

## THE REVIEW.

—BY—  
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A recent letter from the Klondike gold fields states that there is only one flock of mosquitoes in Alaska but the said flock covers the entire territory like a blanket. They do business day and night in the summer and when they quit a 'blanket' of gnats proceeds to devour the remains of the festival. Mosquito net head coverings are absolutely essential not only to comfort but to safety as well.

The "aggravatist" phase of this Klondike gold excitement is that the Eldorado is in British territory—just over the border far enough to excite the covetousness of our people. There is a possibility that more accurate surveys will yet bring the region under our flag, but Canadian authorities are confident of the stability of their claims and are already talking of exacting a royalty of 10 or 15 per cent. on all the gold that may be taken out by foreigners. Experts, however, believe that the boundary line is of no importance, because the whole country abounds in gold, and that as much will be found on the American as on the Canadian side of the line.

Twelve hundred dealers in stamps for scrap book purposes—styling themselves the American Philatelic Association—will meet in annual convention at Boston August 26th. It is estimated that half a million persons in the United States are confirmed collectors of postage stamps of all varieties. There are two hundred persons in this country who deal exclusively in rare stamps and more than one hundred publications are devoted to the interests of people afflicted with this peculiar malady. It costs big money to indulge in this amusement to any great extent. Some of the rarest stamps have an established market value of \$500 to \$1,000 each and there are several private collections in this country worth \$100,000 and upwards. One in Bangor, Me., was recently sold for \$250,000.

The cable brings the startling (?) information that the "Powers" are contemplating the issue of another "ultimatum" to crush the Sultan in his harem, so to speak. The half dozen "ultimatums" promulgated against the effete ruler of an alleged dying country seem to have been failures in every way. The rhetoric surely was faulty or the typewriter made so many blunders that the dignity of the document was drowned in the laughter of the Constantinople cabinet, or it may be that the messenger boy bearing the ultimatum failed to deliver the message. At any rate the Turks continue to occupy Thessaly and kill Greeks and Cretans and Armenians as suits their fancy when they have leisure, despite the protests of the combined diplomatic corps of Europe. Something more convincing than paper protests will evidently be necessary to enable the Sultan to see the error of his ways but it is also evident that stronger arguments will not be used. The "Sick Man of the East" has become very vigorous of late and may yet be able to dictate his own terms to Kings and Queens and Kaisers.

The crop of "suckers" for '97 has been unusually large and—ripe. Some were so mellow that they literally dropped into the thinly-veiled traps set for them and yielded up their assessment with scarcely a protest. The schemes have been various and not especially brilliant. Some of the oldest "gags" have yielded excellent dividends. Like some worn out and worked out gold mines we read of—they only needed new men at the throttle to prove satisfactory to all concerned. A "new one" is reported from Northern Indiana. An Ohio man, with the usual cheek so characteristic of that commonwealth, brought into the northeastern counties a horse which he succeeded in convincing many farmers was a blooded stallion of great value. He induced the "innocents" to organize a stock company to buy the horse, taking their notes for the purchase money. The Ohio man still has the horse and will collect the notes when they are due. In this line of industry we may look for new novelties now that the Klondike gold fever is raging. A fortune awaits the sharper who will go through the country with a trunk full of bogus gold nuggets fresh from Klondike. With a skillfully constructed story of the hardships and privations endured in collecting the "dust" and of how he proposes to let the farmer in on the ground floor in a scheme to have the nuggets coined he ought to be able to "land" nine suckers out of ten. Nuggets are superior to gold bricks as "bait" in our estimation.

A Brooklyn woman has achieved greatness by marrying two husbands and living with them in the same house for two years without letting either into the secret. One of the favored "lords of creation" had been seeking for grounds on which to bring a suit for divorce for several years and finally succeeded in "locating" the other fellow. It is probable that the woman might have carried on her dual relations indefinitely if she had treated No. 1 with common decency, but she preferred the society of No. 2 and proved unequal to the task the had voluntarily assumed.

## POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Postal Savings Banks seem to be a possibility at least in the near future. Advocates of such a system are apparently becoming more numerous and influential. The postal savings bank has been in successful operation in England for many years. The business in this branch of the English government service last year amounted to \$150,000,000 and represented 10,000,000 transactions in money orders sent by mail and telegraph. The English use the money order system largely as a substitute for bank checks. The English banks decline to be made the messengers of the general public and are not so accommodating as the American banks who cheerfully receive small accounts and pay them out at once on innumerable checks without compensation. Last year there were also deposited in the postal savings banks £32,078,600, or nearly \$160,000,000, represented in 11,384,977 transactions, mostly by people who do not have access to ordinary banks. The sum drawn out during the year was £25,668,206, or about \$130,000,000, in 4,102,059 transactions. The difference in the number of the deposits and the number of the withdrawals explain and illustrate the usefulness of the system. It shows that 7,282,918 more people went to the postal savings banks to leave money than to take it away, and 2,351,538 of those who enjoy the advantages afforded did not disturb their deposits. It shows that the deposits were of small amounts, while the withdrawals were much larger—nearly three times as large. This is explained by several postmasters in London and in the country towns that have been visited, and by the officials at headquarters by the same reasons. They say that many of the withdrawals were due to the fact that the deposits had reached the maximum allowed to any one person, which is £200, or \$1,000, and the depositors transferred the money to permanent investments, either in real estate or government bonds or shares in corporations. A correspondent of the Chicago Record states that the number of new accounts opened last year in the postal savings banks of Great Britain was 1,153,236, which was an increase of 22,000 from the previous year. The number of accounts closed and passbooks surrendered was 808,402, leaving a net increase of 344,834 in the number of depositors for the year.

The daily average number of depositors throughout the kingdom was 37,084, as against 35,861 during the previous year, and the average aggregate daily deposit was £104,490, as against £99,475 for the previous year. The largest number of deposits made on a single day was 92,761 on the 30th of December, and the largest amount deposited on any day during the year was £32,2132, on the 31st of December. The largest sum ever withdrawn from the postal savings banks on a single day was £172,501 on the 17th of December last year. It is supposed that the money was wanted for the purchase of Christmas presents. The smallest amount received at a post-office for deposit is 1 shilling. The largest amount, as already stated, is \$1,000. To encourage the saving of pennies, particularly of children, however, the government has adopted a system of savings-bank cards. A person who desires to save a penny, or any sum under 1 shilling, is permitted to purchase ordinary stamps and stick them upon the blanks that are ruled upon the card. When the card is full, or contains stamps valued at a shilling, it can be presented at any postoffice, where the stamps are canceled, and a deposit book is issued in exchange, with credit for that amount. These cards are furnished by the bureau of education to school teachers throughout the kingdom, who are instructed to give their pupils a lesson in practical economy at least once a week, and at all times to encourage them to spend their pennies for stamps instead of confectionery. The movement "for the promotion of thrift in schools" has, however, apparently slackened, whether from lack of interest among the teachers or for other reasons, for the number of school stamp cards presented during the last year was 45,000 less than during the previous year. Out of 20,000 elementary schools in England alone there are 8,668 penny banks kept by the teachers, in addition to the stamp-card system. When the deposit of any scholar amounts to more than a shilling it is transferred to the nearest postoffice and a credit book issued. In the technical schools of London, which are supported by the county councils, there are 6,998 postal savings bank depositors, and the amount of their deposits last year was \$50,448.

Missouri lead mines proved very profitable last year. The cash value of the lead ore was \$1,987,155 and of the zinc ore product \$1,831,856—a total for both ores of \$3,819,111. There are eight counties in which lead and zinc mines are worked. Four hundred and fifty shafts are operated employing 4,900 men.

The history of gold mining in all countries has shown that the profits of placer mining, great as they may be, are small compared with those of the systematic working of lodes and fissure veins that follows after. The placer deposits now being worked in Alaska are the result of ages of glacial action and the operation of natural causes on some great lode or rock deposit. When that lode is discovered and systematically worked there will be a new wonder in the world.

## DIVINE MAGNETISM.

### THE EARTHLY TRIUMPHS AND THE OMNIPOTENT POWER OF THE WONDERFUL NAZARENE.

Hark! "The Voice of My Beloved! Behold He Cometh Leaping Upon the Mountain, Skipping Upon the Hills."



In the discourse below by Dr. Tallmage Christ is looked at from an unusual standpoint. His text is Isaiah 9:6, "His name shall be called wonderful." He said:

The prophet lived in a dark time. For some 3,000 years the world had been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As a captain of a vessel in distress sees a coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the stormy times in which he lived, put the telescope of prophecy to his eye and saw 750 years ahead one Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful he spoke wisely.

In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Tiberius Caesar, and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven. I take up this book of divine photographs, and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch and at Paul's sketch, and I say, with Isaiah, "Wonderful."

I think that you are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that He is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded admiration for the commander who helped his passengers ashore while he himself perished, but have you no admiration for Him who rescued our souls. Himself falling back into the waters from which He had saved us?

Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of His person.

After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they arose with great enthusiasm and huzzahed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men joined his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation and says to Christ, "where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Aha!

The idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arrange New York. Yet no sooner does he set foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes and says, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman, pressing through the crowd, says, "I must touch the hem of his garment." Children, who love their mother better than anyone else, struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these, for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh, weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What is this coming down the road? A triumphal procession. He is seated—not in a chariot, but on an ass, and yet the people take off their coats and throw them in the way. Oh, what a time Jesus made among the children, among the beggars, among the fishermen, among the philosophers! You may boast of self-control, but if you had seen him you would have put your arms around his neck and said, "Thou art altogether lovely."

Jesus was wonderful in the opposites and seeming antagonisms of his nature. You want things logical and consistent and you say, "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made." Matthew says that He was omnipresent. "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Christ declares His own eternity. "I am Alpha and Omega." How can He be a lion, under His foot crushing kingdoms, and yet a lamb, licking the hand that slays Him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why flee into Egypt? Why not stand His ground? Why, instead of bearing the cross, not lift up his right hand and crush His enemies? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountain, when He owned the palaces of eternity? Why catch fish for His breakfast on the beach in the chill morning, when all the pomegranates are His, and all the vineyards His, and all the cattle His, and all the partridges His? Why walk when weary, and His

feet stone bruised, when He might have taken the splendors of the sunset for His equipage and moved with horses and chariots of fire? Why beg a drink from the wayside, when out of the crystal chalices of eternity he poured the Euphrates, the Mississippi and the Amazon, and, dipping His hand in the fountains of heaven and shaking that hand over the world from the tips of His fingers, dripping the great lakes and the oceans? Why let the Roman regiment put Him to death, when He might have ridden down the sky, followed by all the cavalry of heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory?

Again, Christ was wonderful in His teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities. Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about His preaching—the people knew what he meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together, from salt, from candles, from fishing tackle, from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed Him entrance! He would have been called undignified and familiar in His style of preaching, and yet the people went to hear Him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet fifty years and never had an audience. The philosophers sneered at His ministrations, and said, "This will never do!" The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard Him gladly. Suppose you that there were any sleepy people in His audience? Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what He meant when He compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven of yeast? Suppose you that the sunburned fishermen, with the fish scales upon their hands, were listless when He spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net?

Christ, in His preaching, was plain, earnest and wonderfully sympathetic. We cannot dragoon men into heaven. We cannot drive them in with the butt end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honeycomb of the gospel. We try to make crab apples do the work of pomegranates.

Again, Jesus was wonderful in His sorrows. The sun smote Him and the cold chilled Him, the rain pelted Him, thirst parched Him and hunger exhausted Him. Shall I compare His sorrow to the sea? No, for that is sometimes hushed into a calm. Shall I compare it with the night? No, for that is sometimes gleams with Orion, or kindles with Aurora. If one thorn should be thrust through your temple, you would faint, but here is a whole crown made from the rhamnus or spina Christi—small, sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross. They put down the long beam, and on it they fasten a shorter beam. Got Him at last. Those hands, that have been doing kindnesses and wiping away tears—hear the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look, look, look! Who will help Him now? Come, men of Jerusalem, ye whose sick He healed, who will help Him, who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross for Him?

"Shall Jesus bear the cross alone? And all the world go free? And there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me."

You bore a hole into a tree and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and rough, but into the holes where the nails went there have been grafted branches of the tree of life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was bitter, but the branches grafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live forever.

Again, Christ was wonderful in His victories.

First, over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Spanish Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. He knew all the waves and winds. When He beckoned they came. When He frowned they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead it is dead. But here is a paralytic, his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and He stretches it forth.

Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding when the refreshments gave out could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? And yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when by reason of the multitude of fish, the net breaks.

Nature is His servant. The flowers, the winds, they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain, it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the palms; the Star of Bethlehem. It sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks, they beat a dirge at His death.

Behold His victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up." and she sat up. To Lazarus, "Come forth," and he came forth. To the widow's son He said, "Get up from that bier," and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them to His girdle and cried until

the graveyards of the earth heard him: "O death, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

But Christ's victories have only just begun. This world is His, and He must have it. What is the matter in this country? Why all these financial troubles? There never will be permanent prosperity in this land until Christ rules it. This land was discovered for Christ, and until our cities shall be evangelized and north, south, east and west shall acknowledge Christ as King and Redeemer we cannot have permanent prosperity. What is the matter with Spain or France, with all of the nations? All the congresses of the nations cannot bring quiet. When governments not only theoretically but practically acknowledge the Savior of the world there will be peace everywhere. In that day the sea will have more ships than now, but there will not be one "man-of-war."

The foundries of the world will jar with mightier industries, but there will be no molding of bullets. Printing presses will fly their cylinders with greater speed, but there shall go forth no iniquitous trash. In laws, in constitutions, on exchange, in scientific laboratory, on earth as in heaven, Christ shall be called Wonderful. Let that work of the world's regeneration begin in your heart. O hearer! A Jesus so kind, a Jesus so good, a Jesus so loving! How can you help but love Him?

It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other heart and hand stand in church and have the bands of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel, the ring is set, earth and heaven witness it, the organ sounds, and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh, that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul! Thy Beloved comes to get his bride. Jesus stretches forth His hand and says, "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." I put your hand in His. Henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you, no time cool your love. Side by side on earth, side by side in heaven. Now let the blossoms of heavenly gardens fill the house with their redolence and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, He cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills!"

Russian Pickpockets.

One day, while dining together, the French ambassador and a Grand-Duke of Russia were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries.

The Grand-Duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the more skillful. Seeing the ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table.

He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on.

The man came and was put into livery, and was told to wait at table with the other servants. He was to give the Grand-Duke a sign directly he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the ambassador was very wary, and always kept on the alert, and held his hand on his fob, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the Grand-Duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket, and pulled out a potato instead of his watch.

To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff-box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in this little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles; but the Grand-Duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuffboxes, etc.

His Imperial Highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.—Harper's Round Table.

The Sheep of Lebanon.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for the April St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings off mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later,