

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
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The prevention of yellow fever should be the study of the Gulf States all the year round. Whenever there is an epidemic of yellow fever the loss to the business of the country is enormous, and many who survive it are impoverished as well as bereaved.

It is said that the very wealthy Baroness de Hirsch sees to it that the money she gives to various charities is expended properly. This is charity indeed. Indiscriminate philanthropy does infinite mischief. Any sort of charity that breeds beggars instead of aiding honest effort is a curse to mankind.

In this life we wish to "get on." In what does "getting on" consist? In two things—getting a better paying job and getting on to a higher social level. The first of these depends on business training or practical education for man or woman; the second on general culture. Business success depends on mastery of many small details. The clerk who keeps the most accurate accounts, the stenographer who makes the fewest mistakes in copying letters, the clerk who understands most departments of the business and can be trusted to do everything right gets the good position when one is vacant.

Now that Sagasta has become Prime Minister of Spain once more, it may be of interest to recall the fact that in 1866 he was indicted as a red revolutionist, and was upon the point of being sentenced to death by the garrote, a penalty which was vehemently demanded in his case by Senor Igon, who was at the time the principal law officer of the Spanish crown. A few years later, when Sagasta became Minister of Justice, he heaped coals of fire upon the head of Senor Igon by appointing him president of the Supreme Court of Justice of the kingdom. Sagasta is probably the least vindictive Spaniard in existence. Unlike his countrymen, he does not appear to know the meaning of the word revenge.

Two millions and a half dollars in gold arrived at New York from England in two steamers Saturday and \$6,050,000 in the way. The engagements already made will bring this total up to \$25,000,000 before the end of the month, and bankers estimate that the receipts for October will reach \$30,000,000 if not \$50,000,000. Some people say this money is being imported to pay for the Union Pacific railroad, which is to be sold at auction the first of November at Omaha, and will be purchased for not less than \$50,000,000 cash by a syndicate that has already been organized and includes several of the most prominent banking houses in New York; but the prevailing opinion among financiers is that the flow of gold this way is perfectly natural and is caused by the flow of wheat and other breadstuffs and provisions in the other direction. The exports for August were larger than for many previous months in the history of the United States, and it is predicted that when the figures for September are announced they will exceed those of August.

"THEY'RE AFTER HIM."

The leading newspapers and even magazines of England disapprove of Emperor William's policy and do not hesitate to condemn his course in strong language. Apparently they have no fear of consequences. "Lese Majeste" prosecutions would hardly be tolerated even where the "Majesty" is that of Queen Victoria's grandson. The Fortnightly Review, discussing Kaiser William's reign, sums up the results of his activity in foreign politics since his dismissal of Prince Bismarck as follows: (1) Germany has lost her position as the leading power in Europe; (2) Russia has taken her place; (3) the triple alliance has almost ceased to exist; (4) France has become the ally of Russia; (5) England has been alienated from Germany; (6) the bond between Russia has been snapped and not renewed. It is no secret that the German Emperor has had the ambition to construct a new European system; his idea being to unite the five continental powers in a coalition against Great Britain, which is to be bled or dismembered for the benefit of all. The Literary Digest finds that "there are not in Europe two countries that seem to hate each other more than England and Germany," and deriving its information from a great number of journals, it is of the opinion that the attitude of the English newspapers is that Germany must be destroyed. The Digest condenses the following from the London Saturday Review: Bismarck has long since recognized what at length the people of England are beginning to understand, that England and Germany must come to blows over the right to levy from the whole world the tribute of commerce. England, with her long history of successful aggression, and convinced that in pursuing her own interests she is spreading light among nations dwelling in darkness, and Germany with lesser will force, but keener intelligence, compete in every corner of the globe.

A million petty disputes build up the greatest cause of war the world has ever seen. If Germany were extinguished to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer the day after to-morrow. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for £200,000,000 of commerce? William the Witless is bringing the war closer, and England is the only country that could fight Germany without risk and without doubt of the issue. A few days, and the German ships would be at the bottom of the sea or in convoy to English ports; Hamburg and Bremen, the Kiel canal and the Baltic ports would lie under the guns of England, waiting for the indemnity to be settled. All we would have to do then would be to say to France and Russia: "Seek some compensation. Take inside Germany whatever you like; you can have it." France and Russia certainly will not lift a hand to save Germany. The war is inevitable, and England's best hope of prosperity. The presumption of the German Emperor has brought Germany to a pretty pass.

ALASKAN NAMES.

The United States Board on Geographical Names, which meets at Washington at stated intervals, has just rendered the decisions determining the spelling of 149 of these names. These include a number in Alaska significant at this time in view of the Klondike excitement. Many variations of nomenclature for the same place are encountered and the board's action determines the uniform usage. Following is a summary of action taken relating to places conspicuously mentioned in the gold stories.

As to Klondike, the decision is to spell it as here given, and not Klondyke, Klondyke, Chandyke, Chandyk or Deer, Reindeer, Thorndike, nor Thron Duick. One of the lakes of the upper Yukon was named Lebarge by the Western Union telegraph expedition in 1868, after Mike Lebarge, a member of the exploring party who is now living somewhere near Ottawa, Ont. Late publications have fallen into the error of spelling this Lebarge, but the board adheres to the original for Lebarge. There is a Lebarge river in Alaska. When Schwatka descended the Yukon in 1883 he named one of the lakes on its headwaters Lindeman, after Dr. Moritz Lindeman, now vice president of the Bremen Geographical Society. This sometimes appears erroneously as Lindemann and Linderman. The board adopts Lindeman. One of the principal tributaries of the upper Yukon is the Lewes river, named by Robert Campbell of the Hudson Bay Company about 1848. This is often misnamed Lewis. The inlet, river and village at the head of Lynn canal, which now appears in the newspapers almost daily under the form of Dyea, the starting point for the overland route, is an Indian word which has appeared in many forms. Admiral Meade, in 1869, wrote it Tyay; Krause, in 1882, wrote it Dejah; Schwatka, in 1883, Dayay; Dall, in 1883, Taiya. The board adopts the form Taiya. For the lake and river variously called Hootalingua or Hotalinga, or Teslin-Hina or Teslin-Too or Teslin, the board adopts Teslin. The terminations Hina and Too are said to mean river in different Indian dialects. An Indian village on the middle Yukon is called Nuklukayet. This has been written in several forms, including the erroneous one, Tuklukyet.

EXIT WEYLER.

With the recall of General Weyler, the new Spanish Ministry under Senor Sagasta fulfills the first of its promises of a radical change in the Cuban situation. Since he first went to the island the story of Weyler's administration has been one of unsuccessful but barbarous methods. He had continually contended that his practices were necessary for the "pacification" of the insurgents, and he has insisted that in spite of appearances the pacifying process was going on apace. His appearance in Cuba, says the Chicago Record, has been a constant cause of exasperation to every one who upholds civilized government and civilized methods of warfare. His management of his campaigns was particularly an offense to the people of the United States, whose sympathy for Cuba has been quickened by the brutality practiced with his consent. It is therefore inevitably a matter of satisfaction to the people of this nation that he has been recalled to Spain. It is to be regarded as a hopeful indication of Senor Sagasta's policy that he has assigned to the vacant office an officer whose reputation is entirely unlike Weyler's. Marshal Blanco, it is said, is inclined to be mild and lenient. It will be his policy, with the co-operation of the government, to invite a peaceable settlement of the war. General Weyler's campaigns were planned on the supposition that the Cubans could be coerced into subjection and that relentless oppression was the proper means to employ. He drew heavily on Spain for men and money and he sanctioned great cruelty. The result of his efforts has been merely loss of life and property and the certain disclosure that, while Cubans may be driven from the cities and the coast, they cannot be dislodged from the interior. They are further from "pacification" now than they were when Weyler came on the scene.

STORIES OF NIMRODS.

THE CARIBOU OF NEWFOUNDLAND STILL AFFORD GOOD SPORT.

When the Stag is Dropped His Cows are Apt to Linger Near—Fish Flavored With Whisky Proved the Rule of Bear and Wolves.

It was 4 p. m., when we reached the foot of the "big" or "five-mile marsh," on which our camp was situated. It was a wild and desolate looking region. Caribou paths were plentiful in every direction. While resting on a rock I saw two light-gray looking animals resembling Alderney cows. "Deer," whispered my companion, as we crouched down in the long grass; but as they were fully 300 yards off, we concluded not to fire. But at last I had reached the home of the caribou. This last excitement braced me up enough to enable me to drag my weary limbs to camp. Glad I was soon after to lay my pack down before a cheerful fire that was burning in the chimney of the old log tilt that was to be our home for the next few days. The hard tramp after the effects of my rough sea voyage proved too great a strain, and during the night I had to confess that I was ill. We had no medicine, not even a drop of brandy. Our tilt was overcrowded, and damp; sportsmen, guides, provisions and clothing were badly mixed, and, taken all together, I had seen far more comfortable quarters.

The next day, Monday, it was raining again, as usual, and in my rather weak condition, I concluded to watch the home marsh, which is considered a good place for "deer." After (for a weak stomach) a wretched breakfast of fried onions, pork and bread, Peter, Joe and I went to a point where there was a good lookout tree, about a mile below our camp. Towards noon along came



THE BIG GAME OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Whyte and his guide, Lebuffe, who was carrying the hindquarters of a fine young stag which Whyte had shot a couple of miles back of our camp. We returned to our crowded quarters for dinner—venison fried to death with onions.

The next day I sent my Indian for my pack basket, which I had left at the foot of the marsh, and loafed and sketched about camp. While doing so I nearly walked on top of a fine caribou cow, but I did not fire, as I did not wish to begin by killing a cow, particularly as we had plenty of venison in camp. I saw several other caribou, but they were fully a mile off. Everybody but me killed a caribou that day, and I began to feel a sneaking regret that I had spared that cow.

Tuesday proved to be still wet and showery, but Mr. Whyte and I, with our guides, started for Barney's Pond, eight miles distant. After losing our way once in the fog, we reached this beautiful little lake, situated among the White Hills, about sunset. Here we found a fairly comfortable log tilt. Only two days were now left me in which to kill my caribou. Lebuffe told me we were on the choicest ground in Newfoundland. "Do not get discouraged," said he; "you will certainly kill a fine stag to-morrow."

Whyte had us out the next morning just as the sun was gilding the rocky barrens opposite our camp. It was a sharp, clear morning, with a gale from the north, which was very high and rapid. We climbed the steep hills beyond, whence we could get a good view of the surrounding country, and it well repaid us, for certainly the panorama spread out before us was magnificent. The white hills and peculiar "Topsails" lit up by the early sun stood out clearly, and even the blue hills about far-off Hall's Bay were plainly visible.

I was just taking out my glass in order to have a better view of this magnificent landscape when I was startled by Peter Joe quietly saying, "I see deer." Sure enough, on the other side of the brook we could plainly see half a dozen white objects that resembled cows rapidly making their way toward the camp we had just left. My glass showed me five cows, followed by a fine old stag, whose antlers glistened proudly in the sun. "So near and yet so far," I thought. Lebuffe and I followed them at once, but by the time we reached the other side of the brook they were feeding a mile away, over the hills and quite beyond our reach. I returned sad and discouraged.

A few minutes later, as I was walking carelessly along, I was startled to see Lebuffe drop suddenly in the grass, pointing excitedly as did so to our left. Dropping instantly and following his direction, I saw, about 150 yards off, under a birch tree near a little pond, two fine caribou, a cow and a bull. "Shoot the stag," whispered my guide as he dropped flat on the marsh. I rested my left elbow on my knee, and, sighting carefully just behind the left shoulder, pressed the trigger. At the report both caribou started as if shot

out of a gun. I looked on them with astonishment, and felt sick at heart as they galloped wildly over the marsh. My second shot struck the ground well behind them, adding to their speed. Just as I felt all hope leave me, the great stag lurched to one side and plowing up the turf with his antlers fell stone dead. Lebuffe rushed up to me, shaking me by the hand and exclaimed: "I was afraid you had missed him." It was all so unexpected that I could hardly believe my own eyes. But there the stag lay with his white coat shining in the bright sunlight. As I patted his thick soft coat and touched his massive antlers, I felt that all my suffering counted as little in view of this reward.

While Lebuffe was "breaking up" the caribou I made a bit of fire and asked him for the crackers he was to bring for lunch. To my horror, he pulled out a suspicious-looking pocket handkerchief which I presume had once been white. In this he had a few crackers rolled up. Seeing my look, he said, "That's all right. I always keep one side of my handkerchief clean to carry my lunch in." I took one cracker out of the middle of the lot and tried to look happy.

Soon after, while enjoying a pipe, I caught a glimpse of another caribou, a solitary monster stag, looking for all the world like the stag in Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen." We tried to stalk him, but he was too old a bird; but Whyte was fortunate enough to kill him very soon after.

Placing the stag's head on a big rock where we could not fail to notice it, we resumed our hunt. In about half an hour I saw half a dozen caribou cows and one large bull feeding in the marsh below us. We were very much exposed and had to crawl several hundred yards on the ground to prevent their getting our wind. I could not get nearer than 300 yards, and when I shot at the bull he merely looked up, and the cows paid no attention whatever to the shot. I tried once more, with no better success;

my rifle seemed to be bewitched. The high wind carried off the smoke and the sound of the report, so that the cartridges practice. After I had fired five bou still paid no attention to my cartridges my guide crawled up to me. I said, "Richard, what do you suppose is the matter?" He replied: "You must be overshooting him. If the bullet had struck the marsh the splash would have scared them long ago." So I turned down one leaf of my sight. At the sixth shot the great beast collapsed like a jack-knife and fell on his knees. "Good enough!" exclaimed the guide, "you have got him now. Try him again." This time I plainly heard the bullet strike him, and he fell flat to the ground, but quickly staggered to his feet and walked 50 yards nearer and fell again; we rushed in, but he faced us and prepared to charge. I had to shoot him again before he died. The five cows stood around us in the most stupid manner, and I could have shot several of them had I felt so inclined. The stag was a monster, and it took our combined strength to turn him on his back.

I was satisfied now, and we returned to camp with a load of meat and the head of my first stag. Whyte had just returned with the head of a big stag I had seen and lost in the morning. Taking charge of the cuisine myself, I made a stew of venison, potatoes, pork and onions, and enjoyed a meal for the first time since I had left the

Progress of the W. C. T. U.
Our knowledge of the correlation of the forces in the natural world and in the world of philanthropy has had much to do with our devotion to that modern temperance reform which seeks co-operation rather than isolation. We believe that while everything is not in the temperance reform, the temperance reform is in everything; that each philanthropic movement has its temperance aspect, and with this we are to deal. The alcohol nerve runs through every part of the great body politic, and wherever the nerve goes there the scalpel must follow, and at whatever cost must dissect it out. The modern temperance reform moves along circular rather than straight lines; it seeks harmony with parallel philanthropies, so that all Christian workers may have a common consciousness that they form but a single group in their devoted labors for God and humanity. Such a concept would have been impossible save that science has furnished us with a working hypothesis. We are one world of tempted hu-



"THESE HE HURLED TOWARD HIS CIRCLING ENEMIES."

steamer.—Correspondence of the New York Post.

WOLVES AND WHISKY.

Two Fishermen Owe Their Lives to Ingenuity in Making Bait.

William McKnight, of Buffalo, and James Barnes, of Hoboken, had a peculiar and exciting experience when on a fishing trip last week. Among the Pennsylvania hills a few miles from this city, there are several lakes, well

stocked with fish. Tip-up fishing has become a favorite winter pastime in this vicinity, and these men settled down for a two weeks' vacation around the lakes. It was their custom to set a dozen or more lines over night, and the next morning they would find fish on their hooks.

For the first few days all went well. Then, on arriving one morning, they found not only no fish, but that their lines were broken and the hooks missing. Tracks on the snow told them that a bear was the guilty one. Bear traps and similar devices were of no avail in catching him. The fish disappeared and the stock of hooks was rapidly lowered. Barnes suggested a plan. They procured a quantity of whisky of the "red-eye" brand and proceeded to pickle a number of fish they had caught in the daytime. Removing their tips, they placed the fish near the holes in the ice.

They did not reach the spot the next day until nearly nightfall, and then a strange sight met their eyes. On the ice lay a large bear, alive, but frozen to the ice. He had evidently partaken excessively of the "doctored" fish, and lay in a pool formed by partially melted snow. As the sun declined the water congealed, freezing Bruin's long hair to the ice, and when he recovered his sober senses it was to find himself a prisoner. The fishermen were armed with an ax, a hunting knife and a shotgun. A charge of lead put an end to Bruin's sufferings, and they proceeded to cut up their game.

When at work a sound at the edge of the patch of woods bordering on the lake caused them to glance up, and a swift, gray object darting across the ice sent a chill of horror through their veins. Though they had never seen a wolf, they instantly realized that they would soon be called to battle with one of mankind's fiercest enemies. Before they could collect their thoughts the gray object appeared again, another and another, until a band of wolves were circling around them, sniffing the snow. The pack was a small one, numbering not over half a dozen, but so far as their means of defense was concerned, it was more than sufficient to mean death.

They would have given considerable to have the charge of lead which was now in Bruin's body back in the gun. They had only a hunting knife and an ax. Nearer and nearer came the wolves. Neither of the men spoke, but both braced themselves, McKnight with the ax, and Barnes with his knife. Suddenly McKnight dropped his ax and seized a pail they had been carrying. It contained a quantity of the "doctored" fish they had prepared for another trap. These he hurled, one at a time, toward his circling enemies.

Ravenous with hunger, they stopped not to investigate, but fought for these remains of a feast. It sent a chill through the men as they watched the struggle, and realized their possible fate. Soon, however, the liquor began to work, and as one of the pack would show signs of stupor his comrades would fall upon and rend him to pieces. Three of the animals were disposed of in this way, when the remainder, realizing something was wrong with them, withdrew to the shelter of the woods. It is unnecessary to say the fishermen did not give chase, but they will insist that whisky saved their lives.—Binghamton Correspondence New York Press.

manity, and the mission of the W. C. T. U. is to organize the motherhood of the world for peace and purity, for the protection and exaltation of its homes. We are sending forth an earnest call to our sisters across all seas and to our brothers none the less. We are no longer hedged about by the artificial boundaries of States and nations, but we are saying as women what good and great men long ago declared: "The whole world is my parish and to do good is my religion."—Frances Willard in Review of Reviews.

OUR PLEASURE CLUB.

"I wonder," mused the fluffy girl, looking in the fire in a rising mood. "I wonder why June is the month supposed to be the best suited for weddings?"

"Perhaps," ventured the sharp-nosed girl, "perhaps it is so arranged in order that the young couple shall not have the honeymoon spoiled by any rows as to who shall get up on cold mornings to light the fires."

"Dear me," complained the disappointed lover, "you could not treat my earnest protestations of my fervid affection for you with any more coolness if you thought I was in earnest."



TEN MINUTES FOR LUNCH.

"My dear, I thought we were going to practice economy for a time." Wife—So we are, dear. I went down and countermanded the order you gave your tailor for a suit and bought a bonnet that cost only half the amount.

"How many children have you besides Teddy?" Mamma—Well, anywhere from fifteen to twenty since Teddy has had his new pony and cart.

A REGULAR MASCOT.

Bloomington Eye.



Deacon Fowler: Lod, Brudder Snodgrass, what makes dat chiles laigs dat shape? Hu?

Mr. Snodgrass: He waz born Parson, while a "Rainbow" waz in de sky.

JUST CAUSE FOR ACTION.

Uncle Reuben Slipperyelmhurst Performs Grand Evolutions.

Bloomington Eye.



No gentle reader, this man is not crazy.—



nor is he practising Delsarte movements



He was simply trying to show Johnnie how to run—



his new toy saw-mill, and came out minus the end of a finger.