SPIRIT OF SERVICE

REV. J. F. STOUT DISCUSSES IT AT THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

MIGHTY FACTOR FOR TRUTH.

GREATER EVEN THAN HUMAN WORTH ASIDE FROM ITS BENIGN INFLUENCE.

THE REVELATION OF SOCIETY

In Its Weakness and Its Wickedness Made by the Almighty in Isaiah's Vision.

Rev. J. F. Stout preached yesterday morning at First M. E. church from the text, "And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who shall go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."—Isaiah vi., 5-8.

He said in part:

The vision given us in this sixth chapter of Isaiah, from which the text is taken, is one of the most splendid of all those found in the Bible. It is an attempt to transfer to us the impression, at least, of him to whom has come a revelation of God. He has no adequate language in which to express the facts borne in upon his inner life, hence he can only employ symbols that at their best can but poorly carry the load of truth intrusted to them. From his vision, related in the richest language possible, we are given a double revelation, one of God Himself, and one of man. God is shown first in His relations, surrounded by the exalted angel hosts who haste to do His will, and is described as well as human language can depict that which is, by its very nature, beyond it.

The second revelation is that which more nearly concerns us at this hour, that which shows us humanity in such a light that we can understand the better the mysteries of our own hearts and the obligations that rest upon us as a consequence of the facts revealed. It is our purpose to follow the outline of the vision in giving emphasis to the truths taught in it. 1. The vision first of all declares that in his own sight, when he is in the presence of God, man is unworthy. When the prophet has seen God he can but cry, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." The Christian, he to whom, in answer to the consecration of self and the prayer of faith, God has revealed Himself according to His promise, finds a like realization. Whatever he had possessed of vanity, with reference to his own purity, is swept away when he comes to contrast himself with God in this new revelation of himself. Indeed, human worth in itself is not a large factor in the establishment or growth of the Kingdom of God. If we had been left alone we had shown but little that would have commended our effort. We should never have listened to David's psalms nor been entranced by the stately measures of Job; the sun would not have stood still at the command of Joshua; nor the walls of Jericho fallen at the blast of his trumpets; the Red sea had never opened to the rod of Moses, nor the law found its way to earth through Sinai; the lions' mouths would not have been closed to save a Daniel, nor the fire yielded up its prey from the furnace into which the three Hebrews were thrust; the three thousand would not have cried for mercy at the preaching of Peter, nor the Gentile world been shaken at the voice of Paul. Indeed, it seems to be the divine plan to reveal unworthiness by a glimpse given to mortals of Himself that men might see themselves, and so be constrained to cast themselves on His mercy, that they might be filled with His power. In the world self-confidence is at a premium, and by it many of the world's marvels are wrought, but in the Kingdom of God self-denial is at a premium, and here the marvels are wrought through reliance on God.

In connection with this revelation is one on the uncleanness of human society. There is no help in the world itself, for the man of God, that will aid him to be like God and accomplish His work. "We dwell, indeed, in the midst of a people of unclean lips." When we call to mind the exalted standards set by God for His children, and remember the holiness of God Himself, we can then see more clearly how all our earth methods have been rendered unclean through human selfishness. Not by the wisdom of this world, evolved as it has been by the digested thought of the centuries, is the Son of God to be made a workman that shall not be ashamed, but by a method all God's own. The failure of the human method can be seen to have been the direct result of the clashing of conflicting human interests, for so are the objects of our greed named. There is, indeed, a universal cry for something better at work in the world than the earth method.

2. After the revelation of himself there is one given of man's need, which is for divine enduement. While the prophet stands trembling and astonished at the revelation of God and self, he beholds this marvel; "Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged." He has made no change in himself, he is the same unworthy man, but something has been wrought in him; he has received the gift of God. This is but the Old Testament way of telling a New Testament truth. The touch of the coal is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It ushers him into a new experience, a new consciousness. He does not less depreciate the old self, but he appreciates the new forgiven, heaven-possessed nature, which is the gift of God to him, as a result of his own consecration to God. This is the one necessary preparation for the work of God.

3. Following this is a revelation of a world need. No sooner is he conscious of the touch of the coal than he hears the voice of the Lord saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" This is the Lord's invitation for volunteers, for by these only can his work be done. All that has been revealed hitherto has been preparatory to this great work of message bearing for God. It is the same problem presented by Jesus when he says: "The harvest truly is ripe, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." This is the problem of Christian service. God is forever saying: "Who will go for us? Whom shall we send?"

4. There is but one appropriate answer and this is made possible by the revelations previously made. The servant, by the logic of his new situation, can only say with the prophet, "Here am I, send me," and him will God surely send on some errand which shall bless the world. This service is the first aim of Christianity on earth. Jesus died not merely to save the individual from eternal death, but also to raise up a race of saviors, who, inspired by his spirit, and led by his hand, and filled with his power, shall usher in the Kingdom of God and make it regnant in the life of men. It is a service which grows out of two things, in the kingship of God which issues in obligation, and the fatherhood of God which issues in love.

It is an easy service from two considerations. It is voluntary, which makes it the following out of individual desire, and frees it from drudgery, and it is a helped service, thereby making practical a success not possible without the aid of the Lord. It is the application, not the supplying of power. As the modern machinist, by the moving of a lever, turns on power, so the son of God, relying, not on himself, but on God, can as surely count on the furnishing of divine power according to his need. Indeed, faith is but the putting into practice of a living confidence in God, according to His promises, enabling the soul to move out in the performance of duty, on the assumption that God will be as true to him, at least, as the steam to the lever, or the electric energy to the thumb screw that makes the connection. By this means all the heroes of faith have wrough in the past, and, by it, the new heroes shall have their victories in the future.

LION IN A CAVE.

Old Put's Feat Repeated by a Man Who Had Lost a Colt.

Denver Field and Farm.

One of the many incidents of bravery or foolhardiness occurring in Colorado took place near Debeque, Mesa county, in the spring of 1886. At that time the Roan Creek Toll Road company owned and was operating a toll road through the Hogback canyon, between Grand Junction and the Garfield county line, and the superintendent was a young man by the name of John A. Rhone, a printer by trade, but who proved to be a careful and competent officer of the company. The country through which the road ran is a wild and picturesque one, and in those days the rugged canyons were fairly alive with mountain lions, a cowardly but destructive animal.

To maintain the road the company kept several horses, among which was a fine blooded Kentucky mare, which the president of the company had secured from a passing emigrant in exchange for another horse. The mare was turned out with some of the company's horses which were not then in use, and in a short time she dropped a fine colt. The mare and colt were progressing finely, until one morning the entire band came rushing wildly down from the hills to the toll camp. The colt was missing, and the mare's side was covered with blood and the distinct impressions of the claws of a mountain lion, which evidently made a spring, but not getting a firm hold simply scratched down the mare's side, leaving a deeping trail of each claw.

The sight of the mare panting, frightened and bleeding and the loss of the colt so enraged Rhone that he immediately seized his Winchester and started out for the scalp of the mountain lion which had done the mischief. By following the trail of the horses he soon found the place where the brute had seized the colt, and then it was not difficult to follow the course the lion had taken with its prey. Turning abruptly around a ledge of rocks he surprised the lion making a breakfast from the remains of the colt. Before he could raise his Winchester to fire the beast retreated into a cave in the rocks. Not to lose his game, Rhone immediately built a fire and attempted to smoke it out, but that failed, so, raking the embers away from the mouth of the cave, Rhone proceeded to crawl into the lion's den on his hands and knees, but soon the entrance got so small he had to lie down, and finally his body filled the entire cavity.

Just then he heard a growl, and immediately before him he could see what appeared to be two balls of fire. Raising his Winchester as much as he could and aiming at the space between the eyes, he fired. There was a roar and a spring, but young Rhone was out of harm's way. Proceeding back to camp, he procured a rope and the colored cook called Punch, and they dragged his lionship ignominiously forth by the feet. The beast was a monster in size, but its days of depredations were over. Rhone is now one of the proprietors of the New Era Standard at Kearney, Neb., and is living a quite and religious life. And Punch, the happy coon who worked for the company for several years as cook, is now selling hot tamales at Cripple Creek.

BAPTISTE AND THE BEAR.

He Got Into the Wrong Family and Had a Narrow Escape.

Argosy.

"It was one very cold night, monsieur," said Baptiste, of "wolf and wild turkey" celebrity, "and as I had lost my rifle, as well as the pouch containing the flint and steel, in shooting a rapid, I couldn't light a fire. So I climbed a rotten hemlock, the top of which had been blown off by the wind, and let myself down into the hollow. But I had no sooner done this than I saw that there was no time to be lost in getting up again, for my life wasn't worth a pinch of powder. I had lighted among a litter of bear cubs, and, thinking I was their mamma come back from a foraging expedition with something nice for supper, they began to sniff about me and pat my legs with their paws. Then, finding their mistake, they set up a prodigious howl by way of signal to their interesting parent that all was not right at home; that a guest had dropped in and had better be politely asked to walk out again.

"Now I knew that a lady bear, with a select party of sons and daughters, was not the pleasantest person possible to meet, so I didn't need a second notice to quit nor care how soon I was off the premises. It was no very easy matter, however, to climb the inside of the tree, for there was very little hold for one's claws, and I had not made my way above a yard or so when I saw the stars suddenly blotted out above and a large dark object coming right down upon the top of me. It was the old she bear descending tail first, just as a man would come down a ladder. What was to be done? Escape was hopeless with the whole of the inside of the tree blocked up; and yet, if I was caught there I knew I should be torn to pieces in five seconds. An awkward position, monsieur."

"Well," said I, "and what did you do, Baptiste?"

"Why, there was only one thing to be done, monsieur, and that I did. My long hunting knife was, fortunately for me, in my belt. I whipped that out, and, apologizing for the liberty, drove it half a dozen times into the bear's tail with such right hearty will, too, that she roared for mercy and began to make her way up the hemlock again as fast as her legs could carry her, thinking (for she didn't know of my presence there) that her cubs had gone mad during her absence and privately arranging to pay them off presently for the ugly trick they had played her. At the same moment I held tightly on to the brute's shaggy hide as she ascended, and was lifted as neatly out of the tree as though a machine had been invented for that express purpose."

WHY WE ARE CALLED YANKEES.

Origin of the Nickname Applied to North Americans.

Baltimore Sun.

Everyone is aware that the word "yankee" is applied abroad indiscriminately to all citizens of the United States, but it is used generally as a "nickname," and not always in a complimentary spirit. Our Spanish friends just at present are doubtless inclined to employ it in a sneering and derogatory sense, but however it may be used by them or other Europeans, it has long since ceased to carry with it the slightest sting of latent satire. From a term of reproach or ridicule it has become to the citizen of the United States a verbal badge of honor, and is now synonymous the world over with shrewdness, enterprise, pluck and achievement.

Its origin is uncertain. According to one authority, "yankees" is a variation of "yenkees," or "yengees," or "yaunghees," "a name said to have been given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English colonists, being, it is supposed, an Indian corruption of the word English or of the French Anglais." Washington Irving in his history of New York explains the derivation somewhat differently. The first settlers of New England, he says, came to America "to enjoy, unmolested, the inestimable right of talking. And, in fact, no sooner did they land upon the shore of this free-spoken country than they all lifted up their voices and made such a clamor of tongues that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighborhood, and struck such mute terror into certain fish that they have been called dumb fish ever since.

"The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious good-humored race of men, they became very friendly and sociable and gave them the name of Yanokies, which in the Mais-Tchusaeg (or Massachusett) language signifies silent men—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of 'yankees.'" It had gained great currency as descriptive of the colonists in 1755, when Dr. Schuckburgh, British surgeon, is said to have composed the words of "Yankee Doodle" in derision of the colonial militia, but the tune to which it was set is declared by some authorities to have been popular in England during the Commonwealth, at which period its doggerrel words, it is alleged, also existed and were applied to Cromwell.

Whatever its ancestry and original signification, it has come in the light of history and accomplishment to be a designation of which the people of this country have no reason to be ashamed. They have no objection to being called by a nickname which is so associated with daring, skill, energy and triumph that even when used in derision or anger it creates in the mind of the very railer and scoffer a secret feeling of envy. The Englishman, Frenchman, German, Russian, Spaniard and the rest will have to content themselves with their narrow national appellations, except on special occasions of merit, when they show themselves worthy of being decorated with the yankee cross of honor and being complimented with the title of English, or French, or Spanish yankees. The suggestion as to the selection of some other nickname than "yankee" may be wise, but it is not practicable. Nobody would ever adopt it, here or abroad. Let us be content with the designation as it is. We can stand it if our Spanish cousins can.

HOW COFFEE WAS DISCOVERED.

An Arab First Learned Its Use and Gave the Secret to the World.

New York Journal.

While almost every one drinks coffee, few persons know how it came to pass that the world learned the virtue of the fragrant berry. It is told that about the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia and, finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, stopped near a grove. Being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a small tree that happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone he found that their aroma was greatly increased.

Accidentally he let fall the substance in a can which contained his scanty supply of water. The almost putrid water was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips. It was fresh, agreeable, and a few moments afterward the traveler had so far recovered his strength as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy official was an inveterate opium smoker who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it cohuah, which in Arabia signifies force.

Mistook Each Other for Turkeys.

At Alachua, Fla., the other morning S. R. Clark and Joseph Shaw started out to hunt wild turkeys. On entering the hammock they separated, going in opposite directions. After going some distance Clark yelped, imitating a turkey, thinking if there were any turkeys near by they would answer him. Mr. Shaw heard the noise, and thinking he had found a drove of turkeys began to yelp also. Each of the men, laboring under the impression that the noise they heard was made by turkeys, kept crawling on his knees in the direction of the yelping. Finally Clark saw a small object which he thought was a turkey, but instead was his companion's head. Clark fired. The whole load of 50 No. 7 turkey shot entered Mr. Shaw's head and neck. Clark ran to get his game, and when he realized what he had done he was overcome with grief. Clark assisted the wounded man on his horse and took him to a house near by and got a man to carry him to his home.

Hanged Man Restored to Life.

According to a dispatch from Tunis to the Sior, Mohammed bed Ahmed el Benzerti, sentenced to death for murder, was hanged at Bardo. No sooner, however, had the man been cut down and prepared for burial than he gave signs of life, and, raising himself, he asked for something to drink. Benzerti is now in the prison hospital under medical attendance.

Made a Coffin From the Log.

Chales Pierson was killed by the falling of a tree at a sawmill near Fresno, Cal., where he was working. The log was taken to the mill, sawed into boards, and from them was made the coffin in which the dead man was buried.

WOES OF ROYALTY

HIGH BORN MAIDS ARE SOMETIMES JILTED BY FAITHLESS LOVERS.

PRINCESS HELENE IS ONE.

BETROTHED TO CZAR NICHOLAS, WHO DISCARDED HER FOR PRINCESS ALIX.

OTHER DISCONSOLATE DAMSELS,

Who Have Been Similarly Humiliated by Heartless Sprigs of Nobility

Jilting is an indignity which is by no means confined to maidens of low degree. It is a slight to which princesses of the blood are frequently subjected, the insult being the more painful to bear in consequence of its glaring publicity. A girl of ordinary rank or of obscure birth is able, as a rule, to conceal the uncomplimentary behavior of her faithless swain, which cannot be considered as otherwise than as a reflection upon the character of her charms and attractions, and the knowledge of the jilting is confined to her immediate relatives and friends and is soon forgotten. But royal ladies are so conspicuous by reason of their lofty station that when the princely knight breaks the troth that he has plighted and "rides away" the whole world is at once informed thereof in a manner that is intensely galling to the pride and delicacy of the illustrious damsel.

SANTA TERESA.—FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Attention to the jilting of royal princesses is called by the official betrothal the other day of Princess Helene of Montenegro to the only son and heir of King Humbert of Italy. Tall, stately and very dark, her beauty being of the statuesque type, she was educated from her earliest childhood at the court of St. Petersburg under the personal direction as well as at the cost of the now widowed czarina, the avowed object of the latter being to fit the girl for the position of consort to the czarowitz, now the emperor. As soon as ever she was old enough she was affianced to him.

At the last moment, however, Nicholas, with that contrariness that distinguishes young people whom their parents wish to marry off, absolutely declined to wed the bride selected for him, and Princess Helene was accordingly compelled to return, deeply mortified, to her father's tawdry and one horse court at Cettinje. Her fiance subsequently led to the altar Princess Alix of Hesse.

Princess Helene has now accepted the crown prince of Italy as a husband, and, having been disappointed in her anticipations of sharing the throne of the emperor of all the Russias, will be consoled by the prospect of becoming on the death of King Humbert, queen of Italy.

Princess Helene is not the only damsel of high degree who, after being disappointed in the expectations of one crown or coronet, has been consoled with another. Thus, before being led to the altar by the emperor of the French, Eugenie de Montijo, was jilted in turn by the Spanish Duke of Sesto and also by Prince Napoleon, surnamed "Plon Plon." The latter was officially affianced to her, but broke off the engagement at the last moment in deference to the loud protests of his reprobate father, old Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia and ex-husband of Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, who, in a letter since published, and which is now on record, pointed out to his son that Mlle. de Montijo was neither as regards birth nor antecedents the sort of person whom the son of a king could wed. Plon Plon yielded to his parent's arguments, and to this, above everything else, must be attributed the intense animosity which the empress manifested to him throughout her husband's reign, and even after she became a widow her hostility to the man who gilted her was so great that she furnished his son Victor with the financial means which he needed to start on his own account as a rival pretender to his father.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria owes her position on the dual throne of Austria-Hungary to the fact that Francis Joseph jilted her eldest sister, Helene, for her sake. Princess Helene of Bavaria, like her namesake at Cettinje, was betrothed almost in her childhood to the present emperor of Austria and was not carefully trained and educated with a view to fitting her for the proper discharge of her eventual duties as empress. When, however, the time for the marriage drew near, Francis Joseph fell violently in love at first sight with her younger sister, and, much to the dismay of all concerned, insisted on jilting Helene in order to marry the school-girl, scarce sixteen years old, whom he literally adored. Proud, ambitious and deeply in love with her faithless fiance, it was a terrible blow to Helene to see the Cinderella of the family carry off the man she loved and the crown which she would have been so delighted to wear. However, her good sense induced her to keep her troubles and sorrow to herself and to put the best face posible on the matter.

The Duchess of Teck, mother of the young Duchess of York and sister of old Duke George of Cambridge, was jilted in the most shameful manner by the late Prince of Orange, who used to be known in Paris by the nickname of "Citorn." The official engagement had been announced, all the arrangements made for the wedding, and the prince had left The Hague for London, where he was to remain until after the marriage had taken place. Unfortunately, he traveled by way of Paris, and as Napoleon III., for political reasons, was averse to the match, believing that an alliance of this kind would be detrimental to the interests of France, he caused the, up to that time, perfectly well behaved prince to be environed by such a network of temptations that he literally could not tear himself away from the brilliant capital of France. Meanwhile his handsome English bride, the British court and the British people were waiting for him with an indignation which increased with every day's delay in his arrival, and when at length news reached London of a scandal of a singularly unsavory character in which he had become involved on the boulevards, the nature of which was purposely intensified by the French authorities and press, Queen Victoria insisted on immediate explanation. To this the prince replied that he no longer cared to wed Princess Mary. And at Paris he remained until the end of his days, his death hastened by dissipation.

Equally displeasing was the jilting of Princess Marguerite of Chartres by the Duke of Orleans. Tended with the most loving and devoted solicitude by his fair fiancee during his incarceration at Clairvaux (she had established herself with her mother in a villa at the very prison gates, in order to be near him), he threw himself into such a vortex of dissipation on his release that his uncle and prospective father-in-law was compelled to remonstrate with him. The duke took this amiss, declared that he had no intention of modifying his questionable mode of existence, and wound up by announcing that he had altered his mind with regard to Princess Marguerite and would under no circumstances marry her. She has since become the wife of the gallant young Duke of Magenta, eldest son and heir of Marshal MacMahon.

Nor must we omit from this enumeration of jilted princesses the names of Princess Sophia of Bavaria, deserted by the late king of Bavaria on the very eve of the day appointed for the wedding for reasons that have always remained shrouded in mystery, the princess subsequently marrying the Duc d'Alencon; of Princess Victoria of Prussia, sister of Emperor William, who was forsaken by the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg a few days prior to the date fixed for the marriage (in fact, the first intimation that the princess received of the slight inflicted upon her was the information that the prince had married Mlle. Loisinger of the Darmstadt court theater), and of Princess Elsa of Wurttemberg, a lovely girl, possessed of a vast fortune, who has just been jilted by Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, only son of the ruler of that duchy, better known by his English title of Duke of Edinburgh. The match would have been an excellent one, but he prefers instead Fedora, the only daughter of Princess Charlotte of Prussia, and of her husband Bernhard, heir to the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.

Weight of the Earth.

Washington Star.

"Scientists have calculated and even demonstrated that they know the weight of the earth, as well as the size of it," remarked a scientific man, who is an authority on such matters. "It was ascertained that each cubic foot of earth weighs 5.67 times as much as a cubic foot of water, the weight of the latter being about 62 pounds. A cubic foot of earth, therefore, weighs about 354 pounds. Taking the dimensions of the earth, as determined by the best experiments, there are 259,800,000,000 of cubic miles in the earth. A simple multiplication shows, therefore, that the weight of the whole earth is 6,049,836,000,000,000 tons. The density of the earth is, as stated, over five and a half times the density of water. If you have any doubts in regard to the calculation you can weigh the earth yourself and see if the grand total I have given is not correct."

What the Nails Indicate.

It has long been known to doctors that the shape and appearance of the finger nails form important factors in the diagnosis of disease. Thus, long nails indicate physical weakness and a tendency to consumption. Where the nails are long and bluish they indicate bad circulation. This same type of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affections, bronchitis and the like. Short, small nails often indicate heart disease; where they are short, flat and sunken, you may look for nervous disorders.

A Delicious Morsel.

"My predecessor, I understand," said the new missionary, "was well liked here?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the cannibal king, ecstatically; "he was one of the sweetest characters we have ever had in our midst."

Hottentots Eat Locusts.

The Hottentots are said to rejoice at the appearance of a swarm of locusts, although the destructive insects destroy all the verdure in the district. The natives eat them in such quantities that they soon grow perceptibly fatter. They also gather the eggs and make of them a kind of brown or coffee colored soup.

MANNED BY AMERICAN SAILORS.

Secretary Herbert's Efforts to Bring Natives Into the Navy.

A vigorous and generally successful effort has been made by Secretary of the Navy Herbert, to restore to the American navy its former national character by the employment of American seamen in place of mariners recruited from various European countries and from Canada. These foreign sailors have been attracted to the American navy by the promise of larger pay than is offered by other governments. Under a law passed by congress, upon the recommendation of Secretary Herbert, the naturalization of sailors without the formality of residing on shore was authorized under certain conditions. Since this law went into operation the secretary has begun his policy of enlisting as many Americans as possible, and the foreign element is gradually disappearing from our navy.

Sailors on American ships are better paid than any others; Italian sailors have the poorest pay. Yet Italy stands fourth among nations in respect of the number of seamen employed in commerce, England being first, the United States second, and Norway and Sweden third. Originally, and for many years before the introduction of steamships, the Yankee sailors from New England towns and the Southern sailors from North and South Carolina and other seaboard states made the navy of the United States famous and feared.

The early history of our navy was a long succession of brilliant triumphs. Big guns, armor plates and machinery have combined to reduce the importance of the individual sailor. The standard of compensation in the navy continuing to be low, American seamen were not attracted to it; foreign-born seamen took their places. The force became denationalized, so to speak; and it is this condition which Secretary Herbert is trying to change.

Rear Armiral Beardslee, commanding the Pacific station, is reported as declaring that the course adopted for recruiting for the ships only young American citizens as far as possible has accumulated a large body of excellent men, natives of the Pacific coast. When their terms of service have expired, he says, and they return to their homes, "there will be mingled with the people a very strong element of well-trained men who will undoubtedly join the naval militia." In this way, by the extension of naturalization, and by the establishment of restrictions upon the employing of subjects of alien government who have their homes in other lands, it is designed to restore a national character to the American navy. Another aid to this is the naval militia now organized in fifteen of the forty-five states, a force of 2,800 men, upon whom, in case of war, the protection of the coasts and harbors, in default of adequate fortification, will in part devolve.

INDIANS' FIRE WATER.

The Beverage That Has Been Responsible for Many Apache Outbreaks.

Tizwin is the intoxicant produced among the most uncivilized Indian tribes, that live away up in the mountains, over 200 miles from civilization, on the borderland between Arizona and Mexico. It is made from the fruit of the giant cactus of the hot deserts of the southwest territories, known as sahuara fruit. Tizwin is in common use of abuse among the Southern Arizona Indian tribes. As soon as the fruit ripens the squaws and children travel miles over mountain and plain to gather it in large baskets, which they carry on their heads.

The gathered fruit is deposited day by day at a common center, where it is pressed and the juice collected into large earthen ollas, where a modicum of water is added. These ollas are stored in a closed dark room, where a slow fire is kept up for several days, until the liquid begins to show a foam on top, which is a sign that it is fermenting. It has then attained the desired intoxicating power, and word passes from mouth to mouth and from village to village.

As soon as the welcome news arrives all hands knock off various other kinds of loafing and hasten to the tizwin camp to put in their time around the improvised barroom, stupefying themselves with frequent drafts of the liquor and dancing or fighting between drinks. The orgy continues night and day until the supply is exhausted, and by this time the passions of the Indians, naturally fierce and cruel, having been inflamed a hundred fold, some one in the crowd utters a warwhoop, and they leap on their ponies and are off on a raid against the whites.

The Apache at best is but a devil, but when his blood is heated with tizwin the father of evil himself is a refined gentleman in comparison.

As sahuara fruit ripens only once a year it is a whole twelvemonth between drinks with the Indians, and all their worst outbreaks have occurred in the tizwin camp. The old settlers have good reason to remember tizwin time and its regular recurrence every summer. To them it recalls many a fierce outbreak of the bloodthirsty Apaches.

A SEA LION.

Surprising Bite for Two Fishermen on the Oregon Coast.

Yazuma (Wash.) Post.

Last Monday, while Comrade Ewing and son William were fishing in a small boat just inside the bar at the mouth of the bay, one of their big hooks, to which was attached a small line, accidently caught a "fish," which started off at a terrible pace before William could get a twist on the line to stop it. When he did eventually succeed in making the line fast, the "pull" stopped instantly, but a moment later the "fish" popped up out of the water, and, with bellows that echoed and re-echoed along old ocean's shores, made for the small boat at a 2:02 gait, bellowing and lashing the water in awful rage at every jump. Consider the case of the two handsome orphans, a long ways from land and home and kindred, and only a couple of oars apiece with which to defend themselves from the rage of a "fish" which they now discovered to be a sea lion of the thousand-pound variety. It was a case where something had to be done in a hurry, and they hustled the oars into the water, and splashed the bosom of the mighty deep until the boat rocked as if in a mighty storm, while their yells outrivaled anything they had ever put up. Anyhow, the wild circus so astonished the sea lion that he turned tail, and, instead of wrecking the frail boat, he "dug down" into the water and fled out over the bar. But in his rapid flight he soon took up the slack in the line, and, finding the hook still fixed in his anatomy, and proving a great drawback to his peace of mind, he seemed to forget, through pain, his scare of the previous moment, and made another grand rush for the boat, bellowing like mad and beating the water into a great foam. But the beleaguered fishermen were "onto their job" and raised such a pandemonium of sounds upon his approach that he again fled; and so the "retreat and fall back" fight ranged for about an hour, and then the lion "broke" for the "deep, blue sea," much to the gratification of the entire boat's crew, who had been engaged in more prolonged, energetic and exhaustive labor than they had bargained for.

It was a big fight with a big "fish," and while they were not at all alarmed during the scrimmage, two-thirds of the participants are willing to make their affidavits that they don't hanker after such fish as sea lion, especially when so far away from land.

Remarkable Phenomenon.

Indianapolis Journal.

"About ten years ago—yes! just ten years and seven days—I pulled a bass out of the water that looked to weigh about a pound, and the line broke at a distance of about a foot from the hook," said the fattest of the liars.

"And then about five years afterward," the thin liar hastened to interrupt, "you caught him again, with the hook and line still in its mouth, and the fish had grown to weigh ten pounds."

The fat liar looked pained at the ruthless capture of his best story and answered, "No, sir! He weighed less than two ounces. His vitality had all been consumed by the line, which had grown twenty-eight feet two and three-quarter inches of clothesline."

Mayor Hopkins

Says:

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Is the Gordon hat becoming to you?

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How often women wake up in the morning cheerful and happy, determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet:—

Before the morning is very old, the dreadful BACKACHE appears, the brave spirit sinks back in affright; no matter how hard she struggles, the "clutch" is upon her, she falls upon the couch, crying:—"Why should I suffer so? What can I do?"

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" will stop the torture and restore courage. All such pains come from a deranged uterus. Trouble in the womb blots out the light of the sun at midday to a vast number of women.

Be advised—do as many others have done and are doing—procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and commence without delay to realize the relief it is sure to bring you.

She'd Take It All.

Truth.

"Darling, you can have anything you want on the bill of fare. Shall I read it off to you?"

She—No; read it to the waiter.

LOCAL NOTICES.

To Home Seekers.

The Wisconsin Central Line will sell excursion tickets to the South and Southwest at one fare plus $2.00, on Sept. 29, Oct. 6, Oct. 20. For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 373 Robert street.

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