

## CHEERING THOUGHTS

REV. DR. TALMAGE CONFIDENT  
THAT AMERICA IS FOR GOD.

He Believes That This Continent Was  
Referred To in Revelation and Pre-  
sents a Glowing Picture of Our Fu-  
ture Possibilities and Prospects.

### Sermon at the Capital.

This discourse presents a sublime theme and is of national importance, and coming from the capital of the nation must have a stirring effect throughout the land. Dr. Talmage chose for his text Revelation xiii, 11, "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

Is America mentioned in the Bible? Learned and consecrated men who have studied the inspired books of Daniel and Revelation more than I have and understand them better agree in saying that the beast mentioned in the Bible meant Greece, and the bear meant Medo-Persia, and the lion meant Babylon, and the beast of the text coming up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb and the voice of a dragon means our country, because among other reasons it seemed to come up out of the earth when Columbus discovered it, and it has been for the most part at peace, like a lamb, unless assaulted by foreign foes, in which case it has had two horns strong and sharp, and the voice of a dragon loud enough to make all nations hear the roar of its indignation. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would leave out from the prophecies of his book this whole western hemisphere? No, no. "I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

Germany for scholarship, England for manufactures, France for manners, Egypt for antiquities, Italy for pictures, but America for God.

### America for God.

I start with the cheering thought that the most popular book on earth to-day is the Bible, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church, and the most popular name on earth to-day is Jesus. Right from this audience hundreds of men and women would, if need be, march out and die for him.

Am I too confident in saying "America for God?" If the Lord will help me, I will show the strength and extent of the long line of fortresses to be taken and give you my reasons for saying it can be done and will be done. Let us decide in this battle for God whether we are at Bull Run or at Gettysburg. There is a Fourth of July war of bragging about this country, and the most cruel and plucked bird that ever flew through the heavens is the American eagle, so much so that Mr. Gladstone said to me facetiously at Harvard, "I hear that the fish in your American lakes are so large that when one of them is taken out the entire lake is perceptibly lowered," and at a dinner given in Paris an American offered for a sentiment, "Here is to the United States—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgment." The effect of such grandiloquence is to discredit the real facts, which are so tremendous they need no garnishing. The worst thing to do in any campaign, military or religious, is to underestimate an enemy, and I will have no part in such attempt at belittlement.

This land to be taken for God, according to Hassel, the statistician, has 14,210,067 square miles, a width and a length that none but the Omnipotent can appreciate. Four Europe's put together, and capable of holding and feeding, as it will hold and feed, according to Atkinson, the statistician, if the world continues in existence and does not run afoul of some other world or get consumed by the fires already burning in the cellars of the planet—capable, I say, of holding and feeding more than 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. For you must remember it must be held for God as well as taken for God, and the last 500,000,000 inhabitants must not be allowed to swamp the religion of the first 500,000,000. Not much use in taking the fortress if we cannot hold it. It must be held until the archangel's trumpet bids living and dead arise from this foundering planet.

### A Nation's Morning.

You must remember it is only about 7 o'clock in the morning of our nation's life. Great cities are to flash and roar among what are called the "Bad Lands" of the Dakotas and the great "Columbia Plains" of Washington State, and that on which we put our schoolboy fingers on the map, and spelled out as the "Great American Desert," is, through systematic and consummating irrigation, to bloom like Chatsworth park and be made more productive than those regions dependent upon uncertain and spasmodic rainfall. All those regions as well as those regions already cultivated to be inhabited! That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay while crossing the Allegheny Mountains and he was waiting for the stage horses to be rested, as he stood on a rock, arms folded, looking off into the valley, and some one said to him, "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the oncoming tramp of the future generation of America." Have you laid our home missionary scheme on such an infinitude of scale? If the work of bringing one soul to God is so great, can 1,000,000,000 be captured? In this country, already platted and to be overcome, paganism has built its altar to Brahma, and the Chinese are already burning incense in their temples, and Mohammedanism, drunk at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and now fresh from the diabolism in Armenia, is trying to get a foothold here, and from the minarets of her mosques will yet mumble her blasphemous, saying, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then there are the vast multitudes with no religion at all. They worship no God, they live with no consolation, and they die with no hope. No star of peace points down to the manger in which they are born, and no prayer is uttered over the grave into which they sink. Then there is alcoholism, its piled up demijohns and beer barrels and huge heads of fiery death, a barricade high and long as the Alleghenies and Rockies and Sierra Nevada, pouring forth day and night their ammunition of wretchedness and woe. When a German wants to take a drink, he takes beer. When an Englishman wants to take a drink, he takes ale. When a Scotchman wants to take a drink, he takes whisky. But when an American wants to take a drink, he takes anything he can lay his hands on.

Plenty of statistics to tell how much money is spent in this country for rum and how many drunkards die! But who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accursed with stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up for ever and ever! Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, for from that direction it can get no help, but with right hand stretched down toward the perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to destroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

### Wicked and Lazy.

Then there is what in America we call socialism, in France communism, and in Russia nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: First, there is no God; second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment, "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything. Therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can, only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen." There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they cannot get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked me for money. I said, "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went down stairs and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw.

Socialism, communism and nihilism mean "too wicked to acknowledge God and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social and political ruin.

There also are the fastnesses of infidelity, and atheism, and fraud, and political corruption, and multifarious hydra-headed, million armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies for righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and healthful books, and our chief dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among the more than 100,000 words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hinderment? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications, to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar. Where are the drilled troops to march against these fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can be unlimbered against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough caliber to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, the first of all, who is our leader and will be our leader until the work is done.

### A Great Leader.

Garibaldi, with 1,000 Italians, could do more than another commander with 10,000 Italians. Gen. Sherman, on one side, and Stonewall Jackson on the other, each with 10,000 troops, could do more than some other generals with 20,000 troops. The rough boat in which Washington crossed the icy Delaware with a few half-frozen troops was mightier than the ship of war that, during the American revolution, came through the Narrows, a gun at each porthole, and sank in Hell Gate. Our leader, like most great leaders, was born in an obscure place, and it was a humble home, about five miles from Jerusalem. Those who were out of doors that night said that there was stellar commotion and music that came out of the clouds, as though the front door of heaven had been set open, and that the camels heard his first infant cry. Then he came to the fairest boyhood that mother was ever proud of, and from 12 to 30 years of age was off in India, if traditions there are accurate, and then returned to his native land, and for three years had his pathway surrounded by blind eyes that he illumined, and epileptic patients to whom he gave rubicund health, and tongues that he loosed from silence into song, and those whose funerals he stopped that he might give back to bereaved mothers their only boys, and those whose fevered pulses he had restored into rhythmic throbs, and whose paralytic limbs he had warmed into healthful circulation—pastor at Capernaum, but flaming evangelist everywhere, rushing crying tempests and turning rolling seas into solid sapphire, and for the rescue of a race submitted to court room filled with howling miscreants, and to a martyrdom at the sight of which the sun faded and fell back in the heavens, and then treading the clouds homeward, like snowy mountain peaks, till heaven took him back again, more a favorite than he had ever been; but, coming again, he is on earth now, and the nations are gathering to his standard.

Following him were the Scotch covenants, the Thielan legion, the victims of the London Haymarket, the Piedmontese sufferers, the pilgrim fathers, the Huguenots and uncounted multitudes of the past, joined by about 400,000,000 of the present, and with the certainty that all nations shall huzza at his chariot wheel, he goes forth, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara; the mighty leader, he of Drumclog, and Bannockburn, and the one who whelmed Spanish armada, "Coming up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," and behind whom we fall into line to-day and march in the campaign that is to take America for God. Hosanna! Hosanna! Wave all the palm branches! At his feet put down your silver and your gold, as in heaven you will cast before him your coronets.

### A Strpendous Issue.

With such a leader do you not think we can do it? Say, do you think we can? Why, many ramparts have already been taken. Where is American slavery? Gone, and the South, as heartily as the North, prays, "Peace to its ashes." Where is

polygamy? Gone, by the fiat of the United States Government, urged on by Christian sentiment, and Mormonism, having retreated in 1830 from Fayette, N. Y., to Kirklund, O., and in 1835 retreated to Missouri, and in 1846 retreated to Salt Lake City, now divorced from its superfluity of wives, will soon retreat into the Pacific, and no basin smaller than an ocean could wash out its pollutions. Intemperance going down under the work of Slater and Peabody funds and Sabbath schools of all the churches of all denominations! Pugilism now made unlawful by congressional enactment, the brutal custom knocked out in the first round! Corruption at the ballot box, by law of registration and other safeguards, made almost impossible! Churches twice as large as the old ones, the enlarged supply to meet the enlarged demand! Nihilism, getting a stunning stroke by the summary execution of its exponents after they had murdered the policemen in Chicago, received its death blow from the recent treaty which sends back to Russia the blatant criminals who had been regurgitated on our American shore.

The very things that have been quoted as perils to this nation are going to help its salvation. Great cities, so often mentioned as great obstacles—the center of crime and the reservoirs of all iniquities—are to lead in the work of gospelization. Who give most to home missions, to asylums, to religious education, to all styles of humanitarian and Christian institutions? The cities. From what places did the most relief go at the time of Johnstown flood, and Michigan fires, and Charleston earthquake, and Ohio freshets? From the cities. From what place did Christ send out his twelve apostles to gospelize the world? From a city. What place will do more than any other place, by its contribution of Christian men and women and means, in this work of taking America for God? New York city. The way Paris goes, goes France. The way Berlin goes, goes Germany. The way Edinburgh goes, goes Scotland. The way London goes, goes England. The way New York and a couple other cities go, goes America. May the eternal God wake us up to the stupendous issue!

Another thing quoted pessimistically is the vast and overtopping fortunes in this country, and they say it means concentrated wealth, and luxuriousness, and display and moral ruin. It is my observation that it is people who have but limited resources who make the most splurge, and I ask you, Who are endowing colleges and theological seminaries? Did you ever hear of Peter Cooper, and James Lenox, and sainted William E. Dodge, and the Lawrences, Amos and Abbott, while I refrain from mentioning living benefactors who, quite as generous and Christian, are in this assembly at this moment planning what they can do in these days, and in their last will and testament in this campaign that proposes taking America for God? The widow's mite, honored of the Lord, is to have its part in this continental capture; but we must have more than that, and more right away. Many of the men that expect to get the blessing for bestowing the widow's mite will not get the blessing. In the first place, they are not widows, and in the next place, they have no "mite."

### A Grand Assimilation.

The time is coming—hasten it, Lord—and I think you and I will see it, when, as Joseph, the wealthy Arimathea, gave for the dead Christ a costly mausoleum, the affluent men and women of this country will rise in their strength and build for our King, one Jesus, the throne of this American continent.

Another thing quoted for discouragement, but which I quote for encouragement, is foreign immigration—now that from Castle Garden we turn back by the first poor ship the foreign vagabondism—we are getting people the vast majority of whom come to make an honest living, among them some of the bravest and best. If you should turn back from this land to Europe the foreign ministers of the gospel, and the foreign attorneys, and the foreign merchants, and the foreign philanthropists, what a robbery of our pulpits, our court rooms, our storehouses and our beneficent institutions, and what a putting back of every monetary, merciful, moral and religious interest of the land! This commingling here of all nationalities under the blessing of God will produce in 75 or 100 years the most magnificent style of man and woman the world ever saw. They will have the wit of one race, the eloquence of another race, the kindness of another, the generosity of another, the aesthetic taste of another, and the high moral character of another, and when that man and woman step forth, their brain and nerve and muscle an intermingling of the fibers of all nationalities, nothing but the new electric photographic apparatus, that can see clear through body, mind and soul, can take of them an adequate picture. But the foreign population of America is less than one-eleventh of all our population, and why all this fuss about foreign immigration? Eighty-nine Americans to eleven foreigners! If eighty-nine of us New Yorkers, or eighty-nine of us Ohioans, or eighty-nine of us Georgians, or eighty-nine of us Yankees, are not equal to eleven foreigners, then we are a starving, illipit group of humunculi that ought to be wiped out of existence.

### Useful Weapons.

But now what are the weapons by which, under our omnipotent leader, the real obstacles in the way of our country's evangelization, the 10,000 mile Sevastopols, are to be leveled? The first column, with range enough to sweep from eternity to eternity, is the Bible, millions of its copies going on millions on millions—this the monarch of books, that has made all the difference between China and the United States, between Africa and America; a book declaring in every style of phraseology that all nations are to be converted, and does not that include our nation? The thunder of the bombardment is already in the air, and when the last portcullis of Satan is lifted, and the last gun spiked, and the last tower dismantled, and the last charge of iniquity shall have been hurled back upon its haunches, what a time of rejoicing!

Capt. Kidd's quadrant, or one of his quadrants, or at least an ancient quadrant bearing his name, is in the possession of a family at Rockland, Me. It is more than 200 years old, and bears the name and address of the London maker. Part of it is of ivory, now dark brown with age. The name "Captain Kidd" is engraved on the metal part of the instrument.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF  
VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the  
World Over—Sayings that Are  
Cheerful to the Old or Young—Fun-  
ny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

### Crafty.

He—What is that, dear?  
She—Angel food. I made it myself.  
He—You'd better eat it, dear. You're the only angel in this house.—Boston Transcript.

### Absurd Mistake.

"Maria!" he said, nervously, as he sat straight up in bed, "there's a man in the house."  
"William," she responded, "you are very silly. Those are my bloomers hanging over the back of a chair."—Washington Evening Star.

### Other Opinions Not Required.

Mr. Wyndham—Do you like the young man who is paying attention to your daughter Mary?  
Mr. Warrington—What difference does that make? Mary does.—South-bridge (Mass.) Journal.

### A Single Sticker.

He (who has been trying to get rid of her maiden aunt for the last hour)—Your aunt reminds me of the Defender. She—Defender, why?  
He—Because she is a single sticker.—Brooklyn Life.

### Both Love the Kitty.

"Herald," said Mrs. Pulsiver, "when you talk in your sleep about the kitty it always wakes baby up. She just dotes on a kitty."  
"So do I," answered Mr. P., grateful for his escape.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Rapidity of Fashion.

"Then if this is the hat that suits madame, I will send it to her."  
"No, indeed! I mean to put it on at once. By the time you could send it to me the fashion would have changed."

### Ruling Passion.

Miss Wallflower—If you would only show—  
Mr. Tapleigh (absent-mindedly)—No trouble to show anything, miss, even if you do not intend purchasing to-day.—Exchange.

### On the Strand.

Britisher—Have you any grand ducal halls in America?  
Gothamite—Oh, yes; some. The last ducal hall was ten millions cash. I call that grand, don't you?—New York World.

### Modest Gentility.

Hungry Hank—They say it hasn't good form to keep right up with the fashions.  
Tattered Timmy—I know; and it's a mighty lucky thing for fellers like us!—Exchange.

### Everybody Got Out.

"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?"  
"No, we didn't like to do that, but we all resigned except Borely and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

### Mother of Love.

May—When Jack likened Belle to Venus do you suppose he intended to reflect on her morals?  
Jack—Oh, no; he simply meant that she was old enough to be the mother of love.—Bay City Chat.

### At His Funniest.

"Your friend is an actor, isn't he?"  
"Yes."  
"Very amusing fellow."  
"Yes, off the stage."—Exchange.

### Matter of Dimension.

Manager—We want a kiss in it.  
Playwright—Yes, sir. A four-act kiss or just a curtain-raiser?—Detroit Tribune.

### A Natural Result.

Teacher—Tell me, John, what becomes of the man who neglects his soul and gives his entire attention to his body?  
John—He grows fat.—Exchange.

### A Home Truth.

Irate Stepfather—I can't think where you learn such manners. You don't see me sliding down the balusters and turning somersaults in the hall!—Punch.

Her Prerogative.  
Frank—As this is leap year I will trouble you, Miss Florence, to help me on with my coat.

Florence—Certainly, and I will stuff your sleeves in with pleasure.—Detroit Free Press.

### Refused to Walk.

"Why did you refuse young Stingy-man?"  
"He asked me to walk through life with him."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Reason.

Billy—Do all you chaps at this bank have to give bonds?  
Kilby—Yes.  
Billy—To keep you from running away?  
Kilby—Oh, no; to keep the money from running away.—Exchange.

### After the Marriage.

The Wife—My! but you were embarrassed when you pronounced the marriage vow!  
The Husband—What do you expect? It was the first time. I will do better the second.

### Had Not the Courage.

Mrs. Watts—I am afraid you don't love work.  
Dismal Dawson—Deed I do, mum, but I am so bashful.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Common Fault.

Pipkin—I got this typewriting machine on trial, but I'm going to take it back.  
Potts—What for?  
Pipkin—It doesn't spell correctly.—Exchange.

### Professional Courtesy.

The casual visitor of the bland disposition leaned over the shoulder of the regular humorist.  
"So you're the man who sees the funny side of everything?" he chorled.  
"Yes," the police reporter hastened to say. "He even sees the funny side of his own jokes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Philology Versus Finance.

Professor—Is "dude" short for anything?  
Pupil—Yes; for carfare usually.—Exchange.

### They Knew Its Need.

"My good man, I never sent for you to tune my piano."  
"No, madame, it was the people next door."—London Pick-Me-Up.

### His Favorite Feature.

"Say," said the watchdog to his friend, the goat, "which of your interesting features are you charmed with?"  
"My browse," answered the goat as he absorbed another mouthful from the clothesline.—Detroit Free Press.

### Dialogues in the Air.

"What is love?"  
"A fresh egg."  
"Marriage?"  
"Hard-boiled eggs."  
"Divorce?"  
"Scrambled eggs."—New York Times.

### Lack of Culture.

Harry—What girl was that you had in tow last evening?  
Willy (indignantly)—What you are pleased to call tow is usually spoken of by people of culture as blonde tresses.—Boston Globe.

### A Disappointed Patriot.

"Well, after all, we won't have war with England!"  
"So it seems and it's completely ruined me!"

### Sparks from the Wires.

Three hundred tons of armor plate has been shipped by the Bethlehem Steel Company to Russia.

Al Spink's play, "The Derby Winner," has been sold to George Munson, a baseball writer, who has been its advance agent.

The Brazil Government has declined an offer from Rio Janeiro bankers of a loan of £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000) to counteract the fall of exchange.

Health Officer Routh's ultimatum to the ice companies at Duluth, Minn., has had the desired effect. All of the companies have gone out over a mile from shore to secure ice.

Oliver Karschbaum, the 16-year-old son of a farmer near Osgood, Ind., while cutting trees, was struck on the head by a falling limb, crushing his skull and killing him instantly.

A futile attempt was made to rob the safe of the county treasurer at Creebe, Col. Robbers worked the combination, but secured nothing, \$5,000 having been removed to the bank.

## J. H. M'VICKER DEAD.

Veteran Theater Manager Succumbed to a Recent Apoplectic Stroke.

J. H. M'Vicker, the nestor of American theater managers, died at his home in Chicago Saturday afternoon from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy about a month ago.

During the two weeks following the shock Mr. M'Vicker improved and it was believed that his fine constitution would enable him to resume his usual activity, but advanced years were against him.

Mr. M'Vicker had been a prominent theater manager for nearly half a century. He was born in New York in 1822 of Scotch-Irish parentage. His father died when he was a child. As a young man he became a printer. In 1840, while in New Orleans, he decided to take to the stage. He went to Chicago in 1848 and since has made that city his home. In 1851 he purchased the right to Dan Marble's plays and became a star. He went to England and was well received there.

But Mr. M'Vicker was determined to become a manager, and in 1857 he built what was christened "The New Chicago Theater." It was opened Nov. 5 of that year. The enterprise became so thoroughly identified with the young proprietor that M'Vicker's Theater became its name and M'Vicker's Theater it remains. Mr. M'Vicker himself appeared as Cousin Joe in "The Rough Diamond" on the opening night, and was greeted by an enthusiastic audience. During the war the theater continued to divert the public mind with the best talent the dramatic field afforded. In 1871 Mr. M'Vicker rebuilt his theater. He opened in August of that year and assumed the leading role in the comedy "Extremes." The Chicago fire destroyed the playhouse, but in 1872 it was rebuilt for the second time. In 1885 the theater was remodeled and was again burned to the ground Aug. 26, 1890. Mr. M'Vicker was visiting in the East. Upon the receipt of the dispatch announcing his loss he determined upon the immediate restoration of his building for the fifth time.

## SPAIN AND UNCLE SAM.

We Have a Material Interest in the Prosperity of Cuba.

Alphonso XIII, King of Spain, is in the tenth year of his age. The country is governed by his mother, the queen regent, Maria Christina. The legislative power is in a Senate and the cortes. About one-half the Senate is elected. The cortes consists of 431 deputies, chosen by citizens of 25 years of age who pay taxes. The population of the country is about 18,000,000.

Ministers have been defeated and censured several times during the past year, but have not resigned. Cuba has been the chief cause of political and financial excitement during the year. Although represented in the national legislature by ten Senators and thirty deputies, it is practically without voice at Madrid. The present insurrection, now more than a year in progress, is supported by two classes of the people—radicals who want separation and independence, and autonomists, or home rulers, who would be satisfied with the same relation to the crown that Canada has to that of Great Britain. Four years ago, on material assurance of a home rule measure, the radical Cuban party became quiescent. Broken faith at Madrid revived it, and the ranks of the radicals were largely recruited from those of the home rulers made desperate by disappointment and deception.

After sturdy fighting, in which the insurgents proved themselves fully a match for the ablest generals and the flower of the army of Spain, they proclaimed the Cuban Republic in August last, to be composed of five States. In September the home rulers sent a petition to Madrid through Marshal Campos, begging self-government on conservative lines, and assuring the queen that this concession would dissolve the rebellion. The only answer was the recall of Campos and substitution of him with Weyler, whose policy is understood to be thoroughly Crowsavian. If he cannot subdue he will exterminate. If Cuba will not submit to be ruled by Spain, it will be destroyed. Weyler, if necessary, will make a desert of the island and call it Peace.

The position of the Government of the United States is one of extreme delicacy. The money loss to American trade alone in consequence of the rebellion is a grave injury. In 1894 exports of merchandise from the United States to Cuba reached a value of \$17,186,835. Last year the value fell to \$9,498,054. American imports from Cuba in 1894 reached the value of \$76,413,131; last year the total fell to \$51,652,125.

The United States, therefore, have a direct and material interest in the destiny and prosperity of this island. Far above this interest is the interest of humanity. It is intolerable to the public sentiment of the United States that slaughter and pillage, due to political oppression, shall go on indefinitely at our very doors. The struggle Cuba is making for civil and political liberty is identical with the struggle the founders of the republic of the United States made against the selfishness and oppression of the crown of Great Britain. Thanks to the friendly aid of France, that struggle was brought the more speedily to an end. The struggle in Cuba ought to be brought to an end by the friendly aid of the United States.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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