

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, in the county \$1.00
One Year, out of the county 1.10

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The great revolt of 700 desperate convicts at the California State Prison at San Quentin was finally subdued by a stream of cold water from a hose. This is an old remedy in such cases, but it took the officers of the institution several days to think of it after the trouble started. Rioters have frequently been "cooled" off by the same means. A water-soaked and dragged man, however, brave, finds it difficult if not impossible, to be heroic. His first impulse is to "get in out of the wet."

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the young American who went to England some years ago, fell in with the "gentility" and married the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the good old lady old enough to be his grandmother, and thereby greatly offended the upper tedium of London and at the same time achieved financial independence—his "blushing" bride having settled an annuity of \$250,000 per annum upon him—has recently come into prominence again by contributing large sums of money to the campaign funds of the Conservative party, and because he is about to receive a peccage at the hands of Lord Salisbury on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee. This great honor comes to Mr. Burdett-Coutts (who relinquished his American name at the time of his marriage) because of the enormous political influence he can wield through his many-millionaire wife, who is the ground landlord of the greater portion of the densely populated Westminster district of London. Whatever ill-will Mr. Burdett-Coutts may have incurred from the British public because of his marriage to the philanthropical old Baroness has long since passed away, largely, it is said, through his devotion to horse-breeding in which he has achieved great success. The English people will forgive a man almost anything who does that.

"Noblesse Oblige"—nobility confers obligations—was an old time motto for the chivalrous knight who roamed about in search of adventure on a coal black steed, clad in steel armor and armed "cap-a-pie." His specialty was the rescue of love-lorn maidens in danger, and their rescue, if history and fiction can be relied upon, was his only occupation. That this motto is still revered by the descendants of ancient chivalry in our day will hardly be believed by American readers who are perhaps too iconoclastic when it comes to a consideration of the claims of the upper classes—the aristocracy of foreign nations. Yet there have been many exhibitions of this truly noble quality in the ranks of the nobility. The latest is probably that of the Duchess d'Alencon, a reigning Parisian beauty of a noble line, who perished in the great charity bazaar fire. Heroically she took her stand and firmly said, "Let the visitors go first," in spite of the entreaties of her friends. Easily could she have escaped death by stepping in the place of another, but with a heroism seldom equalled she refused. It will not do to sneer at a true nobility like that—all the more heroic because the Duchess enjoyed fame, beauty and fortune, and everything that goes to make life worth the living.

The Indiana Chautauqua at Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, established last year by the Presbyterians of this State and christened as Winona Park, has forged into popular favor at a rate probably not anticipated by the original projectors of the enterprise. To secure the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States for 1897 was a compliment, but to clinch the compliment by "booking" the same attraction for the Park in 1898 is an honor of which the management at Winona may well be proud. It is indeed a triumph and a matter for general congratulation. The Presbyterian General Assembly is a great organization, not only in numbers, but in superior intelligence and far-reaching influence. Winona thus becomes no longer a doubtful experiment but an assured financial, intellectual and moral success.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

May 27th ultimo the British people celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of their "good Queen's" birth with unusual ceremony. June 22 they will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation. Queen Victoria's reign has been the longest in English history since the time of Egbert, A. D. 828—more than 1,000 years. This historic record was made Sept. 22 last, when Queen Victoria's reign passed that of King George III., who did not complete the sixtieth year of his reign by eight months, and this unique fact in English history would have been celebrated last autumn but for the Queen's expressed wish that the celebration for which all London is now preparing might be delayed until the coming June, the anniversary of her coronation. The fiftieth anniversary was celebrated ten years ago as a jubilee, and hence the celebration of next month will be called the diamond jubilee, and will probably exceed in enthusiastic and impressive celebration any similar event in European

history. Not only has Queen Victoria achieved the singular felicity of an unprecedentedly long reign, but her reign has been an especially glorious one, marked by unexampled progress in almost every direction for the people over whom she has held sway. Mere statistics are confusing and often misleading, but when it is remembered that the population of the United Kingdom has nearly doubled during Victoria's reign, and that now as Queen and Empress she rules over more than 10,000,000 square miles of territory, comprising an empire on which the sun never sets, and that 820,000,000 people acknowledge her rule, some idea of the enormous advance made under her reign is set forth. It is also estimated that, whereas the extent of the present empire is five times as great as it was when the young Queen, a girl of 18, ascended the throne, the aggregate property of her subjects has trebled during the same period, and the advance in foreign trade for the same time has been more than 450 per cent. Even to indicate advance in other lines during the Queen's reign is not slight task, says the Chicago Record, considering the varied peoples and climates over which the authority of England has been extended during the last sixty years and the multitudinous directions of modern activity, genius and research. The greatest soldier England has known—Arthur, duke of Wellington, carried the sword of state before the young Queen at her coronation, and England at that time held a very high place, indeed, among the nations. But today, in times of peace, the forces available for imperial defense amount to more than a million soldiers, scattered in different quarters of the globe, and a grand total of 505 warships of all kinds, with 94,000 officers, seamen and marines, making a fleet nearly as large as that of France and Russia combined. Perhaps to the Queen herself the most noticeable change that has occurred in her reign is in the great metropolis and capital in which, at Kensington palace, on the morning of June 20, 1837, the Princess Alexandra Victoria heard at the same time the news that William IV. was lying dead in Windsor castle and that she was summoned to the throne. At that time London was a city of a little over 1,000,000 inhabitants, and during the sixty years of the Queen's reign it has quadrupled its population, while in other respects the change has been equally great. There is almost as much difference between the London of today and the London of 1837 as there is between the London of that date and the London of 300 years ago. London in Queen Elizabeth's time had a population of perhaps 700,000, contained from 10,000 to 12,000 streets, alleys and lanes and 156,000 houses. Even in the first quarter of the present century, when Queen Victoria was but a little girl, the great city had but 160,000 buildings. These had increased in 1873 to 538,704 inhabited houses, and at present the world's metropolis is increasing its population at the rate of 45,000 a year, and adds yearly 1,000 streets and 10,000 houses. Marshy fields and green commons over which the Princess Victoria watched plover and mallard fly are now covered by stately mansions, squares and palaces, and still London continues its irresistible advance. These changes, however, speak of growth and advancement, and do not have the pathos that attaches to changes in friends and the increasing loneliness which is the bane of the years. Of the twelve bridesmaids who attended Queen Victoria on her marriage, Feb. 10, 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, only three now survive, while of the peers and personages who attended her coronation only four remain to attend the exercises of the diamond jubilee—Earl Nelson, at that time a thirteen-year-old peer; the Earl of Leicester, who acted as page of honor to the Duke of Sussex; Mr. Gladstone, now 88, and Mr. Villiers, "the father of the house," who at the age of 95 still takes part in the deliberations of parliament. Ministers of state, the archbishop who crowned her, the "iron duke" and all the twelve ladies of high degree who bore the young princess' train on that occasion, have passed away, while Victoria remains, and may yet by reigning five years longer rival the reign of Leopold I. of Hapsburg, or twelve years hence may even surpass the record of Louis XIV. and achieve the distinction of reigning longer than any monarch of Europe.

HAPPY EUROPE.

"There is one American institution that is conspicuous by its absence in Europe, and that is the cuspidor," said Mr. R. M. Little, of Boston, at the Wellington. "Our brethren across the sea are not given to the tobacco-chewing habit, and hence they have no need of such articles of furniture. I must say that the absences of the cuspidor argues well for cleanliness, and when the day comes that it will no longer be a part of the domestic equipment the American people will have cause for congratulation."—Washington Post.

WHAT THEY EAT IN HAVANA.

"No man of epicurean tastes has any business in Havana," said Mr. E. M. Tighman, of New York, at the Normandie. "I was down there not long ago, and though I stayed at the best hotel, I was glad to get away from the execrable fare. The menu was anything but elaborate and the cooking was decidedly second class. Beef was about the only sort of meat obtainable and it was invariably tough. This, with rice, eggs and fish, was about the entire bill of fare."—Washington Post.

INQUISITIVE EVE.

HER FATAL CURIOSITY THAT BROUGHT RUIN TO THE HUMAN RACE.

The First Calamity That Still Entails Woe and Suffering—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

A new interpretation of the calamity in paradise is given by Dr. Talmage in this sermon, which is laden with practical lessons. The text is Genesis 3:6. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." He said:

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds. In his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos and that the fish swim the water in twos and that the lions walk the fields in twos and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber, and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconde. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swan. I gather me lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics and tanarands from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honey-suckle climbing over the wall and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gibon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being boulders and onyx stones! What fruits, with no curcio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scenes of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said, "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve, sauntering out one day alone, looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit and wonders if it is sweet and wonders if it is sour and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit. It will do no damage to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said, "I do not think there can be any harm in just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit; the door of the world opened, and the monster sin entered. Let the heavens gather in blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep rending howl, "The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk. Birds whet their beak, for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass; blasters on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the first bright home this world ever saw our first parents turned their backs and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see in the first place the danger of a poorly-regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but 6,000 years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologists and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculanum and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater.

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Genesis written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculanum and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. The telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet, and widest comet lashed with respondent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polyp and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalculae that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers and

shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings and crackles and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of the fire draw the continents together.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stare and the mouth gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and add two wings to it. And about other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial affairs, they are overanxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle and tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Col. Twaddle and Squire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an iniquo, who hath a scoundrel, who hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them, men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra—good sense plus good breeding minus curiosity, equals minuscule.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all its insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air, and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and waves are loud voiced, and the overcomer clouds are all awrith and agleam with terror. You are past the Narrows and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection in womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand which she had plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crime, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary, queen of Scots, make her patronage of Darnley, the profiteer, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unapproachable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that the refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flattery showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who

overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's savior; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who, by one look from the balcony of her castle, quieted a mob, her own seal-fold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters attend to the thousand offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their genitleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place we may all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

"I have been a sufferer from neuralgia of the heart and stomach for many years, originally brought on by exposure. It is just ten years ago since I experienced the first neuralgic twinges in my heart and stomach, which were so severe that my screams could be heard for several blocks, and morphine was the only thing that would give me any relief.

"These attacks usually lasted about two hours and came very frequently. I had no appetite, I could not walk, and at times my jabs became so firmly set that they could not be opened.

"Several specialists and many physicians were consulted, but to no purpose, for they did me no good. I had almost lost hope, when I read a testimonial of Mrs. Henry Osting, of San Francisco, whom I knew, regarding Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to give them a trial. The first box had not been used, when all pain left me, and after using the rest of the half dozen boxes I was as well as ever I was in my life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The parishioners of a Methodist person, in Caldwell, Kas., turned in and dug a cyclone cellar.

HAD TO USE MORPHINE

MRS. JOHN BEARD WAS AT ONE TIME VERY NEAR DEATH'S DOOR.

Neuralgia of the Heart and Stomach and Sleeplessness, Made Her Life One of Misery—After Suffering Ten Years and Given Up to Die by Physicians, She Finds a Cure.

Mrs. John Beard, of Jackson, Mich., was for many years a great sufferer with neuralgia of the heart and stomach. She was indeed considered hopelessly ill, and considerable surprise has resulted from the lady regaining her health in a marvelous manner. A reporter called on Mrs. Beard, who stated as follows:

"I have been a sufferer from neuralgia of the heart and stomach for many years, originally brought on by exposure. It is just ten years ago since I experienced the first neuralgic twinges in my heart and stomach, which were so severe that my screams could be heard for several blocks, and morphine was the only thing that would give me any relief.

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