmates and college mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store or bank or the operatives in the same factory with just as good prospects as you, who have come to complete mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire, and own the fastest trotters on the turnpike, and retire by the time he was 35 years of age, you do not hear from for many years and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and asks for 5 cents to get a mug of beer.

Another Life Might Be Worse.

You, the good mother of a household, and all your children rising up to call you blessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the belle of the village, who was so transcendently fair and popular. But while you have these two honorable and queenly names of wife and mother she became a poor waif of the street and went into the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again? Why, if many of those who are respectable were permitted to experiment, the next journey would be demolition. You get through, as Job says, by the skin of your teeth. Next time you might not get through at all. Satan would say, "I know him now better than I did before and have for 50 years been studying his weaknesses, and I will weave a stronger web of circumstances to catch him next time." And satan would concentrate his forces on this one man, and the last state of that man would be worse than the first. My friends, our faces are in the right direction. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1898. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice—yea, a thousand times. But life is an uncertain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifference, and some take fire of evil passions, and some lose their bearings and run into the Goodwin sands, and some are never heard of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough.

Besides all this, do you know, if you could have your wish and live life over again it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life, or the evening of life, you are not very far from the golden gate at which you are to meet your transported and emparadised loved ones. You are now, let us say, 20 years or ten years or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now, suppose you went back in your earthly life 30 years or 40 years or 50 years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet, and you got to Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back to Baltimore to get a better start, as though you were going to England to be crowned, and, having come in sight of the mountains of Wales, you put back to Sandy Hook in order to make a better voyage. Would you like for many years to adjourn the songs of heaven, to adjourn the thrones of heaven, to adjourn the companionship of heaven, to adjourn the rest of heaven, to adjourn the presence of Christ in heaven? No, the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and forward rather than 365 revolutions in a year and backward.

But hear ye, hear ye, while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You may put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You may make the coming ten years worth the preceding 40 or 50 years. When a man says he would like to live his life over again because he would do so much better and yet goes right on living as he has always lived, do you not see he stultifies himself? He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done.

If a man eat green apples some Wednesday in cholera time and is thrown into fearful cramps and says on Thursday: "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet. Oh, if I could live Wednesday over again!" and then on Friday eats apples just as green, he proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again, and if we, deploring our past

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life and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same mistakes and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. It was green apples before, and it would be green apples over again.

Buoys to Mark the Right Channel.

As soon as a ship captain strikes a rock in the lake or sea he reports it, and a buoy is swung over that reef, and mariners henceforth stand off from that rock. And all our mistakes in the past ought to be buoys, warning us to keep in the right channel. There is no excuse for us if we split on the same rock where we split before. Going along the sidewalk at night where excavations are being made we frequently see a lantern on a framework, and we turn aside, for that lantern says keep out of this hole. And all along the pathway of life lanterns are set as warnings, and by the time we come to midlife we ought to know where it is safe to walk and where it is unsafe.

Besides that we have all these years been learning how to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God and the church and the world than in any previous four decades. The best way to atone for past indolence or past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet we often find Christian men who were not converted until they were 40 or 50, as old age comes on, saying, "Well, my work is about done, and it is time for me to rest." They gave 40 years of their life to satan and the world, a little fragment of their life to God, and now they want rest. Whether that belongs to comedy or tragedy I say not.

The man who gave one half of his early existence to the world and of the remaining two quarters one to Christian work and the other to rest would not, I suppose, get a very brilliant reception in heaven. If there are any dried leaves in heaven, they would be appropriate for his garland or if there is any throne with broken steps it would be appropriate for his coronation, or any harp with relaxed string, it would be appropriate for his fingering. My brother, you give nine-tenths of your life to sin and satan, and then get converted, and then rest awhile in sanctified laziness, and then go up to get your heavenly reward, and I warrant it will not take the cashier of the royal banking house a great while to count out to you all your dues. He will not ask you whether you will have it in bills of large denomination or small. I would like to put one sentence of my sermon in italics and have it underscored and three exclamation points at the end of the sentence, and that sentence is this: As we cannot live our lives over again, the nearest we can come to atone for the past is by redoubled holiness and industry in the future. If this rail train of life has been detained and switched off and is far behind the time table, the engineer for the rest of the way must put on more pressure of steam and go a mile a minute in order to arrive at the right time and place under the approval of conductor and directors.

Your Own Application.

As I supposed it would be, there are young people on whom this subject has acted with the force of a galvanic battery. Without my saying a word to them, they have soliloquized, saying: "As one cannot live his life over again and I can make only one trip I must look out and make no mistakes. I have but one chance, and I must make the most of it." My young friends, I am glad you made this application of the sermon yourself. When a minister toward the close of his sermon says, "Now, a few words by way of application," people begin to look around for their hats and get their arm through one sleeve of their overcoats, and the sermonic application is a failure. I am glad you have made your own application, and that you are resolved, like a Quaker of whom I read years ago, who in substance said, "I shall be along this path of life but once, and so I must do all the kindness I can and all the good I can."

My hearers, the mistakes of youth can never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the thousandth part of a second has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air, and so today I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. That is followed by a flock of 365, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by 24, and they are the flying hours, and each of these is followed by 60, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go a-gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows or the robins that last year caroled in the sky as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say, "I will lounge now and make it up afterward." Young men and boys, you can't make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats to the end of their short life sowed wild oats, and that those who start sowing Genesee wheat always sow Genesee wheat.

Reaping the Harvest.

And then the reaping of the harvest is so different. There is grandfather now. He has lived to old age because his habits have been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eyesight for heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and he must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks him what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music rained from supernal spheres. Men passing in the streets take off their hats in reverence and women say, "What a good old man he is!" Seventy or 80 years all for God and for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent! He will have hard work getting into heaven, because those whom he helped to get there will fill up and crowd the gates to tell him how glad they are at his coming, until he says, "Please to stand back a little till I pass through and cast

my crown at the feet of him whom, having not seen, I love." I do not know what you call that. I call it the harvest of Genesee wheat.

Out yonder is a man very old at 40 years of age at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

A Masquerade.

To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merrymaking. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps, chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

I invite you to quit all that and begin a new life. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland almost in despair took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke. I take this trumpet of the gospel and I blow the first blast, "Whosoever will." I blow the second blast, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." I blow the third blast, "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our fathers to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to him than the throne on which he sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal putting his thumb on the latch of his father's house. I remember that there were two vessels on the sea and in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-larboard!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation and you are driving on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. "Hard a-larboard!" Turn ye, turn ye, for, "why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"

Your One Life.

Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is some young man who has gone away from home, perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go tonight where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you, and your mother—I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter, saying, "By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus." My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

A young Scotchman was taken captive in battle by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: "I lost my son in battle, and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?" The young man said, "I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive." Then said the Indian chieftain: "Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring." So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin: Your father is waiting for you. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

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Doctor—You are all run down. You must travel for a few months; that's the only thing that will save you. You need change of scene and air.

Patient—But travelling's all I've done for the last ten years. I'm a salesman for a big Eastern house, and often go from the Atlantic to the Pacific at a jump.

Doctor—Then what you need is rest and quiet. Three dolars, please.—Chicago Record.

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Elhanan W. Prior's Estate.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Elhanan W. Prior, late of Jericho, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our appointment at the drug store in the village of Jericho Corners, Vt., in said district, on the fourth Fridays of July and December next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 28th day of June, 1898.

E. H. WILLIAMS,
M. H. PACKARD,
Commissioners.

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NO MORE FAVORS.

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precincts of the United States naval academy.

The auxiliary cruiser St. Louis brought the foreign visitors up by Chesapeake bay this afternoon. Soon after she came to anchor the government tug Standish tied up alongside the St. Louis and for nearly an hour there was a transfer of baggage and bundles. Then three wounded Spanish officers were removed to the Standish in swings. Admiral Cervera took courteous leave of the officers of the St. Louis and marched down the gangway of the ship with a stately tread.

Immediately following him were the recent governors of Santiago; Capt. Eulate, late of the Vizcaya and the others of the Spanish officers. A few of them were dressed in the Spanish uniforms, but most of them were rigged in duck uniforms that had been furnished them by the Americans.

Chairs had been provided in the rear of the tug for the prisoners and here they sat while the tug steamed up to the quaint old city of Annapolis. At the wharf Commander Edwin White with a detachment of U. S. Marines was awaiting their coming. He received the Admiral in person and escorted him immediately to the Superintendent's carriage and drove to the residence of Admiral McNair the Supt. of the Naval Academy. A brief formal call made there at which courtesies were exchanged, and Admiral McNair explained to the visitors the arrangements that had been made for their comfort, Admiral Cervera was then escorted to his quarters a plain brick structure of three stories in what is known as Buchanan Row. The other officers signed the parole and were conducted to quarters in Stribling Row, which is used by the cadets in term time for dormitories. They spent the evening after dinner in strolling about the grounds. All will attend St. Mary's Catholic church to-morrow morning. The Naval Academy yard where the officers are quartered, is carefully guarded and but few civilians are allowed to enter.

LONG FOR PORTO RICO.

Vermont Regiment Hopes to be Equipped in Time to be Sent on the First Expedition to That Island.

Chickamauga Park, Ga., July 16.—The long march planned for to-day was postponed and instead there was held a brigade review at 5 p. m. The review officers were Gen. Wade and Gen. Frank. The men were ordered out in light marching order with blouses and leggings, those not having them being left in the streets. The brigade presented a very good appearance. The regular weekly inspection took place this morning at 11 o'clock by companies. The board of survey on quartermaster's stores spent the day in looking over the shoes issued to the boys, which have proved very unserviceable.

Lieut. Brock and Lieut. Robbins have obtained passes to spend Sunday in Chattanooga. Col. Mimms attended the banquet of the Tennessee Bar Association in Chattanooga last evening and to-day four prominent members of the Tennessee bar took dinner at the regiment mess at the colonel's invitation.

Ordnance stores are being issued as fast as they arrive. It is very hard to get either quartermaster or ordnance supplies now until the first corps is fully equipped and no officers from this corps can buy of the quartermaster anything such as gloves hats, leggins, etc., for the same reason. If we should be transferred to the first corps for the Porto Rico expedition as is rumored the regiment would be equipped quickly. All are anxious for this. In ordnance the men have a full equipment of guns, bayonets, bayonet scabbards, canteens, haversacks, knives, forks and meat tins, but only about half of the men have belts. No ammunition has been issued, although they have expected to go to the range soon for practice. In quartermaster's supplies they have not fared as well owing largely to the fact that they have been waiting for the property from the State to wear out.

The men have not been fully supplied with any articles of clothing except shoes and underclothing and many of the shoes have proved worthless even with the State property which is now in very bad shape.

The men are not fully equipped with blouses or leggins and many lack trousers and hats. It is hoped that recent orders to send in a list of all needed clothes will bring good results so that the Vermont boys can soon show their blue uniforms with pride to the U. S. soldiers. The boys take the condition very philosophically however, and are the best behaved of any at Chickamauga, Ga.

CONGRATULATIONS TO SHAFTER

The President and Secretary Alger Praise Him and His Men.

Washington, July 16.—The following messages were sent to-day by President McKinley and Secretary Alger: "To General Shafter, Commanding, front near Santiago, Playa:—

"President of United States sends to you and your brave army profound thanks of American people for brilliant achievements near Santiago, resulting in surrender of city and all Spanish troops and territory under General Toral. Your splendid command has endured not only hardships and sacrifices incident to campaign but in stress of heat and weather has triumphed over obstacles which would have overcome men less brave and determined. One and all displayed courage, gallantry and earned the gratitude of the nation. Hearts of people turn with tender sympathy to sick and wounded. May Father of mercies protect and comfort them.

(Signed) William McKinley."

Washington, July 16.—"To Maj. Shafter, front near Santiago, Playa." I cannot express in words my gratitude to you and your heroic men. Your work has been well done. God bless you all."

(Signed) R. A. Alger, Sec'y War.

SHAFTER'S REPLY.

Washington, July 16.—9:15 p. m.—The following message has just been received at the White House:

Playa Del Este, July 16—Via Hayti.

"To the President:

Camp Near Santiago, July 16.—Thank you, and my army thank you, for your congratulatory telegram of to-day. I am proud to say every one in it performed his duty gallantly. Your message will be read to every regiment in the army at noon to-morrow.

(Signed) SHAFTER,
Major General."

SPANISH PRISONERS 'DYING.

Four of Them at Portsmouth Died Friday Night.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 16.—Four deaths occurred during the night among the Spanish prisoners now at this port, two men having died on Seavey's Island and two on board the cruiser Harvard which reached here from Santiago yesterday, bringing 1068 captives, nearly half of whom were reported sick. One of the deaths on the vessel was due to malarial fever and the other to heart disease. One of the men who died on the island was a victim of paralysis and the other died from wounds.

The crew of the Almirante Oquendo was the first transferred to the barge for Seavey's Island, numbering 436 men. It was nearly noon when the last man was enrolled and at 12:10 the barge reached Seavey's Island and those on board began to go ashore.

The landing was soon accomplished. The quarters in the prison camp were ready last night and the prisoners quickly made themselves comfortable to-day. The prison guard now numbers 220 men and 30 more are on their way to join the forces.

CERVERA'S MEN HAVE GOLD.

Said That One of Them Rifled the Ship's Safe—Their Life at Camp Long.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 16.—The prisoners at Camp Long are indirectly the source of much anxiety to the officers of the marine guard. Now that they have settled down to every day routine, people in Portsmouth and the towns for many

miles around consider them objects of curiosity and well worth going to see. Accordingly, the officers of the guard are besieged with applications for permission to visit the camp. But orders are prohibitory, something a majority of the applicants fail to understand. Indirectly, also, the city is benefited by having the prisoners here as visitors are flocking here in considerable numbers.

Col. Forneyg, U. S. M. C., being responsible for the guarding of the prisoners, is obliged to enforce the orders, which have their origin in a military rule governing the guarding of prisoners of war.

The camp life at Seavey's Island is now practically featureless. Orders have been placed for 1000 scrubbing brushes and these will be furnished to the prisoners.

More than half the prisoners have been slightly ill since the landing as a result of the change of food and water. All of those who were ill when landed are on the road to rapid recovery.

Col. Gorney has issued an order for his guards to keep a sharp lookout for workmen who have been selling articles to the prisoners at exorbitant prices. On Thursday two workmen from York, Me., were sent from the yard under a marine guard because they had sold cigarettes to the Spaniards at ten times their real value.

There was a story current among the prisoners that one of the ship's guards had rifled a safe before the surrender, and there seems to be something to it, else the Spanish prisoners have been liberally supplied with gold, for the majority of them appear to have their pockets filled with the yellow metal, and are spending it quite freely when the opportunity presents itself.

Plans have been drawn looking to the construction of an immense mess hall capable of accommodating 1800 men, who can all dine at once, this change being made necessary to allow the regular sleeping quarters to be properly attended to.

A large additional hospital is now being erected in front of the regular naval hospital, and will be ready for occupancy Saturday morning. Many of the Spaniards, including the ship's cooks, made a request that they be allowed to work.

At mess the prisoners are served with meat, vegetables, canned goods, rice, beans, bacon and bread, and there has not been a word of complaint.

The men gather around the mess tables much the same as on board ship, each mess having a separate cook, and the best of order prevails.

The clothing purchased for the prisoners has cost the government about $4000.

BRINGING BACK WOUNDED.

The Olivette Landed 272 Soldiers at Quarantine, New York—Another Party at Old Point.

New York, July 16.—The United States transport Olivette, (No. 11.) arrived at Quarantine at 7:53 p. m., bringing 271 sick and wounded soldiers from the scene of war Of this number 58 are convalescent and ready to rejoin their regiments. When the Olivette anchored in quarantine she was boarded by health officer Doty, Surgeon-Gen. Sterberg and Majors Bushnell and Hall, surgeons. Major Apple, surgeon in charge of the Olivette, reported the health of the sick and wounded very satisfactory. The Olivette will proceed to Brooklyn to-morrow morning, where the sick and wounded will be removed to the Long Island college hospital and St. Peter's hospital.

Shortly after the Olivette dropped anchor the Staten Island ferry boat Westfield went alongside and took off about 100 of those most seriously sick and wounded, and landed them at Stapleton, ambulances removing them to the United States marine hospital. The decks of the steamer were crowded with wounded and convalescent soldiers. All seemed to be in the best of spirits and although many were badly injured all seemed to forget their sufferings and were elated to learn of the surrender of the Spanish army at Santiago. Many said they were only sorry that they were not able to be at the surrender and wished themselves back at Santiago.

Edward Marshal, the corespondent who was shot in the spine was aboard and is improving. He said he felt as comfortable as could be expected. He telegraphed his wife to expect him home at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning.

HOSPITAL SHIP SOLACE

Brought Both Americans and Spaniards From Santiago.

Old Point, Va., July 16.—The hospital ship Solace arrived here to-day from Siboney, Cuba, bringing 44 wounded Americans and 40 wounded Spaniards who took part in the engagement off Santiago July 3.

The American soldiers were transferred from the Solace to the hospital at Fort Monroe.

The Solace left Old Point about noon and proceeded to Norfolk, where the Spanish sailors were put ashore at the naval hospital. Following is a list of Americans and wounded officers:

Carroll, Henry, lieutenant-colonel, 6th cavalry.

Hughes, John H., second lieutenant 1th infantry.

Grisard, John L., first lieutenant, 7th infantry.

Roberts, Thomas A., second lieutenant, 10th cavalry.

Mills, A. L. B., captain and A. A. G., U. S. A.

ENLISTED MEN.

Allen, Harry C., private, F., 8th cavalry.
Arnold, John, private, G., 10th cavalry.
Avery, Hiatt W., sergeant, K., 2d Mass.
Bang, George W., private, H., 71st New York volunteers.
Bunder, Ernest, first sergeant, I, First cavalry.
Burnhardt, August, private, H., 8th infantry.
Burkholdt, Charles, private, B., 1st U. S. V.
Cline, George E., private, E., 1st cavalry
Craig, Neville, private, H., 2d infantry.
Curtis, Clifford H., private, L., 33d Michigan.
Dawson, Claude, private, G., 1st district volunteers.
Dempsey, B. B., private, B., 7th infantry.
Dunwoody, Joseph, private, D., 71st New York volunteers.
Perries, J. T., private, B., 2d Massachusetts volunteers.
Graham, John, private, D., 8th infantry,
Greenwood, William W., private, A., U. S. V.
Hartman, Richard, corporal, H., 2d infantry.
Hyfer, John T., private, E., 10th infantry.
Jensen, Rudolph, private, A., 21st infantry.
Kerr, E. J., private, D., 13th infantry.
Kohlert, Frank, private, B., 2d infantry.
Kutil, John, private, E., 8th infantry.
Lee, Jerry F., sergeant, B., 1st U. S. V.
McGuire, William, private, G., 7th infantry.
McMillan, Albert C., private, B., 1st U. S. V.
Moore, William F., private, E., 12th infantry.
Nestlehart, William F., private, C., 5th infantry.
Nolan, James, Philadelphia, E., 2d Mass., Volunteers.
Olsen, David, Private, B., 22d Infantry.
Olsen, Severtia, Corporal, H., 2d Infantry.
Patjens, Chas, Corporal, F., 13th Infantry.
Ramlock, Chas, Private, B., 3d Cavalry.
Rupp, George, Sergt., F., 7th Infantry.
Schellman, Emil, Private, B., 3d Infantry.
Sharp, Thos jr., Private, C., 17th Infantry.
Sims, William, Sergt., L., First U. S. V.
Sparks, James L., Private, G., 2d Infantry.
St. Croix, Clifton, Private, I., 63d Michigan.
Taylor, John N., Private, 12th Infantry.

MAY SEIZE THE CAROLINES.

Believed the Monterey Had Orders to Raise the American Flag There.

Honolulu, July 8, via San Francisco, July 16.—While the Monterey was here Commander Leutze had a number of consultations with Capt. Isaac Bray of the missionary bark Morning Star as to the harbors and positions of the Caroline Islands. He borrowed Capt. Bray's charts, and offered to have new ones sent to him from the United States to replace them; but Capt. Bray preferred to have his own because of notations he had made on them in various voyages. Capt. Leutze was to mail them to Capt. Bray from Manila or the nearest port he should reach after the maps had served his purpose.

From this it is believed that the Monterey has orders to raise the American flag over the Caroline Islands before proceeding to the Philippines.

The Rev. Judson Smith, one of the secretaries of the American board of foreign missions, while here on his way from the Orient, held a conference with the Hawaiian board of foreign mission, and expressed the belief that it would only be a short time before the United States seized the Carolines. Mr. Smith urged that the Morning Star be sent to the Carolines as soon as the news of the seizure was received, with supplies for the missionaries and to help in the work. The vessel has been in port here nearly three months, not daring to go to the Carolines while the Spanish were in possession. She will sail as soon as news of the seizure is received.

The Caroline Islands, or New Philippines, are a group of islands in the Pacific between the Philippines and the Ladrones. They have an area of about 1000 square miles, and include several hundred small islands. The archipelago is divided into 48 separate groups. The principal groups are the Pelew, mostly coral islandst; the Yap, in which the islands are mountainous and contain many rich mines, and the Egoi, also mountainous, but more fertile and more thickly inhabited than the other groups. The island lying furthest to the east, called Nalan, is 24 miles in circumference, and has abundant supplies of fruit, fish and good water. The climate is mild and agreeable. The islands have a population of about 30,000, mostly of the Malay race. The islands were discovered in 1543 by Lopez de Villalobos, and have since been nominally a Spanish possession. Their principal product is copra. The islands are included in the Philippine government. Germany has been very anxious to annex them, and several years ago attempted to do so. The question of their ownership was submitted to the arbitration of the Pope, who decided it in favor of Spain.

AN ARMY HOSPITAL AT HONOLULU.

Honolulu, July 8, via San Francisco, July 15.—Gen. Merritt aranged to-day for establishing a permanent military hospital in Honolulu. He has secured a lease of three acres of ground in Independence Park, together with a big pavilion, which will be rearranged and enlarged if necessary. A hospital staff from the United States is to be sent to take charge at the earliest practicable date. The hospital will take such cases among soldiers as are outside the province of the Red Cross societies, those requiring surgical attention, contagious diseases and the like.

TROOPS WANT TO GO TO HONOLULU

Washington, July 16.—Great eagerness has been manifested by a number of volunteer regiments to be assigned to military duty in the Hawaiian Islands. The requests for as assignment have not been confined to any single part of the country, but organizations from several States have applied for the duty, with the idea that the assignment would carry with it special distinction at this time. The 8th California volunteers have been the most persistent applicants for the assignment, and a final answer was given to all applications from that quarter by the adjutant-general of the army. He telegraphed to Gen. Merriam, commanding the department of California, in which the Hawaiian Islands are included, that it was very difficult to make a selection for the Hawaiian duty, but that it had been deemed best, on the whole, to send the first New York volunteers to Honolulu. Censure, he said, was imposed on the administration for the slightest sign of favoritism, and the department had taken the course which, in its judgment, was the wisest under the circumstances.

The war department has informed Gen. Merriam that he will be allowed to visit Hawaii with one regular aide, if he desires, at the subsequent formal transfer of the islands to the sovereignty of the United States. While in the territory Gen. Merriam will be expected to select a site for the garrisoning of the troops and to make other arrangements for the maintenance of the military force. Capt. William C. Langfit, corps of engineers, now attached to the staff of Gen. Otis, has been detailed to stop at Honolulu for special duty in connection with the Hawaiian garrison on his way to the Philippines.

FIRE ON THE YOSEMITE.

St. Thomas, D. W. I., July 16.—During service on the blockade the auxiliary cruiser Yosemite was discovered to have a fire in her coal bunkers which burned for three days. Some repairs to the vessel will be necessary.

OF INTEREST TO VERMONTERS.

A new pest has appeared in the south end of the State in the shape of a worm that is destroying sweet corn.

A bear weighing 92 pounds was shot near Quechee last week.

Some 25 years ago a resident of Bellows Falls owed a bill of $40 to a local physician and was unable to pay it. He left town and nothing was ever heard from him till the other day, when he showed up and paid to the widow of the doctor $105, the amount of the bill with the interest.

The superintendent of the Elizabeth mines at South Royalton, owned by Hon. James W. Tyson of Baltimore, Md., has discovered a new vein that proves to be the richest copper ore of the finest grade ever seen in Vermont. The vein is from 10 to 60 feet wide. Mr. Tyson has mining interests in nearly every State in the Union but is much elated at the success of this mine which he owns and works in his native town.

WATER AT THE FISH HATCHERY.

Through the efforts of our State congressional delegation an appropriation was secured in the last Congress sufficient to sink an artesian well at the fish hatchery near St. Johnsbury. About two months ago work was begun and after sinking 50 feet bed rock was struck and water secured to the amount of twenty gallons a minute. This would be enough to supply several families, but it was not enough for the needs of the hatchery, which requires 100 gallons a minute. The drilling was continued and now they have reached a depth of 228 feet, all but the first 50 feet of which is through solid rock. As the drilling through the rock is very difficult Superintendent Titcomb has written to Washington for permission to sink several wells to the first bed rock, which will give a sufficient supply. Water secured in this manner is perfectly pure and is always the same temperature, while the water now in use varies from 32 to 84 degrees. By mixing the two the well water will be warmed in the summer and the river water warmed in the winter, thus giving an even temperature. The artesian well was sunk as no water of sufficient force and suitable quality could be found this side of Danville. As soon as the required amount is secured several new ponds will be added, one of which is already commenced.

A Rutland antiquarian and historian has in his possession a communication and order of Gen. Ethan Allen, a commission in the handwriting and issued by Gen. Benedict Arnold the day before the battle of Hubbardton, and also a deed of land covering a portion of what is now the village of West Poultney. These documents were in the possession of "Parson" John Griswold, a chaplain at Ticonderoga.

Distressing Stomach Disease.

Permanently cured by the masterly power of South American Nervine Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvellous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by R. B. Stearns & Co., druggists, Burlington, Vt.

"I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the finest preparation on the market for piles." So wirtes John C. Dunn, of Wheeling, W. Va. Try it and you will think the same. It also cures eczema and all skin diseases.

J. W. O'Sullivan, R. B. Stearns & Co., W. P. Hall, E. R. Crandall, Winooski.

SUM OF $1,200,000,000

SUBSCRIBED TO RAISE A WAR LOAN OF $200,000,000.

Six Times the Amount Required—Individual Bids Will Secure the Whole Loan—Believed no Subscription For Over $5000 Will be Filled.

Washington, July 14.—The subscriptions to the new three per cent. war loan of $200,000,000 which closed at 3 o'clock this afternoon, including the offers made by syndicates, will amount to $1,200,000,000 or six times the amount of the issue. The subscriptions represented by checks or other forms of payment, it is estimated, will aggregate about $750,000,000.

Early this week Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, who has had immediate supervision of the work in connection with the loan became convinced that the subscriptions of individuals would be far more than sufficient to wholly absorb the loan and gave instructions that checks representing all subscriptions of corporations be prepared and returned to the senders to-night. It is thought at the treasury that no individual subscriptions as high as $10,000 will receive an allotment of bonds. During the month the department has received about 250,000 subscriptions and nearly the last one opened was from a New York bank for $10,000,000, inclosing a check for $2,000,000.

It was Secretary Gage's intention to make the payments on account of the bonds as easy to people as possible and all forms of payment were to be received. These included cash, checks, bank drafts, postoffice money orders, express money orders, certificates of deposit, and during the last day or two the department has received money by telegraph.

During the entire month there has been an average of 15,000 subscriptions received daily and some days the number has exceeded 20,000.

Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, who for 33 days has managed the work of placing the bonds of the new war loan, announced to-night that the bonds had been closed "upon the most successful loan ever floated by the government."

He said: "It is of course impossible to give final figures at this hour. The department received to-day just under 25,000 letters and yesterday 24,300. My estimate at this hour is that the line which allotments will be made will be around $5000 this is to say that all applications for a smaller amount than that figure will be allotted in full while all applications for larger amounts will receive nothing. At this hour there has actually been listed $51,306,000 of the $500, and smaller subscriptions and the amount now on the tables will carry that probably just above $90,000,000.

A NEW POTATO BUG.

A new potato bug is said to have made its appearance in towns. It is described as a small but active and rapacious insect, of a bluish tinge, which hastens its destructive work by hopping and flying about.

E. C. Blanks, of Lewisville, Texas, writes that one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was worth $50.00 to him. It cured his piles of ten years standing. He advises others to try it. It also cures eczema, skin diseases and obstinate sores.

J. W. O'Sullivan, R. B. Stearns & Co., W. P. Hall, E. R. Crandall, Winooski.

ANSWERED IT HONESTLY.

Are the Opinions of Burlington Citizens Not More Reliable Than Those Of Utter Strangers.

The above is a vital question.
It is fraught with interest to Burlington
It permits of only one answer.
It can't be evaded or ignored.
A Burlington citizen speaks here.
Speaks for the welfare of Burlington.
A citizen's opinion is reliable.
An utter stranger's doubtful.
The impression created is lasting.
Curiosity is at once aroused.
Read what follows and acknowledge these facts.

Mr. J. L. Fuller, of 342 North Winooski Ave., says: "I have been a resident of Burlington for 12 years and for three of them an affection of the kidneys gradually worked its way slowly into them. Pain centred in the loins and over the hips—dull, aching pain sometimes—and sometimes sharp and acute. On more than one occasion I have had to give up work and even when I did work, my sleep was broken by my aching back, and too frequent action of the kidneys and with limited results, highly colored and sedimentary. What to do I hardly knew. Medicine, at least all that I had taken, seemed powerless to help me and I was constantly on the lookout for some remedy or perscription to give me ease. In my endeavors I tried Doan's Kidney Pills, getting them at the drug store of R. B. Stearns & Co. on Washington's birthday, 1896. I never would have believed it possible for any medicine to help me quickly. I am a living witness of the effects of Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me right from the first. Anything I can do to help along Doan's Kidney Pills seems insignificant compared to what they have done for me. I am glad to tell how I managed to part company with my backache."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box, or sent by mail on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name DOAN'S and take no substitute.

Samuel Howard's Estate.

WE, THE SUBSCRIBERS, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Samuel Howard late of Milton in said District deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our appointment at the office of H. E. Powell in Milton, in said District on the second Tuesday of January next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1898.

P. A. BOOTH,
L. A. JACKSON,
Commissioners.

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William E. Allen's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.

The Honorable, the Probate Court, for the District of Chittenden. To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of William E. Allen, late of Colchester, in said district, deceased,

GREETING:

Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrator, with the will annexed, of said estate, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and charges of administration, setting forth therein the amount of debts due from said deceased, the charges of administration, the amount of personal estate and the situation of the real estate.

Whereupon the said court appointed and assigned the 23d day of July, 1898, at the Probate Court Rooms, in said district, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notices thereof to be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested in said estate, all which publications shall be previous to the day assigned for hearing.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place assigned, then and there in said Court to make your objection to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand, at the Probate Court Rooms, this 1st day of July, 1898.

JENNIE STACY,
Register.

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